# **MARRIAGE**

by
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Based on
Five Roundabouts to Heaven
by
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OVER BLACK: A cigarette-deepened voice of OLD RICHARD:

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
I am, I believe, the only person
here who's in a position to give
the full facts about Harry Allen.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO. 1949 - DAY

1

Aerial view moving over San Francisco's business district.

Slow zoom down to an odd-looking, spectacled man silhouetted against the window of an office building: HARRY ALLEN.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
But if I told you this man most
knew to be a kind-hearted and
gentle soul was also a curious,
dangerous man, would you doubt my
testimony?

2 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE. SAN FRANCISCO. 1949 - DAY

2

The office is huge, spare and elegant, but there's something sad about the isolation it creates around Harry, who's carefully escorting a daddy long-legs out of the window.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Would you let me defend myself by
saying that I knew him better than
anyone else?

Harry pushes the bug along ever so slightly with his wedding-ringed finger.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) ...that a lifetime is a long time to know anybody? Especially your closest friend.

MISS JONES, Harry's plump, pretty and overeager-to-please secretary, opens the door.

MISS JONES
I'm sorry Mr. Allen, were you calling for me?

2 CONTINUED:

HARRY

Yes, Miss Jones. I'm ready for that phone call now.

MISS JONES

Right away, sir.

#### 3 EXT. HARRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

3

We see the same image of Harry gently escorting the daddy long-legs from outside the window.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

...Would you believe my story more if I confessed from the beginning that I am the man who killed Harry Allen?

Harry watches the insect stride to its freedom.

#### 4 INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

4

The phone RINGS on the heavy office desk. RICHARD steps in to answer the phone.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

It began on the 7th of January, 1949, when Harry called me to lunch at the Pacific Union Club, saying that he had something urgent he wished to tell me.

Pan up to Richard's face. He's dashing in a life-long bachelor kind of way.

RICHARD (TO PHONE)

Well, that all depends on what it is you want to say.

HARRY (ON PHONE)

It's something you ought to know.

RICHARD (TO PHONE)

Can you make it tomorrow, Harry? I've got a hell of a lot of work to do here.

HARRY (ON PHONE)

Tomorrow's no good. I need to see you today. Alone.

4

RICHARD (TO PHONE)

All right, I'll come.

HARRY (ON PHONE)

See you in the lounge at one o'clock -- upstairs. No, make that twelve-thirty.

RICHARD (TO PHONE)

Don't be silly. I told you I've got a lot of work.

HARRY (ON PHONE)

It'll be pointless if you don't come at twelve-thirty.

RICHARD (TO PHONE)

What the hell is this about, Harry?

HARRY (ON PHONE)

I can't tell you on the phone.

RICHARD (TO PHONE)

All right. Twelve-thirty. It just better be worth all the fuss.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. PACIFIC UNION CLUB. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 5

A half-full lounge on the top floor of the exclusive, private club.

As Richard approaches the bar, Harry looks up from the stool and smiles awkwardly.

Richard takes the stool next to Harry, a gin and tonic already set for him.

RICHARD

So what's so damn important?

Harry raises his glass.

HARRY

To our mutual good health!

RICHARD

You're not dying on me or something, old boy, are you?

5 CONTINUED:

Harry laughs.

HARRY

Just the opposite.

Richard takes a sip from his drink, puts it down. Studies Harry.

RICHARD

So?

HARRY

So.

RICHARD

So, how's business?

HARRY

Good. Very good. The company practically runs itself. I go on the road less and less frequently.

The room begins to fill with a lunch-time crowd. Harry points to a table tucked away in the corner.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Let's grab that one before it gets crowded.

6 INT. DINING AREA. PACIFIC UNION CLUB - LATER

6

CLOSE UP: A PAIR OF SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS.

Harry is staring down at them, as if witnessing an incredible sight, but he's just lost in his own head. Which happens to him quite often.

He's sitting at a table by the window.

Across the table is Richard, waiting patiently for Harry to speak.

HARRY

Do you like Pat, Rich? I mean, are you fond of her?

RICHARD

Of course I like Pat. She's your wife. You know I'm fond of her. Since the day I met her. Of course.

Harry nods in agreement.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What are you getting at?

HARRY

I like her too.

RICHARD

A lot of men like their wives. I'm told it's a mild kind of illness, like the flu, or chicken pox. My father had it. Bad too. I don't see myself in that position. Ever. You'll probably get over it. But it may take time.

Harry sighs, doesn't smile.

HARRY

Well, I'm going to leave Pat. I thought I'd better tell you. I thought you ought to know.

Richard stares blankly, then takes a sip of his drink. Tries to act cool, although the news is a big shock.

Harry gulps his drink down and signals for the BARTENDER.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to Bartender)

Two more!

RICHARD

Why? May I ask, why are you going to leave Pat?

HARRY

Because I want to be truly happy.

RICHARD

That sounds reasonable.

HARRY

I'm being very reasonable.

A WAITRESS brings the drinks over from the bar. Sets them down smiling, and walks off.

6

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to Waitress)

Thank you.

RICHARD

Well, what's her name?

HARRY

(referring to Waitress)
She's new. I haven't seen her before.

RICHARD

The name of the gal you've fallen for?

Harry withdraws. Drinks.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Look, I know you and Pat well enough to figure your marriage is not an unhappy one. As a matter of fact, as marriages go, I always thought it was pretty good. The most successful marriage of anyone I know.

HARRY

Her name is Kay. Kay Nesbitt.

RICHARD

Is she very pretty?

HARRY

To me, she is. To me she's beautiful.

RICHARD

Pat'll take it hard.

HARRY

I know. I tried telling her. I couldn't. Pat thinks she's strong, but at heart she's a child.

RICHARD

No doubt she'd get over it.

HARRY

I'm not sure. She'd fight it tooth and claw. I can't stand to see anyone suffer, you know how I am.

RICHARD

Yes, I do.

Another moment of silence.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We should eat something.

They pick up the menus and look them over.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

How long have you known Kate?

HARRY

Kay's her name. About nine months.

RICHARD

Sometimes these things pass, you know.

Harry looks up from the menu and locks eyes with Richard.

HARRY

This won't. This is the real thing.

RICHARD

Why not have Kay, if you want, as your girlfriend? Just to make sure.

HARRY

You mean as a mistress?

RICHARD

Just to make sure.

HARRY

I am sure. I've been waiting for this kind of love all my life.

RICHARD

Meaning?

HARRY

Meaning I always dreamed of a woman being really in love with me, Richard. I suppose I dreamed about it more than most, because it seemed to me unlikely that any girl would ever fall in love with me. I was a funny looking kid. You remember how it was. Pat tried.

(MORE)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

HARRY (cont'd)

I think I always thought I could force her to really fall in love with me, not just the idea of me, that eventually I could will it to happen, as a husband to a wife. Well, I couldn't.

RICHARD

I wouldn't have thought Pat was cold, Harry, if that's what you mean. That's the last thing I would have thought.

HARRY

She isn't. She's very passionate. That's my point.

RICHARD

Then I don't understand your point. I don't understand why you have to ruin a perfectly good marriage just because you're smitten.

HARRY

For Pat, love means only one thing.

RICHARD

And what is that?

QUICK CUT TO:

7 INT. ALLEN DEN. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - NIGHT

7

PAT

Sex.

PAT ALLEN, beautiful, slim, with flaming red-hair and smooth skin, is sitting on the edge of her chair pouring tea. CLASSICAL RECORD SPINNING.

PAT (CONT'D)

All the rest of it, the romantic dreams, the self deception, what you always call the wish to give and give, Harry, it all boils down to that. Bed.

She hands Harry his cup and saucer.

PAT (CONT'D)

Love is sex. The rest is affection and companionship.

7

HARRY

You're wrong. You're completely and utterly wrong.

She sits back, stirring her tea.

PAT

You're a romantic and a sentimental fool. If you don't want the truth, you shouldn't ask me questions.

She looks up at the old dog, Brutus, dozing in front of the fire, wheezing quietly.

PAT (CONT'D)

But I do love you, darling. I do, really. And you know I find you as attractive as you were the night we danced in college for the first time.

HARRY

I know you do.

PAT

Perhaps I'm not made like other women. I don't know. I've tried to be a good wife to you.

HARRY

Perhaps you haven't met the right man. If you met the right man you would feel it.

Pat lights a cigarette.

PAT

Oh, Harry. Don't be silly.

Brutus makes a loud coughing sound.

PAT (CONT'D)

Poor old dog.

8 INT. ALLEN BEDROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - LATER

8

Two twin beds are set beside each other. Pat is sitting on the edge of one. She's in a nightgown and robe.

She unscrews the top of a medicine bottle - Nichol's Digestive Powder - and pours a bit of the white powder onto a teaspoon and then into a water glass set on the bedside table.

Harry is at the bathroom door watching the powder dissolve in the water with curious fascination.

The liquid is stirred. The spoon is pulled out. Harry looks up from the glass. Pat is anticipating he has something to say. And so, he does:

HARRY

The other week, at the cabin, John O'Brien was telling Newt Baum's wife that he thinks a woman who does a lot for her man can pay a heavy price.

She sips from her concoction.

8

PAT

What do you suppose John meant?

HARRY

Oh, it's all rather uncomplicated, I'm sure. He was drinking. You know John. He's a writer. They make everything sound important.

He crosses to his bed and sits down. She sips some more of the concoction.

PAT

What is the price a good wife pays? Tell me.

HARRY

I don't know. Let's skip it. You'll upset your stomach.

PAT

No, tell me. Go on. What do you think John was saying?

HARRY

I'd say he was probably thinking that if the married man falls in love with another woman, the dedicated wife is surprised and hurt.

(MORE)

8

HARRY (cont'd)

She remembers him as he was before they married, and she sees him now as she made him, a better finished product altogether. A product another woman is soon going to enjoy.

Pat finishes drinking her medication. She's becoming emotional.

PAT

You've given this a lot of thought.

She looks down at her hands, folded on her lap.

PAT (CONT'D)

I know you don't love me anymore. You're terribly fond of me...

Her face puckers up like a child, her mouth quivering to refrain from weeping.

PAT (CONT'D)

...you need me, you can't do without me, but you don't love me. Not anymore.

Harry stands; his heart is breaking.

PAT (CONT'D)

I'm too strong for you, Harry. I know I'm crying now, but I'm too strong a character. Is that what you need? A weaker, helpless sort of woman?

Now the flood gates open, she cries uncontrollably.

PAT (CONT'D)

I try to do my best, Harry. It's not easy.

Harry can't bear her anguish. He puts his hand on the back of her neck.

HARRY

Don't cry, darling.

He puts his arms around her and whispers to her softly:

HARRY (CONT'D)

I do love you... I do...

CONTINUED: (3)

8

Pat suddenly buries her face in her hands. Her shoulders shake as she weeps. But there is little sound except for the periodic painful intake of her breath.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Pat. Pat. Are you alright, Pat? (panicked)

9 INT. LIVING ROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - LATER 9

DR. ANDERSON, a kindly family physician, all smiles all the time, puts his stethoscope into his bag. House call.

DR. ANDERSON

Everything is fine.

Pat, fully dressed, is buttoning up her blouse. Harry watches her.

PAT

Are you sure it isn't angina pectoris? My mother had it.

DR. ANDERSON

Good God, no. You're in terrific shape, Mrs. Allen. Spontaneous pain behind the sternum is sometimes just that, a random pain in the chest. Now, my hands...

HARRY

This way.

Harry leads him to the bathroom, where Dr. Anderson proceeds to wash his hands.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming at this ungodly hour, doc.

DR. ANDERSON

All in a day's work.

HARRY

I thought she was having a heart attack.

DR. ANDERSON

Not a bad way to go, coronary thrombosis.

(MORE)

DR. ANDERSON (cont'd)
If you ask me, it's the most

merciful death of all. Quick and easy.

(laughing)

But no, she's fine. The pain in her chest was most likely caused by an emotional condition. Are you aware of anything that could disturb her? Emotionally?

Harry pauses. Thinks. Forces a smile. Shrugs.

DR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Anything at all?

HARRY

No. Nothing I can think of.

PAT

Think of what?

She's just stepped close enough to overhear.

DR. ANDERSON

Think of resting, my dear, and taking your digestive medication. Doctor's orders. Sleep would do you good.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

## 10 INT. PACIFIC UNION CLUB - DAY

10

We are back at the table where Harry and Richard are having their lunch. Harry has not eaten, Richard is done.

### HARRY

Once we were married, she had committed herself, she came to life, but physically only. Only physically, Richard. I know some men crave that, sex, but I want more. She never fell for me. Maybe my money. The security. I'm a nice enough fellow. I never hit her. Never spoke harshly. I'm a different sort of man that way, maybe. She likes me. From the day we met as kids, she did. But that's all.

10

RICHARD

We all have to put up with something in life, Harry. We can't have everything.

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

You can't possibly understand. You're with a different woman every other week. I'm going to have to find a way to leave Pat. I have to. I've made up my mind and I wanted you to be prepared.

Harry looks directly at Richard, letting his words sink in.

Then, abruptly, Harry stiffens and sits upright. A look comes to his eyes - a look that makes his face glow, the unmistakable look of a man in love - and he rises to his feet.

Richard follows Harry's gaze and stares ahead in shock:

KAY NESBITT, 30s, crosses through the tables of the club and heads gracefully toward Harry. She's dressed in a straight gray skirt and a tight yellow cashmere sweater, with full soft curves and brown wavy hair falling over her shoulders.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Kay. Dear, sweet, gentle Kay.

