

EYES ONLY
THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Jay Cocks

&

Martin Scorsese

From the Novel by Edith Wharton

1 INT. THEATER NIGHT

New York in the early 1870s. It's unclear exactly where we are at first.

A bunch of DAISIES makes a sudden sunburst of BRIGHT YELLOW. A hand comes into frame, begins to sprinkle PETALS on the ground. CAMERA tilts down to follow petals and we see part of a woman's SHOE. It is strangely ornate, like something from an Arabian Nights fantasy.

As this is happening, we hear a burst of dramatic music, and a voice singing an ARIA.

CAMERA pans up from the petals to the extravagantly painted face of a WOMAN SINGER performing an aria from Faust. As she continues to sing, we PAN to a small black BOY standing next to her wearing a tight purple velvet doublet.

PANNING continues through a series of DISSOLVES gradually revealing that we are on stage in a theater (the Academy of Music) in the latter part of the 19th Century. The stage setting--of which we see only small portions-- is elaborately painted. The footlights are CANDLES. Just past them, we see the orchestra, and past the orchestra, a glimpse of a full theater, lit by LIMELIGHT.

Continue PANNING and DISSOLVING through a series of EXTREME CLOSE-UPS of DETAILS of period evening wear: high collars, flowing ties, beautiful beading on dresses, jewelry on necks and wrists, men's cufflinks against immaculate white cotton shirts, and shoes...women's heels, men's black patent leather pumps.

PANNING AND DISSOLVING continues through the theater AUDIENCE, past the slightly shabby red and gold painted BOXES, ending briefly on the plain red velvet WALL of a box.

NEWLAND ARCHER enters. What we see of him first is the perfect GARDENIA attached to the lapel of his jacket. CAMERA pans up to his face. He is in his mid-to-late 20s. Handsome, assured and guarded. He steps toward the front of the box, joining the company of several men, including LARRY LEFFERTS who is approximately Newland's age, and SILLERTON JACKSON, who is older by a couple of decades.

Newland's move toward the front of the box is covered in TIGHT SHOTS. We still do not have a full view of the theater, and will not for the rest of this scene.

Lefferts looks at stage through pearl opera glasses. We see his POV: tight, of the stage, and the Singer performing. FLASH PAN off Singer through the audience, moving so fast it gives an almost kaleidoscopic IMPRESSION of rich fabric and glittering jewels.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

Now we're back to Lefferts, who SWINGS opera glasses away from stage and toward another box.

He SEES: the figure of a woman entering a box across the way. Although the woman, silhouetted against candles, is still indistinct and mysterious to us, he recognizes her and reacts with controlled surprise..

LEFFERTS

Well.

He hands the glasses to Sillerton Jackson, who looks in the same direction. Newland watches Jackson, who takes the glasses away from his eyes after a moment and hands them back to Lefferts.

JACKSON

I'm surprised the Mingotts would dare.

The men in the box all stare, then turn away and look back at the stage: all but Newland. He is annoyed at the conversation around him. His glance stays on the neighboring box for a moment. Then he TURNS and leaves.

CUT TO

2 INT. THEATER NIGHT

A corridor, decorated with old prints hung from a red velvet wall and bright with candlelight.

Archer's POV quickly down the corridor. Doors are opening as Patrons leave boxes for the intermission.

Newland enters one of the open doors.

CUT TO

3 INT. THEATER NIGHT

The box which had so interested the men. We see first what Archer notices: a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley.

TILT UP to the lovely young face of MAY WELLAND as she turns, smiling, to greet Archer. She is radiant. Archer smiles back at her, and at her MOTHER, seated beside her.

ARCHER

May. And Mrs. Welland. Good evening.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

MRS. WELLANO

Good evening, Newland. You know
my cousin, the Countess Olenska.

We see the back of the COUNTESS's head, her curly brown hair held in place around her temples by a narrow band of diamonds. She turns into close-up: this is clearly the figure who drew the attention of Lefferts and Jackson. She wears a distinctive blue velvet gown. Her face is unconventional, but it is magic.

Archer bows with the suggestion of reserve. Countess Olenska replies with a nod.

Newland sits beside May and speaks softly.

ARCHER

I hope you've told Madame Olenska.

MAY

(teasing)
What?

ARCHER

That we're engaged. I want
everybody to know. Let me announce
it this evening at the ball.

MAY

If you can persuade Mamma. But
why should we change what is
already settled?

Me has no answer for this...no answer, anyway, that is appropriate for this time and place. May senses his frustration, and adds, smiling...

MAY

But you can tell my cousin
yourself. She remembers you.

Countess Olenska turns.

ELLEN (COUNTESS OLENSKA)

I remember we played together.
I remember so many people here
that way. Even dressed like this,
I see them in play clothes.

She gestures out, and we PAN with her across the regal gathering: this is the first wide view we have had of the theater.

Archer moves to sit beside her.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

ELLEN

You were awful. You kissed me once behind a door. But it was your couein Robert I was in love with.

Archer is a little taken aback.

ARCHER

Yes, you have been away a very long time.

Camera starts to move in as she raises a large fan of eagle feathers.

ELLEN

Oh, centuries and centuries. So long I'm sure I'm dead and buried, and this dear old place is heaven.

FAST CUT TO

4 MAIN TITLES

As they end, the voice of a WOMAN NARRATOR fades up and we...

CUT TO

5 INT. THEATER NIGHT

In another box, the handsome MRS. JULIUS BEAUFORT (REGINA) draws her opera cloak about her lovely shoulders. As she does this, and leaves the box, we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It invariably happened, as everything happened in those days, in the same way. As usual, Mrs. Julius Beaufort appeared just before the Jewel Song and, again as usual, rose at the end of the third act and disappeared. New York then knew that, a half-hour later, her annual opera ball would begin.

CUT TO

6 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THEATER (14TH STREET) NIGHT

A line of carriages drawn up in front of the Academy of Music. Mrs. Beaufort climbs in a carriage at the front of the line and drives away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Carriages waited at the curb for the entire performance. It was widely known in New York, but never acknowledged, that Americans want to get away from amusement even more quickly than they want to get to it.

CUT TO

7 INT. BALLROOM/BEAUFORT HOUSE NIGHT

Dark and empty, as it is on every other night of the year. CAMERA pulls back from chandelier covered in a beg.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Beauforts' house was one of the few in New York that possessed a ballroom. Such a room, shuttered in darkness three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, was felt to compensate for whatever was regrettable in the Beaufort past. Regina Beaufort came from an old South Carolina family, but her husband Julius, who passed for an Englishman, was known to have dissipated habits, a bitter tongue and mysterious antecedents. His marriage assured him a social position, but not necessarily respect.

Through a series of DISSOLVES, the room suddenly comes to life. Gilt chairs are set out. The chandelier blazes with candlelight. An orchestra plays. Dancers swoop by.

CAMERA tracks quickly along the carpet as people walk by, stopping at the front door. TILT UP from feet of an arriving guest: Newland Archer hands his opera cape to a servant and walks straight into large CLOSE-UP, which blacks out the camera.

Cut to Archer's POV as he enters the party and merges with the guests. The first man he sees is Larry Lefferts, deep in conversation with an attractive young woman.

ANGLE on Lefferts. Action slows (double-framing).

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On the whole, Lawrence Lefferts was the foremost authority on "form" in New York. On the question of pumps versus patent-leather Oxfords, his authority had never been disputed.

Double-framing ends. Resume normal action as Archer's POV continues through the party. Holding court and amusing a small group of older women is Sillerton Jackson.

ANGLE on Jackson. Action slows again (double-framing).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Old Mr. Sillerton Jackson was as great an authority on "family" as Lawrence Lefferts was on "form." In addition to a forest of family trees, he carried a register of the scandals and mysteries that had smoldered under the unruffled surface of society for the last fifty years.

Double-framing ends. Resume normal action with Archer's POV moving through party. JULIUS BEAUFORT, good-looking with a hint of flashiness, crosses in front of him, conversing with a guest.

GUEST

(in mid-discussion)

But I didn't see you there this evening. Madame Nilsson was in such splendid voice.

BEAUFORT

(snide)

I'm sure.

ANGLE on Beaufort. Action slows (double-framing)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Julius Beaufort had speedily made a name for himself in the world of affairs. His secret, all were agreed, was the way he carried things off.

Double-framing ends. Resume normal action. CAMERA swings to another part of the room, concentrating now on May Welland surrounded by gleeful friends who are obviously reacting to her engagement announcement.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERA moves into close-up of May. She looks up, smiles, extends her hand.

Now we see her POV of Archer kissing her hand.

CUT TO

8 INT. BEAUFORT HOUSE NIGHT

Another room. Behind a tall screen of tree ferns and camelias, Archer presses May's gloved hand to his lips.

MAY

You see, I told all my friends.
Just as you asked.

ARCHER

I know, darling. I just wish it
didn't have to be here. So we
could have been a little more
alone.

MAY

But we are alone. Even here. We're
always alone when we're together.

In CLOSE-UP, Archer absently breaks off a piece of
lily-of-the-valley from her bouquet.

MAY

Did you tell Ellen Olenska, as
I asked you?

ARCHER

No. I didn't have the chance.

MAY

She's my cousin, if others know
before she does...It's just that
she's been away for so long that
she's a little sensitive.

ARCHER

I'll tell her now.

MAY

She didn't come. She was afraid
her dress wasn't smart enough.

ARCHER

Oh well.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

He smiles.

CUT TO

9 INT. BALLROOM/BEAUFORT HOUSE NIGHT

May smiling back. But now she is moving giddily around the ballroom floor, swept up in the rhythm of a waltz. The background behind her is a blur.

REVERSE shot of Archer, swirling along with her, returning her smile.

Now they both join the flow of the other dancers, all partners in a great social pageant.

CUT TO

10 INT. SITTING ROOM DAY

Waltz music echoes out. We start on a CLOSE-UP of an engagement ring: a large thick sapphire set in invisible claws. We hear the hearty, admiring voice of Mrs. Manson Mingott as we start to DISSOLVE.

MRS. MINGOTT

Very handsome. Very liberal. In my time a cameo set in pearls was thought to be sufficient. But it's the hand that sets off the ring, isn't it, my dear Mr. Archer?

DISSOLVE ends on medium-shot of Mrs. Mingott. She is hugely fat, as vast and august as a natural phenomenon, but her eyes are vibrant, and miss nothing.

May Welland, Mrs. Welland and Archer sit close by Mrs. Mingott, whose girth is supported by a careful arrangement of silk pillows very near a window from which she can confidently watch society come to call.

MRS. WELLAND

It's the new setting. Of course it shows the stone beautifully, but it looks a little bare to old-fashioned eyes.

MRS. MINGOTT

I hope you don't mean mine, my dear. I like all the novelties.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

MRS. MINGOTT (Cont'd)
 My own wedding ring was modeled
 in Rome by the great Ferrigiani.
 He should do May's.

She reaches out for May's hand.

MRS. MINGOTT
 Her hand is large. It's these
 modern sports that spread the
 joints. But the skin is white.
 (staring straight at
 Archer)
 And when's the wadding to be?

MRS. WELLAND
 (a little flustered)
 Oh...

ARCHER
 (jumping in)
 As soon as possible. If you'll
 back me up, Mrs. Mingott.

MRS. WELLAND
 (recovering)
 We must give them time to know
 each other a little better, mamma.

MRS. MINGOTT
 Know each other? Everybody in New
 York has always known everybody.
 Don't wait 'til the bubbles off
 the wine. Marry them before Lent.
 I may catch pneumonia any winter
 now, and I want to give the
 wedding breakfast.

As everyone reacts to Mrs. Mingott's statement with surprise
 and (at least in Archer's case) pleasure, SOUND fades down as
 they continue to talk and we hear the voice of the...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Mrs. Manson Mingott was, of
 course, the first to receive the
 required betrothal visit. Much
 of New York was already related
 to her, and she knew the remainder
 by marriage or by reputation.
 (more)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

NARRATOR (Cont'd)

Though brownstone was the norm, she lived magisterially within a large house of controversial pale cream-colored stone, in an inaccessible wilderness near the Central Park.

As narration continues, CAMERA moves freely around the Mingott house, showing us rooms and giving an impression of secure wealth and unquestioned power.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The burden of her flesh had long since made it impossible for her to go up and down stairs. So with characteristic independence she had established herself on the ground floor of her house. From her sitting room, there was an unexpected vista of her bedroom. This was how women with lovers lived in the wicked old societies. But if Mrs. Mingott had wanted a lover, the intrepid woman would have had him too.

Near end of narration, Archer, May and Mrs. Welland have stood and started to say their farewells to Mrs. Mingott. CAMERA stops move at door of sitting room, which opens to admit Ellen Olenska and Julius Beaufort just as the other guests are leaving.

MRS. MINGOTT

Beaufort! This is a rare favor.

She holds out her hand to Beaufort as they others greet each other. Beaufort moves toward Mrs. Mingott.

BEAUFORT

I met Countess Ellen in Madison Square, and she was good enough to let me walk home with her.

MRS. MINGOTT

This house will be merrier now that she's here. Push up that armchair. I want a good gossip.

Archer and the Welland women drift out into the hall under Ellen's guidance. May and her mother put on their furs. Ellen looks at Archer with a faintly questioning smile.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

ARCHER
(laughing shyly)
Of course you already know. About
May and me. She scolded me for
not telling you at the opera.

ELLEN
Of course I know. And I'm so glad.
One doesn't tell such news first
in a crowd.

May and Mrs. Welland are at the door. Ellen holds her hand out
to Archer.

ELLEN
Good-bye. Come and see me some
day.

Archer looks at her.

CUT TO

11 EXT. MINGOTT MOUSE DAY

As Archer follows May and her mother into their waiting
carriage.

MRS. WELLAND
It's a mistake for Ellen to be
seen parading up Fifth Avenue with
Julius Beaufort at the crowded
hour. The very day after her
arrival...

The carriage pulls away from the curb.

CUT TO

12 INT. DINING ROOM/ARCHER MOUSE NIGHT

Newland Archer is having dinner with his mother ADELINE, sister
JANEY and Sillerton Jackson.

Start CLOSE on a piece of meat being probed gently with a knife
and fork as if it were a lab specimen. TILT UP to see Sillerton
Jackson looking at his filet with scepticism and resignation
as we hear...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mrs. Archer and her daughter Janey were both shy women and shrank from society. But they liked to be well informed of its doings.

CAMERA pans to Janey and Mrs. Archer as Jackson speaks.

JACKSON

(in midst of holding forth)

Certain nuances escape Beaufort.

MRS. ARCHER

Oh, necessarily. Beaufort is a vulgar man.

ARCHER

Nevertheless, no business nuances escape him. Most of New York trusts him with its affairs.

MRS. ARCHER

My grandfather Newland always used to say to mother, "Don't let that fellow Beaufort be introduced to the girl." But at least he's had the advantage of associating with gentlemen.

As dinner conversation continues, SOUND fades down and we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As far back as anyone could remember, New York had been divided into two great clans. Among the Mingotts you could dine on canvasback duck, terrapin and vintage wines. At the Archers, you could talk about Alpine scenery and The Marble Faun but receive tepid Veuve Cliquot without a year and warmed-up croquettes from Philadelphia.

