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JOHN AGAIN

An original screenplay
by
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SCENE 1 INT. HOUSE DAY

1

Close-up of gold wedding bands on the ring fingers of a man and a woman. His hand partially covers hers in a protective, assuring clasp. As camera slowly draws back, we see more details of the photo portrait. Although the sitting is formal, with the husband in a dark blue suit and the wife elegant in a white off-the-shoulder gown, their pose is familial, even tender. Their right hands are clasped, their knees are in contact, and the angle of her head is slightly inclined toward him, as if she is ready to rest her head on his shoulder. Their eyes sparkle above discreet smiles. This is a portrait of a married couple in love.

He is in his late 40s, graying at the temples, and his suit accents broad shoulders. This is JOHN WALSH. She is somewhat younger, attractive and stylish. This is MARIE WALSH, a few years younger but approaching 40. A diamond pendant and the ornate frame testify to the couple's affluence.

At the point where we see that the portrait is hung just above the mantle of a field-stone hearth, we hear a door being UNLOCKED and opening, and the muted voices of two females -- Marie and AUNT GRACE -- entering the house. As they come closer, their conversation becomes distinct.

AUNT GRACE

Are you sure, honey? I'd be glad to stay for a while. I brought some overnight things. I've been through this and I might be of help.

MARIE

Yes, Grace. I'm sure. But I thank you.

With a CLUNK, Marie's hands place an urn upon the mantle in front of the portrait.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE AND AUNT GRACE

Marie and Aunt Grace, both somber in dark winter clothes, look up at the urn and at the portrait. As Marie's eyes moisten, Grace places an arm around her niece's shoulder.

1 CONTINUED

1

By definition of her relationship as the younger sister of Marie's mother, Grace is Marie's aunt but she is only a dozen years older, and the years have been as kind as Grace has been conscientious of appearance. Aunt Grace is aging with style.

AUNT GRACE

John was a good husband, wasn't he?

Marie nods, her lips tightening in a grimace, her glance fixed on the image of John. She is almost losing composure.

AUNT GRACE

Is this the way he wanted his ...
funeral ... to be handled?

MARIE

(subdued but firm)

Yes. No ceremony. No visitation.
No eulogies. No muss. No fuss. The
fastest and the least expensive
process. I am sure if he'd been in
charge he wouldn't even have waited for
the West Coast relatives like I did.

Marie takes a deep breath and exhales slowly. She turns to Grace.

MARIE

(in a trembling voice)

I'm supposed to scatter the ashes on
the lake. In the summer; from our boat.

Marie rests her forehead on Grace's shoulder. Behind the two women, pausing in the hallway to check on his mother, is DAVID. A college sophomore who has been handed one of life's drastic surprises. After a beat, he saunters out of sight and we hear the BEEPS of a cell phone pad.

MARIE

Perhaps you could come then, for the
Fourth. We'll do it under the
fireworks. OK?

AUNT GRACE

Of course, my dear. But what will you
do until then? It's seven months away.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON DEN

Camera pulls away from Marie and Aunt Grace to show the urn on the mantle, the portrait and then the rest of the masculine den: leather chairs and a love seat in front of the hearth, oak desk with a computer set up on one end, built-in bookcases with a variety of volumes, brass lamps with parchment shades and oriental rugs on a dark wood floor. On the wall to their right is a framed watercolor of a lobster boat at anchor; on the desk is an array of Christmas cards displayed along the outer edge.

MARIE

I guess I'll travel a bit. Won't be much fun around here. David is living on campus and ...

Aunt Grace squeezes Marie closer, supportive and in agreement.

SCENE 2 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

A king-size bed dominates the room, which has obviously had more of Marie's touch than the den's decor. It is a room of comfort and pastel colors, an intimate haven for John and Marie. On the wall near the foot of the bed, French doors hide his-and-her closets that flank a mirrored door fronting an entertainment center.

Marie enters, carrying a video cassette case. She is dressed for bed in a loose T-shirt, legs bare above fluffy slippers.

Marie splits open the entertainment center door, revealing a television screen, VCR and DVD player, and the components of a stereo system. She pushes the video tape cassette into the player and picks up a remote control from the TV shelf.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BED

While shucking off slippers standing by her side of the bed, Marie raises the remote control and points it at the TV.

2 CONTINUED

2

The set CLICKS on and we hear the sound of a college basketball game as she lifts the comforter and the sheets and crawls into bed. When she has adjusted the pillows, she points the remote control again to activate the VCR player. The basketball game is cut off.

CUTS BETWEEN TV IMAGE AND MARIE

The images are typical of amateur videos, jumpy and off-center, but the "home movies" being watched by Marie evoke a series of reactions and her eyes glisten with the moistness of good times remembered:

She smiles when John assumes a cocky sailor pose at the helm of his small sailboat.

She laughs when a teenaged boy, a younger David, runs up behind John on a lake dock and pushes his father -- Red Sox ball cap and sneakers and pants and all -- into the green water, causing a huge splash and sputtering protests from the surprised John when he bobs to the surface. The camera zooms in on John as he flips the hair out of his eyes with a sweep of his hand and a shake of his head.

She becomes winsome when she and John are captured opening Christmas presents in their den, a fire in the hearth flickering behind them. David jumps into the scene, which is shot from a tripod, carrying a present and eager to show it off. The parents are attentive and they laugh at David's enthusiasm.

She becomes dreamy-eyed when, at an outdoor family gathering in summer, the camera operator zooms in on John and Marie, seated under a shade tree on a picnic table's bench, as they embrace and kiss. John's hand slides down Marie's back and pats her fanny.

DAVID

(voice-over on video tape)

Oh, that would be less disgusting if it
wasn't my Mom and Dad.

From the fanny, John's hand slides up under Marie's loose top.

DAVID

(voice-over on video tape)

Yuck. Can you believe it?

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON MARIE

Marie turns her head, avoiding the scene on the TV screen. As the sound of other family scenes from the video play on, she closes her eyes and sighs. In a moment, apparently inspired, she opens her eyes and throws back the covers to turn off the VCR player with a click of the remote control. The sound of the college basketball game returns.

She jumps out of bed and swings open the French door on her closet, revealing layers of shelves and cubbyholes above the aluminum pole on which plastic hangers hold a colorful array of blouses, skirts, dresses and slacks. Marie reaches high to a shelf, pushing aside two shoeboxes and exposing the handle of a well-used leather briefcase. She maneuvers the briefcase out and flips it onto the foot of the bed.

Bending over, she manipulates the combination lock on the front of the briefcase. The lid snaps open and we see the contents: Three black video cassette cases.

Marie lifts the cassettes, one by one, inspecting them. There are no labels, so she does a silent eenie-meenie count and picks one. She slides the briefcase across the bed cover, to John's side, and replaces the home movie tape in the VCR player with the new choice.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE AND THE BED

Standing by the bed, she flicks the switch by the headboard, turning off the lamps on the end tables. The room is illuminated only by the flickering images on the television screen.

With an expectant glow on her face, Marie flops back into bed and raises the remote control. The basketball game's crowd noise is replaced by the strings of an orchestra playing romantic tunes.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON TV SCREEN

A blurry, out-of-focus arm covers most of the video-taped scene. It is John adjusting a setting on the camcorder, which is raised on a tripod to his eye level. Above his arm we can see the master bedroom, lit by several candles on dressers and end tables. When he lowers his arm and steps away from the tripod, John's silhouette unveils Marie, sitting on the edge of the bed in a flimsy and provocative negligee. John enters the shot, and sits next to Marie. He is wearing pajamas. After a coy glance at the camcorder, acknowledging the presence of this witness to their intimacy, they kiss. It is an intense embrace, enjoyed by both, pressed by both. We hear soft moans and the rustle of silk against silk.

CUTS BETWEEN MARIE AND TV IMAGE

As the video embrace tightens and they collapse sideways onto the bedspread, Marie's expressions mirror the intensity of the passion on the screen.

Her eyes widen as John straddles her on the bed and removes his pajama top, tossing it away with a flourish.

She wets her lips as John slides a hand under the slit in her negligee, caressing a thigh.

She bites her lips as John lies down beside her, fondling her buttocks. The violins and the moans create an erotic mood and it would be obvious to a voyeur that soon the scene will involve nudity and sexual intimacy.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON MARIE

With eyes half-closed in a state of agitation, the intimate bedroom scene on the screen continues as ghostly images played across Marie's face. The intensity of Marie's moans on the video tape increase until it's clear that she is nearing an orgasm.

Marie's head rolls back and forth on the pillow. She is moaning, at first almost an echo of the orgasmic approach on the videotape that might be enjoyment, but this sound suddenly takes a different course, becoming a protest, a cry of anguish, a shrill curse against her loss.

MARIE

(screaming)

Nooooooooo! Damn it, nooooooooo!

She jerks upward and points the remote control at the TV and VCR player, turning off both with quick clicks, silencing the moans and music of an ecstasy now mourned. In the dark bedroom, where we can barely see the shape of Marie against the white pillow, she sobs, releasing for the first time deep waves of grief. She sobs and prays into the pillow.

MARIE

Oh, dear God, what I would give to love
John again. To feel him ...

SCENE 3 INT. MARIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

3

From a massive jumble of letters, magazines and catalogs, Marie is sorting mail. She is casually dressed, in a knitted sweater and sweat pants, but there is an air of efficiency about her as she attempts to resume normalcy. Her eyes are red-rimmed, souvenirs of last night's grief. In front of her there is a pile for the sympathy cards, a pile for bills, a pile for unknowns and a waste-paper basket on the floor next to her chair. The basket is nearly filled with junk mail, an accumulation indicating more than a week of inattention. On the tabletop, somewhat obscured by the mail mound, is a phone console equipped with a speaker, a porcelain plate with a silver fork, a twisted napkin and toast crumbs, and a coffee mug with the New York Giants logo. After dropping two envelopes into the junk basket, she takes a sip from the mug while inspecting a business-sized envelope.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON ENVELOPE

In the return-address corner is the logo of "Dunphy Travel Agency" and a street address in Augusta, Maine. The cutout window shows the addressee to be "Mr. and Mrs. John Walsh, 1964 Memorial Drive, Winthrop, ME 04364."

3 CONTINUED

3

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE

Marie raises an eyebrow before she relegates it to the unknown pile. The telephone console BEEPS. Marie puts down the mug, flicks some mail off the face of the console and punches the speaker-phone button.

MARIE
(to console)
Hello.

The caller's voice is professional, measured, and suggests a New England university education. This is TODD SAVAGE, the family's lawyer.

TODD
(voice on phone)
Hi, Marie, it's Todd, returning
your call.

MARIE
(to phone)
Good morning, Todd. I hope I got you
out of a boring meeting.

TODD
(on phone, chuckling)
No, but call me back in 10 minutes and
you will. How are you doing?

Marie continues to sort through mail during the conversation, with several pieces getting stacked atop the travel agency's envelope.

MARIE
(to phone)
I just wanted to make sure there were
no loose ends regarding the will or the
insurance. Because I was thinking about
taking a trip; just to get away
for a while.

TODD

(on phone; solicitous)

I understand. No, I believe I have everything we need to proceed and get this wrapped up. And I think it's a good idea; to be in different surroundings for a while. Do you have an itinerary?

MARIE

(to phone)

Not yet. I'll let you know.

TODD

(on phone)

John mentioned a few weeks ago that he was planning a surprise vacation. Were you made aware of that?

Frowning in puzzlement, Marie is reminded of the travel agency envelope. She picks through the unknown pile until she uncovers the letter from the Dunphy Travel Agency.

MARIE

(to phone)

No, he didn't. But I have something here from his travel agency. Just a minute.