MEN and WOMEN look up from their tables as she crosses the staid club.

Richard, obviously captivated, stands to anticipate her arrival.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) You would willingly have lived out your life in loneliness rather than cause us suffering. That I know.

She arrives at their table, kisses Harry politely, mindful of the people watching. Introductions are made. Richard and Kay shake hands.

We watch from afar as the three sit. The Waitress is called over. A conversation begins.

DISSOLVE TO:

LUNCH MONTAGE. PACIFIC UNION CLUB - DAY

Harry is talking a mile a minute, telling a story, Kay watching him adoringly.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
You would have stayed away from us had you known how things would develop.

Under the table, Kay takes Harry's hand and holds it.

LATER: Close Up of Kay sipping her gin and tonic, laughing generously with Harry, adding her two cents to his story.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) But you couldn't know. In your innocence, you came to meet Harry's confidant.

LATER: Close Up of Richard watching Kay captivated.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) And after that, not all your generosity could stop the impending march of sad events.

LATER: Long Shot of the three of them in the emptying restaurant, huddled, relaxed and intimate.

The lights of the club fade as we:

FADE TO BLACK

### 11 EXT. ALLEN HOUSE. PACIFIC HEIGHTS - DAY

11

The afternoon fog moves in from the west. It descends onto a Pacific Heights hill, overlooking the San Francisco bay, the Golden Gate Bridge, with Alcatraz and Angel Island in the distance.

Harry and Pat walk out of their house down their hilly street.

They pass by their next door neighbor MRS. WALSH, an elderly woman presently gardening, and exchange a few pleasantries before moving on.

11 CO

11

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
It was the next Sunday, the 15th of
January, that, as habit, Harry and
Pat spent the afternoon with their
daughter Becky and her new family.

They reach the bottom of the hill where they enter Becky's front yard. Becky's house is a smaller version of the Allen house, only a block away.

12 INT. BECKY AND TOM'S DINING ROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS - LATER 12

The family is eating cake and drinking tea. BECKY is sitting at the head of the table. She's only twenty-five years old and already a wife, a mother, and noticeably pregnant. On the opposite side of the table sits her husband TOM, 30, pipe smoker, tweedy.

Harry is alone on one side, and Pat and LITTLE CHARLIE, fouryears old, on the other. Tom is talking excitedly:

#### TOM

... And so I said, I said to her, "What you clearly have is an inability to express your emotions. You're frigid, in a Freudian sense," which completely confused her, the poor woman, so I explained what it meant. I told her that without a very serious analysis she might never get over it. We spoke about her childhood for an hour. I knew right away this is someone who needs my help, and nothing could be more exciting to a man in my profession. I don't know if anyone else could have seen how much she was suffering underneath. Oh, on the surface she seemed like you and me, normal, but, let me tell you, for me it's instinct, I saw her true self...

Becky's looking on uncomfortably, while Harry pays careful attention, looking straight at Tom.

But from Harry's point of view we see he is watching the cuckoo clock on the wall behind Tom, gazing at the seconds ticking away.

Pat is helping Charlie who's playing with his food.

12

We move closer and closer to an increasingly impatient Harry as TOM'S MONOLOGUE BECOMES AN INDECIPHERABLE BUZZ.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Harry was already looking forward
to his supper. He'd made all the
proper arrangements. All his
excuses were lined up. It has
always been the privilege of the
well-to-do to use their business as
camouflage.

Harry gets up.

PAT

Oh, Harry, it's Sunday.

He walks over to her and kisses her lightly on the cheek.

HARRY

Duty calls, darling. I better get a head start on tomorrow's meetings.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

Pat thought Harry was simply annoyed with their overbearing son-in-law. That he'd rather work. She didn't know he would be driving all the way out to Monterey for other things.

13 INT. KAY'S DINING ROOM. MONTEREY - NIGHT

13

ON A BLACK AND WHITE MONITOR: A psychic hovers over the body of a strangled burlesque dancer in a flop house.

Harry and Kay are curled up together on the sofa underneath a blanket, watching <u>MARTIN KANE</u>, <u>PRIVATE EYE</u> on television.

KAY

Oh, Harry. This is just a bunch of silliness.

She gets up and switches the TV off. Hops back to Harry and kisses him on the lips.

KAY (CONT'D)

There. Now you're all mine.

HARRY

Soon. Soon, darling.

KAY

I didn't mean it that way. It's just that I'd rather talk, I see so little of you.

HARRY

I can try to come Wednesday night. After six. No, maybe seven, seventhirty.

KAY

Don't worry so much, Harry.

He buries his head in her bosom and holds her tight. She kisses the top of his head.

KAY (CONT'D)

I appreciate the television set, darling, I do. You spoil me rotten.

HARRY

That's all I want to do, Kay. Spoil you and shower you with gifts, give and give, just to see you smile.

He sits up and looks at her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I love that smile.

KAY

You're such a romantic, Harry. That's why I love you.

## 14 EXT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY - NIGHT

14

The light upstairs goes on. Kay opens the window and waves good-bye to Harry.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

He had to get out of his marriage. He had to have Kay.

Harry waves back as he gets into his car.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But how? He couldn't stand to shatter Pat's world and make her suffer.

15 INT. MOVING ALLEN CAR ON ROAD TO SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

15

THE QUIET PURR of the ENGINE as Harry drives up the coast back to San Francisco through the misty darkness. He is very emotional.

An occasional car passes on the road.

And then, out of the settling mist, A MAN emerges. He is walking by the side of the road, dingily dressed with a cloth cap, watching his feet as he moves heavily.

As Harry passes him, the man turns and signals for a ride.

Harry continues on, then suddenly swerves off the road a fletA yards further down.

He hears the POUNDING of the MAN'S FEET moving closer as the man runs to catch up.

Then the side door opens and the man (HITCHHIKER) climbs in.

HARRY

How far are you going?

HITCHHIKER

Couple of miles down the road. Thanks for stopping, pal.

Still breathless from the run, he reaches for the heating.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Mind if I turn this up a little? It's bitter out there.

The Hitchhiker fumbles in his pockets and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He offers one to Harry.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Care for a smoke, pal?

HARRY

No, thanks.

The Hitchhiker searches in his pocket for a match. Finds one. Lights up.

Harry focuses on the dark road.

HARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You're out late.

15

CONTINUED:

HITCHHIKER

I've been with my sister. My oldest. You?

HARRY

Visiting a friend. Whereabouts does your sister live?

HITCHHIKER

Watsonville. She died tonight.

HARRY

I'm sorry to hear that. Very sorry.

The Hitchhiker draws on his cigarette and Harry looks on, drawn to THE CHIMNEY RED GLOW IN THE WINDSHIELD for just a bit too long, losing himself in his head while losing sight of the road.

The car veers off the road, but Harry gains control.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Pardon me.

The Hitchhiker smokes quietly.

HITCHHIKER

Frankly, pal, I was happy to see her qo.

He puffs on his cigarette.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)

She's been barely hanging on for seven months. We've all got to go some time. It's not dying that matters, it's how you die. And she died bad and slow ...

HARRY

My parents both died in my youth. I'm no stranger to death.

The Hitchhiker nods compassionately.

HITCHHIKER

They didn't find out soon enough, you know. She was never one to go to the doctor. That was Mildred's trouble. You've got to catch it early, is what the nurse said.

(MORE)

"It was a blessed release," she said, and that's the truth. A blessed release. Just end it.

Silence. Just the ENGINE.

HARRY

Well, none of us can live forever.

HITCHHIKER

Absolutely goddamn right, pal. Just end it. It was bad the last two days but the poison burst right into the walls of her stomach, it kind of came quietly and she was gone; that's what the nurse said.

Harry doesn't say a word, he is somewhere else.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D) (cont'd) She's at peace now, Mildred, that's all that matters. She's happy.

A bead of sweat on Harry's brow.

HARRY

Whereabouts do you want me to stop for you?

DISSOLVE TO:

- 16 INT./EXT. MOVING ALLEN CAR ON ROAD NIGHT 16
- 16A Harry drives alone toward the lights of San Francisco. 16A
- 17 INT. MOVING ALLEN CAR. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS NIGHT 17 Harry drives through the quiet streets, thinking.
- 18 INT. ALLEN CAR. PACIFIC HEIGHTS NIGHT 18

Harry pulls the car up to his house and turns off the engine.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
We are told to believe the mind of
a wife-murderer must be animal-like
in its lack of sensitivity,...

He sits in the dark of the car.

19 INT. ALLEN FRONT HALL. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - NIGHT

19

Harry quietly lets himself in and switches on a light. He hangs his overcoat up in the closet.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

...or it must be twisted, perverted with some kind of cat-and-mouse sadism raging within it.

20 INT. ALLEN LIVING ROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - NIGHT

20

The dying embers of the fire place illuminate the darkness of the living room.

Harry stands at the door observing the room.

OLD RICHARD

To me, Harry Allen was the exception.

He studies objects in the room, remembering, considering: a painting of the Seine, a set of porcelain horses, a photo of Pat, rod in one hand, a large fish in the other.

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. ALLEN BEDROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - NIGHT

22

A gas fire is burning. Harry enters from the bathroom in his pyjamas. Pat is asleep in her bed. She is lying on her back, one arm above her head, as though she had found the room too hot.

Her Nichol's powdered medication bottle is on her night table. The glass has been used.

Harry turns up the gas fire and warms his hands when he notices a dark object on the table next to his bed.

He moves silently toward the object to realize it's a piece of apple pie. Under the plate in an envelope addressed to him: "Eat the pie, and read the letter."

Harry eats just one bite from the apple pie, and then moves to the window, where moonlight filters through the gauze curtains.

22

He opens the envelope. The slight noise causes Pat to turn.

HARRY

It's just me.

She mutters something and turns over on her side.

Harry opens the letter and reads. We hear Pat's voice:

PAT (V.O.)

"The beginning of the year is the time for other new beginnings. You've made me very happy and I want you to know how I appreciate it. I've made some more pies. Hope you like this one. Your loving wife, Pat."

He folds the letter and puts it back in its envelope, and places the envelope on the mantle.

He turns the fire out, climbs into his bed, draws the sheets up to his chin, and lays staring into the darkness.

Suddenly, Pat thrusts her hand through her nightgown, and out from the sheets toward his bed. Harry jumps nervously.

But she is just fumbling for his hand, searching to touch him. Finding his wrist, she sighs, as if with contentment, and then falls asleep again.

Harry lies still and rigid in his bed.

After a long moment, he tries, with infinite care, to disengage himself, but Pat tightens her grip.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

And so, with the innocent touch of his wife's hand, Harry's mind was made up. He would have to kill her. "A blessed release." It was the only logical way for him to save Pat from suffering, and he would never doubt it again.

Harry continues to lie awake on his back, tears in his eyes, Pat's hand locked on his wrist.

IRIS TO BLACK

22 OVER BLACK-

22

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

When it comes to the opposite sex, most men are selfish. I'm no exception.

23 INT. PACIFIC UNION CLUB. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

23

Close Up on Kay shaking Richard's hand.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

I wanted Harry's girl. Can you blame me?

We're back at the club the day Harry introduced Richard to Kay. Lunch is over. She waves goodbye.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And I'd already made the necessary plans to see her again.

Harry and Richard watch Kay leave and sit back down to finish their coffee.

HARRY

Well? What do you think?

RICHARD

She's lovely.

HARRY

She likes you.

RICHARD

How do you know?

HARRY

I can always tell when Kay likes someone.

Richard hesitates.

RICHARD

I better get back to the office.

24 INT. BY COAT ROOM. PACIFIC UNION CLUB - LATER

24

Richard and Harry are putting on their hats and jackets outside the coat room.

RICHARD

Whereabouts does she live, Harry?

Harry's trying awkwardly to get his coat on. Richard gives him a hand.

HARRY

Monterey. She's got a small house with a flower garden down there, and a decent job selling wallpaper.

RICHARD

That's near your weekend cabin.

HARRY

Yes, not far, that's right.

25 INT. ELEVATOR. PACIFIC UNION CLUB - LATER

25

Harry and Richard are standing in the back of the elevator, with a few OTHER MEN in front of them.

HARRY

There's not much for her to do out there. It gets a little lonely. When I'm not around she's just curled up with a book by the fireplace. Kay's a reader, you know.

RICHARD

Oh, is she?

They step off the elevator into the

26 PACIFIC UNION CLUB LOBBY

26

HARRY

I want you to like her, Richard. She means the world to me.

They cross the lobby.

26

26

RICHARD

She'll have nothing to do with someone like me, Harry. You know how honest-to-goodness women run kicking and screaming when they see me coming.

HARRY

(laughing)

Well, stick we me, my friend. I'll make a good man out of you yet.

Harry enters the large glass revolving door as Richard follows. They spin out.

27 EXT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY - DUSK

27

Richard is walking through the wrought-iron gate that opens on to a stone path lined with flowers. In his left hand, he's got a stack of books held by a string.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
It was while Harry was away on
business that I visited her first.
As a friend. Or a friend of a
friend.

A porch light comes on. Kay opens the door and steps out.

28 INT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY - DUSK

28

Two cats curl up on the floor. A fire burns in the fireplace.

Kay finishes making cocktails and carries them over to Richard on the couch.