JANEY

And Newland's new cousin, the Countess Olenska...was she at the ball too?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. ARCHER

I appreciate the Mingotts wanting to support her, and have her at the opera. But why my son's engagement should be mixed up with that woman's comings and goings I don't see.

JACKSON

Well, in any case, she was not at the ball.

MRS. ARCHER

At least she had that decency.

A butler offers mushroom sauce to Jackson, who sniffs almost imperceptibly and motions the butler away. He sees Archer looking at him with bemused understanding.

JACKSON

(can't resist)

Ah, how your grandfather appreciated a good meal, Newland.

JANEY

I wonder if she wears a round hat or a bonnet in the afternoon. The dress she wore to the opera...

MRS. ARCHER

Yes, I'm sure it was in better taste not to go to the ball.

ARCHER

I don't think it was a question of taste, mother. May said the countess decided her dress wasn't smart enough.

MRS. ARCHER

Poor Ellen. We must always remember what an eccentric bringing-up Medora Manson gave her. What can you expect of a girl who was allowed to wear black satin at her coming-out ball?

JANEY

It's odd she should have kept such an ugly name as Ellen when she married the Count. I should have changed it to Elaine.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

ARCHER

Why?

JANEY

I don't know. It sounds more...Polish.

MRS. ARCHER

It certainly sounds more conspicuous. And that can hardly be what she wishes.

ARCHER

(argumentative)

Why not? Why shouldn't she be conspicuous if she chooses? She made an awful marriage, but should she hide her head as if it were her fault? Should she go elinking around as if she'd disgraced herself? She's had an unhappy life, but that doesn't make her an outcast.

JACKSON

I'm sure that's the line the Mingotts mean to take.

ARCHER

I don't have to wait for their cue, if that's what you mean, sir.

MRS. ARCHER

(trying to cool things out)

I'm told she's looking for a house. She means to live here.

JANEY

I hear she means to get a divorce.

ARCHER

I hope she will.

CUT TO

13 INT. STUDY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

CLOSE on a cigar being passed.

Jackson accepts the cigar from Archer and both men light up after dinner.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

JACKSON

There are the rumors, too.

ARCHER

I've heard them. About the secretary?

JACKSON

He helped her get away from the husband. They say the Count kept her practically a prisoner.

(shrugs)

Certainly, the Count had his own way of life.

ARCHER

You knew him?

JACKSON

I heard of him at Nice. Handsome, they say, but eyes with a lot of lashes. When he wasn't with women he was collecting china. Paying any price for both, I understand.

ARCHER

Then where's the blame? Any one of us, under the same circumstances, would have helped the Countess, just as the secretary did.

JACKSON

He was still helping her a year later, then, because somebody met them living together at Lausanne.

ARCHER

(reddening slightly)

Living together? Well why not? Who has the right to make her life over if she hasn't? Why should we bury a woman alive if her husband prefers to live with whores? Women ought to be free...as free as we are.

Jackson draws on his cigar.

JACKSON

Well, apparently Count Olenski takes your view.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

JACKSON (Cont'd)
I've never heard of him lifting
a finger to get his wife back.

CUT TO

14 MONTAGE

Of heavy vellum envelopes being passed from hand to hand and delivered on silver plates; of invitations being drawn from the envelopes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Three days later, the unthinkable happened. Mr. and Mrs. Lovell Mingott, one of the sturdiest branches in old Mrs. Mingott's family tree, sent out invitations. Everyone was summoned to a "formal dinner," meaning three extra footmen, two dishes for each course and a Roman punch in the middle.

As these items are mentioned, we see them in the montage: the footmen; the fancy food; the brimming bowl of punch; kitchen staff busily preparing a feast.

- NARRATOR (V.O.)

The dinner, New York read on the invitation, was "to meet the Countess Olenska." And New York declined.

MONTAGE ends on image of the kitchen staff dissolving away, leaving the kitchen empty.

CUT TO

15 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ARCHER HOUSE DAY

Mrs. Archer angrily detailing the slight to the family as Janey and Archer attend her.

MRS. ARCHER

"Regret." "Unable to accept."
Without a single explanation or excuse. Even some of our own. No one even cares enough to conceal their feeling about the Countess. This is a disgrace. For our whole family.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

Archer is seen now in CLOSE-UP as he watches his mother. Her voice fades down and we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They all lived in a kind of hieroglyphic world.

As the narrator speaks, Archer imagines Ellen, seeing her quickly...

...looking through the cards of refusal. The words loom large: "Cannot." "Regret." "Must decline." Her face loses its usual composure. She turns her head...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The real thing was never said or done or even thought, but only represented by a set of arbitrary signs. These signs were not always subtle, and all the more significant for that. The refusals were more than a simple snubbing. They were an eradication.

On that last word, Archer's image of Ellen fades and we are back in the drawing room. Mrs. Archer has reached a decision and has risen from her seat.

MRS. ARCHER

Don't tell me all this modern newspaper rubbish about a New York aristocracy. This city has always been a commercial community, and there are not more than three families in it who can claim an aristocratic origin in the real sense of the word. So we will take up this matter with the van der Luydens.

She starts for the door.

MRS. ARCHER

You should come with me, Newland. Louisa van der Luyden is fond of you, and of course it's on account of dear May we're doing this.

ARCHER

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. ARCHER

If we don't all stand together,
there'll be no such thing as
society left.

CUT TO

16 INT. DRAWING ROOM/VAN DER LUYDEN HOUSE DAY

Start on a tight-shot of the patrician Henry van der Luyden and his wife Louisa. They have the same pale blue eyes, with the same look of frozen gentleness. They look calmly at Archer and his mother before them.

HENRY

And all this, you think, was begun
by...

ARCHER

...Larry Lefferts, yes sir. I'm
certain of it.

LOUISA

But why?

We are in a high-ceilinged white-walled room in the Madison Avenue house of the van der Luydens. A framed Gainsborough and a Huntington portrait of Louisa van der Luyden hang prominently.

ARCHER

Well. Excuse me, but...

LOUISA

Please, go on.

ARCHER

Larry's been going off with someone, the postmaster's wife in their village or someone, and it's getting around. Whenever poor Gertrude Lefferts begins to suspect something about her husband, Larry starts making some great fuss to show how moral he is. He's simply using Countess Olenska as a lightning rod.

LOUISA

Extraordinary.

HENRY

Not at all, my dear, I'm afraid.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

MRS. ARCHER

We all know what you and Cousin Louisa represent. That's why Mrs. Mingott felt this slight on the Countess should not pass without consulting you.

HENRY

Well, it's the principle that I dislike. I mean to say, as long as a member of a well-known family is backed by that family, it should be considered final.

LOUISA

It seems so to me.

HENRY

So with Louisa's permission...We are giving a little dinner for her cousin the Duke of St. Austrey, who arrivee next week on the Ruesia. I'm sure Louisa will be as glad as I am if Countess Olenska will let us include her among our guests.

CUT TO

17 INT. DINING ROOM/VAN DER LUYDEN HOUSE NIGHT

A formidable dinner party is in progress. Start with CAMERA moving along table as we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Dining at the van der Luydens was at best no light matter. Dining there with a Duke who was their cousin was almost a religious solemnity. The Trevenna George II plate was out. So was the van der Luyden Lowestoft, from the East India Company.

As these items are mentioned, the CAMERA glides by them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When the van der Luydens chose, they knew how to give a lesson.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

PULL BACK to wide shot of the room. Archer, his mother, and the Duke, a rather carefree fellow with expansive whiskers, are among the guests. But the most prominent person in the room, and the youngest woman by far, is Ellen Olenska. She is radiant.

Archer looks down the table at her as we...

CUT TO

18 INT. DRAWING ROOM/VAN DER LUYDEN HOUSE NIGHT

Crowded with guests, all enjoying themselves.

Archer, seated on a sofa, continues to look at Ellen Olenska, who is in easy conversation with the Duke across the room. As he watches, she gets up and starts across the room.

Archer keeps watching: will she come toward him?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was not the custom in New York drawing rooms for a lady to get up and walk away from one gentleman in order to seek the company of another.

As Archer watches her progress across the room, she does seem to be coming right toward him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But the Countess did not observe this rule.

She is next to Archer now, smiling as she sits beside him.

ELLEN

I want you to talk to me about May.

ARCHER

I can see you knew the Duke before.

ELLEN

From Nice. We used to see him every winter. He's very fond of gambling and used to come to our house a great deal. I think he's the dullest man I ever met.

Archer smiles, delighted at her outspokenness.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

ELLEN

But he seems to be admired here.
Can I tell you...

(mock conspiratorial)

...what most interests me about
New York? It's what's original
to New York. Not all this blind
obeying of tradition...somebody
else's tradition. It seems stupid
to have discovered America only
to make it a copy of another
country. Do you suppose
Christopher Columbus would have
taken all that trouble just to
go to the opera with Larry
Lefferts?

ARCHER

(laughs)

I think if he knew Lefferts was
here the Santa Maria would never
have left port.

ELLEN

And May. Does she share these
views?

ARCHER

If she does, she'd never say so.

ELLEN

Are you very much in love with
her?

ARCHER

As much as a man can be.

ELLEN

How much is that? Is there a
limit?

ARCHER

If there is, I haven't found it.

ELLEN

A romantic romance, then. And not
in the least arranged.

ARCHER

Have you forgotten? In our country
we don't allow marriages to be
arranged.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

ELLEN

Yes, I had forgotten. I'm sorry.
I don't always remember that
everything here is good that
was...that was bad where I came
from.

Her lips tremble. She looks down in her lap, at her fan of eagle feathers, then over toward the door, where May, dressed in a gown of silver and white, is entering with her mother. Several men, including the Duke, come up to them. Introductions are made.

ELLEN

You'll want to be with May.

ARCHER

(looking at the men
around May)

It looks like I have many rivals.

ELLEN

Then stay with me a little longer.

And she touches his knee lightly with her plumed fan.

ARCHER

Yes.

But they are interrupted by Henry van der Luyden and a guest.

HENRY

Countess, if I may. Mr. Urban
Dagonet.

Ellen smiles and Archer gets up to yield his place. Ellen holds her hand out to him.

ELLEN

Tomorrow then. After five. I'll
expect you.

Archer manages to conceal his surprise.

ARCHER

Tomorrow.

And the Countess turns her attention to van der Luyden and the guest. As Archer walks away from her, he sees Larry Lefferts bringing his wife Gertrude over for an introduction.

Now Louisa van der Luyden falls into step beside Archer.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

LOUISA

It was good of you to devote yourself to Madame Olenska so unselfishly, dear Newland. I told Henry he really must rescue you.

She looks around at the glittering gathering.

LOUISA

You know, I've never seen May looking lovelier. The Duke thinks her the handsomest woman in the room.

He catches May's eye. She is indeed beautiful. They smile at each other.

CUT TO

19 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE DUSK

Start on a large painting, more daring and more modern than any art we have seen up to now.

Archer stares at it, a little uncertain, a little puzzled.

Another painting, by a different artist but much like the first in its subject matter and the unsettling intensity of its mood.

Archer looks away from this second painting to some of the odd bits of furnishing in the room: small slender tables of dark wood, a stretch of red damask nailed on the discolored wallpaper, a delicate little Greek bronze.

He hears a noise in the hall. A Sicilian maid walks by the door. Archer looks at her. The maid speaks no English but understands his unspoken question.

MAID

Verra, verra.

"Soon, soon." Archer understands, but this does little to lessen his impatience.

He hears the sound of a horse moving down the street. He gets up, moves to the window and parts the curtains.

Looking out, he sees: a compact English brougham, drawn by a big roan, stopping at the curb. The carriage door opens and Julius Beaufort climbs down. He turns, and helps the Countess out.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

As Archer watches, Beaufort, hat in hand, says something to Ellen. She shakes her head. They shake hands and part. Beaufort climbs back into the carriage. Ellen comes up her front steps.

Archer turns away from the window. Ellen comes into the room, taking off her hat and long cloak as she moves toward him.

ELLEN

Do you like my funny little house?
To me it's like heaven.

ARCHER

You've arranged it so well.

ELLEN

Yes. Some of the things I managed to bring with me. Little pieces of wreckage. At least it's less gloomy than the van der Luydens', and not so difficult to be alone.

ARCHER

(smiles)

I'm sure it's often thought the van der Luydens' is gloomy, though I've never heard it said before. But do you really like to be alone?

ELLEN

As long as my friends keep me from being lonely.

She sits near the fire and motions him to sit in an armchair near where he is standing.

ELLEN

I see you've already chosen your corner.

As he sits, she folds her arms behind her head and stares at the fire.

ELLEN

This is the hour I like best, don't you?

ARCHER

I was afraid you'd forgotten the hour. I'm sure Beaufort can be very intriguing.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

ELLEN

He took me to see some houses.
I'm told I must move, even though
this street seems perfectly
respectable.

ARCHER

Yes, but it's not fashionable.

ELLEN

Then I'll have to count on you
to let me know about such
important things.

The maid enters with a tray of tea, which she sets in front of
Ellen.

ARCHER

The van der Luydens do nothing
by halves. All New York laid
itself out for you last night.

ELLEN

It was so kind. Such a nice party.

She busies herself with serving the tea. Archer wants to impress
on her the importance of the van der Luyden's gesture.

ARCHER

The van der Luydens are the most
powerful influence in New York
society. And they receive very
seldom, because of cousin Louisa's
health.

ELLEN

Perhaps that's the reason then.

ARCHER

The reason?

ELLEN

For their influence. They make
themselves so rare.

Her observation intrigues him. She watches him as she hands him
tea. The firelight makes her eyes gleam.

ELLEN

But of course you must tell me.

ARCHER

No, it's you telling me.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

She detaches a small gold cigarette case from one of her bracelets, holds it out to him. He takes a cigarette and she removes one for herself before closing the case.

ELLEN

Then we can both help each other.
Just tell me what to do.

A flame darts from the logs in the fireplace. She bends over the fire. As Archer watches, she stretches her hand so close to the flames that it seems a faint halo of light shines around her fingernails. The firelight turns the dark hair escaping from her braids to russet and makes her pale skin even paler.

ARCHER

There are so many people already
to tell you what to do.

ELLEN

They're all a little angry with
me, I think. For setting up for
myself.

ARCHER

Your family can show you the way.

ELLEN

Is New York such a labyrinth? I
thought it was so straight up and
down, like Fifth Avenue, with all
the cross-streets numbered and
big honest labels on everything.

ARCHER

Everything is labeled. But
everybody is not.

ELLEN

Then I must count on you for
warnings, too.

ARCHER

Just don't let go of your old
friends' hands so quickly. All
the older women like and admire
you. They want to help.

ELLEN

(sighs)
I know. But only if they don't
hear anything unpleasant.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

ELLEN (Cont'd)

Does no one here want to know the truth, Mr. Archer? It's so lonely living among all these kind people who only ask you to pretend.

She puts her hands to her face and sobs. Her shoulders shake. Archer goes to her quickly, bending over her.

ARCHER

No, no, you musn't.

He takes her hands.

ARCHER

What is it they don't want to know?

She shakes her head.

ARCHER

Ellen.

This is the first time he's called her by her first name, and it makes him a little self-conscious. He holds her hand and rubs it back and forth, like a child's.