Using the handle of the silver fork, an eager Marie tears open the envelope and extracts three sheets: a cover letter, and two electronic airline tickets. As she examines the sheets, her eyes get moist and her voice is husky with emotion.

MARIE

(to phone)

He made plane reservations for Florida, and booked a room at a resort. It's for next week, January 7th through the 14th.

TODD

(on phone; enthused)

That's great, Marie. I hope you go through with it. These Maine winters get longer the older I become. Where in Florida?

MARIE
(to phone)
The Keys.

TODD
(on phone; after a beat)
Oh? That's curious.

Marie lowers the sheets and looks at the phone console, a question knitting her brows together.

MARIE
(to phone)
Why's that curious?

TODD
(on phone; in damage-control mode)
Nothing, Marie. Nothing but a coincidence. It's just ... Another client is going down there, too. Just a coincidence.

SCENE 4 EXT. HOTEL DRIVEWAY IN KEYS - DAY

4

Motor vehicles, bikers and pedestrians pass the two-lane driveway on a sultry afternoon in the Florida Keys. There is a fair share of convertibles, some tour buses, and taxis in the mix. A taxi slows and approaches the hotel.

MARIE
(voice-over; on phone)
No, not exactly. It turns out John made plans for a vacation, and now I have non-refundable tickets and a hotel room. Would you go with me?

AUNT GRACE
(voice-over; on phone)
Sure, honey. Where? And when?

MARIE
(voice-over; on phone)
Florida. Next week.

AUNT GRACE
(voice-over; on phone)
Florida in March? I've never been there. Ooooh, how exciting.

4 CONTINUED

4

MARIE

(voice-over; on phone)
I'm not looking for excitement; it's
therapy, Aunt Grace.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over; on phone)
Of course, dear. Of course. But you
wouldn't mind if I had some excitement,
would you?

MARIE

(voice-over; on phone; chuckling)
Not at all.

The taxi turns into the hotel driveway, and stops under the broad concrete awning of the ornate front entrance. A bellhop with a luggage cart approaches the taxi as both doors open.

Aunt Grace emerges from the back seat of the taxi, and shades her eyes while inspecting with wide-eyed appreciation the facade of the hotel and the palm trees swaying gently in the soft breeze coming off the ocean. Marie gets out on the driver's side and, glancing across the roof of the taxi, smiles briefly at Aunt Grace's bubbly enthusiasm.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over; on phone; enthusiastic)
Then get ready for some fun in the sun.
Where's the Super Bowl this year?

CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS INSIDE HOTEL AND AT SUNRISE KEYS RESORT

We see Marie and Grace being greeted, being escorted to the Sunrise Key launch, their docking at the island resort and their appreciative glances at the amenities of a first-class resort hotel, their expressions indicating pleasure and expectation, a bellboy opening the front door of a beachside cottage, the raising of a rattan window shade to reveal palm trees, white sands, blue-canvas cabanas and the sparkling waters of Key West.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON COTTAGE DECK

Marie and Grace emerge from their cottage, wide-eyed and smiling with expectant pleasure.

GRACE

My, my. Look at all that.

MARIE

It is beautiful, isn't it?

GRACE

I'm not talking about the scenery.
I mean look at the possibilities.

She points to the beach, and Marie turns toward the direction.

CUT TO:

MARIE'S POV OF SUNRISE KEY BEACH

Although there are people of all ages on the beach - sunbathing, wading, frolicking and walking - the predominant hair color is gray, and there are several men of Grace's age nearby.

In quick cuts, accompanied by Grace's commentary, Marie focuses on some prospects.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

Over there, by the pier. He's beachcombing, alone. Probably a widower. Men don't do that alone unless they own a metal detector.

That man, talking to the couple with the two tow-headed kids, that's a grandpa. No grandmother in sight.
Good for me.

In the surf, see that guy with the red trunks. He's going in slow; not showing off by running and diving. Looks like he came from that cabana over there ... and it's empty.

Yes, ma'am, lots of prospects.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE AND GRACE ON DECK

Marie turns to Grace, smiling but puzzled.

MARIE

Why, Aunt Grace, you're a gold-digger, aren't you.

Grace laughs and leans forward on the deck railing, still perusing the possibilities on the sand.

AUNT GRACE

If you mean that I'm after money, then I refute that label. If you mean that I'm after some fun with a good man, you're on the money.

MARIE

Do you mean 'fun' as in 'sex'?

Aunt Grace pushes herself away from the railing and turns to Marie, her eyes twinkling with girlish mischief.

AUNT GRACE

My dear niece, there is no such thing as FUN if it doesn't involve SEX. Everything else - games, sports, TV, gambling, movies - is just a distraction from not having sex, from being between partners, from being alone. The sooner you realize that, the sooner you will feel alive again.

MARIE

(shaking her head)

I don't know. I don't think I could, so soon ...

AUNT GRACE

(interrupting)

Listen, dear. Your being fulfilled sexually is not a violation of the Laws of Widowhood. All those old-fashioned expectations were created by dried-up old women and prissy men who wanted control. Propriety is just another term for subjugation. The least you should do for yourself is keep an open mind; act like you want to act, not as you think others want you to act.

MARIE

But I'm not really feeling very sexy right now ... oh, you know what I mean.

GRACE

That's OK, but if the moment arrives or if a man moves you, don't forget what I've said. OK?

MARIE

Sure, but I doubt that it will. I haven't done that scene for many years. I wouldn't know what ...

AUNT GRACE

(interrupting and pointing to the beach)

Look out there, honey. There aren't more than one or two men out there who would decline to have sex with you if the opportunity was right, or if they could get away with it. Especially the middle-aged ones; they're beginning to feel mortal, seeing their muscles turn into flab and their sex lives going into neutral. Remember, Marie, we are the lucky ones: we can have sex almost any time we want it, if we're not particular. Even if do get choosy, we're still better off than men. Most of them couldn't pick up a virus. Come on; let's take advantage of our advantages. Fun in the sun, eh?

CUT TO:

ONE-SHOT OF AUNT GRACE

Aunt Grace turns to scan the prospects on the beach. Her glance stops and she smiles.

CUT TO:

AUNT GRACE'S POV OF BEACH

The beachcomber bends down to pick up a shell. He raises it for inspection while lowering his glasses to the tip of his nose, peering at his find with a squint.

AUNT GRACE

And it does help your chances if your
prey is visually impaired.
Let's unpack, shall we?

SCENE 5 EXT. EARLY EVENING - RESORT'S OPEN-AIR CAFÉ

5

Weaving through tables, Marie follows a menu-carrying hostess to a sitting under the main canopy. Her passage turns the heads of several men -- some alone, some with women -- because her dress is provocative, designed to reveal attributes still evident. Marie is peripherally aware of the attention, but she focuses on the hostess and the process of being seated, being solicited for a cocktail preference and then watching, with pursed lips, the two settings reduced into a table for one. She pulls the white napkin out of a water glass and looks around, spotting Aunt Grace.

CUT TO:

MARIE'S POV OF CAFÉ

We see the back of the seated beachcomber, now nattily dressed for dinner in a blue blazer over a white shirt, and the face of Aunt Grace leaning out to catch Marie's eye. Aunt Grace raises a glass of white wine in a silent toast to Marie's luck. When the beachcomber begins to turn, Aunt Grace quickly reaches out to touch his blazer sleeve and begins a dialogue Marie can't hear but which is evidently distracting because the beachcomber laughs and shakes his head in response.

5 CONTINUED

5

CUT TO:

ONE-SHOT OF MARIE AT TABLE

A gin-and-tonic with a generous slice of lime perched on the rim is placed in front of Marie, and she acknowledges its arrival with a smile at the waitress. The breeze rearranges her curls as she takes a sip from the crystal tumbler. It is a portrait of a woman who is trying to enjoy herself, to overcome the loss and to fill the void. With elbows on the table, she holds the drink in both hands and surveys the busy café.

CUT TO:

MARIE'S POV OF CAFÉ

In a pan of the other café patrons, Marie's focus is on the couples -- the whispering lovers, the caressing honeymooners, the chattering family of four and a grandfather, the silver-haired man holding a wine glass in one hand and the hand of a woman with the other -- a series of contrasts to her solitude.

CUT TO:

ONE-SHOT OF MARIE

Her eyes still flicker around the café, but they begin to moisten. A quick gulp of the gin-and-tonic fails to blunt her emotion. She places the drink on the cocktail napkin and uses her linen napkin from her lap to dab at a tear escaping the corner of her eye.

In turning her eyes sideways to catch the tear, she notices another café guest.

CUT TO:

ONE-SHOT OF MAN AT TABLE

Sitting alone, facing Marie at a nearby table under the palms, is the man in the red trunks, now dressed in a Hawaiian shirt and white slacks and sandals. His concern about her is evident in a frown, eyebrows raised in question, as they make eye contact. He tries to smile encouragement, and gestures an invitation to the empty chair facing him.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE

She is losing composure, reminded again of her emotional solitude. Fighting to hold back the tears, she shakes her head at the man and pushes away from the table and walks briskly through the café, still gripping the white linen napkin in her left hand.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON COTTAGE VERANDA

Marie sinks into a white Adirondack chair on the veranda. She is more composed, but she wipes traces of tears from her eyes with the napkin. Head back against the slats, she swivels her head in frustration.

MARIE

Oh, John, what I wouldn't give.

With a puff of air, she blows out of the chair and out of the shot. The crumpled napkin floats into the scene and drapes itself onto the back of the chair.

(HOLD)

We hear Marie's steps, the veranda door opening and the dial tone of a telephone being lifted.

MARIE (voice-over)

Hello, room service?

SCENE 6 EXT. EARLY MORNING - ANGLE ON COTTAGE AT SUNRISE 6

The sounds of waves lapping at the beach and the cawing of seagulls do not obscure the sound of a deep-sleep snore emanating from a cottage bedroom.

The veranda door opens gently and Marie emerges, wearing a resort robe tightly sashed around her waist and sandals. For a moment, she inhales the beauty of the location and then, briskly, she steps off the deck in the direction of the in-ground pool.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF ANGLES ON MARIE IN POOL

We hear the SPLASH of Marie diving into the pool, and her head and arms emerge from the blue water to begin an expert freestyle stroke. She swims out of the scene, to the left.

Now going right, Marie pushes past under the power of the breaststroke. It is obvious she is into a medley routine.

Coming left again, Marie is propelled by the backstroke. Her arms wheel high and, near the edge of the pool, her stroke frames the body of a man diving into the water.

The two swimmers are moving in opposite directions, Marie doing the butterfly going to the right, the man's head obscured by the freestyle breathing technique as he plows past her, just a few yards away. They are unaffected by the presence of the other.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON SHALLOW END OF POOL

Breathing deeply but appearing invigorated by the workout, Marie runs both hands through her hair and wades toward the edge. In a wet and clinging one-piece suit, we see a 40-year-old woman whose body is mature but sexy -- long legs, full breasts and hips of sensual promise. The other swimmer, still doing the freestyle, passes behind her in this view. Marie steps onto the tiled deck near the chaise lounge on which her robe and a towel is draped.

She towels her arms dry and sits on the blue pad of the chaise lounge to rub her legs. The other swimmer slows his workout. In the background, out of focus, we see him stand up in the water, look in Marie's direction and then submerge in a long dive toward her side of the pool.

CUT TO:

MARIE'S POV OF POOL'S EDGE

With a sudden SPLASH and a spray of water, the swimmer's head pops above the ledge, his clinging black hair and dripping water obscuring his features. This is JEAN.