She sits on the lace-covered settee. He raises his glass, saying nothing, she raises hers, a silent toast. They both smile.

She browses through the books Richard brought her.

KAY

These look wonderful. The library in this little town has so little.

Richard motions to the photos on the mantle, one of a man in work clothes.

28

RICHARD

That must be your father.

KAY

Yes it is. He died of cancer, the day after Christmas, 1931.

RICHARD

Oh, I'm sorry. He looks like a kind man.

KAY

(laughing)

He was a drunk, actually.

She sips from her drink. He examines other framed photos. She approaches her father's portrait, studies it for a moment.

KAY (CONT'D)

But he was also kind, yes, at least to us kids.

RICHARD

His death must have been hard on your mother.

KAY

Very. I imagine. She had a lot of friends around though, and she was good with her hands, sewing and stuff, so she made do. She was quite a woman.

Richard nods impressed.

KAY (CONT'D)

She set herself up in a business and brought in a pretty steady income. I sewed for her for awhile. I sew all my clothes.

Richard stares at a young man's portrait.

KAY (CONT'D)

That's my late husband, Ronald. (smiling)

He's the Nesbitt. Was. The men in my life don't seem to live very long.

RICHARD

I'll warn Harry.

28

She laughs. Richard moves closer.

KAY

Ron and I moved here together right after we married. He worked for the fish packing union. He went missing right at the beginning of the war. The navy declared him officially dead in February of '47. Funny. How he kept me hoping. His body was never found.

She looks into the fire.

KAY (CONT'D)

I only had him for three years, but I don't regret a moment.

RICHARD

You're lucky.

KAY

Why? Do you regret anything?

RICHARD

Lots. And much more to come.

She laughs. Pauses. Turns serious.

KAY

The stardust was still sprinkled over our marriage when he disappeared. I used to cry a lot at night. It went on and on. Suspense like that is bad. The last two years I pulled myself together. Then with Harry's help. My dear, sweet Harry.

RICHARD

He's all right, Harry.

KAY

You were in boarding school together, is that right?

RICHARD

That was a long time ago.

Richard smiles.

KAY

Have another whisky?

RICHARD

Thank you, I will.

She takes his glass, prepares another.

KAY

My mother came to live with me in the beginning of the war. (smiling)

She taught me to laugh at everything. A year ago she died. So here I am. Gloomy, lonely Kay.

(laughing)

That's my life in a nutshell.

She hands him his drink and smiles. He smiles back, holding her eyes with his for about as long as it takes to draw a quick, deep breath.

Suddenly, he is struck with an idea.

RICHARD

What about coming out with me for a dinner? We can go to a place around here, unless you know something better that'd be open. Come on. It'll be a little change for you.

He looks at her with a new, slight nervousness.

KAY

Well. I don't see why not.

Richard grins with satisfaction as he puts his drink down.

29 EXT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY - LATER

29

Richard holds his car door for Kay. She climbs in and he closes the door. He walks over to the driver's side and slides in, a happy chauffeur.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. MONTEREY SEASIDE DINER - NIGHT

A seaside diner, simple and unpretentious. Kay and Richard sit across from each other in a booth, remnants of burgers and shakes between them.

KAY

What's wrong with Harry's marriage?

RICHARD

Most men would say there's nothing wrong with it.

He pops a last French fry in his mouth.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd)

But there is, of course.

KAY

Whose fault is it?

RICHARD

Nobody's. Nobody's really.

KAY

That's what Harry says. He says no one is to blame really.

She retreats. Pauses for thoughts. Chooses her words.

KAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

The trouble with Harry is that he is a man who depends on emotions for happiness, and he is married to a woman who depends on material things, right? -- possessions. Both of them are good people, fundamentally.

RICHARD

Is that what Harry says?

KAY

It's what I think. Harry's never had anyone truly in love with him.

RICHARD

Until now.

He looks straight into her eyes.

30

KAY

Until now.

RICHARD

You know he's very much in love with you, of course.

KAY

Yes.

RICHARD

It must be difficult to be apart.

KAY

I hate it.

She looks out the window. The LOW MURMUR OF CONVERSATION is heard from the next booth.

KAY (CONT'D)

A woman needs somebody to love.

RICHARD

Sounds old fashioned.

KAY

But it's true.

RICHARD

I'm sure it is.

KAY

I want to look after him as he wants to look after me. I want to pour out to him love and tenderness and affection. You're his closest friend. You know, he is hurt and disillusioned, and I want to heal him.

RICHARD

Like a nurse.

KAY

Well, then.

He smiles at her and motions for the WAITER.

RICHARD

Well, then -- let's have some pie.

She retreats.

KAY

No, no, not for me, thank you.

Richard orders from the Waiter and offers Kay a cigarette.

KAY (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

He lights up.

KAY (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm wrong to want to marry Harry?

RICHARD

I'm not the judge of your conscience. I don't know you well enough. I just want him to be happy.

KAY

I do too. I can make him happy. Happier than he has been.

RICHARD

Then it's agreed.

She raises her gaze to meet his.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Are you in love with Harry?

KAY

I love him dearly.

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD

Are you in love with him?

KAY

Yes.

Not entirely convincing, but close.

FREEZE FRAME: CLOSE ON KAY.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

Did I sense of breath a hesitation?

I thought I did. I wanted to.

31 EXT. MONTEREY SEASIDE DINER - NIGHT

31

FREEZE FRAME OUTSIDE THE WINDOW NOW: Kay and Richard, an old fashioned neon sign burning above to the sounds of THE OCEAN'S SOOTHING WAVES.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Don't get me wrong. I too loved
Harry. I thought of him back at
school, staring pale-faced from the
window as the bullies waited
outside. The bullies I saved him
from.

FREEZE FRAME: CLOSE ON RICHARD.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) Writing to me in college about how lonely he was until Pat came along. Waving as I got off the boat at the port of San Francisco, a bottle of champagne in his hand.

32 EXT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY - NIGHT

32

The car is running, headlights on. Kay and Richard are saying goodbye on the porch.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
But with every hour I spent with
Kay, the harder it was for me to
indulge in that line of thought.

KAY

Are you sure you won't come in for one last drink?

RICHARD

Quite sure. Thank you.

He extends his hand to shake hers.

KAY

Good night then, thanks a bunch.

RICHARD

Good night.

He retreats toward his car. Gets in.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) Even if I couldn't admit it to myself, it was more than an attraction.

He drives off.

32

FADE TO BLACK

36 INT. THE CASTRO MOVIE THEATER - EVENING

36

ON THE CASTRO SCREEN: Ava Gardner's face fills the frame. She's on the beach, her pale features aglow in a rich, blue light. A scene from the movie PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
On evenings when I knew Kay and
Harry were together, I would find
myself compelled to go out.

Richard is alone in the half-empty movie theater.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) Something was happening to me. Something I never felt before. I couldn't control it.

THE FILM MUSIC ACCOMPANIES IMAGES PROJECTED ON THE THEATER SCREEN STRAIGHT OUT OF RICHARD'S MIND:

OUTSIDE KAY'S HOUSE: Kay and Harry in silhouette on the couldnin the window.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) Yes, she was Harry's. But didn't he have enough already?

INSIDE KAY'S HOUSE: Harry and Kay on the couch. He puts his sarm around her and they snuggle up.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) He had a great, loving wife. One of the best.

36 KAY'S STAIRCASE: Holding Harry's hand, Kay leads him up the stairs.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) A daughter, a grandchild.

35.

20	CONTERTATION
36	CONTINUED:

36

37 UPSTAIRS: Harry shuts the bedroom door in our face.

37

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

A dog.

In the theater, Richard watches the screen in horror.

38 KAY'S BEDROOM: Kay in bed, naked. Harry above her, leaning 38 down to kiss her. He whispers in her ear. She laughs adoringly. And they make love.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) It was I who deserved her.

Richard bolts out of the movie theater.

39 OMIT SCENE

39

40 INT. PACIFIC UNION CLUB - NIGHT

40

Richard looks off screen disgusted. BUSINESS MEN around him are quite drunk and increasingly lethargic.

Richard gets up. He's a bit drunk himself. He sways as he makes his way to a public phone booth. He slides in, rip closes the door. Picks the receiver up. Asks the operator for a connection to a number. Waits.

WE HEAR A PHONE RING.

THEN THE SCREEN SPLITS. Pat answers the phone at the ALLEN HOUSE: "Hello"

41 INT. PACIFIC UNION CLUB

INT. ALLEN HOUSE

41

RICHARD

RICHARD

Pat, how are you, it's Rich. Fine, Rich. Yourself?

PAT

PAT

Couldn't be better. How is the old chap?

He's in Sacramento. Overnight. On business. As usual.

PAT

RICHARD Oh, I didn't know.

Neither did he. He plumb forgot. I tell you I don't know where he'd be if he didn't have me to organize him a bit. Richard hesitates.

Can you hear me all right, Rich? We've had problems with the line. Rich?

He's not sure what to say. Long pause. He struggles.

RICHARD

PAT

Oh, yeah. I hear you fine. I suppose I'm tired.

You sound as though you need a holiday.

RICHARD

PAT

Maybe a quiet weekend at your cabin.

Anytime. You know your room is always ready.

RICHARD

PAT

Thanks. Good night, Pat.

Good night, dear.

They hang up. The screen wipes and we stay at:

42 INT. ALLEN HOUSE. PACIFIC HEIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

42

Smiling affectionately, Pat walks away from the phone and goes into the kitchen where she turns on the radio and puts on an apron to wash some dishes.

With the RADIO MUSIC we:

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. HOTEL ROOM. SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

43

Through the window, a neon sign burning: HOTEL SACRAMENTO.

Harry is sleeping, swallowed up in the comforters of the huge hotel bed.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Once the emotions involved in taking a decision to murder have subsided, the greater emotion involved in the crime lies ahead...

## 44 EXT. MEDICAL LIBRARY. SACRAMENTO - DAY

44

Harry searches the shelves and finds the slim volume he is searching for, a blue book entitled TOXICOLOGY: A HANDBOOK FOR PHYSICIANS.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Between plan and final action,
there's a wide gap.

He sits down with the book and flips through the pages. Reading. Skimming.

He jumps to the index.

Then back to the text. Until he stops at a paragraph that grabs his attention.

We zoom in on the text from his point of view as his finger traces the words, some begin to highlight, as if his mind is turning them on and pulling them out for us:

"Altrapeine is a synthetic poison with cyanide basis often found in photographic darkrooms and other laboratories. It is a white powder, odorless and tasteless. Fatal influence on the heart is fast and therefore hard to detect."

When his finger gets to the "Recommended Treatment" section, he closes the book and looks up pale and nervous.

The LIBRARIAN catches his anxious look, she smiles efficiently at him. He nods back and gets up quickly to return the book to its proper place on the shelf. She rushes after him.

LIBRARIAN

Sir.

He stops dead.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Sir. The book.

He turns to her horrified.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd) Please return it to the tray by the aisle. Or to me, if you'd like.

44 CONTINUED:

He nods and walks to a tray of returned books, doing his best to wipe the book's hard cover with his sleeve, as if covering his tracks.

45 INT. HOTEL LOBBY. SACRAMENTO - ANOTHER DAY

45

The DESK CLERK is adding up the bill on a punch machine. Harry is waiting patiently at the front desk, checking out.

An OLD MAN cuts in front of him. He addresses the Desk Clerk:

OLD MAN

Anything for room 202 - Alvin Walters?

DESK CLERK

(adding Harry's Bill)
I'll be with you in a moment, Mr.
Walters.

The Old Man looks at Harry; Harry lowers his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 EXT. SACRAMENTO STREET - DAY

46

Harry stands on the busy sidewalk, staring at a photography store across the street.

He watches as A FEW PEOPLE come in and out.

He takes off his glasses, to change his appearance, puts them in his coat pocket, and then carefully crosses the street towards the store.

47 INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STORE. SACRAMENTO - DAY

47

At the counter, the FEMALE CLERK hands Harry a bottle of Altrapeine.

FEMALE CLERK

You know you've got to be careful with that stuff.

HARRY

Yes, I know. I keep it hidden away tightly in my darkroom.

47

FEMALE CLERK

If you've got any kids around...

HARRY

No. I don't have any children. Thank you.

She opens up a notebook and slides it down to Harry.

FEMALE CLERK

I have to ask you to sign for it, at the "x."

HARRY

Of course.

Harry pulls out his pen and takes the book.

From Harry's blurry point of view we see the lined pages. He puts his pen down in one spot, then another, signs "Alvin Walters." Pauses. Adds a fictitious address.

The Clerk laughs, startling Harry.

FEMALE CLERK

That's the wrong place, Mister...

HARRY

Oh, what..?

FEMALE CLERK

Right here, the "x," if you don't mind.

Harry squints and signs again.

FEMALE CLERK (CONT'D)

What kind you got?

HARRY

Huh?

FEMALE CLERK

Camera?

HARRY

All kinds.

Harry places the bottle in his overcoat pocket and turns toward the door.

47

FEMALE CLERK

Sir, you do need to pay.

He stops. Feigns laughter.

HARRY

Pardon me.

48 EXT. MEN'S ROOM. SACRAMENTO TRAIN STATION - DAY

48

We hear TRAIN STATION ANNOUNCEMENTS. In a stall, Harry discretely pours the pills from an Aspirin bottle into the toilet. Flushes.

He puts on his gloves and proceeds to carefully pour the Altrapeine poison into the empty Aspirin bottle.