After a moment she draws her hand away and starts to compose herself.

ELLEN

No one cries here, either? I suppose there's no need to.

CUT TO

20 EXT./INT. STREET AND FLORIST NIGHT

Walking home from Ellen's along Fifth Avenue, Archer passes a flower shop. He gets only a few steps beyond it, then turns and goes back.

Inside the shop, the florist greets him instantly.

FLORIST

Oh Mr. Archer, good evening. We didn't see you this morning, and weren't sure whether to send Miss Welland the usual...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

The lilies-of-the-valley, yes.
We'd better make it a standing
order.

He notices a cluster of yellow roses almost fiery in their
beauty.

ARCHER

And those roses. I'll give you
another address.

He draws out a card and places it inside an envelope, on which
he starts to write Ellen's name and address. But he stops. He
removee his card and hands the clerk the empty envelope with
only the name and address on it.

ARCHER

They'll go at once?

In extreme CLOSE-UP, Archer folds his calling card in two and
places it safely in his pocket.

CUT TO

21 MONTAGE

A series of rapidly DISSOLVING images: of the maid's hands on
the yellow roses as they are delivered; of Ellen's more delicate
hands arranging the rosee in a vase; of Ellen's face, looking
at roses, turning toward CAMERA.

CUT TO

22 EXT. LAKE/CENTRAL PARK DAY

CAMERA starts close on hands in a fur muff. PULL BACK to show
Archer and May, ice skating in the Central Park. CAMERA moves
with them as they circle the lake; the background is a blur
behind them, just as it was when they waltzed.

MAY

It's wonderful to wake every
morning with lilies-of-the-valley
in my room. It's like seeing you.

ARCHER

They came late yesterday, I know.
Somehow the time got away from
me.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

MAY

Still, you always remember.

ARCHER

I sent some roses to your cousin Ellen, too. Was that right?

MAY

Very right. She didn't mention it at lunch today, though. She said she'd gotten wonderful orchids from Mr. Beaufort and a whole hamper of carnations from Cousin Henry van der Luyden. She was so very delighted. Don't people send flowers in Europe?

He seems mildly annoyed at this.

CUT TO

23 EXT. LAKE/CENTRAL PARK DAY

Later. At the side of the lake, Archer and May are preparing to leave. As they talk, Archer reaches over to help her unlace her skates.

MAY

Well, I know you do consider it a long time.

ARCHER

Very long.

MAY

But the Chivers were engaged for a year and a half. Larry Lefferts and Gertrude were engaged for two. I'm sure Mama expects something traditional.

ARCHER

Ever since you were little your parents let you have your way. If you'd only tell your mother what you wanted...

MAY

But that's why it would be so difficult. I couldn't refuse her the very last thing she'd ever ask of me as a little girl.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUEO:

She takes his arm as they both stand and walk away.

MAY

But your wanting it makes me see
how you love me. I'm so happy.

ARCHER

Why not be happier?

MAY

(laughs lightly)
Did I tell you I showed Ellen my
ring? She thinks it's the most
beautiful setting she ever saw.
She said there was nothing like
it in the rue de la Paix.

She hugs his arm

MAY

I do love you, Newland.

CUT TO

24 INT. DINING ROOM/HOUSE NIGHT

The congenial, slightly florid face of Mr. Letterblair looks
straight into CAMERA.

LETTERBLAIR

She wants to sue her husband for
divorce. It's been suggested that
she means to marry again, although
she denies it.

Angle on Archer, most uncomfortable.

ARCHER

I beg your pardon, sir. But
because of my engagement, perhaps
one of the other members of our
firm could consider the matter.

LETTERBLAIR

But precisely because of your
prospective alliance...and
considering that several members
of the family have already asked
for you...I'd like you to consider
the case.

(CONTINUEO)

24 CONTINUEO:

ARCHER

It's a family matter. Perhaps it's best settled by the family.

LETTERBLAIR

Oh their position is clear. They are entirely, and rightly, against a divorce. But Countess Olenska still insists on a legal opinion.

CUT TO

25 INT. DINING ROOM/LETTERBLAIR HOUSE NIGHT

CAMERA follows a bowl of oyster soup as it is being served.

LETTERBLAIR (V.O.)

But really, what's the use of a divorce? She's here, he's there and the whole Atlantic's between them.

FAST OISSOLVE to next course being served: shad and cucumbers.

LETTERBLAIR (V.O.)

As things go, Olenski's acted generously. He's already returned some of her money without being asked.

Another FAST OISSOLVE, to next course: young broiled turkey with corn fritters.

LETTERBLAIR (V.O.)

She'll never get a dollar more than that. Although I understand she attaches no importance to the money.

Another FAST OISSOLVE to the final course: canvasback duck with currant jelly and a celery mayonnaise.

LETTERBLAIR (V.O.)

Considering all that, the wisest thing really is to do as the family says. Just let well enough alone.

Fast PAN up to Archer.

ARCHER

I think that's for her to decide.

(CONTINUEO)

25 CONTINUED:

DISSOLVE again to port being poured. Move back to show that dinner is over, a fire is lit and the men are having cigars.

LETTERBLAIR

Have you considered the consequences if the Countess decides for divorce?

ARCHER

Consequences for the Countess?

LETTERBLAIR

For everyone.

ARCHER

I don't think the count's accusations amount to anything more than vague charges.

LETTERBLAIR

It will make for some talk.

ARCHER

Well I have heard talk about the Countess and her secretary. I heard it even before I read the legal papers.

LETTERBLAIR

It's certain to be unpleasant.

ARCHER

Unpleasant!

Letterblair looks at him enquiringly and gives him a moment to calm down.

LETTERBLAIR

Divorce is always unpleasant. Don't you agree?

ARCHER

Naturally.

LETTERBLAIR

Then I can count on you. The family can count on you. You'll use your influence against the divorce?

ARCHER

I can't promise that. Not until I see the Countess.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

LETTERBLAIR

I don't understand you, Mr.
Archer.

Archer reaches into his pocket and pulls out one of his cards.
He starts to write a brief message on the back.

LETTERBLAIR

Do you want to marry into a family
with a scandalous divorce suit
hanging over it?

ARCHER

I don't think that has anything
to do with the case.

He finishes the note.

ARCHER

Can someone take this for me,
please. To the Countess.

CAMERA in close on note, of which we see, in extreme CLOSE-UP, a
few crucial words: "important"; "see"; "soonest."

CUT TO

26 INT. FOYER/ELLEN'S HOUSE NIGHT

The maid opens the front door to admit Archer. He enters and
takes off his hat and coat, walking into tight CLOSE-UP. He
spots something in the foyer.

We see, as he does: on a bench, in the hallway, a sable-lined
overcoat and a folded opera hat. We move closer in a very fast
series of DISSOLVES until we see: the dull silk lining of the
hat, and the initials J.B. sewn in gold.

Archer reacts to this, and to voices behind him. He turns, and
sees Ellen coming from the drawing room accompanied by Julius
Beaufort.

BEAUFORT

Three days at Skuytercliff with
the van der Luydens! You'd better
take your fur and a hot water
bottle.

ELLEN

Is the house that cold?

She holds her hand out to Archer in greeting as she speaks.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

BEAUFORT
No, but Louisa is.

He nods carelessly at Archer.

BEAUFORT
Join me at Delmonicos Sunday
instead. I'm having more
congenial company.

The maid helps him on with his coat.

BEAUFORT
Artists and so on.

ELLEN
That's very tempting. I haven't
met a single artist since I've
been here.

ARCHER
I know a few painters I could
bring to see you, if you like.

BEAUFORT
Painters? Are there any painters
in New York?

ELLEN
(smiling)
Thank you. But I was really
thinking of dramatic artists. My
husband's house was always full
of singers and musicians.
(to Beaufort)
Can I write tomorrow and let you
know? It's too late to decide
this evening.

BEAUFORT
Is this late?

ELLEN
Yes, because I still have to talk
business with Mr. Archer.

BEAUFORT
Oh.

He starts to leave, but turns.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

BEAUFORT

Of course, Newland, if you can persuade the Countess to change her mind about Sunday, you can join us too.

He leaves and the maid close the door firmly behind him.

CUT TO

27 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE NIGHT

Archer sits close, across from her, in an armchair.

ELLEN

You know painters, then?

ARCHER

Well, a little. I know where to find them.

ELLEN

I once did too. My old life was full of such things. But now I want to try to be like everybody else.

ARCHER

You'll never be like everybody else.

ELLEN

Don't say that to me, please. I just want to put all the old things behind me.

ARCHER

I know. Mr. Letterblair told me.

ELLEN

Mr. Letterblair?

ARCHER

Yes. I've come because he asked me to. I'm in the firm.

ELLEN

You mean it's you who'll manage everything for me?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I'm here to talk about it. I've read all the legal papers, and the letter from the Count.

ELLEN

It wae vile.

He notices her hands, sees she's wearing three rings on her third and fourth fingers. But there is no wedding ring. He says, as he's noticing...

ARCHER (V.O.)

But if he chooces to fight the caee, he can say things that might be unpleas...

His glance comes back up to her face.

ARCHER

...might be disagreeable to you. Say them publicly, so that they could be damaging even if...

ELLEN

If?

ARCHER

Even if they were unfounded.

ELLEN

What harm could accusations like that do me here?

ARCHER

Perhaps more harm than anywhere elee. Dur legislation favors divorce. But our social customs don't.

A small travel clock ticks on the table beside her.

ELLEN

Yes. So my family tells me. Our family. You'll be my cousin soon. And you agree with them?

ARCHER

If what your husband hints is true, or you have no way of disproving it...yes. What could you possibly gain that would make up for the scandal.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

ELLEN

My freedom. Is that nothing?

ARCHER

But aren't you free already?

She looks at him.

ARCHER

It's my business to help you see these things just the way the people who are fondest of you see them, all your friends and relations. If I didn't show you honestly how they judge such questions, it wouldn't be fair of me, would it?

ELLEN

No. It wouldn't be fair.

She looks at the fire. A log breaks in two and sends up a shower of sparks. She looks at it.

ELLEN

Very well. I'll do as you wish.

He is a little surprised by her sudden agreement. He grabs her two hands in his.

ARCHER

I do...I do want to help you.

ELLEN

You do help me.

Archer bends to her and kisses her hands. She takes them away.

ELLEN

Goodnight, cousin.

CUT TO

28 INT. THEATER/NIGHT

We see the heavily made-up face of an actress, at the peak of a very theatrical moment, resting her arms on a mantle and bowing her face in her hands. We don't know at first that we are on stage.

CAMERA pulls out to show actor behind her. He too is very sad. This is obviously a scene of intense parting.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

He moves to a door, then pauses, comes back. While the actress still has her face averted, he lifts the end of a velvet ribbon tied around her neck and kisses it.

Then he leaves and the curtain falls.

Now in CLOSE-UP: Newland Archer, watching the play. He is obviously very moved.

As lights come up he looks around the theater. The first person he sees is Ellen Olenska, in a box with some familiar faces: Larry Lefferts and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort, Sillerton Jackson.

CAMERA moves in on Mrs. Beaufort noticing Archer and making a languid gesture of invitation.

He rises a little reluctantly from his seat and moves out of frame.

CUT TO

29 INT. BEAUFORT BOX/THEATER NIGHT

Everyone is chatting as Archer enters in the background.

LEFFERTS

It's fascinating. Every season the same play, the same scene, the same effect on the audience.

Archer is making his greetings in the box. Lefferts turns to him.

LEFFERTS

Remarkable, isn't it, Newland?

ARCHER

Certainly these actors are remarkable. They're even better in the farewell than Kendal and Madge Robertson in London.

BEAUFORT

You see this play even when you travel? I'd travel to get away from it.

Archer seats himself just behind Ellen. She turns to him and, inclining her head towards the stage, says in a low voice...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

ELLEN

Do you think her lover will send her a box of yellow roses tomorrow morning?

ARCHER

(surprised)

I was...I was thinking about that, too. The farewell scene...

ELLEN

Yes, I know. It touches me as well.

ARCHER

Usually I leave after that scene. To take the picture away with me.

She looks down at the mother-of-pearl opera glasses in her lap.

ELLEN

I had a letter from May. From St. Augustine.

ARCHER

They always winter there. Her mother's bronchitis.

ELLEN

And what do you do while May is away?

ARCHER

(a little defensive)

I do my work.

The lights starts to go down as the audience settles in for the next act of the play. Ellen looks straight at him, whispering now.

ELLEN

I do want you to know. What you advised me was right. And I'm so grateful.

The curtain is up as Ellen turns quickly from Archer toward the stage, raising her opera glasses to her eyes.

As the new act begins on stage, Archer rises slowly and leaves the box.

CUT TO

- 30 MONTAGE

- Series of quickly OISSOLVING scenes as he hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next day, Newland Archer searched the city in vain for yellow roses.

Director's note: camera will move always from left to right in this sequence, with images dissolving into one another, creating a circular effect.

- Shot of Archer in florist shop OISSOLVES to shot of Archer, in his office at the law firm, writing a note to Ellen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

From his office he sent a note to Madame Olenska asking to call that afternoon and requesting a reply by messenger.

CAMERA tracks across note and the words "see you as soon as..."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There was no reply that day. Or the next.

Scene OISSOLVES to street outside florist shop. Archer walks by. There are yellow roses in the window.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And when yellow roses were again available, Archer passed them by. It was only on the third day that he heard from her, by post, from the van der Luyden's country home.

FAST CUT TO

31 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD OAY

A lovely wintery scene. Ellen Olenska, bundled in warm fur, sits in a sleigh.

CAMERA moves in as she speaks straight to it.

ELLEN

"I ran away the day after I saw you at the play, and these kind friends have taken me in. I wanted to be quiet and think things over. I feel so safe here. I wish..."

FAST CUT TO

32 INSERT

These words, in longhand, as they are in the letter. They fill the screen as she says them: "...that you were with us."

ELLEN (V.O.)
(simultaneously)
"...that you were with us."

FAST CUT TO

33 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD DAY

Ellen, still to CAMERA.

ELLEN
"Yours sincerely..."

FAST CUT TO

34 INT. LAW OFFICE DAY

Archer, with Ellen's letter in front of him, scribbling a note at the desk. CAMERA moves in on him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He had a still outstanding invitation from the Lefferts' for a weekend on the Hudson and he hoped it was not too late to reply. Their house was not far from the van der Luydens.

CUT TO

35 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD DAY

A snowy landscape under bright sun. A single tree on a rise near a winding country road. In the distance, we can just make out A FIGURE IN A RED CLOAK.

Archer moves into frame in CLOSE-UP. Sees the figure far down the road. He goes out of frame and we DISSOLVE to...

...Ellen, in the red cloak, with her back to us. Archer enters frame, and she turns.

ARCHER
I came to see what you were running away from.

CUT TO

36 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD DAY

Archer and Ellen walking.

ELLEN

I knew you'd come.

ARCHER

That shows you wanted me to.

ELLEN

Cousin May wrote she asked you to take care of me.

ARCHER

I didn't need to be asked.

ELLEN

Why? Does that mean I'm so helpless and my need is so obvious?

ARCHER

What sort of need?

They are walking past an old house with squat wells and small square windows.