With a sweep of the hand across his forehead to push away his hair and pool-water droplets, a gesture strikingly similar to the home video clip of John, he reveals his face: It's John!

A younger John, yes, but we know him from the portrait. The same smile, same arch of the eye-brows, same teeth, chin, straight nose.

JEAN
(grinning)
Good morning. Good workout?

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF MARIE

Her body is frozen, the towel crumpled tight against her chest, but vivid emotions race across her face.

First it's disbelief: This can't be; John is dead.

Followed by hope: It is him! It is!

Then fear: Am I crazy?

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF JEAN

The smile wanes upon his seeing Marie's reaction; he is puzzled but remains solicitous.

JEAN
My name is Jean.
I'm from Maine, too.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND JEAN

We hear his name pronounced as 'John' and this is overload for Marie's emotions. With towel still clutched to chest, her eyes roll back in their sockets and she keels backward in a faint on the chaise lounge. Reacting quickly, Jean pushes himself out of the pool and leans over Marie.

SCENE 7 INT. MORNING - COTTAGE BEDROOM

7

In Marie's POV of the bedroom ceiling, Aunt Grace's face appears, blurred but coming into focus as she speaks at Marie's bedside. She is wide-eyed with worry.

AUNT GRACE
Honey, can you hear me?

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF MARIE ON BED

Her head is on a pillow, still mussed from the swim and the toweling. Jean has wrapped her hotel robe around her. She focuses and remembers and blurts out ...

MARIE
John!

CUT TO:

MARIE'S POV FROM BED

Jean's head and torso slide into the scene. His concern over Marie's condition is evident.

JEAN
Yes, I'm here.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON MARIE

Tears cascade into Marie's eyes as she examines Jean's face. She puts both hands over her eyes, covering most of her face but we see her lips quivering.

MARIE
(in choking voice)
Aunt Grace, am I dreaming?

AUNT GRACE
(voice-over)
No, dear. This is Jean.
Spelled J-E-A-N.
He is Franco-American.

As Marie hears the facts, her fingers spread apart and between them we see her blinking back tears and focusing on Jean.

JEAN

(voice-over)

I am with the hotel, Mrs. Walsh.
You and your aunt were the only new
guests yesterday. Since I am from
Maine, too, I just wanted to
welcome you.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

Jean carried you all the way from
the pool, honey.

Marie uncovers her face and studies Jean's face.

MARIE

It's remarkable, how much you
resemble my husband.

CUT TO:

THREE-SHOT OF MARIE, JEAN AND AUNT GRACE

Jean, wearing only swim trunks, is uncertain about a response but Aunt Grace sits on the edge of the bed and takes Marie's hand.

AUNT GRACE

They say -- whoever 'they' are --
that everyone has a double.

Marie's intensity -- her unwavering examination of Jean's face, ears, hairline and his naked torso -- is making the subject of this inspection slightly uncomfortable.

MARIE

(musing in a weak voice)

It's remarkable, isn't it? You're
just like him, when he ... when we ...
how tall are you?

JEAN

Almost 6 foot.

MARIE

Um-huh. Do you have low arches?

AUNT GRACE

Marie! That's somewhat personal,
isn't it?

Jean backs away from the bed, seeking escape from the inspection and the questions.

JEAN

Mrs. Walsh, perhaps we could have
lunch when you feel up to it.

He backs out the door, peering around it to reinforce the invitation.

JEAN

You can find me in the main
building. Just ask for me,
Jean Audette. They'll find me.

He closes the door before Marie and Aunt Grace recover their manners and shout in unison.

MARIE

Thank you, Jean.

AUNT GRACE

She'll be in touch.

Marie sighs and stares at the ceiling. Aunt Grace takes her niece's nearest hand and pats it.

AUNT GRACE

What a shock it must have been.
So much like John. I nearly fainted
myself when he brought you back.
You are going to have lunch with
him, aren't you?
Such a handsome fellow!

Marie sighs, still looking at the ceiling.

MARIE

I wonder if my John knew about Jean
when he made reservations here.

The question floats in the air, stumping both into stillness until Aunt Grace resumes her maternal role.

AUNT GRACE

Why don't you rest a while; you've had quite a shock, haven't you?

Marie agrees, nodding as she turns on the pillow. She stares out the bedroom window as Aunt Grace maneuvers quietly out of the scene. We hear the door opening and closing quietly.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON MARIE

The sounds from the outside increase in volume as Marie's eyes reflect her emotional confusion: The waves breaking in high tide. The chatter of gulls. The swishing of the palm trees' branches. Children squealing in glee on the beach.

Accompanied by Marie's frown, the beach sounds segue into the sound of the Walsh family video clip with children squealing. We recognize its origin and its effect as moistness wells up in Marie's eyes.

JOHN WELCH

(voice-over from video)

Hey, honey!

JEAN

(voice-over from pool sequence)

Hi, I'm Jean.

Marie squeezes shut her eyes, grimacing and forcing the moistness out. A single tear rolls down her cheek and onto the pillow. The beach sounds wane through the scene change.

SCENE 8 EXT. MORNING - ANGLE ON COTTAGE VERANDA

8

Aunt Grace is curled up on the fat cushions of the rattan love seat, reading a paperback romance novel with a bodice-ripping cover. She turns a page, eager to follow the storyline and so intent that she doesn't hear the veranda door opening, revealing Marie, hair dry but pillow-pointed, her bathing suit revealed by the slit in the robe she is hugging tight against her breasts.

8

CONTINUED

8

For a moment, after smiling at Aunt Grace's rapt attention to the plot, Marie scans the scenery, inhaling the fresh breeze. Her uncertainty has gone out with the tide. She has made a decision.

Marie's question startles Aunt Grace.

MARIE
What time is it?

AUNT GRACE
Oh, honey. You're up. I'm glad
you were able to rest a bit.

Aunt Grace turns down a corner of the page she was reading and closes the book to check her wristwatch.

AUNT GRACE
It's almost 10 o'clock.
Are you going somewhere?

Still looking out at the waves, Marie nods.

MARIE
You know, I've been praying to be
with John again. It would be
somewhat presumptuous of me to
refuse one of God's gifts.

Marie unfolds her arms and runs both hands through her hair. There is sparkle in her eyes, an energy we haven't seen before.

MARIE
I've got a reservation to make and
some bodywork to do if I'm going to
be presentable for lunch.

With a flare of her robe, Marie swivels on her bare heels and enters the cottage. Her announcement and motive is applauded silently by Aunt Grace, who exults by clasping hands together under chin and raising her eyes to heaven in gratitude.

SCENE 9 INT. DAY - HOTEL LOBBY

9

Dressed in a simple one-piece sun dress, with white sandals and a gold necklace the only other visible elements to her morning conversion, Marie enters and approaches the front desk. A couple is checking in at one counter station, attended by one of the two clerks, with a bellboy waiting patiently behind the guests gripping the bars of a cart piled high with blue-canvas luggage.

Marie approaches the available clerk, a middle-aged woman who appears friendly while not sacrificing efficiency.

CLERK

May I help you, ma'am?

MARIE

Mr. Audette? He said to ask for him at the front desk.

CLERK

Certainly. I'll call. May I say who's waiting?

MARIE

Mrs. Walsh. His lunch date.

The smiling clerk picks up a phone and punches a button. We hear the faint BUZZ of rings and a response.

CLERK

(to phone)

May I speak to Jean, please?

The clerk's body language indicates she's on hold. To kill some time, Marie looks around the lobby area. In a slight double-take, her attention is captured by something nearby.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF WALL PLAQUE

A framed professional portrait of a smiling Jean is flanked by the printed message:

"The Audette Guarantee

"Since 1932, the Audette family has been in the resort business. We know how to satisfy every guest with exceptional service and lush accommodations. If, however, you are in need of something we haven't provided, please ask. We will do our best to please you.

"That's my guarantee to you.

"Jean Audette, General Manager, Sunrise Key Resort"

CLERK

(voice-over)

Mrs. Walsh is here for your lunch appointment.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND CLERK

The clerk observes Marie's surprise and smiles while receiving some directions on the phone.

CLERK

(to phone)

Yes, Jean, I'll tell her.

She hangs up the phone and turns fully toward Marie, still smiling.

CLERK

Mrs. Walsh, Jean says he'll be down in a moment. If you would be so good as to ask the hostess in the restaurant for the Audette table, he'll join you there.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON RESTAURANT

The hostess, carrying one menu, is leading Marie toward an island table, outside the main dining area, a table for private or business conversations that nevertheless enjoys an unobstructed view of the entire restaurant.

Before the hostess can complete the formalities and pull out a chair for Marie, Jean interrupts the ritual.

JEAN
(to hostess)
Allow me, please.
Thank you, Rosalie.

The hostess waits until Jean has seated Marie, and offers her the lunch menu but Jean waves it away while taking his seat opposite Marie.

JEAN
(to hostess)
We won't need it today. Thank you.

JEAN
(to Marie)
Would you like something to drink
before we eat?

Marie nods, smiling appreciatively at the offer.

MARIE
A tall iced tea, please.
Unsweetened, with lemon.

JEAN
(to hostess)
Make that two, please.

As the hostess leaves them alone, Jean leans forward on the table. He inspects his guest, unabashed.

JEAN
If you'll forgive a personal
comment, Mrs. Walsh, may I note
that you're pretty cute with your
hair wet but you're beautiful when
it's dry.

Marie smiles and bows her head slightly in acknowledgment of the compliment.

MARIE
Thank you. But don't you think our
situation calls for less formality?
After all, Jean, you've seen me
unconscious.

JEAN
My pleasure, Marie.

MARIE
You know, I wondered how you knew I
was from Maine until I saw
"The Audette Guarantee"
a few moments ago.

JEAN
I review all the registration
cards. We keep files on guests, in
which we note their preferences and
special needs. When they come back,
I want the staff to call them by
name and to anticipate requests. If
a two-time guest says "the usual,"
I want that to be understood by the
bartender, the restaurant, the
masseur or the cabana staff. Next
time you lunch here, the waitress
will ask if you'd like ice tea,
unsweetened, with lemon.

Marie is impressed by the service concept. She is about
to ask a question but a waitress places Marie's and
Jean's glasses of ice tea in front of them. Jean nods his
thanks and resumes the lesson; he's on a roll and talking
enthusiastically about his favorite topic.

JEAN
We don't have that many guests;
maximum capacity - without folding
beds for families with lots of kids
- is 76. What we lack in quantity
we make up in quality. Last year,
68 percent of our clientele was
repeat business. And we're booked
solid most of the time.

He leans back, a signal that his business talk has
concluded. Marie ventures upon another tack.

MARIE
Jean, do you remember when my
reservation was made - by my
husband?

JEAN

I think so; about five weeks ago.
You were on a waiting list.
And got lucky.

Jean realizes his mistake and grimaces but Marie is distracted, turning her face slightly as memories are probed in an attempt to discover something about the time-frame of five weeks past, just before John's death. Jean waits a few heartbeats, sensitive to the moment and her emotions, but he leans forward again, desiring her attention, her presence.

JEAN

Are you a fussy eater, Marie?
Will you trust me with lunch?

Marie shakes her head to the first question and nods to the second, her mind back at the table.

JEAN

I recommend today's special,
Chicken Orzo Cathryn, seared
breasts on a bed of lemon and
spinach orzo.

MARIE

Do you also determine the menu?

Jean laughs and shakes his head.

JEAN

The chef consults. And I usually
approve. But I do demand to be
advised as to what's happening at
the resort. That's my job, my life.
The special, by the way, is named
after one of our desk clerks.

MARIE

You are a precise person,
aren't you?