He then tears the label off the empty Altrapeine bottle and flushes it down.

He tosses the empty bottle in the garbage can and puts the poison-filled Aspirin bottle in his coat pocket when he notices a shiny coin on the floor, a quarter.

He stares at it, lost in his thoughts. A long hard Harry stare. A quarter. He doesn't pick it up.

DISSOLVE TO:

49 INT. ALLEN FRONT HALL. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - NIGHT

49

Harry, in his coat and hat, walks in and heads down the hall toward his bedroom.

50 INT. BEDROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - NIGHT

50

Harry opens the door and walks in. Pat awakes and sits up in her bed.

He puts his hand in his coat pocket to feel the poison bottle.

PAT

(sleepy)

How was your trip, darling?

HARRY

Nothing unusual.

CONTINUED:

PAT

You're still in your coat. Are you cold?

HARRY

Just wanted to see you first, before I settle in for the night.

PAT

I missed you too, Harry.

He kisses her lightly on the lips.

HARRY

I think we should go to the cabin this weekend. Spend some time alone.

PAT

Oh, Harry, we can't do that. What about our plans with the Arnoffs?

HARRY

Cancel them. I want to be alone with you.

PAT

Okay. We'll hide from the world.

HARRY

I'll go get ready for bed.

PAT

Good night.

HARRY

Good night. I love you.

He watches her get back under the covers. Eyes the bottle of her powdered digestive medicine, the glass next to it. Takes his coat off as he walks out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. BAY MEADOWS RACE TRACK - DAY

51

A beautiful winter day, the horses are running.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
On Friday afternoon, the 23rd of
February, I took the day off and
drove down to the Bay Meadows race
track to watch the ponies run.

### 52 EXT. BAY MEADOWS RACE TRACK STANDS - DAY

52

Richard is among the crowd, watching the horses run. He is quite bored.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
I visited Kay quite a few times by then. But today I knew Harry would be with her all afternoon and by going out to the races I could at least pretend that I had other things on my mind.

#### 53 INT. BAY MEADOWS RACE TRACK BAR - DAY

53

The races continue outside. The BARTENDER walks down the long bar, a drink in his hand...

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
They say horse lovers are stable people. I guess that's a clever joke in some circles. Huh.

And serves it to an increasingly angry Richard.

### 54 INT. BAY MEADOWS RACE TRACK BAR - LATER

54

Richard is at the billiards table. A PATRON breaks. Circles the table. Checks out the ball alignment.

PATRON (to Richard)

Knock yourself out.

Richard leans in with his cue, aims intensely. Freezes.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

That dull, painful anger was burning in my stomach again.

Richard rises, walks to the end of the bar and returns the cue to the stands.

54

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)
The thought that those colorless
lips of Harry's should ever be
allowed to press upon Kay's mouth

Richard storms toward the exit. The patron stares at him bewildered.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) Put me in a mood for...

PATRON

Hey, what's the big idea?

OLD RICHARD

...havoc.

55 EXT. ROAD - DUSK

55

Richard's car, top down, is spinning down the country road. The sky is streaked pink and orange.

Close up of Richard driving faster and faster.

56 EXT. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - NIGHT

56

Richard is parked in front of the cabin, a quaint, two floor wooden structure nestled in pine woods, with big hedges, overlooking the ocean at a distance.

He takes a deep breath and gets out of the car.

A strong breeze off the ocean shakes the trees at the bottom of the garden.

He walks down the gravel and moss path that runs around the back of the cabin, and then cuts across the yard toward the front door.

Through the cabin window, Richard notices a blazing fire, but otherwise no light is on inside.

He moves closer to the window, trying to make out the objects in the living room.

At first, the room looks empty. But at an angle to the window, on the big settee, Richard notices Pat, in a silk slip, lying motionless, like a corpse.

The cushions are on the floor, as if a struggle went on.

56 CONTINUED:

Richard raises his hand to knock on the glass when he suddenly freezes:

A MAN enters the room, just a dark shadow at first. He sits on the settee next to Pat and moves his hand lustfully down her still body.

Suddenly, Pat comes to life. She laughs. And the man melts into her arms with a long, passionate kiss.

Dumbstruck, Richard steps back from the glass and trips over a bush.

The Man hears something and looks up alarmed to see Richard stand from his fall outside the window. Their eyes lock. Richard recognizes:

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
John O'Brien. Jesus Christ!

JOHN O'BRIEN, 40s, fair-featured with prematurely white hair.

O'Brien whispers something to Pat. She bolts upright. He stands, automatically straightening his tie.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) O'Brien was part of Harry and Pat's group, an unpublished fiction writer of some talent, and, to John's credit, the only one among us who actually fought the Huns.

A shocked Richard hurries away from the window, down the gravel road, toward his car

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) He lived alone nearby and traveled every so often to San Francisco for drinks and inspiration.

The cabin lights turn on behind him and:

O'BRIEN (O.S.)

Richard?

Richard stops and slowly turns around, trying to put a surprised face on.

Richard stares at John O'Brien who's at the front door.

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARD

Oh, hello there, John. I was just dropping in on Pat and Harry for a breath of fresh country air.

O'BRIEN

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold."

O'Brien laughs a bitter, little laugh.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D) (cont'd) Well, come in this way.

RICHARD

Thanks.

Richard retraces his steps and enters the front door John is holding for him.

O'BRIEN

How are you, Richard?

RICHARD

Very well, thanks.

57 INT. LIVING ROOM. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - NIGHT

57

Pat is standing by the fire, her hands behind her back. She's in a dress, and has already managed to straighten her hair and clothes. Richard notices the cushions on the settee have been replaced and plumped up with remarkable speed.

RICHARD

Hello, Pat. Got a bed for an old friend?

PAT

Of course I have, Rich. You know that, or you wouldn't be here.

The old dog, Brutus, is asleep in front of the fire.

The three stare at each other, it's awkward, but they all do their best to look calm.

RICHARD

God, it's a lovely evening.

PAT

Isn't it? Absolutely gorgeous.

57

O'BRIEN

Should be fine tomorrow too, judging by the sunset.

RICHARD

I don't know why I don't move to the country.

O'BRIEN

You really should.

RICHARD

Yes. Maybe I will, one day.

PAT

Would you like a cup of coffee?

RICHARD

No. Thanks. Not yet.

PAT

I can put some on.

RICHARD

Don't make it especially for me.

O'BRIEN

I could do with a cup. And some cookies if you got them. Eh, Pat?

He studies Richard's face.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D) (cont'd) Maybe Richard would prefer a whisky and soda, to warm him up after the drive. I expect Pat could provide it, Rich.

RICHARD

I think I'd just as soon have the cup of coffee, thanks.

Another pause. Then Pat moves toward the kitchen door.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd) I'll go up to my room. See if that robe I left behind last time is there. Seems as though I forgot my weekend bag.

PAT

Oh, I'm sorry.

RICHARD

I'll survive.

Richard climbs the stairs. Pat goes to the kitchen. O'Brien follows her.

58 INT. GUEST ROOM. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - NIGHT 58

Richard stands still in the middle of the room, listening to the MOVEMENT AND MUTTER OF VOICES from downstairs. His heart is racing.

He lies on his bed, giving them time to sort things out below, trying to figure out his next move.

59 INT. LIVING ROOM. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - LATER

59

Pat and John O'Brien are sitting together on the settee when Richard enters. O'Brien is eating a cookie, dealing with crumbs.

Brutus, lying at Pat's feet, opens one eye to look at Richard, then closes it.

Richard sits down on one of the armchairs and takes a cookie from the tray that Pat passes to him.

She then pours him a cup of coffee, adds milk and sugar, nothing asked, nothing told.

O'Brien finishes his cookie and wipes his lips with his pocket handkerchief. He drains his coffee cup. Puts it on the table. And turns his face toward Richard.

O'BRIEN

Well, now you know, don't you?

RICHARD

Know what?

O'BRIEN

How things stand. Between Pat and me.

Pat looks down at her fingernails, hands on her lap. Richard hesitates.

RICHARD

Yes. Yes, I guess I do.

59

O'Brien nods.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

At least I know how things appear to stand. But appearance isn't everything. I saw you kissing her if that's what you mean.

O'BRIEN

That's exactly what I mean.

RICHARD

Yes, well, it's none of my business. I'm not married to Pat. And I have no need to cause trouble. Pat is not the first woman to flirt a little when her husband's out of the house.

O'BRIEN

It's not a flirtation.

Pat and O'Brien look anxiously at Richard.

RICHARD

As far as I'm concerned, I've seen nothing. The fire can play strange tricks. It's not for me to pass on stories that could be fully based on a vivid imagination.

PAT

I'm very much in love with John. And he's in love with me. That's the way it is.

Richard lowers his gaze, thinking. Remembering Pat's earlier conversation with Harry about love and sex:

RICHARD

You mean it's not just affection and companionship?

Pat is shaken by hearing her own words.

PAT

Yes. Right.

O'BRIEN

Right.

Richard looks directly at Pat. Braces himself.

RICHARD

So, divorce?

O'Brien places his hand over Pat's on the settee.

PAT

No. No divorce.

RICHARD

Not... ever?

PAT

I made a bargain with Harry and I'll keep it. In sickness and in health. If I thought he didn't need me so much, maybe... But I'm all he's got to hang on to, you know. Becky's all grown up and busy now. He has no one else.

She reaches forward to poke the fire.

PAT (CONT'D)

I'm very fond of Harry. He's very sensitive and I can't stand the thought of what he might do if I left him.

Richard drinks from his coffee. He is calming down. No one speaks for a moment. They just stare at each other.

RICHARD

(to Pat)

Do you think he might commit suicide?

PAT

I don't know.

O'BRIEN

Perhaps not so much that.

PAT

He may start drinking. Maybe. And his clothes would all go to pot. He'd be lonely. He'd get caught up with some floozy who would drag him down and take all his money with her.

RICHARD

What do you think, John?

O'BRIEN

Pat knows him best. The poor guy hasn't had much fun out of life, that's for sure.

PAT

I feel so terribly sorry for him.

Richard nods. Gets up. Adds a log to the fire. Sits back down. Smiles.

RICHARD

Would you like my thoughts?

Pat turns and looks at Richard full of hope and anticipation. She wants him to argue with her. As if he could set it all right. O'Brien tenses up.

O'BRIEN

Please.

RICHARD

Harry would be lost without you, Pat.

Pat's face sours, but she holds herself together. O'Brien takes her hand in his.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I think he would certainly try to kill the pain in some way, drinking, maybe, yes, drinking too much at first. And the business. I can't stand to think about what that humiliation would do to him... And think of yourself, Pat. I'm not at all certain that one can build happiness upon the unhappiness of somebody else, some could, but not someone with your burden of conscience. You're too good...

Pat looks at Richard. Her smile is tinged with deep sadness. She is obviously disappointed by Richard's confirmation. It's not what she wanted to hear.

PAT

Thank you for being so honest.

She exchanges meaningful looks with O'Brien. There are tears in her eyes. O'Brien looks as if he's in pain, his worst fears validated.

O'BRIEN

Don't you think, Rich, he might marry again? Some nice woman or other? Don't you think he might?

RICHARD

No, I don't. I don't think he would ever fall in love again. Pat is his entire world.

As if for effect, Richard stands and walks over to the window.

He looks out into the darkness, then swings around to address Pat and O'Brien dramatically.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd) And don't forget, I've known him since childhood.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 EXT. GUEST ROOM. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - NIGHT

60

Richard parts the window curtain to watch Harry's car pull into the driveway.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Harry came back late that evening,
9:30 or so, not long after O'Brien

Harry gets out of the car and ducks through the strong ocean breeze to the side door, pulling his hat down.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) He was disappointed to hear I was there. I didn't know why at the time. I didn't know of his plans for Pat and that he needed to be alone with her. How could I know?

61 INT. FRONT HALL. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - NIGHT

had left.

61

Pat gives Harry a kiss on the cheek. He is tense and nervous.

PAT

I'll put the water on.

62

61 CONTINUED:

She goes to the kitchen just as Richard comes down the stairs.

HARRY

Evening, Rich.

RICHARD

Good to see you, Harry. Can you believe this wind?

Harry takes off his coat and a medicine bottle falls out of his pocket.

Richard picks it up, reads the label - ASPIRIN - and gives it back to Harry.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Just what I need.

Harry forces a smile and buries the bottle in the coat pocket.

HARRY

Pharmaceuticals. That's the future.

RICHARD

I could use a solid stock tip, if you have one.

HARRY

What I could use is a drink.

He hangs the coat in the closet.

62 EXT. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - DAY

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

I didn't know there was a murderer in the house...

The sun shines out of the brittle blue sky, the sprinkling of dew on the lawn sparkles in the light.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Who already needed to kill to prove to himself he could...

Suddenly: A WOMAN'S SCREAM!

63 INT. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - DAY

63

Richard runs down the stairs and rushes into the

64 KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

64

Where Harry stands, his eyes glazed, looking in shock at something off screen on the floor...

Next to him, Pat is holding her hand to her mouth, staring at:

BRUTUS, THE DOG, DEAD ON THE MAT.

PAT

(eyes moist)

He just went to sleep and died.

RICHARD

Oh, Pat.

Richard puts a comforting arm around her. Harry gets down on his knees and puts a hand on Brutus' stomach.

HARRY

His heart just stopped.

Pat is biting her knuckles on her right hand, looking over the dog.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You mustn't upset yourself, Pat darling.

