FADE IN

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT - CLOSE ON AGED BRASS PLAQUE

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

SERIES OF SHOTS (SEPARATED BY DISSOLVES) - NIGHT


INT. THEATRE - STAGE - LONG SHOT

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, varicous 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
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 ---
A FEMALE FIGURE
in the shadows of a back row.

RICHARD
looking back at the group as the dialogue flares again.

PROFESSOR
More serious ideas?

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 appre-
ciate it.

Voices start to fade again as Richard looks aside at the fig-
ure once more.
THE FIGURE

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

OMITTED

SERIES OF SHOTS

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 façade 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....

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.

OMITTED
OLD WOMAN'S FACE
seen in full light, staring at Richard, eyes glistening, obviously in a state of turmoil.

TWO SHOT
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 or 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
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

EXT. HOTEL ROAD - NIGHT - THE CAR

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

Title and credits begin. (X)

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

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

OMITTED

HER POINT OF VIEW - SHADOWY OUTLINE OF THE HOTEL

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

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

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 as the Old Woman enters and crosses the lobby.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR

Evening.

The Old Woman does not respond.

18 OMITTED

19 INT. GROUND FLOOR - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

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

Camera draws up slowly to reveal the phonograph console, then

CONTINUED
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.

CLOSE ON OLD WOMAN!
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

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - CLOSE ON 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 BELOVED / 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.

OMITTED

EXT. BALCONY - CLOSE ON RICHARD

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.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RICHARD

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

CONTINUED
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

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

as the door closes and it starts down.

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

Where?

PETER
I'm not sure.

RICHARD
Why, then?
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.

INT. LOBBY - ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS

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
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.

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

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.

WEST BLUFF - DAY - RUNBY

HARBOR - DAY - RUNBY

INT. FIAT - DAY - FROM BEHIND RICHARD

The music on the car cassette player. After a while, the car
approaches the sign which reads: GRAND HOTEL. He glances at (X)
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.
EXT. ROAD - DAY - ANGLE ON FIAT

as Richard starts up the entry road, impressed by what he sees ahead.

RICHTHARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE MASSIVE STRUCTURE

which has stood on Kingston Point since the late 1800's. The same angle as the Old Woman's point of view earlier.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

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.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DOWN ANGLE

Again, the same shot as in the earlier sequence -- except that Richard doesn't cross to the elevator but to the desk.

ANGLE ON DESK

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.
INT. LOBBY - ANGLE ON ENTRANCE

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
CONTINUED

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.

INT. ELEVATOR

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.

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

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.

(cheers)
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

ARTHUR

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

OMITTED

INT. SUITE 313 - DAY - ANGLE TOWARD WINDOW

Footsteps o.s., then ---

ARTHUR (o.s.)
Got yourself a fine view here.

He comes into frame and opens the window.

REVERSE ANGLE

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

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

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

46-A thru 51 OMITTED

51-A INT. LOBBY - LATER - RICHARD

(Clothes changed.) Richard exiting elevator.

52 POINT OF VIEW - LOBBY - DAY

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

53 INT. LOBBY - DAY - ANGLE ON STAIRCASE

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

53-A ANGLE ON DINING ROOM ENTRANCE

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

RICHARD
When do you open?

MAITRE D' In about forty minutes, sir.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

RICHARD

Thank you.

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

POINT OF VIEW - CORRIDOR

A sign above its entrance reading: HALL OF HISTORY

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.

POINT OF VIEW - PHOTOGRAPH

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.

RICHARD

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.

INSERT - FRAME

The outline of a missing nameplate is seen, two nail holes.
59  RICHARD
looking at the photograph again, totally spellbound.

60  PHOTOGRAPH
Camera holding on her lovely face.

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

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

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

64  PHOTOGRAPH
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
OMITTED

67  thru

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

Arthur?

RICHARD (o.s.)
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
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 reinstills 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.

INT. HALL OF HISTORY - DAY - RICHARD

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

CONTINUED
Continued

Richard

Nineteen-twelve.

(pauses; pained)

Oh, God.

The Photograph

Camera holds on Elise McKenna's exquisite features.

Omitted

Ext. Hotel - Night

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

Int. Bedroom - Night - Richard

lying on his back in the dark room. Camera slowly moves in on him. When he is in close shot, he flings aside his bedclothes 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.

Omitted

Int. Hall of History - Night - Richard

walking to the photograph and standing in front of it.

The Photograph

now illuminated by a soft picture light. Camera holds on her face.
CLOSE ON RICHARD
staring at the photograph unhappily.

