

No. 02125

SOMEWHERE IN TIME

(Formerly: Bid Time Return)

Revised Final Draft

by

RICHARD MATHESON

Based On His Novel

BID TIME RETURN

SOMEWHERE IN TIME

FADE IN

1 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT - CLOSE ON AGED BRASS PLAQUE 1

illuminated by the light of a full moon: MILLFIELD COLLEGE. Faint music plays; some popular song of the day. Camera withdraws to reveal the moonlit campus. Couples stroll and sit on the grass, buildings are sporadically lit. It is a peaceful scene.

DISSOLVE TO

2 SERIES OF SHOTS (SEPARATED BY DISSOLVES) - NIGHT 2
thru thru
2-D 2-D

Various views of the moon-washed campus. Thick-foiled trees. Manicured lawns. Students together in groups of varying size. The song music continues. The final shot is of the illuminated Theatre Arts Building. Camera moves in on a poster board in front of the building until it fills the screen. The poster reads: May 19, 1972 / The Millfield College Workshop / Presents / TOO MUCH SPRING / A New Romantic Comedy / by / Richard Collier. A strip across the board reads OPENING NIGHT. Sounds of an animated gathering begin, gaining volume.

3 INT. THEATRE - STAGE - LONG SHOT 3

A large group of students and adults on the open stage which still contains the set for the play, a large table from it covered with bottles of soda, cans of beer, various chips, etc. on it; we see students covertly pouring liquor into paper cups. Music plays loudly on some radio; the song. The focus of attention is Richard Collier whose pretty date stands smiling contentedly beside him as he responds happily to back and shoulder pats, handshakes, hugs and general ad-lib congratulations. Camera moves in on the group in which he stands. The following dialogue is largely simultaneous in addition to ad-lib hubbub of party:

MALE STUDENT #1
Sensational, Dick! Funny as hell!

RICHARD
Thanks! Glad you liked it!

PROFESSOR
Well crafted, Mr. Collier. You did yourself proud.

RICHARD
Thank you, sir.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

PROFESSOR
I trust you're planning to continue
play writing.

RICHARD
Absolutely. It's all I want to do.

MALE STUDENT #2
Hey, Dick! You want a beer?

PROFESSOR
Good. You're well on your way.

RICHARD
(with a
modest smile)
I hope so.

A busty girl comes up to him and hugs him passionately.

BEVERLY
I loved it, Richard. Loved it.

DATE
Don't dent him, Beverly.

BEVERLY
(to Richard)
You don't think I'm too forward,
do you?

RICHARD
(glancing at
her chest)
You don't have much choice.

Beverly titters.

BEVERLY'S DATE
You gonna sell it to Broadway,
Rich?

RICHARD
Why not?

DATE
(kissing
his cheek)
He's going to be a big success.

Camera reaches the group now and, as it moves in on Richard's
face, the voices begin to fade. After a while, he looks to-
ward the auditorium at ---

4 A FEMALE FIGURE

4

in the shadows of a back row.

5 RICHARD

5

looking back at the group as the dialogue flares again.

(X)

PROFESSOR

More serious ideas?

(X)

RICHARD

Uh...Yeah; sure. I s'pose I will
-- in time. Right now....

He breaks off as Penelope, a humorously thin actress comes up to him and hands him a play program covered with signatures; kisses his cheek.

PENELOPE

Here, love.

RICHARD

Hey, great! Everybody sign it?

PENELOPE

Everyone but me.

(broadly seductive)

I'll sign it later...in private.

DATE

Over my dead body.

PENELOPE

We'd rather use a bed darling.

Laughter.

MR. BARKER

(shaking

Richard's hand)

Just wanted to let you know how
fine a job I think you did.

RICHARD

Thank you, Mr. Barker, I appreciate it.

Voices start to fade again as Richard looks aside at the figure once more.

6 THE FIGURE 6

watching him. We are closer to her this time but cannot identify her as to appearance or age.

7 OMITTED 7

8 SERIES OF SHOTS 8

alternating between Richard and the woman, each shot taking us closer to her though, in shadow, we cannot make out her features. Dialogue is now a rumble in the b.g. All through this sequence there is a hinting undercurrent of some strangely lovely music. The woman cannot take her eyes off Richard and he is mountingly aware of it, uncomfortable though trying to maintain a smiling facade toward the people around him. On the last shot, the woman is gone from her seat. Richard reacts to her disappearance and looks around. Dialogue flares as the camera moves around so that it is behind Richard.

DATE

What's the matter, honey?

RICHARD

Uh...nothing, nothing.

(to Professor)

Excuse me, sir?

PROFESSOR

I was saying that I've had an idea for a play kicking around in my head for some time and thought, perhaps, we might talk it over.

RICHARD

(not at all
interested,
but trying
to be polite)

Oh, yes. That would be....

(X)

PROFESSOR

It's not a heavy-minded, moralistic notion, mind you. But it could be....

Suddenly the hand of the very Old Woman reaches into frame and touches Richard's shoulder. It is as though he has anticipated it, so abruptly does he twist around, looking directly at camera, a startled expression on his face. The Professor stops talking suddenly.

9 OMITTED 9

10 OLD WOMAN'S FACE

10

seen in full light, staring at Richard, eyes glistening, obviously in a state of turmoil. (X)

11 TWO SHOT

11

Richard staring back, not knowing what to do; stricken without understanding why. No one else knows what to say either. He flinches as the Old Woman presses something into his right hand and leans in close to whisper to him, camera moving in on Richard's face and her lips on his ear, her whisper shaken, traumatized.

OLD WOMAN

Come back to me.

She turns abruptly out of frame, Richard staring after her, camera withdrawing to include Richard's Date and a few of the others.

DATE

What was that about?

Richard doesn't answer, staring after the Woman.

DATE

You know her?

RICHARD

I never saw her in my life.

BEVERLY

(sighing)

Another conquest.

PENELOPE

Even old ladies love him. What's your secret, Richard?

He forces a smile and returns to the group but keeps glancing toward the o.s. departing Woman, obviously in a state of mystification.

DATE

What did she give you?

He holds up the object -- man's gold watch, obviously not contemporary. Richard looks at it, gripped by a sense of something inexplicable. Dialogue again, largely simultaneous:

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

PROFESSOR
That looks valuable.

DATE
That's beautiful!

BEVERLY
Who was she?

BEVERLY'S DATE
I never saw her before.

PENELOPE
Let me see, Richard.

She takes the watch from Richard who looks o.s., wondering what just happened. Camera holds.

DISSOLVE TO

11-A EXT. HOTEL ROAD - NIGHT - THE CAR 11-A

being driven down the highway, then turned in at a sign reading: GRAND HOTEL. (X)

Title and credits begin. (X)

12 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON OLD WOMAN'S FACE 12

as she sits motionless, eyes glistening with unfallen tears. Camera withdraws to the front of the car to reveal a chauffeur driving her. No music, only sounds. She stares ahead.

13 and 14 OMITTED 13 and 14

15 HER POINT OF VIEW - SHADOWY OUTLINE OF THE HOTEL 15

ahead: A massive structure which has stood on Kingston Point since the late 1800's.

16 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 16

The limousine is braked in front of the entrance and the doorman opens the back door, greeting the Old Woman familiarly. She manages a smile as she moves toward the front door of the hotel.

17 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DOWN ANGLE 17
as the Old Woman enters and crosses the lobby.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR

Evening.

The Old Woman does not respond.

18 OMITTED 18

19 INT. GROUND FLOOR - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 19

Camera pans to follow as she moves down the corridor. Stopping at a door, she unlocks it. Credits end.

20 INT. VESTIBULE OF SUITE - ANGLE ON DOOR 20

We see the number 117 on the door as the Old Woman opens, then closes it, and stands immobile, eyes shut. Laura Roberts' voice is heard o.s., making the Old Woman start and open her eyes, turning.

LAURA (o.s.)

How was the play?

The Old Woman controls her emotions and starts toward her room. Laura Roberts is on the sofa in the sitting room, wearing a nightgown and robe, a book on her lap. She is forty-three, a pleasant-looking woman. The room is furnished with mostly period pieces.

LAURA

Any good?

The Old Woman nods, moves out of frame. Laura starts to speak, then doesn't as the o.s. door to the Old Woman's room opens and closes, is locked. She hesitates, then sets aside her book and, rising, moves to the door, camera with her.

LAURA

Are you all right?

She waits. She is about to speak again when music starts to play inside the Old Woman's room, music to which we heard gathering fragments during the dance sequence in the Theatre Arts Building. Laura listens curiously.

21 INT. OLD WOMAN'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON RECORD TURNTABLE 21

Camera draws up slowly to reveal the phonograph console, then

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED 21

pans across the room to the window where the Old Woman stands, looking out. After a while, she starts to sit down on a rocking chair by the window.

22 CLOSE ON OLD WOMAN 22

as she sits on the chair with a tired sigh. The look of trauma has departed now. Listening to the music, it is being replaced by an expression of acceptance. As she rocks, camera pans down to the rockers until they fill the screen. Back and forth they go, back and forth. Abruptly, they stop. Camera holds on them as we:

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO

23 INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - CLOSE ON 23
FRAMED PROGRAM

The music from the previous scene continuing uninterrupted, now being played on a sophisticated stereo outfit. The program is that which Penelope gave Richard at the post-play party. It is somewhat faded now. Camera pans to a framed Playbill program; obviously professional. It reads: February 25, 1974 / OF COURSE I LOVE YOU, DON'T I? / A New Comedy / by / Richard Collier. Camera pans to a second framed Playbill program which reads: July 5, 1976 / DEARLY BELIKED / A New Comedy-Drama / by / Richard Collier. Camera pans to a third framed Playbill program which reads: October 14, 1978 / PASSIONATE APATHIES / A New Play / by / Richard Collier. In evidence, next to his typewriter is a sign which reads: THAT WHICH YOU THINK BECOMES YOUR WORLD. Camera pans to an open (X) balcony doorway. Outside, standing motionless on the balcony, looking out over Chicago, stands Richard Collier, his back to camera.

24 and 25 OMITTED 24 and 25

26 EXT. BALCONY - CLOSE ON RICHARD 26

virtually expressionless as he listens to the music. The contrast between his exuberance in the first sequence and his solemnity in this scene is total. After a while, the music shifts to a transitional passage and, stirring from his mood, Richard turns back to the living room.

27 INT. LIVING ROOM - RICHARD 27

as he shuts the balcony door, switches off the music, ejects

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

the cassette from its player; puts it into its holder, drops the holder into his jacket pocket, dons the jacket and moves across the well-furnished bachelor apartment. Reaching the hall door, where several pieces of luggage and a portable cassette recorder-player stand, he starts to open the door.

27-A INT. CORRIDOR - RICHARD

27-A

crosses to the elevator and pushes the down button. He has barely stepped back when the elevator door rolls open and Peter Mason comes charging out, almost hitting Richard who side-steps quickly.

PETER
(pointing at him)
Ah-ha!

RICHARD
Ah-ha, what?

He reaches out and stops the elevator door from closing.

PETER
Ah-ha, where are you going?

Richard enters the elevator with his luggage.

RICHARD
I told your secretary.

PETER
Never mind my secretary, tell me!

27-B INT. ELEVATOR

27-B

as the door closes and it starts down.

RICHARD
(patiently)
I'm going on a trip.

PETER
Where?

RICHARD
I'm not sure.

PETER
Why, then?

CONTINUED

27-B CONTINUED

27-E

RICHARD
(uncomfortably)
I don't know that either.

PETER
Wonderful!
(beat)
What about the play?

RICHARD
It isn't done.

PETER
(slightly
acidulous)
No kidding.
(beat)
Will it ever be?

RICHARD
(wearily)
I don't know, Peter.

PETER
Richard, there are people waiting
for that play!

RICHARD
(overlapping)
Peter, I have got to go.

27-C INT. LOBBY - ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS

27-C

as they open and Richard starts out, Peter with him. Camera moves with them.

PETER
(trying to
adjust)
Jill going with you?

RICHARD
No, we've broken up.

PETER
(with an
unbelieving
laugh)
That's three women in one year,
Richard! What are you trying to
do...set a world's record?

CONTINUED

27-C CONTINUED

RICHARD
(soberly)
You guessed it.

PETER
(groans)
Will you send me a picture post card?

RICHARD
(as he goes
outside)
Sure. 'Having a wonderful writer's
block. Wish you were here.'

PETER
Richard, we have got to talk.

They move off, Peter gesticulating wildly.

28 and 29 OMITTED 28 and 29

29-A thru 29-E SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY - RICHARD driving a Fiat through morning Chicago and up into Michigan, along its coast. His expression is glum. 29-A thru 29-E

30 EXT. FIAT - COAST - DAY - HIGH ANGLE MOVING SHOT as it moves along the coast highway, another appropriate section of the music we've heard playing. 30

31 thru 34 OMITTED 31 thru 34

A-35 WEST BLUFF - DAY - RUNBY A-35

B-35 HARBOR - DAY - RUNBY B-35

35 INT. FIAT - DAY - FROM BEHIND RICHARD 35

The music on the car cassette player. After a while, the car approaches the sign which reads: GRAND HOTEL. He glances at it, then looks ahead. Several moments pass before he decides casually and steers toward the shoulder. He brakes, looks back, waits for several cars to pass, then starts a U-turn. He drives back toward the entry road. (X)

- 36 EXT. ROAD - DAY - ANGLE ON FIAT 36
as Richard starts up the entry road, impressed by what he sees ahead.
- 37 RICHARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE MASSIVE STRUCTURE 37
which has stood on Kingston Point since the late 1800's. The same angle as the Old Woman's point of view earlier.
- 38 EXT. HOTEL - DAY 38
as Richard drives up to the entrance and brakes, the angle of the shot identical to that in which the Old Woman's limousine was braked in front of the hotel. The doorman who greets Richard is the same one who greeted her -- seven years have not affected his appearance radically.
- 39 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DOWN ANGLE 39
Again, the same shot as in the earlier sequence -- except that Richard doesn't cross to the elevator but to the desk.
- 40 ANGLE ON DESK 40
as Richard stops there and the desk Clerk turns to greet him.
- CLERK
Yes, sir.
- RICHARD
You have a room available?
- CLERK
(amused)
Until the season starts, we have a hundred rooms available.
- RICHARD
I'll take one then.
(shrugs)
I'll take a suite.
- CLERK
Yes, sir. For how long?
- RICHARD
Just tonight.

41 INT. LOBBY - ANGLE ON ENTRANCE

41

as Richard enters with Arthur, an aged porter who carries one of his bags. Richard carries the remainder of his luggage and the cassette recorder.

ARTHUR

(smiling)

Is this your first time here, Mr...?

RICHARD

Collier. Yes, it is. For some reason I never got around to coming here. Heard how nice it was though.

ARTHUR

Oh? When was that?

RICHARD

Seven years ago. I was going to Millfield College.

ARTHUR

(interestedly)

Oh, yes.

(nodding; beat)

The students come here now and then to enjoy the restaurant --

(confidentially)

-- and the rooms.

Richard smiles.

ARTHUR

Seems to me they held a graduation prom here back in -- '47, was it?

RICHARD

You've been here that long?

ARTHUR

(amused)

I've been here since 1910.

RICHARD

(startled)

Nineteen-ten?

He reacts to that as they stop at the elevator and the porter pushes the button.

ARTHUR

Uh-huh. Came here with my parents when I was only five years old. My father was a desk clerk.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

ARTHUR

(smiling)

I used to drive him insane playing
ball in the lobby.

(shaking his head)

He got so mad at me sometimes. I'm
lucky I lived to be six.

(turning)

Here we go.

42 INT. ELEVATOR

42

as it stops and the operator levers open the door. Richard
and Arthur get in and we see that the operator is the same
one who took the Old Woman up to her floor. The porter speaks
to him.

ARTHUR

Three, George.

The elevator door is closed, the cage starts to rise.

43

INT. THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY - ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

43

The elevator stops, the door is opened and Richard and Arthur
exit, starting along the corridor, the porter slightly in the
lead.

ARTHUR

What business you in, Mr. Collier?

RICHARD

I write plays.

ARTHUR

Do you? Marvelous.

(beat)

On vacation?

RICHARD

No. Just getting away from things.

(X)

ARTHUR

(chuckles)

I can tell you're not a married man.

RICHARD

(coming out of
his odd mood)

No.

(pause; smiling)

And probably never will be.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

ARTHUR
(scoffingly)
Oh; I don't believe that. Good-
looking young man like you.
(chuckles)
It's just a matter of time.

44
and OMITTED
45

44
and
45

45-A INT. SUITE 313 - DAY - ANGLE TOWARD WINDOW
Footsteps o.s., then ---

45-A

ARTHUR (o.s.)
Got yourself a fine view here.
He comes into frame and opens the window.

45-B REVERSE ANGLE

45-B

Richard takes a clip of bills from his pocket and removes the clip. He hands a five to the porter, smiling.

RICHARD
Thank you.

ARTHUR
Thank you, Mr. Collier. If there's
anything I can do for you, just let
me know. My name is Arthur and I
live in the bungalow behind the
hotel.

RICHARD
(warmly)
See you around, Arthur.

Something about the words and how he says them makes Arthur
pause to look at Richard closely.

RICHARD
(smiling)
What?

ARTHUR
(pause;
curiously)
Have we ever met before?

CONTINUED

45-B CONTINUED

45-B

RICHARD

I don't think so.

(pause)

Why? You think we have?

Arthur looks at him intently, then shakes himself out of the feeling and smiles.

ARTHUR

No, I'm sure we haven't. Have a nice stay here, Mr. Collier.

As the old man leaves the room, Richard reaches into his jacket pocket and takes out the watch the Old Woman gave him. He presses the stem and looks at the face as the cover opens.

46 INSERT - WATCH

46

The face delicately scribed. It is past two-thirty. Camera holds.

46-A
thru
51 OMITTED

46-A
thru
51

51-A INT. LOBBY - LATER - RICHARD

51-A

(Clothes changed.) Richard exiting elevator.

52 POINT OF VIEW - LOBBY - DAY

52

almost deserted. The Kingston Point Hotel Lobby, circa 1979.