PAT

Poor old Brutus.

Harry looks up at her. Says nothing. Pets the dead beast.

RICHARD

This house won't be the same without him.

HARRY

At least he didn't have to suffer.

65 EXT. GARDEN. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - LATER

Richard walks across the yard carrying the dog wrapped in an army blanket.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
It was a practice run, and it confirmed everything Harry was capable of.

Harry is standing inside a fresh grave, much too big for the dog, dug in a grassy bank at the bottom of the garden.

He takes the dog from Richard and places it in the ground.

Harry starts filling the grave.

HARRY

(quietly)

You'll have to come and stay with Kay and me, when we're married.

Richard moves closer. Speaks in a low voice.

RICHARD

When are you going to tell Pat?

HARRY

Oh, one of these days. Some time when the moment is ripe.

Richard looks back at the house where Pat is standing brokenhearted.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

Seeing her standing there, I was suddenly swept by a wave of the most revolting sentimentality, a feeling stronger than myself.

Richard lights a cigarette and walks determined toward Pat.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I had never imagined that I could be moved to sacrifice my own desires for Kay.

He reaches her.

65

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

But that is what I now proposed to do with Pat and it made me feel happy. I will come clean. I knew enough to set them all free.

He leans in to whisper in Pat's ear.

RICHARD

Pat...

He can't say it.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Pat...

She listens closely. Hopeful. Perhaps he's changed his thoughts on her duty to stay with Harry.

PAT

Yes.

Harry's footsteps are heard drawing near. She whispers quickly:

PAT (CONT'D)

What is it, Rich? Please, tell me.

Harry is suddenly too close for Richard to say anything, except:

RICHARD

I could go buy a stone in town with Brutus' name on it. If you'd like.

Pat is deflated. She nods.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

My wave of sentimentality receded.

PAT

Yes. That would be nice. What do you say, Harry?

HARRY

If you like. But when we leave here - when we're gone - it'll only be a matter of time before the stone disappears too.

RICHARD

I'd like to anyway.

HARRY

That's because you're a good friend, Richard.

RICHARD

It's nothing.

PAT

No. You are, Rich. You're a true friend.

Harry pats him on the shoulder and walks into the cottage. Pat kisses Richard on the cheek and follows Harry in. Richard stays outside for a moment.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

If only Harry had stayed by the grave a minute longer, so much might have been changed. As it turned out, it was the last time such sentimentality swept me over. Until now, I suppose.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY - DUSK

66

Pulling up in his convertible, Richard breaks sharply in front of Kay's house, and presses on THE HORN, long and loud.

He leaps out of the car and RINGS the BELL of her house incessantly.

Kay opens the door.

KAY

Why, hello, what's the uproar about? Are you on fire, or...

Richard grabs her by the hand and pulls her into the house.

RICHARD

Come on...

67 INT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY

67

RICHARD

... throw some clothes on, and get cracking. We're going out to celebrate.

KAY

(laughing)

Celebrate what, for heaven's sake?

RICHARD

We'll decide that in the car. Come on, country mouse, change into something sleek and let's go. Let no time be wasted; this is no night for a beautiful girl like you to be in house on her own.

He jovially pushes her toward the stairs.

KAY

What's so special about tonight?

RICHARD

Nothing's special about tonight. Go on. Up you go!

KAY

But what are we going to do?

RICHARD

One, drive to San Francisco...

QUICK CUT TO:

68 INT. SAN FRANCISCO BAR - NIGHT

68

JAZZ. Cigarette smoke. LAUGHTER AND CHATTER. Kay and Richard are having cocktails and snacks at the rowdy bar full of SAILORS, YOUNG LADIES, MEN IN SUITS...

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

69 INT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY

69

RICHARD

... Two, dash in to see a movie...

QUICK CUT TO:

70 INT. LOBBY. THE CLAY MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

70

The TICKET TAKER looks at the tipsy Kay and Richard in bafflement.

TICKET TAKER

Sir, there's only twenty minutes left in the picture.

RICHARD

We don't care.

KAY

We really don't.

He rips their ticket and they dash in laughing.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

71 INT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY

71

RICHARD

Three, dinner...

QUICK CUT TO:

72 INT. THE HANG AH TEA ROOM. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

72

Oldest San Francisco Chinese restaurant.

Laughing, Kay struggles to control her chop sticks as Richard instructs her on the fine art of fried rice control.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

73 INT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY

73

RICHARD

And finally, to top it all off...

QUICK CUT TO:

74 INT. METRONOME DANCE CLUB. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

74

Kay and Richard dance excitedly in the crowded dance hall. They're having the time of their lives.

QUICK CUT BACK

KAY

But you can't drive me all the way home again.

RICHARD

Who can't?

KAY

You won't get home until four in the morning.

RICHARD

That's right. Now go and change and stop arguing. Life's too short.

She hesitates. Then turns and runs lightly up the stairs.

KAY

I'll be ten minutes.

RICHARD

Too long. Cut it down to seven. The horses are getting cold outside.

She puts her head over the banister.

KAY

If the coachman wants a drink, he can help himself.

RICHARD

The coachman will.

Richard crosses over to the bar to fix a drink.

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN:

76 INT. MOVING. RICHARD'S CAR. DARK ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT 76
The clock on the dashboard reads 2:25.

Richard is driving. Kay leans her head back on the passenger seat smoking a cigarette.

76

RICHARD

Would you like to do this again next week? There'll be a swell new picture at the Palace.

Kay thinks it over.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd) I don't think Harry would mind.

KAY

He might be a little jealous. We can't be out on the town together like this. I think he might be a bit hurt, you know.

Richard accelerates, passing a truck on the road, and then drops back down to an easy 45.

RICHARD

I'm not sure he has the right to feel hurt.

KAY

What do you mean?

RICHARD

You know as well as I do, Kay.

KAY

I guess I do...

Richard glances down from the wheel at Kay's hand resting on the seat between them.

KAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

It's just hard for him to find a way to leave her.

RICHARD

I wouldn't want to be in Harry's shoes.

(pause)

Though I suppose it's none of my business.

She doesn't look at him. Swallows hard.

KAY

Harry's always trying to do things with perfection.

76

RICHARD

I don't know about that.

He places his right hand on top of her hand, steering with his left.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd) What I do know is that you are.

Perfect, that is. In my eyes.

She can't hide her smile.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd) You know Kay, it'll be hard to build your happiness on the unhappiness of somebody else. Some people could. But not people with your burden of conscience. Not this way.

She gently pulls back her hand. Takes it in.

# 77 EXT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY - NIGHT

77

Richard accompanies Kay to the door. They're both smoking. She puts the key in the lock and turns to face him, taking an elegant drag off her cigarette.

KAY

Would you like to come in for a nightcap?

(smiling)

Or a nightcap to a nightcap?

RICHARD

A morning cap?

KAY

Just about.

RICHARD

I think even I have my limits.

He throws his cigarette to the ground, stamps it out.

KAY

Okay. Good night.

RICHARD

Good night.

77

She moves to go in.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

May I have that cigarette you're smoking?

She turns back.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What's left of it.

KAY

If you want. Why?

RICHARD

Because it touched your lips.

She smiles.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

I had heard a Texan say it once to a pretty brunette after the liberation of Paris.

Moved, she holds the cigarette out to him.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was corny, of course.

He puts the cigarette in his mouth. Doesn't puff, just holds it between his lips. She watches intrigued.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

But it worked. And it was from the heart.

He touches his hat in a semi-military salute, and turns away back to his car. He gets inside.

Kay is at the door watching him go. The car drives off and she goes in, closing the door behind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 INT. ALLEN BEDROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - DAY

78

Harry is lying in bed, his eyes open.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

February 26. Harry Allen is as sane and cool as you and I.

78

He looks over at the clock by the side of the bed: 6:45AM.

He reaches over and switches on the lamp and then glances at Pat, asleep peacefully in her bed.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) He had simply come to the unusual decision that for Pat to fall asleep forever, without fear and in the bloom of her life, involved no hardship at all.

He sits up a bit, stops for a moment, then quietly gets out of bed.

- 79 INT. ALLEN FRONT HALL. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE DAY 79

  Harry extracts the aspirin bottle containing the poison from his coat pocket in the closet.
- 80 INT. ALLEN KITCHEN. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE DAY 80 Harry is at the stove top, scrambling eggs.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
What was the alternative? A life of suffering and loneliness, the humiliation of an abandoned wife?

81 INT. ALLEN LIVING ROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - DAY 81
Breakfast tray in hand, Harry walks through the living room.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) Harry loved Pat too much to allow that to happen.

82 INT. ALLEN BEDROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - DAY 82
Pat is still asleep.

RICHARD (V.O.) He was, after all, a good and gentle husband. A humanist.

Harry enters, sets the tray on the table by the side of Pat's bed, and gently shakes her.

82

She rubs her eyes.

PAT

Harry? What's the matter?

HARRY

Nothing's the matter. I just thought I'd get you breakfast, for a change. A kind of treat for you.

PAT

My goodness. How nice of you.

He pours her a cup of coffee.

Pat sits up in bed, and takes her cup. She puts it to her lips when Harry jumps:

HARRY

Wait!

She lowers her cup, surprised.

HARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Sugar.

He puts a lump in and mixes.

PAT

Thanks.

He watches her, the lip of the cup kissed by her lips as she takes a sip and another.

PAT (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Mmm. Delicious, Harry. Well done.

He pours himself a cup of coffee. Drinks from it.

HARRY

You look especially pretty today.

PAT

Thank you, darling.

HARRY

Like one of those Slumbo advertisements you see in magazines. "Drink a cup of Slumbo and get eight hours of sleep and be a beauty like me."

PAT

I don't think they'd sell all that much Slumbo if they hired me.

HARRY

They'll sell plenty of Slumbo with you, Pat. You're prettier today than you've ever been.

Harry stands up.

HARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Let's feast this morning.

PAT

Oh, you know I shouldn't.

HARRY

Eat, drink and be merry, my dear.

PAT

Oh, don't be so sappy, Harry. I'll taste everything, I promise, darling.

He walks over to the window and looks out.

HARRY

That's the paper... let me go down and get it for you.

He crosses and exits.

PAT

(calling out)
I feel like a queen.

83 OMIT SCENE 83

84 INT. ALLEN BEDROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - LATER 84

Pat holds the paper open in bed.

PAT

Nothing in the paper.

Harry, in the easy chair, finishes a cigarette, eyeing the bottle of Nichol's Digestive Powder by Pat's bed.

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Care for another slice of toast?

PAT

(eyes on paper)

Yes, please. Not so much butter on it this time, please.

Harry slathers the toast with butter.

HARRY

Been having indigestion again?

PAT

Oh, not too bad. Just the usual.

HARRY

But you still take your medicine?

PAT

Religiously, sir. One spoon before bedtime. Sometimes around lunch. It depends.

HARRY

That's good. Have another sausage.

PAT

Oh, no. I shouldn't.

HARRY

It took a long time to prepare.

She takes a bite of the sausage.

ייי עכ

Honestly, Harry, I don't know what we're going to eat the rest of the week for breakfast.

He smiles.

HARRY

I think I'll have my bath now.

PAT

I'll go do the dishes in a moment. I'm sure you've left a healthy mess down in the kitchen.

85 INT. ALLEN BATHROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - LATER

85

Water is running into the tub. Harry peeks into the bedroom. The coast is clear.

He goes to Pat's bed. Gets the bottle of Nichol's medicine and takes it back into the bathroom. He quickly shuts the door.

THE SOUND OF BATH WATER RUNNING.

He pulls the aspirin bottle out of his robe, the poison powder he bought is inside.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) He couldn't put the poison in her food.

The tub is getting full of water, but he's too focused on the bottles to remember.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) He couldn't stand to actually watch her die.

He pours about half of Pat's Nichol's medicine bottle into the sink and carefully rinses the scattered grains from the side.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) Pat would have to do it on her own.

THE SOUND OF BATH WATER RUNNING. THUNDERING.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Besides, it was a better way to cover his tracks.

Harry examines the amount that remains in the Nichol's bottle and carefully pours the poison. When he reaches the right amount, he caps the Nichol's medicine bottle and shakes it well.

The tub is getting dangerously full of water.

Then he rinses the Nichol's bottle. Caps the poison when:
A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. LOUD. He jumps.

PAT (O.S.)

Harry!

No reply. THE WATER RUNNING.

PAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Harry. Have you seen my medicine bottle?

He finally notices the water almost rising above the edge of the tub and jumps to turn the bath faucet off.

HARRY

What?

PAT (O.S.)

My medicine bottle. That last sausage really did it.

HARRY

The bottle?

PAT (0.S.)

Yes.

He looks around. What to do?

HARRY

I have it here.

PAT (O.S.)

What on earth for?

He rinses the sink of residual powders.

HARRY

My stomach is bothering me. I was going to steal a dose from you, if you don't mind.

PAT (O.S.)

Oh, you poor thing.

HARRY

(forcing laugh)

Not much of a cook, am I?

PAT (O.S.)

Well, use the toothbrush mug, not the rinsing cup. The powder makes glass so hard to polish.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAT (O.S.) (cont'd) And put it by my bed when you're done with your bath. I'll come up.

HARRY

Will do.

86 INT. ALLEN BEDROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - LATER

86

Shaved and dressed for work, Harry places the medicine bottle next to Pat's bed. He looks around the room as if trying to remember something before it changes forever.