RICHARD
(barely audible)
Nineteen-twelve.

A deep, surrendering sigh.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

INT. LOBBY - DAY - ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

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.

POINT OF VIEW SHOT - HALL OF HISTORY

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

CASHIER

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.

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

CLOSE ON RICHARD
staring at Elise McKenna's face.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

A surge of music we've heard.
RICHARD

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.

PHOTOGRAPH

Camera holds, music rising. Suddenly, it stops.

RICHARD

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

ANGLE ON DESK

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.

EXT. HOTEL PORCH - DAY - ANGLE ON ENTRANCE - ARTHUR

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
CONTINUED

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.

EXT. TOWN - DAY - FIAT - RICHARD
driving fast. Music in the following sequence should convey the pulsing energy which drives him on his quest.

OMITTED

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

INT. LIBRARY - DAY - ANGLE ON DESK
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.

OMITTED

INT. READING ROOM - MONTAGE
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, 1903, 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 quin- tessence of seclusion.'


    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

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

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.
in the stillness of the library, staring at the photograph.

SERIES OF SHOTS

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.

OMITTED

sitting on the sofa, the telephone receiver to his head. His attitude, now, is one of compulsive need to solve this enigma.

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 Press, 1974. The jacket
says she lives in Michigan so check
her out first. The third is Bernard
Appleby, Nineteenth Century Stage
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.

How soon?

CONTINUED
(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 CONTINUED

105-A thru 105-F

105-A thru 105-F

OMITTED
A-106 EXT. HOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT
106 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON CASSETTE PLAYER

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

108 ANOTHER ANGLE

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
as he hears.

RICHARD
(stunned)
That's incredible.

110 INT. MOVING FIAT - DAY - LATER - POINT OF VIEW THROUGH
WINDSHIELD
It is raining, the windshield wipers on. We see the house
numbers: Thirty-seven; thirty-nine; forty-one; forty-three;
fifty-five; then forty-seven, a small, weathered cottage.
Richard brakes.

111 EXT. COTTAGE - DAY
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. Ordi-
narily I'd never do such a thing
but....

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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 - 2

RICHARD
(not understanding 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.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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
CONTINUED

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 ---

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.

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.

SLOW PAN SHOT - PHOTOGRAPHS
All very lovely.

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
He gazes at the photograph.

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

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

RICHARD AND LAURA - INCLUDING PHOTOGRAPH

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.

PHOTOGRAPH

OMITTED

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

CONTINUED
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.

RICHARD AND LAURA

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.

INT. DEN - DAY - ANGLE ON DOORWAY - RICHARD

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

POINT OF VIEW - DEN

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

RICHARD AND LAURA

May I?
She nods and he walks into the room, moving first to a dressmaker's dummy on which rests a pale, white evening gown with long, white gloves pinned to it. He looks at it as though imaging 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
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-
liar 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
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.

INT. DINING ALCOVE - DAY - MINUTES LATER

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

RICHARD
(disturbed)
Did she speak about him?

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 everything 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.

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.

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

CLOSE SHOT - RICHARD
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.

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - LATER - THE FIAT
speeding north, exciting music playing. The rain has stopped.

INT. FIAT - DAY - CLOSEUP - RICHARD
After several moments, he sees something ahead.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - SIGN
"Millfield College - 4 Miles" — an arrow pointing to the left.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - FULL SHOT - FIAT
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.

EXT. SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY - ANGLE ON SIGN
identifying it. Camera pans to reveal Richard driving onto
the parking lot and braking.
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
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 Koberly 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.
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.

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.
(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.
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?

CLOSE ON RICHARD

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

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - RICHARD

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.

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

smiling at his o.s. reflection. Slowly camera down pans re-
vealing 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 gentle-
man'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 re-
fection again. After a few moments, he bows a little.

RICHARD

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

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

154-A RICHARD'S BED

It is covered with empty bags and plastic envelopes of 1900 coins and bills from the coin shop bag. Richard 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

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.
MONTAGE - THE PASSING EVENING


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
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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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 anguish snarl, he lurches up, the tape continuing.

RICHARD

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.

Time travel...
(pause; with
contempt)

You...stupid idiot.

Camera holds.

OMITTED

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

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.

INT. LOBBY - LATER - ANGLE ON CORRIDOR

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.
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.

UP ANGLE ON RICHARD

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

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT - RICHARD

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

EXT. ARTHUR'S COTTAGE - NIGHT - RICHARD

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

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.

