

IRONWEED

A Screenplay  
Adapted From His Novel By

WILLIAM KENNEDY

A Film By

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SECOND DRAFT  
(with revisions)

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FADE IN

1 - EXT - CITY STREET - DAWN:

1

\*

INSERT: TITLE CARD: Albany, New York, 1938

Camera finds, in far distance, an OBJECT. This turns out to be FRANCIS PHELAN, totally covered with newspapers, cardboard box, filthy rag. Streetlights are on. It's getting light; little traffic.

\*

Francis throws papers off, grabs quart bottle of wine, drinks. But it's empty and he tosses it. He straightens hat, sits up. He takes off right shoe, revealing sock full of holes, looks at blister on right heel, doubles sock to protect it, puts shoe on, reties lace, which is already knotted from previous break, and it breaks again.

FRANCIS

Aaaaah Shit.

He holds piece of lace, tries to rethread it, or knot it to other piece. But light is bad and he can't do it. He's also hung over. He holds shoelace up and looks at it.

FRANCIS

(Furious)

You goddamn shoelace.

He throws it away, angrily, stands up, gathers papers and wads them, looks for place to throw them, but there is no garbage can, no place to put them. He throws them aside, and they fly around the portico. He walks and shoe flops. He stops, adjusts sock while standing, walks on. Shoe is flopping very badly.

FRANCIS

(At his angriest yet)

Goddamn it! Goddamn it!

He kicks at a wad of the newspaper, misses, and his shoe flies through the air, fifteen feet or so. He hobbles after it, shoves foot into it, walks off.

2 - EXT - THE MISSION - DAY:

2

Mission of Holy Redemption is serving free morning bread and coffee. Secondary sign reads: JESUS SAVES. TWENTY MEN and WOMEN are lined up waiting to get in, single file. At top of steps PEE WEE, ex-bum now employed at mission, is drinking coffee, watching people enter. Francis is in line.

FRANCIS

Hey, Pee Wee.

PEE WEE

Hello, Francis. How ya doin'?

FRANCIS

Yeah. You seen Helen this morning?

PEE WEE

No I ain't seen her in a couple of days.

FRANCIS

I'll catch up with her.

He goes in for coffee.

3 - EXT -MISSION VACANT LOT - DAY:

3

Establishing shot of mission and lot. Line is gone. TEN MEN are hanging around in front, sitting, standing drinking coffee. MAN WITH HARMONICA is sitting on low wall, playing "Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries." Two men are observing him. Francis is at far end of lot, sitting, picking his teeth with matchbook, in between drags on a cigarette.

VIEW ON WHITE SHOES

They are coming toward Francis and belong to RUDY, a bum, who today is well dressed in gray suitcoat, clean shirt and tan pants, white suede shoes, his hair combed, mustache trimmed. TWO MEN come out of mission with bread, eating as they go.

FRANCIS

(To Rudy)

You lookin' good there, bum. Where'd you get them shoes?

RUDY

Got the whole outfit up at the hospital. Doc up there says I got cancer.

FRANCIS

Cancer? No shit.

RUDY

He says to me, you're gonna die in six months. I says, I'm gonna wine myself to death. He says, It don't make any difference if you wined or dined, you're goin'.

FRANCIS

Too bad, grandma. You got a jug?

RUDY

I got a dollar a nurse gave me.

FRANCIS

Jesus, we're in business. (Francis moves and realizes he still needs a shoelace) But first I gotta fix me this goddamn shoe. \*

Francis pulls long piece of twine from pocket, threads it and ties it around shoe. \*

FRANCIS

You wanna go to work with me and make a few bucks. I had money yesterday but I blew it. We can get a couple of jugs and a flop. Gonna be cold tonight.

RUDY

Work where?

FRANCIS

(Laces twine into shoe)  
The cemetery, shovelin' dirt. Fella told me they were hirin'.

RUDY

They payin' money or do they give you a free grave when you croak?

FRANCIS

(Trims excess twine)  
If it ain't money, forget it. I ain't shovelin' out my own grave.

4 - EXT - ST. AGNES CEMETERY - DAY:

4

Rudy and Francis in back of moving dumptruck half-full of dirt. Beside them, growing like roots out of dirt, are THREE MEN, silent and dirty from work.

RUDY

(Singing)

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains  
You never change your socks,  
Little streams of alky-hol  
Come tricklin' down the rocks.

VIEW ON GRAVES

Truck moves past handsome monuments, then to hillside of masoleums, one looking like the Parthenon. Name on it is ARTHUR T. GROGAN.

FRANCIS

I knew that Grogan guy when I was a kid. He owned all the electricity in town.

RUDY

He ain't got much of it now.

FRANCIS

Don't bet on it. Them kind of guys hang onto a good thing.

Truck stops, all get down. FOREMAN ad libs directions to take shovels, wheelbarrows off truck. Truck dumps its dirt.

RUDY

Hey, wasn't you with a woman the other night I saw you? Yeah, you called her Helen.

FRANCIS

Helen. You can't keep track of her.

RUDY

What'd she do, run off with a banker?

FRANCIS

Who knows? She comes, she goes.

RUDY

Yeah, you got a million like her.

Francis lifts pant legs revealing socks, one green, one blue.

FRANCIS

My socks is what gets 'em.

RUDY

A reg'lar man about town.

5 - EXT - ST. AGNES CEMETERY - DAY:

Francis throws last shovelful of dirt from big pile into wheelbarrow, shoves shovel into dirt in barrow. Rudy wheels barrow and they walk together.

RUDY

Hey, what the hell was all that

about the man from Mars last night  
on the radio?

FRANCIS  
Oh yeah, the Martians. They landed.

RUDY  
Where'd they land?

FRANCIS  
Someplace in Jersey.

RUDY  
What happened?

FRANCIS  
They didn't like it no more'n I did.

Rudy stops. He and Francis take shovels and throw dirt on  
two graves, back to back.

RUDY  
No joke. I heard people saw them  
Martians comin' and ran outa town,  
even jumped outa windows.

FRANCIS  
Good. Anybody sees a Martian oughta  
jump out two windows.

RUDY  
You don't take things serious. You  
have a whatayacallit, a frivolous  
way about you.

FRANCIS  
Frivolous, what the hell's that  
mean? You been readin' again, you  
crazy kraut?

Francis leans on shovel, reaches toward Rudy's coat and pulls  
book out of pocket, looks at it.

VIEW ON BOOK: A novel, "The Price of Sin."

Francis puts novel back in pocket.

RUDY  
I was readin' about the seven deadly  
sins. You know about them?

Francis resumes shoveling dirt into grave.

FRANCIS

There's only one sin as far as I'm concerned.

RUDY

There's prejudice. (Pause) And envy.

FRANCIS

Oh yeah. Prejudice, envy. Yes.

RUDY

There's lust.

FRANCIS

(Throwing shovelful of dirt)  
Lust, right. Always liked that one.

RUDY

There's cowardice.

FRANCIS

(Stops shoveling)  
Who's a coward?

RUDY

Cowardice.

FRANCIS

I don't like the coward word. What're you sayin' about coward?

RUDY

A coward, he'll run. You know what a coward is. He'll cower up.

FRANCIS

No, that word I don't know. Francis is no coward. He'll fight anybody. Listen, you know what I like? Honesty.

RUDY

That's another one.

6 - EXT - ST. AGNES CEMETERY - DAY:

6

All five men are finished shoveling, dirt pile gone. Four sit, waiting for truck. Francis stands, walks away from men, reads gravestone. Rudy sits on concrete bench which is part of gravestone.

RUDY

You lookin' for anybody special?

FRANCIS

I might be.

RUDY

You wanna be buried under a stone  
like that?

FRANCIS

Never knew a bum yet had a gravestone.

RUDY

I don't need no stone, just so's I  
don't die alone.

FRANCIS

You die before me I'll send out invites.

Francis leaves Rudy, walks up small hill, looks at names on stones, finds three that say Phelan: MICHAEL PHELAN, KATHRYN PHELAN, and then a few graves away, GERALD PHELAN. Francis moves from one to another.

CLOSE ON GERALD'S STONE

It says: Gerald Michael Phelan, Born April 13, 1916, Died April 26, 1916.

Beneath that: Lucky child.  
He lived 13 days  
And leaped over  
Purgatory.

VIEW ON FRANCIS

He is very somber, stares at gravestone, his strong face growing tense, near tears.

FRANCIS

(To gravestone, with bravado)  
Hey, Gerald, how ya doin' kid? Kinda nice up here. Great view across the river. I don't know if you know, but you're right here with the family. Your grandfather's only four graves down.

Bravado fails, Francis falls to his knees, weeping.

FRANCIS

Jesus, God, I'm sorry, boy...It wasn't because I was drunk that I dropped you...All's I had was four beers after work...when you slipped outa that diaper your mother



says, 'Sweet Jesus,'...and we both  
crouched down to snatch you up...

Gray squirrel moves into frame, becomes a surrogate of Gerald  
for Francis.

FRANCIS

...but we stopped because of the looks  
of you...Your brother Billy come in  
then...'Why is Gerald crooked?' he says...

Squirrel spirals up a tree, stops, looks at Francis.

FRANCIS

Christ, I remember everything. I  
even remember the linoleum you fell  
on was yellow with red squares.

Squirrel disappears into tree. Francis stands.

RUDY (o.s.)

Hey, Francis. The truck's here  
to take us down.

Francis turns from Gerald's grave, stops, turns back.

FRANCIS

You suppose now this stuff's out  
in the open I can maybe start  
to forget it? \*

Francis leaves Gerald's grave, goes toward Rudy.

RUDY

You know somebody buried up there?

FRANCIS

A little kid I used to know.

RUDY

A kid? What'd he do, die young?

FRANCIS

Pretty young.

RUDY

What happened to him?

VIEW ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS

He fell.

RUDY (o.s.)

He fell where?

FRANCIS

He fell on the floor.

VIEW ON RUDY

RUDY

Hell, I fall on the floor about twice a day and I ain't dead.

TWO SHOT as they go off toward truck.

FRANCIS

That's what you think.

7 - EXT - BUS STOP - LATE AFTERNOON:

7

\*

It is early dusk at bus stop. Rudy and Francis waiting.

RUDY

Where we headed now?

FRANCIS

What do you care where we're headed? You got an appointment? You got tickets for the opera?

Bus arrives and they board. DRIVER and SEVERAL PASSENGERS sitting forward.

RUDY

No, I just like to know where I'm goin'.

FRANCIS

You ain't knowed where you was goin' for twenty years.

RUDY

You got somethin' there.

8 - INT - BUS - LATE AFTERNOON:

8

\*

They pay fare and walk toward back of bus, all back seats empty, talking as they go.

FRANCIS

We'll go to the mission, see if anybody knows where Helen is.

RUDY  
What's Helen's name?

FRANCIS  
Helen.

RUDY  
I mean her other name.

FRANCIS  
She's only got one name.

RUDY  
Okay, you don't want to tell me,  
it's all right.

Francis sits in last wide seat with leg room, Rudy sits beside him.

FRANCIS  
You goddamn right it's all right.

Francis looks out window

VIEW ON STREET: FRANCIS POV

Francis turns, looks to front of bus. Bus stops for passengers. \*

RUDY  
Gonna eat at the mission? The  
preacher puts out a good meal.

FRANCIS  
I had soup there the other night  
because I was starvin'. But god  
it was sour. And he won't feed  
you till you listen to him preach.  
Them old bums, they's just hungry.  
They don't believe in nothin'.

FRANCIS  
I used to live here when I was  
married -- that house right there.

VIEW ON HOUSE

It has porch, garage, small lawn; Jack-o-lantern on porch.

RUDY  
When's the last time you were here?

FRANCIS  
Twenty-two years ago.

RUDY  
Who lives there now?

FRANCIS  
(Looking out window)  
Some people I used to know.

Francis looks out window, opens window for better look at baseball field.

VIEW ON BASEBALL FIELD: FRANCIS POV

FRANCIS  
Still got the diamond. I played  
there when I was a kid. Had a great  
throwin' arm. \*

RUDY  
When was that? \*

FRANCIS  
I don't know. Nineteen-oh-one. \*

RUDY  
I was five years old.

FRANCIS  
How old are you now, about eight?

Bus moves on, Francis looking out window.

FRANCIS  
Nineteen oh-one. We had a trolley  
strike that year.

VIEW ON STREET: FRANCIS POV

9 - EXT - CITY STREET - DAY:

9

It's dusk, a day in 1901. GROUP OF KIDS AND YOUNG MEN are running in street alongside trolley car. One kid is YOUNG FRANCIS, 17.

KIDS AND MEN  
(Ad lib)  
Dirty scabs...lets's rock 'em...they  
won't get that car through...break  
the windows...get that motorman...  
they got guns...who cares?...let's  
get 'em...etc.

At intersection CROWD OF STRIKERS are converging from two directions with placards, which say: SCABS OFF CARS, GIVE US AN HONEST WAGE. Kids on roller skates are wearing sashes that say: DON'T BE A SCAB. TWO MEN are dousing bedsheets with kerosene, OTHER MEN throw sheets over electric trolley wire. Amid crowd are SIX NATIONAL GUARDSMEN ON HORSEBACK.

FRANCIS (v.o.)

That was one hell of a strike.

10 - EXT - TROLLEY CAR - DUSK:

10

\*

CROWD POV:

Trolley, open-front style, is advancing toward camera. Aboard are motorman HAROLD ALLEN, who is a scab worker, FIVE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, enlisted men, and a CAPTAIN. All except Allen have rifles.

VIEW ON ALLEN AND CAPTAIN

ALLEN

You see what's up ahead? I don't want to hit anybody.

CAPTAIN

Keep the speed. They'll move.

Trolley advances but slowly.

VIEW ON CROWD

Some are making obscene gestures, all yelling at trolley. Francis and other youths are holding stones, ready to throw them. STRIKE LEADER emerges from crowd, walks toward trolley. Bedsheets now burning, overhead electric wire is melting. Trolley can't go any farther. Strike leader leaps onto trolley step, confronts captain.

STRIKE LEADER

Get that scab off this car. He's got no right to run it.

CAPTAIN

You get offa there.

STRIKE LEADER

Take this car back to the barns. You won't go through here.

Captain hits striker on head with rifle butt, striker falls, bleeding. Crowd roars its anger.

CROWD  
 The bastards... give it to them...  
 they broke his head...get that scab...  
 villains...murderers...

VIEW ON FRANCIS

With a baseball player's finesse he winds up, throws rock,  
 which hits forehead of Harold Allen, who slumps down.

CAPTAIN  
 Return fire.