Then he picks up the digestive medicine bottle again, studies it, tries to put it back down, thinks differently, takes it with him.

87 INT. ALLEN FRONT HALL. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - DAY

87

Harry puts on his gloves and overcoat. He picks up his soft, brown hat.

He looks into the living room as if to take one last look.

88 INT. ALLEN KITCHEN. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - DAY 88

> Pat is polishing silverware. Harry enters, crosses over to Pat at the table and gives her the medicine bottle. This is it.

> > HARRY

Here you go. Thanks. I'm late.

She takes the bottle and places it on the table.

HARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd) Are you not going to take it?

PAT

Not quite yet. I'm better. I'll take a dose before lunch. Then another before sleep. That should repair the damage.

HARRY

I'm sorry.

PAT

It was a lovely breakfast. A lovely gesture, darling.

88

He kisses her on the forehead.

PAT (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Bye-bye, Harry.

HARRY

Bye-bye, Pat, take care of yourself.

PAT

I will.

HARRY

I'm sorry.

PAT

Don't be silly.

Harry hesitates. Then turns and walks out of the kitchen, down the hallway, and out the front door.

### 89 EXT. ALLEN'S PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

89

Closing the front door behind him, Harry walks down the stairs and opens his car door.

He gets inside the car, a worried frown creasing his forehead.

He looks up at his house as he inserts the car key in the ignition.

Suddenly, a face appears in his side window. Harry jumps. It's Tom, Becky's husband, smiling at him. Harry rolls down the window.

TOM

Sorry if I gave you a fright there, Harry. How are you?

HARRY

Late for work. Yourself?

TOM

Terrific, myself. Seeing a great number of patients these days. Giving them the "talking cure," as they call it now. (MORE)

CONTINUED:

TOM (cont'd)

I know you're not a true believer in analysis, but it's incredibly effective, the science of the mind, relieves tension like no other medicine.

HARRY

That's nice.

TOM

How's Pat?

HARRY

She's a bit under the weather today.

TOM

Oh. That's too bad. Becky sent me over to see if she could help her with little Charlie. There's a book club the ladies are organizing in the afternoon. My suggestion. I thought it could be good for them to stimulate the mind. They're not just wives, you know. Just for an hour.

Harry quickly gets out of the car.

HARRY

It's best not to disturb her.

TOM

Harry, I am a doctor.

HARRY

It's just her stomach. It's under control. But she couldn't possibly watch the boy, not today. She needs to rest.

Tom smiles. Harry seems unusually nervous and jumpy.

TOM

You know, Harry, ever since poor old Brutus died I've been meaning to tell you that if there's anything on your mind...

HARRY

I'm late for work.

MOT

And how does that make you feel?

HARRY

Late.

He gets back in the car and backs out of the driveway. He waits just to make sure Tom walks away from the Allen house. But Tom runs into the neighbor, Mrs. Walsh, and they stop to chat.

HARRY (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D) (cont'd) Come on, Mrs. Walsh. Let him go.

But they keep talking. Tom finally notices Harry hasn't moved yet. His eyes lock with Harry.

Harry waves to him and takes off.

In his rear view mirror, Harry sees Tom leaving Mrs. Walsh behind and walking downhill to his home. He sighs in relief.

90 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

90

Harry's at his desk, staring into space, sweat on his brow. He looks at the clock: 11:45AM. He wipes his brow, stands, straightens his tie, and walks out of the office to talk with his secretary, Miss Jones.

91 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

91

Harry walks along the busy sidewalk, pausing in front of a drug store.

He looks through the door. SEVERAL PEOPLE are crowding the PHARMACIST's counter.

92 INT. SAN FRANCISCO DRUG STORE - DAY

92

Business is brisk and the ASSISTANTS are serving CUSTOMERS with hardly enough time to glance at them. Cough drops. Cold mixtures. Laxatives. Toothpaste. Soap. Harry's turn:

HARRY

A bottle of Nichol's Digestive Powder, please.

ASSISTANT

Small bottle or large?

92

Harry thinks furiously. A bead of sweat appears immediately on his brow.

HARRY

I'm sorry?

ASSISTANT

Small or large?

HARRY

Small, I think. It's for my wife.

The Assistant takes the bottle from his shelf and Harry is relieved to see it's the same size as Pat's bottle.

HARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd) Don't bother to wrap it up.

## 93 INT. BERNIE'S RESTAURANT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

93

A business lunch, Harry and TWO WELL-TAILORED MEN are sitting around a table at the fancy restaurant. Harry works hard at being professional, his eyes constantly drifting to the clock on the wall: 12:55PM.

Harry excuses himself and goes to the phone booth by the bar counter.

He dials.

There's a HIGH-PITCHED WHINING TONE on the other end of the line.

He dials again. Gets the same WHINE.

He puts the phone back in its cradle. He stares at the phone for a moment.

A hand drops on his shoulder. Harry jumps. It's one of the well tailored men he is lunching with.

TAILORED MAN

Where's the little boys' room, Harry?

Harry points. Then slides the phone booth door shut.

Harry grabs the receiver. Dials the operator.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

Operator.

IT'S A YOUNG WOMAN'S LITTLE VOICE, COLD, IMPERSONAL.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

I've been dialing my home over and over and I get a strange tone. We've had trouble before.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

What's the number you're calling?

HARRY (TO PHONE)

Tuxedo 4-7606.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

Hold the line.

Harry waits anxiously.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry caller, the line is out of order.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

Can you fix it right away...? It's very...

He stops himself short.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

I'll report it to the engineer's department.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

Thank you. Thank you.

He puts the phone down and stares at it.

94 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE. SAN FRANCISCO - LATER

94

The clock: 2:45PM and Harry is a nervous wreck.

95 EXT. GARDEN. BECKY AND TOM'S HOUSE. PACIFIC HEIGHTS - DAY 95

The LADIES are out in the garden for a book club gathering. Tea is sipped, biscuits dipped.

Becky is reading from Chaucer's CANTERBURY TALES, struggling with the old language:

BECKY

"Experience, though noon auctoritee/ were in this world, were right y-nough for me/ to speke of wo that is in mariage..." (to Ladies)

Honestly, you'd think he could make an effort to write in proper English...

Ladies giggle in the crowd. Becky reads on:

BECKY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
"...for, lordinges, sith I twelf
yeer was of age..."

Inside the house, THE PHONE RINGS with no one outside noticing.

96 INT. BECKY AND TOM'S HOUSE. PACIFIC HEIGHTS

96

Little Charlie, unattended, grabs the phone.

LITTLE CHARLIE (TO PHONE)

Daddy?

HARRY (ON PHONE)

No. No. Listen, Charlie, put your Mommy on the phone...

97 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE. SAN FRANCISCO - AT THE SAME TIME 97

LITTLE CHARLIE (ON PHONE)

Grandpa, is that you?

Harry freezes, the question hits him hard.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

Call your Mommy, Charlie.

LITTLE CHARLIE (ON PHONE)

When are you coming to visit me, Grandpa?

Harry flinches nervously.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

I don't know, sweetie. Go play.

97

CONTINUED:

Harry slams the phone down. Thinks. His mind racing. He looks up a phone number in his directory. Finds it - Mrs. Walsh.

He dials the number, his fingers struggling with the rotary.

MRS. WALSH'S ELDERLY VOICE IS HEARD:

MRS. WALSH (ON PHONE)

Hello?

HARRY (TO PHONE)

Mrs. Walsh, this is Harry Allen from next door. Listen, I wonder if you wouldn't mind doing me a favor. I've been trying to call my wife, but the line is out of order...

MRS. WALSH (ON PHONE)
You want me to go over and see if she's in?

HARRY (TO PHONE)

Yes. Yes. That's it.

MRS. WALSH (TO PHONE)

Hold on a minute.

A LOUD CLANKING SOUND as she puts the phone down.

Holding the receiver, Harry gets up and looks out his window. San Francisco lies at his feet. He is shaking nervously. He sees a BUSINESS MAN on his knees, picking up official-looking papers he dropped on the pavement. Then chasing them down in the breeze.

MRS. WALSH (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Mr. Allen?

She's out of breath. Harry hesitates.

He watches the business man down in the street pulling the pile of his papers together and climbing aboard a cable car.

MRS. WALSH (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Mr. Allen.

HARRY

Yes.

MRS. WALSH

There's no answer at the door. I can write a note for her if you want. Slip it under.

The color drains from Harry's face.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

It was over. And it could never be the same.

Harry is suddenly calm. Collected. He sighs deeply.

OLD RICHARD (CONT'D)

Harry's life was starting anew.

HARRY

Oh, would you, Mrs. Walsh. That's so kind of you. Could you ask her to call me?

MRS. WALSH

She could use my phone if she wants.

HARRY

Of course. Thank you, Mrs. Walsh.

He hangs up the phone and sighs deeply just as his secretary, Miss Jones, walks in. She looks him over as she picks up some papers from his out box.

MISS JONES

Is everything alright, Mr. Allen?

HARRY

Why shouldn't it be?

MISS JONES

I thought you looked a little pale, that's all.

HARRY

Oh, nonsense.

His face becomes flushed. Miss Jones says nothing, but stands at the door watching him curiously.

He looks up at her and forces a smile.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if I snapped at you, Miss Jones. I think I might be getting a cold. That's what it is. You know how I hate to be sick. I'll take some hot whisky with lemon tonight.

MISS JONES

Oh, I'll give you some of my cold pills, Mr. Allen. I have some in my desk. They're wonderful.

HARRY

Oh, don't bother.

But it's too late, she's running out the door. In a split second she's back.

MISS JONES

You take the red one in the morning, a green one at lunch time and the yellow one before you go to bed, so it doesn't matter when you start...

HARRY

I don't really think....

MISS JONES

They worked for my sister. And Milt, in shipping, he swears by them.

He takes the pills from her.

**HARRY** 

Can I pay you something for these?

MISS JONES

Don't be silly, Mr. Allen. Never in a hundred years. I just want you to be well. Otherwise Mrs. Allen might catch it.

His PHONE RINGS. Miss Jones grabs it.

MISS JONES (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Mr. Allen's office. Yes, of course.

She hands him the phone and giggles.

MISS JONES (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

Harry looks at the phone in shock.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

Hello?

PAT (ON PHONE)

Well, hello, Harry. What's the matter? Mrs. Walsh left a note on the door telling me to call you.

He is paralyzed for a moment.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

No, nothing really.

He motions for Miss Jones to leave.

PAT (ON PHONE)

Oh, good. I was worried. It's not like you to call during the day.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

The line is out of order. Where are you calling from?

PAT (ON PHONE)

Mrs. Walsh's. I was washing my hair when she rang the bell before. I'll call the phone company from here.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

How's your tummy?

PAT (ON PHONE)

Better. Thanks. It cleared up after you left so I didn't take anything for it. I'll just take the usual dose tonight before sleep.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

Okay.

He's thinking. He's thinking.

HARRY (TO PHONE) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Oh. There's a ghastly dinner tonight with some local

manufacturers.

(MORE)

HARRY (TO PHONE) (CONT'D) (cont'd) Bill's out and I have to attend. I'll be late. That's all I wanted to say.

PAT (ON PHONE)

That's okay. I'll go see that movie at the Clay. I've been wanting to see it and it probably won't be there much longer. It's meant to be good.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

Don't wait up for me. You know how these things are. I'll be very late.

PAT (ON PHONE)

(laughing)

I'll be in bed by 11:30, as usual. I promise.

HARRY (TO PHONE)

And don't forget your medicine.

PAT (ON PHONE)

I never do, Harry.

Harry hangs up the phone quickly, and sits back in his chair out of breath.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

There were just a few more hours to wait. At 11:30 that night, Pat Allen would be dead. She'd go to sleep, feel no pain, and be gone. It was a sad little ending and he knew it.

98 OMIT SCENE 98
99 OMIT SCENE 99
100 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ROAD - EVENING 100
Harry drives out of the city. Clouds are pulling in.
101 INT. MOVING ALLEN CAR. OUTSIDE SAN FRANCISCO - LATER 101
Rain. Inside Harry's Ford, the windshield wipers streak and

screech, driving painful daggers into Harry's head.

He flinches as he drives, the windshield wipers going back and forth tensely, annoyingly, impossibly. Again. And again...

Harry stops the car by the side of the road to let his shivering subside.

He notices a roadside bar not too far away.

102 INT. ROADSIDE BAR - NIGHT

102

Harry is at the bar counter. He quickly downs a whisky soda.

He looks up, he catches the eye of the BARTENDER, a busy-body type, giving him the look over.

BARTENDER

Another, sir?

HARRY

Right away.

He anxiously watches the Bartender pour, he needs this drink.

The Bartender serves him. Harry pays.

Harry quickly brings the drink to his lips, about to gulp it down. Looks up at the scrutinizing Bartender. Stops. Puts the glass down untouched, to appear more relaxed.

HARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd) I think I'll nurse this one for a while. What's the rush?

The Bartender nods, as if he cares.

103 EXT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY - NIGHT

103

It's raining harder now.

Harry pulls up in front of Kay's house.

The porch light is switched on as Harry makes his way through the wet darkness toward the house.

The door opens and Kay anticipates him.

KAY

You must be frozen, Harry.

He kisses her. She laughs; his glasses are all fogged up.

103

KAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You are frozen. Come in. I've got a
fire going in the den.