53 INT. LOBBY - DAY - ANGLE ON STAIRCASE

53

as Richard reaches the lobby and crosses to the restaurant entrance.

53-A ANGLE ON DINING ROOM ENTRANCE

53-A

A Maitre d' working on some papers. He looks at Richard.

RICHARD

When do you open?

MAITRE D'

In about forty minutes, sir.

CONTINUED

53-A CONTINUED

53-A

RICHARD

Thank you.

He turns and looks around. His gaze settles on something across the lobby.

54 POINT OF VIEW - CORRIDOR

54

A sign above its entrance reading: HALL OF HISTORY

55 RICHARD

55

crossing toward the entrance to the corridor. He reaches the entrance and stops, looking at the Hall of History. Late afternoon light through the windows gives the empty corridor a strange haze-like effulgence. There are photographs on the walls, display cases, an alcove. Richard walks to the first photograph on the wall. It is that of the hotel in the early 1900's, a carriage and horse team in front of it, guests in the attire of the period. Richard shakes his head, smiling, then moves to the display case, looks inside. Camera moves to reveal a dish, a menu, a napkin ring, an iron, a phone, an open hotel register, a program for a play entitled Wisdom of the Heart / June 28, 1912. Richard looks at the objects with a charmed smile, then moves to an alcove. Inside it, behind a glass partition, is a typical hotel bedroom from early 1900's -- a bed, a bureau, table, chair, wall mirror, et al. Richard looks at it, then turns around. Abruptly, he freezes, staring at something o.s.

56 POINT OF VIEW - PHOTOGRAPH

56

illuminated mysteriously by the fading light; the photograph of a young woman. For the first time, we hear music from other than a natural source; the beginning of the score used of the music we've heard.

57 RICHARD

57

drawn to the photograph as though entranced by it. He stops in front of it and stares. The woman is in her late twenties, gloriously, ethereally beautiful. She is dressed in the style of the early 1900's. Richard looks down at the bottom of the photograph.

58 INSERT - FRAME

58

The outline of a missing nameplate is seen, two nail holes.

59 RICHARD 59
 looking at the photograph again, totally spellbound.

60 PHOTOGRAPH 60
 Camera holding on her lovely face.

61 HALL OF HISTORY - DAY - LONG SHOT 61
 Richard motionless in front of the photograph, captivated by
 it. Camera holds, holds.

62 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY - LATER - RICHARD 62
 sitting at a table, scarcely touching his food, staring into
 his thoughts. Camera holds.

63 INT. HALL OF HISTORY - DAY - LATER - CLOSE ON RICHARD 63
 approaching the photograph, stopping.

64 PHOTOGRAPH 64
 The last rays of sunset reflect Richard's face on the glass
 front of the photograph as he gazes at it. After a while, he
 tears himself away, moves out of shot, camera holding on
 photograph.

65 thru 67 OMITTED 65 thru 67

67-A EXT. HOTEL PORCH - DAY 67-A
 Back turned, Arthur is watering some flowers.

RICHARD (o.s.)

Arthur?

Arthur turns, surprised to see Richard. Camera draws around
 to include Richard as Arthur moves toward him.

ARTHUR

Yes, Mr. Collier.

RICHARD

There's a photograph in the Hall
 of History; a young woman. It has
 no nameplate....

CONTINUED

67-A CONTINUED

67-A

ARTHUR

(knowing
immediately)

Oh, yes. That's Elise McKenna.

RICHARD

(savoring
the name)

Elise McKenna.

ARTHUR

Yes, sir. She was a very famous
actress in her day.

(beat)

Starred in a play in the hotel
theatre.

RICHARD

(intrigued)

There's a theatre here?

ARTHUR

Down by the lake.

RICHARD

Really.

(beat)

When was the play done?

ARTHUR

1912.

RICHARD

(taken aback)

Nineteen-twelve.

The repetition of the year reinstalls the sense of oddness in Arthur and he stares at Richard. Richard doesn't notice, lost in his own thoughts. He puts a five-dollar bill on the counter.

RICHARD

Thank you, Arthur.

He turns away, Arthur watching him go. Something strange is happening but Arthur cannot fathom what it is.

68 INT. HALL OF HISTORY - DAY - RICHARD

68

walking to the photograph and standing in front of it. He draws in and releases a sigh of a breath.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED RICHARD 68
 Nineteen-twelve.
 (paused; pained)
 Oh, God.

69 THE PHOTOGRAPH 69
 Camera holds on Elise McKenna's exquisite features.

70 OMITTED 70

71 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 71
 seen from the beach, the sound of surf loud. Almost all the
 lights in the hotel are out. Camera moves in on suite 313.

72 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - RICHARD 72
 lying on his back in the dark room. Camera slowly moves in
 on him. When he is in close shot, he flings aside his bed-
 clothes with a snarl, sitting up abruptly, shockingly. He
 turns on the bedside table lamp and, picking up the watch
 from the table, looks at its face, groans humorously. He
 puts the watch back on the table, sits indecisively. Abruptly,
 he stands with a disgusted sound.

73 thru 75 OMITTED 73
 thru 75

75-A INT. HALL OF HISTORY - NIGHT - RICHARD 75-A
 walking to the photograph and standing in front of it.

75-B THE PHOTOGRAPH 75-B
 now illuminated by a soft picture light. Camera holds on
 her face.

76 CLOSE ON RICHARD 76
 staring at the photograph unhappily.

RICHARD
 (barely audible)
 Nineteen-twelve.

A deep, surrendering sigh.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

77 77
 thru OMITTED thru
 81 81

81-A INT. LOBBY - DAY - ANGLE ON ELEVATOR 81-A
 As it reaches the lobby and the operator opens its doors, a middle-aged couple exits, then Richard and Arthur. Camera pans Richard to the desk, Arthur heading for the front door with the luggage. Richard puts the tagged key on the cashier's counter and the female cashier picks it up, starts to look for the bill. As she does, Richard's gaze is drawn toward the Hall of History.

82 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - HALL OF HISTORY 82

83 RICHARD 83
 staring at it. O.s. we hear the Cashier totalling his bill on an adding machine.

84 CASHIER 84
 completing the tally and looking up, extending the bill. She reacts, camera drawing back to reveal that Richard is gone. She looks toward the front entrance, then, not seeing him, looks elsewhere: Finally, she sees him, looks curious.

85 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - RICHARD 85
 in the Hall of History, gazing at the photograph.'

85-A CLOSE ON RICHARD 85-A
 staring at Elise McKenna's face.

86 THE PHOTOGRAPH 86
 A surge of music we've heard.

87 RICHARD 87
his expression making it clear that he is obsessed. Moments pass. He turns as though to leave, then stops, uncertain, held. He starts to look at the photograph again. He is near surrender now.

88 PHOTOGRAPH 88
Camera holds, music rising. Suddenly, it stops.

89 RICHARD 89
Camera pans to show him walking toward the lobby, determinedly.

90 ANGLE ON DESK 90
As Richard passes the cashier, grabbing the key.

RICHARD
(to cashier)
I'm staying.

He walks toward the front entrance, the cashier watching him go, the bill in her hand, a blank look on her face.

91 EXT. HOTEL PORCH - DAY - ANGLE ON ENTRANCE - ARTHUR 91
waiting to put the luggage in Richard's car. Richard comes out of the hotel quickly, removing the money clip from his trouser pocket.

RICHARD
Arthur, would you put my luggage back in the suite?

ARTHUR
(taken aback)
Uh...yes. Of course.

RICHARD
And tell me where the nearest library is?

ARTHUR
(perplexed again)
In town. Right past the church.

RICHARD
Got it.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

He hands Arthur another five-dollar bill, patting him on the arm.

RICHARD

See you around, Arthur.

He walks out of scene hastily. Arthur's face becomes a study in puzzlement.

91-A EXT. TOWN - DAY - FIAT - RICHARD

91-A

driving fast. Music in the following sequence should convey the pulsing energy which drives him on his quest.

92 OMITTED

92

92-A EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY - ANGLE TOWARD THE STREET

92-A

as Richard drives down the street quickly and, with a deft maneuver, steers into a narrow parking slot between two cars, braking at the last possible instant. The motor is barely switched off when he is out of the car, slamming the door and striding toward the library.

92-B INT. LIBRARY - DAY - ANGLE ON DESK

92-B

Richard, entering, moves quickly to the desk and asks a question of the woman librarian. She points, he thanks her and moves in that direction, walking fast.

93 OMITTED

93

94 INT. READING ROOM - MONTAGE

94

- A. Richard moving to rows of theatre books. He starts to pull them out one by one.
- B. Richard dumps down several large books, sits and picks up one of the books: American Stage Actresses.
- C. Close on book as the pages turn, then stop on a single-page entry regarding Elise McKenna, a photograph on the left-hand page, the brief text on the right-hand page: Elise McKenna, one of the most revered actresses of the American stage, for many years the theatre's greatest box-office draw. Born in Salt Lake City on November 11, 1833, she left school when she was fourteen to become a full-time actress, coming to New York with her mother in 1905 to ---

CONTINUED

- D. Close on Richard as he reads the entry.
- E. Richard putting down the first book and grabbing up the second, checking the table of contents. He turns to the section, reads:

RICHARD (v.o.)

'Known primarily as a light comedienne in her early days, she later became one of the world's great tragediennes, her Juliet with William Faversham still considered to be one of the dramatic highlights of --- '

- F. Richard returns to the shelves, searching for more books.
- G. As he dumps another large pile of books beside the first, sits and picks up the first book in the bunch: Luminaries of the American Stage by John Hollister. He opens it to (X) the appropriate section.

RICHARD (v.o.)

'Elise McKenna was the first American actress to create a mystique in the public's eye -- never seen in public in her later years, never quoted by the press, apparently without an off-stage life, the absolute quintessence of seclusion.'

- H. Close on book: American Theatre: 1850-1950, Richard reading it.

RICHARD (v.o.)

'She never married, living in Michigan after her retirement, her career having lasted forty-nine years. It was said, more than once, that she had a magic quality as an actress --- '

- I. As Richard comes up to the desk and asks for help.
- J. The librarian coming with eight books. Richard takes them eagerly.

CONTINUED

- K. Richard holding Nineteenth Century Stage Actresses by Appleby, reading quickly.

RICHARD (v.o.)

'After her retirement, she lectured at various schools and colleges in the Midwest, occasionally conducting seminars in acting for select groups of students.'

- L. Richard putting down another book and picking up Famous American Actresses by Laura Roberts, opening it to the appropriate section, reading. Stopping.

RICHARD (v.o.)

'She died on the night of May 19th, 1972.'

The date means something to him but its full significance eludes his memory.

RICHARD

May 19, 1972?

He tries to remember but can't.

- M. As the librarian comes out of the stack room, lugging a thick pile of old theatre magazines. Richard takes them, thanks her and returns hurriedly to the reading room.

- N. Richard searching through the magazines in vain.

END OF MONTAGE

94-A CLOSE ON RICHARD - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

94-A

At last, he finds a magazine with an article about her mentioned on the cover: Elise McKenna -- The Final Years. He turns to the page, reacting with sudden shock as he sees ---

94-B PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGE

94-B

Text: "Elise McKenna in her eightieth year. This is the last photograph ever taken on her." It is, of course, the old woman who gave him the watch. Music rises to a strong climax, then stops.

94-C MED. SHOT - RICHARD 94-C
in the stillness of the library, staring at the photograph.

94-D SERIES OF SHOTS 94-D
each one a little further away from Richard as he sits, stunned, staring at the photograph which has deepened the mystery of Elise McKenna for him a thousand-fold.

95 thru 104 OMITTED 95 thru 104

105 INT. SITTING ROOM OF SUITE 313 - NIGHT - LATER - RICHARD 105
sitting on the sofa, the telephone receiver to his head. His attitude, now, is one of compulsive need to solve this enigma.

RICHARD
The first one is by John Hollister. Luminaries Of The American Stage, Harpers, 1948. The second is by Laura Roberts, Famous American Actresses, Bradley Press....

PETER (v.o.)
Hold it, hold it, not so fast.
(beat)
Famous-American-Actresses.

RICHARD
Bradley Press, 1974. The jacket says she lives in Michigan so check her out first. The third is Bernard Appleby, Nineteenth Century Stage Actresses, Sibley and Company, 1952. What I need are the phone numbers and/or addresses of the three authors. So far they're the ones with the most information about her. I'm sorry to be calling you at home, but....

PETER (v.o.)
(breaking in)
I'll see what I can do.

RICHARD
How soon?

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

105

PETER (v.o.)

(pause)

A couple of days.

RICHARD

Tomorrow morning.

PETER (v.o.)

Richard! I've got lots of things
to....!

RICHARD

Peter! Please; it's important.

PETER (v.o.)

(sighs; grumblingly)

I don't suppose it has anything to
do with the new play.

RICHARD

(lying)

Yes, it does. A lot.

PETER (v.o.)

(pause)

Are you telling me the truth?

RICHARD

Have I ever lied to you?

PETER (v.o.)

No, but there's always a first
time.

(sighs)

All right.

RICHARD

Thank you, Peter.

(beat; anxiously)

Get back to me as soon as you can?

PETER (v.o.)

(wearily)

Yeah, yeah.

He hangs up. Richard hangs up and sits irresolutely. Camera
holds.

105-A
thru OMITTED
105-F

105-A
thru
105-F

A-106 EXT. HOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT A-106
 106 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON CASSETTE PLAYER 106
 playing the music we are now familiar with. Camera pans to
 the bathroom where Richard is seen throwing water on his face.
 He looks around as the telephone rings in the bedroom; quickly
 turns to get it. He dries his face and leaves.

107 OMITTED 107
 108 ANOTHER ANGLE 108

as Richard moves to the bed and sits on it, picking up the
 telephone receiver.

RICHARD
 (anxiously)
 Peter?

PETER (v.o.)
 Yeah.

RICHARD
 What'd you find out?

PETER (v.o.)
 John Fraser is dead.

RICHARD
 (grimacing)
 Great.

PETER (v.o.)
 Bernard Appleby moved to Spain
 nine years ago.

RICHARD
 Terrific.

PETER (v.o.)
 And Laura Roberts ---

RICHARD
 (cutting in)
 Fell down a well and drowned.

PETER (v.o.)
 No, I got her address if you want
 to try and see her.

RICHARD
 (exhuberant)
Yes! What is it?

109 LONG SHOT - RICHARD

10

as he hears.

RICHARD

(stunned)

That's incredible.

110 INT. MOVING FIAT - DAY - LATER - POINT OF VIEW THROUGH
WINDSHIELD

110

It is raining, the windshield wipers on. We see the house numbers: Thirty-seven; thirty-nine; forty-one; forty-three; forty-five; then forty-seven, a small, weathered cottage. Richard brakes.

111 EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

111

as Richard gets out of the car and walks to the front gate, opens it and walks up the path to the cottage door. He rings the bell and waits. After a while, the o.s. door is opened by Laura Roberts.

RICHARD

Miss Roberts?

LAURA

Yes?

RICHARD

My name is Richard Collier. I just read your book 'Famous American Actresses' and enjoyed it very much, especially the part ---

LAURA

(breaking in)

How did you get my address? It isn't listed in the telephone directory.

RICHARD

(hesitates)

My agent in New York got it. He contacted Galliard Press ---

LAURA

I never authorized anyone there to ---

RICHARD

(breaking in)

It's my fault, Miss Roberts. Ordinarily I'd never do such a thing but....

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

LAURA

What is it you want?

He tries to ease in out of the rain.

RICHARD

Information about Elise McKenna.

LAURA

(suspiciously)

What sort of information?

RICHARD

Well -- you see, I'm a playwright
and I'm thinking of doing a play
based on her life and ---

She starts to close the door, face hardening.

RICHARD

Don't.

The urgency in his voice stops her and she looks at him in
surprise.

RICHARD

(quietly)

It's not a play, Miss Roberts.
It's personal.

LAURA

I don't understand.

He draws in shaking breath, then, abruptly, takes the watch
from his pocket and shows it to her.

RICHARD

Miss McKenna gave ---

LAURA

(jolted;

breaking in)

Where did you get that?

RICHARD

(startled)

You recognize it?

She looks at him with icy regard.

LAURA

Where did you get it?

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED - 2

111

RICHARD

(not under-
standing
her ire)

She gave it to me.

As she stares at him:

RICHARD

At a party at Millfield College.

They stand in silence, looking at each other. Finally, Laura Roberts speaks:

LAURA

That watch was very precious to her. She never let it out of her possession. It disappeared the night she died.

RICHARD

(newly startled)

She died the night she gave it to me?

(pause)

My God.

She hesitates awhile, then steps back, seeing that he's getting wet.

LAURA

Would you like to come in?

RICHARD

Please.

He starts inside.

112 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

112

as Richard enters and Laura Roberts shuts the door.

LAURA

(quietly)

May I see it?

He hands her the watch and she gazes at it.

LAURA

She kept it with her all the time. I...almost thought she died because she lost it.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

112

After a while she hands it back to him, looking at him curiously. He doesn't know how to begin.

RICHARD

I know this will sound insane to you, but --

(bracing himself)

I saw her photograph at the Grand Hotel and ---

(X)

LAURA

(breaking in)

That's where she died.

They look at each other, Richard filled with new emotion at this revelation.

LAURA

The hotel meant a great deal to her.

(X)

He feels now that he knows; somehow, why he was drawn to the hotel. After a while, his eye is caught by something o.s. He moves to the mantel, camera with him, keeping Laura in frame as she follows slowly. On the mantel are a number of framed photographs of Elise McKenna.

113 SLOW PAN SHOT - PHOTOGRAPHS

113

All very lovely.

114 RICHARD

114

RICHARD

She was so beautiful.

LAURA

Yes, she was.

He sees a photograph on the wall beside the mantel -- that of a stern-looking, bearded man.

RICHARD

Her manager?

LAURA

(taken aback)

How did you know?

RICHARD

(with a faint smile)

You described him perfectly in your book.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED 114
He gazes at the photograph.

115 INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH 115
of William Fawcett Robinson. Very strong-featured, not a man
to trifle with.

RICHARD (v.o.)
Was he really as strange as you
indicated?