CUT TO:

SERIES OF ANGLES ON MARIE AND JEAN AT TABLE

In several quick cuts, we see a sequence in which the relationship between Marie and Jean appears to grow more friendly, more relaxed. Marie laughs before sipping her iced tea. Jean gives the lunch order to their waitress. Jean points out at the bay, Marie turning in her chair to follow his line.

Their entrees are served, with Marie inspecting the presentation - a plate of orzo and chicken breast garnished with baby spinach leaves, black olives and crumbled feta cheese -- and displaying mute approval while Jean awaits her decision with professional eagerness.

Jean employs European-styled table manners, fork in left hand and knife in right at all times. In between bites of the chicken breast, Marie leans forward to ask a question, which Jean responds to by looking at his ring-finger.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND JEAN

In a segue from previous shot, Jean studies his left hand in which the fork holds a speared spinach leaf.

JEAN

No. Never been married. Had two chances, but they checked out early. Tell me about your husband, Marie.

MARIE

He was also a precise person. Very precise. Engineer precise. I'll tell you how precise. If I served him two eggs over easy, a bagel, four strips of bacon and a dozen home fries there would come a moment during breakfast when his plate would contain one egg, with yolk intact, half a bagel, two bacon strips and six fries.

Jean is amused and grins. Also smiling, Marie looks with raised eyebrows at his plate.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF JEAN'S LUNCH ENTRÉE

Half the chicken is consumed, neatly dissected. Half of the spinach leaves are gone, as are half of the orzo and half of the black olives. In front of his plate, the glass of ice tea is half full.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND JEAN

Jean's smile fades as he recognizes the similarity. He looks up at Marie, a shade uncertain as to what she might think.

JEAN

Marie, I'm not your husband.
Please don't confuse us.

MARIE

I'm not confused; merely bemused.

She places her utensils on the table, pushes the plate aside with one elbow and leans forward to make a point.

MARIE

I know you're not my husband; just very much like him. For instance, John would never have ordered a dish that had feta in it.

Jean chuckles, placated by the answer. Marie's expression, however, shifts to wonderment and we see the question with all of its sensual implications forming before she asks.

MARIE

(almost whispering)
How much like him?

JEAN

What did you say?

Marie recovers from her reverie, forcing the cobwebs loose with a shake of her head.

MARIE

Oh, I was wondering: Do you have
low arches?

SCENE 10 EXT. DAY -- RESORT BEACH

10

Oblivious to the exotic Florida keys seascape, Marie meanders toward camera along the gleaming strip of wet sand, creating a curling trail of footsteps that become an eloquent clue to her state of mind: indecision. A towel is wrapped around hips that are hugged tight by a one-piece bathing suit.

Instead of surf, gulls and breeze, we hear the cottage door opening upon Marie's return from lunch and the inevitable inquisition by an enthusiastic Aunt Grace. Marie's responses are patient but terse. She has decisions to make.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

Well, how did it go?

MARIE

(voice-over)

He has ... low arches.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

Good, good. So what's next? Dinner?
Breakfast?

MARIE

(voice-over)

He's 32. Do you think that's too
young for me?

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

Heavens, no. You're just beginning to bloom;
you're 40 right?

MARIE

(voice-over)

Um-huh. His family owns this resort. His parents also run the Sunset Bay resort in Maine. Small world, eh?

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

Oh, so he's solvent. Is he married?

MARIE

(voice-over)

Nah-ah. He asked me to dinner. Tonight. Should I go?

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

I would. Did you enjoy being with him? I mean, did you enjoy HIM -- not just the similarities to John?

MARIE

(voice-over)

Yes, but ... I need to think about this. My brain is a whirl. I'm taking a walk. On the beach.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

Good idea. Just remember, dear, Jean Audette is an answer to your prayers.

Marie pulls up, stopping to look at the incoming waves. Her head is angled, tilted away from us by a revelation, an idea, and a commitment to a course of action. Now, we hear the onrushing tide, its crash and its whispers.

Marie unties the towel from her waist and walks away from us, back to the cottage, whipping the towel above the straight-line trail she's making in the wet sand. Her hips sway with each determined step and her provocative stride is admired by the men on the beach.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON A CRASHING WAVE

We follow the wave from crest to wash-out, the foam racing up the beach, across broken shells and footprints, washing away debris, smoothing the sand to a sheen. As the seawater seeps into the sand, we hear the rap-rap-rap of Marie knocking on a door.

SCENE 11 INT. EARLY EVENING - HOTEL HALLWAY

11

Dressed in a sleeveless red evening dress, Marie is about to rap again when the door opens, revealing Jean. He is wearing an evening shirt, but no jacket. He is surprised to see Marie, who teases him with a mischievous smile.

JEAN

Hi, Marie. Am I late? I'm sorry,
really. I thought we
decided on 7:30?

MARIE

We did. I'm here to request you
cancel the reservations.

Jean opens the door wider, upset in his anticipation.

JEAN

Marie, are you OK?

MARIE

I'm fine. Exceptionally fine. I
just thought we'd have dinner here.

From the folds of the dress, her left hand lifts a bottle of white wine.

MARIE

Here's your favorite. A chardonnay.
I checked with the chef.

Jean grins, his worry dissipated and his enticement intrigued by this bold woman standing at his door. He stands aside, gesturing her inside with a bow and a sweep of his arm. As Marie enters and the door slowly closes behind the two of them, we hear:

11 CONTINUED

11

MARIE

(voice-over)

I'm a guest in need of some satisfaction. I could use some of your exceptional service, Mr. General Manager. You guaranteed it.

JEAN

(voice-over)

Indeed I have. I'll do my best ...

SCENE 12 INT. MORNING -- COTTAGE LIVING ROOM

12

Aunt Grace is fidgeting on the couch, picking imaginary lint off her slacks. She glances at Marie's bedroom door and grimaces in frustration. She is expecting an appearance, a report, willing to share either ecstasy or disappointment. But the door remains closed and there is no sound from the bedroom.

Aunt Grace picks up the phone and punches in three numbers on the pad. She talks in a conspiratorial whisper, not wishing to disturb Marie.

AUNT GRACE

(to phone)

Hi, Stan ... can we delay our drive by a few minutes? I haven't talked to Marie yet ... yes, she came back, a little after midnight, but I haven't heard a peep from her ... yes, I'm ready to go and I'll call you in a little while. OK? ... I enjoyed our time together last night. Bye, sweetie.

Aunt Grace hangs up the phone and glances again at Marie's door. Her curiosity is too powerful to be denied. She pushes herself off the couch and approaches the door on tip-toes.

CUT TO:

AUNT GRACE'S POV

She quietly turns the knob and slowly opens the door. As the opening enlarges, we see first a chair draped with Marie's red evening dress and all of her undergarments, shoes askew between the chair legs.

12 CONTINUED

12

Then, the bed where Marie's bare legs come into view. She is reclining on top of the bedspread, on her left side, clad only in a white hotel robe. Her head is on the pillow and her eyes are open, staring out the unshuttered window.

Marie's right hand, resting on her hip, waves at her aunt, acknowledging the intrusion.

AUNT GRACE
(voice-over)
Honey, are you all right?

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND AUNT GRACE

Sitting on the edge of the bed behind Marie, Aunt Grace clasps the free hand in concern and with tenderness.

AUNT GRACE
Do you want to talk about it?

Marie turns over in the bed to face her aunt. There is neither ecstasy nor disappointment in her expression. Her report is a matter-of-fact delivery, a low-key recounting of a high-strung evening..

MARIE
You were right. I could seduce him.

AUNT GRACE
Are you regretting it now?

MARIE
Not the result. Perhaps the method.

AUNT GRACE
Was the loving what you expected?

MARIE
It was good. It was good, for a first time. He's a lot like John.
But ...

AUNT GRACE
But what?

Before Marie answers, a glint appears in her eyes, the sole clue to the depth of her feeling.

MARIE
But it wasn't us.
It wasn't what
I remembered.

AUNT GRACE
What's your next step?

MARIE
I've been thinking a lot about
that. All night.

Marie sits up in bed, hugging her legs together and resting her cheek on the knees. She looks at her aunt, and smiles briefly.

MARIE
You've found someone special,
haven't you? I know you have.
Anyway, I won't stay but I want you
to have the rest of the week.

Marie preempts Aunt Grace's protest with a wave.

MARIE
I have a lot more to think about,
to sort out, but I can't do it
here.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SCENES WITH MARIE

The conversation continues through sequential cuts of Marie packing; standing at the rail of the launch taking her to the mainland, looking back at the resort with tight lips controlling her emotion; standing in line at the airline check-in station, oblivious to the frenetic activity all around her; resting her head against a jetliner's window, looking at but not seeing the clouds and the landscape beneath her.

MARIE

(voice-over)

I am going home. I have some feelings I don't understand. I wanted it to be John, but I knew it was Jean Audette, and I enjoyed both the fantasy and the reality. That's what troubles me. I also did something terrible, Aunt Grace: I said "oh, honey" at one point - you can probably imagine when! - and I know Jean realized what I was thinking. I am ashamed of myself over using him for that purpose.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

What did he say?

MARIE

(voice-over)

Nothing. He was very tender and considerate. A good lover.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

What did he say when you left?

MARIE

(voice-over)

He was asleep. I left him a note: "Jean ... I need some time to think about tonight. It was a wonderful experience. Perhaps when you come home to Maine I could reciprocate with a home-cooked meal. No strings attached. Your satisfied guest ..."

SCENE 13 INT. MORNING - MARIE'S HOME

13

Sipping a mug of coffee, Marie comes out of the kitchen and picks up from the hallway table a bundle of mail held together by crossed rubber bands. Her hair has had only a cursory brush and she is dressed in sweats and moccasins. It is mid-morning and Marie is just coming around, a victim of little sleep and much soul-searching.

13 CONTINUED

13

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON KITCHEN BAR

Marie sorts the mail, making three piles, the most expendable of which is poised to be swept into the garbage can at the end of the bar.

MARIE

Junk. Junk. Later. Junk. Later.
Hummh.

Coming upon the cream-colored stationery of her attorney, Marie puts down her mug and tears open the flap with an index fingernail. She pulls out a single sheet of paper and unfolds it. It is a short note, and her reaction is immediate: She reaches for the telephone and, referring to the stationery letterhead, punches in a number.

MARIE

(to telephone)

Hi, Betsy. This is Marie Walsh. Is
Todd available? ... Thank you.

As she waits on hold, a few more pieces are relegated to the later pile and the junk pile.

MARIE

(to phone)

Hi, Todd. Got your note about your
wanting to see me when I got back.
I'm back and I want to see you, too
... It's about the trip to Florida.

Todd's response causes Marie to sit up in surprise. She slides off the bar stool and paces the kitchen holding the phone tight to hear ear.

MARIE

(to phone)

Oh, that's a coincidence. Well,
what's your schedule like today?
I'm not sure I can wait too long.
... That'll be fine. See you then.

Working on automatic while staring out the kitchen window, Marie pushes the off button on the portable phone. Her view of the wintry landscape produces no answers; she swivels, places the receiver in its cradle and checks the wall clock.

The time, 9:20, is a spur: she gulps the last of the coffee, puts the mug into the sink and, exiting, runs both hands through her hair and shakes her head, a gesture of someone who fears she is about to hear disturbing news.

SCENE 14 INT. MORNING - TODD SAVAGE'S OFFICE

14

In a close-up of a legal folder, Todd's hands -- nails manicured and blue shirt-cuffs starched -- are unwinding the string from the round tabs on the flap and the folder.