104 INT. KAY'S HOUSE. MONTEREY - NIGHT

104

Harry takes off his wet coat and hat and puts them on a chair by the fire in the den.

KAY

Gin and tonic?

HARRY

I'd rather have a whisky and soda, if you can spare it.

She laughs, that beautiful Kay laugh.

KAY

Of course I can spare it. It's yours anyway. You bought it.

Harry kneels by the fire and caresses one of Kay's cats.

HARRY

Don't keep telling me that the things I give you are mine, darling. They're ours, ours forever. Soon you'll have everything you want.

Kay finishes mixing drinks and gives Harry his whisky and soda. She raises her gin and tonic.

KAY

Well, cheers. God bless us all then.

HARRY

God bless...

KAY

Amen.

They clink and drink.

HARRY

If there is a God. Don't you think there might not be? This cruel world.

104

KAY

I'd like to think there's a God. Otherwise, how do we explain all this rain all of a sudden?

She laughs and drinks again, as if she needs it. He glances at his watch.

KAY (CONT'D)

Are you feeling alright, Harry?

HARRY

Yes. Thank you, darling. I feel wonderful.

He takes her in his arms.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I feel wonderful when I'm with you.

KAY

You look a bit off.

HARRY

A little chill. It's nothing. I'm fine now.

He tilts her face up and kisses her. She steps back.

KAY

You shouldn't have come if you've got a chill. Not on a night like this.

HARRY

And not be with you? No, thank you.

KAY

You better take a couple of aspirins before you go to bed.

Harry smiles to himself, a man with a secret.

KAY (CONT'D)

What's funny?

He places his arm around her shoulder and holds her tightly, not kissing her, but gazing down at the carpet.

HARRY

Dear Kay, I love you so much.

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

He slides his hand from her shoulders up the side of her head, and pulls her head down so that it rests on his shoulder. Then he bends down and puts his cheek against her brow.

She reaches up and puts her hand on his, caressing it.

HARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Nothing frightens me when I'm with you.

She pulls away.

KAY

I better get supper.

HARRY

I'll help you.

KAY

Go and sit by the fire, Harry. Most of supper is ready.

HARRY

I'd rather help you, darling.

KAY

There's nothing you can do, really. There isn't. Soup just needs heating up. Go and sit.

HARRY

I'll miss you.

She smiles sadly.

KAY

I'll be back in a minute. Pour yourself another good, stiff one.

He watches her go out. Checks his watch nervously. Pours another drink.

Takes all three of Miss Jones' pills.

DISSOLVE TO:

105 INT. KAY'S LIVING ROOM. MONTEREY - LATER

105

They are finishing up their dinner, laid out on a trolley Kay has rolled out in front of the fire.

105

HARRY

Let's put a record on.

He moves to get up, she puts her hand on his to stop him.

KAY

Let's not.

HARRY

What's the matter, Kay? You're very thoughtful tonight.

She looks at him seriously.

KAY

I've got good cause to be.

He shifts uneasily in his chair.

HARRY

What's the matter? For heaven's sake, tell me, don't just sit there.

KAY

Harry, I don't want you to get the wrong idea...

HARRY

Wrong idea? What wrong idea could I possibly get. What's wrong?

KAY

There's no one who means as much to me as you, the way you do, and never has been since Ronald died...

She pauses. Harry looks at her wide-eyed, still and unblinking.

Kay looks at him straight in the eyes, her lips tightly parted.

She rises and comes around to him, sits on the arm of his chair, and puts her arm around his shoulders. She presses him against her side.

KAY (CONT'D)

KAY (CONT'D)

And, above all, I don't think it's even fair to you, or me.

He is crushed. Thunderstruck. Appalled.

HARRY

(in a whisper)

Why?

She doesn't answer.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Please don't do this, Kay. Why, Kay? Why? You can't stop this now. It's too late.

Kay strokes his hair, trying ineffectually to flatten the bits which stand up.

KAY

Do you wish me to marry you to avoid letting you down? From a sense of duty? Is that what you're suggesting?

HARRY

This is only a passing qualm, Kay.

He tries to get out of the chair, but she gently pushes him back.

KAY

Not now, my dear. This is no time for another drink. This is a time for clear thinking. And talking.

He sits back in the chair, very still, his eyes staring at the wall, the firelight reflecting in the lenses of his glasses.

KAY (CONT'D)

Don't you see? Don't you see? She would always be between us.

**HARRY** 

Would she? I doubt it. I've made peace with Pat.

(bitterly)

'She'd come between us," that's what they always say in the movies.

(MORE)

105

HARRY (cont'd)

"Her shadow would come between us." Pat's happiness is not your problem. I want to be happy. With you.

KAY

I, for one, cannot take that chance. I would like to have married you. But not this way.

She considers her words carefully.

KAY (CONT'D) (cont'd) We can't build our happiness upon the unhappiness of somebody else. Some people could, but not people with our burden of conscience.

HARRY

What other way is there?

KAY

This is as hard for me as it is for you.

HARRY

Then don't let's come to a final decision tonight.

KAY

I won't feel any different tomorrow.

She puts her arms around him and places her cheek against his brow, as he had done earlier in the evening.

KAY (CONT'D)

Let's see if we could get through to the end of our lives now without further damage.

There's a sudden look in his eyes, cold and frightening. He moves her away from him, firmly, not rough, and rises to his feet.

He checks his watch and quickly gets his coat and hat.

HARRY

Thank you for your past kindness. Also for tonight's dinner.

KAY

Don't let it end like this, Harry.

105

HARRY

Like what?

KAY

In bitterness.

She tries to put her arms around his neck, but he draws back swiftly.

HARRY

Don't let it end like that, either.

She lets her arms fall to her sides.

KAY

You think I'm a monster, don't you?

HARRY

I think you might have let me know a bit earlier.

And he runs out. We hear the FRONT DOOR SLAM.

Kay is left alone. Tears come to her eyes.

Suddenly, we hear FOOTSTEPS above her.

Then, DRAWING NEAR, FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE STAIRS.

A beat later, Richard is at her side. He's been waiting upstairs all this time. Listening.

He takes her in his arms and holds her tightly for a long time.

RICHARD

You did the right thing, dear.

KAY

It was so quick.

Suddenly, they hear the FRONT DOOR OPEN, and before they can move, Harry is back in the room, a look of shock on his face as he watches his mistress in his best friend's arms.

There's a long, awkward moment, unbearable and packed with so much emotion, they can only stand there.

Harry finally stares down at the carpet, blood rushing to his face.

HARRY

(softly)

May I..? May I have back the letters I wrote to you, Kay?

KAY

Now?

HARRY

It's better for both of us to have the letters out of the way.

Richard watches, says nothing, trying to make himself invisible. Harry complies by ignoring him, as if to make this devastating revelation less painful.

KAY

I can burn them.

HARRY

I'd rather have them.

KAY

Don't you trust me to burn them for you?

HARRY

It's the sort of thing one can forget.

KAY

They're all over the place, Harry.

Harry finally looks at Richard.

HARRY

Burn them tomorrow morning, Kay, the whole lot, without fail. Please.

Harry turns to leave.

RICHARD

Harry...

HARRY

Let's pretend I'm running down to the store to get a bottle of gin. Or, better yet, that I was never here. Let's make it easy like that. I've lost everything tonight. I'd rather not think about it. 105 CONTINUED: (6)

105

And he walks off, never looking back.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

He was at the end of his search.

106A EXT./INT. MOVING ALLEN CAR - LATER

106A

Harry drives as fast as he can, changing gears as he passes slow-moving cars.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

Whatever happened, there would be no love in his life of the kind he had dreamed as a boy.

He passes a passenger bus, its windows misted up like a ghost bus, shadows lurking inside.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Because there never would be and never could be another Kay.

Harry's hands are shaking on the steering wheel.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Because he was betrayed by his best friend. And he was about to become a murderer.

His eyes dart nervously to the rear-view mirror.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

About to be locked up.

Change gears, pass a slow-moving truck.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Execution his only way out.

Change gears, negotiate a sharp turn in the road.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Forever unloved and unforgiven.

Change gears...

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

But there was still time.

Suddenly, a SIREN!

106A

The blue light of the police car behind him quickly passed Obby as he slows down.

A hand motions for Harry to pull over.

The police car pulls over by the side of the road.

His heart throbbing in his throat, Harry stops behind the police car and rolls down his window.

TWO POLICEMEN walk toward him, shining a flashlight.

POLICEMAN 1 stands in front of the car and writes the license plate number down in his book.

POLICEMAN 2 bends down and pokes his face into the car.

POLICEMAN 2

Are you aware that you have no rear lights working on this car, sir?

HARRY

(almost whispering) That's impossible.

POLICEMAN 2

Come again!

HARRY

No, sir. I'm not aware.

POLICEMAN 2

Well, don't take my word for it. Why don't you step out of the car and check for yourself, buddy.

HARRY

That's all right. I believe you. Can we just do this quickly?

Policeman 1 comes over.

POLICEMAN 1

Step out of the car, please, sir.

Harry opens the door and gets out. He runs quickly to the rear of the car.

Policeman 2 points.

POLICEMAN 2

See? No lights.

106A CONTINUED: (2)

106A

Harry gives the light a bang with his hand and the bulb lights up.

POLICEMAN 1

That's better.

HARRY

Bad connection.

POLICEMAN 2

Let me see your driver's license.

HARRY

Surely you're not going to give me a summons for this?

POLICEMAN 2

You driving without a license?

HARRY

No. Yes. No, no, here.

Harry feels his pockets and takes out his license. The officer examines it with his flashlight.

Harry checks his watch nervously.

POLICEMAN 2

You in a hurry, sir?

HARRY

No.

POLICEMAN 2

Where you heading?

HARRY

San Francisco.

POLICEMAN 1

That's a good two hours away. Got enough gas to last you through?

Harry nods and checks his watch again: 9:30PM.

The Policeman gives him back his license. Harry turns to get back in his car.

POLICEMAN 1 (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What about insurance papers?

Harry takes out his wallet and pulls out his insurance card.

106A CONTINUED: (3)

106A

HARRY

I really should get back home.

Policeman 1 checks his insurance.

POLICEMAN 2

You should have thought of that before you decided to break the law, sir.

HARRY

I haven't broken...

POLICEMAN 1

Everything's in order.

Harry takes his card back.

HARRY

Thank you.

Harry gets back in his car and grabs for the door.

From the other side of the car, Policeman 1 suddenly calls out:

POLICEMAN 1

Hold it!

Harry sits back exasperated.

HARRY

What now?

POLICEMAN 1

You know you can be charged if you drive around without an inspection sticker properly displayed on the windshield.

HARRY

Yes. But I have it. The glue went bad. But it's there. And it's in order.

POLICEMAN 1

But not so we can see it, sir.

Harry checks his watch.

106A CONTINUED: (4)

106A

HARRY

I'll get it seen to. I'll get it seen to, tomorrow.

POLICEMAN 2

Better just stick it straight on the windshield. That's the best in the long run, I find. There's faulty suction in the glue, see. It never stays on long. The suction.

HARRY

Tomorrow.

POLICEMAN 1

That will be all then.

HARRY

I'm free to go?

POLICEMAN 1

Just doing the tax payers' job.

HARRY

Thanks.

The Policemen walk back to their car. Policeman 1 is laughing about something.

Harry waits for them to start their car. Watches them slide swiftly forward and the tail light grow smaller in the distance.

He quickly switches his engine on. Takes off.

He looks at his watch.

## 107 TIME/DRIVING/DEATH MONTAGE - NIGHT

107

We see shots of Harry's watch moving through, the minutes ticking away, superimposed and dissolved over shots of Harry driving...

Harry talking to himself, hurrying to get to Pat...

SHOTS FROM HARRY'S IMAGINATION: PAT GETTING READY FOR BED, PAT TAKING THE POISON AND MIXING IT WITH WATER, DRINKING, PAT GOING TO SLEEP FOREVER...

Harry drives fast through the streets of San Francisco...

107

11:45PM and Harry drives up the hill and arrives at:

108 EXT. ALLEN HOUSE. PACIFIC HEIGHTS - NIGHT

108

The porch light is on, but there's no light inside.

Harry stops the car with a loud SCREECH and runs tensely to the front door.

Opens it.

109 Runs down the hallway.

109

Up the stairs to his bedroom.

Grabs the doorknob and bursts in...

110 INT. ALLEN BEDROOM. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 110

Harry stops dead. The room is dark. Pat is lying on her side, fully dressed; she never even had a chance to prepare for bed after taking the poison.

He puts a shaking hand to his mouth.

Then he jumps. Looks at Pat's Nichol's bottle - evidence.

He grabs her medicine bottle off the night table and slips it into his coat pocket, thinking, looking around, panicking. Evidence removed.

Then he remembers. There's more. He takes the new digestive powder bottle he bought this morning out of his inside pocket and places it by Pat's bed. Bottles switched, as planned. But all is lost. Pat's dead. Kay's no longer his. Richard. Brutus. It's all over.

He starts heaving, hyperventilating.

He runs to the window and opens it to let fresh air in.

CLOSE UP of Harry's face in shock. He sees John O'Brien sneaking out of the house and running down the street.

Then:

PAT
Are you all right, Harry?

He jumps and turns horrified.

PAT (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(nervously)

You're home early.

He stares at her as if she was a ghost.

She gets up slowly from her bed.

He leans back against the window as she slowly approaches him.

PAT (CONT'D)

I must have dozed off.

To her surprise, Harry takes her in his arms.