116 RICHARD AND LAURA - INCLUDING PHOTOGRAPH 116

LAURA
He did have an effect on people.

RICHARD
On Miss McKenna?

LAURA
There was something odd about their
relationship.

RICHARD
Did she ever say what it was?

LAURA
Not really. Just that...there was
something about him...
(beat; with
a smile)
I really don't know.

RICHARD
(nods; beat)
He died on the Lusitania, didn't
he?

LAURA
Yes, he did.

Richard looks at the photograph again.

117 PHOTOGRAPH 117

118 thru 122 OMITTED 118 thru 122

122-A RICHARD AND LAURA 122-A

Richard looking at the photograph, then at three books lying
stacked on the mantel. One catches his attention and he picks

CONTINUED

122-A CONTINUED

122-A

it up. It is entitled: Travels Through Time by G. Finney. He smiles at the author's photograph on the back cover.

RICHARD

He was one of my teachers at Millfield.

LAURA

(politely)

Really.

(pause)

She read those books quite often.

He looks at the book another few moments, then puts it back on the mantel, camera moving in on the three books. The titles of the other two are Man And Time, by J. W. Priestly and An Experiment With Time, by J. W. Dunne. A faint, eerie sting of music.

122-B RICHARD AND LAURA

122-B

RICHARD

Have you...other things of hers?

Again she hesitates, then smiles a little and nods.

LAURA

In the next room.

She starts to lead him there.

122-C INT. DEN - DAY - ANGLE ON DOORWAY - RICHARD

122-C

follows Laura Roberts in and stops, making a soft, involuntary sound of awe at what he sees.

122-D POINT OF VIEW - DEN

122-D

A collection of artifacts once owned by Elise McKenna; a beautifully arranged room which, in the soft illumination made gelatinous by rain-obscured windows, creates an atmosphere of touching nostalgia.

122-E RICHARD AND LAURA

122-E

RICHARD

May I?

CONTINUED

122-E CONTINUED

122-E

She nods and he walks into the room, moving first to a dress-maker's dummy on which rests a pale, white evening gown with long, white gloves pinned to it. He looks at it as though imagining Elise McKenna wearing it; touches it with delicate tenderness.

LAURA

It's a costume from one of the plays she was in.

RICHARD

(softly,
entranced)

It's lovely.

Laura nods and smiles. He moves to a wall shelf on which stands a pair of perfume bottles, a hand mirror, a brush and a comb, all decorated with silver. He stares at them as though imagining Elise McKenna using them.

RICHARD

Lovely.

LAURA

Yes, she had wonderful taste.

(beat)

I was so pleased that she left all these things to me.

(beat; warmly)

I had such respect for her.

RICHARD

(touched by
her feeling)

What was she like?

As he continues looking at objects, (a theatre program with a small oval painting of Elise McKenna's face on it, a necklace, bracelet and ring, a hat, a gold and ivory box, a shawl, a jeweled headband) his manner spellbound, he also listens attentively to Laura Roberts. Camera follows as they move around the dim-lit room.

She hesitates, goes on.

LAURA

She was just too much within herself. She seemed...empty, somehow.

(beat; sighing)

As though, in some way, she'd... died before that night in 1972.

CONTINUED

122-E CONTINUED - 2

122-E

LAURA (Cont'd)

(remembering)

She used to walk around the lake
for hours at a time.

(beat)

Just...looking at the water.

RICHARD

Was she always that way?

LAURA

Oh, no. Not at all. People who
knew her when she was young said
that she was quick and bright and
full of fun.

(adding)

Strong. Willful. But not the way
she was later. Not the way I knew
her when I worked for her.

RICHARD

What made her change?

LAURA

I'm not sure. All I know is that
the change took place in 1912.
After she performed a play at the
Grand Hotel.

He reacts to her words, then sees something o.s. and, reacting
emotionally, moves to it, camera following. On a shelf is a
small, exquisite replica of the hotel.

LAURA

She had it made.

RICHARD

(awed by the
workmanship)

Oh.

He picks it up very carefully, stiffening abruptly as a famil-
iar fragment of music plays -- the miniature hotel is a music
box. Music stops.

LAURA

(curious)

What is it?

He cannot answer. As he stops winding, the music plays again.
It is the theme we heard when Elise McKenna was dying, the
theme we heard in Richard's apartment. He makes a shaken
sound.

CONTINUED

122-E CONTINUED - 3

LAURA

(concerned)

What is it?

RICHARD

It's my favorite music in the whole world.

(dazedly)

Oh, God! What's happening?

He puts down the music box model with shaking hands and he and Laura stare at one another, her with sympathy at his distress.

123

INT. DINING ALCOVE - DAY - MINUTES LATER

123

No music as Laura Roberts pours coffee into a cup, she and Richard sitting across from each other at the table.

LAURA

Are you all right?

He nods, managing a smile, hesitates, then has to know.

RICHARD

I know she never married,
Miss Roberts, but --

(pause; has
to know)

-- was there ever -- a romance in
her life?

LAURA

(pause;
quietly)

Yes, I think there must have been.

Richard looks disappointed though trying not to show it.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

123

LAURA

There was such a sadness in her.
Such a sense of loss. It had to be
because of a man.

(X)

RICHARD

(disturbed)

Did she speak about him?

(X)

LAURA

(gesturing vaguely)

Oh, there were hints now and then.
But nothing definite.

(pause)

Except for that watch you have.
And the ---

She stops.

RICHARD

What?

As she remains silent:

RICHARD

(persisting)

What, Miss Roberts?

She hesitates, then rises and walks out of the room. We hear her opening a drawer in the bedroom, then, after several moments, she returns to sit.

LAURA

One day, in 1928, she burned every-
thing she'd ever written. All that
remained was a fragment of a page.
Her housekeeper found it by the
fireplace and kept it. Later on,
she sent it to me when I called
to ask her some questions for my
book.

(X)

She takes a paper fragment out of an envelope and hands it over to him. It is brown-edged and fragile looking, and he takes it carefully, almost reverently.

124 INSERT - FRAGMENT

124

handwritten. Not readable. Too faded.

125 BACK TO SCENE 125

LAURA
 (reciting slowly)
 'My love, where are you now? From
 what place did you come? To what
 place go? Come back to me.'

125-A CLOSE SHOT - RICHARD 125-A

frozen; reacting to the last four words of the poem. Then
 the astounding concept hits him and he catches his breath.

RICHARD
 (whispering)
 Come...back to me.

126 thru 135 OMITTED 126 thru 135

SMASH CUT TO

136 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - LATER - THE FIAT 136

speeding north, exciting music playing. The rain has stopped.

137 INT. FIAT - DAY - CLOSEUP - RICHARD 137

After several moments, he sees something ahead.

138 HIS POINT OF VIEW - SIGN 138

"Millfield College - 4 Miles" -- an arrow pointing to the left.

139 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - FULL SHOT - FIAT 139

as Richard slows down at the intersection, waits for several
 cars to pass, then ignores the rest and accelerates into the
 side road, camera panning to follow the receding movement of
 the car. The other motorists honk angrily at him.

140 EXT. SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY - ANGLE ON SIGN 140

identifying it. Camera pans to reveal Richard driving onto
 the parking lot and braking.

141
thru
144

OMITTED

141
thru
144

145

INT. AND EXT. COURTYARD COVERED WALKWAY - DAY

145

as Richard comes up the steps and starts along the corridor which is starting to fill with moving and standing students. Camera stays with him as he moves to Room 321. Inside, we see Doctor Gerald Finney talking animatedly with several students. He is in his seventies, a short, bearded man of indefatigable energy. His outfit is extremely informal, perhaps a colored jumpsuit, a beret. Picking up his brief case. Finney starts toward the doorway with a quick stride.

RICHARD

Doctor Finney?

FINNEY

(still walking)

You'll have to walk with me, young man. I have another class. What's your name?

Richard walks with him, camera staying with them to the staircase and on down.

RICHARD

Collier, sir. Richard.

FINNEY

Student?

RICHARD

Nine years ago.

FINNEY

Just visiting?

RICHARD

I came to see you.

FINNEY

(lightly)

Well, I try to make my classes interesting, but I've never seen that interest last for nine years before. What can I do for you?

RICHARD

A question, sir.

CONTINUED

FINNEY

Shoot.

RICHARD

Is time travel possible?

Finney stops in his tracks; Richard stops; the camera stops.

FINNEY

That is a question.

RICHARD

I read your book about journeys in time when I was at school and I remember your lectures on the subject.

(bracing
himself)

Is it possible?

Finney hesitates, then starts down the stairs again and, taking a quick breath, Richard follows.

FINNEY

Two Englishwomen thought so in August, 1901. Misses Moberly and Jourdain. Deans of ladies' schools, I'll have you know, not idiots, by any means. Claimed to have walked back to the year 1789 in the Gardens of Versailles. Seen Marie Antoinette celebrating her 34th birthday. They drew sketches of what they'd seen but no one was ever really convinced. For one thing, they wrote down music they claimed to have heard but experts said that no such music was ever played at that time.

RICHARD

(discouraged)

It isn't certain then.

FINNEY

Well...consider this. Just recently, in Paris, some music manuscript was found. It had been composed for Marie Antoinette's 34th birthday and played only on that day.

(smiling)

Guess what?

Richard looks at him, fascinated.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED - 2

FINNEY

Also recently discovered was a journal kept by one of the ladies of the court. In an entry written on Marie Antoinette's birthday, she commented on two-women-dressed-in-very-strange-clothes who had wandered unexpectedly onto the grounds.

RICHARD

My God.

(beat)

They did go back.

Doctor Finney regards him closely as they walk. A moment of silent interchange between them.

146 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - RICHARD AND FINNEY

146

Finney puts his brief case on the desk. Students are assembling in the room.

FINNEY

Let me tell you something...Richard, is it?

RICHARD

Yes, sir.

FINNEY

I was in Venice in 1971 staying in a very old hotel, but I mean very old; the structure, the furnishings, everything. The atmosphere was -- aged if you follow me. In my room, I felt as though it was a century or more earlier than 1971, you understand?

RICHARD

The location is important.

FINNEY

Not all important but essential.

(touching
his head)

The rest is here.

(pause)

One afternoon, I was lying down in that room, all the sights around me a part of the past; even the sounds I heard.

CONTINUED

FINNEY (Cont'd)

(beat)

And I conceived a notion. What, I asked myself, if I attempt to hypnotize my mind -- suggest to it that it isn't 1971 but 1571. I mean actually. Actually 1571.

RICHARD

(eagerly)

Did you do it?

FINNEY

I closed my eyes and fed a suggestion into my brain. It's August, 1571. I'm in the Hotel Del Vecchio. I spelled out details for myself, kept doing it over and over. August, 1571, the hotel, the details of the past. Again and again and again.

RICHARD

And -- ?

FINNEY

(hesitates)

Well, I'll never really know, Richard. I've never done it since and I'm not sure I'd want to do it again. I felt exhausted afterward -- completely washed out. And, if it really did happen I was only there a fraction of an instant, remember; a flicker.

RICHARD

You were there though.

FINNEY

(shrugs,
smiling)

I thought so. -

(beat)

It was imperfect, granted. How could it be otherwise? There were objects around me that were clearly of the present; I knew they were there. A telephone, a book, my luggage. And the clothes I wore; strictly 1971; well, in my case, probably a lot older.

He and Richard exchange a smile.

CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED - 2

FINNEY

If I were going to try it again -- mind you, I have no such intention but if I did -- I would disassociate myself entirely from the present -- move everything out of sight that could possibly remind me of it. Then...

(gestures)

Who knows?

147 CLOSE ON RICHARD

147

feeling closer to Elise McKenna than he has ever felt before. It shows on his face. Camera moves in on it.

RICHARD

I do.

QUICK CUT TO

148 thru 152 OMITTED

148 thru 152

153 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - RICHARD

153

exits costume shop with packages under his arm. He walks along the street, looking for something. Now he sees it, crosses to Baxter's Coin Shop and enters it. Inside, he starts telling the clerk what he wants.

153-A OMITTED

153-A

154 INT. BEDROOM OF SUITE 313 - NEAR SUNSET - CLOSE ON RICHARD

154

smiling at his o.s. reflection. Slowly camera down pans revealing him dressed in a suit from the early 1900's, a white shirt and tie. Camera to reveal him standing in front of a mirror. He has a comb in his hand and he carefully matches his hair style with the parted hair style of a serious gentleman's photograph which he has cut out of a period catalogue and placed below the mirror. When Richard is satisfied that his hair style looks like 1912, he straightens up, reaches for a hat and places it on his head. He looks at his own reflection again. After a few moments, he bows a little.

RICHARD

Good evening, Miss McKenna. You don't know me, but...

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED

154

RICHARD (Cont'd)
(with quiet
satisfaction)
...you will.

154-A RICHARD'S BED

154-A

It is covered with empty bags and plastic envelopes of 1900 coins and bills from the coin shop bag. Ricahrd sits on the bed, pulls open the stapled top of the "stereo" bag and takes out two blank cassettes, each marked "120." Reaching out, he takes the cassette recorder off the table, ejects the cassette already in it and replaces it with one of the blank cassettes. He puts the recorder on the table just in front of him, thinks, then presses down the "start" and "record" buttons simultaneously. After a few moments, he begins to speak.

RICHARD
It's June 27, 1912.

155 CLOSE ON RECORDER - LATER

155

The sound of Richard's voice coming from the recorder now; the cassette reel turning.

RICHARD (v.o.)
You're lying on a bed in the Grand
Hotel and it's June 27, 1912, 6 p.m.

Camera pans to the bed to show Richard lying on it, eyes closed, listening to his own voice. He is wearing the suit and a pair of half boots.

RICHARD (v.o.)
Your mind accepts this absolutely.
It is 6 p.m. on June 27, 1912.

Camera withdraws to reveal that the room has been cleared of any item which might remind him of the present, the telephone placed underneath the bed, the television set and luggage all put away, the bathroom door closed, etc.

RICHARD (v.o.)
Elise McKenna is in the hotel at this very moment. Her manager, William Fawcett Robinson, is in the hotel at this very moment. Now. This moment. Here. Elise McKenna and you. Both in the Grand Hotel on this early evening of June 27, 1912. 6 p.m., June 27, 1912.

156
thru
161

MONTAGE - THE PASSING EVENING

156
thru
161

Shots of Richard lying on the bed. The turning cassette.
Richard. The hotel. Richard's face. The turning cassette.
Richard's face. Sunset. Places in the hotel which, deserted,
look like 1912. Richard getting a drink in the bathroom,
washing off his face with a damp washcloth. Lying down again.
The cassette. A lobby clock. The water. The cassette.
Richard. Time passing. Richard. The cassette. The lobby
clock. Richard throwing water in his face again. Lying down.
Listening and listening. The lobby clock. Richard listening
in vain, tension mounting.

RICHARD (v.o.)

You have traveled back in time.
Soon you will get up and leave the
room to find Elise McKenna. Soon
you will open your eyes and walk
into the corridor and go downstairs
and find Elise McKenna. She is in

CONTINUED

156
thru
161

CONTINUED

RICHARD (v.o.) (Cont'd)
the hotel now. She and her company
are in the hotel at this very
moment. The stage is being set for
their performance tomorrow night --
even as you lie here on your bed
in the Grand Hotel on June 27, 1912,
6 p.m. on June 27, 1912.

156
thru
161

(X)

162

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

as Richard opens the door and staggers in, drained and ex-
hausted as he switches on the light and throws water in his
face, then turns away. He flicks off the light.

162

163

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlit. Richard stumbles back to the bed where the cassette
is running in reverse. He stops it, starts it playing again
and lies down heavily. Camera moves in very slowly on his
face as he listens to the cassette, eyes closed, his teeth on
edge, his features hard, totally unrelaxed.

163

RICHARD (v.o.)
It's June 27, 1912.

RICHARD
(with desperate
anger)
Come on. Come on.

His face tightens as though he is trying to will himself back
in time. He takes deep breaths.

RICHARD (v.o.)
You're lying on a bed in the Grand
Hotel and it's June 27, 1912, 6 p.m.

(X)

He is getting more tense with each passing moment.

RICHARD (v.o.)
Your mind accepts this absolutely.
It is 6 p.m. on June 27, 1912.

His face is almost in extreme closeup now, still wet from the
sink water, his expression rigid, his breath coming faster and
faster. His eyes are wide open.

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED

163

RICHARD (v.o.)
 Elise McKenna is in the hotel at
 this very moment. Elise McKenna's
 mother is in the hotel at this very
 moment. Her manager ---

With an anguished snarl, he lurches up, the tape continuing.

163-A RICHARD

163-A

as he sits up in a fury of disappointment. He slumps, immobile,
 then hits the mattress with his fist, crying out in frustration.
 A moment later, with a sudden, agitated movement, he reaches
 out and jams down the "stop" button on the cassette recorder.

RICHARD

Time travel...
 (pause; with
 contempt)
 You...stupid idiot.

Camera holds.

164 OMITTED

164
(X)

164-A INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

164-7

crowded with laughing, talking patrons. A color TV plays
 above the counter. The smoke of cigars and cigarettes, the
 clink of glasses, the music of a jukebox: a festive scene.
 Camera slowly moves across the dim-lit room until it reaches
 Richard sitting by himself in a booth, dressed in 1979 clothes,
 an untouched drink in front of him, a lost expression on his
 face. A sudden burst of multiple laughter makes him wince
 and "come to." Grimacing, he grabs the bill and pushes out of
 the booth, heading for the exit.

165 INT. LOBBY - LATER - ANGLE ON CORRIDOR

165

We see Richard come out of the bar and start toward f.g.,
 his expression lifeless. Camera withdraws from him as he
 reaches f.g. and starts for the elevator. En route, he
 changes his mind and alters direction, moving for the Hall of
 History. He walks to her photograph and stops in front of it,
 camera stopping. He stares at Elise McKenna's face.

166 PHOTOGRAPH

166

167

167 RICHARD

He keeps staring at Elise McKenna's face, then cannot stand to look at her and turns abruptly toward the lobby. Seeing a couple approach, he twists around and crosses the corridor so they won't see his distress. Moving to the display case, he stops and looks down, covertly rubbing at his eyes. He pretends to look at the contents of the display case: the dish, the menu, the napkin ring, the iron, the telephone, the open hotel register, the play program.