Guardsmen fire volley into crowd, TWO MEN fall, crowd runs.  
 At corner Francis and YOUTH stop and look back.

VIEW ON HAROLD ALLEN: DEAD

YOUTH  
 I think you killed him, Francis,  
 you better run.

CLOSE ON FACE OF YOUNG FRANCIS: He's confused.

11 - INT - BUS - NIGHT:

11

It's 1938. Face of young Francis changes to old Francis, but  
 with same expression. Francis is beside Rudy, looks forward  
 suddenly, at something: A MAN.

VIEW ON MAN

He's sitting directly in front of Francis, and he turns. It  
 is Harold Allen, but now he's wearing white flannel suit,  
 white shirt, white tie. He has large scab on forehead where  
 Francis' rock hit him.

HAROLD ALLEN  
 Why did you kill me?

FRANCIS  
 Didn't mean to kill you.

HAROLD ALLEN  
 Was that why you threw that stone  
 that broke open my skull? My brains  
 flowed out and I died.

FRANCIS  
 (Points to scab on Allen's fore-head)  
 Scabs get what they ask for.

ALLEN

Then you feel no remorse.

FRANCIS

You bastards takin' our jobs, keepin'  
us from feedin' our families.

ALLEN

Odd logic from a man who abandoned  
his own family. You haven't been  
home in twenty-two years.

FRANCIS

I dropped my baby son and he died.  
I couldn't face that.

Allen stands, walks toward the front of bus, turns.

ALLEN

A coward, he'll run. You have no  
arguments to justify what you did.

VIEW ON RUDY AND FRANCIS: ALLEN POV

FRANCIS

(Loud)

I got arguments, I got arguments.

RUDY

(Reading, looks up)

Whatayou got arguments about?

FRANCIS

(Yelling to Allen)

I ain't gonna argue with no goddamn  
dead scab.

RUDY

I ain't no dead scab.

FRANCIS

(To Rudy)

Well you look like one.

12 - EXT - THE MISSION - NIGHT:

12

Signs, Mission Of Holy Redemption, Jesus Saves, now lit up.

13 - INT - THE MISSION - NIGHT:

The Mission, a former nightclub, has two sections, one a hall with chairs and lectern, another an area for serving and eating food. REVEREND CHESTER, gargantuan man of 60 with white hair, club foot, flushed face, walking in front, singing with FORTY MEN, all derelicts, some looking dry and fit, others in deep desperation. Among the men are MICHIGAN MAC and MOOSE. Rudy is asleep. Francis, impatient with singing, keeps looking at doorway.

## ENSEMBLE

(Sings, Chester's voice dominant)

Jesus, the name that charms our fears  
That bids our sorrows cease,  
'Tis music in the sinners' ears,  
'Tis life and health and peace...

He breaks the power of canceled sin.  
He sets the prisoner free. His blood  
can make the foulest clean. His blood  
availed for me.

## FRANCIS

(Mumbles)

Never mind the blood. Just pass the soup.

CUT

## CHESTER

(On lectern now)

And so I ask you, lost, hopeless men.  
Who will give you a ride on the turn-  
pike to salvation? Jesus will! Jesus  
delivers! Is there a man here who wants  
a different life? God says: Come unto  
me. Take him at his word? Come to the  
front now, kneel and be saved. Now. Now.  
NOW! (No one moves) Then amen, brothers.

## FRANCIS

Hot goddamn. (Then shaking Rudy) Come  
on, bum, soup's on.

Chester leaves lectern, men rush to table where coffee, soup and bread are being served by mission volunteers and workers. Francis talks to PEE WEE, who serves him food.

## FRANCIS

Helen still hasn't been in, Pee Wee?

## PEE WEE

Nope. And I been here all day.



Francis, Rudy sit at table, start to eat. Chester comes by.

CHESTER

Glad to see you staying straight,  
Franny. I believe I've got a job for you.

FRANCIS

I worked today up at the cemetery.

CHESTER

Splendid.

FRANCIS

Shovelin' dirt ain't all that splendid.

CHESTER

Maybe this one is better. Old Roskam  
the ragman needs a helper. If you're  
serious about quitting the hooch you  
might put a decent penny together.

FRANCIS

I'll go see him and I 'preciate it.  
Tell you what else I'd 'preciate's a  
pair of socks, if you can spare 'em.  
Ones I got are all rotted out.

CHESTER

What size?

FRANCIS

Tens. But I'll take nines, or twelves.

VIEW ON DOORWAY

HELAN ARCHER enters looking frail, stylish in old black beret  
and coat. Oblivious, she leaves door open as she searches  
faces. Cold comes in.

MICHIGAN MAC

Hey, was you raised in a barn?  
Close that door. It's cold.

Helen doesn't respond. She finds Francis, who is already  
moving toward her. He closes door, takes her arm.

FRANCIS

Where you been hidin'?

HELEN

A fat lot you care where anybody  
is or isn't. I could be dead in  
the street three times over and  
you wouldn't know a thing about it.

FRANCIS

How the hell could I when you walk  
off like a crazy woman, yellin'  
and stompin'.

HELEN

Who wouldn't be crazy around you,  
spending every penny we get. And  
drinking whiskey. God, you're bad  
enough on wine, but on whiskey  
you're a devil.

FRANCIS

I got six bucks.

Francis shows her the cash, proudly, then moves her toward  
table. They sit.

HELEN

Where'd you get it?

FRANCIS

I worked all the damn day in the  
cemetery, fillin' up graves.

HELEN

That's wonderful. And you're sober.  
And you're eating.

FRANCIS

Ain't drinkin' tonight either.

HELEN

Oh that's so lovely. I'm very  
proud of my good boy.

Reverend Chester hands gray woolen socks to Francis.

CHESTER

Try these for size. They're good  
and warm.

FRANCIS

Just what I need. I thank ya for 'em.

CHESTER

It's fine that you're off the drink.  
You've got a strong look about you today.

FRANCIS

Just a false face for Halloween.

CHESTER

Don't run yourself down. Have faith.

Chester turns to Helen.

CHESTER

And how are you little lady? I see you're doing well.

HELEN

I'm perfectly delightful.

Chester nods and goes off.

HELEN

He says I'm doing well. I'm doing just fine, and I don't need any Methodists telling me I'm doing well.

FRANCIS

(Changing his socks)

Don't fight him. He might take back the socks.

HELEN

(With enthusiasm)

Oh, Francis, with six dollars we could rent a room and get our suitcase and phonograph back.

Francis doesn't answer. Pee Wee sits, drinking mug of coffee. He rolls cigarettes for Francis and Helen during this sequence, runs out of tobacco.

PEE WEE

You know who's in town, Francis?  
Oscar Reo. \*

HELEN

Oscar Reo, who used to sing on the radio?

PEE WEE

That's the fella. He blew the big time on booze, but he dried out and tends bar now, over at the Gilded Cage. \*

HELEN

I was in love with his voice. I even wrote him fan letters.

FRANCIS

Pee Wee and me pitched a drunk with him in New York. Two, three days, wasn't it, Pee?

PEE WEE

(Nods)

Most musical drunk I ever see.

Front door slams open and LITTLE RED enters, looks a bit like young Francis Phelan of 1901; slim, in bifocals, blue topcoat two sizes small for him. He's half drunk.

PEE WEE

That's it for him. He won't sleep here no more

CHESTER

(Sniffs him)

You're drunk. You're in the beyond.

LITTLE RED

I had two bottles of beer.

CHESTER

Where did you get money for beer? You panhandled it, didn't you.

LITTLE RED

I just had a drink, Reverend.

CHESTER

I told you I wouldn't put up with this. Pee Wee, get his bags.

Pee Wee, smoking, gets suitcase from closet, sets it by door.

LITTLE RED

Give us a cigarette, Pee.

PEE WEE

Don't have anymore.

LITTLE RED

Well, roll one.

PEE WEE

I said I don't have any tobacco.

Francis gets up, puts his cigarette in Little Red's hand, lights it for him, sits down. Red says nothing.

LITTLE RED

I got no place to put that bag. My pants are in there.

CHESTER

Leave your bag. Nobody here will touch your pants.

LITTLE RED  
Where can I go? Where'll I sleep?

CHESTER  
I couldn't imagine. Come back  
when you get that poison out of  
your system.

Little Red grabs doorknob, opens door and takes a step, then  
steps back and points at suitcase.

LITTLE RED  
I want my pants. And my paper  
and pencil.

CHESTER  
Then get your pants, and your  
paper and pencil.

FRANCIS  
(To Helen)  
The kid's a real champ.

Little Red undoes suitcase, rummages and finds pants, takes  
off his, puts on pair from suitcase.

VIEW ON TABLE

All watch, amused.

FRANCIS  
I didn't know they had a floor show here.

VIEW ON LITTLE RED

Little Red pockets small pad and pencil, rebuckles suitcase.  
Reverend Chester grabs doorknob, ushers Red out, turns out  
some lights. Little Red is gone, then he reopens door,  
points at his suitcase.

LITTLE RED  
Hey, Pee Wee, don't lose that suit-  
case. My pants are in there.

He leaves. Francis, Helen and Rudy stand, go toward door.

HELEN  
(In earnest)  
Francis. (Pause) Where do you plan  
to sleep tonight, do you know?

FRANCIS  
In the weeds. Where'd you sleep  
last night, Finny's car?

HELEN

No, not Finny's car. I will absolutely not stay in that car another night. I stayed up at Jack's.

FRANCIS

I thought you didn't like Jack anymore, or Clara either.

HELEN

They're not my favorite people, but they gave me a bed when I needed one.

Pee Wee comes to doorway, Helen and Francis near door.

PEE WEE

Okay, folks, time to close up.

He puts out all lights but one. Helen, Francis and Rudy go out the door, but then Francis turns.

FRANCIS

Whataya say, Pee, you wanna go over and see old Oscar?

PEE WEE

Yeah. You goin' over? I was thinkin' about that.

HELEN

No.

FRANCIS

What no? You afraid we'd all get drunked up if we stopped to say hello?

Helen pulls up collar of coat, turns from Francis.

14 - EXT - MISSION - NIGHT:

14

Helen, Francis and Rudy come out of mission, walk across street, find SANDRA lying in dust, face down, arms out. No people, no cars. Sandra is in late forties, white hair, wears two ragged sweaters over tattered cotton dress, ruined stockings, left shoe gone. \*

FRANCIS

She dead?

RUDY

(Leans over)

Hey Sandra, it's me, Rudy. You dead

or just drunk?

SANDRA

Dnnn.

RUDY

She's just drunk. She can't hold it no more. She's an Eskimo.

FRANCIS

She'll freeze there whether she's an Eskimo or not, and the dogs'll come along and eat her ass off. She a bum or just a heavy drunk? \*

Francis puts Sandra in sitting position, squats, looks at her.

RUDY

She's been a bum all her life.

FRANCIS

No. Nobody's a bum all their life. She hada been somethin' once.

RUDY

She was a whore up in Alaska before she was a bum.

FRANCIS

And what about before she was a whore?

RUDY

I don't know. Before that I guess she was just a little kid.

FRANCIS

Then that's somethin'. A little kid's somethin' that ain't a bum or a whore.

Francis finds Sandra's lost shoe, puts it on her, lifts and carries her (a feather) across street toward Mission.

FRANCIS

(As they walk)

You gonna freeze here tonight, you know that? I slept outside last night and it was awful cold. How about a little hot soup, then you don't freeze so fast.

SANDRA

Who you?

FRANCIS

Just a bum, but I can get you some soup.

SANDRA

Get me a drink?

FRANCIS

No, I ain't got money for that.

Pee Wee comes out of Mission, sees Francis.

PEE WEE

She can't come in here. Chester won't let her.

FRANCIS

What the hell we gonna do with her, let her freeze?

PEE WEE

You know him.

FRANCIS

All right, goddamnit, then get her some soup. And a blanket.

PEE WEE

Chester won't mind on the soup, but just for the hell of it don't say where it's going.

FRANCIS

Secret soup.

He puts her against wall, under Mission stairs.

RUDY

Ambulance won't even take her anymore, unless she's bleedin' to death.

FRANCIS

Maybe if we cut her throat they'd take her.

HELEN

She doesn't want an ambulance. She wants to sleep it all away. I'll bet she doesn't even feel cold.

FRANCIS

She's a cake of ice. Just because you're drunk don't mean you ain't cold.



RUDY  
Right. Who said that?

FRANCIS  
I said that, you ape.

RUDY  
I ain't no ape.

FRANCIS  
Well you look like one.

Pee Wee comes out with blanket and mug of soup. Francis takes soup as Pee Wee spreads blanket over Sandra. She turns her head toward voices, eyes closed.

SANDRA  
You got no wine?

HELEN  
No wine, honey.

Francis wipes dust off Sandra's face, puts soup to her mouth.

FRANCIS  
Soup.

SANDRA  
Gazoop.

FRANCIS  
Have it.

HELEN  
She doesn't want it.

FRANCIS  
She wants it. She's just pissed  
it ain't wine.

Sandra sips soup once, rejects it. Francis doesn't give up.

RUDY  
I remember her sayin' she wanted  
to be a nurse, up in Alaska.

SANDRA  
Doctor.

FRANCIS  
She wanted to be a doctor.

SANDRA  
No. Doctor wanted me to be nursie.

FRANCIS  
But you didn't want it.

Francis gives her more soup. She tightens lips.

SANDRA  
Did. But he died.

FRANCIS  
Ah, Love?

SANDRA  
Love.

Sandra puts fingers in soup mug, pushes it away, soup spills. Francis puts soup down beside her, stands.

FRANCIS  
I can't look at her no more.

He walks off. Helen, Rudy fall in behind. Pee Wee catches up with Francis.

FRANCIS  
You ever know her, Pee Wee? I mean when she was in shape?

PEE WEE  
Everybody knew her. She hung out with a bum name of Freddy till he went somewheres and she didn't.

HELEN  
Nobody suffers like a lover left behind.

FRANCIS  
Well that's a crock. Lots suffer ain't ever been in love even once.

HELEN  
They don't suffer like those who have.

15 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

15

Francis and Helen are arm in arm, Rudy walking beside Pee Wee. Street is still dark. GOBLINS suddenly jump out at them from doorway of store -- HOODED SPOOKS, a CHARLIE CHAPLIN, a GIRL IN OLD HAT WITH BLACKBIRD on it.

FRANCIS

They gonna get us! Look out!

He throws his arms in the air and shakes himself in fearful dance. Goblins dance and spook boo at him.

HELEN

(Laughing, hugs Francis)  
Gee it's a nice night, isn't it,  
Fran?

FRANCIS

It's nice. It's all nice.