ELLEN

Henry left the old house open for me. I wanted to see it.

ARCHER

That's the Patroon house.

ELLEN

Yes. It's been here two hundred years.

Ellen has already started up the front stairs of the house.

CUT TO

37 INT. PATROON HOUSE DAY

A big bed of embers gleams in the kitchen chimney under an iron pot hung from an old crane. Archer throws a log on the embers, looks over to Ellen.

She sits in a rush-bottomed armchair just across the tile hearth. Her cloak is loose over her shoulders. She smiles at him.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

When you wrote me, you were unhappy.

ELLEN

Yes. But it's better with you here. I feel less unhappy.

Archer stands near a window, looking out, not quite able to look at her.

ARCHER

I can't be here long.

ELLEN

I know. So just let me be happy.

ARCHER

Ellen. If you really wanted me to come...if I'm really to help you...you must tell me what you're running from.

She does not answer. He keeps looking out the window.

Then he feels her, coming up behind him. Her light arms are around his neck, hugging him.

He turns...and sees her as she really is, still in the chair. He looks back out the window. And now he sees...

The figure of a man in a long coat with a heavy fur collar coming along the path to the house: Julius Beaufort.

ARCHER

Ah!

He laughs. Ellen moves quickly to his side.

Extreme CLOSE-UP: she slips her hand into his.

Then she looks out the window and sees Beaufort. She steps back, startled.

ARCHER

Is he what you were running from?
Or what you expected?

ELLEN

I didn't know he was here.

Archer pulls his hand from hers and walks to the front door, throwing it open.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

Bright sunlight rushes into the room, silhouetting Archer and Ellen, who is a few steps behind him.

ARCHER

Hello, Beaufort! This way! Madame Olenska was expecting you.

CUT TO

38 INT. STUDY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

Later. Archer is alone in his study, surrounded by books he's unpacking from a carton.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That night he did not take the customary comfort in his monthly shipment of books from London. The taste of the usual wae like cinders in his mouth, and there were moments when he felt as if he were being buried alive under his future.

CUT TO

39 INT. BEDROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE NIGHT

Ellen, at a writing table in the bedroom.

CAMERA moves in on her as she writes hastily.

ELLEN (V.O.)

"Newland. Come late tomorrow. I must explain to you."

CUT TO

40 INT. STUDY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

CAMERA moves in on Archer, reading Ellen's note.

He holds it in his lap, on top of an open book.

As we hear her last words, he crumples the note. We glimpse the book he has been reading: Middlemarch.

CUT TO

41 EXT. GARDEN/ST. AUGUSTINE DAY

A small FIGURE IN A WHITE DRESS in the distance, surrounded by greenery.

Archer moves into the frame in CLOSE-UP. He sees the figure across the open lawn in front of him. He goes out of frame and we DISSOLVE TO...

...Hay, in the white dress. Archer enters the frame.

(This scene should match Archer's meeting Ellen previously.)

Hay looks at him, surprised.

MAY
Newland! Has anything happened?

ARCHER
Yes. I found I had to see you.

CUT TO

42 EXT. GARDEN/ST.AUGUSTINE DAY

CAMERA moves into tight CLOSE-UP as Archer and Hay sit on a garden bench. He takes her face in his hands gently and starts to kiss her.

His gentleness turns more insistent. She responds at first, but then draws back, a little startled.

ARCHER
What is it?

MAY
Nothing.

They are both a little embarrassed. She lets her hand slip out of his.

ARCHER
Tell me what you do all day.

MAY
(brightening)
Well, there are a few very pleasant people from Philadelphia and Baltimore who were picknicking at the inn. The Herrys are planning to lay out a lawn tennis court...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

CAMERA moves in very close on Archer. May's voice fades and MUSIC comes up as he stares ahead, not listening to her litany of daily routine.

MUSIC fades and, quietly, he interrupts her.

ARCHER

But I thought...I came here
because I thought I could persuade
you to break away from all that.
To advance our engagement.

He reaches for her hand.

ARCHER

Don't you understand how much I
want to marry you? Why should we
dream away another year?

MAY

I'm not sure I do understand. Is
it because you're not certain of
still feeling the same way about
me?

Archer is on his feet.

ARCHER

God, I...maybe...I don't know.

MAY

Because there's someone else?

He starts to protest. She hurries on.

MAY

If it's untrue, then it won't hurt
to talk about it. And if it's
true...why shouldn't we talk about
it now? You might have made a
mistake.

Archer stares at the path. There is a pattern of sunny leaves
beneath his feet.

ARCHER

Mistakes are easy to make. But
if I'd made the kind of mistake
you suggest, would I be down here
asking you to hurry our marriage?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

MAY

I don't know. You might. It would be one way to settle the question.

He sees: under the brim of her straw hat, her face trembling.

MAY

At Newport, two years ago, before we were...promised... everyone said there was...someone else for you. I even saw you sitting together with her once, I think. On a verandah, at a dance. When she came back into the house, her face was sad, and I felt sorry for her. Even after, when we were engaged, I could see how she looked.

He looks up quickly. There is a look of relief on his face which he manages to conceal at once.

ARCHER

Is that ...

MAY

Whatever it was, Newland, or whatever it may have been, I couldn't have my happiness made out of a wrong to somebody else. We couldn't build a life on a foundation like that. If promises were made...or pledges...if you said something to the...the person we've spoken of...if you feel in some way pledged to her...

Archer is beside her, holding her.

ARCHER

There are no pledges. No promises that matter. Except ours.

May looks as if a great weight had been taken from her.

ARCHER

That is all I've been trying to say. There is no one between us, May. There is nothing between us. That is precisely my argument for marrying quickly.

She puts her arms around him. He holds her close.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He could feel her dropping back to inexpressive girlishness. Her conscience had been eased of its burden. It was wonderful, he thought, how such depths of feeling could co-exist with such an absence of imagination.

He kisses her again. But more politely.

CUT TO

43 INT. DRAWING ROOM/MRS. MINGOTT'S HOUSE DAY

MRS. MINGOTT

And did you succeed?

ARCHER

No. But I'd still like to be married in April. With your help.

MRS. MINGOTT

Well, you're seeing the Mingott way. When I built this house the family reacted as if I was moving to California. Now you're challenging everyone.

ARCHER

Is this really so difficult?

MRS. MINGOTT

The entire family is difficult. There's not one of my own children that takes after me but my little Ellen.

(smiling)

You've got a quick eye. Why in the world didn't you marry her?

Archer's taken aback momentarily. Then...

ARCHER

(laughs)

For one thing, she wasn't there to be married.

MRS. MINGOTT

No, to be sure. And she's still not. The Count, you know. He's sent a letter.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

No, I didn't know.

MRS. MINGOTT

Mr. Letterblair says the Count wants Ellen back. On her own terms.

ARCHER

I don't believe it.

MRS. MINGOTT

The Count certainly does not defend himself. I will say that. And Ellen would be giving up a great deal to stay here. There's her old life. Think what that must have been like. Gardens at Nice with terraces of roses. Jewels, of course. Music and conversation. She says she's considered plain in Europe, but I know that her portrait has been painted nine times. All that, and the remorse of an guilty husband. Ellen says she cares for none of it, but still. These are things that must be weighed.

ARCHER

I would rather see her dead.

MRS. MINGOTT

(shrewdly)

Would you? Would you really? We should remember marriage is marriage. And Ellen is still a wife.

Behind Mrs. Mingott, doors open and Ellen enters, still wearing hat and cloak, her face vivid and happy. She stoops to kiss her grandmother and holds her hand out to Archer.

MRS. MINGOTT

Ellen, see who's here.

ELLEN

Yes, I know.

(to Archer)

I went to see your mother to ask where you'd gone. Since you never answered my note.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. MINGOTT

Because he was in such a rush to get married, I'm sure. Fresh off the train and straight here. He wants me to use all my influence, just to marry his sweetheart sooner.

ELLEN

Well surely, Granny, between us we can persuade the Wellands to do as he wishes.

MRS. MINGOTT

There, Newland, you see. Right to the quick of the problem. Like me.

(to Ellen)

I told him he should have married you.

ELLEN

And what did he say?

MRS. MINGOTT

Oh, my darling, I leave you to find that out.

Archer, who has done his best to abide this teasing, now rises to go. As he gets to his feet, his hand touches Ellen's.

CUT TO

44 INT. MINGOTT HOUSE/DOORWAY DAY

Ellen and Archer at the front door.

We see: extreme CLOSE-UP of their two faces close together, his mouth near her ear.

ARCHER

(quietly)

When can I see you?

CUT TO

45 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE NIGHT

CLOSE-UP of Ellen's face in the mirror on the mantle.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I think your grandmother believes
you might go back to your husband.

He appears in the mirror as soon as he hear his voice. Ellen
shakas her head.

ARCHER

I think she believes you might
at least consider it.

ELLEN

A lot of things have been believed
of me. But if she thinks I would
consider it, that also means she
would consider it for me. As she
is weighing your idea of advancing
the marriage.

ARCHER

(under pressure)

May and I had a frank talk in
Florida. Probably our first. She
wants a long engagement to give
me time...

ELLEN

Time to give her up for another
woman?

ARCHER

If I want to.

ELLEN

That's very noble.

ARCHER

Yes. But it's ridiculous.

ELLEN

Why? Because there is no other
woman?

ARCHER

No. Because I don't mean to marry
anyone else.

ELLEN

This other woman...does she love
you, too?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER

There is no other woman. I mean,
the person May was thinking
of...wae never...

He sees: her hands, holding her fan.

ARCHER

(slowly)

...she guessed the truth. There
is another woman. But not the one
she thinks.

He sits down beside her. He takes her hands, unclasping them,
so her fan falls to the floor.

She gets up and movee away from him.

ELLEN

Don't make love to me. Too many
people have done that.

ARCHER

I've never made love to you. But
you are the woman I would have
married if it had been possible
for either of us.

ELLEN

Possible? You can say that when
you're the one who's made it
impossible.

ARCHER

I've made it...

ELLEN

Isn't it you who made me give up
divorcing? Didn't you talk to
me, here in this room, about
sacrifice and sparing scandal
because my family was going to
be your family? And I did what
you asked me. For May's sake. And
for yours.

She sinks down on the sofa. He stays near the mantle.

ARCHER

But there were things in your
husband's letter....

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

ELLEN

I had nothing to fear from that letter. Absolutely nothing. You were just afraid of scandal for yourself, and for May.

He puts his face in his hands. After a moment, he goes to her. She is crying like a child.

ARCHER

Ellen. No. Nothing's done that can't be undone. I'm still free. You can be, too.

Now he's holding her. Her face is so close to his....He kisses her.

And she kisses him back, passionately.

Then she breaks away.

They stare at each other. Then she shakes her head.

ARCHER

No! Everything is different. Do you see me marrying May now?

ELLEN

Would you ask her that question? Would you?

ARCHER

I have to ask her. It's too late to do anything else.

ELLEN

You say that because it's easy, not because it's true.

ARCHER

This has changed everything.

ELLEN

No. The good things can't change. All that you've done for me, Newland, that I never knew. Going to the van der Luydens because people refused to meet me. Announcing your engagement at the ball so there would be two families standing behind me instead of one...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (4)

She sees him looking at her questioningly.

ELLEN

Granny told me. I was stupid, I never thought. All that you did...there is no one as kind as you. You couldn't be happy if it meant being cruel. I'd never known that before. And that is what I love in you.

She speaks in a very low voice. Suddenly he kneels. The TIP of her SATIN SHOE shows under her dress. He kisses it.

She bends over him.

ELLEN

Newland. If we change what's happened, if we act any other way, I'll be making you act against what I love in you most. I couldn't stand it if that's what our love did to you. We might live with each other, but we would always live with that, and it would destroy us. Don't you see? I can't love you unless I give you up.

Archer springs to his feet.

ARCHER

And Beeufort, with his orchids?
Can you love him?
(furious)
May is ready to give me up!

With a sweep of his arm he sends the orchids flying into the mirror, spilling flowers and water everywhere. Ellen is motionless.

ELLEN

(quietly)
Three days after you pleaded with her to advance your engagement she will give you up?

ARCHER

She refused! That gives me the right...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (5)

ELLEN

The right? The same kind of right
as my husband claims in his
letters?

ARCHER

No, of course not! But if we do
this now...afterward, it will only
be worse for everyone if we...

ELLEN

(almost screaming)

No, no, no!

They look at each other for a moment more. Then Ellen picks up a
bell and rings for the maid.

CAMERA tilts up from spilled flowers on the floor to the face
of the maid as she enters. She carries Ellen's cloak and hat,
and a telegram.

ELLEN

I won't be going out tonight after
all.

ARCHER

(sarcastic)

Please don't sacrifice. I can see
how lonely you are.

MAID

(in Italian)

This was delivered.

She hands the wire to Ellen, who opens the yellow envelope,
looks quickly at the message, then hands it to Archer.

As he takes it, we...

CUT TO

46 EXT. GARDEN/ST. AUGUSTINE DAY

May, smiling joyously, comes toward the CAMERA. The light behind
and around her is intense, blazing. She speaks directly to
CAMERA.

MAY

"Granny's telegram was successful.
Papa and Mama agreed to marriage
after Easter. Only a month!

(more)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

MAY (Cont'd)
I will telegraph Newland. I'm too
happy for words and love you
dearly. Your grateful cousin
May."

She advances so close to the CAMERA she creates a burst of white light as we...

CUT TO

47 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE NIGHT

Extreme CLOSE-UP of May's telegram in Newland's hand. He crumples it as if that single gesture would annihilate the news it contains.

DISSOLVE to CLOSE-UP of his face, desolate.

CUT TO

48 INSERT

An oil painting. CAMERA starts very tight on the face of Newland Archer, moves slowly across to May Archer, smiling with beatific formality, then moves out: this is their wedding portrait.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
There had been wild rumors, right up to the wedding day, that Mrs. Mingott would actually attend the ceremony. It was known that she had sent a carpenter to measure the front pew in case it might be altered to accommodate her. But this idea, like the great lady herself, proved to be unwieldy, and she settled for giving the wedding breakfast.

CUT TO

49 INSERT

CAMERA moving down a lavish array of wedding gifts: silver bowls and exquisite china and heavy place settings.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Countess Olenska sent her regrets--she was traveling with an aunt--but gave the bride and groom an exquisite piece of old lace. Two elderly aunts in Rhinebeck offered a honeymoon cottage, and, since it was thought "very English" to have a country-house on loan, their offer was accepted. When the house proved suddenly uninhabitable, however, Henry van der Luyden stepped in to offer an old cottage on his property nearby.

CUT TO

50 INSERT

CAMERA moves in on picture of the Patroon house, where Ellen and Archer had spoken.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

May accepted the offer as a surprise for her husband. She had never seen the house, but her cousin Ellen had mentioned it once. She had said it was the only house in America where she could imagine being perfectly happy.

From picture of the house. ...

DISSOLVE TO

51 INSERT

...old postcards of London: 19th Century streets filled with carriages; regal figures in high hats and long dresses enjoying Sunday in Hyde Park; Bond Street crowded with shoppers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They traveled to the expected places, which May had never seen. In London, Archer ordered his clothes, and they went to the National Gallery, and sometimes to the theater.