RICHARD'S MOVING POINT OF VIEW

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

RICHARD

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
CONTINUED  

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.

INSERT - HIS FREE HAND


RICHARD

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.

INSERT - HIS HAND


RICHARD

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

INSERT - HIS HANDS


RICHARD

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.
CLOSE ON PAGE


INSERT - RICHARD'S FINGER

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

RICHARD

anxiety mounting as he looks down the page again.

INSERT - PAGE

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.

CLOSE ON RICHARD

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.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER - CLOSE ON 1900's COINS

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.
WHAT HE SEES

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

RICHARD

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as his eyes focus and he looks around.

WHAT HE SEES

The room furnished in 1979 style.

RICHARD

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
CONTINUED

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.

MONTAGE

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.

RICHARD - LATE AFTERNOON - YEAR 1912

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.

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

WHAT HE SEES

The room swimming darkly.

RICHARD

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.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE BEDROOM

Still the 1912 room.
195-A RICHARD
reacting as he sees ---

195-B CLOCK ON BUREAU
Camera moves in fast on it. It is just past six.

196 RICHARD
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

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

Several moments pass. Then, carefully, he slides his legs off
the edge of the bed, taking deep breaths. Still breathing
deeplpy, 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
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.

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.

The woman's voice continuing to sing.

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.

Richard steps into the sitting room and starts across it as
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.

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.

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.

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.

in a dizzy panic as he lies behind the sofa.

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

CONTINUED
MAUDE
(coolly)
No.

ROLLO
puts the skeleton key into the lock, turning it with aggravation. He starts toward the bedroom doorway.

RICHARD
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?

SERIES OF SHOTS
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
CONTINUED

ROLLO
Rapt appraisal of her --- !

MAUDE
You just don't love me any more!

CLOSE ON RICHARD

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.

INT. SITTING ROOM - ANGLE ON RICHARD

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.
INT. CORRIDOR

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.

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

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

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.

INT. ELEVATOR - RICHARD AND PEOPLE

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.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - LOBBY

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

RICHARD

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

MAN
(sepulchfally)
Getting out.

OMITTED

INT. LOBBY - RICHARD

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
running up to camera.

CLERK (o.s.)
Not inside, Arthur.

210-B RICHARD AND ARTHUR
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 OMITTED
212

213 INT. CORRIDOR - MOVING SHOT - RICHARD
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
A young, pretty woman; Elise McKenna's personal maid, seam-
stress 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
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.

EXT. HOTEL AND HOTEL ROAD - DAY - RICHARD

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.

EXT. KINGSTON POINT HOTEL - THEATRE - LATE AFTERNOON

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

RICHARD

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

He groans.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY - CLOSE ON PLACARD

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 nervously, then pulls open the door to force himself on despite failing confidence.

INT. THEATRE - ANGLE ON DOORWAY

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

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 back-stage, 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
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
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.

INT. BACKSTAGE OF THEATRE

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.

INT. DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR

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 (c.s.)

Come in.

Richard opens the door and freezes.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

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 deshabille before?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

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.

INT. BACKSTAGE

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.

EXT. THEATRE - SUNSET - ANGLE ON BACK DOOR

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
Nothing visible.

226 RICHARD
looking; seeing nothing. Suddenly, he stiffens as he sees:

227 HIS POINT OF VIEW - A FIGURE
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
staring at the figure. After all this time. He knows it's
her.

229 HIS POINT OF VIEW - FIGURE
walking near the water holding her long dress above the sand.
Her approach seems dream-like in its slowness.

230 RICHARD
starting forward, camera with him. He descends a series of
wooden steps and turns toward the figure.
231  HIS POINT OF VIEW - FIGURE

Adding to the dream-like vagueness of the moment is the nebulous sunset.

232  MOVING SHOT - RICHARD

walking along the shore, his eyes on the figure.

233  HIS POINT OF VIEW - FIGURE

going closer.

234  RICHARD

eyes fixed on the figure as he approaches it.

235  HIS POINT OF VIEW - WOMAN'S FIGURE

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

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

as the camera draws closer and closer to her.

238  CLOSE ON RICHARD

as he nears Elise McKenna, his expression one of taut uneasiness.

239  LONG SHOT - RICHARD AND ELISE

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.
CLOSE ON RICHARD

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.

CLOSEUP - RICHARD

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

HIS POINT OF VIEW - ELISE

Camera moves in on her face as she speaks.

ELISE
(almost a whisper)
Is it you?