16 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

16

Francis, Helen, arm in arm, are walking past clothing stores, three mannequins in windows with period fashions (same mannequins Francis will pass later, alone). Street is busy with cars, taxis, bright lights, neon signs.

FRANCIS

How long's Oscar been back in town, Pee Wee? \*

PEE WEE

I don't know. I just heard yesterday he was here. \*

HELEN

I used to sing all his songs. My favorite was "Under the Peach Trees With You."

PEE WEE

I didn't know you sang.

HELEN

Well I most certainly sang. I was getting a classical education in piano and voice until my father died. I was at Vassar.

RUDY

Albert Einstein went to Vassar.

FRANCIS

You goofy bastard.

HELEN

He could have. Everybody speaks

at Vassar. It just happens to be one of the three best schools in the world. Oh it'll be nice to hear Oscar sing again.

Helen's mood is elevated. She's happy. Gilded Cage sign visible up the block.

17 - INT - THE GILDED CAGE - NIGHT:

17

Place is 1890ish, BARTENDERS (including OSCAR REO) wear arm garters, bow ties. WOMAN IN LILLIAN RUSSELL GOWN, MAN IN DERBY AND CHECKERED SUIT, are circulating. Owners have subsidized SIX or EIGHT DOWN-AND-OUTERS to drink here as local color. Place is authentic, not campy, no fake straw hats and false mustaches. Oscar is ending "Sweet Sixteen" as our group enters. Helen is enthralled, weeps as song ends. Oscar comes to serve them at bar.

HELEN

Oh, god bless your voice.

OSCAR

Well, I thank you, Miss. Can I get you a drink?

FRANCIS

That beer looks tantalizin'.

HELEN

You said you wouldn't drink.

FRANCIS

I said wine.

Francis puts five dollar bill on bar. Oscar slides schooner of beer with high collar to Francis.

OSCAR

(To Francis and Pee Wee)

I think I know you two turks.

FRANCIS

You're thinkin' right, except the last time I seen you, you wasn't sportin' that pussy-tickler.

OSCAR

You guys got me drunk in New York.

Oscar sticks out his hand to Francis.

FRANCIS

Francis Phelan, and this here is  
Rudy the Kraut. He's okay but  
he's nuts.

OSCAR

My kinda fella.

PEE WEE

(With hand out)

Pee Wee Packer. Good to see you  
again, Oscar.

FRANCIS

And this is Helen Archer. She  
hangs out with me, but damned  
if I know why.

Oscar, always in motion, serves beer to OTHER CUSTOMER.

FRANCIS

Have one of them yourself, Oscar.

OSCAR

No, I don't drink anymore.

FRANCIS

I ain't turned it off yet. I'm waitin'  
'till I retire. Still gettin' rich.

OSCAR

You're a sport. Can't tell you from  
those swells over there.

VIEW ON SWELLS

FRANCIS

Swells and bums, ain't no difference.

OSCAR

Except swells wanna look like swells,  
and bums wanna look like bums. Am  
I right?

FRANCIS

You're a smart fella.

HELEN

That was a wonderful song you just  
sang. I remember you singing it on  
the radio. I sang it myself.

OSCAR

A singer? Where was that?

HELEN

Oh everywhere. Concerts, and I sang  
on the air every night.

OSCAR

You should do us a tune.

HELEN

No, no, the way I look?

FRANCIS

You look as good as anybody here.

FLOWER GIRL comes by with tray of white gardenias. Francis  
takes flower, gives girl a quarter, pins gardenia on Helen.

FRANCIS

You gonna sing up there, you gotta  
put on the dog a little.

Helen strokes Francis' hair as a thank-you.

HELEN

Francis'd get money and first thing  
he'd do was buy me roses, wouldn't  
you, Fran?

FRANCIS

Sure would.

FRANCIS POV

Flower girl moves down bar. Francis sees carnations on  
lapels of ghosts: Harold Allen ROWDY DICK DOOLAN and ALDO  
CAMPIONE, all in white flannels. The ghosts give small waves  
to Francis.

HELEN (o.s.)

We were lovebirds. We had a beauti-  
ful apartment up on Hamilton Street.

VIEW ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS

(Mutters to self)

Goddamn dead men, travelin' in  
packs, wearin' flowers.

PEE WEE

When was that? I didn't know you  
ever stayed anyplace that long.

FRANCIS

Back in '35 we was here six weeks.

HELEN

Oh, we had our place much longer than that. Months. Almost a year.

FRANCIS

Helen remembers. I can't call one day different from another.

HELEN

Francis wouldn't stop drinking. We couldn't pay the rent and had to give up my old Steinway piano and our Haviland china, the best you could buy. When you buy, buy the best, my father taught me.

OSCAR

Why don't you sing us a tune, Helen?

Helen shakes head, being shy. Oscar takes her hand, tugs, she yields. They walk across to stage.

HELEN

Does your friend know "He's Me Pal"? People liked the way I sang that.

OSCAR

He knows everything.

They climb stairs. As Oscar goes to microphone, Helen adjusts shabby clothes, becomes professional. She tugs at beret in stylish way.

OSCAR

A real old time trouper will now give us a song, lovely Miss...

Helen, getting into the mood, isn't sure Oscar will remember her name, leans toward mike.

HELEN

Helen Archer.

OSCAR

Miss Helen Archer.

He fades, Helen stands up to mike.

HELEN

I want to sing this one for my man, Francis.

She points at him, he nods. She sings "He's Me Pal", slowing at one point to a sad tempo. Audience goes wild with

applause, screams for more, more, more.

CLOSE ON HELEN

She cries with happiness at applause, nods at audience, goes down steps, crosses floor as applause continues.

VIEW ON FRANCIS

He's standing applauding as are Oscar and others. Helen kisses Francis to establish their link.

FRANCIS

By god, that was great Helen.  
You were born to be a star.

OSCAR

That's a grand voice you've got  
there, lady, a grand voice.  
You're a real professional.

CLOSE ON HELEN

Still crying with happiness. She closes her eyes and heavy applause stops abruptly. Silence, screen is black.

FULL VIEW OF HELEN STANDING ON STAGE

She opens her eyes, her face contorts.

VIEW ON AUDIENCE

A few people applauding mildly, others either ignoring her or looking at her in sullen, disapproving way. She walks with pride across floor.

FRANCIS

(Restrained)

Mighty nice, old gal.

OSCAR

(Polite)

Not bad at all. Have a glass on me.

He pours her red wine.

CLOSE ON HELEN

She alternates between laughter and tears, holding glass.



18 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

18

View of sky, white clouds crossing moon. Rudy, Francis, Helen, Pee Wee approach mission, see Sandra in same position, two dogs sniffing near her, one dog chewing her hand. Francis yells at them, picks up stick and stone, throws them at dog.

VIEW ON FRANCIS

He runs after dogs, which yelp as they go. He and Pee Wee then go to Sandra. Helen and Rudy half a block back.

FRANCIS

You all right, lady? Them dogs hurt you?

CLOSE ON SANDRA

No response. Her hand bleeding slightly from dog bites.

VIEW ON HELEN AND RUDY

Five goblins we saw before come up behind her and Rudy, dance around them, poke Helen with stick.

GOBLINS

(To Helen)

Rich, rich, the old black witch,  
rich, rich, the old black witch.

RUDY

Hey you kids. Let her alone.

GOBLINS

(To Rudy)

Monkey, monkey, old and drunk,  
Monkey, monkey, old and drunk.

One goblin grabs Helen's purse, all run.

HELEN

Little bastards, devils.

She chases them. Francis, Pee Wee join chase, but lose kids.

HELEN

(Hysterical)

Oh, the money, the money.

FRANCIS

(Returning)

That ain't nothin'. Get more tomorrow.

HELEN

There was fifteen dollars in there.

FRANCIS

Where'd you get fifteen dollars?

HELEN

That money your son Billy gave us after he got you out of jail. I kept fifteen of it so you wouldn't drink it up.

FRANCIS

Goddamn it, woman. You and your sneaky goddamn ways.

Pee Wee has gone to look at Sandra, bends down.

PEE WEE

Hey, Sandra's dead.

They all go to Sandra.

HELEN

I'll bet she prayed to die. Her life wasn't human anymore. (She pulls blanket over Sandra's face.) I want to go to church in the morning.

FRANCIS

Go. That's tomorrow. Where the hell am I gonna put you tonight?

PEE WEE

You could stay here. The beds are full but you can sleep on a bench.

RUDY

Sounds good to me.

HELEN

No, I'd rather not. We can go to Jack's. He told me I could come back.

FRANCIS

He told you that? Then, let's shag ass. You sure he said that?

HELEN

(Starts to walk away)  
'Come back anytime,' he said.

FRANCIS

Then we'll move along, old buddy.

You'll figure it out with Sandra.  
You know her last name?

PEE WEE

No. Never heard it.

FRANCIS

Don't make much difference now.

PEE WEE

Never did.

19 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

19

Establish high POV on major shopping street. Solitary walkers on street. Camera descends, finds Francis and Helen walking arm in arm. Night is cold.

FRANCIS

I went to Gerald's grave today.

HELEN

Oh, you did? Then that was the first time, wasn't it?

FRANCIS

Right.

HELEN

You're thinking about him these days.

FRANCIS

I never stop thinkin' about him.  
Went to his grave and talked to him.

HELEN

Talked? How did you talk?

FRANCIS

Stood and talked to the damn grass.  
Maybe I'm gettin' nutsy as Rudy.

HELEN

You're not nutsy, Francis. It's because you're back in this town.

FRANCIS

No. It's somethin' Billy said. I didn't tell you about that. He says Annie never told I dropped the kid.

\*

HELEN  
 (Stops walking)  
 Never told who, the police?

FRANCIS  
 Never a damn soul. Not Billy, not  
 Peggy, not anybody in the family.  
 Ain't that somethin'? I can't see  
 a woman goin' through that stuff  
 and not tellin' nobody about it.

HELEN  
 (Visibly upset)  
 You've got those people on your mind.  
 Maybe you ought to go see them.

FRANCIS  
 That wouldn't do no good.

HELEN  
 You'd get it out of your system.

WE HEAR A WHISTLE: It is Rowdy Dick whistling at Francis. \*

VIEW ACROSS STREET.

Harold Allen, Rowdy Dick Doolan and Aldo Campione all \*  
 together. Doolan is most aggressive, makes gesture at  
 Francis that could be hostile. Other two just wave hello.

CLOSE ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS  
 (Mutters to self)  
 Dead sonsabitches bein' friendly.

They all walk on. Helen is crying.

FRANCIS  
 What ails you now?

HELEN  
 Everything ails me.

FRANCIS  
 At least you sang a song.

HELEN  
 Yes I did. I sang while Sandra was dying.

FRANCIS  
 She'da died no matter. Her time was up.

HELEN

No, I don't believe that. I believe we die when we can't stand it anymore. We stand as much as we can and then we die when we can.

FRANCIS

Die when you can. That's as good  
a sayin' as there is.

HELEN

I'm glad we agree on something.

FRANCIS

We get along all right. (He  
hugs Helen) But we ain't got  
a damn penny and noplac to flop.  
We're on the bum. Better get the  
hell up to Jack's before he puts  
the lights out on us.

VIEW ACROSS STREET, FRANCIS POV

Harold Allen and companions still walking.

20 - EXT - JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT:

20

\*

Helen and Francis climb stairs, Francis knocks at door, JACK  
opens it part way, peers out. He's 50ish, with a heavy  
drinker's face, and in shirtsleeves.

FRANCIS

Hey, Jack, we come to see ya.  
How's chances for a bum gettin'  
a drink?

Jack isn't thrilled by this idea, but he opens door.

21 - INT - JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT:

21

Francis and Helen enter. KATE SMITH is singing "Carolina  
Moon" on record playing on Victrola. CLARA is sitting on  
sofa, red bedspread on lap, purple throw pillows behind  
her. She used to be good looking but is wasted, sick. A jug  
of muscatel is cradled in a swinging rack beside her. She  
refills her glass twice during scene.

HELEN

(To Clara)

Golly it's cold for October, and  
they're calling for snow. Feel  
my hands.

CLARA

This happens to be my home, and I  
ain't about to feel your hands, or

your head either. I don't see any snow.

FRANCIS

I had a bowl of soup about six o'clock but it disappeared. I'm gonna have to eat somethin' soon.

JACK

(Claps Francis on shoulder, smiles)  
I don't care whether you eat or not.

Helen turns away from Clara, goes across room toward empty chair. Jack focuses on her, gestures toward kitchen.

JACK

Want a soda pop, Helen?

HELEN

Sure, Jack.

He goes to kitchen, she follows. In doorway he takes her hand and kisses it with passion. Helen smiles, nods at him, but withdraws hand politely.

HELEN

What kind of soda, Jack?

VIEW ON FRANCIS

He's hovering over Clara.

FRANCIS

You feelin' better, Clara?

CLARA

No. (She looks him over) What's wrong with your shoe?

FRANCIS

Got twine in it. I got a shoestring in my pocket but ain't put it in yet.

CLARA

Then put it in.

Jack and Helen come back into living room.

FRANCIS

(Fishes in pockets)  
I think it's in this pocket here.  
(Doesn't find it) Helen you know where it is?

HELEN

Don't ask me.

CLARA

Find it and put it in.

FRANCIS

(Stops looking for lace)

I'm renegin'.

CLARA

You're what?

FRANCIS

I'm renegin', and I don't like to do that. Listen, I wanna ask you one question.

CLARA

No.

FRANCIS

You said no. Whataya mean no?

JACK

What's he gonna ask? Find out what he's gonna ask.

Clara waits.

FRANCIS

How's everythin' been goin'?

Clara chuckles.

CUT

Half hour has passed. Francis is a bit drunker, now chugging wine. He goes to Clara, holds out glass for refill. As Clara tilts bottle, Francis surreptitiously strokes her knee.

JACK

(With glass, shakes head)

I always thought you were an intelligent man, Franny, but you can't be, the way you drink. You could be a charmin' man. You could have twenty dollars in your pocket at all times.

FRANCIS

If I had twenty, I'd spend it on her. Don't want her to sleep in the weeds no more.



HELEN

The weeds. I've never gone that far down.

FRANCIS

It ain't far to go. She slept in Finny's car night before last.

HELEN

That's the last time. If it comes to that again I'll get in touch with my people. My people are very high class.

CLARA

(Mockingly)

You really ought to get in touch with them, dearie.

JACK

You oughta get straight, Franny. They need men like you. You could have a Victrola like that one. That's a honey.

FRANCIS

I had all that shit.

JACK

You don't shape up you'll die.

Francis looks at self in mirror, rubs beard with fingers.