168 UP ANGLE ON RICHARD

168

looking downward. Suddenly, it hits him and camera zooms in on his face until it fills the screen. He gasps loudly.

169 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT - RICHARD

169

exiting. Running feet. Richard comes dashing out of the night.

169-A EXT. ARTHUR'S COTTAGE - NIGHT - RICHARD

169-A

runs up to the front door, starts pounding on it.

RICHARD

Arthur!

When there is no response, he pounds more loudly.

RICHARD

Arthur, wake up!

(pause)

Arthur!

After a few moments, Arthur opens it, wearing pajamas, looking tousled and groggy.

RICHARD

I apologize for waking you up but I asked at the desk and they couldn't help me. Those things in the Hall of History display case. Where did they come from? Is there a store-room or something?

As Arthur looks at him confusedly:

RICHARD

Arthur, please. Where did those things come from?

ARTHUR

The...attic, Mr. Collier.

170 INT. ATTIC - MINUTES LATER - DOWN ANGLE ON TRAP DOOR 170

Total darkness. Then a sliver of light appears as the trap door rises squeakingly. Richard appears, holding an electric lantern in his hand. He looks around.

171 RICHARD'S MOVING POINT OF VIEW 171

the lantern illuminating piles of old furniture, boxes, books, et al., everything covered with dust and cobwebs.

172 RICHARD 172

clambering up into the attic. Leaning over, he moves forward carefully, shining the lantern beam ahead of himself. He bangs his head on an overhead beam and grunts in pain.

ARTHUR (o.s.)

(worriedly)

Mr. Collier.

RICHARD

It's okay. It's okay.

(shining the
light around)

I'm not going to ---

His last word extends into a gasp of shock as the lantern picks out what seems, at first, to be the figure of a woman in an old-fashioned dress, staring at him.

ARTHUR (o.s.)

What is it?

RICHARD

(swallowing
his heart)

Just a...mannequin. I guess it is.
Caught me by surprise.

He keeps searching until he sees what he's looking for and moves there. Kneeling, he sets down the lantern and picks up an immense book a foot-and-a-half long, a foot wide, several inches thick. It is covered by a layer of thick gray dust. He blows it off, creating a cloud that makes him cough.

RICHARD

(coughing)

Oh, Jesus.

ARTHUR (o.s.)

Are you all right?

CONTINUED

172 CONTINUED

172

RICHARD

I'm fine...I'm all right, Arthur.
Thank you for your help.

ARTHUR

Don't mention it. Good night.

Arthur exits. Richard, still controlling his coughing, opens the book.

173 INSERT - HIS FREE HAND

173

as it rubs the dust off the book spines, camera moving with it. The dates on the book spines read: 1931, 1927, 1917, 1923, 1919, 1924.

174 RICHARD

174

more sweat on his face. He rubs off a trickle on his eyebrow, leaving a smudge of gray dust on his forehead. He continues searching.

175 INSERT - HIS HAND

175

rubbing dust off book spines: 1934, 1925, 1926, 1913, 1909, 1921.

176 RICHARD

176

setting down the lantern, he works with both hands, desperation rising.

177 INSERT - HIS HANDS

177

rubbing at the book spines: 1927, 1914, 1929, 1916, 1908, 1912, 1922, 1907.

178 RICHARD

178

starting as he realizes he's found and passed it. He pulls the book from the group, raising a cloud of dust which makes him cough again. He averts his face until it settles, then picks up the lantern and points it at the book, which is marked: "REGISTER/1912/GRAND HOTEL." Hastily he flings open the pages until he reaches June 27, 1912. His fingers go down the names signed in.

179 CLOSE ON PAGE

179

Richard's finger moving down the list, the columns headed "Names," "Residence," "Rooms," "Time." The entries we read are: E.C. Penn - Boston, Mass. - Room 263 - 10:38 A.M.; Conrad Shearer and wife - Providence, R.I. - Room 130 - 11:17 A.M.; K.B. Alexander - Pittsfield, Mass. - Room 312 - 11:46 A.M.; C.T. Laminy - Boston, Mass. - Room 145 - 12:14 P.M.

180 INSERT - RICHARD'S FINGER

180

as it moves across the name: Miss Elise McKenna - Ronkonkama, N.Y. - Suite 117 - 12:37 P.M.

181 RICHARD

181

anxiety mounting as he looks down the page again.

182 INSERT - PAGE

182

his finger moving down faster.

Carter Ralph - Fall River, Conn. - Room 256 - 1:05 P.M.; Albert Janaway and wife - Springfield, Mass. - Room 378 - 2:12 P.M.; Walter Donn, Esq. - London, Eng. - Room 364 - 2:51 P.M. His finger moves so fast now that the names and other facts blur. His finger reaches the bottom of the page.

183 CLOSE ON RICHARD

183

devastated, eyes closing, trembling lips pressed together. He hits the book once -- then again. After a while, with a look of lost hope, he slowly turns the page. Suddenly, he emits a cry almost animal in its simultaneous shock and joy.

Neither can he control his emotions. He tries not to cry, but can't help it; laughing at the same time without strength, he sinks down on the floor, cross-legged, the hotel register in his lap, tears running down his cheeks, lost in rivulets of perspiration, he sobs, choked.

Camera moves in on Richard's face until it fills the screen, his broken voice exultant as he answers through his sobs:

RICHARD

Yes!

He looks at the register page, smiling, crying, overjoyed.

184 INSERT - PAGE

184

Close on June 28, 1912. Camera down pans quickly to: Richard Collier - Chicago, Ill. - Room 416 - 9:18 A.M. Camera holds.

184-A EXT. GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

184-A

Over the majestic and deserted building, we hear echoes of Richard's laughter. Camera holds.

185 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER - CLOSE ON 1900'S COINS

185

as they spill onto the rug. O.s., Richard makes a disturbed sound and camera draws back to reveal him in the 1900's suit, so excited he can hardly function. He picks up the coins and puts them in his vest pocket with trembling fingers. Now he starts to put his 1979 coins into the pocket, realizes what he's doing and, with a faint cry, pulls out all the coins, separates them, and puts the 1900's coins in the vest pocket again, grimacing. His excited anticipation is not to be repressed however, as he takes the watch off the table and starts to put it in his vest pocket, almost dropping it. He grimaces, flinching, then, grinning, puts the watch in his other vest pocket. Moving quickly to the bed, he presses the "play" button on the recorder, then lies down, eyes closed, drawing in another breath as the new "instruction" begins.

RICHARD (v.o.)

It's 6 P.M., June 27, 1912.

Camera moves in on Richard.

RICHARD (v.o.)

You're lying on a bed in the Grand Hotel and it's 6 P.M., June 27, 1912. There is no question in your mind. It is 6 P.M. on June 27, 1912. Elise McKenna is in the hotel at this very moment in Suite 117. You'll be signing into Room 416 at 9:18 tomorrow morning. It has to happen; you know that now. You know it.

The sound of his voice begins to fade. Excited, believing that it is taking place already, Richard opens his eyes.

186 WHAT HE SEES 186

The room extremely obscured. But we can see that it is differently furnished; furnished in the style of 1912.

187 RICHARD 187

breath catching. Then, abruptly, the sound of his voice on the tape recorder is heard again.

RICHARD (v.o.)

Now. This moment. Here. Elise McKenna. You.

He shudders slightly.

188 ANOTHER ANGLE 188

as his eyes focus and he looks around.

189 WHAT HE SEES 189

The room furnished in 1979 style.

190 RICHARD 190

making a feeble snarling sound.

RICHARD (v.o.)

You have traveled back in time.
It is 1912 in the hotel. June 27.

RICHARD

(abruptly)

Wait a second.

Pushing up on an elbow, he reaches out and depresses the "stop" button on the cassette player. Opening the bedside table drawer, he puts the cassette recorder into it and shuts the drawer, then lies down again, closing his eyes.

RICHARD

Now...

(a deep breath;
whispering)

It's 6 P.M., June 27, 1912. Relax
and believe. Relax and accept.

(voice fading)

There is no question in your mind.
It is 6 P.M. on June 27, 1912.

CONTINUED

190 CONTINUED

190

Now he makes no sound, his lips moving slightly as he instructs himself. Camera moves in on his face. Soon the lip movements stop as well. Music rises. His breathing deepens. Now he knows it. He will be there soon.

191 MONTAGE

191

Richard's gradual return to 1912. Fragmentary moments as he reaches 1912 only to return. Things he sees, decreasingly obscured. A bureau. A painting on the wall. A fireplace. Music rising, rising. His expression becoming almost beatific as he knows that he is going back, back, back.

191-A RICHARD - LATE AFTERNOON - YEAR 1912

191-A

Abruptly, it is silent. Richard's eyes flutter open. O.s. the sound of surf is heard. After a while, he looks around. His eyes widen suddenly. Slowly, he raises his head as the camera draws around him to reveal that the look of the room is that of 1912.

192 RICHARD

192

sitting up eagerly. He makes a startled sound as the room begins to swim around him.

193 WHAT HE SEES

193

The room swimming darkly.

194 RICHARD

194

terrified that he is going back, closing his eyes. Holding himself immobile, he whispers urgently:

RICHARD

June 27, 1912, it's June 27, 1912.

The swimming sensation abates and, after a while, very cautiously, he opens his eyes: makes a sound of gratified relief.

195 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE BEDROOM

195

Still the 1912 room.

195-A RICHARD

195-A

reacting as he sees ---

195-B CLOCK ON BUREAU

195-B

Camera moves in fast on it. It is just past six.

196 RICHARD

196

trying to restrain the delight starting to bubble in him for fear it will send him back to 1979.

RICHARD

I made it.
 (unable to
 restrain a
 grin)
 Jesus, God, I made it.

Trying to control his emotions, he looks around.

197 HIS POINT OF VIEW

197

Instead of drapes on the French windows, there are white, airy curtains. The furniture is much like that in the Hall of History seen earlier. Every object Richard sees enhances his delight.

RICHARD (o.s.)

(under his
 breath)
 Look at that.
 (pause)
 Look at that.

198 BACK TO SCENE

198

Several moments pass. Then, carefully, he slides his legs off the edge of the bed, taking deep breaths. Still breathing deeply, he holds onto the head of the bed for support and eases himself upward, then sinks down again, eyes closing, teeth clenching. He keeps drawing in deep breaths of air. He is obviously very wobbly. Gradually, his head clears and his look of concern fades. He tries to rise again. Slowly, he makes it to his feet. At first he is very dizzy, then it fades. He sighs contentedly, then takes in a very deep breath, braces

CONTINUED

198

CONTINUED

198

himself and starts to walk slowly across the room, holding out his arms to balance himself. Halfway to the bureau, he gets dizzy again, speeds up and makes it to the bureau with a few quick steps, leaps on it heavily, eyes closed, breathing hard. After a short while, he opens his eyes and looks at his reflection in the bureau mirror, grins at himself. Now he notices the objects on the bureau -- men's toilet articles -- and reacts.

198-B

RICHARD

198-B

In that very moment, a woman starts to sing in the other bedroom of the suite: "Beautiful Dreamer." Richard claps a hand over his mouth, dropping the cap onto the bureau top and looking toward the sitting room in shock.

198-C

POINT OF VIEW - SITTING ROOM

198-C

The woman's voice continuing to sing.

198-D

RICHARD

198-D

controlling his coughs and wheezes, he hastily picks up the cap and rescrews it back onto the handle of the whisk broom. Setting it down carefully, he turns toward the sitting room doorway.

198-E

INT. SITTING ROOM - ANGLE ON BEDROOM DOORWAY

198-E

Richard steps into the sitting room and starts across it as

CONTINUED

198-E CONTINUED

198-E

quickly as he can. The woman's voice starts getting louder and we hear her approaching footsteps. With a wildly grimacing expression, Richard looks around, sees a curtained alcove and moves to it quickly, ducking behind the curtain just as the woman enters the sitting room, wearing all her undergarments but no dress.

198-F INT. ALCOVE - RICHARD

198-F

standing frozenly. He starts to cough and covers his mouth with one frantic hand. The woman's singing continues o.s., her footsteps. He peeks around an edge of curtain.

198-G POINT OF VIEW - FROM THE ALCOVE

198-G

The woman, still singing, moves around the room, looking for something. At last she finds a tortoise-shell comb on the mantel of the fireplace. Picking it up, she returns to the bedroom. After several moments, Richard moves into frame and with cautious speed, moves across the sitting room to the door, camera with him.

He reaches the door and turns the knob to open it. The door is locked. Further, the only way to open it is with a skeleton key which isn't there. Richard looks at the door, appalled. He turns the knob again, in vain, groans softly. This is too much. He looks around haplessly. Then he whirls to look at the door. Camera zooms in on the keyhole. Someone is inserting a skeleton key into it.

198-H RICHARD

198-H

His expression one of total shock. Suddenly, he lunges for the sofa and dives behind it; there is no time to make the alcove. Just as he disappears behind it, the corridor door is opened by a man with mutton-chop whiskers, wearing a 1912 dinner suit.

198-I CLOSE ON RICHARD

198-I

in a dizzy panic as he lies behind the sofa.

ROLLO (o.s.)
(tightly)
I'm back, Maude. Are you ready yet?

CONTINUED

198-I CONTINUED

198-I

MAUDE
(coolly)
No.

198-J ROLLO

198-J

puts the skeleton key into the lock, turning it with aggrava-
tion. He starts toward the bedroom doorway.

198-K RICHARD

198-K

trapped behind the sofa, unable to believe that this is really
happening.

ROLLO (o.s.)
(stiffly)
I don't know why you act in such
a fashion, Maude.

MAUDE (o.s.)
Indeed, I suspect you do not.

ROLLO (o.s.)
And what am I to make of that
remark?

199
and
200

OMITTED

199
and
200

201

SERIES OF SHOTS

201

alternating between Richard and the couple.

MAUDE
What you will, Rollo. What you
will.

ROLLO
Are we to have this maddening
exchange each and every time I
notice the existence of a female
other than yourself?

MAUDE
Notice her existence?
(beat)
That scarcely describes your rapt
appraisal of her every inch.

CONTINUED

201 CONTINUED

201

ROLLO
Rapt appraisal of her --- !

MAUDE
You just don't love me any more!

(X)

202 CLOSE ON RICHARD

202

ROLLO (o.s.)
(protesting)
Oh, Maude.

RICHARD
(sotto voce)
Oh, Christ.

Hurried footsteps. Murmured words. Richard closes his eyes (X) and leans his head against the wall. More murmured words.

MAUDE (o.s.)
I'm going to lie down for a little while.

ROLLO (o.s.)
Good idea.

RICHARD
(fervently)
Great idea.

He hears footsteps and silence. falls. He hesitates, then starts to look around the sofa edge.

203 INT. SITTING ROOM - ANGLE ON RICHARD

203

as he peers around the corner of the sofa, reacting as he sees the man standing by the sitting room window, looking out, his back to camera. Richard pulls back, waits. After several moments, with a dismal sigh, Rollo walks into the other bedroom. He has barely entered it when Richard comes out from behind the sofa, sees the key in the corridor door and moves there, still dizzy. The key clicks loudly as he unlocks the door.

ROLLO (o.s.)
Who's there?

Panicking again, Richard yanks open the door and steps into the corridor.

204

INT. CORRIDOR

204

Richard shuts the door as quickly and quietly as he can and starts toward the elevator, walking as though he is half-drunk. He has gone only a few yards when he hears the door to Suite 313 being opened, and, on impulse, spins and starts back, walking casually and, by dint of will, evenly. The man comes out of the room, sees Richard.

ROLLO

Excuse me, did you see someone try to come in here?

RICHARD

(putting on the ritz)

Why, yes. Some young chap.
(gesturing)

Ran that way.

ROLLO

I'll be damned. I'd better report that.

RICHARD

Indeed you'd better.

As the man turns back.

RICHARD

I'd have stopped the rascal if I'd known that ---

ROLLO

(gruffly)

Yes, yes, thank you.

He goes in and closes the door -- at which Richard reels to the wall and leans against it dizzily, groaning.

RICHARD

I traveled sixty-seven years for this?

He leans against the wall a few moments, then looks toward the elevator with a serious, determined expression. Drawing in a deep breath, he starts for the elevator.

205

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

205

as Richard comes up to it, there are a number of people waiting. Some glance at him, some don't. In his condition, being suddenly exposed to 1912 people is somewhat unnerving.

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

205

He smiles wanly at a woman standing next to him. She looks away with haughty dismissal and he swallows.

FIRST MAN

(to Richard)

I'm told there are good plover
near here.

As Richard glances at him:

FIRST MAN

And curlew are abundant, too. Also
black brant.

Richard gives him a very confused smile as the elevator descends and its door is opened. By the time Richard enters, it is full.

206 INT. ELEVATOR - RICHARD AND PEOPLE

206

as the elevator descends. Richard is still uncomfortable experiencing the close proximity of so many 1912 people. Now the elevator stops and its doors open, Richard reacting to the sight.

207 HIS POINT OF VIEW - LOBBY

207

Guests arriving, others moving for the dining room, others sitting and chatting. The Kingston Point Hotel lobby, now circa 1912.

208 RICHARD

208

enchanted by the sight. He starts as the Man behind him speaks.

MAN

(sepulchrally)

Getting out.

209 OMITTED

209

210 INT. LOBBY - RICHARD

210

leaves the elevator and walks across the lobby, looking around, fascinated despite his continuing sense of disorientation. Suddenly, he starts as a large, brightly colored ball, bounces into frame and against his chest; he grabs it automatically. People around him react with amusement or disgust but all Richard can do is stare at ---

210-A ARTHUR AS A BOY

210-A

running up to camera.

CLERK (o.s.)

Not inside, Arthur.

210-B RICHARD AND ARTHUR

210-B

the little boy looking up at him guiltily. Richard gazes at Arthur, charmed and touched. For several moments, he tousles Arthur's hair, then, smiling, hands him the ball. Arthur grabs the ball and runs, making Richard's smile brighten even more. Suddenly, he catches himself. He has something more important to do. He starts off.