RICHARD

staggered by her words. He stares at her incredulously.

RICHARD AND ELISE

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
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.

MOVING SHOT - ELISE AND ROBINSON

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
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.

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

RICHARD AND ROBINSON
Robinson almost back to Richard.

CLOSEUP - ELISE
Very disturbed.

RICHARD AND ROBINSON - ELISE IN B.G.
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
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.

ELISE AND ROBINSON
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.

RICHARD
abruptly angered by his lack of perseverance. Bracing himself, he starts after them.
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.

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

as he walks determinedly to the door and opens it.

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

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

Richard
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
CONTINUED

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

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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 chéri! We meet again!

Camera moves to include the heavyset 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
Uh...Collier.

GENEVIEVE
(with expansive gestures)

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

INSERT - WATCH
After six o'clock.

RICHARD
reacting. He hurries for the doorway.

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

EXT. HOTEL PORCH - RICHARD
running to entrance.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - ANGLE FROM DOOR TO SUITE 117
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.
THREE SHOT INCLUDING CLERK AND YOUNG ARTHUR looking at Richard curiously.

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.

EXT. HOTEL PORCH - ANGLE OVER BENCH - RICHARD

leaves the hotel and walks toward camera. Reaching f.g., he slumps on the bench, trying not to cry but barely able to prevent 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.

POINT OF VIEW - ELISE

running toward him.

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

RICHARD
(whispering)
Elise.

CONTINUED
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.

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

INT. ELISE'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

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

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

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.

You are.

RICHARD

CONTINUED
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.
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 - 2

Richard looks o.s.

FISHER
Indulging in the light fantastic,
as t'were.

RICHARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE DANCE FLOOR

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

RICHARD AND GROUP

RICHARD
Thank you.

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

ACTRESS
A bientot, my love.

The quartet exchange smiles and snickers.

MOVING SHOT - RICHARD

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

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.

ELISE
What do you think you're doing?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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 disengage 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 connot 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 - 2

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
CONTINUED – 3

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 marveilleux!

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

INT. PORCH DINING ROOM – NIGHT

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
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 - 2

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

She looks in the same direction, reacting badly.

POINT OF VIEW SHOT - ROBINSON

at the entrance to the dining room, watching them.

RICHARD AND ELISE

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
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

OMITTED

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

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.

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON ELISE

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
ROBINSON
You're smiling, McKenna.

She looks at his reflection for several moments before speaking.

ELISE
I feel good.

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 sternly)
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-led-like Bronx cheer. After a while, she turns her head on the pillow and gazes toward the window. Camera holds for several moments.
POINT OF VIEW SHOT - WINDOW

Curtains moving in the breeze.

EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

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.

RICHARD

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

POINT OF VIEW SHOT - LAKE

A beautiful sight in the moonlight.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. HOTEL - DAWN

Barely light. Camera moves in on the porch where Richard sits, slumped over and asleep.

CLOSE ON RICHARD

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.

and OMITTED

INSERT - WATCH FACE

Just past six a.m.

OMITTED
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
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
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?

Yes! It's ---

RICHARD
Shh!

ELISE
(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
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.

ELISE
Oh...

She draws her hand away, looking at him with chagrin and indecision.

RICHARD
Say yes.
RICHARD (Cont'd)

(beat; prompting)
Yes, I'll walk with you and talk
with you and not be afraid of you
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.

INT. VESTIBULE - CLOSE ON ELISE

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.)
(sleepily)
Mademoiselle?

Elise groans and makes a face.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - RICHARD

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.

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

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
CONTINUED

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

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING ROBINSON

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
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
CONTINUED - 2

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

INT. LOBBY - ANGLE ON CLOCK

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.

POINTER VIEW - ARTHUR

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

RICHARD AND CLERK

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
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.

INSERT - TAGGED KEY

Camera in on the number: 420.

RICHARD AND CLERK

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
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.

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

RICHARD AND CLERK
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
CONTINUED

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.

POINT OF VIEW - ARTHUR

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

RICHARD

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

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

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.

INT. BATHROOM - RICHARD - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

Pacing back and forth.

291 CLOSE ON RICHARD - MOVING SHOT

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

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

RICHARD AND ELISE - MOVING SHOT

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.

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

Dissolve To

EXT. HOTEL ROAD - DAY - LATER - LONG SHOT

The carriage appears from b.g., moving now at a leisurely speed.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - RUNBY

INT. CARRIAGE - RICHARD AND ELISE

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
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.