FRANCIS

Maybe you're right, Jack. Could I borrow the use of your bathroom?

JACK

Help yourself.

22 - INT - JACK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT:

22

Francis has shirt off, is washing his torso and face, his hair very wet and disheveled, as Harold Allen, ALDO CAMPIONE, and ROWDY DICK DOOLAN, the same three who were following Francis on street, enter. Allen stands, Dick sits on bathtub, starts to sing. Francis looks at this in mirror.

ROWDY DICK

(Sings)

Poor little lamb,/ He wakes up in  
the morning/ His fleece all cold./

ROWDY DICK

(Hostile)

Remember this tune, hotshot?

(He sings)

Poor little lamb, now his fleece is  
all cold/ He wakes up in the morning  
alone....

VIEW ON FRANCIS. He's staring at Rowdy Dick.

ROWDY DICK (o.s.)

Poor little lamb knows what's comin'/  
Life is an empty cup...

Singing merges with SOUND OF SLOW-MOVING TRAIN. Francis is remembering the meaning of all these dead men. Sound of freight train dominates, but music continues.

23 - INT - FREIGHT CAR - DAY:

23

FRANCIS POV

It's sunny day, 1932. He's riding backward in open door of freight car. Inside car he sees two bums, FOXY PHIL TOOKER and POCONO PETE, who is singing "Poor Little Lamb".

VIEW ON PASSING LANDSCAPE

Train passes warehouse and two men appear, running: Rowdy Dick and Aldo Campione, chased by POLICE, who are shooting at them. Rowdy Dick leaps into car and hides. Francis ducks from bullets. Campione, running beside door, can't get up. Francis puts self in jeopardy to give Campione a hand up. He's almost up when he's shot in back, lets go, falls. Francis looks at Rowdy Dick who seems a bit crazy. Pocono Pete hands Francis bottle of Green River whiskey.

FOXY PHIL

Too bad, pal.

Francis takes a drink. Bottle passes. Rowdy Dick takes long drink as all watch.

FRANCIS

(To Rowdy Dick)

Who's the guy that didn't make it?

ROWDY DICK

Some guinea horse thief.

FOXY PHIL

(To Rowdy Dick)

What're they chasin' you for, buddy?

Rowdy Dick looks at his feet, which are in shoes that are almost non-existent: cracked, full of holes, heel gone on one, holes in soles.

ROWDY DICK

I didn't shine my shoes this mornin'.

24 - INT - FREIGHT CAR - NIGHT:

24

Same four men as in scene 26, same position. Pocono Pete is singing "Poor Little Lamb." Men are in their own worlds. Empty whiskey bottle on floor.

POCONO PETE

(Sings)

Hey little lamb, watch your shoulder.  
Coyote is waiting' out there.  
Nobody will get any older  
If we don't find a way out of here.

So let's go on the bumper this summer,  
Where we won't have to be afraid.  
The world will be on the hummer, boys,  
And we'll laugh and we'll drink lemonade.

FRANCIS

Lemonade. Shit. I sold that when  
I was a kid, hangin' out with them older  
fellas. Windy Evans, he played in his  
jock strap and caught fly balls behind  
his back. Great ballplayer.

VIEW ON ROWDY DICK

He's drunk and his face has changed. He's wacko.

ROWDY DICK

(To Francis)

Where'd you get them shoes?

FRANCIS

Found 'em.

ROWDY DICK

Nice-lookin' shoes.

FRANCIS

That's why I wear 'em.

Silence. Men start to doze. Pocono Pete, still singing. Rowdy Dick takes meat cleaver from coat, slips it out of cardboard case. No one sees this.

ROWDY DICK

I'm gonna cut off your goddamn feet.

He lunges at Francis, but Francis rolls away, is cut on hand by cleaver, disarms Dick, picks him up by pantleg and armpit, swings his head against freight car's wall. Dick goes limp, Francis drops him. Foxy Phil and Pocono Pete watch with awe. Francis wraps his cut with handkerchief.

FRANCIS

Some fellas in this world shouldn't drink.

We hear only the train. We see Rowdy Dick's broken skull.

25 - INT - JACK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT:

25

\*

Francis is looking at Rowdy Dick, who takes off his white cap, causing an eruption of light from his skull -- a long, radiant scar where his skull was fractured. Dick puts on cap.

FRANCIS

Well, pal, I'm sorry I broke your head so bad. But you know I had my reasons.

Francis holds up hand, shows deformed pinky.

FRANCIS

Almost lost a finger myself. Couldn't do much with that hand for a long while. (Smiles) But hell, I don't hold no grudges more'n five years.

ROWDY DICK

(spits)

Yeah.

Francis moves toward door, turns.

VIEW ON ALDO CAMPIONE

He raises pint of whiskey (white trim, heavenly design, but whiskey, clearly) in toast to Francis, and he smiles.

ALDO

Thanks for what ya did.

HELEN (o.s.)

You all right, Francis? Who you talking to?

Francis leaves bathroom.

26 - INT - JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT:

26

FRANCIS  
(To Helen)

I was just thinkin' of some of the  
old bums who froze and died. Foxy  
Phil Tooker, skinny little runt, he  
froze all scrunched up. 'Stead of  
straightenin' him out they buried  
him in half a coffin.

Francis goes toward Jack, finds his empty wine glass.

FRANCIS

Hey bum, how about a bum gettin'  
a drink?

JACK

I ain't no bum.

FRANCIS

Goddamn it, I know you ain't. You're  
a hell of a man. A workin' man.

Francis leans over Clara to get a drink. Clara clings to  
Francis' hand and winks at him.

CLARA

I knew a fella once looked a lot like  
Francis. I had the hots for him.

HELEN

I'll bet you did.

JACK

Clara never lacked boyfriends. But  
she's pretty sick. That's why you  
can't stay. She eats a lot of toast.

HELEN

Oh, I could make some toast for you.

CLARA

If I feel like eatin' I'll make my  
own toast. And make sure you lock  
the door when you go out.

FRANCIS

I ain't stayed here in how long now?  
Two weeks, ain't it?

JACK

Oh come on, Francis. You were here  
four days ago. And Helen last night.

FRANCIS

(Finishes his drink, gulps it)  
I flopped here, two nights wasn't it?

JACK

Six. Like a week.

FRANCIS

(Goes for another drink)  
I'm gonna tell you, I always thought  
a lot of Clara.

HELEN  
(Suddenly angry, stands)  
You're drunk, Francis. Stay drunk  
for the rest of your life. I'm  
really leaving you.

FRANCIS  
I don't know what to do with that woman.

CLARA  
It's late.

JACK  
Yeah, people. Gotta hit the hay.

FRANCIS  
Fix me a sandwich, will ya? To take out.

CLARA  
No.

HELEN  
(To Clara, screaming)  
You forget when you were hungry. You  
came to my place begging for food.

CLARA  
I never begged.

HELEN  
He only asked for a sandwich.

JACK  
I'm gonna give him a sandwich. Sharp  
cheese. You like sharp cheese?

FRANCIS  
My favorite.

Jack goes to table, makes fast sandwich. Francis puts down  
glass, puts sandwich in coat pocket. Helen stands in doorway.

FRANCIS  
Good night, pal.

JACK  
Best of luck.

FRANCIS  
(To Clara)  
See you around.



CLARA  
(Sips wine)

Toodle-oo.

27 - EXT - STAIRWAY OF JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT:

27

\*

Francis and Helen come out of Jack's building, and go down stairs. \*

FRANCIS  
Where the hell you gonna sleep now?

HELEN  
I wouldn't stay there if they gave me silk sheets and mink pillows. I remember her when she was whoring and always broke. I had to speak my mind.

FRANCIS  
You didn't accomplish anything. Here, have a piece of sandwich.

HELEN  
It'd choke me.

28 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

28

FRANCIS  
It won't choke you. You'll be glad for it.

HELEN  
I'm not a phony.

FRANCIS  
I'm not a phony either.

HELEN  
You're not, eh?

FRANCIS  
You know what I'll do? (Grabs her by collar.) I'll knock you right across that goddamn street! Be a goddamn woman! That's why you can't flop with nobody. I asked for a sandwich. Did I get it?

HELEN  
You're stupendous and colossal.

FRANCIS

(Angrier, grabs Helen)

Listen, you squint your eyes at me and I'll knock you over that goddamn automobile. You been a pain in the ass to me for nine years. Jack told me I could stay, but they don't want you because you're a pain in the ass.

Headlights come at them. Francis lets Helen go, sits on stone stoop and eats.

FRANCIS

I'm gonna eat this sandwich. I'm thankful for everything.

HELEN

You're a perfect saint.

FRANCIS

(Restraining self)

You're a woman for abuse.

HELEN

I won't eat it. It's rat food.

FRANCIS

(Screams in rage)

I'm gonna kill you! Goddamn it, don't drive me insane. Be a goddamn woman and go the fuck to bed somewhere.

HELEN

(Starts to walk away)

I'm going to call my brother.

FRANCIS

(Eating)

Good. Call him a couple of times so's he can hang up on you again. And where you gonna get the nickel to make the call?

HELEN

That's my business. (She stops.) God, Francis, you were all right till you started on the wine. Wine, wine, wine.

FRANCIS

(Stands up)

I'll get some cardboard. We'll go to that old building.

HELEN

No. I'm going down below.

FRANCIS

Who you kiddin'? You got noplac  
to go. You'll be knocked on the head.

HELEN

Wouldn't be the worst ever happened  
to me.

Francis grabs back of her head, holds her head in both hands.

HELEN

You're gonna hit me.

FRANCIS

I won't hit ya, babe. I love ya  
some. (They embrace) Don't walk  
away from me or you'll be lost in  
the world. Are ya awful cold?

HELEN

I couldn't stay outside tonight,  
Francis. I'd die.

Long embrace, then Francis gives her his coat. They walk  
together.

29 - EXT - AT FINNY'S CAR - NIGHT:

29

They walk with arms around each other to Finny's dead,  
wheelless car, in an alley off narrow street. TWO MEN are  
sleeping, FINNY in front passenger seat, Little Red in  
back. Francis opens passenger door.

FRANCIS

Hey, bum, you got a visitor.

FINNY

Who the hell are you?

FRANCIS

It's Francis. Move over and let  
Helen in. I'll get you a jug for  
this, old buddy.

FINNY

Yeah.

Finny moves, Helen gives Francis his coat, reluctantly gets  
into car, helped in by Francis.

FRANCIS

Don't be scared.

HELEN

(Pulling legs inside)

It's not that.

FINNY

She knows. She's been here before.

FRANCIS

I'll see you here or up at the mission in the ayem.

HELEN

Why don't you get in too?

FRANCIS

(Stroking her face)

No, no leg room. Keep the faith, old gal.

He closes car door, walks off.

VIEW ON HELEN as she tries to get comfortable. \*

HELEN \*

Now I lay me down to sleep . . .

30 - EXT - CITY STREETS - NIGHT:

30

Francis walks past places he recognizes, studies them. He picks up newspaper, puts it inside coat as insulation; finds cardboard, a burlap sack, carries them.

CUT

He's walking now in residential North Albany, then we have his POV on house where he lived 22 years ago. He stares at it, Jack-o-lantern on porch.

VIEW ON HOUSE

One light in upstairs room; music ethereal: French horns.

VIEW ON FRANCIS

31 - INT - FINNY'S CAR - DAY:

31

It's dawn. Helen, Finny in front seat, Helen's head on his shoulder, her eyes alert. She hasn't slept. Finny wakes, sees her, grabs her breast. She stops him.

HELEN

You can't touch me there. They hurt too much.

VIEW ON LITTLE RED

LITTLE RED

(Wakes up, looks at Helen)  
Drunken old douchebag.

Finny puts hand on her sex, guides her hand to his. Helen allows this. He smiles as Helen manipulates him. He arches his back, comes, collapses, closes eyes to resume sleep. Helen withdraws hand, opens car door with other hand, slides out. She cleans her right hand on the dirt of vacant lot, finds newspaper, rubs it cleaner, walks on.

32 - INT - ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH - DAY:

32

View is from semi-darkness of church interior, toward front door. Door opens, daylight visible, Helen enters. She dips handkerchief into holy water font, wipes her right hand with water, makes sign of cross on right hand, then blesses herself with right hand, enters church.

VIEW INTO CHURCH, HELEN POV

SIX WOMEN, ONE MAN in various pews, candles burning on empty altar. Helen goes to front and lights small votive candle, takes out her last two pennies, puts them in slot of candle stand, kneels before statue of St. Joseph. Organ is playing mournful Gregorian hymn. Helen blesses herself again, looks up at statue of St. Joseph.

HELEN

(Aloud)

Sands of the desert, salt of the sea forgive me for I have sinned, if you must call them sins. I prefer to call them decisions. I really do believe I've been doing the more or less right thing. I believe in God. I wash my armpits and between my legs. I'm not a drunk and not a whore and I never let a man use me for money. I went dutch lots of times. I'd let them buy the drinks sometimes but that's

because its the man's place to buy  
the drinks. And I never betrayed  
anybody. That's what counts most  
with me. I admit I'm leaving Francis,  
but no one could call that betrayal.  
Francis is a very good man. He  
begged on the street when I was  
sick and he never even begged  
for himself. Francis is a fine man,  
very thoughtful. Very catholic,  
even though he pretends not to be.  
That's why we never married. Isn't  
it nice the way Francis and I put  
religion in the way of our marrying?

\*

Church bells ring in church tower, announcing mass. Helen blesses herself, goes to pew on side aisle, kneels and looks toward altar. \*

HELEN \*

(Aloud)

Of course, living with Francis was sinful in the eyes of some. And I admit I've taken liberties with the commandments. But Francis put me in Finny's car and he knew what that meant. Even so I'm not saying that living with Francis was sinful when it was probably - no, no - certainly, the greatest thing in my life.

Helen adjusts kneeling bench, catches sight of ten dollar bill on floor, can't believe it. She sits back, slides to it, picks it up, pockets it, looks at statue.

HELEN

Thank you, St. Joseph.

VIEW ON STATUE

It is lofty, looking down at us all.

33 - EXT - JUNKYARD - DAY:

33

Francis arrives at junkyard, sees owner peering from shack at rear of vast panorama of junk. Roskam is short, bald, filthy and 71 years old. Francis opens shack door.

FRANCIS

Preacher said you was lookin' for a strong back. \*

ROSSKAM

It could be. You got one, maybe?  
Can pick up that barrel?

FRANCIS

(Picks up barrel, lowers it)  
You pick up stuff like this yourself?

Rosskam lifts barrel without noticeable strain.

ROSSKAM

I do a lifetime of lifting. I pay  
seven dollar and work till dark.