CUT TO

52 INT. CARRIAGE/STREET NIGHT

May is close to Archer on the seat, holding his arm. She has a new attitude of easy intimacy with him.

ARCHER

Englishwomen dress just like everybody else in the evening, don't they?

MAY

How can you even ask that, when they're always at the theater in old ball-dresses and bare heads.

ARCHER

Well perhaps they save their new dresses for home.

MAY

Then I shouldn't have worn this?

ARCHER

No. You look very fine.
(meaning it)
Quite beautiful.

She smiles...and surprises him with a kiss. He is delighted. She pulls away and hugs his arm.

CUT TO

53 INSERT

Old postcards of Paris: Rue Rivoli and the rue de la Paix, glittering like jewels strung across a city; the Place de la Concorde, busy with traffic and regal even at midday.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In Paris, she ordered her clothes. There were trunks of dresses from Worth. They visited the Tuileries, and occasionally they dined out.

CUT TO

54 INT. DINING ROOM/ PARIS HOUSE NIGHT

A small formal dinner. May holding her own nicely, charming everyone.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

CAMERA moves in fast on Archer. He is in conversation with a fine-boned man whose face is distinguished by a carefully nurtured mustache.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Archer had gradually reverted to his old inherited ideas about marriage. It was less trouble to conform with tradition.

Archer glances away from his dinner companion to look across the table at the animated May.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There was no use trying to emancipate a wife who hadn't the dimmest notion that she was not free.

CUT TO

55 INT. CARRIAGE/STREET NIGHT

Archer and May riding home from the dinner.

ARCHER

I enjoyed him. I asked him to dinner.

MAY

Well, I didn't have much chance to talk to him, but wasn't he a little common?

ARCHER

Common? I thought he was clever.

MAY

I know I'm not the best judge of cleverness.

ARCHER

(quietly, resigned)
Then I won't ask him to dine.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With a chill he knew that, in future, many problems would be solved for him in this same way.

CUT TO

56 EXT. STREET/PARIS NIGHT

=As their carriage moves away down a boulevard of flickering lamps.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The first six months of marriage were usually said to be the hardest, and after that, he thought, they would have pretty nearly finished polishing down all the rough edges. But May's pressure was already wearing down the very roughness he most wanted to keep.

CUT TO

57 EXT. STREET/PARIS NIGHT

DISSOLVE into the same street, later. It is still and empty, near dawn. The streetlamps flicker off in the light of the new day.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As for the madness with Madame Olenska, Archer trained himself to remember it as the last of his discarded experiments. She remained in his memory simply as the most plaintive...

The last flame goes out..

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...and poignant of a line of ghosts.

On the word "ghosts," we...

CUT TO

58 EXT. BEAUFORT LAWN/NEWPORT DAY

...a close burst of blazing white.

White of summer dresses and crisp suits, the green of rolling lawns by the seaside under a bright afternoon sun.

Newport, Rhode Island, a year and a half later. The spacious lawn of the Beaufort summer "cottage."

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

CAMERA tracks parallel to a row of men and women standing against a tent, looking out at something we can't yet see. Their summer clothes are splendid.

CAMERA continues tracking until it comes to a break in the row: the raised flap of a tent. May walks INTO FRAME, wearing a white dress with a pale green ribbon around her tiny waist and a wreath of ivy on her hat. As she walks past the row of people, she comes toward CAMERA into big CLOSE-UP and we DISSOLVE to...

May, slowly raising a bow and arrow, taking careful aim, letting go. Her movements have a classic grace.

The crowd applauds appreciatively at her shot, and at her form. We see a banner announcing "Newport Archery Club/August meeting," and, in the distance, more spectators on the verandah of the Beaufort cottage.

Two of these spectators are Larry Lefferts and Julius Beaufort, who watch May admiringly. Beaufort has his customary orchid fixed to the lapel of his jacket.

LEFFERTS

She's very deft.

BEAUFORT

Yes. But that's the only kind of target she'll ever hit.

Now we see: Archer, a little in front of them. He REACTS angrily to Beaufort's remark, but says nothing.

Across the lawn, May makes her final bull's-eye. Archer starts across to join her.

May, flushed and calm, is receiving a winner's PIN from a club official.

She looks up as Archer approaches. They smile at each other.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No one could ever be jealous of May's triumphs. She managed to give the feeling that she would have been just as serene without them.

May takes Archer's arm and they walk across the lawn together.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But what if all her calm, her niceness, were just a negation, a curtain dropped in front of an emptiness? Archer felt he had never yet lifted that curtain.

CUT TO

59 EXT. NARAGANSETT AVENUE/NEWPORT DAY

May and Archer in an open carriage. May handles the reins of the ponies expertly.

MAY

Has Gertrude Beaufort been here at all this summer?

ARCHER

I don't know. There's a great deal of gossip. I expect he'll bring Annie Ring here any day.

MAY

Not even Beaufort would dare that!

ARCHER

He's reckless in everything. There's even talk about his railway speculations turning bad. But he just answers every rumor with a fresh extravagance.

MAY

I heard he gave Gertrude pearls worth half a million.

ARCHER

He had no choice.

CUT TO

60 INT. MINGOTT HOUSE/NEWPORT DAY

CAMERA close on the pin May won in the archery contest: an arrow with a diamond tip, pinned to the front of her linen blouse.

A stout hand runs fingers along the contour of the arrow and we hear the voice of...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

MRS. MINGOTT

Quite stunning. It's Julius Beaufort who donates the club's prizes, isn't it. This looks like him. A brooch would have done in my day, but there's no denying he does things handsomely.

We are in the sun-dappled drawing room of the Mingott Newport cottage. There is a tea service on a table in front of Mrs. Mingott, whom the summer heat is not treating kindly. She fans herself continually.

ARCHER

It's May who gives the pin its real distinction.

MRS. MINGOTT

Of course. And it will make quite an heirloom, my dear. You should leave it to your eldest daughter.

May blushes and Mrs. Mingott pinches her arm teasingly.

MRS. MINGOTT

What's the matter, aren't there going to be any daughters? Only boys? What, can't I say that either? Now your blushes are blushing.

Archer laughs. Mrs. Mingott smiles and calls out...

MRS. MINGOTT

Ellen! Ellen, are you upstairs?

CAMERA closes now on Archer, startled at the name.

MRS. MINGOTT

She's over from Portsmouth, spending the day with me. It's such a nuisance. She just won't stay in Newport, insists on putting up with those...what's their name...Blenkers. But I gave up arguing with young people about fifty years ago...Ellen!

A maid appears.

MAID

I'm sorry, m'am, Miss Ellen's not in the house.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. MINGOTT
She's left?

MAID
I saw her going down the shore
path.

Mrs. Mingott turns to Archer.

MRS. MINGOTT
Run down and fetch her, like a
good grandson. May can tell me
all the gossip about Julius
Beaufort.

CAMERA close on Archer.

MRS. MINGOTT
Go ahead. I know she'll want to
see you both.

CUT TO

61 EXT. SMORE PATH/NEWPORT DAY

The path descends from the bank where the Mingott house is
perched to a walk above the water. Weeping willows are planted
on both sides of the walk. Through their branches the Lime Rock
LIGHTHOUSE is visible.

Archer walks slowly down the path, as if moving toward a fate
he thought was past him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He had heard her name often enough
during the year and a half since
they had last met. He was even
familiar with the main incidents
of her life. But he heard all
these accounts with detachment,
as if listening to reminiscences
of someone long dead.

The willow-lined walk curves toward the sea, where there is a
small wooden pier ending in a pagoda-like summer house.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But the past had come again into the present, as in those newly discovered caverns in Tuscany, where children had lit bunches of straw and seen old images staring from the wall.

BRIGHT sunset. The sun splinters in a thousand pieces. Archer rounds the corner of the path, and sees the pier and house in front of him. Then he sees: a WOMAN, back to the shore, leaning against a rail. He stops, unable to go on. It's ELLEN.

She looks out to sea, at the bay furrowed with yachts and sailboats and fishing craft.

He does not move. Ellen does not turn.

A sailboat glides through the channel between Lime Rock lighthouse and the shore.

Still she has not turned.

Archer looks from Ellen to the sailboat, and back again.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He gave himself a single chance. She must turn before the sail boat crosses the Lime Rock light. Then he would go to her.

He looks to the boat. It glides out on the receding tide between the lighthouse and the shore.

He looks at Ellen: she seems to be drawn into the sunset.

Back to the boat: it passes the lighthouse. Water sparkles between its stern and the last reef of the island.

Back to Ellen. She has not turned.

Archer walks away.

As he goes, we can still see Ellen's figure in the distance. She does not turn.

CUT TO

62 EXT. MINGOTT HOUSE/NEWPORT DUSK

Archer and May leave the house and walk toward their waiting carriage.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

MAY

I'm sorry you didn't find her.
But I've heard she's so changed.

ARCHER

Changed?

MAY

So indifferent to her old friends.
Summering in Portsmouth, moving
to Washington. Sometimes I think
we've always bored her. I wonder
if she wouldn't be happier with
her husband after all.

ARCHER

(laughs)

I don't think I've ever heard you
be cruel before.

Archer helps her into the carriage.

MAY

Cruel?

ARCHER

Even angels don't think people
are happier in hell.

MAY

(placidly)

Then she shouldn't have married
abroad.

She starts to take the reins of the carriage. Archer lifts them
from her.

ARCHER

Let me.

He snaps the reins and they start away from the house.

CUT TO

63 INT. ARCHER HOUSE/NEWPORT MORNING

The dining room: the family is having breakfast. Mrs. Archer
and Janey are at the table, as is Mrs. Welland. May presides
over the gathering with practiced ease.

(CONTINUEO)

63 CONTINUED:

MRS. WELLAND

The Blenkers. A party for the
Blenkers?

JANEY

Who are they?

MAY

The Portsmouth people, I think.
The ones Countess Olenska is
staying with.

Mrs. Archer puts down her fork and reads from an invitation.

MRS. ARCHER

"Professor and Mrs. Emerson
Sillerton request the
pleasure...Wednesday afternoon
club...at 3 o'clock punctually.
To meet Mrs. and the Misses
Blenker. Red Gablee, Catherine
Street."

She looks around the table.

MRS. ARCHER

You've all forgotten. Some of us
will have to go.

JANEY

I don't see why, really. He's an
archaeologist and he lives here
even in winter. He's always
taking his poor wife to tombs in
the Yucatan instead of to Paris.
He's got a house full of
long-haired men and short-haired
women, and...

MRS. ARCHER

And he is Sillerton Jackson's
cousin.

JANEY

(chastened)

Of course.

MAY

I'll go over. And, Janey, why
don't you come with me. It will
give you a chance to see Cousin
Ellen.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

MAY (Cont'd)

(to Archer)

I'm sure Newland will find some way to spend the afternoon.

ARCHER

I think for once I'll just save it instead of spending it.

He takes the last bite of griddle cakes left on his plate.

ARCHER

Maybe drive to the farm to see about a new horse for the brougham.

CUT TO

64 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/NEWPORT DAY

Archer at the reins of the carriage. The day is clear, the sky a brilliant ultramarine.

He leans a little way out of the carriage to check a name posted at the front of the lane, then turns the horses in.

We see the name on the post: Blenker.

CUT TO

65 EXT. DRIVE/BLENKER HOUSE/NEWPORT DAY

In the near distance, a long tumbledown house with peeling white paint.

Closer: a shed for horsees. Archer stops and ties up his team.

Empty and quiet. The click of locusts in the still air. Archer looks toward the house, sees...

...to its left, a ghostly summer house of trellis-work that had once been white.

He walks toward the summer house.

As he gets closer, he sees a box garden, and something pink just beyond it.

DISSOLVE to tight shot: a pink parasol, inside the summer house.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

DISSOLVE to Archer's face, staring at it, almost hypnotized. He walks toward the CAMERA. As he blocks it we...

...DISSOLVE again to the parasol. Close on it as Archer's hand enters the frame to pick it up. CAMERA moves in on his face as he lifts the handle close to him. It is carved of rare wood. He smells its scent.

And lifts the handle closer...slowly...to his lips.

SOUND: of soft skirts behind him. We see: Archer's eyes, in huge CLOSE-UP, closing in anticipation.

CAMERA pulls out as he waits for Ellen's touch. But he hears only a voice behind him...

KATIE BLENKER

Hello?

His eyes open. He turns and sees...

...Katie Blenker, a large-framed adolescent girl.

KATIE BLENKER

I'm sorry, did you ring, I've been asleep in the hammock...

ARCHER

I didn't mean to disturb you. Are you Miss Blenker? I'm Newland Archer.

KATIE

I've heard so much about you.

ARCHER

I came up the island to see about a new horse, and I thought I'd call. But the house seemed empty...

KATIE

It is empty. Don't you know about the party the Sillertons are giving for us this afternoon? Everyone's there but me, with my fever, and Countess Olenska...oh, you found my parasol!

She takes it from his hand.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUEO: (2)

KATIE

It's my best one. It's from tha Cameroons.

ARCHER

(trying to be casual)
The Countesa was called away?

KATIE

A telagram came from Boston. She said she might be gone for two daya. I do love tha way she doas har hair, don't you? It reminds ma of Sir Waltar Scott.

CAMERA moves close on Archer. He is struggling with himself.

ARCHER

(interrupting her)
You don't know...I'm sorry...I've got to be in Boston tomorrow. You wouldn't know where aha waa staying?

CUT TO

66 EXT. BOSTON COMMON OAY

A sweltaring summer day.

CAMERA closa on an oil painting of tha park scene. It nicely captures the trees and flowers under shimmering haat, the summer colors of suits and dressas...and the FIGURE of a woman, seated mid-perspective, on a bench.

OIBSOLVE to an aven tighter shot of the woman in tha painting. A BRUSH works on har faatures.

DISSOLVE to Archer, watching tha paintar. He turns, squinting into the glare of the morning sun at the woman seated a little way in front of him on the bench.

FAST PAN over to her. It is Ellen.

CUT TO

67 EXT. BOSTON COMMON OAY

Ellen looks up. Archer is beside her.

(CONTINUEO)

67 CONTINUED:

ELLEN
(startled)

Oh.

(now smiling)

Oh.

Without rising, she makes room for him on the bench. He sits beside her and tries making casual conversation.

ARCHER
I'm here on business. Just got here, actually.

He stares at her. Being casual is too difficult.

ARCHER
You're doing your hair differently.

ELLEN
Only because the maid's not with me. She stayed back in Portsmouth. I'm only here for two days, it didn't seem worth...

ARCHER
You're traveling alone?

ELLEN
(sly)
Yes. Why, do you think it's a little dangerous?

ARCHER
(smiling)
Well, it's unconventional.

ELLEN
I suppose it is. I hadn't thought of it. I've just done something so much more unconventional. I've refused to take back money that belonged to me.

ARCHER
Someone came with an offer?

She nods.

ARCHER
What were the conditions?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

ELLEN
(simply)
I refused.

ARCHER
(pressing)
Tell me the conditions.

ELLEN
Nothing unbearable, really. Just
to sit at the head of his table
now and then.

Archer choses his words carefully.

ARCHER
And he wants you back, at any
price?

ELLEN
Well, it's a considerable price.
At least it's considerable for
me.