TODD

(voice-over)

John left no instructions about this, so I debated with myself for a while whether this should be passed on.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND TODD

They are seated in the leather-covered conversation pit of Todd's office, flanking the folder being opened on the coffee table between them. Todd pulls out a manila folder stuffed full of reports. He begins to open it, then closes it and leans toward Marie, solicitous.

TODD

I could let you read this for yourself, from beginning to end, or I could condense the essentials.

Marie takes a deep breath, sighs, and succumbs to the offer with a nod. Holding the file against his abdomen, Todd leans back in his chair while Marie edges forward in her seat.

TODD

Acting on John's request, our firm
hired an investigator some months
ago. His assignment was
to find someone.

Todd looks down at the folder and rifles through papers,
pulling out a sleeve of 4-by-6 photographs. He flips
through the stack and selects one. For two heartbeats, he
examines it, and then looks up at Marie with a crooked,
apologetic smile.

TODD

I will presume from your interest
in seeing me that you met the
person John wanted us to find.

Todd extends the photograph to an eager Marie.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF PHOTOGRAPH

It's Jean Audette, unaware of the camera focused on him
because he is busy with a clerk at the Sunrise Keys
resort's front desk. He is assisting the employee,
pointing to the computer screen.

MARIE

(voice-over)

So John knew about Jean.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND TODD

Todd leans back while Marie continues to examine the
photo.

MARIE

You can imagine my surprise when I
saw him. He is so much like John.

Marie flips the photo onto the coffee table and edges
even closer to Todd, who manages to shrink a little
deeper into the leather upholstery of his chair.

MARIE

So, tell me. Is Jean a long-lost
brother? Cousin? A nephew?

Todd shakes his head. He speaks slowly and deliberately,
his summation to a jury of one.

TODD

No, Marie. John engaged us to find
... his son.

CUT TO:

ONE-SHOT OF MARIE

Todd's words act like a left jab, snapping Marie's head
back in shock. The rest of her body follows slowly as she
sinks into the soft cushions with a parade of emotions
playing on her face: A son! He never told me! How could
it be? It's true; Jean is just like John! Oh, my God,
have I committed incest?

Nearly prone in the seat, eyes squeezed shut, she strains
to know the last question in this barrage.

MARIE

How? Who is the mother?

TODD

(voice-over)

It's all in the file, Marie. But
I'll recap it for you ...

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF SHOTS FEATURING MARIE

Todd's explanation continues as Marie drives west along
Route 202 out of Augusta, contemplative and glancing at
the legal folder tossed into the passenger seat next to
her purse; as she comes into her kitchen from the garage
and deposits the folder on the bar, looking at it while
debating with herself whether she wants to confirm
everything Todd has told her; sitting in the den, looking
at the portrait of herself and John with a frown,
grimacing and then pushing herself off the couch to
disappear for a moment before returning with the folder
in hand; and, as she rifles through the papers and then
begins to read page after page.

TODD

(voice-over)

He was 17. John had been dating the girl for about a year. This was 1970; there was a lot of social turmoil and the sexual revolution was arriving. He told me that they were well aware of the possible consequences but they just did it once, in his father's car, after a dance at school and some spiked punch at a friend's house. When she missed her period, the girl told her mother, who told their priest, and without having the chance to see John, she was driven to a home for unwed mothers, in Bangor. John got one letter, explaining all that and asking him to forget about her. Catholic Charities took care of the rest and the baby, a boy, was put up for adoption. The Audettes, of Camden. Jacque and Ann. They own the resort you were ... oh, you know? Our investigator is quite thorough. We hadn't expected it, but he also found Jean's mother.

Marie puts down the page she's reading and reaches for the folder, searching for an answer.

TODD

(voice-over)

He said it was a matter of only minutes because, apparently, she's never married or she has kept her maiden name. Her family moved away while she was in the home, to upstate New York, but she came back in the mid-'80s and lives near Rockport. An artist of note, the report says, but I couldn't say. Seascapes in watercolor are not my cup of tea, you know.

SCENE 15 INT. NIGHT - MARIE'S KITCHEN

15

The photographs of Jean are spread out on the bar, a collage of work scenes taken with a spy camera from various awkward angles. With two candles lighting the bar, Marie is in the process of finishing a bottle of chardonnay, Jean's vintage. She lifts a photo; replaces it; picks up another and replaces it.

Obviously affected in speech and mannerisms by the wine she's consumed, Marie's disappointment is somewhat diffused.

MARIE

Not one shot of customer service.
What you do best.

She picks up another snapshot and brings it close to her face. She squints at Jean's image.

MARIE

You know, Shakespeare could have
some fun with this plot,
couldn't he?

The implications of her situation finally overwhelm Marie. Her head bows lower and lower until her forehead is resting on the photo collage. Her shoulders heave with sobs, some questions answered but fostering a thousand more.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON HALLWAY AND STAIRWAY

With a blank look on her face, Marie emerges from the kitchen, flicks a switch and illuminates the hall as she heads upstairs for the bedroom, ready for a period of oblivion. Passing a grouping of framed family photographs, she pauses to study one showing John and David on a sailboat, the two of them vibrant and enjoying the moment.

Tears well up in Marie's eyes and she caresses the images in the frame by tracing their faces with her fingertips.
HOLD.

Suddenly, she grimaces. A wave of nausea washes over her. Holding a hand over mouth, she rushes down the hall and disappears into the bedroom. The bathroom door is opened.

15 CONTINUED

15

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON FRAMED PHOTO

We zoom in on the smiling faces of father and son as we hear Marie's distress. It is the unmistakable sound of retching. And a long moan.

SCENE 16 INT. MORNING - MARIE'S KITCHEN

16

In close-up of coffee maker, the digital numbers read 07:11 AM as coffee drips into the carafe. The coffee maker sizzles as we also hear the front door close and slippers footsteps approach.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE IN KITCHEN

Pulling a folded newspaper out of its plastic sleeve, Marie enters, sleep-tousled and robed. She stops and inhales deeply, ready to enjoy the daily routine and aroma of coffee brewing. Almost immediately, the nausea returns. Marie grimaces, drops the rolled-up newspaper on the floor and rushes to the half-bath off the hallway. Two beats after the door is opened, we hear her retching again.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BATHROOM MIRROR

Marie's head rises into the framed mirror over the sink. Her eyes are filled with panic. Her voice is husky with fear.

MARIE

It can't be! Please! No!

Bending over the sink, only the top of her head visible in the mirror, she turns on both taps and runs water into the basin. We hear water being splashed on her face with both hands. In a bubbly, water-distorted voice she moans and sputters.

MARIE

It can't be! Oh, my God!
Just like David.

SCENE 17 INT. DAY - LARGE DRUG STORE

Wearing a car coat, slacks and winter boots, Marie saunters down the feminine hygiene aisle, scanning the products on the shelves and, every few seconds, checking her surroundings. It is obvious that she does not want to be seen; she is nervous and jumpy, uncertain as to how she would explain her situation if her suspicions are correct. She has a rolled-up magazine in one hand, which she uses to point at and wave off various products that are not of interest to her right now.

After another hasty look over her shoulder at other customers in the aisle, she stops and studies the middle shelf. The magazine points at a stack of pink boxes.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON SHELF

The boxes proclaim: Home Pregnancy Test. The product is gaily colored, with a vivacious pink design.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE

Looking both ways, like a frightened child crossing a busy street, Marie assures herself that she is not being observed by friend or family. A recent widow buying a pregnancy test? The questions would shatter her composure. She snatches one of the pink boxes off the shelf and quickly obscures it by wrapping the magazine around it. With another over-the-shoulder check of the aisle behind her, she heads for the cash register with the magazine and pregnancy test clutched close to her chest.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CHECKOUT POSITION

Marie cues up at the register behind another customer, who is paying a female clerk for a small bag of purchases. Still furtively checking her surroundings for a familiar face, Marie moves to the counter when the customer leaves.

17 CONTINUED

17

DRUG STORE CLERK
(in a distinct nasal twang)
Thank you, sir. Have a NICE day!

The clerk smiles a welcome at Marie, who steps up close to the counter to hide her purchases.

DRUG STORE CLERK
Is this all, ma'am?

Marie nods, and the clerk scans the magazine and the pink box with a bar-code reader. It is an opportunity for Marie to survey the front of the store for familiar faces and to pull a \$20 bill from her coat pocket.

DRUG STORE CLERK
That'll be \$12.67 please.

Marie hands over the money. As the clerk makes change, she irritates Marie with an announcement.

DRUG STORE CLERK
Good luck, whichever way you want
this to turn out.

Marie is chagrined, again checking to see if anyone has noticed her purchase or the comment. She is impatient to leave, snapping the sales receipt out of the clerk's hand and declining a white plastic bag with a wave of her hand.

DRUG STORE CLERK
Hope you have a NICE day.

SCENE 18 INT. DAY - MARIE'S HOME

18

The door to the master bathroom is ajar. It opens slowly, Marie pushing into the bedroom, wide-eyed and shocked behind the pregnancy test stick she is grasping in both hands.

The stick is PINK. Marie can't take her eyes off the stick. She sits on the edge of the bed and her body slumps. Her voice tries to mimic the drug store clerk's twang, but it is a trembling and pathetic imitation.

MARIE
Have a NICE day ... oh, God.

18 CONTINUED

18

HOLD for two beats on a scene of confusion, uncertainty and fear. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Marie is so startled by the rapping on the door that she almost slides off the side of the bed. She hides the test stick behind her back.

DAVID
(outside the bedroom door)
Mom? Are you all right?

MARIE
David! Oh, dear. I wasn't
expecting you.

DAVID
(voice-over)
I skipped some classes. Thought I'd
make it a long weekend; I want to
hear about your trip. You OK?

Marie inhales a gulp of air and reaches deep for some composure. She pushes herself off the bed and stands, a little shaky and still hiding the test stick behind her back.

MARIE
(checking her appearance in the mirror)
Yes, honey. I'm OK. I'll be down
in a few minutes.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON KITCHEN COUNTER

Seated at the counter on a stool, David is gulping a can of soda. His Dartmouth wind-breaker is draped on the neighboring stool, atop a backpack. A stuffed-full canvas laundry bag leans against the legs of another counter stool.

David drains the can, head tilted back. He plunks the empty onto a newspaper, and then rummages with curiosity through some other stuff: a pile of mail, a Cosmopolitan magazine that has been rolled up. He is bemused.

DAVID
(yelling to the hall and stairway)
Hey, Mom, when did you decide to
become a Cosmo girl?

18 CONTINUED

18

He flicks through the slick pages, releasing a sales receipt that flutters into his lap. He picks up the slip, glances at it and is about to relegate it to the tall garbage can at the end of the counter when he freezes. With a frown, he examines the slip a little closer.

Marie appears from the hallway, but her approach is brought up short. She realizes what David is holding.

MARIE
(an involuntary exclamation)
Oh, no!

David swivels the stool to face his mother. His eyes are wide, his expression one of glee and fulfillment. His questions bubble up.

DAVID
A pregnancy test? Is that what you
were ... how did it come out? Did Dad
have any idea before he ...?

Marie can only shake her head, unprepared to deal with the assumption being made by her son. But David pushes on, oblivious to his mother's discomfort.

DAVID
You know, Dad always said I should
have had a brother. Or a sister.

Spreading his arms wide to embrace his mother, David rushes across the kitchen to Marie.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND DAVID

Marie's face is nearly obscured by David's embrace, but we see one of her eyes glistening with moisture as her son rocks her excitedly.

DAVID
I prayed for this, Mom. I used to
go to church and ask God to bring
us a little brother or sister.
And now ...

18 CONTINUED

18

Marie blinks, closes her eye, and a large tear escapes, coursing down her cheek until it is absorbed by David's shirtsleeve.