211
and
212

OMITTED

211
and
212

213 INT. CORRIDOR - MOVING SHOT - RICHARD

213

as he walks along the corridor, muttering to himself.

RICHARD

Miss McKenna? You don't know me
but ---

He scowls at himself, then stops at the door to Suite 117. He hesitates, then, drawing in a deep breath, braces himself and knocks. He stands there nervously, waiting, tensing with a sudden gulp as best he can. The o.s. door is opened. He reacts.

214 ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING MARIE

214

A young, pretty woman; Elise McKenna's personal maid, seamstress and dresser.

MARIE

Yes, monsieur?

RICHARD

Is --

(swallows dryly)

-- Miss McKenna here?

MARIE

No. I'm afraid she is not.

RICHARD

Could you tell me where she is?

CONTINUED

214 CONTINUED

MARIE
 (probably putting
 him off;
 albeit politely)
 I'm sorry. I have no idea, monsieur.

She shuts the door. Richard blinks a little dizzily and makes a faint noise.

RICHARD

Strike one.

He looks around indecisively, then gets an idea and hurries off.

214-A EXT. HOTEL AND HOTEL ROAD - DAY - RICHARD

214-A

exits hurriedly and walks in long strides toward the theatre, camera panning with him, holding on his receding form. He is still a little dizzy and disoriented.

214-B EXT. KINGSTON POINT HOTEL - THEATRE - LATE AFTERNOON

214-B

as Richard hurries up to it and goes inside, muttering to himself.

RICHARD

Miss McKenna?
 (frowns)
 Elise?
 (scowls)
 Miss McKenna?

He groans.

215 INT. THEATRE LOBBY - CLOSE ON PLACARD

215

on an easel. It is lettered: "The Famous American Actress/
 Miss Elise McKenna/Starring in/'Wisdom of the Heart'/Friday,
 June 28, 1912; at 8:30 P.M." Camera pans to reveal Richard
 approaching. He stops to look at the placard, swallows ner-
 vously, then pulls open the door to force himself on despite
 failing confidence.

216 INT. THEATRE - ANGLE ON DOORWAY

216

Alive with noises: Hammering, banging, male and female voices,
 etc. Richard enters and looks anxiously toward the stage.

217

WHAT HE SEES

A group of actors and the Director rehearsing a scene in one corner of the stage. Several carpenters working on the set. The Stage Manager sitting in the first row, arguing with an Other Man.

218

218

RICHARD

Bracing himself, he moves down the aisle to where the Stage Manager is sitting.

STAGE MANAGER

-- be out of here two hours after the play's over? That's impossible. The man's insane.

OTHER MAN

Nonetheless, it's what he wants, and you know Robinson.

STAGE MANAGER

I wish to God I didn't.

(angrily)

All right, if he wants us out of here so soon, let him doff his fine coat and help us tear the set down, pack the --

(to Richard abruptly)

What?

RICHARD

(twitching)

Is Miss McKenna here?

STAGE MANAGER

You have a message for her, give it here. I'll see it reaches her.

RICHARD

I came to see her.

STAGE MANAGER

(waving him off)

Well, I don't know, she may be backstage, maybe not. I just don't know.

Richard looks around haplessly, then moves next to the stage, looking at the actors. One of them is Bones, (X) a very short, fat man, the Other Man is Fisher, normal size, Miss Hammond, a middle-aged woman with them. All are acting with flamboyant stridor.

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED

218

BONES

And I say I shall have her!

MISS HAMMOND

Not in my life you shall not!

FISHER

Demmit, Cecily! It's not your place to say!

The Director stops the rehearsal.

DIRECTOR

Desist, good people!
(acidly)

This is comedy we're doing, not 'King Lear.' Let's not put the author in his grave before his time.

Richard takes advantage of the lull in the rehearsal to pursue his inquiry.

RICHARD

Excuse me, have you seen Miss McKenna?

The Director looks at Richard as if he were an insignificant fly and does not bother to answer. He turns his attention again to the actors.

DIRECTOR

(with a tragic
sigh)

Let's try again good people, from the beginning.

The rehearsal resumes. Richard walks down along the stage and approaches one of the carpenters.

RICHARD

Excuse me. Could you tell me where I could find Miss McKenna?

The carpenter answers in a juicy German, spraying Richard.

RICHARD

(averting his face)

Danke shoen.

He backs off, turns and almost collides with a quickly walking, serious-faced young man.

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED - 2

218

RICHARD

Excuse me, have you --- ?

He breaks off as the young man brushes past him without a word, hurrying on. Richard continues backstage.

RICHARD

(to himself)

May I speak to you a moment,
Miss McKenna?

He groans softly.

219 INT. BACKSTAGE OF THEATRE

219

Richard trying to make his way in the middle of the chaos and pandemonium of carpenters and prop men getting the set ready. He approaches one carpenter and inquires about the dressing rooms. The carpenter points towards a small door at the end of the backstage area. Richard exits through the door.

219-A INT. DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR

219-A

Richard approaches and stops in front of an unmarked dressing room door. He checks his appearance, takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. This is the moment he has been waiting for.

GENEVIEVE (o.s.)

Come in.

Richard opens the door and freezes.

220 INT. DRESSING ROOM

220

A heavy set actress, Genevieve, sitting in a corset is being outfitted by her female dresser. She flashes Richard a seductive smile, looking at his reflection in the dressing table mirror.

GENEVIEVE

(musically)

Come in, my love.

RICHARD

I'm uh, uh ---

GENEVIEVE

-- flustered, my sweet? Que'est-ce
que c'est? Never seen an actress
en deshabelle before?

CONTINUED

220 CONTINUED

220

She makes a multiple kissing sound. Richard's smile is wan.

RICHARD
(backing off)
Excuse me. I'm looking for
Miss McKenna.

GENEVIEVE
Most likely walking by the lake,
my dear.

RICHARD
(grateful; pleased)
Thank you.

221 INT. BACKSTAGE

221

Richard turns and is almost knocked down by two Stagehands carrying a statue. Richard jumps aside and bangs against the wall.

BURLY STAGEHAND
Watch it, sonny.

RICHARD
Sorry.

Recovering, he hurries for the exit.

222
and
223

OMITTED

222
and
223

224 EXT. THEATRE - SUNSET - ANGLE ON BACK DOOR

224

Richard comes out and stops, closing the door behind him. He moves to the edge of the outside walk and looks toward the lake. It is aglow with the last rays of sunset. Along the walk are a series of wooden benches. Beyond, the shore looks empty. Richard starts along the walk, drawing in deep breaths, looking ahead.

RICHARD
(to himself)
I just came sixty-seven years to
see you, may I speak to you?

He makes a pained sound. After a few moments, Richard reaches the end of the walk and stops, looking at the lake shore, not noticing a distinguished gentleman sitting on a park bench, smoking a thin cigar.

- 225 RICHARD'S POINT OF VIEW - BEACH 225
Nothing visible.
- 226 RICHARD 226
looking; seeing nothing. Suddenly, he stiffens as he sees:
- 227 HIS POINT OF VIEW - A FIGURE 227
in the distance, little more than a tiny outline, moving almost imperceptibly against the b.g. of the water. Music starts, tremulous, exciting.
- 228 RICHARD 228
staring at the figure. After all this time. He knows it's her.
- 229 HIS POINT OF VIEW - FIGURE 229
walking near the water holding her long dress above the sand. Her approach seems dream-like in its slowness.
- 230 RICHARD 230
starting forward, camera with him. He descends a series of wooden steps and turns toward the figure.

- 231 HIS POINT OF VIEW - FIGURE 231
Adding to the dream-like vagueness of the moment is the
nebulous sunset.
- 232 MOVING SHOT - RICHARD 232
walking along the shore, his eyes on the figure.
- 233 HIS POINT OF VIEW - FIGURE 233
getting closer.
- 234 RICHARD 234
eyes fixed on the figure as he approaches it.
- 235 HIS POINT OF VIEW - WOMAN'S FIGURE 235
Suddenly, she stops and stands immobile by the water, a
silhouette against the last dim lambency of the sunset. She
is looking at Richard.
- 236 RICHARD 236
continuing on, still with no idea what to say but unable to
stop, compelled on by what he feels is the inevitability of
this moment.
- 237 HIS POINT OF VIEW - ELISE MC KENNA 237
as the camera draws closer and closer to her.
- 238 CLOSE ON RICHARD 238
as he nears Elise McKenna, his expression one of taut uneas-
iness.
- 239 LONG SHOT - RICHARD AND ELISE 239
coming together: closer; closer; she remains unmoving. Finally,
Richard stops in front of her. Camera holds. Only the sound
of the water lapping at the shore.

240 CLOSE ON RICHARD

240

staring at her, mind and body paralyzed; the sight of her has struck him dumb. Camera slowly pans to her. Even though the light is dim, we see that she is infinitely lovelier than the photographs. She stares at him intently.

241 CLOSEUP - RICHARD

241

smitten by this close proximity to the very woman whose photograph he fell in love with in another time.

242 HIS POINT OF VIEW - ELISE

242

Camera moves in on her face as she speaks.

ELISE
(almost a
whisper)
Is it you?

243 RICHARD

243

staggered by her words. He stares at her incredulously.

244 RICHARD AND ELISE

244

ELISE
Is it?

RICHARD
(impulsively)
Yes.

She makes a faint noise and begins to waver. Richard reaches out quickly to assist her and she tightens at his grip.

RICHARD
(concerned)
Are you all right?

ELISE
(dazed,
mechanical)
I'm quite all right.

RICHARD
I'm sorry if I startled you.

ELISE
(as if by rote)
You didn't startle me.

CONTINUED

244 CONTINUED

244

RICHARD
(with the beginning of a smile)
I think I did.

ROBINSON (o.s.)
I'll take you into dinner now.

Richard starts and looks around, camera withdrawing fast to include William Fawcett Robinson. He extends his arm to Elise and Richard looks at her.

RICHARD
Could I speak to you first?

He breaks off as Robinson moves between him and Elise, virtually shouldering him aside, his arm still extended. She takes his arm and they start away.

245 MOVING SHOT - ELISE AND ROBINSON

245

camera drawing ahead of them, Richard in the b.g., momentarily thwarted. Elise's expression is that of a woman trying hard to regain emotional balance, Robinson's that of a man trying not to accept what he feels may be the disturbing truth about Richard's appearance.

ROBINSON
(trying to
sound casual)
Who is he?

She looks at him quickly, the question seeming, somehow, inappropriate to her. Then she decides to accept it as valid in order to avoid discussion.

ELISE
I don't know.

ROBINSON
(still forcedly
casual)
He gave no name?

ELISE
(with faint
accusation)
There was hardly time....

In the b.g., Richard starts to follow them.

ROBINSON
(straining for humor)
You were conversing, McKenna.

CONTINUED

245 CONTINUED

245

ELISE
(immediately)

No.

He looks at her askance.

ELISE
Not really. I was too....

She stops, begins to look back toward Richard.

ROBINSON
Yes. He is following us.

Robinson glances across his shoulder, then looks at Elise.

ROBINSON
Keep walking. I'll be right along.

He turns back. Elise moves on for several paces, then slows down and stops, hesitates, finally turns back.

246 ELISE

246

as she turns to camera, a look of confused distress on her face as she looks at:

247 RICHARD AND ROBINSON

247

Robinson almost back to Richard.

248 CLOSEUP - ELISE

248

Very disturbed.

249 RICHARD AND ROBINSON - ELISE IN B.G.

249

as they come together. -

ROBINSON
(warily)
Your name, if you please.RICHARD
(beat)
Richard Collier.

His response is unexpected and said in enough of an odd manner to put Robinson off balance. He struggles visibly to regain control.

CONTINUED

249 CONTINUED

24

ROBINSON

Are you a guest at the hotel?

RICHARD

Well, actually....

ROBINSON

(cutting in)

Are you?

RICHARD

Yes.

ROBINSON

Then kindly stop annoying
Miss McKenna or I'll see to it that
you are put from the hotel.

He turns away from Richard, who starts to make a point, then
doesn't have one to make and subsides, frustrated again.

250 ELISE AND ROBINSON

250

as Robinson comes up to her, his arm extended once more.

ELISE

What did you say to him?

ROBINSON

(with a strained
smile)What have I always said to men like
him, McKenna?

She takes his arm and they continue toward the hotel.

251 RICHARD

251

abruptly angered by his lack of perseverance. Bracing him-
self, he starts after them. _

252 EXT. HOTEL ROAD - MOVING SHOT - ELISE AND ROBINSON 252

ROBINSON

Your gown in Act One's going to have to be redone, you know.

She glances at him, knowing what he's doing: falling back on the reassurance of familiar detail.

ROBINSON

I'll discuss it with Marie later tonight.

She does not respond but only draws in a labored breath of air. Camera stops and they move out of scene. After a short while, Richard reaches f.g., camera pulling ahead of him as he moves along the walk, his eye on Elise.

253 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - TWILIGHT - MOVING POINT OF VIEW - ELISE AND ROBINSON 253

as they approach the hotel. Elise glances toward Richard involuntarily as Robinson opens the door and they go inside.

254 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - TWILIGHT - MOVING SHOT 254

as he walks determinedly to the door and opens it.

255 INT. LOBBY AND DINING ROOM DOOR AREA 255

as Richard enters and strides along the corridor, camera with him.

256 HIS POINT OF VIEW 256

Elise's smile is strained as she and Robinson go into the dining room, greeted deferentially by the bowing maitre d'.

257 RICHARD 257

crosses the lobby willfully, intent on his quest, camera with him as he moves to the dining room entrance. He has to wait for several couples to go in before him. The Maitre d' looks at him.

RICHARD

I'm dining with Miss McKenna.

CONTINUED

257 CONTINUED

257

Before the maitre d' can utter a word, Richard is past him and into the dining room.

258 INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

258

O.s., the sound of a light string orchestra playing. Richard slows down and looks around the crowded room, drifting among the tables as he searches for Elise. We see Rollo and Maude, still arguing.

MAUDE

(stiffly)

I have nothing to say, Rollo.

ROLLO

(suffering)

Oh, God.

Suddenly, Richard starts as someone o.s. plucks at his coat, yanking him off balance.

ACTRESS (o.s.)

Mon cheri! We meet again!

Camera moves to include the heavysset Actress at a table with another actress and two actors.

ACTRESS

I so admire a man not hide-bound
by the dictates of fashion.

RICHARD

(not knowing
what she's
talking about)

What?

ACTRESS

That admirable suit! I haven't
seen one like it for a decade!

RICHARD

(startled;
looking
at her)

A decade?

Richard makes a faint sound of distress.

GENEVIEVE

Your name?

CONTINUED

258 CONTINUED

258

RICHARD

Uh...Collier.

GENEVIEVE

(with expansive gestures)

Monsieur Collier. Mademoiselle Hammond. Monsieur Fisher. Monsieur Bones.

Richard smiles distractedly, glancing around for Elise and he shakes a trio of hands.

HAMMOND

Enchanté, Monsieur.

BONES

Evening, Collier

FISHER

(with a drunken smile)

Nice to meet you too.

GENEVIEVE

Still looking for Miss McKenna?

RICHARD

(anxiously)

Yes.

GENEVIEVE

(pointing)

Over there.

CONTINUED

359 CONTINUED 359
 off, he slings them down and pulls off the gag. He pulls out his watch, reacts.

360 INSERT - WATCH 360
 After six o'clock.

361 RICHARD 361
 reacting. He hurries for the doorway.

361-A MONTAGE 361-A
 He exits from the stable and runs with desperate speed to the hotel.

361-B EXT. HOTEL PORCH - RICHARD 361-B
 running to entrance.

362 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - ANGLE FROM DOOR TO SUITE 117 362
 Richard, panting, walks unevenly into f.g. and knocks on the door.

RICHARD
 Elise?!
 (knocking
 again)
 Elise!

He waits, then pounds on the door.

RICHARD
 Elise!

There is no sound from the room. With a sob, he leans his head against the door. He stands there, breathing hard.

CLERK (o.s.)
 Sir?

Richard starts, gasping, and looks around.

363 THREE SHOT INCLUDING CLERK AND YOUNG ARTHUR
and
364 looking at Richard curiously.

363
and
364

CLERK
Are you all right?

RICHARD
The company -- is it gone?

CLERK
Company?

RICHARD
The ones who did the play last
night. Are they gone?

CLERK
They left as soon as they were
packed, sir.

Crushed, Richard turns away, camera holding on Arthur watching
Richard move toward the exit.

365 OMITTED

365

366 EXT. HOTEL PORCH - ANGLE OVER BENCH - RICHARD

366

leaves the hotel and walks toward camera. Reaching f.g., he
slumps on the bench, trying not to cry but barely able to pre-
vent himself. He sits there, one hand over his eyes. Camera
moves in slowly on him until his face fills the screen. Long
moments pass; then suddenly ---

ELISE (o.s.)
(from a
distance)
Richard!

He looks up quickly, too stunned to react.

367 POINT OF VIEW - ELISE

367

running toward him.

368 RICHARD

368

almost unable to believe his eyes. He stands and moves in
her direction.

RICHARD
(whispering)
Elise.

CONTINUED

368 CONTINUED

Camera stays with him as he moves faster and faster until he meets her and they are clinging to each other desperately. He presses his face into her hair, breathing hard.

RICHARD
I thought I'd lost you.

ELISE
Richard.

She draws back and they kiss, clinging to each other. They hold each other for a while. Then she draws back to look at him worriedly, caressing his cheek.

ELISE
What happened?

RICHARD
It doesn't matter. I'll tell you later.

ELISE
I was so sure William had had something terrible done to you.
(pause)
He said that you'd confessed you were a fortune hunter. (X)

RICHARD
(smiling wanly)
Good old William.

ELISE
(leaning her head against him)
I was so horribly frightened, Richard.

RICHARD
There's nothing to be frightened of. Not any more.

They kiss again and camera starts to circle them, moving slowly.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

369 INT. ELISE'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

369

Camera still circling slowly as Richard and Elise embrace each other, kissing passionately. Circling camera moves in on them until their heads fill the screen.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

370 MONTAGE

370

Richard and Elise together, making love. An extended and idyllic sequence.