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

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.

RICHARD AND ELISE - MOVING SHOT

She has a serious expression on her face.

ELISE
You must understand, Mr. Collier.

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

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'?
296-A CONTINUED

ELISE:

Yes.  
  (pause;  
  hesitatingly)  
I was expecting....

She cannot make herself finish.

Me?

ELISE  
(quickly)  
Someone.

Who?

As she hesitates.

RICHARD

Tell me.

ELISE  
(uneasily)  
I'm afraid you'd laugh.

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
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

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
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?
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.

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

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
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.

OMITTED

INT. CORRIDOR - ANGLE FROM DOOR TO ROOM 117

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
CONTINUED

All right.

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

INT. VESTIBULE OF SUITE - ELISE

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 irresistibly 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.

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.

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
(icyly)
Have you been waiting all this time for our return?

ROBINSON
This is scarcely the time for discussion, Elise.

ELISE
Have you?

ROBINSON
Yes. Does that surprise you?

ELISE
Our relationship is one of business, not ---

CONTINUED
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.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - ANGLE ON DOOR

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.

POINT OF VIEW SHOT - RICHARD

moving toward the lobby, walking.

expression rigid as he watches Richard move away.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT - CARRIAGES LEAVING
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.

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.

The beautifully appointed bedroom of a wealthy woman.
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.

RICHARD

applauding, delighted. Moved to see the gown.

PROMPTER

smiling; pleased.

DIRECTOR

smiling; pleased.

ROBINSON

observing grimly.

BACK TO STAGE

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.

RICHARD

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

BACK TO STAGE

ABIGAIL

What is it, miss?

LOUISA

I've just been dining with the man

my father is determined that I wed.

CONTINUED
Banker Harwell?

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

The audience laughs.

smiling; pleased.

smiling; pleased.

smiling; pleased.

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

ABIGAIL

(trying to comfort)

He does have money though.

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.

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

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.

PROMPTER

smile gone. He checks the script.

DIRECTOR

staring.

ROBINSON

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

BACK TO STAGE

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.

PROMPTER

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

DIRECTOR AND STAGE MANAGER

DIRECTOR

What is she doing?
323-A ROBINSON

gaze intent on Elise, knowing what she's doing.

324 RICHARD

not knowing Elise is changing the play.

325 BACK TO STAGE

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

panicking.

PROMPTER

Oh, my God.

327 DIRECTOR AND STAGE MANAGER

DIRECTOR

(a quiet statement

of fact)

She's gone insane.

327-A ROBINSON

dying inside.

328 ELISE AND RICHARD

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.
PROMPTER

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

ELISE AND RICHARD

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.

RICHARD

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

(ELISE o.s.)

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

ROBINSON

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

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT - LATER

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.

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

Elise moving toward her dressing room.

CONTINUED
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.

POINT OF VIEW - RICHARD
as the stage door, held back by the doorman.
ELISE
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.

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

POINT OF VIEW - RICHARD AND ELISE
as she comes close to him. They gaze at one another.

INT. THEATRE - LATER
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.

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

RICHARD
opening the envelope curiously. He unfolds the note.
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."

looking at the note in concern.

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.

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, performing in some shabby little theatre in New Jersey. It was all by accident I came there.
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 awareness 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 worship.
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
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.

OMITTED

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT - LATER - ANGLE ON STAGE

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.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

as Elise enters hurriedly, confronting Marie.

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.

BACKSTAGE - CLOSE ON DOOR

as Elise pulls it open, reacting.

POINT OF VIEW SHOT - ROBINSON

sobered, impeccable, under control again.

ANGLE PAST ROBINSON - ON ELISE

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

350-A INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - LATER - ANGLE ON DOOR TO ELISE'S DRESSING ROOM
as she comes out, clothes changed. Inside, Marie watches her
CONTINUED
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
Be careful of that set!

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT - ANGLE ON DESK
as Elise hurries up to it.

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!

INT. FOURTH-FLOOR CORRIDOR - ELISE AND PORTER
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.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT
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.

INT. STABLE - LATER - ANGLE ON WINDOW
The gray light of dawn faintly illuminating the otherwise dark interior. Camera draws down from the window until we see
CONTINUED

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

UP ANGLE ON HORSE

A strange sight looming overhead, chewing hay.

CLOSE ON RICHARD

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 ---

HIS POINT OF VIEW - POST

He is bound to it at his ankles by another rope.

RICHARD

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)

INT. STALL - LATER - RICHARD

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 seat 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