FRANCIS

Back work, I oughta get eight or nine.

ROSSKAM

Families eat for a week on seven dollar.

FRANCIS

Seven-fifty.

ROSSKAM

Seven.

FRANCIS

All right, what the hell's the difference?

ROSSKAM

Get up the wagon.

Wagon leaves junkyard, goes into street.

33C - EXT - CITY PARK - DAY:

33C \*

Helen walks alone, hands in pocket, collar up, aimless. Day  
is cold.

HELEN

(Aloud)

How many times have I walked away  
from Francis? So many. But he  
doesn't need me now. He needs  
something else. It wasn't dropping  
Gerald, or killing the scab. It  
wasn't baseball or the drink  
that ruined Francis. Nobody knows  
what did it. You have to solve it  
yourself now, Francis. I can't help  
you anymore. No more.

34 - EXT - JUNK WAGON - DAY:

34



Rosskam and Francis ride horse-drawn wagon through streets.

ROSSKAM

So how do you like it?

FRANCIS

Like what?

ROSSKAM

Sex business. Women stuff.

FRANCIS

I don't think much about it anymore. To tell you the truth, I'm over the hill.\*

ROSSKAM

A man like you? How old? Sixty-two?

FRANCIS

Not that old.

ROSSKAM

Seventy-one here. I go over no hills. Four, five times a night I get it in with the old woman. And you go house to house in the daylight you get offers.

FRANCIS

I never went house to house.

ROSSKAM

Half my life I go house to house and I know how it is. You get offers.

(Pause)

Raaaaaags....raaaaaaags.

33B - EXT - COFFEE SHOP - DAY:

33B

Helen approaches, enters coffee shop.

35 - EXT - ALLEYWAY - DAY:

35

Francis and Rosskam are bringing rusty junk from house to wagon. Francis drops junk into wagon, looks on as Rosskam drops his in also. Rosskam's clothes are filthy from rust.

FRANCIS

I been wondering. The ladies take you to bed in them clothes?

ROSSKAM

Best I ever got lately was in the cellar. Very noisy, but hot, hotsy, oh my. This morning we see her. It don't take long, if you don't mind.

FRANCIS

(Boards wagon)

Why should I mind? You're the boss.

ROSSKAM

That's right. I am the boss. Giddap.

They ride.

33A - INT - COFFEE SHOP - DAY:

33A \*

Helen is alone at counter. COUNTERMAN slides mug of coffee to her, also plate of buttered toast. Helen pays with ten dollar bill, gets \$9.85 change. She carries food to table, sugars and creams coffee. Looks at toast, picks up a piece, puts it down, picks it up again, reluctantly takes a bite, then a swallow of coffee, all hard to get down. Helen looks at SLATTERLY WOMAN at next table.

HELEN

You want the rest of this toast?

WOMAN

Nnnh.

Woman takes plate and three untouched pieces of toast, eats.

HELEN

I just can't eat a thing. A friend wanted to give me a cheese sandwich last night. (Shakes head) Not a chance. When I nursed my mother all she ever ate was toast. I took care of her for eleven years.

36 - OMIT

36

37 - OMIT

37

38 - OMIT

39 - EXT - HOT LADY'S HOUSE - DAY:

39 \*

Rosskam's wagon stops at house, he gets off wagon.

ROSSKAM

Here. You can watch by cellar window.  
She likes lookers and I don't mind.

Francis shakes head, stays on wagon as Rosskam goes. Then Francis smiles, finds cigar butt in his pocket, lights it, climbs down, walks into alley, hears groaning, cans creaking. He peers in cellar window, sees them atop ash cans, Rosskam's pants hanging from shoes, HOT LADY'S dress up to her neck.

VIEW ON COUPLE

ROSSKAM

Oh boyoboy, oh boyoboy.

HOT LADY

Do I love it? Do I love it?

ROSSKAM

You love it. Oh boyoboy.

HOT LADY

Gimme that stick. Gimme it, gimme it, gimme, gimme, gimme that stick.

ROSSKAM

Oh take it. Oh take it.

HOT LADY

Oh gimme it. I'm a hot slut. Gimme it.

ROSSKAM

Oh boyoboy.

Hot Lady sees Francis in window, waves to him, smiles.

40 - INT - LIBRARY - DAY:

40

Helen walks, in physical trouble, and chilled to the bone, past marble columns, seems to recognize everything from bygone day, sees statue of angel on pedestal, enters reading room. She finds table near fireplace, THREE PEOPLE at two of the tables. She sits, opens Life magazine, sees black woman, Millie Smalls, who won \$150,000 in Irish Sweepstakes. She pushes it away, lays head down. Magazine falls to floor as Helen stares into fire, and sleeps.

Librarian comes to table, picks up magazine, shakes Helen awake, puts magazine in front of her.

LIBRARIAN

You may stay if you read, my dear,  
but we don't allow sleeping.

HELEN

(sits up abruptly)

I wasn't sleeping. I was just waiting  
for the fire to die.

Librarian nods and leaves.

VIEW ON WOMAN at next table. This is NORA LAWLOR. She rises, comes over to Helen.

NORA

Helen? (Pause) Helen Archer?

HELEN

Yes.

NORA

It's Nora, Helen. Nora Lawlor.  
I haven't seen you in 20 years.

HELEN

Nora, of course. Hello. How  
are you?

Helen feels trapped.

NORA

I used to hear you on the radio,  
but then I lost track. What've  
you been doing?

HELEN

I went on concert tours as a pianist.  
And I was abroad for years, living in  
Paris, Vienna, everywhere.

NORA

Oh what an exciting life. I envy  
you. I really do, Helen. Are  
you staying with your brother while  
you're here?

HELEN

Yes, I suppose. We're very close.

NORA

I saw him in church only last week.

HELEN

In church. (Mumbles then) Imagine.

NORA

I go by his home all the time. It's so lovely.

HELEN

(Steps on that line)

The hypocrite. What's he doing in church after what he did?

NORA

What?

HELEN

(Loudly)

You know that he and my mother took the money my father left me?

NORA

No.

HELEN

My mother hid the will.

NORA

(Stunned)

I'm so sorry.

HELEN

Don't be sorry. I got even.  
(OR: I got mine.)

Librarian returns, takes Helen by the arm.

LIBRARIAN

I'm sorry, dear. I have to ask you to leave. You're being much too noisy.

Helen yields, stands.

HELEN

They were thieves.

They go toward door, Helen turns back to Nora.

HELEN

(Excited)

. . . common thieves.

Helen repeats self as they go toward door.

41A - INT - TAVERN - DAY:

41A

Helen is at bar, very animated, talking to self. BARTENDER and THREE CUSTOMERS at bar. Helen is looking at glass of muscatel. She sips it, swallows some, can't handle more.

HELEN

Thieves, thieves, thieves.  
Thieves, thieves, thieves...

She gets up, walks to phone at end of bar, finds coin in pocket, dials number. WOMAN'S VOICE answers.

WOMAN

Twining and Archer, good morning.

HELEN

Patrick Archer, please, if he'll come to the phone.

WOMAN

I beg your pardon...

HELEN

This is his sister, Helen, and I know he won't talk to me because he's a coward.

WOMAN

I'm sure I...

HELEN

He's probably out stealing some widow's bank account...

Line goes dead, Helen lets phone drop. Bartender comes to end of bar to keep an eye on Helen.

HELEN

(To Bartender)

When I found the will Mother just laughed at me.

She goes toward door.

41B - EXT - TAVERN AND STREET - DAY

41B'

Helen leaves tavern, walks to sidewalk, stops, looks in window.

HELEN

But when I left, your loving son  
took good care of you, didn't he  
mother? Put you out in the  
county poorhouse with all the dying  
peacocks.

She's dizzy, loses balance, vomits. In tavern window  
Rosskam's wagon is reflected as it passes.

HELEN

(Babbling)

Where did your plumage go then,  
mother, you old cripple...Where  
did your plumage go...where did  
your plumage go...?

---

HELEN

(Babbling)

Where did your plumage go then,  
Mother?...you old cripple...Where  
did your plumage go...where did  
your plumage go...Tell me...



She vomits, leaning on window. Subdued, she stands, walks on as SPECTATORS stare. \*

42 - EXT - JUNK WAGON - DAY:

42

Wagon rolls along Colonie Street with Rosskam and Francis.

ROSSKAM  
(Screaming, as they ride  
through the streets)  
Raaaa-aaaaaags. Raaaa-aaaaaags.

Woman, MRS. DILLON, appears on front stoop of her house.

MRS. DILLON  
Goooo-ooooo, raaag-maaan.

Rosskam halts wagon in front of alley alongside her house.

MRS. DILLON  
On the back porch. Papers and a  
washtub and some old clothes.

Rosskam brakes wagon, climbs down. Francis doesn't move.

FRANCIS  
I don't want to go in. I know her.

ROSSKAM  
So what's that?

FRANCIS  
Mrs. Dillon. I was born on this  
block. I don't want people I know  
to see me lookin' like a bum.

ROSSKAM  
But you're a bum.

FRANCIS  
Me and you know that, but they don't.  
I'll cart anything next time you stop.

ROSSKAM  
Sensitive bum. I got a sensitive  
bum working for me.

When Rosskam goes into alley Francis jumps down and holds head of horse, looks across street and sees top of great maple tree in back yard. He tethers horse, crosses street to the abandoned, partially burned house, now boarded up, goes to back yard, looks up at tree.

43 - EXT - KATRINA'S YARD, 1899 - DAY:

43

Young Francis Phelan, more innocent than in trolley strike, is chopping logs into kindling. We hear door open, close. \*

VIEW ON BACK DOOR

Out comes beautiful KATRINA DAUGHERTY, 32, wearing shoes, large hat, pearl choker, gloves, carrying purse, otherwise naked. Francis sees her, is stunned as she comes down steps.

FRANCIS

Mrs. Daugherty? Are you all right?

KATRINA

I'm going downtown, Francis.

FRANCIS

Shouldn't you put on some clothes?

KATRINA

Clothes?

Looks at naked self, freezes, eyes wide.

FRANCIS

Mrs. Daugherty?

She doesn't respond. Francis jumps out of tree, leads her into house.

44 - INT - KATRINA'S HOUSE, 1899 - DAY:

44

He sits her on sofa in parlor of elegantly furnished house. Doesn't know what to do. He takes shawl from back of sofa, puts it partly around her, sits her down, finds whiskey, puts it to her lips. She wakes.

FRANCIS

Are you feeling better? You seem to be having some kind of spell.

KATRINA

Spell?

FRANCIS

You came out without any clothes. I put that shawl on you.

Katrina puts her hand under shawl, feels naked breast. Francis sees forehead and eyes of Katrina's nine-year-old son, MARTIN, behind parlor chair.

45 - EXT - KATRINA'S HOUSE, 1938 - DAY:

45

Francis moves about, looks into window of empty house.

KATRINA (o.s.)

Do you think I'm crazy Francis?

46 - INT - KATRINA'S HOUSE, 1899 - DAY:

46

Katrina in same position on sofa, but now in beautiful yellow dress. She is radiant, coiffed.

VIEW ON YOUNG FRANCIS

He's where he was in scene 44 but in different clothes.

\*

FRANCIS

Not exactly ma'am, but people with no clothes isn't what you'd call reg'lar business.

\*

She touches his hand.

KATRINA

Please don't call me ma'am. It makes you sound like a servant. Call me Katrina.

FRANCIS

I couldn't, I couldn't get it out.

KATRINA

But it's my name. Say Katrina.

FRANCIS

Katrina.

KATRINA

So there, you've gotten it out. Have you ever dreamt of me?

FRANCIS

Once. You couldn't close your eyes  
in the dream. You just kept lookin'  
and never blinked.

KATRINA

I understand perfectly. You know,  
a great poet once said that love  
enters through the eyes. One must  
be careful not to see too much.  
Have you ever seen anyone faint?

FRANCIS

Faint? No.

KATRINA

No, what?

FRANCIS

No, Katrina.

KATRINA

Then I shall faint for you, dear  
Francis.

She walks to center of room and faints.

FRANCIS

(Stands over her)

You did that pretty good.

Katrina doesn't move.

FRANCIS

You can get up now.

She still doesn't move. Francis lifts her onto sofa. When  
his arms are around her, she opens her eyes. Faces are close.

KATRINA

My mother taught me that. She  
said it would be useful in strained  
social situations.

She strokes Francis' hair.

KATRINA

I can do a catleptic fit also.

Suddenly she is rigid and wide-eyed, as on back porch.

47 - EXT - JUNK WAGON - DAY:

47

Roskam carries box of old clothes out of house. Francis takes it from him, puts it on wagon. Francis sees white-on-white shirt, lifts it, looks at it. It's ripped a little.

FRANCIS

I'd like to buy this shirt. You take a quarter for it?

ROSSKAM

For what is it a bum needs a clean shirt?

FRANCIS

Mine stinks like a sick skunk. \*

ROSSKAM

Tidy bum. Sensitive, tidy bum on my wagon.

Roskam goes back for more junk. Francis holds shirt, looks at Katrina's house, sees Katrina in window, holding package.

48 - INT - KATRINA'S HOUSE, 1899 - DAY:

48

Katrina, at window of her dining room, holds package, turns to Francis beside her, takes his hand and leads him to parlor. She unbuttons his blue work shirt.

KATRINA

Take this old thing off.

Francis is bewildered. She takes out stylish, white-on-white shirt, hands it to him. When his shirt is off she stuns him with kiss, explores his naked chest with her fingertips.

KATRINA

Do you like to kiss me?

FRANCIS  
I like it a whole bunch.

KATRINA  
What else do you want to do with me?

FRANCIS  
I couldn't say.

KATRINA  
You may say.

FRANCIS  
Not me. I'd goddamn die.

KATRINA  
Did you ever dream, when I called  
you out of our tree, that you'd enter  
such a world as mine? If I fainted  
again would you undo my dress to  
let me breathe easier?

They kiss; then awkwardly, he explores her shoulders with his  
fingers. She opens blouse, slips down chemise straps,  
revealing breasts and large scar.

KATRINA  
Do you like my scar?

FRANCIS  
Like it? I don't know about likin' scars.

KATRINA  
I was burned in a fire. You're the  
only man besides my husband and my  
doctor who has ever seen it. Does  
it offend you?

FRANCIS  
Anything you do, or got, it's okay.

KATRINA  
Remember me, Francis. I'll always be  
Katrina in your life. You'll never  
know another like Katrina.

He tries to moves his hands toward her breasts but they won't  
go. She moves her fingers to hollows of his arms; his  
fingers slowly savor the curve of her breasts. They kiss  
passionately. His right hand moves downward toward her  
center. They leave frame.