DISSOLVE TO

371 INT. BEDROOM - LATER - LATE AFTERNOON - HIGH ANGLE ON RICHARD AND ELISE 371

The two sitting, cross-legged, on the floor, having a "picnic" of crackers, cheese, fruit and wine. She is wearing a robe, he is dressed but shirtless, vestless and coatless. Both are barefooted.

Camera moves down on them as they eat with appetite, smiling at each other.

ELISE

(childlike)

You will marry me, won't you?

Richard bursts out laughing at her unexpected question. Elise looks startled.

ELISE

You won't?

RICHARD

(still laughing)

Of course, I will. I'm laughing at the way you asked.

ELISE

(relieved)

Oh. I thought maybe you had a wife and children somewhere.

RICHARD

(still chuckling)

No.

(beat; kissing her hand; chidingly)

Elise....

She smiles and they lean toward each other, their kiss long and sweet. She looks at him with devotion.

ELISE

I want to be everything to you, Richard.

RICHARD

You are.

CONTINUED

371 CONTINUED

371

ELISE

(smiling
with gentle
acceptance)

I know how unskilled I am at making
love. How could I be otherwise?

(the smile be-
coming roguish)

I have no background, sir, and no
experience. I move too clumsily
and forget my lines. I forget the
very name of the play, I'm so
involved in it.

(madly)

I go berserk on stage.

Pressing forward, she kisses him hungrily. They kiss for a
long time. As they separate, Richard speaks breathlessly.

RICHARD

The part is yours.

Her reactive laughter so delights him that he hugs her tightly.

ELISE

(running on
happily)

Tell me more about yourself, love.
What sort of plays do you write?
Are there parts in them for me?
I'd love to act in one of them.
Assuming that I ever want to act
again after tonight ---

RICHARD

(smiling)

You will.

ELISE

(returning
the smile)

I know I will. -

They kiss.

ELISE

Oh, I love you, Richard. Always.
Always.

They hold each other, then, after a while, he speaks.

RICHARD

Good plays.

CONTINUED

371 CONTINUED - 2

371

ELISE
(smiling)

What?

RICHARD
I write good plays.ELISE
(laughs)
I never let you answer, did I?
I'm sorry.

She kisses him.

ELISE
I'm sure they're wonderful.
(smiling)
What time do you think it is?RICHARD
(he's lost
track of time)
I don't know.

He starts to get up but she holds him back.

ELISE
No, no. I'll look.She gets up and walks to where his vest is hanging over a
chair back. Removing the watch, she looks at it.ELISE
Almost five.RICHARD
(surprised)
I don't feel sleepy at all.ELISE
(smiling)
Neither do I. -

She puts the watch on the dresser, looks at his suit.

ELISE
The first thing I intend to do for
you ---RICHARD
You've already done.

CONTINUED

258 CONTINUED - 2

258

Richard looks o.s.

FISHER

Indulging in the light fantastic,
as t'were.

259 RICHARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE DANCE FLOOR

259

a few dozen couples dancing, among them Elise with the
Stage Manager.

260 RICHARD AND GROUP

260

RICHARD

Thank you.

He starts off. The heavysset Actress makes a languid gesture
of farewell.

ACTRESS

A bientot, my love.

The quartet exchange smiles and snickers.

261 MOVING SHOT - RICHARD

261

and
262

as he walks to the dance floor and bracing himself, taps the
Stage Manager on the shoulder.

and
262

RICHARD

Excuse me.

STAGE MANAGER

(taken back)

I beg your pardon.

Richard takes Elise away from him.

RICHARD

Thank you.

Camera moves with them as they start to dance. She has re-
covered some of her composure but Richard's reappearance has
disturbed her once more.

(X)

ELISE

What do you think you're doing?

CONTINUED

261
and
262

CONTINUED

RICHARD

Dancing with you.

ELISE

(straining)

We don't even know each other.

RICHARD

(impulsively)

I know everything about you.

ELISE

(drawing back;
suspiciously)

Yes, I'm sure you do.

Startled, he steps on her foot, winces.

RICHARD

I'm sorry.

(beat; off balance)

What do you mean?

ELISE

(trying to dis-
engage herself)

If you'll excuse me.

RICHARD

You don't understand.

ELISE

(coolly)

I think I do.

RICHARD

(with sudden
desperation)

Please don't leave. You don't
know how far I've come to be
with you.

She wants to get away from him but cannot force herself to do so. Something in his manner -- not to mention his appearance -- arrests her will. Still, she is uneasy in his presence.

RICHARD

You act as though you're afraid
of me.

He steps on her foot again.

CONTINUED

261
and
262

261
and
262

CONTINUED - 2

261
and
262

RICHARD

(wincing)

It must be because of my dancing.

Despite the pain in her foot and the doubts in her mind, she almost smiles.

RICHARD

I'm really not that bad. It's just that I'm nervous and -- Oh, God.

He's done it again!

RICHARD

(haplessly)

We'd better sit down before I cripple you.

She starts to speak, then looks across his shoulder suddenly. Richard turns, camera moving to include Robinson and the Maitre d'.

ROBINSON

This man is an intruder. Kindly see to it he is escorted from the premises.

The Maitre d' takes hold of Richard's arm, addressing him coolly.

MAIDRE D'

If you will, sir.

Richard looks at Elise pleadingly as he is drawn away from her. She hesitates, then speaks impulsively.

ELISE

One moment.

(as the
Maitre d'
stops)

I'll walk out with him.

Robinson looks at her in surprise.

CONTINUED

261
and
262

CONTINUED - 3

261
and
262

MAITRE D'
(politely)
But of course.

He moves away and Elise starts toward Richard. Robinson takes hold of her arm.

ROBINSON
(softly)
Are you sure you want to do this?

ELISE
I'll be right back, William.

Disturbed, he backs off. Elise starts walking with Richard toward the lobby. He looks at her gratefully. Robinson watches them go.

RICHARD
Thank you.

Elise does not respond but walks across the dining room with Richard, camera following. They pass the heavyset Actress' table and she raises her glass of wine.

ACTRESS
Together at last! C'est merveilleux!

Elise's expression hardens at this, but she says nothing to the Actress. She and Richard pass through the entryway.

263 INT. PORCH DINING ROOM - NIGHT

263

Richard glancing at her uneasily, wondering what she is about to say. Camera draws around to reveal that she is leading him to a corner where she faces Richard, determined to get to the bottom of this.

-
ELISE
Your name, please?

He reacts in surprise but answers obediently.

RICHARD
Richard Collier.

CONTINUED

263 CONTINUED

263

ELISE
Your place of residence?

RICHARD
(more confused)
Chicago.

ELISE
Your profession?

RICHARD
I'm a playwright.

ELISE
(newly suspicious)
A playwright?

RICHARD
Yes, what -- ?
(realizing)
Wait a second. You don't think
I'm here because ---

ELISE
(struggling to
be rational)
You say you know everything about
me.

RICHARD
(trying to avoid
that tack now)
Well, I meant ---

ELISE
(overlapping)
-- which is patently absurd. You
couldn't possibly know everything.
We've never met. You're a stranger
to me.

RICHARD
Then why did you say 'Is it you?'

ELISE
(tense again)
I don't have to answer that.

RICHARD
(almost childlike
in his distraction)
I know you don't. I wish you would
though.

CONTINUED

263 CONTINUED - 2

263

RICHARD (Cont'd)
(seeing something
o.s.; distressed)
Oh, what's the matter with him?

She looks in the same direction, reacting badly.

264 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - ROBINSON

264

at the entrance to the dining room, watching them.

265 RICHARD AND ELISE

265

ELISE
(defending Robinson)
He's watching out for me as he has
always done.

RICHARD
Why? Do I look dangerous?

The pained confusion Elise is experiencing is suddenly too
much for her to deal with. She starts to turn away.

RICHARD
Wait.

She stops and looks back tensely.

RICHARD
When will I see you again?

She stares at him. A crucial moment for her. She cannot
resolve her ambivalent feelings, speaks impulsively.

ELISE
I don't know.

She walks away from Richard, camera drawing ahead of her, her
expression one of worried indecision. As she reaches Robinson,
he speaks, camera stopping.

ROBINSON
Is everything well?

ELISE
Yes, thank you.

He looks at her as she walks past him into the dining room,
moving out of scene. He looks at Richard, his expression

CONTINUED

265 CONTINUED

265

strange, unreadable, then moves out of scene. Camera holds on Richard who looks toward the dining room for a while, then moves to a sofa and sinks down on it. Soon, he lowers his head and stares at the floor defeatedly.

DISSOLVE TO

266 OMITTED

266

267 INT. ELISE'S SITTING ROOM - LATER - CLOSE ON WHITE GOWN

267

The one we saw in Laura Roberts' home; now, of course, new. Marie's hands are seen, quickly stitching. Camera starts to withdraw.

ROBINSON

I'm sorry. It isn't right.

MARIE

What if we took some off? Here?

ROBINSON

No. That area doesn't bother me, Marie.

(switching to French)

C'est la taille que je trouve lourde et decevante.

MARIE

Et si on ajoutait une jolie dentelle? Juste ici?

ROBINSON

Peut etre....

(back to English)

But keep the flow of the line...And have it ready in the morning.

MARIE

I'll do my best.

267-A INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON ELISE

267-A

gazing at her reflection as she brushes her hair, a small smile on her lips. On the dressing table are the silver-decorated combo, hand mirror and perfume bottles we saw in Laura Roberts' house. Elise is using the silver-decorated brush. In the other room, the voices stop. After a while, she looks into the mirror, camera moving to show Robinson reflected, standing in the open doorway, looking at her. After several moments, he speaks.

CONTINUED

267-A CONTINUED

ROBINSON

You're smiling, McKenna.

She looks at his reflection for several moments before speaking.

ELISE

I feel good.

267-B
and
267-C

OMITTED

267-B
and
267-C

267-D TWO SHOT - ELISE AND ROBINSON

267-D

his shrug and smile are miniscule.

ROBINSON

He is a handsome young man but rather ill-mannered. Well, I don't want to cloud the picture. I'll keep an eye on him; see to it he doesn't overstep the bounds.

ELISE

(with a humorless smile)

You make it sound so simple.

ROBINSON

(almost stearily)

Nothing is ever simple, is it?

A faint smile on his lips. He gazes at her -- with what emotion we can only guess. At last he speaks.

ROBINSON

Sleep well, McKenna.

He turns away and moves out of sight. After a few moments, the o.s. corridor door closes. Elise stares at the doorway to the sitting room, then, finally, rises with a sigh and moves toward her bed, starting to remove her robe. She gets into bed, sits motionless awhile, then turns off the bedside table lamp and lies down. There is moonlight on her lovely face.

ELISE

(ironically)

Sleep well.

She sticks her tongue out and gives a 1912 version of a lady-like Bronx cheer. After a while, she turns her head on the pillow and gazes toward the window. Camera holds for several moments.

268 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - WINDOW 268
Curtains moving in the breeze.

269 EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT 269
Camera pans until we see a figure come out of a side door and move onto a porch, headed toward a group of wicker chairs.

270 RICHARD 270
He reaches and sits on one of the chairs; gazes toward the lake, his expression somber.

271 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - LAKE 271
A beautiful sight in the moonlight.

DISSOLVE TO

272 EXT. HOTEL - DAWN 272
Barely light. Camera moves in on the porch where Richard sits, slumped over and asleep.

273 CLOSE ON RICHARD 273
as he stirs and wakes up, sits up slowly, wincing at the stiffness in his body. There is a bit of stubble on his face. He makes strange faces as he carefully stretches his upper torso, then stands, legs wobbling before he gets them under control.

RICHARD
I've turned to stone.

Stretching his back grimacingly, he finally takes the watch from his pocket and looks at it.

274 and 275 OMITTED 274 and 275

276 INSERT - WATCH FACE 276
Just past six a.m.

277 OMITTED 277

278

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING

278

as Richard enters and walks toward f.g., stretching, his back still stiff. Reaching the corridor, Richard turns right and moves to the door of Elise's suite and stares at it uncertainly; starts to raise his hand to knock, then lowers it. He stands hesitantly, then, bracing himself, knocks on the door softly. There is no answer. Richard grimaces, waits. Finally, he raises his hand to knock again.

CONTINUED

278 CONTINUED

278

ELISE (o.s.)

Who is it?

RICHARD

(with a quick
breath)

Richard Collier.

Moments pass. He waits in an agony of suspense. He is about to speak again when the door is unlocked and opened and Elise stands there in her gown and robe. It is obvious that he has not awakened her; she looks tired and unsettled.

RICHARD

(warily)

Good morning.

She stares at him almost accusingly, making him cringe a little. He asks the first thing that occurs to him.

RICHARD

Sleep all right?

ELISE

(astringently)

Wonderfully.

RICHARD

(wincing)

I'm sorry.

(beat; to
balance things)

I didn't sleep well either.

(beat)

I was on a porch chair, of course.

ELISE

(something new to
be disturbed about)Don't you even have a room?

RICHARD

(too quickly)

I will. At 9:18.

She stares at him. That makes no sense at all.

RICHARD

(changing the
subject fast)I -- I mean...would you like to go
to breakfast?

ELISE

At six a.m.?

CONTINUED

278

CONTINUED - 2

RICHARD
Oh. Well. Later?

ELISE
I don't eat breakfast on performance days.

RICHARD
(knew that)
No, of course you don't. Lunch then.

ELISE
Mr. Collier ---

RICHARD
Not Mr. Collier.

ELISE
(a new concern)
Isn't that your name?

RICHARD
Yes! It's ---

ELISE
Shh!

RICHARD
(alarmed)
What's the matter?

ELISE
(pointing)
Marie is sleeping in the other bedroom.
(as he stares)
My maid....

RICHARD
(softer)
Oh, I'm sorry.
(beat; continuing)
Of course my name is Collier. I just hoped you'd call me by my first name.

ELISE
(tightly)
Why should I -- ?

RICHARD
(assuagingly)
Oh! Well, may I see you today?

CONTINUED

278 CONTINUED - 3

ELISE
(tightly)
I'll be rehearsing all day.

RICHARD
(loudly)
All day?!

She slaps at the air in front of him.

ELISE
Shh! You'll wake her up!

RICHARD
(softly but
strongly)
Good! I'll take her to breakfast
then! Maybe she'll be more
cooperative!

She wants to be angry but can't, allowing a helpless smile
and sound to escape.

ELISE
Stop it. Please.

RICHARD
Will you walk with me?

ELISE
I can't.

RICHARD
(looking suddenly
"deranged")
I'll throw water in her face.

She makes a spluttering sound, attempting, in vain, not to
laugh. He grabs one of her hands.

RICHARD
Walk with me. Please.

She is oppressed again.

(X)

ELISE
Oh....

She draws her hand away, looking at him with chagrin and in-
decision.

RICHARD
Say yes.

CONTINUED

278 CONTINUED - 4 273

RICHARD (Cont'd)
 (beat; prompting)
 Yes, I'll walk with you and talk
 with you and not be afraid of you (X)
 and resolve everything and we'll....

ELISE
 (overlapping)
 All right!

She flings the door shut in his face. He flinches, staring at the door. After several moments, she yanks it open again, glaring at him.

ELISE
 (deliciously fierce)
 One o'clock.

279 INT. VESTIBULE - CLOSE ON ELISE 279

She almost slams the door again, then holds it back convulsively.

ELISE
 (a taut whisper)
 In front of the hotel.

She slams the door again.

MARIE (o.s.) (X)
 (sleepily)
 Mademoiselle?

Elise groans and makes a face.

280 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - RICHARD 280

staring at the door, non-plussed.

RICHARD
 She's crazy about me.

As he starts away from her room, camera moves to reveal, in the b.g., Robinson standing in the doorway to his room, having just seen Richard leave Elise's room. Camera moves in fast on his face. His expression is a strange one, compounded of anger and fear. Camera holds on it. (X)

281 EXT. PATIO DINING ROOM - DAY - LATER - CLOSE ON RICHARD 281

eating breakfast. After a few moments, he looks up, as o.s., a chair is pulled out and someone sits across from him. Richard hesitates, then continues eating.

CONTINUED

281 CONTINUED

281

RICHARD
(flatly)
Can I talk you into joining me?

282

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING ROBINSON

282

sitting across the table from Richard, appraising him stonily.

ROBINSON
Where are you from, Collier?

Robinson waits.

RICHARD
Chicago. Where are you from?

ROBINSON
(with a steely
smile)
Don't attempt to gull me, sir.

RICHARD
(as he eats)
Love the way you talk.

ROBINSON
I understand you're a playwright.

RICHARD
You understand correctly.

ROBINSON
No doubt you aspire to witness
Miss McKenna perform in one of
your opera.

Richard looks at him questioningly.

ROBINSON
(a scornful smile)
Plural of opus; I presume you've
written more than one.

RICHARD
(smiling)
And seen them produced.

ROBINSON
Really.

He feels as though he is moving into safe waters now and
leans back in his chair.

CONTINUED

ROBINSON

I'm not exactly unfamiliar with the achievements of the American stage in the past decade. Perhaps I've seen one.

RICHARD

(unruffled)

I doubt it.

ROBINSON .

That makes two of us.

(beat)

I, also, doubt that I will ever see one starring Miss McKenna.

Richard puts down his fork.

RICHARD

(seriously)

You don't really think that's what I'm here for, do you?

They look at each other in silence and something strange happens to Robinson's face as he stares at Richard -- an inner struggle ending with a realization of loss -- a last hope overpowered. How this happens, we do not know at the moment but we see it happen in Robinson's expression. He reacts to this atypically; with sudden, ill-disguised anger and resistance.

ROBINSON

(losing aim)

What is it you want? Money?

RICHARD

I know you don't believe that either.

ROBINSON

I warn you, Collier. There is the law and I will not hesitate to make avail of it.

RICHARD

On what charge, Mr. Robinson?

Another exchanged look. Then, sighing, Richard picks up his fork and starts to eat again as though Robinson has left. This enrages the older man and he stands abruptly, shaking the table. Richard starts and looks up at him.

ROBINSON

(voice barely controlled)

The matter is concluded, Collier. You may depend on it.

CONTINUED

282 CONTINUED - 2

282
(X)RICHARD
(quietly)

No.