PAT (CONT'D)

Oh, dear, what's wrong?

HARRY

Nothing's wrong. Everything's the same, Pat. You should know, I want you to know.

PAT

Know what?

HARRY

How much I need you.

She smiles faintly.

PAT

I know, darling. I've always known that.

She moves away, sits back down on her bed and measures her dose with a teaspoon.

PAT (CONT'D)

Funny, I could swear the bottle was half empty. I think my mind is going.

HARRY

I guess we're getting older.

Yes. We are. A bit too set in our ways, aren't we?

HARRY

Yes.

(pause) I love you, Pat.

PAT

I love you too, Harry.

He goes to the bathroom. Closes the door behind him.

Pat is alone, a sad, resigned smile frozen on her face.

She begins to mix the powder with water. Drinks it down, gulp by gulp. We watch her face as she slowly pulls herself together.

PAT (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Maybe we should take a trip
somewhere, Harry. Just the two of
us.

HARRY (O.S.)
(from bathroom)
I'd like that.
(pause)
How was the picture?

PAT

Fine.

## 111 BATHROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

111

Harry, still in his coat, is looking at himself in the mirror.

PAT (O.S.)
(yelling a bit too loudly)
It was a good picture. Happy
ending.

We hold on Harry, tears in his eyes, trying to hold back the sound of his crying.

112 EXT. ALLEN HOUSE. PACIFIC HEIGHTS - DAY

112

The house in the morning. Still.

The door opens and Harry walks out, dressed in his usual coat and tie.

> He walks down the driveway and picks up the morning newspaper.

> > OLD RICHARD (V.O.) And so Harry and Pat Allen were resolved to continue to live their lives together ...

Harry walks back toward the house reading the newspaper.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) ...in that way couples do...

Pat meets him at the door. She's still in her robe. He gives her a section of the paper.

> OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) ...to have and to hold. 'Till death do them apart.

A CAR HONKS, they both turn as Becky, Tom and little Charlie drive by waving hello before disappearing down the block.

Pat and Harry remain looking with their waving hands in mid air. FREEZE FRAME.

- 113 113 EXT. THE POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT Two couples walk into the big, extravagant restaurant.
- INT. THE POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. SAN FRANCISCO NIGHT 114 114

Around the table, Harry and Pat, Richard and Kay, a double date appearing normal. Kay and Pat connecting. Harry and Richard listening. Harry's outward calm is almost inhuman, but he cannot fully hold it in, the pain is there, we see it.

> OLD RICHARD (V.O.) Kay and I waited a few months to start coming out as a couple. I quess we wanted to be kind in our own way, to let the pain subside for Harry.

Kay excuses herself to go to the powder room. Pat beams at Richard.

PAT

It was bound to happen, Rich, a darling like you could never stay a bachelor. She's a doll. You're a lucky man.

RICHARD

I suppose I am.

HARRY

You are.

PAT

Couldn't have happened to a nicer fellow.

HARRY

How serious is it?

RICHARD

Very serious. The most serious I've ever been. There's a real bond between us.

HARRY

So, marriage?

RICHARD

Yes, marriage. If she'll have me.

PAT

She will. How could she not?

She raises her glass.

PAT (CONT'D)

A toast. To Richard and Kay.

Richard raises his wine glass.

RICHARD

To us.

They wait for harry's toast.

Harry slowly raises his glass. Hesitates. Looks at Richard. Then Pat.

HARRY

To life!

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

They clink glasses.

DISSOLVE TO:

115 INT. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - NIGHT

115

A game of charades, everyone is here: Pat, Harry, Kay, Richard, and OTHER FRIENDS - the married crowd. An air of normalcy and fun, drinking and relaxing about the place.

John O'Brien is in the spotlight, making weird charades motions and indicating "first word." He's drunk. People are laughing and throwing out wild guesses.

MALE VOICE 1 (O.S.)

Road...

FEMALE VOICE 1 (0.S.)

Bridge!

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

Whoever in this room knows what goes on in the mind of the person who sleeps next to you, please raise your hand.

O'Brien shakes his head. Drinks. Makes a movement indicating something like - ROAD.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I dare you to.

MALE VOICE 3 (O.S.)

(chuckling)

Is this a song or a map?

O'Brien laughs, indicating - SONG.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

I know you can't. Not honestly.

FEMALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)

Voyage... Journey!

FEMALE VOICE 3

Sentimental journey!

John O'Brien touches his nose and points. Right guess!

115

He walks over to the sofa and kisses his NEW GIRLFRIEND, younger, blonde, tipsy, and plunks down next to her, putting his arm around her.

116 EXT. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - LATER

116

Everyone's bidding their good-byes to Pat and Harry as they make their way to their cars, happy and exhausted.

Cars drive off and quickly all is quiet and still.

Harry leans forward and claps his hand.

HARRY

Come on, girl.

Harry and Pat's new dog runs into the house after them and the door shuts behind.

117 INT. ALLEN CABIN. CARMEL - LATER

117

The room is empty, an after party mess.

Pat walks in and starts cleaning up, picking up plates and glasses, emptying ash trays.

A beat later, Harry walks in and arranges the furniture back in place.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Harry Allen was the most noble man
I ever met. In twenty years he
never once talked about his loss.

She helps him move a table.

We stay on this scene for a while, watching a long-married couple putting their house back in order.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) In fact I now believe it was a new beginning.

DISSOLVE TO:

118 CHARLIE MONTAGE

118

Still pictures cut and dissolve with 8mm home movies - the life and times of little Charlie.

We see him as the child we know, then a young kid playing chess, a blue-blazered, prep school teenager, Stanford graduate, young man posing for the camera with a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE, a picture-perfect couple...

DISSOLVE TO:

119 EXT. HILL. BIG SUR. 1969 - SUNSET

119

WEDDING GUESTS in formal attire stroll up the hill, following Charlie, the young groom, and the Blonde, his beautiful bride, into the sunset under a big sky.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
On August 3rd 1969, while most kids were yapping about free love, changing the world and self expression, young Charlie, twenty five year-old grandson of Harry Allen, was tying the knot with the first woman he'd ever been with. It was a beautiful ceremony.

As Guests reach the top of the hill, the Pacific Ocean opens up below, a spectacular view in the fading light.

A small stage is set for the ceremony with chairs arranged around it.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) That night, the wedding party stayed in a nearby hotel. But Harry insisted on sleeping with Pat in their own bed.

120 INT. MOVING NEW ALLEN CAR. ROAD TO SAN FRANCISCO. 1969 - 120

Old Harry and Old Pat, now in their late sixties drive in their new car back from the wedding.

It's been twenty years, Pat's hair is as red as ever. Harry is grayer than gray.

PAT

Honestly, Harry, the ceremony took my breath away. The ocean. How in love the kids were. And that dress. Women didn't have bodies like that when we were young, Harry, did they? We're so lucky. So lucky that life's come to moments like this.

120

Harry laughs.

HARRY

Listen to you. You're a sentimental fool after all...

She slides closer to him and rests her head on his shoulder as he drives.

PAT

It's your bad influence after all these years..

Old Harry smiles, relaxes as he drives.

His stare drifts toward A BILLBOARD UP AHEAD.

It's an old, peeling sign, faded, but clearly reading:

"SLUMBO, Drink a cup, get eight hours of sleep and be a beauty like me."

WE SEE OLD HARRY'S EYES GLAZE OVER, AS HIS MIND DRIFTS WITH THE BILLBOARD, A TYPICAL HARRY MOMENT, LOST IN HIS HEAD.

He takes a thoughtless turn without slowing,

the CAR WHEELS SCREECHING.

Old Pat's eyes open. She sits up in surprise at their speed, just before

Harry loses control, and

120A the car spins off the road,

120A

horror washing over them, and

the car tumbles,

and spins and finally smashes into a tree by the side of the road,

with a LOUD CRASH that ends in absolute SILENCE.

FADE TO BLACK

121 INT. VETERANS' MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. SAN FRANCISCO 1969 - DAY 21

A WAILING ambulance breezes by Old Richard as he makes his way toward the hospital entrance, sitting on a high cliff overlooking the bay.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)
Nowadays, I consider death to be
neither cruel nor unfortunate, but
a simple fact, as normal an event
as birth. I just never expected Pat
to be the first to go among us.

- 122 INT. VETERANS' MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. SAN FRANCISCO. 1969 122 Old Richard follows a VERY PRETTY NURSE down the corridor.
- 123 INT. ROOM. VETERANS' MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. SAN FRANCISCO 196923
  Old Richard walks into the room and stops at the door.

NURSE

(to Old Richard)
You mustn't stay more than a few
minutes.

OLD RICHARD

Thanks, doll.

He smiles flirtatiously, she smiles back and leaves.

Old Richard moves toward the bed. Old Harry is asleep, his head lightly dressed; he survived the accident mostly intact.

Old Richard looks at Old Harry sleeping.

Old Richard puts his hand on Old Harry's, gently, but enough for Harry to open his eyes.

A moment passes between them. Then:

OLD RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry about Pat, Harry.

Old Harry looks at him, saying nothing.

OLD RICHARD (CONT'D)
You know how fond I was of her. Kay
too, she sends her condolences.

OLD HARRY

You know you owe me, Rich.

OLD RICHARD

I owe you?

OLD HARRY

I need you to do me a favor.

OLD RICHARD

Of course, Harry. Anything.

Long pause, the silence painful.

OLD HARRY

I don't want to go on without her.

OLD RICHARD

Kay?

Tears fill Harry's eyes, yet he laughs.

OLD HARRY

Not everything's about you, my friend. There's so much you don't understand. You'd think after all these years you'd know me better.

124 EXT. PHOTO SUPPLY STORE. SAN FRANCISCO. 1969 - DAY

124

Old Richard is at the supply counter.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

And so he told me everything. He remembered dates, exact times, from that first lunch with Kay to Pat's last moment.

The STORE CLERK reaches for a bottle of Altrapeine and points for Old Richard to sign the dangerous chemicals book.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

It was a funny story in its way. About a man who tried to poison his wife and then was hopeless without her.

Old Richard signs his name.

125 INT. VETERANS' MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. SAN FRANCISCO. 1969 - DAWNS Old Richard walks into the hospital.

OLD RICHARD (V.O.)

I must admit, it put me in a state where I wasn't thinking about myself. Not clearly. My heart was breaking for Harry.

126 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. VETERANS' MEMORIAL. 1969 - LATER 126

Old Richard mixes the poison into a glass of water. Gives it to Harry.

Harry brings the glass to his lips and takes a sip.

Old Richard watches as Harry drinks the poison.

OLD RICHARD Frankly, your honor, I couldn't refuse him...

QUICK CUT TO:

127 INT. COURT ROOM. SAN FRANCISCO. 1970 - DAY

127

Old Richard is looking down at his wrinkled hands. He is on the witness stand in front of a full court.

THIS IS WHERE THE VOICE OVER HAS BEEN COMING FROM, HE IS ON TRIAL. THIS FILM IS HIS TESTIMONY.

He looks up from his hands.

OLD RICHARD

And so I killed Harry Allen.

He thinks about it.

OLD RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd) As a mercy killing. As a friend. It may sound peculiar to you, but... I felt relieved I could help him somehow...

CHATTER in the courtroom. Cut off by the JUDGE'S GAVEL.

----

OLD RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd) I had twenty years of happiness. That's more than most. I regret nothing. I deserved to be happy...

Old Richard shrugs. Coughs hard. He looks at the pews. Smiles faintly.

Then Old Richard looks straight at us.

OLD RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd) I always thought I was a better man than Harry: better with women, better at love, better at everything. I'm not sure that's true anymore. But I was better at one thing - murder. You may judge this old man as you wish.

Old Richard wipes his brow with a handkerchief, turns to the Judge.

OLD RICHARD (CONT'D) (cont'd) I'm tired, sir. I can't go on. May I stop now?

JUDGE

We'll stop for today. Court will be back in session tomorrow at 10:30AM.

The Judge's gavel draws Richard's testimony to an end.

People in the pews stand. The Judge exits.

A CACOPHONY OF OVERLAPPING CONVERSATIONS QUICKLY FILLS THE ROOM.

Exhausted, Old Richard watches the chattering crowd mixing in the pews. He tries to stand, but he is overcome with emotion. He remains seated on the witness stand.

Old Richard's eyes meet OLD KAY's, now in her late fifties. She's sitting in the back overwhelmed by Richard's testimony. It's the first time she's heard the story.

He looks at her for forgiveness. She holds his look, uncertain, struggling.

Finally, she wipes her tears, stands slowly and approaches the witness stand with grace and dignity.

She helps Old Richard stand and props him up, placing a walking cane in his hand.

Slowly, they shuffle together through the crowd. QUICKLY, A SILENCE FALLS.

Everyone stares at the old couple as they move down the aisle out of the courtroom, Old Richard leaning on his Old Kay - a sweet, harmless, long-married couple showing the kind of love and attentiveness every couple would kill for.

MUSIC SWELLS UP AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

128 EXT. CEMETERY - DAWN

128

MUSIC CONTINUES.

We move closer and closer toward two adjacent graves under an early blooming tree bathed in a wintery light, stopping to read the words etched in stone:

HARRY ALLEN 1895-1969 Devoted Husband

## PATRICIA ALLEN 1900-1969 Faithful Wife

We hold on this shot for awhile, reflecting, listening to the MUSIC. Then-

FADE OUT:

-THE END-