ROSSKAM (o.s.)  
Giddap.

VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

Roskam on wagon, with reins of horse, Francis beside him.

49 - EXT - STREET CORNER - DAY:

49

Junk wagon turns off Colonie and onto North Pearl. Francis puts on new white-on-white shirt, throws old one atop junk. As he turns to back of wagon, Francis sees three ghosts riding on it: Aldo Campione, Harold Allen, Rowdy Dick, all in white, as usual. They do not look at Francis.

\*

50 - OMIT

50

\*

51 - INT - MUSIC STORE - DAY:

51

\*

VIEW THROUGH WINDOW TOWARD STREET

Helen looking in with great interest at musical instruments, records, sheet music. She enters store. YOUNG GIRL is playing at grand piano, with her MOTHER beside her. Helen listens, moves toward them, stares. Child is playing (not too well) the pop tune "There's A Gold Mine In The Sky."

HELEN

You love music, don't you. Oh, It's better than anything else in this life. We must be willing to die for our music.

GIRL

(To mother)

What does she mean, Mommy?

MOTHER

She means it's important to be able to play the latest tunes, dear, just like you're doing.

Mother takes girl's hands, pulls her gently up and off piano bench, to get away from Helen. Helen perceives this, smiles an apology as they go, then sits at piano, plays Schubert's 'Die Winterreise', makes mistake, goes over it again without error. Her talent is obvious. Mother and child return to watch her in awe. Helen smiles as she plays.

HELEN  
(To Child)

One day, my dear, you may create a work of art just as beautiful as this one. One never knows the potential within any human breast.

VIEW ON CLERK: He's looking down at Helen.

CLERK

You've chosen our very best piano.

HELEN

Of course. I played all the grand pianos in this store for years. Are you old enough to remember when Arthur Morris was the owner?

CLERK

Long before my time. But I heard he was good at selling pianos.

HELEN

I was good at selling them for him.

Clerk now knows she's not buying a piano.

CLERK

Is there anything I can sell you today?

HELEN

I would like to hear Beethoven's ninth symphony. Is that possible?

CLERK

Of course. Come with me.

He finds album of records, points to cubicle with windowed door. Inside Helen puts record on, excited. WE HEAR music very faintly.



52 - OMIT

52

\*

AND

53 - OMIT

53

\*

54 - EXT - JUNK WAGON - DAY:

54

Wagon is in North Albany. OLD WOMAN comes from house with bag of garbage as Roskam gets on wagon.

WOMAN

You didn't take this bag.

Francis is putting oily metal junk into wagon.

ROSSKAM

It's garbage. I take junk. Junk it ain't garbage, garbage it ain't junk.

Francis climbs on wagon, wipes hands on rag.

ROSSKAM

Giddap.

Wagon rolls. Francis lights cigar, looks at his hands.

FRANCIS

You like your hands?

ROSSKAM

Like, you say? Do I like my hands?

Roskam looks at his own hands, looks at Francis, looks away.

FRANCIS

Yeah. I got the idea that my hands

do things on their own, you know what I mean? I knew a ball player got mad at his hands and stuck them in a fire.

ROSSKAM

Ah ha.

Rosskam looks at his own gnarled hands, then at Francis.

ROSSKAM

Coo-coo.

Rosskam slaps horses rump with reins.

ROSSKAM

Giddap.

Wagon stops at redlight. FORTY SCHOOL CHILDREN cross at red light, are met by TWO NUNS.

FRANCIS

I think I'm gonna get off the wagon up ahead. Gotta see some people I ain't seen in a while. 'Course I want my pay now.

ROSSKAM

You quit before dark?

FRANCIS

Worked seven hours, must be, no lunch. I figure you can knock off a dollar. That'd be fair, and a quarter out for the shirt. Five-seventy-five.

ROSSKAM

Half a day worked, you get half pay. Three-fifty. I am the boss.

FRANCIS

That's right. And you're one strong fella too. But I know when I'm bein' skinned. (Francis holds up hand, makes fist.) That hand's seen it all.

Rosskam reins horse, brakes wagon.

ROSSKAM

Threats. I don't like threats. Five-twenty-five I pay, no more.

FRANCIS

I say five-seventy-five is what's fair. You gotta be fair in this life.

Roskam pulls out change purse which hangs around his neck, strips out five singles, puts them in Francis's hand, adds seventy-five cents.

ROSSKAM

A bum is a bum. You I don't like.

FRANCIS

Well I sorta liked you. And I ain't a bad sort once you get to know me.

He leaps down in front of house, salutes Roskam, who leaves without a word. FAT WOMAN sweeping stoop of house.

FRANCIS

Excuse me, lady, but d'ya know where I could get me a nice little turkey?

Woman looks at him with terror, retreats into house. BALD MAN in undershirt, trousers comes off porch.

BALD MAN

What did you ask my wife?

FRANCIS

I asked where I could get a turkey.

BALD MAN

What for?

Francis thinks, scuffs one foot.

FRANCIS

Well, my duck died.

BALD MAN

Just keep movin', bud.

FRANCIS

Gotcha.

55 - INT - MUSIC STORE - DAY:

55

Helen is collapsed in cubicle, head against wall, eyes closed. WE HEAR Beethoven as clerk opens cubicle door, lifts her head.

CLERK

Madam, madam, are you all right?

Helen opens eyes, sits up. Clerk stops record.

CLERK

Should I call a doctor?

HELEN

Oh no, thank you so much. I'll be all right. I was just so excited by the music.

Clerk leaves, Helen takes record off turntable (Fourth movement, 9th Symphony), hides it under coat, leaves.

56 - INT - MEAT MARKET - DAY:

56

Market floor of bare wood is sprinkled with sawdust. Shining white cases have splendid meat display. WHITE-APRONED BUTCHER behind counter.

FRANCIS

Turkey. I'd like me a nice dead turkey.

BUTCHER

It's the only kind we carry. Nice and dead. How big?

FRANCIS

About five, six bucks worth.

Butcher enters meat locker, comes out with turkey.

BUTCHER

Twelve and a half pounds, five and a half bucks.

FRANCIS

Sold.

Francis puts down money, butcher wraps turkey.

FRANCIS

How's business, pal?

BUTCHER

Slow. No money in the world.

FRANCIS

They's money. You just gotta go get it.

Butcher gives Francis turkey and a quarter change. Francis picks up turkey.

57 - EXT - CITY STREET - DAY:

57 \*

Helen is walking with record under her coat. We see sign of Palombo's Hotel as she nears it.

58 - INT - PALOMBO'S HOTEL - DAY:

58 \*

Desk clerk, DONOVAN, going up stairs with suitcase, box and portable phonograph, ahead of Helen. Hotel is old, run-down.

DONOVAN

Ain't seen ya much.

HELEN

Francis got a job. It's possible we'll rent an apartment.

DONOVAN

You're back in the chips. Francis comin' in tonight?

HELEN

He might be, and he might not be. It all depends on his work, and how busy he might or might not be.

DONOVAN

I get it.

59 - INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY:

59 \*

Donovan opens door, enters room, puts bag on bed, phonograph on bedside table. Room has sink, small shabby dressing table with mirror, very worn towel, bare bulb, old curtains.

DONOVAN

Six dollars for the bags, dollar for the room. Same room, same bed.

Helen sits in armless rocker, finds money, gives Donovan \$8.

HELEN

I'll pay for two days. Just in case I don't die tonight.

Donovan takes money.

DONOVAN

You wanna eat somethin'?. I'm makin' coffee.

HELEN

No, thank you, Donovan, no coffee.

Donovan goes out. Cardboard clock on back of door says: "Wake Me At." Hands are at 10:50. Helen opens suitcase and box, fingers her belongings, unpacks some, especially very-carefully-wrapped vase, dresser set with comb, brush, fan, hand mirror, powder box, perfume atomizer. Other items: \* slippers, skirt, rhinestone butterfly pin, Francis's \* newspaper clippings, man's left shoe, a shoelace (which Helen looks at, smiles), safety razor, pen knife. She holds a kimono full length.

CUT

Helen washes her torso at basin, dries, puts on kimono.

CUT

She's standing, holding on to end of brass bed, looking at self in the mirror. Kimono is loose, part of breast visible, Ninth Symphony is playing on phonograph, vase, and dresser set tastefully placed on dresser top.

HELEN

What if I did drink too much?  
Whose business is that? Who  
knows how much I didn't drink,  
eh?

\*

60 - EXT - PHELAN BACK DOOR - DAY:

60

We hear doorbell ring. Door opens, ANNIE PHELAN in doorway. She has gray hair, wears housedress, apron.

FRANCIS (o.s.)

Howdy.

ANNIE

Yes?

FRANCIS (o.s.)

Brought a turkey for ye.

ANNIE

A turkey?

FRANCIS (o.s.)

Twelve-and-a-half pounder. I told  
Billy I'd come by of a Sunday and  
bring a turkey. It ain't Sunday  
but I come anyway.

ANNIE  
Is that you, Fran?

VIEW ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS

It ain't one of them fellas from Mars.

ANNIE

Well my god. My god, my god.

She opens door wide.

FRANCIS

How ya been, Annie? You're lookin' good.

She goes up five steps, turns.

ANNIE

Oh my, what a surprise this is.

FRANCIS

Here. Do somethin' with this critter.  
It's freezin' me up.

ANNIE

(Takes turkey)

You didn't have to bring anything.

FRANCIS

Your father, Old Iron Joe, always told  
me: Francis, don't come by emptyhand-  
ed. Hit the bell with your elbow.

ANNIE

You'll stay while I cook it.

61 - INT - PHELAN KITCHEN - DAY:

61 \*

ANNIE

Sit, and let me get it in the oven.  
Danny can go get cranberries.

FRANCIS

(Sits in breakfast nook)

Who's Danny?

ANNIE

Peg's boy. He's in fourth grade and  
smart as a cracker.

FRANCIS

Gerald, he'd be twenty-two. I  
saw his grave yesterday and talked  
awhile. Told him a bunch of stuff.



ANNIE

I'll bet he was glad to hear from you.

FRANCIS

May be. Tell me about Billy. He  
doin' okay?

Francis lights last cigarette, crumples pack. Annie keeps  
busy cleaning turkey.

ANNIE

He's a gambler and not a very good one.

FRANCIS

He told me you never said nothin'  
about me losin' hold of Gerald.

ANNIE

No, not until the other day.

FRANCIS

You're some original kind of woman,  
Annie. Some original kind of woman.

ANNIE

Nothing to be gained talking about  
it. It wasn't your fault any more  
than it was my fault.

FRANCIS

No way I can thank you for that.  
Thanks don't even touch...

He is choking up. She waves him silent. Sits across table.

ANNIE

Never mind that. Tell me what  
made you come see us.

He looks out window past geranium plant. Collie dog, apple  
tree visible in yard.

FRANCIS

I say it was Billy invitin' me home  
when I thought I'd never get invited.

ANNIE

Billy said you had a wife.

FRANCIS

Not a wife. I only had one wife.

Annie folds arms on breakfast table, almost smiles.

ANNIE

And I only had one husband. I only had one man.

FRANCIS

(Surprised by this)

Men must've come outa the trees after you.

ANNIE

Some. They tried. \*

FRANCIS

I couldn't marry again. But I did stay with Helen. Nine years on and off. She nursed me when I was sick as a pup. Damn good woman.

ANNIE

Where is she now?

FRANCIS

Downtown somewheres. She's like a little kid in the world. She'll drop dead in the street one of these days, wanderin' around like she does. \*

ANNIE

She needs you. What do you need, Fran?

FRANCIS

Only thing I need is a shoelace. \*

Annie smiles. Still sitting, she takes off apron, folds it, puts it on table. \*

FRANCIS

You remember Kibbee's lumber yard the first day I talked to you? \*

ANNIE

Like it was this morning.

FRANCIS

(Crushes cigarette with force)  
Jesus Christ, Annie. I ain't worth a goddamn in the world. I'm so awful sorry, and I know that don't cut nothin'. I knew after I left it'd get worse and worse and no way ever to go back. I don't want nothin' but the look of everybody. Just the way things look out in that yard. There's plenty of stuff to say, but it's lousy \*

stuff, Annie, lousy stuff. I never  
stopped loving you and the kids, and  
that don't entitle me to nothin'. I  
went my whole life rememberin'  
the look of your elbows leanin on  
the table. Goddamn, Annie.  
Goddamn. I ain't askin' for nothin'  
but a cuppa tea. You still use the  
Irish breakfast tea?

DANIEL QUINN enters, tosses schoolbag on floor, sees Francis, stops in mid-motion.

FRANCIS

Hulooo.

ANNIE

Danny, this is your grandfather. He came to see us and he's staying for dinner.

Francis extends hand. Danny shakes it.

FRANCIS

You're comin' from school, eh? Learn anything, did you? \*

DANNY

Learned about today -- All Saints' Day. \*

FRANCIS

What about it? \*

DANNY

It's the day we remeber the martyrs who died for the faith, and nobody knows their names. \*

FRANCIS

Oh yeah, I remember them fellas. \*

DANNY

(Sits across from Francis)  
Are you Grampa Phelan or Grampa Quinn?

ANNIE

Phelan. Francis Aloysius Phelan.

DANNY

You're the big-leaguer. You played with the Washington Senators. Billy says you taught him how to throw an inshoot.

FRANCIS

He remembers that, does he?

DANNY

Will you teach me?

FRANCIS

You get a baseball, I'll show you.

Danny goes to box in breakfast nook, finds ball and boy's baseball glove. Francis takes them, grips ball.

CLOSE ON FRANCIS' FINGERS

FRANCIS

Put these fingers on the seams,  
then snap your wrist out, like  
this, and that ball's gonna dance  
a little turnaround jig.

Danny tries it, Francis nods.

DANNY

Let's go outside and try it. I'll  
get another glove.

FRANCIS  
 Glove. By some fluke you still got  
 my old glove stuck away somewheres, Annie?

ANNIE  
 There's a whole trunk of your things  
 in the attic. Maybe you'd want to  
 have a look.

FRANCIS  
 You saved stuff of mine?

ANNIE  
 No point in throwing it away.

FRANCIS  
 Might find me a new shoelace.

62 - INT - PHELAN UPSTAIRS - DAY:

62

Annie leads Francis up the stairs, Danny ahead of them.

DANNY (o.s.)  
 Get up, Billy, Grandpa's here.

BILLY PHELAN, 31, half awake, stands in doorway in boxer  
 shorts and t-shirt, Danny beside him.

FRANCIS  
 Hey, Billy, How you gettin' on?

BILLY  
 (Groggy but smiling)  
 You made it. I'da bet against it happenin'.