ARCHER
So you came to meet him.

She stares, then laughs suddenly.

ELLEN
My husband? Here? No, of course
not. He sent someone.

ARCHER
(very careful now)
His secretary?

ELLEN
Yes. He's still here, in fact.
He insisted on waiting. In case
I changed my mind.

He is trying to absorb all this.

ELLEN
They told you at the hotel I was
here?

He nods, but still says nothing. After a moment...

ELLEN
You haven't changed, Newland.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

Now he looks straight into her eyes.

ARCHER
(intense)
I thought I had.

ELLEN
Please don't.

ARCHER
Just give me the day. I'll say
anything you like. Or nothing.
I won't speak unless you tell me
to. All I want is some time with
you. All I want is to listen to
you.

He is so intense Ellen has to look away from him. She takes out
a small gold-faced watch on an enamel chain.

ARCHER
I want to get you away from that
man. Was he coming to the hotel?

ELLEN
At eleven. Just in case...

ARCHER
Then we must leave now. It's a
hundred years since we've met.
It may be another hundred before
we meet again.

ELLEN
Where will we go?

ARCHER
Where?

He's stumped: emotion has gotten in the way of foresight. He
seems addled for a moment. She smiles at him.

ELLEN
Somewhere cool, at any rate.

ARCHER
We'll take the steamboat down to
Point Arley. There's an inn.

ELLEN
I'll have to leave a note at the
hotel.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (4)

He pulls a note-case from his pocket, fumbling a little.

ARCHER

Write it here. I have the paper...you see how everything's predestined?...and this...have you seen these...the new stylographic pen...

He hands her the case and pulls out a fountain pen.

ARCHER

Just steady the case on your knee, and I'll get the pen going in a second...

He bangs the hand holding the pen against the back of the bench.

ARCHER

It's like jerking down the mercury in a thermometer. Now try.

He hands her the pen and she starts to write a name on an envelope.

MATCH CUT TO

68 EXT. PARKER HOUSE HOTEL/BOSTON DAY

The envelope, sealed now, with a name we can't read.

ARCHER

Shall I take it in?

ELLEN

I'll only be a moment.

She disappears through the glazed doors of the hotel.

An Irish woman walks by, selling peaches. Archer declines.

The door of the hotel opens. He turns. A group of men comes onto the sidewalk and walks away. Archer watches them with mild interest.

He hears the doors again and looks over. A MAN, dressed in a distinctly European fashion and looking a little worried, appears on the sidewalk. He looks around, but does not seem to notice Archer.

Archer sees him, however. Something about his face is familiar, but Archer can't quite place it...

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

...and the man is off, down the street.

SOUND of the hotel doors again. He turns, and Ellen is at his side.

CUT TO

69 INT./EXT. INN DAY

We see out the window: the billowing white sail of a small boat. CAMERA puls back to reveal...

A private room for dining that opens onto a long wooden varandah. The Atlantic is visible through the open windows.

Archer and Ellen sit at a table covered with a checkered cloth held down from the ocean breezes by a bottle of pickles at one end and a blueberry pie under a clear dish at the other. SOUNDS of a party in the large dining room of the inn occasionally interrupt the stillness.

Ellen looks at the distant sailboat, then turns to Archer.

ELLEN

Why didn't you come down to the beach to get me the day I was at Granny's?

ARCHER

Because you didn't turn around. You didn't know I was there. I swora I wouldn't unless you looked around.

ELLEN

But I didn't look around on purpose.

ARCHER

You knew?

ELLEN

I recognized the carriage when you drove in. So I went to the beach.

ARCHER

To get as far away from me as you could.

ELLEN

As I could. Yes.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

Well you sae, then. It's no use.
It's better to face each other.

ELLEN

I thought you promised not to say
things like that. I only want to
be honest with you.

ARCHER

If we're to be honest, there's
no other way I can speak to you.
Isn't that why you always admired
Julius Beaufort? He was more
honest than the rest of us, wasn't
he? So much more colorful, so
much more...would you say,
worldly? If that's the world you
admire so much, I wonder why you
don't go back.

ELLEN

I believe it's because of you.

ARCHER

Me? I'm the man who married one
woman because another one told
him to.

ELLEN

(overlapping)

Newland...

ARCHER

You gave me my first glimpse of
a real life. Then you asked me
to go on with the false one. Noone
can stand that.

ELLEN

Don't say that. Not when I'm
standing it.

He looks at her. Tears are running down her face.

ARCHER

Then you will have to go back.

ELLEN

No.

ARCHER

We can't be like this.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

ELLEN

We can. We can be just like this.
Just as we are.

ARCHER

That's not a life for you.

ELLEN

It is. As long as it's part of
yours.

ARCHER

And the way I live...my life...how
can it be part of yours?

She looks away. He reaches for
her hands, holds them.

DISSOLVE quickly to Ellen and Archer, standing now, close. They
start out into the main dining room.

CAMERA follows them through the door, which opens onto a happy
party of schoolteachers enjoying a summer excursion.

CUT TO

70 EXT. STREET/NEW YORK DAY

Near Archer's law offices. The day is stifling, and the street
is crowded with discomforted business men, one of whom is
Archer.

He looks at the milling faces around him on the street, sees:
the face of the man that had seemed briefly familiar outside
the Parker House in Boston.

This time, the man sees Archer and walks straight toward him.

RIVIERE

(French accent)

It's Mr. Archer, I think?

ARCHER

Yes?

RIVIERE

My name is Riviere. We dined
together in Paris last year.

ARCHER

Oh yes. I'm sorry I didn't quite
recall....

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUEO:

And we should remember, as Archer does now, the face of the MAN with the fine mustache we first encountered during the Paris mentage.

People mill around them like rushing water as they stand talking.

RIVIERE
Quite alright. I had the advantage. I saw you yesterday in Boston.

Archer is taken aback by this.

CUT TO

71 INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE OAY

The window is open, but heat has settled on the place like a curee. Occasional street NOISE, of pedestrians and carriage traffic, underscores the conversation. Riviere seems slightly uncomfortable, but handles himself impeccably.

RIVIERE
I wanted...if I might...to speak to you about the Countess Olenska.

ARCHER
On whose behalf?

RIVIERE
On behalf of...

ARCHER
You are Count Olenski's messenger?

RIVIERE
Not to you, Monsieur. I was his messenger to the Countess, yes. But that mission failed. I was his messenger to her family here. And I hope you can make that mission a failure as well.

ARCHER
Why in hell do you think I'd take a position against the family?

RIVIERE
Not against the family. But rather for the Countess.

(more)

(CONTINUEO)

71 CONTINUED:

RIVIERE (Cont'd)
Unless you agree with the family,
of course, that she should accept
the new proposals I brought from
the Count and return to him.

ARCHER
I still do not understand why
we're speaking.

RIVIERE
So I can beg you, Monsieur...with
all the force I'm capable of...not
to let her go back.

Archer looks at him with astonishment. Riviere's eyes fix
momentarily on Archer, then look around the room.

ARCHER
And is that what you told the
Countess?

RIVIERE
No. I accepted my mission from
the Count in good faith. I
believed it would be best for her
to return. I told her all the
Count had said, and she did me
the kindness of listening
carefully. But she's changed,
Monsieur.

ARCHER
You knew her before?

RIVIERE
I used to see her in her husband's
house. The Count would never have
trusted my mission to a stranger.

ARCHER
This change...

RIVIERE
It may only have been my seeing
her for the first time as she is.
As an American. And if you're an
American of her kind...of your
kind...

CAMERA starts to move in on Archer.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

RIVIERE

...things that are accepted in certain other societies, or at least put up with for the sake of...convenience...these things become intolerable. She made her marriage in good faith. It was a faith that the Count could not share, and could not understand. So her faith was shattered. And it was only coming back here...coming home...that restored it. Returning to Europe would mean a life of some comfort. And considerable sacrifice. And also, I would think, no hope.

Archer looks at his presidential calendar hanging on the wall, then down at the papers scattered on his mahogany desk. He hears a SOUND--of a chair moving back, of Riviere getting to his feet--and he looks up.

Riviere is standing in front of the desk. Archer extends his hand.

ARCHER

Thank you.

CUT TO

72 INT. DINING ROOM/MRS. ARCHER'S HOUSE EVENING

A lavish affair attended by Janey and Mrs. Archer, Newland and May, Mrs. Welland and Sillerton Jackson. CAMERA tracks along a regal Thanksgiving dinner, ending on a well-carved turkey.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Me had written to her once in Washington. Just a few lines, asking when they were to meet again. And she wrote back: "Not yet."

SOUND of dinner conversation comes up.

MRS. ARCHER

Well, Boston is more conservative than New York. But I always think it's a safe rule for a lady to lay aside her French dresses for one season.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

JANEY

I think it waa Julius Beaufort who started the new fashion by making his wife clap her new clothes on her back aa soon as they arrived. I must say, it takes all Regina's distinction not to look like...

JACKSON

(helpfully)

Her rivals?

JANEY

...like that Annie Ring.

MRS. ARCHER

Careful, dear.

JANEY

Wsl, everybody knows.

JACKSON

Indeed. Beaufort always put his business around. And now that his business ia gone there are bound to be disclosures.

MAY

Gone? Is it that bad?

JACKSON

As bad as anything I've ever heard of. Most everybody we know will be hit, one way or another.

CUT TO

73 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

Archer and Jackson stand at the Gothic fireplace of the library. Archer helpa Jackson light a cigar.

JACKSON

Very difficult for Regina, of course. And it's a pity...it's certainly a pity...that Countess Olenska refused her husband's offer.

ARCHER

Why, for God's sake.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

JACKSON

Well...to put it on the lowest ground.... what's she going to live on now? Most of her money's invested with Beaufort, and the allowance she's been getting from the family is so cut back...

ARCHER

She has something, I'm sure.

JACKSON

Oh I would think a little. But the family hoped she might see that living here, on such a small margin...

ARCHER

She won't go back.

Jackson looks at him attentively.

JACKSON

That's your opinion, eh? Well no doubt you know. I suppose she might still soften Catherine Mingott, who could give her any allowance she chooses. But the rest of the family have no particular interest in keeping Madame Olenska here.

Archer sees: a cone of ash dropping from Jackson's cigar into a brass tray at his elbow.

ARCHER

(pauee)

Shall we go up and join my mother?

CUT TO

74 INT. ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

Archer and May climb the staircase to the second floor of their house. The lamp May holds throws deep long shadows on the wall.

ARCHER

The lamp is smoking again. The servants should see to it.

MAY

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

He stops at the door of his study. She stops and bends over to lower the wick. The light shines on her shoulders and the curve of her face.

ARCHER

I may have to go to Washington for a few days.

MAY

When?

ARCHER

Tomorrow. I'm sorry, I should have said something before.

MAY

On business?

ARCHER

On business, of course. There's a patent case coming up before the Supreme Court. I just got the papers from Letterblair. It seems...

MAY

Well I'm sure it's too complicated. I can't even manage this lamp.

He helps her with the wick.

MAY

But the change will do you good.

The flame is stronger now.

MAY

And you must be sure to go and see Ellen.

He looks at her in the newly bright lamp light. Does she know? He thinks she might.

CUT TO

75 INT. ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

CAMERA close on a note being carried quickly on a silver tray through the hall.

WIDER to show: a MAID, carrying the note to Archer and May.

(CONTINUEO)

75 CONTINUED:

ARCHER MAID
Excuse me, ma'm. But this came
while you were out.

May reaches for the note.

ARCHER
(indicating lamp)
Do something about this, will you,
Agnes?

He indicates the lamp, which still smokes slightly. The maid
nods, gives him her old lamp and takes the faulty one away.

May looks up from the note.

MAY
Granny's had a stroke.

CUT TO

76 INT. BEDROOM/MINGOTT HOUSE MORNING

Aside from being propped up on more pillows than usual, and
breathing a little more heavily, Mrs. Mingott seems little the
worse for wear, although her speech is a trifle slurred. May
and Archer sit near her bedside.

MRS. MINGOTT
A stroke! I told them all it was
an excess of Thanksgiving, but
Dr. Bencomb acted most concerned
and insisted on notifying everyone
as if it were the reading of my
last testament. You're very dear
to come. But perhaps you only
wanted to see what I'd left you.

MAY
Granny, that's shocking!

MRS. MINGOTT
It was shock that did this to me.
It's all due to Regina Beaufort.
She came here last night, and she
asked me...

As she talks, we see what Archer imagines...

CUT TO

77 EXT. MINGOTT HOUSE NIGHT

The door opens and CAMERA moves in on the face of Regina Beaufort. She wears a thick veil, and looks, for a moment, like a figure from a Gothic novel.

MRS. MINGOTT (V.O.)

...she had the effrontery to ask me...to back Julius. Not to desert him, she said. To stand behind our common lineage in the Townsend family.

CUT TO

78 INT. DRAWING ROOM/MINGOTT HOUSE NIGHT

The regal Regina Beaufort, dressed in black as if for mourning, speaking animatedly to an intractable Mrs. Mingott.

MRS. MINGOTT (V.O.)

I said to her, "Honor's always been honor, and honesty honesty, in Manson Mingott's house, and will be 'til I'm carried out feet first." And then...if you can believe it...she said to me, "But my name, Auntie. My name's Regina Townsend."

CAMERA close on the tearful face of Regina Beaufort.

MRS. MINGOTT (V.O.)

And I said, "Your name was Beaufort when he covered you with jewels, and it's got to stay Beaufort now that he's covered you with shame."

CUT TO

79 INT. BEDROOM/MINGOTT HOUSE DAY

Mrs. Mingott finishes her story.

MRS. MINGOTT

So I gave out. Simply gave out. Now family will be arriving from all over expecting a funeral and they'll have to be entertained. I don't know how many notes Bencomb sent out.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

If there's any way we can help...

MRS. MINGOTT

Well my Ellen is coming. I expressly asked for her. She arrives this afternoon on the train. If you could fetch her...

ARCHER

Of course. If May will send the brougham, I can take the ferry.

MAY

(the slightest pause)

There, you see, Granny. Everyone will be settled.

CUT TO

80 INT./EXT. CARRIAGE DAY

Archer and May riding downtown.

MAY

I didn't want to worry Granny. But how can you meet Ellen and bring her back here if you have to go to Washington yourself this afternoon.

ARCHER

I'm not going. The case is off. Postponed. I heard from Letterblair this morning.

MAY

Postponed? How odd. Mama had a note from him this morning as well. He was concerned about Granny but he had to be away. He was arguing a big patent case before the Supreme Court. You said it was a patent case, didn't you?

ARCHER

Well, that's it. The whole office can't go. Letterblair decided to go this morning.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

MAY
Then it's not postponed?

The blood rises in Archer's face.

ARCHER
No. But my going is.

May looks away from him.

CUT TO

81 EXT. TRAIN STATION DAY

Close DISSOLVE onto a swarm of passengers disembarking from a steam train that we do not see.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He knew it was two hours by ferry and carriage from the Pennsylvania terminus in Jersey City back to Mrs. Mingott's.

We see: Archer's face, searching the crowd for Ellen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Two hours. And maybe a little more.

DISSOLVE to passengers disembarking.

DISSOLVE to Ellen's face, in the crowd.