Robinson stiffens. For a moment or two, it is not inconceivable that he will hurl himself at Richard's throat. Then he smiles -- an erratic, meaningless smile under the circumstances -- and turns away, walking out of scene. Richard watches him go, a grave expression on his face.

DISSOLVE TO (X)
(X)

282-A OMITTED

282-A

283 INT. LOBBY - ANGLE ON CLOCK

283

Quarter after nine. Camera pans down to show Richard crossing the lobby, carrying bagged purchases from the hotel drug store. He comes to the desk. The Clerk looks up.

CLERK

Good morning, sir.

RICHARD

Good morning. I'd like ---

CLERK

(cutting him off)

Excuse me, sir.

(to someone, o.s.)

Arthur?

Richard looks around.

284 POINT OF VIEW - ARTHUR

284

The little boy is standing across the lobby, looking guilty, his ball bouncing away.

235 RICHARD AND CLERK

235

CLERK

(with a
strained smile)

Excuse me again, sir.

As Richard watches, the Clerk goes into the lobby and picks up the ball, glaring at Arthur. Returning, the Clerk puts the ball under the counter.

CLERK

(tightly)

I'm sorry, sir.

RICHARD

(smiling)

That's all right.

(beat)

I'd like a room, please.

CONTINUED

285

CONTINUED

285

CLERK

(startled:
seeing no
luggage)

Don't you have one?

RICHARD

(caught off
guard)

Uh...no. I was ill when I arrived
last night. I stayed with a friend.

CLERK

(beat)

I see.

He hesitates. Richard glances at the clock, getting nervous.

RICHARD

You have a room?

CLERK

Uh...yes; yes.

He turns and looks at the key slots, turning back after several moments to place a tagged key on the desk in front of Richard. Richard picks it up and looks at it, reacting badly.

286

INSERT - TAGGED KEY

286

Camera in on the number: 420.

287

RICHARD AND CLERK

287

Richard suddenly disoriented, staring at the tagged key in bewilderment. He puts it down as though he doesn't want to touch it.

CLERK

One single, three dollars a day,
bathroom privileges extra. Would
you care to sign the register, sir?

Richard looks at him numbly. Something about the discrepancy disturbs him terribly; as though it means that everything is going to go wrong now.

RICHARD

Are you sure this is the right one?

CLERK

Right one, sir?

Richard doesn't know what else to say. Several awkward moments

CONTINUED

287 CONTINUED

287

pass before a Second Clerk walks by, sees the key and casually picks it up.

SECOND CLERK

Oh; sorry, Mr. Beals. That room is reserved. Forgot to put a notice in the slot.

A very audible sigh escapes Richard. The Clerk glances at him in surprise, then turns to get another key. Richard glances at the o.s. clock with rising tension. The Clerk turns back and puts another key on the counter. Richard cannot restrain another sigh -- with an accompanying, involuntary grin. Quickly, he grabs the pen and leans over the register.

288 INSERT - REGISTER

288

The page we saw in the attic, now new. Richard signs: Richard Collier -- Chicago, Ill.

289 RICHARD AND CLERK

289

He is about to write in the rest when the Clerk turns the register, startling him. He stares at the Clerk as the Clerk, murmuring "Excuse me," takes the pen from Richard's hand and writes in Room 416, starts to turn to check the clock.

RICHARD

(quickly)

9:18 a.m.

CLERK

Thank you, sir.

He makes the entry. Richard exhales heavily.

RICHARD

Bingo.

CLERK

Sir?

RICHARD

(smiling)

Nothing.

CLERK

What room is your luggage in, sir?

CONTINUED

289 CONTINUED

289

RICHARD

(turning away)

That's all right. I'll get it myself later.

As he starts for the elevator, he looks toward Arthur again and stops.

289-A POINT OF VIEW - ARTHUR

289-A

sitting on a chair, looking very woe begone, tears trickling down his cheeks.

289-B RICHARD

289-B

smiling at Arthur in sympathy. Now he looks around. Arthur's father is turned away, conversing with the Second Clerk. Richard hesitates, then steps lightly to the counter, reaches over and under it and comes up with the ball. He walks to Arthur, camera with him and hands the ball back, repressing a smile. He tousles Arthur's hair.

RICHARD

See you around, Arthur.

As he moves away, Arthur watches him go. He is only five but he'll remember this moment. For a long time.

DISSOLVE TO

289-C INT. FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - ANGLE ON DOOR TO ROOM 416

289-C

as it opens and Richard emerges, dressed but with his shirt off. He is carrying the shaving cup, brush, soap, razor, toothbrush, tooth powder, and towel. Balancing everything with difficulty, he locks the door to his room and moves to the door marked Gentlemen. It is ajar and he enters, closes the door. Camera moves in on the door.

289-D INT. BATHROOM - RICHARD - MOMENTS LATER

289-D

He finishes lathering and rinsing off the brush, sets it in its cup, picks up the razor. He opens it, grimacing at the sight. He makes several abortive passes at his face before finally steeling himself to begin. He clenches his teeth and very gingerly, starts to shave, the scraping noises horrendous to him. Almost immediately, he nicks himself and hisses. He tries to shave with more care; nicks himself a second time.

CONTINUED

289-D CONTINUED

289-D

RICHARD

Oh, boy.

He hesitates, then, with teeth gritted again, tries once more. Nicks himself again, hissing.

RICHARD

(looking at
the razor)

It's a goddamn murder weapon.

Bracing himself, he starts again, very cautiously, his face a mask of tense anticipation. Camera holds.

289-E INT. CORRIDOR - LATER - ANGLE ON DOOR - MAN

289-E

The door is unlocked and opened and Richard emerges, cheeks, chin and throat festooned with nineteen fragments of tissue paper, the toilet articles piled in his arms, a dignified look on his face.

RICHARD

Morning.

MAN

(astonished
at the sight)

Morning.

He watches Richard walk away, camera drawing around to keep Richard in sight.

MAN

(to himself)

Astonishing.

DISSOLVE TO

290 EXT. HOTEL PORCH - DAY - LATER - RICHARD

290

pacing back and forth.

291 CLOSE ON RICHARD - MOVING SHOT

291

There are still a few tissue paper fragments stuck to his face; the rest of the nicks have dried. After a few moments, he takes out his watch and checks it, wincing slightly at the time. Returning the watch to its pocket, he continues pacing worriedly. As he turns, he reacts with sudden pleasure, seeing ---

292 OMITTED

292

292-A ELISE

292-A

coming out of the hotel, her expression hurried as she moves toward camera with a brisk pace.

293 TWO SHOT - RICHARD AND ELISE

293

Richard smiling as they come together. She takes his arm a little forcibly.

ELISE

Shall we go?

He makes a tiny, startled sound as she pulls him off balance when they start off. He begins to speak, but she cuts him off.

ELISE

I'm sorry I'm late. There were complications.

He starts to reply but she cuts him off again, noticing his face.

ELISE

What did you do to your face?

RICHARD

(catching himself;
sheepishly)

Shaved.

She looks at him curiously.

RICHARD

(beat; covering)

New blade wasn't sharp enough.

ELISE

I shudder to think what you'd look like if it was any sharper.

As she speaks, she looks across her shoulder. Richard starts to do the same.

ELISE

Don't tell me. We're being trailed by --

(seeing him)

-- who else?

294 POINT OF VIEW - ROBINSON 294
 walking after them at a distance; not attempting to catch up
 but obviously keeping an eye on them.

294-A RICHARD AND ELISE - MOVING SHOT 294-A

RICHARD
 I got to give him credit, he's a
 bulldog.

(seeing her
 disturbed
 expression)
 You want me to speak to him?

ELISE
 It wouldn't do a bit of good.
 (seeing something
 o.s. with a tight
 smile)

I think I know what would, though.

She yanks him off balance again, pulling him fast. Camera
 pans to show her running him to an open carriage and horse.
 She jumps, unassisted, into the driver's seat and Richard
 barely has time to get in himself before she makes the horse
 gallop off, causing Richard to nearly fall into the back seat.
 Elise laughs, delighted.

294-B ROBINSON 294-B
 watching their departure, his features as though carved from
 stone.

DISSOLVE TO

295 EXT. HOTEL ROAD - DAY - LATER - LONG SHOT 295
 The carriage appears from b.g., moving now at a leisurely
 speed.

295-A EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - RUNBY 295-A

295-B INT. CARRIAGE - RICHARD AND ELISE 295-B
 Richard looks back.

ELISE
 What are you looking for?

RICHARD
 I thought maybe he was running
 after us.

She laughs a little, looks at him, then makes a sound which,
 translated, might say "It's incredible."

CONTINUED

295-B CONTINUED

295-B

RICHARD

What?

ELISE

(as though
the notion
baffles her)

I've actually missed you.

RICHARD

(pause;
adoringly)

How odd. I haven't missed you at
all.

She has to smile. Seeing it makes Richard smile. Camera
holds.

296 EXT. LAKE SHORE AND LIGHTHOUSE - LATER - ANGLE PAST CARRIAGE 296

The carriage parked, Richard and Elise starting onto the lake
shore beach. Richard takes her arm in the mode of 1979, then,
as she looks at him curiously, withdraws his hand and, instead,
offers her his arm to hold. She takes it and they move away.

296-A RICHARD AND ELISE - MOVING SHOT

296-A

She has a serious expression on her face.

ELISE

You must understand, Mr. Collier.

He looks at her with gentle accusation. She sighs concedingly.

ELISE

Richard...it's not easy to be a
successful actress...and a woman.
Through the years I have found it
necessary to protect myself...So
understand, please understand.
That I'm even with you when we only
met last night is ---

RICHARD

Yes. I wondered why you seemed a
bit afraid of me last night.

She doesn't know what to say.

RICHARD

Has it anything to do with your
saying, 'Is it you?'

CONTINUED

296-A CONTINUED

ELISE-

Yes.

(pause;
hesitatingly)

I was expecting....

She cannot make herself finish.

RICHARD

Me?

ELISE
(quickly)

Someone.

RICHARD

Who?

As she hesitates.

RICHARD

Tell me.ELISE
(uneasily)

I'm afraid you'd laugh.

RICHARD

Is it funny?

ELISE

(smiling
sadly)

In a way.

(pause)

William told me you were coming.

RICHARD

(stunned)

Robinson?

ELISE

Yes. He...knows somehow. He really
does. He knew many things before
they happened...my career...my...he
told me one day I would meet a man...

(beat)

...and that man would change my life.

RICHARD

Did he tell you I was someone to
beware of?

She hesitates. He waits it out. Finally ---

CONTINUED

296-A CONTINUED - 2

296-A

ELISE

Yes.

She tries to smile but can't.

RICHARD

Do you still believe it?

ELISE

(pause)

I...don't know what to believe.

(beat)

You're obviously not....

She can't finish. He smiles faintly. She manages a smile.

ELISE

I don't believe in destiny, Richard.
I believe that we make our lives
what they are.

RICHARD

So do I.

They reach a rowboat on the beach and Richard looks at it, at her.

296-B EXT. LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND

296-B

as Richard rows the boat in to the shore and helps Elise out. They walk in silence for a while until they reach a boulder which overlooks the lake. She sits on it and looks at the water.

She looks at Richard. Then, gently, she removes the tiny scraps of tissue paper from his face. Tiny fragments remain.

ELISE

Stick out your tongue.

He does and she wets a tip of her handkerchief, gently stroking off the fragments of tissue.

ELISE

There.

He gazes at her silently, his love for her very clear. Now he smiles, completely charming her. She returns it, then sighs.

ELISE

A most peculiar moment in my life,
Mr. Collier.

CONTINUED

296-B CONTINUED

296-B

RICHARD

(smiling)

You'll survive it, Miss McKenna.

They gaze at each other for a while. Then she has to change the subject, feeling herself awakening.

ELISE

Tell me more about yourself.

RICHARD

Well...

(remembering
with a smile)

...I love Mahler too.

The theme we've heard.

ELISE

Oh, Yes. He's a marvelous conductor.

RICHARD

Oh, but I love his music...

(beat)

...he's a wonderful composer.

ELISE

I never knew he wrote music.

RICHARD

(not lying well)

I read about it somewhere.

(pause; smiling)

A long time ago.

ELISE

(pause)

What time is it?

Taking out his watch, he opens it.

RICHARD

A little after two-thirty.

ELISE

I should be getting back.

RICHARD

Do you have to?

CONTINUED

296-B CONTINUED - 2

296-B

ELISE

(hesitates)

Yes. I...have to rest awhile. The
play....

RICHARD

(nods)

I understand.

He reacts as she takes the watch from his hand and looks at
it.

ELISE

It's lovely. May I see it?

(pause; handing
it back)

Where did you get it?

He swallows, managing a smile.

RICHARD

It was given to me.

She nods, then stands. He puts the watch away as he gets up
and they start back toward the rowboat.

297

EXT. HOTEL PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON - MOVING SHOT - RICHARD
AND ELISE

297

walking toward the hotel ahead, both silent. After a while,
Richard feels that he must say something to break the silence.

RICHARD

How long will you be doing the
play here?

ELISE

(surprised at
the question)

Just tonight.

RICHARD

(startled)

I thought plays ran for weeks.

CONTINUED

297 CONTINUED

297

ELISE
 (shaking
 her head)
 It's only part of a tour.

RICHARD
 Then you're leaving tomorrow?

ELISE
 (pause)
 Tonight.

RICHARD
 (stunned)
 Where?

ELISE
 Denver.

The news is extremely disturbing to him.

298 OMITTED

298

299 INT. CORRIDOR - ANGLE FROM DOOR TO ROOM 117

299

Richard and Elise appear from the lobby and walk to her door. She hands him the key, making him think that she is inviting him in. With a faint smile, he unlocks the door and turns to her. She looks at him a few moments, then extends her hand.

ELISE
 Thank you for a pleasant afternoon,
 Richard.

Realizing that having him unlock the door was only a social formality, he hands back the key.

RICHARD
 May we talk a little longer?

ELISE
 I really should rest.

RICHARD
Please.

She stares at him. Every emotional reflex in her tells her to back off. But there is this thing between them, this mysterious thing she cannot overcome.

ELISE
 (at last)
 Just for a moment or so.

CONTINUED

299 CONTINUED

299

RICHARD

All right.

She goes inside and he follows. She starts to close the door.

300 INT. VESTIBULE OF SUITE - ELISE

300

closes the door and turns to look at Richard, remaining where she is as though afraid to enter the sitting room. Silence as they look at each other. Finally, her gaze falls, rises again.

ELISE

What did you want to...talk about?

Her voice has faded; she is silent again. They stare at one another, an aura of emotion building steadily and irresistably around them. Moments pass. Then, reaching up slowly, Richard puts his hands on her upper arms. She draws in sudden breath.

ELISE

No.

She doesn't move though. Now he reaches up his hands -- still slowly, very slowly, and presses one palm to each side of her face, tilting it gently back. Her eyes peer deeply into his, as though she is searching for some kind of answer she can understand; as though she knows that, whether or not she finds that answer, involvement is about to claim her.

ELISE

(a whisper;
pleadingly)

No.

Richard kisses her softly on the lips.

ELISE

(whispering)

Oh, God, what's happening to me?

Abruptly, his arms are around her, holding her tightly. He kisses her again. She struggles for an instant more, making a sound of resistance, then, suddenly, slides her arms around him, kissing back. Moments. Then a sudden knocking on the door makes them jerk their heads apart with mutual gasp.

ROBINSON (o.s.)

Elise.

(X)

CONTINUED

The impact on her is severe. The instant she hears Robinson's voice, every motivation which has made her stay aloof from men so many years rushes back and she pulls away from Richard.

RICHARD

Don't answer him.

Another demanding knock.

ROBINSON (o.s.)

Elise.

(X)

She steps quickly to a mirror and, seeing her reflection, makes a pained sound, both palms jumping to her flushed cheeks as though to hide them. Looking around, she moves hurriedly to a water pitcher, dips her fingers in it and pats them against her cheeks.

ROBINSON (o.s.)

I know you are in there.

ELISE

(chillingly cold)

I'll be out in a moment.

She takes in deep breaths, trying to control herself, fumbling with her hair to make sure nothing is out of place. Then, turning, she brushes past Richard and opens the door. Robinson stands there, his face a mask of intense hostility.

ROBINSON

(to Richard;
murderously)

I think you had better go.

ELISE

(icily)

Have you been waiting all this time for our return?

ROBINSON

This is scarcely the time for discussion, Elise.

ELISE

Have you?

(X)

ROBINSON

Yes. Does that surprise you?

(X)

ELISE

Our relationship is one of business, not ---

(X)

CONTINUED

300 CONTINUED - 2

300

ROBINSON
(trying hard
not to erupt)
One of business? You can say that
after -- ?

ELISE
(overlapping)
I am involved with you as an actress,
Mr. Robinson, not a doormat!
(infuriated)
Do not attempt to wipe your boots
on me.

Robinson seems to pale at her words. She turns to Richard.

ELISE
I'll leave a ticket for you at the
theatre door.

He starts to say something else, then realizes that she wants
him to go and nods.

RICHARD
All right.

Squeezing her arm, he starts from the room.

301 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - ANGLE ON DOOR

301

Unseen by Elise, Richard gives Robinson a look as he leaves,
walking out of scene. Robinson glares after him, then looks
at the door in startlement as Elise shuts it in his face and
locks it. After several moments of reacting to the shock of
that, Robinson looks at Richard again.

302 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - RICHARD

302

moving toward the lobby, walking.

303 ROBINSON

303

expression rigid as he watches Richard move away.

DISSOLVE TO

A-303-A EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT - CARRIAGES LEAVING

A-303-A

303-A EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT - ANGLE ON TROLLEY

303-A

as it is pulled up and stopped, the various passengers debarking, Richard among them. As he reaches f.g., camera draws away from him. He is listening to a couple talk.

MAN

Saw her do 'The Little Minister' in New York City.

WOMAN

Any good?

The Man clears his throat for a moment of suspense.

MAN

Oh, yes. Wonderful. She dominates the stage at all times.

Richard smiles, basking in the comment. Camera holds on him.

304
thru
306

OMITTED

304
thru
306

307

INSERT - PROGRAM

307

The same one we saw in the display case earlier, now freshly printed.