MARIE
(muffled by embrace)
Another prayer answered.

During fadeout we hear David WHOOPING with excitement. His high-pitched yells blend into the beeps of a telephone number being dialed.

SCENE 19 INT. DAY - MARIE'S DEN

19

Reflected in the frame glass of a large water-color seascape, Marie is punching the buttons on her mobile phone while curled up on a love seat. We hear three RINGS and then the voice of Aunt Grace.

AUNT GRACE
(on phone)
Hello. You've reached the phone of
an eligible lady. Leave me a
message and if it's good, I'll get
back to you.

Frustrated, Marie pulls the phone from her ear and punches off.

MARIE
You promised to be there for me,
Grace.

She places the receiver on the arm of the loveseat and pulls out the legal envelope given her by Todd. Rifling through the sheaf of papers, she finds the one she is searching for and pulls it out. She peers at it. Surprised by a finding, Marie snaps the sheet and refocuses on it, as if a shakeup might change the words typed on the page.

MARIE
Whoa.

She lets the page flutter to the floor.

19 CONTINUED

19

Rising from the loveseat, she approaches slowly the frame hung on a wall perpendicular to the portrait of a happy Mr. and Mrs. Walsh.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP OF PAINTING

The focus is not on the rocky coastline, nor the lobster boats bobbing at anchor in a foggy Maine harbor, but on the bottom right-hand corner. At first, we can distinguish a sweeping J as the first letter in the artist's signature, and as we close in the black-paint imprint clearly reads: Jeannette Mackenzie - 1988

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON MARIE

Marie reaches up to raise the painting off its wall hook. Eagerly, she shifts it in her hands to inspect the back. In the lower right-hand corner of the brown-paper backing is a label. Marie lifts the label closer, to read.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON LABEL

The heading on the gilded paper says it's a "Certificate of Authenticity" for "an original painting by Jeannette Mackenzie, proprietor of Harborview Gallery, Camden, Maine." A handwritten line reads: "Christmas Cove morning. Framed on August 21, 1988, by:"

Underneath that line is the ink-on-paper signature of the artist and a small black-and-white portrait of a woman, a pose wherein she looks up at the camera. She is attractive, with hair cropped short in a no-nonsense style, and happily oblivious to the likelihood that this photo will always be facing the wall.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON FRONT OF PAINTING

The water-color lobster boats sink out of the view as Marie lowers the painting, still focusing on the label. She studies the label, with a wrinkle appearing between her eyebrows after a few beats.

19 CONTINUED

19

MARIE
(to the portrait on the label)
I guess I'm glad you didn't do what
I'm thinking about.

She lowers the painting to the cushions of the loveseat, propping it up so the label is visible. Marie picks up the investigator's report and the manila envelope. For a few beats, she continues where she left off her reading, interrupted by two sidelong glances at the portrait now smiling at her from the cushion.

MARIE
(musing, to the papers in her hand)
Would YOU carry this baby
... and keep it?

SCENE 20 INT. MORNING - MARIE'S KITCHEN

20

Marie and David, seated at the counter, are finishing breakfast, Marie nibbling on the crust of an English muffin, David scooping out a bowl with remnants of corn flakes and strawberries. His compliment is made with a mouth full of food.

DAVID
Uhmhhh. Don't have time for cutting
up fruit at the dorm.

Marie smiles, but we can see that her thoughts are drifting. She finishes chewing her crispy muffin, takes a sip from her glass of orange juice, then speaks without looking at the young man sitting at her elbow.

MARIE
You said you wanted to spend some
time with me this weekend, right?

DAVID
Uhm-huh, I did.

MARIE
We're going shopping.

DAVID
OK. Where?

MARIE
Camden.

SCENE 21 EXT. DAY - RT. 17 EAST-BOUND

21

Marie's car whooshes past while the conversation at the kitchen counter continues. The car exceeds the speed limit; it is a vehicle in a hurry. In quick cuts bringing us closer to the coast, the car negotiates hills and curves along Rt. 17 heading into Camden on the scenic route through Rockport and along Bayview Drive.

DAVID
(voice-over)
Camden? In the winter?

MARIE
(voice-over)
There are a few shops I'd like to visit. Leather. And a gallery.

DAVID
(voice-over)
Leather I understand, but where do we have a wall with a bare spot?

MARIE
(voice-over)
I want to ... to see some ... something in watercolor. I'd like for you to go with me.

DAVID
(voice-over)
Do you plan on being back by 3?
Jack and some of the guys are coming over to watch the Celtics.

MARIE
(voice-over)
Sure. If we leave soon.

DAVID
(voice-over)
OK, but I'm driving.

The car dips down the hill on Bayview Drive as Camden's harbor and downtown come into view.

21 CONTINUED

21

CUT TO:

MARIE'S POV OF GALLERY ENTRANCE

A glass door with cursive lettering welcomes patrons to the Harborview Gallery. As Marie's hand pushes open the door, a muted two-note gong announces the arrival. David follows Marie into the airy space, the light from large windows enhanced by track lights on the ceiling. Through the windows we see the masts of windjammers moored for the winter. On the walls and on white partitions are framed watercolor originals and prints signed by Jeannette.

JEANNETTE
(voice-over)
Welcome.

Marie and David swivel to the right in response.

CUT TO:

MARIE'S POV OF WORK-TABLE

Short-cropped, salt-and-pepper hair frames the face Marie discovered on the back of her painting. This is JEANNETTE MACKENZIE, whose years since the 1988 photo have been kind. Marie sees a few more crow's feet around the eyes, and a pair of reading glasses perched low on her nose is testimony revealing middle age as she leans over a wide work table on which she is framing a print.

Jeannette wears a canvas apron to protect a blouse and slacks. She smiles at her customers.

CUT TO:

THREE-SHOT OF MARIE, DAVID AND JEANNETTE

Marie responds automatically, but is suddenly overcome by uncertainty: What is she really doing here; what does she want from the mother of Jean and the former girlfriend of her late husband?

David is oblivious to his mother's state of mind.

MARIE
Hi.

21 CONTINUED

21

DAVID
Hello.

David steps close to the table, opposite Jeannette, who smiles at him and resumes her careful cutting of an intricate mat corner.

DAVID
What's that you're doing?

JEANNETTE
Just a little special touch for
one of my good customers.

David pulls a quick double-take, looking around at the walls and then back at Jeannette. Marie drifts away, out of the scene.

DAVID
Are you the artist?

Jeannette looks up from her task and smiles.

JEANNETTE
Yes. Unfortunately, for some of us
unknowns there's more money in
framing and in prints than in
painting originals. At least if you
calculate the hourly pay.

David looks around again, trying to locate his mother.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON STUDIO

Marie has wandered out of view, but we can see her legs beneath the nearest partition. She is standing quite still in front of a display hidden to us.

JEANNETTE
(voice-over)
That's one of my better ones,
ma'am. Christmas Cove morning.

21 CONTINUED

21

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE

With arms folded across her chest, Marie is standing in front of a print from the original painting hung in her den. It is displayed in a different matting and frame but it is the same.

MARIE

I agree ... we have the original.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JEANNETTE AND DAVID

The response snaps up Jeanette's head. She scrutinizes David's face, her eyebrows raised in surprise. While he continues for a beat or two to lean over the table, she tilts her head to get different angles on David's face. Her eyes moisten as unexpected emotions roll over her: This is John's son. John, my first love. The father of our son. She needs confirmation.

JEANNETTE

Is your name Walsh?

MARIE

(voice-over)

Yes.

Marie steps around the partition and crosses slowly the few steps from its corner to the work table, where David is searching the women's faces for an explanation of this development. He finds none. Jeannette gathers her composure with a deep breath. HOLD

Marie is clutching her purse to her chest, an excuse for not extending a hand in formal greeting.

MARIE

I'm Marie Walsh; this is my son,
David. Are you Jeannette Mackenzie?

Jeannette nods. Marie's embrace of her purse gets even tighter as David's expression becomes more quizzical.

21 CONTINUED

21

MARIE

Did you sell my husband the
original back in '88?

Hearing the confirmation, confronted by the likelihood of Marie knowing of a connection between her and John, Jeannette sighs.

JEANNETTE

No. I was not at the gallery
that day. But I knew he'd bought
it. I deposited his check.

Marie, still confused by her presence in the gallery and unsure of her next step, turns away from the table, beginning a tight-lipped stroll around the gallery. Jeannette and David look after her. When Marie is out of the shot, Jeannette confides in David.

JEANNETTE

I know your father. We attended the
same high school.

David turns to Jeannette, whose focus is on the woman who married her high school sweetheart.

DAVID

Oh, really?

Jeannette grimaces, a mock expression of 'oops-did-I-really-say-that' meant to amuse David.

JEANNETTE

I guess that gives away my age,
doesn't it? How is your dad?

CUT TO:

HIGH ANGLE ON GALLERY

Marie can be seen, still clutching her purse with her back to the partition wall displaying the Christmas Cover painting, but hidden from Jeannette and David at the work table. Jeannette's question freezes Marie. She looks heavenward, and with a deep breath prepares to hear the verdict again.

21 CONTINUED

21

DAVID

Oh, you didn't know?
He died last month.

In the next five beats, we see the statement's effect on both women's faces.

Because this is Marie's first encounter with someone ignorant of John's death -- a someone who once loved him -- the widow searches the ceiling, walls and floor for support, for help with an onslaught of grief. And then, in slow progression, comes a wave of nausea.

Jeanette is shocked into a freeze, her mouth slightly agape, her eyes fixed on David. Closing her mouth, to swallow the surprise, her lips restrain by force her internal response: My God, not John ... he's so young ... what happened? ... I'll never see him again ... how sad for his wife ... and their son ...

As Jeannette reaches out to pat David's hand, behind the partition Marie covers her mouth with a hand and, with a convulsive sob, she succumbs to the nausea. She runs for the door.

As the gong announces her departure, Jeannette continues to pat David's hand.

JEANNETTE

I'm so sorry to hear that.
So sorry.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON RT. 17 WESTBOUND

Marie's car whooshes past and we follow it into a dip in the road. Hold for a beat.

DAVID

(voice-over)

Hey, that was quite a barf. Reminds me of the Friday-night beer blasts. Want to stop for lunch in Augusta?

MARIE

(voice-over)

Don't mention food for another two hours, please.

21 CONTINUED

21

DAVID

(voice-over)

At least you waited until you got
to the curb. That was thoughtful.

MARIE

(voice-over)

David! Enough already!

The car tops the crest of the dip and disappears as we
hear a low CHUCKLE from David.

SCENE 22 INT. DAY - MARIE'S KITCHEN

22

With a kitchen towel slung over her shoulder, Marie
stands by the counter cutting up and shredding vegetables
- spinach leaves, celery stalks, tomatoes, and a Spanish
onion -- into two salad bowls. Her movements are skilled
and almost automatic. Her thoughts are elsewhere.

The telephone BEEPS-BEEPS.

Marie dries her hands on the towel and retrieves the
wireless phone from its cradle. She returns to the counter
with the receiver tucked against her cheek.

MARIE

(to phone)

Hello. ... Oh, yes, Ms. Mackenzie.
I'm so sorry about yesterday ...

The celery stalks are chopped up with vigor on a wooden
cutting board.

MARIE

(to phone)

I'm fine, thank you ... oh, of
course, Jeannette ... yes, and please
call me Marie ... it's nice of you to
inquire ... no, it's not the flu.

Two tomatoes get quartered with equal force. Marie's mood
has shifted. She begins to slice and dice the red onion
as if she bears a grudge against it.