CAMERA pulls back and Archer is at her side. He motions for the porter carrying her bags to follow them, then draws her arm through his.

ARCHER
You didn't expect me today?

ELLEN
No.

ARCHER
It was Granny Mingott who sent me. She's much better. I nearly went to Washington to see you. We would have missed each other.

They are at the carriage. Archer helps her in.

CUT TO

82 INT. CARRIAGE DAY

OISSOLVE quickly into Ellen seated in the carriage, Archer sitting close beside her.

ARCHER

Did you know...I hardly remembered you.

ELLEN

Hardly remembered?

ARCHER

I mean...I mean it's always the same. Each time I see you. You happen to me all over again.

ELLEN

I know that same feeling.

She puts her hand in his. The carriage starts to move.

Quick series of close OISSOLVES: he bends over. He unbuttons her tight brown glove. He kisses the palm of her hand. She turns her hand over and caresses his cheek.

CUT TO

83 INT. CARRIAGE DUSK

Later on in the journey to Mrs. Mingott's. Ellen and Archer sit very close in the cab.

ARCHER

Your husband's secretary came to see me. The day after we met in Boston.

She seems surprised.

ARCHER

You didn't know?

ELLEN

No. But he told me he had met you. In Paris, I think.

ARCHER

I wanted to ask you, after I saw him...was it Riviere who helped you get away after you left your husband?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

ELLEN

Yes. I owe him a great debt.

ARCHER

(quietly)

I think you're the most honest woman I ever met.

ELLEN

(slight smile)

No. But probably one of the least fussy.

ARCHER

So much the better, then. For us.

ELLEN

Why?

ARCHER

So we can be together. Truly together. Not just like this.

ELLEN

No.

(pause)

You shouldn't have come today.

Suddenly she turns to him and flings her arms around him, pressing him close, kissing him passionately. He returns all her feeling.

The light from a gas lamp on the street flashes in through the window, startling Ellen. She draws away.

ARCHER

When my eyes are closed, I see us together.

ELLEN

I see with my eyes open. Since I can't be your wife, is it your idea that I should live with you as your mistress?

ARCHER

I want...somehow I want to get away with you. Find a world where words like that won't exist.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

ELLEN

Oh my dear...where is that country? Have you ever been there? Is there anywhere for us to be happy behind the backs of people who trust us?

ARCHER

But it's too late. I'm beyond caring about that.

ELLEN

No you're not! You've never been beyond that. I have. I know what it looks like. A lie in every silence. It's no place for us.

He looks at her, dazed. Then he reaches for the small cab bell that signals orders to the coachman.

The coach pulls up. Archer starts out.

ELLEN

Why are we stopping? This isn't Granny's.

ARCHER

No. I'll get out here.

He steps down to the street.

ARCHER

You were right. I shouldn't have come today.

He closes the door.

CUT TO

84 EXT. STREET DUSK

Archer signals and the coach pulls away.

A stinging wind is blowing. Archer touches his eyes. There are tears.

He turns and walks away down the street.

CUT TO

85 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

Archer is reading, May is embroidering a sofa cushion. Firelight casts a strong glow in the room.

Archer looks up from his book, sees: May's arms, as she works the needle. The sleeves of her dress have slipped back. Her sapphire betrothal ring shines on her left hand above her wedding band.

May sees him looking at her, smiles.

MAY

What are you reading?

ARCHER

Oh, a history. About Japan.

MAY

Why?

ARCHER

I don't know. Because it's a different country.

MAY

You used to read poetry. It was so nice when you read it to me.

He gets to his feet.

ARCHER

I need some air.

He goes to the window, opens it, leans out into the cold.

MAY

Newland! You'll catch your death.

ARCHER

Catch my death. Of course.

He turns, shuts the window, looks at May, who has gone back to her embroidery.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But he thought, first, that he had been dead for months.

CAMERA moves closer on him, watching May.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Then then it occurred to him that she might die. People did.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (Cont'd)
 Young people, healthy people, did.
 She might die, and set him free.

May sees him looking at her.

MAY
 Newland?

He walks to her and touches her head.

ARCHER
 Poor May.

MAY
 Poor? Why poor?

ARCHER
 Because I'll never be able to open
 a window without worrying you.

MAY
 I'll never worry if you're happy.

ARCHER
 And I'll never be happy unless
 I can open the windows.

MAY
 In this weather?

CUT TO

86 EXT. STREET/ELLEN'S HOUSE NIGHT

Light snow. Ellen comes down the front steps of her house toward
 a carriage that waits for her at the curb.

As she approaches the carriage door, Archer steps out of the
 shadows.

ARCHER
 I have to see you. I didn't know
 when you were leaving again.

ELLEN
 I'm not leaving. Granny asked me
 to stay and take care of her.

ARCHER
 Then we have to talk now.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

ELLEN

Not now. Granny lent me her carriage. I'm due at Regina Beaufort's.

ARCHER

With all that's happened, you're still going to see her?

ELLEN

I know. Granny says Julius Beaufort is a scoundrel. But so is my husband, and the family still wants me to go back to him.

Two FIGURES, illuminated by the glowing street lamps but still a little indistinct in the blowing snow, are walking down the street toward Ellen and Archer.

ARCHER

But you won't go back.

ELLEN

Not with Granny's help. And yours.

The two figures draw nearer, then discretely cross to the other side of the street. As they pass under the streetlight we recognize one of the two men: Larry Lefferts.

Archer and Ellen see them and draw a little closer to the sheltering shadow of the carriage.

ARCHER

You won't need my help if you have Granny's.

ELLEN

I will still need your help. We will have to help each other.

ARCHER

I have to see you. Somewhere we can be alone.

ELLEN

(smiles)

In New York?

ARCHER

There's the art museum in the park. Half past two tomorrow? I'll be at the door.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: - (2)

She nods and takes his arm. He helps her quickly into the carriage.

We see: her gloved hand, gliding off his.

CUT TO

87 INT. ART MUSEUM DAY

A obscure gallery in the brand new Metropolitan Museum.

CAMERA starts close on a case full of beautiful pre-Roman antiques, moving along them. Some of the objects have descriptive cards attached; others simply bear the written legend "Use Unknown."

DISSOLVE to Archer and Ellen, sitting on a divan near a heating system in the center of the room. Through the far door is a diminishing perspective of other galleries.

Even though they are alone in the room, they both speak softly. Their whispers are sibilant in these marble walls.

ELLEN

I promised Granny to stay in her house because I thought I would be safer.

ARCHER

Safer from me?

She bends her head.

ARCHER

Safer from loving me?

EXTREME CLOSE-UP. What Archer sees: a tear, hanging in the mesh of her veil.

ELLEN

(crying quietly)
Safer from hurting others.

ARCHER

(urgently)
What others? We can't care about others any more.

ELLEN

(pause)
Shall I come to you once, and then go away?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I won't think of you going away.

ELLEN

What else can I do? I can't stay here and lie to all the people who have been so good to me.

ARCHER

No. But can you leave and lie to yourself?

She looks at him. She can't answer. He hands her a sealed envelope.

ARCHER

Meet me tomorrow. There's an address. And a key.

She takes the envelope hurriedly as she stands up.

ELLEN

The day after.

He takes her wrist. They look at each other with such intensity that, for a moment, they seem like enemies. Then her face changes. The tension passes.

He stands with her.

ELLEN

No. Don't come any farther than this.

She hurries to the gallery door, turns and waves.

DISSOLVE from her, small in the distance, framed in the gallery door, to...

CUT TO

88 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

...Archer's face, as he stares at the red grating of his fireplace.

A hand comes in and gently touches his shoulder. He turns, startled: it's May.

MAY

I'm sorry I'm late. You weren't worried, were you?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

Is it late?

She removes her velvet hat as she speaks, drawing the long hatpins from her glistening hair.

MAY

Past seven. I stayed at Granny's because Cousin Ellen came in.

Archer reacts to the mention of Ellen's name. May doesn't seem to notice.

MAY

We had a wonderful talk. She was so dear. Just like the old Ellen. And Granny's so charmed by her.

He listens to this, still beguiled by her apparent kindness.

MAY

You do see, though, why sometimes the family has been annoyed? Going to see Regina Beaufort in Granny's carriage...

Now he gets up, annoyed at the same old prattle.

ARCHER

Aren't we dining out?

He starts past her, and she moves forward, almost impulsively. She throws her arms around him and presses her cheek to his.

MAY

You haven't kised me today.

She is trembling.

CUT TO

89 INT. THEATER NIGHT

CAMERA looks down on May from above. She is sitting serenely in a theater box. She wears a beautiful dress of blue-white satin and old lace.

CAMERA moves in slowly from her as we hear...

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was the custom, in old New York, for brides to appear in their wedding dress during the first year or two of marriage. But May, since returning from Europe, had not worn her bridal satin until this evening.

On those last words, we quickly see...

CAMERA close on a bright bunch of DAISIES; petals being sprinkled on the ground.

MUSIC up: it is the yearly performance of Faust. A woman starts to sing an aria.

In a reprise of the opening scene, we DISSOLVE to the face of Newland Archer. CAMERA pans as he looks across the row of boxes, sees: May, in her wedding dress.

Then he looks over to the Mingott box, where he first saw Ellen Olenska. It is empty.

CUT TO

90 INT THEATER NIGHT

As in the opening scene: Archer's POV as he walks quickly down the theater corridor, past its red velvet walls.

CUT TO

91 INT. THEATER NIGHT

CAMERA on Archer, tight, as he enters box and leans over to May.

ARCHER

My head's bursting. Don't tell anyone, but please come home with me.

May looks at him, then whispers to her mother. Mrs. Welland whispers an excuse to her companion, Mrs. van der Luyden, as May rises and leaves with her husband.

As she goes, she puts her hand on his.

CUT TO

92 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

Starting with CAMERA close on Archer's hand as he opens a silver box and takes out a cigarette.

CAMERA pans with cigarette, as we hear...

MAY
Shouldn't you rest?

Archer walks to the fireplace, May near him.

ARCHER
My head's not as bad as that. And there's something important I have to tell you right away.

May sits down in an armchair, looking at him expectantly.

ARCHER
May...There's something I've got to tell you...about myself...

May sits still. Her face is tranquil, but very pale.

ARCHER
Madame Olenska...

MAY
(interrupting)
Oh, why should we talk about Ellen tonight?

ARCHER
Because I should have spoken before.

MAY
Is it really worthwhile, dear? I know I've been unfair to her at times. Perhaps we all have. You've understood her better than any of us, I suppose. But does it matter, now that it's all over?

ARCHER
Over? How do you mean, over?

MAY
Why, since she's going back to Europe so soon.

Archer's hand grips the corner of the mantelpiece.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

MAY

Granny approves and understands. She's disappointed, of course, but she's arranged to make Ellen financially independent of the Count. I thought you would have heard today at your offices.

He stares at her, not really seeing her. She lowers her eyes. Silence.

A lump of coal falls forward in the grate. May gets up to push it back and Archer turns to face her.

ARCHER

It's impossible.

MAY

Impossible? Certainly she could have stayed here, with Granny's extra money. But I guess she's given us up after all.

ARCHER

How do you know what you've just told me?

MAY

From Ellen. I told you I saw her at Granny's yesterday.

ARCHER

And she told you yesterday?

MAY

No. I got a note from her this afternoon. Do you want to see it?

May moves to the desk and opens a drawer.

MAY

I thought you knew.

She holds out a note. He moves to her and takes it.

CAMERA moves in on him very slowly as he reads, and we hear...

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

ELLEN (V.O.)

"May dear, I have at last made Granny understand that my visit to her could be no more than a visit, and she has been as kind and generous as ever. She sees now that if I return to Europe I must live by myself. I am hurrying back to Washington to pack up, and I sail next week. You must be very good to Granny when I'm gone...as good as you've always been to me."

CAMERA is very close on Archer now.

ELLEN (V.O.)

"If any of my friends wish to urge me to change my mind, please tell them it would be utterly useless."

CAMERA ends on huge CLOSE-UP of his wounded eyes.

Then Archer looks away from the note to May.

ARCHER

Why did she write this?

MAY

I suppose because we talked things over yesterday...

ARCHER

What things?

MAY

I told her I was afraid I hadn't been fair to her. Hadn't always understood how hard it must have been here.

Archer is struggling hard to keep himself together.

MAY

I knew you'd be the one friend she could always count on. And I wanted her to know that you and I were the same. In all our feelings.

(more slowly)

She understood why I wanted to tell her this. I think she understands everything.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (3)

She takes one of his cold hands and presses it quickly to her cheek.

MAY

My head aches, too. Good night,
deer.

She turns and walks toward the door. Her wedding dress makes a soft SOUND in the still room.

CUT TO

93 INT. DINING ROOM/ARCHER MOUSE NIGHT

CAMERA moves down the long dining room table, seeing: openwork silver baskets, containing Maillard bonbons, placed between candelabra; a lavish centerpiece of Jacqueminot roses and maidenhair; the finest china and silver; hand-written dinner menus edged in gold.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was, as Mrs. Archer said to Mrs. Welland, a great event for a young couple to give their first dinner, and it was not to be undertaken lightly. There was a hired chef, two borrowed footmen, roses from Menderson's, Roman punch and menus on gilt-edged cards. It was considered a particular triumph that the van der Luydens, at May's request, stayed in the city to be present at her farewell dinner for the Countess Olenska.

Big CLOSE-UP of Archer. He goes through the motions of eating, but he has the face of a man in suspended animation.

CAMERA moves slowly out from him. First we see who's seated on Archer's left: Ellen, who wears several rows of amber beads around her neck.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Archer saw all the harmless-looking people at the table as a band of quiet conspirators, with himself, and Ellen, the center of their conspiracy.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

Gradually shot widens to include the room: there is a piano in a corner with a large basket of flowers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He guessed himself to have been, for months, the center of countless silently observing eyes and patiently listening ears. He understood that, somehow, the separation between himself and the partner of his guilt had been achieved. And he knew that now the whole tribe had rallied around his wife.

CAMERA (crane) ends on overhead shot of room: several dozen guests--including Mrs. Welland and Mrs. Archer, Janey and the van der Luydens and the Lefferts and the Jacksons--are enjoying the dinner and making easy conversation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was a prisoner in the center of an armed camp.

Now we see: CLOSE-UP of Archer's dazed and troubled face. Table chatter continues. We hear, over...

JANEY

Regina's not well at all, but that doesn't stop Beaufort from devoting as much time to Annie Ring...

As conversation drones on, CAMERA tilts down toward Archer's coat pocket, and we DISSOLVE...

...through his coat...

...inside his pocket...

...to a sealed envelope, with his name and address on the outside...

...through the envelope...

...to a note, containing only an address...

...to a key, lying inside the folded note.

Now CUT back to CLOSE-UP of Archer. PULL OUT to TWO SHOT with Ellen sitting next to him. In an act of will, he turns to her.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER

Was the trip from Washington very tiring?

ELLEN

The heat in the train was dreadful. But all travel has its hardships.

ARCHER

Whatever they may be, they're worth it. Just to get away.

She can't reply.

ARCHER

I mean to do a lot of traveling myself soon.

Ellen's face trembles. To rescue the moment, he leans toward a man sitting across from him.