FRANCIS  
 You'da lost. Brought a turkey too.

ANNIE  
 We're having it for dinner.

FRANCIS  
 (To Billy)  
 You like turkey?

BILLY  
 Who the hell don't like turkey?  
 Listen, my razor's in the bathroom  
 if you want to shave.

ANNIE  
 Don't be telling people what to do.

Francis, Annie and Danny ascend stairway to attic.

63 - INT - PHELAN ATTIC - DAY:

63

With Annie, Danny watching, Francis lifts trunk lid, sees rolled soc's and underwear, small American flag, Washington Senators cap, clippings, a letter, and huge photo of 25 men and boys in bleachers.

CLOSE ON PHOTO

Francis's finger touches certain faces as he talks.

FRANCIS

(To Danny)

Got most of my life in this picture  
Half the neighborhood turned out for  
that ball game. There's your great  
grandfather, and there's me. I was  
a handsome devil.

ANNIE

Some thought so, some didn't.

Francis lifts out tray, revealing suit, black shoes, spikes,  
white collars, set of keys, shaving mug and brush, razors,  
and a baseball, which Francis picks up.

FRANCIS

(To Danny)

Here. Get this in the light and you'll  
see where Ty Cobb signed it in 1911,  
the year he hit .420. Mean guy, Cobb  
was, come in at me spikes up many a  
time. But, he was the best.

DANNY

Better than Babe Ruth?

FRANCIS

Better and tougher and meaner and fast-  
er. Couldn't hit home runs like the  
Babe. You like to have that ball?

DANNY

Sure I would, sure! Who wouldn't?

FRANCIS

Then it's yours. But you better  
look up Cobb.

Annie lifts coatsleeve of gray herringbone suit.

ANNIE  
I remember this suit. You wore  
it for dress-up.

FRANCIS  
I wonder if it'd still fit me.  
He stands up, holds pants to his waist.

ANNIE  
Take it downstairs and I'll press it.

FRANCIS  
(Chuckles)  
Press it? S'pose I could use a new  
outfit. Get rid of these rags.

He picks out a wardrobe. Annie takes clippings and photo.  
Francis closes trunk.

DANNY  
I'll carry the glove.

FRANCIS  
I'd like to borrow the use of your  
bathroom, take Billy up on that  
shave offer.

64 - INT - PHELAN UPSTAIRS - DAY:

64

Annie and Francis walk to end of hallway. She points to bed-  
room as she opens closet, gets bath towel. She carries suit.

ANNIE  
That's Danny's room. It's a nice big  
room and it gets the morning light.

She hands Francis a blue towel.

VIEW INTO ROOM, FRANCIS POV

65 - INT - DANNY'S ROOM - DAY:

65

It's bright, spacious: bed, curtains, dresser, cedar chest.

HOLD ON IT



66 - INT - PHELAN BATHROOM - DAY:

66

Francis is in bathtub, his rags in a heap on floor, his suit on hook, pressed, along with blue shirt and his white-on-white shirt. He's scrubbing toes when a blast of light enters through window. He leaves tub, looks out window.

67 - EXT - PHELAN YARD - DAY:

67

Harold Allen, Rowdy Dick, and FOUR MEN FROM HUGE PHOTO are silently carrying boards, laying them across a frame, building bleachers. Katrina, in her yellow dress, is watching.

VIEW ON REAR OF HOUSE: BLEACHER PEOPLE'S POV

Francis visible in upstairs window, watching bleachers.

68 - INT - PHELAN LIVING ROOM - DAY:

68

Billy, wearing trousers, white shirt, silk bathrobe, slippers, is sitting on sofa with Danny, facing coffee table, which is covered with Francis' clippings. Francis comes down stairs looking like 1916 dude, hair combed, wearing white-on-white shirt, bow tie, herringbone suit with no wrinkles, sharp crease in trousers, shoes shined, handsome.

BILLY

Holy Christ. (Pause) Hey Ma. C'mere.

ANNIE (o.s.)

I'm coming.

DANNY

You sure look different.

Annie enters from kitchen carrying tray with teapot, two cups, sugar, cream, spoons. She see Francis, freezes with astonishment, holding tray.

ANNIE

My oh my.

She puts tea tray on table, looks at Francis.

FRANCIS

I kinda needed a sprucin'. Funny duds but I guess they'll do. Gotta dump these.

He holds his rags aloft, Annie takes them, puts them on floor. She and Billy are still stunned, Danny not so awed.

Annie realizes she shouldn't overdo this response. She pours tea. Francis sits by Billy, who is holding a clipping. Among clips on table Francis sees old envelope addressed to him, picks it up. Annie hands him his tea, he pockets letter as he takes the tea, then puts sugar and cream in tea.

BILLY

(Waving clipping)

These sportswriters liked you.

FRANCIS

(Stirs tea)

I was good copy. They liked my energy.

BILLY

I love this one where you're playin' third and this guy's ready to run home after a fly ball and you hold him by the belt.

FRANCIS

(Laughs, sips tea, puts it on table)  
Yeah, he screamed and I let him go, but they threw him out at the plate.

Annie finishes her tea, impatient at sitting.

ANNIE

Danny, take your grandfather's old clothes down the cellar.

Danny picks up clothes, goes to kitchen.

ANNIE

Would you like to look at the yard?

FRANCIS

Sure. See the dog.

69 - EXT - PHELAN YARD - DAY:

69

Annie, Francis leave front porch and walk around house to yard, Annie putting on her work sweater, hole in elbow, as they go. Yard has dog house and clothes line with wash hanging. Dog runs loose playing with them.

ANNIE

Do you have a place to stay tonight?

FRANCIS

Sure. Always got a place to stay.

ANNIE

Do you want to come home permanent?

FRANCIS

I thought of it, I admit that. But I see it couldn't work.

ANNIE

Stranger things have happened.

FRANCIS

Name one.

ANNIE

You at the cemetery, talking to Gerald.

FRANCIS

It's nice where he is.

ANNIE

That's the family plot. There's a grave there for you, right at that stone, one for me, and two for the children.

FRANCIS

You bought me a grave after I run off?

ANNIE

I bought it for the family. You're part of the family. Peg is very bitter about you staying away. I was too, for years, but that's all done with.

FRANCIS

I don't want no fight with Peg. I can't say nothin' that means anything.

ANNIE

I know it's hard what you're doing. But it's something Danny'll always know about. And Billy. He was so glad to be able to help you, even though he'd never say it.

Francis and Annie sit on back stoop. When Francis looks at yard, he sees ghosts sitting in bleachers. ALL MEN FROM HUGE PHOTO take same seats as in photo. Katrina, Sandra (looking healthy in a white dress) Rowdy Dick, Aldo Campione, Harold Allen, all in white flannels, are in front row. Francis speaks but Annie can't hear this.

Francis goes toward bleachers, angry at ghosts. Goes close to Rowdy Dick, then Harold Allen.

FRANCIS

You goddamn spooks. You ain't real.  
You're all dead, and if you ain't  
you oughta be. I'm the one is livin'.  
I'm the one puts you on the map. So  
get your ass gone!

BILLY (o.s.)

Hey, Ma. Peg's home.

Francis stops, stands still.

VIEW ON ANNIE

She gets up from stoop, aware something is going on in  
Francis' mind. She goes to him, and we see (ANNIE'S POV)  
Francis alone, no bleachers.

ANNIE

You want to tell me anything, before  
we go in?

FRANCIS

Annie, I'd eat all the dirt in this  
yard for you, eat the weeds, and the  
dog bones too, if you asked me.

ANNIE

I think you probably ate all that already.

70 - INT - PHELAN KITCHEN - DAY:

70

Francis sees daughter Peg bent over the stove, in her  
flowered apron, basting turkey. She wears high heels, silk  
stockings with seams, lavender dress, jewelry, lipstick,  
rouge, nails painted dark red. Beautiful.

FRANCIS

How ya doin' Peg?

She straightens up, looks at him. Oven stays open.

PEG

I'm doing fine, no thanks to you.

FRANCIS

Yep.

Francis turns away, sits across from Billy in breakfast nook.

BILLY

Give him a break, for chrissake. He

just got here.

PEG

What break did he ever give me? Or you?

(Picks up large fork)

You don't just pop up one day and all is forgiven.

FRANCIS

I ain't expectin' to be forgiven. I'm way past that.

PEG

Well then, why've you come back like a ghost to force a scrawny turkey on us? (Pokes turkey with fork.)

ANNIE

That's a twelve-and-a-half pound turkey.

PEG

Why did you come here, is what I want to know. This is a home you didn't build.

FRANCIS

I built you. Built Billy. Helped to.

PEG

I wish you never did.

BILLY

Shut up, Peg. Rotten tongue of yours, shut it the hell UP!

ANNIE

(Softly)

He came to visit, that's all. I asked if he wanted to stay over and he said no.

PEG

Oh? Then it's all decided?

FRANCIS

Nothin' to decide. Like your mother says, I'm movin' along.

He touches salt and pepper shaker, pushes bowl against wall.

PEG

Fine. Good.

BILLY

(Yells, stands up)

That's enough! You got the feelin's  
of a goddamn rattlesnake.

PEG

Pardon me for having any feelings at all.

Peg, holding fork, leaves kitchen, slamming swinging door so  
hard that it swings and swings and swings, until it stops.  
When door stops swinging, Annie goes out after Peg.

FRANCIS

Tough lady.

BILLY

She'll calm down.

A silence. Light of day fades into dusk.

FRANCIS

Where's the boy? He hear all that?

BILLY

He's out playin' with the ball and  
glove you gave him.

FRANCIS

I give him the ball, not the glove.  
That glove is yours. I always thought  
to myself: I'm givin' that old glove  
to Billy so's he'll have a touch of  
the big leagues somewhere in the house.

Billy jumps up from bench, goes to sink to get some water, so  
Francis won't see he's choked up. But Francis sees.

71 - EXT - PHELAN YARD - DUSK:

71

\*

FRANCIS POV

He is standing, looking out breakfast nook window at yard  
ablaze with light against a dusky sky. Men, women and boys  
in bleachers hold candles. IRON JOE FARRELL prominent in  
front row. One man's candle is atop his derby. Group starts  
to sing a chant, the "Dies Irae."

VIEW ON FRANCIS

Francis's face distorts with fear. He closes eyes, buries  
head in hands.

72 - INT - PHELAN KITCHEN - NIGHT:

72

Billy returns to kitchen, turns on lights, goes to Francis.

BILLY

How you fixed for cash? You blew what you had on the turkey, right?

FRANCIS

(Still looking out window)  
That took a bit of it.

Billy puts a ten dollar bill, folded in half, in lapel pocket of Francis' suitcoat.

BILLY

Here, you can't walk around broke.

FRANCIS

(Turns to Billy)  
I been broke twenty-two years. But I thank ye, Billy. I'll make it up.

BILLY

(Dismissing that idea)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Annie comes into kitchen, carrying huge photo.

ANNIE

Oh, I love this picture. So many old timers in here.

FRANCIS

(Picks up photo)  
Oughta get it framed. Real good shot of your father.

CLOSE ON PHOTO: Same photo we saw in attic.

CLOSE ON IRON JOE IN PHOTO

ANNIE (o.s.)

It surely is. How fat and healthy he looks. Oh that's a prize picture.

FRANCIS

Positively. Here. Here's ten dollars toward the frame.

BILLY

Hey.

FRANCIS

No. You let me do it, Billy.

ANNIE

(Stern)

You put that money back in your pocket.

Billy laughs, hits table with palm of his hand.

BILLY

Now I know why you been broke twenty-two years. I know why we're all broke.

ANNIE

We're not all broke. We've had bad times but we can still pay the rent. Peg gets a very good salary.

BILLY

Peg coulda been rich. They wanted her to model for toothpaste, but somebody told Mama models were, you know, loose ladies.

ANNIE

That had nothing to do with it.

BILLY

Mama likes to keep all the birds in the nest.

FRANCIS

Can't say as I blame her.

BILLY

(Subdued)

No.

Annie goes to refrigerator for butter dish, puts it on table. Peg, calmer now, comes through swinging door, fork in hand, pokes potatoes with it, looks at turkey, puts fork aside.

FRANCIS

Turkey smells real good.

PEG

(Holds up a can)

Uh-huh. I bought a plum pudding. Mama said you liked it for dessert on holidays.

FRANCIS

I surely did. It's nice you remembered that.



Peg puts can in pan of water on stove. Francis takes letter from pocket.

FRANCIS

I got a letter maybe you'd all like to hear. Come to me up in Canada when I was playin' ball with Toronto.

He unfolds sheets of letter. As he reads camera moves to all four people, ends on Peg.

FRANCIS

Dear Poppy, I suppose you never think you have a daughter waiting for a letter. I was so mad that I was going to join the circus. I hope you have good luck with the team. Mama has fourteen new little chickens out and there is a wild west show coming. Won't you come home and see it? Billy is just going to bed and Mama is watching me. Do not let me find you with another girl or I will pull her hair. Yours truly, Peggy.

PEG

Isn't that funny. I don't remember writing that.

FRANCIS

Probably lots you don't remember about them days. You was only about eleven.

Annie and Billy stare at Peg. Francis, stands up, picks up a yellow apple from fruit bowl on table.

FRANCIS

(Tosses, catches apple)

We had a crooked umpire in Toronto and one night it's dark and we're winnin' but he wouldn't call the game. Old Highpockets Wilson lets go a blazer (he flips apple to Billy in trick way) and the ump calls it a ball.

Francis holds hand up like a catcher to get it back. Billy tosses it to him.

FRANCIS

Pudge Howard, our catcher, says, 'If that was a ball I'll eat it.' 'Then get eatin', says the ump, and Pudge

bites the ball, (Francis bites apple),  
which ain't a ball at all, it's a yel-  
low apple just like this that I give  
Highpockets to throw.

All laugh. Francis sits, chews apple.

BILLY

Great stuff happenin' in them days.

Peg, tearful, goes to Francis, sits beside him.

FRANCIS

Great stuff happenin' all the time.

Peg puts hand on top of his.

HOLD ON FRANCIS AND PEG

ANNIE (o.s.)

I do believe that turkey is ready.

73 - EXT - PHELAN HOUSE - NIGHT:

73

View is of the front, from street. House is full of lights.

74 - EXT - ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT:

74

Rudy, half asleep, drunk, is singing as Francis approaches.

RUDY

(Sings)

Oh I wanna go where the wind don't blow...  
By the lemonade springs  
Where the bluebird sings...  
In The Big Rock Candy Mountains.

VIEW ON FRANCIS' SHOES

Francis nudges Rudy with toe of shoe.