22 CONTINUED

22

MARIE

(to phone)

No, actually, I'm pregnant.

She sniffles and wipes away tears with her free hand. Is it the onions or her grief or both? She uses the towel to wipe the end of her nose silently.

MARIE

(to phone)

Yes, there was a reason. I wanted to talk to you ... yes, I know about your baby ... I found out ...

Marie holds a handful of chopped onions in her hand, over the salad bowls, paused in thought. Then ...

MARIE

(to phone)

John left some papers. With his lawyer ... no, no, Jeanette, just the basic facts ... I guess he was curious ... I was curious about whether he'd seen you when he bought the painting.
Do you understand?

She divvies up the chopped onions, the celery and tomato dices atop the spinach leaves in the bowls.

MARIE

(to phone)

I know; you said so ... I guess I also wanted to talk ... about the baby ...

Marie swivels away from the cutting board and leans her back against the counter.

MARIE

(to phone)

Yours.

She wipes under her nose again. This time, it's not the onions.

22 CONTINUED

22

MARIE
(to phone)
And mine.

During the transition to next scene we hear Jeannette's voice on the telephone call.

SCENE 23 EXT. DAY - OWLS HEAD

With Rockland's harbor and coastline visible across an arm of West Penobscot Bay, Marie's car pulls into the driveway of a house built atop the rocky coastline, with a tall wooden dock extending into the gray, choppy water of a winter afternoon. The bayside of the house is nearly all glass.

JEANNETTE
(voice-over; on telephone)
Come visit me, at my home. I'm not
in the shop on Mondays. Can you
come tomorrow?

MARIE
(voice-over; on telephone)
Yes. David leaves later today; he's
at Dartmouth.

JEANNETTE
(voice-over; on telephone)
I live in Owls Head. Across the bay
from Rockland. Do you have a pen
and paper ...?

Marie emerges from the car. She pauses for a beat, admiring the setting of the house and experiencing second thoughts about her meeting with Jeannette, but she squares her shoulders and approaches the front door. Before she can rap on the door, Jeannette opens it and invites Marie inside with a smile.

SCENE 24 - INT. DAY - JEANNETTE'S HOUSE

24

Silhouetted against the outside light, Marie scans the bay - from Rockland's harbor, to the Vinalhaven ferry chugging past, to lobster boats bobbing near their buoys, to the resort and golf course sprawled along the coast directly opposite Jeannette's house.

24 CONTINUED

24

JEANNETTE

(voice-over)

It's a great view, isn't it?
That's the Sunset Bay Resort
straight across.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON MARIE

As Jeannette comes into view over Marie's shoulder - the hostess carrying a tray with a carafe of a citrus juice, cookies and glasses - we see the questions about connections forming in Marie's mind: Does Jean's mother know that her son was adopted by the resort owner? Was she here when Jean was growing up, when he was an intern at the resort? Did she visit the resort to get a glimpse of him?

JEANNETTE

Please, Marie, sit down and have
some refreshments.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND JEANNETTE

Time has passed. The two women are seated cater-corner in the living room's conversation pit, facing a hearth, the bay view behind them. The carafe is half-consumed, the cookies have been tasted and crumpled paper napkins decorate the dessert plates. The tableau conveys an environment of a cordial relationship, although it does not approach the intimacy of long-time friends.

Marie is leaning back, with legs crossed, in a love seat. Jeannette is on the edge of the sofa, eager to hear information while remaining solicitous of the other woman's widowhood and condition.

JEANNETTE

So, was this pregnancy a surprise?

MARIE

Yes. Much like yours. A big
surprise. It's a challenge.

24 CONTINUED

24

JEANNETTE

I didn't have much choice in those days. It was to the home or to an aunt in Dubuque, Iowa.

MARIE

If it had happened now, if you were going through this now, would you have considered ... ending it?

Jeannette falls back, into the deep cushions of her sofa. She leans her head back and responds while looking at the paneled ceiling.

JEANNETTE

I really don't know. If I had been able to do that, without anyone knowing about it, my life would have been different. For sure.

She snaps her head upright and looks at Marie with wide eyes.

JEANNETTE

I might have married John.

Marie raises her eyebrows: This is a surprising idea; one that she hadn't considered.

JEANNETTE

And I would have had five children.

Marie smiles wistfully.

MARIE

John always wanted a brood.

JEANNETTE

But, maybe I wouldn't have been an artist. I might not have had the time.

Marie nods and Jeannette shakes her head, both of them reacting to the mystery of fates undiscovered.

MARIE

Why didn't you marry and have children?

24 CONTINUED

24

Jeannette leans forward, reaching for a juice glass, creating a pause for herself. She considers the risk of being honest. She swallows the juice and a resolution to be candid.

JEANNETTE

I never met anyone I loved, like I did John. I guess I always expected John to find me again.

Marie ponders that admission with the same look of surprise: eyebrows raised and lips pursed. She edges forward in her seat, sitting on the edge of the cushion with the same pose of expectation employed earlier by Jeannette.

MARIE

And what were you expecting by living near your son?

It is Jeannette's turn to be surprised. She and Marie hadn't explored the details of her pregnancy beyond the birth date, the gender of the infant and a few details about the home. It is a question she'd never posed herself, nor expected anyone else to ask. Her response is delayed by three beats, during which Marie seems to regret the imposition. She relaxes her pose and is about to wave off the question when her hostess responds, slow and deliberate. Her paper napkin is clenched and rolled into a ball by tense hands.

JEANNETTE

I wanted to be part of his life, even if he didn't know about me. And I never planned on revealing the truth. You know, I didn't even lay eyes on him until he was 13. He looked like John did at the same age.

Jeannette rises and walks to the deck window, looking across the bay to the resort. She speaks to the window.

JEANNETTE

I've met Mrs. Audette. She bought some of my work; for their home and for the hotel. I would never risk Jean's love for them; I could never replace them.

24 CONTINUED

24

Marie rises from her seat. She stands shoulder-to-shoulder with Jeannette.

JEANNETTE

I'm faithful to an oath I made to the church before he was born: To remain anonymous. That's my gift of love to him. But I want to be near, to see, to hear my son. It is my hope that, some day, we might be friends.

MARIE

Perhaps there's a way.

Jeannette, in stark profile against the sky, turns to Marie.

JEANNETTE

How? What are you talking about?

MARIE

I've met Jean Audette.

JEANNETTE

When?

MARIE

Recently. At the resort in the Keys. My husband had planned a surprise vacation. So I went down with an aunt.

JEANNETTE

What is he like? Tell me about him.

Marie looks briefly at Jeannette; then she SIGHS and folds her arms across her breasts. In a near-whisper and trembling voice she provides clues as to the depth of emotion she has experienced.

MARIE

He is just like John. In every way. Charming. Strong. Romantic. Sexy.

Jeannette suspects the truth. As Marie's breathless description hangs like a fog in the living room, she backs away. Incredulous. Inhaling a deep tremulous breath, she exhales a question for which, she hopes, there is an answer rooted in sensibility.

24 CONTINUED

24

JEANNETTE
Could your baby be his?

Marie lowers her arms to hug her abdomen and the embryo. She nods, a brief inclination of her head followed by a hoarse confession.

MARIE
We didn't tell anyone, but John had
a vasectomy in '92. It was getting
late for us ... for me ...

Jeannette is stunned into silence. Although they are in dark profile, her revulsion is visible in her actions and body language. She backs out of the shot.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE FROM DECK

We hear the lapping of the waves against the rocks and the dock posts. The wind whispers gently against the glass, through which we see Marie in silent agony for three beats.

Then Jeannette lashes back, screaming from somewhere behind Marie.

JEANNETTE
You slut! You whore!

Marie is silent and transfixed, only a glistening in her eyes betraying her reaction. Behind her, pacing the living room in a dark rage, Jeannette's fury continues, out of control, and escalates the flow of tears on Marie's cheeks.

JEANNETTE
You had John. All of him; for life.
But that wasn't enough, was it? You
also had to have his son ... my son ...
our son. Have you no shame? What do
you want from me? Sympathy? My
approval? It doesn't matter; you're
leaving. Now. Get out of my house,
you slut!

Marie turns and disappears into the reflections of the bay on Jeannette's windows. A gull's raucous caw-caw-caw is followed by the slamming of a door.

SCENE 25 INT. LATE AFTERNOON - MARIE'S HOME

25

The message light is blinking on the answering machine console as we hear the opening and closing of the door to the garage. Marie, returning from her visit to Jeannette, passes the table and pauses.

The evidence of a long, tearful drive is evident on her eye makeup and tight lips. She hesitates, uncertain as to whether she wants more recrimination, bad news or life challenges in the message calling her attention. With a grimace, she shakes off her coat and the fear and leans forward to retrieve the message.

We hear the MECHANICAL VOICE of the machine announce that there is one message, received Sunday, 1:12 p.m.

JEAN

(on message machine)

Hi, Marie. This is Jean. It's Sunday afternoon. I'm in Maine for a few days and would like to see you; perhaps take you up on your invitation for a home-cooked meal.

You may call me at the resort ... they'll page me ... or you may try my cell phone. The number is 555-821-1943. If I don't hear from you this afternoon, I'll call this evening.

Bye ... and I really would like to see you again.

At first, as she listens to Jean's voice, Marie is pleased. But, gradually, the emotional experience with Jeannette subdues her. As Jean recites his cell phone number, Marie's face begins to crease again in sadness and she cradles her abdomen with both arms.

Impulsively, she punches the DELETE MESSAGE button on the console.

ANSWERING MACHINE

There are NO messages.

25 CONTINUED

25

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE IN DEN

Kneeling by the hearth, Marie is twisting newspaper as kindling and stacking logs on the fireplace grid. There is a wishful look upon her face, a hope that the routine of building a fire might ease her pain.

The telephone BEEPS. The interruption startles her and she begins to push herself erect. BEEP. She changes her mind, and remains kneeling by the logs but looking back over her shoulder in the direction of the phone. BEEP. She forces her attention to the hearth. BEEP. The telephone answering machine's greeting kicks in.

JOHN

(on the answering machine)

Hi, you've reached Marie and John.
We can't come to the phone right
now but please leave us a message
after the beep. Thank you.

Although she is looking into the gray maw of the hearth, we can see Marie tensing up, expecting another of Jean's messages. But, the caller hangs up before the BEEP signal.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON HEARTH

Marie's fire is roaring in a dark room, flames crackling and licking at the bricks. It is evident that some time has passed. We also hear some muted mood music, strings and reeds.

The telephone BEEPS.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON MARIE IN LOVESEAT

BEEP. The fire's glow plays across her expressionless face. The call interrupts the deposit of a chocolate bonbon into her mouth. BEEP. She stares into the flames but a slight inclination of her head reveals her interest in the call. BEEP. Her eyes blink when John's recorded greeting is heard.

25 CONTINUED

25

Again, the caller hangs up before the machine's BEEP invites a message.

Marie squeezes shut her eyes. She knows it is Jean calling; anyone else would leave a message. With eyes still shut and a bon-bon in her hand, she leans her head to rest on the back of the loveseat. She cries out, confused and frustrated.

MARIE

I don't know what to say to you.

A birch log crackles loudly in the hearth and the strings reach a crescendo as a tear escapes one of Marie's closed eyes.

SCENE 26 INT. DAY - MARIE'S HOME

26

Marie emerges from the master bathroom, clad only in a white brassiere, cotton panties cut high on the thigh and a clear plastic shower cap. She pauses at the full-length mirror and inspects her image. First, she pulls off the shower cap and fluffs her hair. Then, although it is too early for an embryo to show, she stands sideways to inspect her abdomen's profile, running a hand up and down her stomach.