ARCHER

Philip, what about you? Are you interested? Athens and Smyrna and maybe Constantinople? Then as far East as we can go.

PHILIP

Possibly, possibly.

MRS. VAN DER LUYDEN

But not Naples. Dr. Bencomb says there's a fever.

ARCHER

There's India, too.

PHILIP

You must have three weeks to do India properly.

CUT TO

94 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

After dinner. The men are gathered in several groups, all smoking cigars. Archer still seems to be disengaged from everything happening around him, even though he manages to maintain appearances.

CAMERA starts close on group of several men near Archer

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

GUEST

Beaufort may not receive invitations any more, but it's clear he still maintains a certain position.

PHILIP

Horizontal, from all I've heard.

CAMERA moves out to include others in group: Larry Lefferts, van der Luyden, Sillerton Jackson.

LEFFERTS

(indignant)

If things go on like this, we'll be seeing our children fighting for invitations to swindlers' houses and marrying Beaufort's baetards.

JACKSON

Has he got any?

Laughter from the group.

GUEST

Careful, there, gentlemen. Careful

Archer manages a small smile, but is still distracted. He starts to walk straight toward the CAMERA.

CAMERA pans with him as he goes. Van der Luyden comes to his side (from left side of frame) and gently takes his elbow. We see, in TWO-SHOT: van der Luyden, in profile, as he speaks to Archer. Archer's back is turned.

VAN DER LUYDEN

Have you ever noticed? It's the people who have the worst cooks who are always yelling about being poisoned when they dine out. Lefferts used to be a little more adept, I thought. But then, grace is not always required. As long as one knows the steps.

As van der Luyden speaks, the dialogue FADES and CAMERA moves in on Archer, back still turned to us, lost in his own thoughts. We end on tight CLOSE-UP of the back of Archer's head.

CUT TO

95 INT. HALLWAY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

CAMERA in tight CLOSE-UP of Archer's face. PULL BACK to see: Archer, standing in the doorway of the drawing room. Over his shoulder, we see other men coming down from the library to join the ladies.

PAN from Archer slowly across room. We see MAY, sitting on a gilt sofa next to Countess Olenska. SHE looks over, sees Archer. Her eyes are shining as she gets up.

As soon as she's on her feet, Mrs. van der Luyden beckons ELLEN to join her across the room. ELLEN goes slowly to her, and another woman joins them.

CAMERA pans with all this careful social choreography. ARCHER watches the ritual as if it were an elaborate rehearsal for a firing squad. We hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silent organization which held this whole small world together was determined to put itself on record. It had never for a moment questioned the propriety of Madame Olenska's conduct. It had never questioned Archer's fidelity. And it had never heard of, suspected, or even conceived possible, anything at all to the contrary.

CAMERA pans across the roomful of guests chatting with languid animation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

From the seamless performance of this ritual, Archer knew that New York believed him to be Madame Olenska's lover.

CAMERA now on May.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And he understood, for the first time, that his wife shared the belief.

May looks at him and smiles.

CUT TO

96 INT. FRONT HALL/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

CAMERA (Archer's POV) swoops down on Ellen's bare shoulders in a great desperate rush.

Archer is helping her on with her cloak. Other GUESTS are leaving. A sharp wind comes through the open door, making the candlelight in the hallway flicker.

ARCHER

Shall I see you to your carriage?

She turns to him as Mrs. van der Luyden, swathed in sable, steps forward.

MRS. VAN DER LUYDEN

(causal)

We are driving dear Ellen home.

Ellen, grasping her fan of eagle feathers and holding her cloak closed, holds her other hand out to Archer.

ELLEN

Good-bye.

ARCHER

Good-bye. But I'll see you soon in Paris.

ELLEN

Oh...if you and May could come...

Mr. van der Luyden comes forward to offer his arm. She takes it, and walks down the steps of the house.

Archer watches from the doorway. He sees:

Ellen, stepping into the carriage. For a moment, as she gets herself settled, he can see her face in the dim streetlight.

Then she sits back, and she is lost in shadow.

CUT TO

97 INT. UPPER HALLWAY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

May, holding a lamp, climbs the stairs of the now silent house. Archer is a few steps behind her.

He stops, and goes toward the open door of the library.

May keeps going.

CUT TO

98 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

Archer looks lost in the room. May, pale but still full of energy after the long night, now appears in the doorway.

MAY

It did go off beautifully, didn't it.

ARCHER

Oh. Yes.

MAY

May I come in and talk it over?

ARCHER

Of course. But you must be very sleepy.

MAY

No. I'm not. I'd like to be with you a little.

ARCHER

Fine.

They sit near the fire.

ARCHER

Since you're not tired and want to talk, there's something I have to tell you. I tried the other night.

MAY

Oh yes, dear. Something about yourself?

ARCHER

About myself, yes. You say you're not tired. But I am. I'm tired of everything. I want to make a break...

MAY

You mean give up the law?

ARCHER

Well, maybe. To get away, at any rate. Right away. On a long trip. Go somewhere that's so far...

MAY

How far?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I don't know. I thought of India.
Or Japan.

She stands up, still near him. He keeps looking at the fire.

MAY

As far as that? But I'm afraid
you can't, dear...

(unsteady voice)

...not unless you take me with
you. That is, if the doctors will
let me go...but I'm afraid they
won't.

He stares at her, his eyes nearly wild.

MAY

I've been sure of something since
this morning and I've been longing
to tell you...

She sinks down in front of him, puts her face against his knee.

ARCHER

Oh.

He strokes her hair with his cold hand.

MAY

You didn't guess?

ARCHER

No. Of course, I mean, I hoped,
but...

He looks away from her.

ARCHER

(quietly)

Have you told anyone else?

MAY

Only Mama, and your mother.

(a beat)

And Ellen. You know I told you
we'd had a long talk one
afternoon...and how wonderful she
was to me.

ARCHER

Ah.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

MAY

Did you mind my telling her,
Newland?

ARCHER

Mind? Why should I? But that was
two weeks ago, wasn't it? I
thought you said you weren't sure
'til today.

MAY

(face flushed)

No. I wasn't sure then. But I told
her I was. And you eee...

She looks up at him, moving closer.

MAY

I was right.

She is very close to him now, expecting to be kissed. Her eyes
are wet with victory.

CAMERA close on Newland. He's speechless. He averts his eyes.

CAMERA follows his desperate gaze around the room. It starts
to pan slowly. After several moments we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was the room in which most of
the real things of his life had
happened.

CAMERA continue to pan slowly around the room, from left to
right.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Their eldest boy, Samuel, too
delicate to be taken to church
in midwinter, had been christened
there.

DISSOLVE to another PAN, moving in the same direction: a baby
being christened by an Episcopal bishop. May, Archer and the
rest of the family standing by, proud and pleased.

DISSOLVE to PAN continuing slowly across room. We begin to
notice gradual changes: in the furniture; in the furnishings;
in the lighting.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was here that Samuel took his first steps. And it was here that Archer and his wife always discussed the future of all their children. Bill's interest in archeology. Mary's passion for sport and philanthropy. Samuel's inclinations toward "art" that led to a job with an architect, as well as some considerable redecoration.

CAMERA pans slowly past a Chippendale cabinet and some English mezzotints.

DISSOLVE to PAN in same direction, tighter than the one before: of Mary, a stalwart young girl, being embraced by a happy, older May.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was in this room that Mary had announced her engagement to the dullest and most reliable of Larry Lefferts' many eons. And it was in this room, too, that her father had kissed her through her wedding veil before they motored to Grace Church.

DISSOLVE to PAN in same direction, very tight: of Archer kissing his daughter through the veil.

DISSOLVE to continuing pan of the library.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was a dutiful, loving father, and a faithful husband. When May died of infectious pneumonia after nursing Bill safely through, he had honestly mourned her. The world of her youth had fallen into pieces and rebuilt itself without her ever noticing.

CAMERA has completed pan of room, and now moves slowly in on a silver-framed picture of the young May, dressed in her Newport archery costume.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUEO: (4)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Her incapacity to recognize change made her children conceal their views from her, just as Archer concealed his. She died thinking the world a good place, full of loving and harmonious households like her own.

CAMERA is close on the picture, which rests on Archer's Eastlake writing-table. Near it: a shaded electric lamp.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Newland Archer, in his fifty-seventh year, mourned his past and honored it.

We hear, for the first time: a SOUND that is both startling and familiar...the RINGING of a telephone.

CAMERA pans to phone, and to Archer's hand picking up the receiver.

CAMERA follows the phone and reveals his face: at 57, he shows the evidence of a full life behind him.

ARCHER

Yes? Hello?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Chicago wants you.

SAMUEL (V.O.)

Good?

ARCHER

Sam?

SAM (V.O.)

I'm just about finished out here, but my client wants me to look at some gardens before I start designing.

ARCHER

Fine. Where?

SAM (V.O.)

Europe. I'll have to sail next Wednesday, on the Mauretania.

ARCHER

And miss the wedding?

(CONTINUEO)

98 CONTINUED: (5)

SAM (V.O.)

Annie will wait for me. I'll be
back on the first and our
wedding's not 'til the fifth.

CAMERA starts to pan around the room again. We hear the rest
of this conversation while seeing the other side of the changed
room.

ARCHER

(affectionate)

I'm surprised you remember the
date.

SAM (V.O.)

Well, I was hoping you'd join me.
I'll need you to remind me of
what's important. What do you say?
It will be our last father and
son trip.

ARCHER

I appreciate the invitation,
but...

SAM (V.O.)

Wonderful. Can you call the Cunard
office first thing tomorrow?

CAMERA has come to rest on the window. Through the softly
blowing curtains we see: a sunny street on a fine New York
spring day.

And we...

DISSOLVE TO

99 INT. BRISTOL HOTEL ROOM/PARIS DAY

Another window. Now the city is Paris, the street outside the
Faubourg St. Honore. The spring day is equally fine.

CAMERA pans around room, left-to-right. The luxurious
furnishings make a distinct contrast to Archer's darker, subtler
library. End on Archer, sitting on a divan near the window,
looking out.

A hand comes in and touches his shoulder. He turns: it's Sam.
He has his mother's bearing. But he has Archer's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

SAM

I'm going out to Versailles. Will you join me?

ARCHER

I thought I'd go to the Louvre.

SAM

I'll meet you there later, then. Countess Olenska is expecting us at half-past five.

ARCHER

(stunned)

What?

SAM

Oh, didn't I tell you. Annie made me swear to do three things in Paris. Get her the score of the last Debussy songs. Go to the Grand Guignol. And see Madame Olenska. You know she was awfully good to Annie when Mr. Beaufort sent her over to the Sorbonne.

CAMERA movee close on Archer as his son talks, until only Archer is in the frame. We see, in his face, signs of memories flooding back.

SAM

Wasn't the Countess friendly with Mr. Beaufort's first wife or something? I think Mrs. Beaufort said that she wes. In any case, I called the Countess this morning and introduced myself as her cousin and...

ARCHER

You told her I was here?

SAM

Of course. Why not? She sounds lovely. Wes she?

ARCHER

Lovely? I don't know. She was different.

CUT TO

100 INSERT

A series of paintings of the Italian Renaissance, DISSOLVING quickly from one to another.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Whenever he thought of Ellen Olenska, it had been abstractly, sarenely, like an imaginary loved one in a book or picture. She had become the completa vision of all that he had missed.

Last painting of the short series is a Titian of almost palpable sensuality.

Hold on this as we hear...

ARCHER (V.O.)

(whispering)

But I'm only fifty-seven.

And we...

DISSOLVE TO

101 INT. LOUVRE/PARIS DAY

Archer's face, melancholy and uncartain now, studying the Titian.

Dazzles of afternoon light flood the gallery. He turns and walks away.

CUT TO

102 EXT. TUILERIES/PARIS AFTERNOON

Sam and Archer, deep in conversation, walk through the great gardens on their way to Madame Olenska's.

SAM

Did Mr. Beaufort really have such a bad time of it, when he wanted to remarry. No one wanted to give him an inch.

ARCHER

Perhaps because he had already taken so much.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

SAM

As if anyone remembers any more.
Or cares.

ARCHER

Well, he and Annie Ring did have
a lovely daughter. You're very
lucky.

SAM

We're very lucky, you mean.

ARCHER

Yes, that's what I mean.

SAM

So considering how that all turned
out...and considering all the time
that's gone by...I don't see how
you can resist.

ARCHER

Well, I did have some resistance
at first to your marriage, I've
told you that...

SAM

No, I mean resist seeing the woman
you almost threw everything over
for. Only you didn't.

ARCHER

(cautious)

I didn't.

SAM

No. But mother said...

ARCHER

Your mother?

SAM

Yes. The day before she died. She
asked to see me alone, remember?
She said she knew we were safe
with you, and always would be.
Because once, when she asked you
to, you gave up the thing you
wanted most.

Archer walks on in silence for a few moments.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER

She never asked me.

Sam stops and turns to his father.

SAM

But I'll ask you. Come with me.

CUT TO

103 EXT. RUE DU BAC/PARIS DAY

A quiet quarter off a busy boulevard. Archer stands in a little square in front of a modern building with balconies running up its cream-colored front.

Sam crosses from the apartment to his father.

SAM

The porter says it's the fifth floor.

He casually slips his arm through his father's.

SAM

It must be the one with the awnings.

They both look toward an upper balcony, just above the horse-chestnut trees in the square. The day is fading into a soft sun-shot haze. The sun makes reflections on the window.

Sam turns to his father.

SAM

It's nearly six.

Archer sees an empty bench under a tree.

ARCHER

I think I'll sit a moment.

SAM

Do you mean you won't come?

Archer shrugs.

SAM

You really won't come at all?

ARCHER

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

SAM

She won't understand.

ARCHER

Go on, son. Maybe I'll follow you.

He walks toward the bench, Sam following him.

SAM

But what will I tell her?

ARCHER

(as he sits)

Don't you always have something to say?

SAM

I'll tell her you're old-fashioned and you insist on walking up five flights instead of taking the elevator.

ARCHER

(pause)

Just say I'm old-fashioned. That's enough.

Sam gives his father a look of affectionate exasperation, then crosses the square and goes into the building.

Archer sits on the bench, watching him go.

Then he looks up at the windows on the fifth floor.

The setting SUN makes dazzling reflections on the glass.

A CURTAIN movee, briefly, then falls back into place.

The sun suddenly makes a bright FLARE on the pane that stings Archer's eye. He moves his head slightly and we...

CUT TO

104 EXT. SUMMER HOUSE/NEWPORT DUSK

Another sunset, thirty years ago.

A SAILBOAT starts to sail between the shore and a LIGHTHOUSE.

ELLEN, in the summer house, watches it. Her back is to us.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

The SAILBOAT glides between the shore and the LIGHTHOUSE. The sun dances on the water.

ELLEN, in the last brilliant burst of the setting sun. She starts to move.

She TURNS AROUND.

And looks full at us, CAMERA close.

And SHE SMELES.

DISSOLVE TO

105 EXT. RUE DU BAC/PARIS DAY

DISSOLVE onto balcony window. A servant starts to roll up the awning.

WIDE SHOT of Archer, still on the bench, watching the awning being secured. The servant finishes, goes back inside.

Archer remains on the bench, alone in the twilight.

FADE OUT