FRANCIS

Get your ass up, you dizzy kraut.

RUDY

(Sits up suddenly)

Hey, that you, Francis?

FRANCIS

No, it's Buffalo Bill. I come here

lookin' for Indians.

RUDY

(Finds empty pint bottle)  
I had a jug but I drank it up.  
Wasn't nobody around.

Francis takes pint from coat pocket, opens top, drinks gives bottle to Rudy.

FRANCIS

I got another one. Have a swig.  
You seen Helen?

RUDY

No.

Rudy gets up, finally sees Francis new clothes, high contrast with his, which are filthy.

RUDY

Where'd you get them clothes?

FRANCIS

Found 'em up a tree.

Rudy and Francis leave doorway, walk off.

75 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

75

Francis and Rudy walking.

RUDY

A tree? You never tell me nothin'  
that's true.

FRANCIS

Hell, every stinkin' damn thing  
you can think of is true.

RUDY

Look at you. New clothes. I look  
like a bum, don't I?

FRANCIS

You are a bum.

RUDY

You know why people call you a bum?  
They feel better when they say it.

FRANCIS

The truth ain't gonna hurt you.  
If you're a bum, you're a bum.

RUDY

There must be a God. He protects bums.  
But look at me. I'll kill myself.

FRANCIS

You ain't bright enough to kill yourself.

RUDY

I'm a no-good bum.

FRANCIS

You're a bum but you ain't that bad.

They pass store window with three mannequins. ONE MANNEQUIN waves at Francis.

76 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

76 .

Francis and Rudy walking, come to vacant lot and see Finny standing beside his wheelless car, which has been torched and is smouldering.

FINNY

(In tears, half drunk)  
They burned up my car.

He approaches Francis, repeating himself.

FINNY

Where am I gonna live? The sonsa-  
bitches burned up my car.

FRANCIS

Were you in it?

FINNY

No.

FRANCIS

Tough luck.

Francis and Rudy walk on, leave Finny behind.

77 - INT - PALOMBO'S HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT:

77

Donovan knocks at Helen's door. WE HEAR Beethoven's Ninth

Symphony on phonograph.

DONOVAN

You all right in there, Helen?  
You need anything?

HELEN (o.s.)

No, nothing, and thank you so  
much for asking, Donovan.

Donovan turns, goes down corridor.

78 - INT - PALOMBO'S HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT:

78

Donovan comes down stairs, Rudy and Francis are waiting.

DONOVAN

(To Francis)

She's okay. She come in late this  
mornin'. Been playin' music all day long.

FRANCIS

(Gives Donovan \$2)

You give her this in the mornin' and  
make sure she eats. She don't get  
it I'll come back and pull out all  
your teeth.

DONOVAN

She'll get it. I like Helen.

79 - EXT - JUNGLETOWN - NIGHT:

79

This is a Hooverville: tarpaper shacks, shelters of wood,  
cloth and canvas, lean-tos. Population: maybe 150  
PEOPLE. Francis and Rudy, both drunker than before, walk up  
road, stop by lean-to. Around fire are ANDY, a black man,  
Michigan Mac, Moose, and Little Red, who's asleep.

FRANCIS

Hey, Andy, the hotel open?

ANDY

Okay, Francis. You strike it rich?

FRANCIS

(Hands him bottle)

Yeah, here, lubricate your soul.

Francis, Rudy sit, warm hands. Andy throws wood on fire.

FRANCIS

This here's Rudy the Cootie. He's thinkin' about killin' himself.

RUDY

(Opens arms as gesture)

I got a cancer. Anybody comin' to my funeral?

MAC

Probably nothin' wrong with you work won't cure.

FRANCIS

Yeah, why don't you go get a job? Everybody's out there workin' and here you sit.

MOOSE

Where you been? Ain't no jobs out there. No jobs noplace.

FRANCIS

(Takes drink)

There's taxis. Can you drive?

RUDY

I drove my ex-wife crazy.

FRANCIS

One thing sure, Finny ain't drivin' no more. Somebody burned up his car.

ANDY

Coulda been the cops. Cops was here tonight, shinin' in their lights. Didn't come in.

FRANCIS

Cops everywhere, pickin' on bums.

MAC

Cops wanna do somethin' they oughta fix some of them old houses. I fell through the floor last week. Coulda broke my neck.

FRANCIS

Did you break it?

MAC

If I'da broke my neck I'd be dead.

FRANCIS

Oh, so you're livin', is that it?  
You ain't dead?

MAC

Wise guy.

RUDY

Charles Darwin is dead. Master of  
botany. Born of two midwives. Died  
in 1936.

LITTLE RED

(Half awake)

What the hell's he talkin' about.

FRANCIS

He ain't talkin' about nothin'.  
He's just talkin'.

MOOSE

Hey, can you give us a sip of that  
hooch? My leg is killin' me.

Francis hands him the bottle, Moose drinks.

MOOSE

I got TB.

FRANCIS

Oh God bless you. (Snatches bottle  
back, wipes it off) I'm sorry any-  
body's got TB.

MOOSE

I got it in the knee.

FRANCIS

Well cut your leg off.

RUDY

Sir Isaac Newton. You know what  
he did with the apple?

ANDY

I know that. He discovered gravity.

RUDY

Right. Know when that was? 1936.  
He was born of two midwives.

LITTLE RED

That screwball's drivin' me nuts  
with that jabber. Can't even sleep.

FRANCIS

You givin' orders here at the hotel?

LITTLE RED

You got a big mouth too.

FRANCIS

I got a foot's even bigger and I'm gonna shove it right up your nose, you keep bein' nasty when I'm tryna be polite.

MAC

Goddamn I'm really hungry.

Francis takes a sandwich from his coat pocket.

FRANCIS

Here, have a bite. But only a bite. Saw my wife and she give me a sandwich. Great woman.

RUDY

I stole my wife's heart.

MOOSE

What'd you do with it?

RUDY

I gave it back. Wasn't worth keepin'.  
 (He breaks into song)  
 On the Big Rock Candy Mountain  
 The cops got wooden legs,  
 The bulldogs all got rubber teeth  
 And the hens lay soft boiled eggs.

LITTLE RED

(Screams)

Goddamn idiot shut the fuck up, SHUT UP!

Francis lunges at Red, hauls him upright, punches him, Red's nose bleeds. Francis slaps him four times, throws him down like a bag of rags, returns, sits, drinks.

FRANCIS

Can't stand people gettin' in an uproar. Gotta be nice. When I leave this earth I wanna leave it with a blessing to everybody.

ANDY

(Laughing),

The mockin' birds'll sing when you die, Francis.



WE HEAR baby crying.

FRANCIS

Who's that?

ANDY

Guy in that piano box over there.  
He's got a baby.

FRANCIS

A baby?

Francis gets up, crosses open area to piano box, sees MAN, then sees WOMAN curled up around BABY. They have no fire.

FRANCIS

They tell me you got a kid here.

Man looks up suspiciously. Francis hands him sandwich and a half, rummages in inside pocket of coat.

FRANCIS

Got some sweet stuff here too I  
can't use. Plum puddin'.

He thrusts wrapped pudding at man, returns to fire.

ANDY

Give him some food, did ya?

FRANCIS

Yeah. Real little kid he's got. I  
had a kid that broke his neck and  
died when he was 13 days old. And  
it was me that dropped him.

Nobody speaks.

FRANCIS

Twenty-two years ago. And my wife  
never told a damn soul I did it.  
Woman keeps a secret 22 years, pro-  
tectin' a bum like me.

Long silence.

MAC

You can't figure women. My old lady  
told me I was the only man ever  
touched her and one day I come home  
she's bangin' two guys at once.

FRANCIS

I'm talkin' about a real woman,

not no trashbarrel whore.

MAC

My wife was good lookin' though. Had a terrific personality.

FRANCIS

Yeah, and it was all in her ass. (Another silence.) Screw you guys. I shouldn'ta told you nothin'.

RUDY

You know where the Milky Way is? Right up there over that tree.

Silence. This is broken by SOUND of automobile engines.

RUDY

(Sucking empty bottle)

On the outskirts I'm a restless person, a traveler.

(He sings)

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains  
It's a land that's fair and bright,  
The handouts grow on bushes  
And you sleep out every night...

WE HEAR sound of car doors closing.

VIEW TOWARD THE ROAD

A dozen cars parked, some with lights shining on shacks. FIFTY RAIDERS, some in Legion caps, carrying clubs and baseball bats, move toward the jungle. Andy, savvy bum like Francis, sees and understands, yells.

ANDY

Raiders are comin'. Raiders!

Raiders attack shack closest to their advance, wreck it with bats, flatten lean-tos with single blow. MAN WITH GASOLINE pours it on downed shacks, sets them afire. Jungle people are fleeing, raiders chasing. From one shack GROGGY MAN crawls out on hands and knees, raider smashes him across buttocks with bat. Gasoline man ignites groggy man's shack. Mac, Moose, Andy are gone. Rudy, drunk, still sitting.

RUDY

What's goin' on? Why's everybody gettin' up?

FRANCIS

Get on your feet, stupid.

Francis pulls Rudy, he gets the picture. Francis stops at piano box, looks in. Nobody there. Fires visible all over jungle. Francis and Rudy move into darkness, seemingly safe, but meet TWO RAIDERS.

## FIRST RAIDER

Filthy bums, we don't want you in this town.

He swings bat, hits Rudy about neck level, Rudy yells, falls, Francis leaps on man, tears bat from him, backs away to face both raiders, who come at him. Second raider swings bat at Francis, misses. Francis swings as if hitting baseball, connects with man's back, man falls, grotesquely twisted, without a sound.

First raider charges Francis, knocks him over, bat falls. Men fight, Francis separates self, but is on his knees as raider, very agile, is on feet. Francis retrieves bat, swings from kneeling position, hits raider's knee, and it collapses inward, hinge reversed, and he howls, falls.

Francis picks up Rudy, shoulders him, runs into deep weeds and darkness toward river.

98 - EXT - AT THE RIVER - NIGHT:

88

Francis soaks handkerchief in water, holds it to Rudy's head, blots wound on his own cheek.

RUDY

Who were they?

FRANCIS

They're the guys on the other team.  
They don't like us filthy bums.

RUDY

You ain't filthy. You got a new suit.

FRANCIS

Never mind the suit. How's the head?

RUDY

Like nothin' I ever felt. I can't stand up.

Francis helps him, but Rudy's legs won't work. Francis lifts him, piggyback fashion, walks. Behind them the jungle is an enormous fire.

81 - INT - EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - NIGHT:

81

Francis piggybacks Rudy into the waiting room. NURSE sees them, wheels out stretcher and Francis puts Rudy on it.

FRANCIS

He got hit in the head. He can't walk.

NURSE

We'll get a doctor. He's been drinking.

FRANCIS

He's got cancer, too, but what ails him right now is he got hit in the head. Wasn't his fault.

Francis looks at Rudy.

FRANCIS

How you makin' it, pal?

Rudy smiles, gives Francis glazed look. Nurse makes phone call, comes to Rudy with stethoscope, listens to his heart.

NURSE

He's dead.

Francis walks to door, stops, walks back, looks at Rudy.

NURSE

What was his name?

Francis doesn't answer. He stares at Rudy.

NURSE

Sir, what was his name?

FRANCIS

Name was Rudy.

NURSE

Rudy what?

FRANCIS

Rudy Newton. He knew where the Milky Way was.

Francis takes two lilies from vase on table, goes out.

82 - INT - PALOMBO'S HOTEL - NIGHT:

82

Francis, with flowers, goes up stairs past sleeping Donovan.

83 - INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT:

83 \*

Francis enters, sees Helen on floor in kimono, her hair fanned out, pretty. Beethoven record revolving, needle in end groove. Francis is holding flowers, absorbed with the vision of Helen. Then he becomes aware of noise and lifts arm off record, stops machine. He puts flowers in vase, sees all belongings are carefully arranged.

FRANCIS

I see you got all our stuff back.  
Looks nice. Makes the room look good.  
And that kimono. I always liked it on ya.

He sits in rocking chair, rocks, stares at Helen. Time passes, maybe only minutes. He stands, goes toward bed where suitcase is lying open. He looks in it, takes rhinestone butterfly pin, his razor, baseball clippings and finally the shoelace, which he smirks at.

FRANCIS

I'll be comin' back, sooner or later,  
and I'll get ya that gravestone you  
wanted. You know what I'll have 'em  
put on it?

He gestures toward the words he imagines on the gravestone.

FRANCIS

Helen Marie Archer...a great soul.

He squats beside her, talks to her face.

FRANCIS

I gotta run now, babe. Cops might  
be lookin' for me.

He strokes her hair gently without disturbing the way it has fallen.

FRANCIS

You look might pretty, old gal.  
Mighty pretty.

FRANCIS POV ON HELEN

As he stares, her kimono becomes the night and the moon.

84 - EXT - FREIGHT CAR - NIGHT:

84

The night and moon become real as Francis sits in freight car doorway, drinking whiskey, staring out of moving train. Banjo music now, "Big Rock Candy Mountain," which Francis is singing.

FRANCIS

(Sings in whisper)

Oh the buzzing of the bees  
In the cigarette trees  
By the soda water fountains,  
By the lemonade springs  
Where the bluebird sings  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain...

This fuses with music of "He's Me Pal" and Francis looks to boxcar interior

VIEW INTO CAR INTERIOR: FRANCIS POV

He sees Katrina and Helen, dressed in white, Annie in center, spectral, but in same clothing we last saw her wearing: sweater, housedress.

ANNIE

What can I make you for lunch?

VIEW ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS  
I ain't fussy. Turkey sandwich'd  
do me fine.

VIEW INTO CAR INTERIOR

Francis now sees only Annie, sitting as before.

ANNIE  
You want the Irish tea again?

VIEW ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS  
I always want that tea.

He looks at half-full bottle of Green River whiskey, starts to drink, stops. He stands up in doorway, throws bottle at the moon, giving a scream as he does.

FRANCIS  
Yaaaaaah!

Scream is not anger, or joy, no definable emotion except great release. Bottle flies upward toward moon, end over end, keeps flying.

85 - INT - DANNY'S ROOM - DAY:

85

Room is as we saw it earlier, full of bright sunlight. Camera pans over what we already know was in room. Danny's glove and Ty Cobb baseball on chair by bed.

ANNIE (o.s.)  
The room's got some space to it  
so we set up the extra cot.

Camera finds cot, with bedspread on it. Blue towel neatly folded on the bed.

FRANCIS (o.s.)  
It's a mighty nice little room, all  
right. And it gets the morning light.

HOLD ON THE COT

FADE OUT

THE END