Mr. William Fawcett Robinson presents
MISS ELISE MCKENNA
in the original production
of the Comedy in Four Acts entitled
Wisdom Of The Heart
by Mr. Bartlett Wells
founded upon his novel of the same name.

Beneath that are two notated lines of music with the title "Louisa's Waltz" (tempo di valse) by Wm. Forster. Camera holds as the program is lowered and we see the audience, among them a frigid Maude, a rigid Rollo. Camera moves toward the stage as the lights dim and the orchestra starts playing "Louisa's Music" from the overture. Camera moves in on Richard moving around him to show his expression of smiling expectancy. After a while, o.s., the overture ends and, after a moment, the curtain opens. Richard smiles appreciatively, and the audience makes a sound of approval, a few members applauding.

308

OMITTED

308

309

ANGLE ON STAGE

309

The beautifully appointed bedroom of a wealthy woman.

CONTINUED

309 CONTINUED 309
 Abigail, a maid, is opening the bed. Louisa (Elise) comes in, wearing the white gown, with long white gloves, a look of despair on her face. The o.s. audience starts to applaud. (X)

310 RICHARD 310
 applauding, delighted. Moved to see the gown.

311 PROMPTER 311
 smiling; pleased.

312 DIRECTOR 312
 smiling; pleased.

312-A ROBINSON 312-A
 observing grimly. (X)

313 BACK TO STAGE 313
 Abigail curtsies nervously.

ABIGAIL
 Good evening, miss.

LOUISA
 Not good at all. Particularly bad.
 (beat)
 I'll not go downstairs again.

Louisa removes the gloves.

314 RICHARD 314
 watching with an adoring smile. Louisa sighs heavily on stage.

314-A BACK TO STAGE 314-A

ABIGAIL
 What is it, miss?

LOUISA
 I've just been dining with the man
 my father is determined that I wed.

CONTINUED

314-A CONTINUED

314-A

ABIGAIL

Banker Harwell?

LOUISA

Banker Harwell, yes. All sixty-seven years and five-feet-four of height and several hundred pounds of him.

The audience laughs.

315 RICHARD

315

smiling; pleased.

316 PROMPTER

316

smiling; pleased.

317 DIRECTOR

317

smiling; pleased.

317-A ROBINSON

317-A

Despite the grimness of his attitude, he cannot help a quick (X) inward breath, a look of obvious adoration.

318 BACK TO SCENE

318

ABIGAIL

(trying to comfort)

He does have money though.

LOUISA

And never lets a soul forget it. I'm amazed he has the least desire to marry, he's so happily wedded to his gold.

The audience laughs again.

ABIGAIL

Perhaps it won't be that bad, miss. There must be something you like about him.

CONTINUED

318 CONTINUED

318

LOUISA

Yes. His absence.

The audience laughs again. Louisa walks to the front of the stage.

LOUISA

The man of my dreams has almost faded now.

319 PROMPTER

319

smile gone. He checks the script.

320 DIRECTOR

320

staring.

320-A ROBINSON

320-A

eyes narrowed, "sensing" what is about to take place.

(X)

321 BACK TO STAGE

321

ABIGAIL

(confused)

Uh-uh-uh -- what man is that, miss?

LOUISA

The one I have created in my mind.

(fervently)

The sort of man each woman dreams of in the deepest and most secret reaches of her heart.

322 PROMPTER

322

frowning; running his finger down the script page. Has he lost his mind?

323 DIRECTOR AND STAGE MANAGER

323

DIRECTOR

What is she doing?

323-A ROBINSON 323-A
gaze intent on Elise, knowing what she's doing. (X)

324 RICHARD 324
not knowing Elise is changing the play.

325 BACK TO STAGE 325
Elise now looking at Richard.

LOUISA
I can almost see him now before me.
(beat)
What would I say to him if he were
really here?

326 PROMPTER 326
panicking.

PROMPTER
Oh, my God:

327 DIRECTOR AND STAGE MANAGER 327

DIRECTOR
(a quiet statement
of fact)
She's gone insane.

327-A ROBINSON 327-A
dying inside. (X)

328 ELISE AND RICHARD 328
As she speaks, he starts to realize that she is addressing
her speech to him alone and listens, spellbound.

ELISE
Forgive me. I have never known this
feeling. I have lived without it
all my life. Is it any wonder, then,
I failed to recognize you? You, who
brought it to me for the first time.

329 PROMPTER

329

groaning feebly, hand to his head. He has lost his mind.

330 ELISE AND RICHARD

330

Gradually, the audience grows aware of what Elise is doing and listens to her, raptly curious.

ELISE

Is there any way that I can tell you how my life has changed? Any way at all to let you know what sweetness you have given me?

(voice trembling)

There is too much to say; I cannot find the words.

(struggling for control)

Except for these.

(with all her heart)

I love you.

331 RICHARD

331

staring at the stage, overwhelmed by love for her. Camera holds.

ELISE (o.s.)

Such would I say to him -- if he were here.

331-A ROBINSON

331-A

Turning away and striding for the exit, shoving aside the stage manager as he leaves o.f., the play resumes. Camera holds.

(X)

(X)

332 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT - LATER

332

The curtain closing at the end of the first act, Richard applauding with the rest of the audience. The house lights go on and he stands abruptly; he has to see her. Nearby members of the audience regard him curiously as he departs.

333

BACKSTAGE AREA - ELISE, DIRECTOR, STAGE MANAGER, PHOTOGRAPHER, CAST, ET AL

333

Elise moving toward her dressing room.

CONTINUED

333 CONTINUED

333

DIRECTOR

What in God's name were you doing?

ELISE

(smiling to
herself)

Nothing.

DIRECTOR

Nothing?! Rewriting the entire
first scene?!

ELISE

(serenly)

I got it back on course.

DIRECTOR

I know but ---

STAGE MANAGER

Elise.

(as she stops)

Can you hold a moment? We've just
got to take that photograph.

ELISE

All right. Just a moment, though.
I have to change.

STAGE MANAGER

I know.

(to Photographer)

Quickly?

The Photographer stands Elise against a neutral b.g.

PHOTOGRAPHER

A little smile, please?

She smiles. He isn't satisfied.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Not quite.

(beat)

If we could just ---

He breaks off as Elise looks o.s. suddenly.

334 POINT OF VIEW - RICHARD

334

as the stage door, held back by the doorman.

335 ELISE

335

smiling at the sight of him.

PHOTOGRAPHER (o.s.)

Oh, yes.

There is a flash of light. The picture freezes and we see that the photograph is the very one Richard fell in love with in the Hall of History.

PHOTOGRAPHER (v.o.)

That was absolutely perfect.

336 PHOTOGRAPHER

336

coming out from under his cloth, looking around. Elise has already gone. He sees her.

337 POINT OF VIEW - RICHARD AND ELISE

337

as she comes close to him. They gaze at one another.

DISSOLVE TO

338 INT. THEATRE - LATER

338

as Richard watches the scene we saw rehearsed, a Stagehand comes up to him, carrying an envelope.

STAGEHAND

(whispering)

Mr. Collier?

RICHARD

Yes.

STAGEHAND

For you, sir.

He hands over the envelope and turns away. Richard looks at the envelope.

339 INSERT - ENVELOPE

339

"Mr. Richard Collier" -- written in a strong, male hand.

340 RICHARD

340

opening the envelope curiously. He unfolds the note.

mdm #00590

121
(X)

341 INSERT - NOTE

341

in the same, male handwriting, the penmanship immaculate.
"I must speak to you immediately. This is a matter of life
and death so do not fail me. I am waiting in the gazebo
behind the theatre. W.F. Robinson."

342 RICHARD

342

looking at the note in concern.

343 EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT - RICHARD

343

exiting and moving around the theatre, camera with him. As
he walks, he looks around cautiously; he doesn't trust
Robinson. Then he sees Robinson waiting in the gazebo ahead.
Again, he looks around to make sure no trick is being played
on him.

344 INT. GAZEBO - RICHARD

344

He enters the darkened interior and looks around cautiously,
primed to react physically if this turns out to be some kind
of trap. Then ---

ROBINSON (v.o.)

Do you have any notion of how many
years I have been with Miss McKenna?

Richard has started at the sound of Robinson's voice. He
watches now as the other man stand and emerges from the
shadows, screwing on the top of a flask which he puts into
his inside coat pocket. He is drunk enough to have lost some
measure of his usual precision, his hair a trifle askew, his
tie slightly off center, his voice a little thickened.

RICHARD

(warily)

Since March of 1903.

Robinson is startled by the accuracy of Richard's answer but
controls his reaction.

ROBINSON

That is correct. March of 1903.
She was sixteen at the time, per-
forming in some shabby little
theatre in New Jersey. It was all
by accident I came there.

CONTINUED

ROBINSON (Cont'd)

(pause;
recalling)

There she was on that dingy stage,
in that pathetic play...a total
radiance. It took me only moments
to perceive exactly what she had to
be.

RICHARD

(hard)

Mrs. Robinson?

ROBINSON

(with contempt)

Do you actually believe that I have
nurtured her and cared for her and
taught her and developed her for
close to ten years merely to groom
a wife?

RICHARD

What then?

ROBINSON

A star!

(pause;
scornfully)

Only someone with the limited aware-
ness of your age could conceive that
my entire passion for this woman is
no more than physical.

(beat)

Are you incapable of understanding
that she has, within herself, the
potential to be one of the greatest
-- if not the greatest actress of
her generation? A queen of the
stage -- an empress even. An actress
with the capacity to surpass Bernhardt
as the stars surpass the moon. A
stage performer with such qualities
as I have never seen in any actress
in the twenty-seven years that I
have managed. As innate ability to
wrench emotional adulation from
every theatre-goer and critic who
will ever see her. A power of
expression which is on the verge of
standing alone on a pedestal beneath
which other actresses can only wor-
ship.

CONTINUED

344 CONTINUED - 2

344

ROBINSON (Cont'd)

(pause; shaken)

And you would have her lose all
that to be Mrs. Collier?

RICHARD

(pause; quietly)

I owe you an apology.

ROBINSON

(taken back)

What?

RICHARD

I understand your motivation now
and I respect it. You have nothing
but the best in mind for her.

ROBINSON

(hopefully)

Then you'll -- ?

RICHARD

But so do I. Do you think I'm
blind? Don't you think I'm well
aware of her potential? Asking
her to marry me won't be asking
her to commit creative suicide.
Of course she'll continue to act --
and grow -- and become everything
you see for her.

ROBINSON

(flatly)

With you at her side?

RICHARD

With me at her side.

ROBINSON

(pause; the
gauntlet cast)

No.

(voice trembling)

I have invested all my heart and
soul in her and you will not destroy
that. She -- is -- mine.

Richard starts to turn but Robinson grabs his arm, preventing
it.

CONTINUED

ROBINSON

(a little
crazed now)

I know who you are, Collier. I've
known it from the start --

(with a
bitter sound)

Yes, knew it long before you ever
came -- to destroy her.

RICHARD

(controlling
his rage)

You're out of your mind.

ROBINSON

(ignoring him)

I'll rid her of you, mark my word.
You shall not have her.

(beat)

Not even the will of heaven will
deter me from protecting her.

RICHARD

(almost feeling
sorry for
Robinson now)

Take your hand off me.

ROBINSON

I told you this morning that the
matter is concluded. Well, it is.

RICHARD

Take your hand off me.

CONTINUED

aeo #00590

125
(X)

344 CONTINUED - 4

344

ROBINSON
(pause; surpris-
ingly amiable)
Of course.

He releases Richard.

RICHARD

Thank you.

He turns to leave, camera pulling ahead of him as he walks away from the gazebo. Suddenly, the Burly Stagehand and his companion burst from the o.s. shadows and hurl him to the ground. As he struggles with them, camera moves to Robinson who watches impassively, holds.

345 OMITTED

345

346 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT - LATER - ANGLE ON STAGE

346

The performers seen from behind, taking a curtain call to loud applause and cheering. As the curtain closes, Elise turns to camera, her expression one of barely contained panic. She calls to the o.s. curtain man.

ELISE

No more!

The other performers are startled by this, looking at each other and at her as she hurries out of scene.

BONES

No more?

ACTRESS

(the heavy-
set one)
One curtain call?

FISHER

The audience will be furious.

BONES

The audience be damned, I'm furious!

ACTRESS

Let's take them without her.

347 INT. DRESSING ROOM

347

as Elise enters hurriedly, confronting Marie.

CONTINUED

347 CONTINUED

ELISE
Did you find him?

MARIE
No, mademoiselle.

ELISE
You tried his room?

MARIE
He wasn't there.

ELISE
What did they say at the desk?

MARIE
They have not seen him.

ELISE
(incredulous)
He left no message?

MARIE
Non.

ELISE
It doesn't make sense. Where could
he have gone?
(pause; abruptly)
Help me quickly. I've got to look
for him.

Marie starts to undress her when there is a knock on the door.
With an anxious sound, Elise moves quickly there.

348 BACKSTAGE - CLOSE ON DOOR

348

as Elise pulls it open, reacting.

349 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - ROBINSON

349

sobered, impeccable, under control again.

350 ANGLE PAST ROBINSON - ON ELISE

350

She backs off uneasily as he enters. Robinson gestures for
Marie to leave and she does without a word. He shuts the door.

ELISE
(tensely)
Well?

CONTINUED

350 CONTINUED

ROBINSON
Your Mr. Collier has gone.

ELISE
(uneasily)
What do you mean?

ROBINSON
He's left the hotel.
(beat)
And your life.

ELISE
What have you done to him?

ROBINSON
(strongly)
Confronted him.
(beat)
Elicited a full confession.

ELISE
Confession of what?

ROBINSON
Intent.
(beat)
On your money. Your position.
(cutting her off)
The man's a fortune hunter, nothing
more.

ELISE
That isn't true!

ROBINSON
(overlapping)
A bit more shrewd than others we've
confronted but ---

ELISE
(breaking in)
He isn't what you told me then?

ROBINSON
No.

ELISE
(springing
the trap)
Then you were wrong about him,
weren't you?

CONTINUED

ROBINSON
(tightening)

No.

ELISE
(forcefully)
You were wrong! I love him and
he's going to make me happy. Do
you understand? I love him.

ROBINSON
(fighting for
control)
It doesn't really matter, does it,
since he's gone.

ELISE
I'll find him, William.

He reaches out for her but she pulls away.

ELISE
Don't try to stop me.

ROBINSON
(pause; with
a faint smile)
No. Of course not.
(controlling
himself)
We leave within the hour, remember.

She turns away from him and starts to remove her costume.
Robinson watches her with suddenly haunted eyes. As she turns
to glare at him, he opens the door and goes outside.

ROBINSON
(with tight
bravado)
Au revoir, McKenna.

He closes the door slowly, looking at Elise as though he will
never see her again.

350-A ELISE

350-A

looking around as the door shuts, then hurriedly continuing
her changing.

351 INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - LATER - ANGLE ON DOOR TO ELISE'S
DRESSING ROOM

351

as she comes out, clothes changed. Inside, Marie watches her

CONTINUED

- 351 CONTINUED 351
- go worriedly. Elise hurries toward the exit, camera panning (X) to follow her movement. The company is busy dismantling and packing. We see Robinson directing some workers. She doesn't even look at him as she passes by. He turns and watches her go, a man in agony. Then someone drops a flat and he whirls, the showman to the last.
- ROBINSON (X)
Be careful of that set!
- 352 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT - ANGLE ON DESK 352
as Elise hurries up to it. (X)
(X)
- ELISE
Would someone open Richard Collier's room please?
- CLERK
What is it, Miss McKenna?
- ELISE
I think something may have happened to him.
(as he stares)
Please!
- 353 INT. FOURTH-FLOOR CORRIDOR - ELISE AND PORTER 353
walking swiftly to room 416. Elise breathes hard. The porter unlocks the door and opens it. The room is dark and he switches on the light.
- 354 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 354
as Elise moves inside and looks around, checks the closet. She is struck uncomfortably by the fact that there are no clothes, no luggage, only toilet articles on the bureau: A shaving brush, mug, after-shave lotion, soap, a comb, toothbrush and powder. She checks the closet; empty. The bureau drawers; empty. She hesitates, then moves out past the porter, her expression one of deep concern. The porter watches her go, then switches off the light and shuts the door.
- 355 INT. STABLE - LATER - ANGLE ON WINDOW 355
The gray light of dawn faintly illuminating the otherwise dark interior. Camera draws down from the window until we see

CONTINUED

- 355 CONTINUED 355
Richard's body lying on the floor, bound and gagged, his arms tied behind his back. He opens his eyes. They blink; focus. He gasps.
- SHOCK CUT TO
- 355-A UP ANGLE ON HORSE 355-A
A strange sight looming overhead, chewing hay.
- 356 CLOSE ON RICHARD 356
Recovering from the unexpected sight of the horse, he tries to sit up but to no avail; he is trussed so rigidly that a deep breath hurts his chest. He looks around, then, bracing himself, starts to wriggle toward the stall door. He has only gone a few inches when he is held back. Raising his head, he blinks hard, looking at ---
- 357 HIS POINT OF VIEW - POST 357
He is bound to it at his ankles by another rope.
- 358 RICHARD 358
lies there impotently for several moments, then, abruptly, starts yanking his feet, trying to break the rope that binds him to the post. It is no use and he has to stop and lie there, helpless. He closes his eyes, gasping for breath, perspiration dewing his forehead. Soon, he starts trying to separate his legs, using all the strength he can summon. This works more successfully, and he makes sounds of excited victory in his throat as he continues jerking his legs apart. The binding gives a little more each time. Camera holds. (X)
- 359 INT. STALL - LATER - RICHARD 359
The binding's a clump around his ankles, his face dripping sweat. He works his right foot free, then pushes the binding off his left boot, makes a fierce sound of triumph. His legs are free. He stands weavily, blinking hard, gets his sea-legs and pushes past the horse, out of the stall. He looks for something to help himself with, seeing a lantern. Carefully, Richard backs up to it. Unseen by us, he shatters it and begins to cut the rope loose. As soon as his hands are free, he tosses down the fragment of broken glass and spreads the bindings with his arms, pulling them free. When they are

CONTINUED