With a gentle patting of her belly-button, she closes out the inspection by twisting around to inspect her buttocks and legs. She flexes her calves and poses on tip-toe. At all angles, her expression is one of satisfaction.

MARIE

No sign of that chocolate.

The front door's CHIME sounds. Marie seems to be expecting a visitor: she smiles, grabs a robe and is slipping her arms into it as she exits.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON HALLWAY

Marie pulls the robe together and ties the sash as she comes down the stairs and heads for the front door, but it is a casual job of covering up. She rushes to the front door, smiling in anticipation, and opens it.

MARIE

Aunt Grace ...

26 CONTINUED

26

CUT TO:

MARIE'S POV OF FRONT STOOP

It is Jean. Smiling shyly, self-conscious and unsure of his reception, his eyes light up when he sees Marie.

MARIE
(voice-over)
Oh! It's you ...

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON MARIE

She is surprised. Her initial reaction is to pull together the top of her robe with one hand, and the other retains a grip on the doorknob. She narrows the opening of the door by an inch, an unconscious reaction to the winter weather and her surprise.

MARIE
Jean! I'm sorry if I acted shocked;
I was expecting my aunt.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND JEAN

Jean takes a small step toward Marie, a hand extended in explanation.

JEAN
I'm sorry I startled you. I've been calling; and I just wanted to see you. I was coming through here, going to Lewiston, and I took a chance.

Marie acknowledges his calls with a nod, and a shrug. She pulls the door wide open, allowing him room to pass.

MARIE
Come in. It's too cold to talk here.

26 CONTINUED

26

Jean edges by, somber, but he takes advantage of their nearness to look deep into her eyes. For a beat, she is transfixed by the glance. Then she blinks, and closes the door quickly.

Jean looks around, turns and faces Marie.

JEAN
Thanks.

MARIE
Sure.

Jean looks like he's about to approach Marie but she takes a small step back, suddenly conscious of being under-dressed. She sidles around Jean, talking in quick bursts while headed for the stairs and going up, backwards. He swivels and follows her with eyes now crinkling and sparkling in amusement.

MARIE
It's good to see you ... let me go
upstairs ... get dressed ... Aunt Grace
is coming soon ... take off , er,
your coat, please ... I'll be back in
a minute ...

Watching Marie disappear up the steps, Jean smiles. Her surprise was genuine, as was her discomfort in finding him on the front steps. But he is happy to have rattled her. She harbors some emotion where he is concerned, and his hopes are lifted.

JEAN
(to the stairway)
I'll swap that home-cooked meal you
promised for a cup of coffee.

MARIE
(voice-over; from upstairs)
Oh, not coffee ... oh, of course ... or
maybe some tea ...

Jean shrugs, uncaring about what kind of beverage he was offered because he just got a commitment for some time with Marie. He takes off his short fleece jacket and tosses it onto a peg on the coat tree by the door.

26 CONTINUED

26

He wanders down the hall, peering into the open kitchen, passing the dining room and then finding the door to the den.

In the door opening, he scans the room. An upward jerk of his head signals discovery.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DEN

We follow Jean into the den, on a straight line for the portrait of John and Marie hung over the fireplace mantle.

CUT TO:

HIGH ANGLE ON JEAN; POV FROM PORTRAIT

Jean walks slowly into the frame, eyes raised to the images in the picture. The closer he gets, the wider his eyes become. He is, in turn, surprised, awed and then curious. His brows knit and his lips are pressed together as the silent question puzzles him: How could this be?

MARIE

(voice-over)

Do you see what I mean? You're a
lot like him.

Jean acknowledges Marie's presence behind him with a quick nod, but he continues to gaze upon his likeness. After a beat, Marie appears, walking slowly to stand beside him. She has thrown on a loose sweater, jeans and slippers. She is looking at Jean, wondering what is going on his mind. Is he making any connections?

JEAN

Yes, I see. It's amazing.

Marie continues to study Jean, who breaks away from his examination to study Marie's face. He needs some answers.

JEAN

I can understand your surprise;
when we met.

26 CONTINUED

26

Marie nods, a half-smile acknowledging the memories of their first encounter. Jean glances at the portrait again.

As he studies the face of John, Jean frowns again. He is beginning to question Marie's motives.

JEAN

Were you seducing me or him?

Marie shudders. She knows the honest answer will make Jean unhappy. She sighs before responding.

MARIE

You were an answer to my prayers.

Jean turns and put his hands on Marie's elbows; drawing her closer although there is space between their bodies. His expression says "don't lie to me, tell me the truth." She does not avert her eyes, but in her face he sees a shadow of fear - anticipation of a question she does not want asked or answered.

JEAN

For you, was it a one-night prayer?

Marie hesitates, and the pause confuses Jean. He shakes his head, disappointed, believing she is confessing through silence that she used him to relive a moment with John.

MARIE

Would you like some tea? I'm cutting back on the coffee.

Jean shrugs, agreeing although he would have preferred an answer. Perhaps over tea ...

JEAN

Okay.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON KITCHEN COUNTER

Jean is seated on a stool, elbows on the counter, admiring Marie, who is bringing two mugs of tea from the microwave. Standing opposite Jean, the counter between them, she slides a mug to him. Between questions and answers, they sip the hot liquid.

26 CONTINUED

26

MARIE

What's your mission in Lewiston?

JEAN

My mother. She's in the hospital.

MARIE

I'm sorry. What's the problem?

JEAN

A failing liver. Cirrhosis and cancer.

MARIE

Oh, dear.

JEAN

We're hoping for a transplant.

MARIE

Is this a surprise?

JEAN

Not really. She's been a good customer for Napa Valley.

MARIE

Oh, I see. How is your dad taking this?

JEAN

He's worried, of course, but he's been expecting something like this for years. She's been drinking a couple of bottles of wine every day since I can remember.

MARIE

Is she an alcoholic? I'm sorry that's too personal, isn't it?

JEAN

It's okay. She is, but she's never been interested in a cure. So, we lived with it, but Dad always got uptight when Mrs. Chardonnay showed up.

MARIE

Mrs. Chardonnay

26 CONTINUED

26

JEAN

That's what she liked to drink.
After the first bottle, she'd usually get argumentative and brassy. Sometimes she embarrassed Dad. In public, you know. Dad says he loved the woman he married but he didn't care much for Mrs. Chardonnay. Bless him, but he's sticking it out.

Marie puts down her mug and reaches across the counter to hold Jean's hand.

JEAN

I just hope it's not in my genes.

Marie squeezes Jean's hand. Reassurance is hers to provide, but she cannot bring herself to reveal the facts.

MARIE

Wouldn't you know by now? Have you talked to your dad?

Jean shakes his head. He is eager to change the subject. He puts down his mug and covers Marie's hand with his. He caresses the top of her hand, and she permits the intimacy.

JEAN

So, you need to know that you were also an answer to a prayer. I've been aching for a home-cooked meal for months. I'm tired of eating hotel food and I don't much like to cook for myself.

MARIE

Oh, really? I thought you just traded it for this tea.

JEAN

How about later in the week? I'll be going south, I hope, by the weekend. May I call you?
And will you answer?

26 CONTINUED

26

Marie nods. She smiles at Jean's eagerness, flattered by his zeal and responding to his tenderness.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON HALLWAY

Marie and Jean emerge from the kitchen, their date having fostered smiles and a bond. Jean's tender hold on her elbow is evidence of that as he slides around her to grab his coat off the peg, as is the hand he places on her cheek after his hand emerges from the jacket's sleeve.

JEAN
Until then.

Marie affirms Jean's sentiment with a nod.

MARIE
Drive carefully; it's supposed to
snow later.

JEAN
I was weaned on slippery roads.
But thanks for caring.

By the front door, he leans over and kisses Marie on the cheek.

JEAN
So long.

Without waiting for a response, he exits.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON DOOR FROM DRIVEWAY

Marie stands by the open door, leaning against the jamb somberly, following Jean's walk to his car. She waves as he starts the engine, engages the gear and pulls out of the driveway.

MARIE
So long.

SCENE 27 INT. EVENING - MARIE'S DEN

27

Each holding a glass of red wine, Marie and Aunt Grace contemplate a crackling fire in the hearth, a mellow post-dinner scene were it not for the fingers of Marie's free hand performing a drum act on the arm.

AUNT GRACE

So, will you answer his call and cook for him?

MARIE

Yes.

AUNT GRACE

Would you ask him to spend the night?

MARIE

No ... I don't know ... it depends.

AUNT GRACE

On what, dearie?

MARIE

On how I feel. I'm still trying to sort this out. Is it Jean or is it John I want to be with?

AUNT GRACE

Do you think about Jean?

MARIE

Yes. I do. And I miss John. So much.

AUNT GRACE

At some point, you'll need to tell him.

MARIE

Oh, God. I don't want to. What'll he think of me then?

They look for the answer in the flickering flames.

SCENE 28 EXT. AND INT. DAY - MARIE'S HOME AND AUDETTES' HOME 28

In a close-up of mailbox at the end of Marie's driveway, we see her hands open the front cover to a black tube that still has "M. & J. Walsh" painted on its side in silver letters. She extracts a handful of mail.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE IN DRIVEWAY

Walking back to the house, Marie leafs through the mail, relegating some large pieces to an armpit while she shuffles through regular envelopes. One of them, a cream-colored envelope, attracts her attention.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON ENVELOPE

The envelope bears the simple logo of the Sunset Bay Resort and is addressed to her in a man's handwriting.

Marie rips off a short end and extracts several sheets of writing paper. She unfolds the letter and we see the address: Dear Marie

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF ANGLES ON MARIE

With the rest of the mail pile tucked under an arm, Marie begins to read Jean's letter. As we hear Jean's words, she enters the house, closes the front door behind her and sits at the kitchen counter, where she dumps the mail pile and concentrates on the letter.

JEAN

(voice-over)

Dear Marie ... This is very difficult for me. I apologize for conveying this in a letter, but I'm not sure I could be clear if I was talking to you, face to face or on the phone. Marie, I won't be calling this week. Something happened last night that has affected my whole life, and our relationship. I talked to my Dad.

28 CONTINUED

28

ANGLE ON JEAN AT HIS FATHER'S HOUSE

In a well-appointed library, Jean approaches a man sitting in a wing-backed chair, brooding. This is JACQUE AUDETTE, a handsome man, late 50s, whose appearance is marred only by the worry lines creasing his face. We see Jean put a hand on his shoulder, kneading it with love, and then sit opposite his father in a chair akin to Jacques's. They exchange a few comments before Jean leans back, contemplating a difficult question. Then, he leads forward, elbows on knees, focusing on Jacques. Halting, unsure, he asks something that makes Jacques look away. After a few beats, Jacques answers. Jean's response is surprise.

JEAN

(voice-over)

We'd had a tough day in Lewiston on Wednesday. I was there all morning and my father took the afternoon shift. My mother was not well and I was proportionately worried about whether our family included other alcoholics, a question that had not come up before since most of them - on both sides -- are still in Canada and France, pretty much strangers to me. After dinner that night, I asked him and his answer was that he didn't know, because I was adopted.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE IN KITCHEN

Marie lowers the letter and sighs. This is a development she knew had to come eventually, but she had wanted to have dinner with Jean first. To talk and to assess. She continues reading.

JEAN

(voice-over)

I was not emotionally prepared for that news.

28 CONTINUED

28

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JEAN AND JACQUE IN LIBRARY

Now, Jacques leans forward, intent upon explaining to Jean.

JEAN

(voice-over)

He told me that they had, numerous times, discussed telling me but they were always afraid of losing me to curiosity. There was a period when finding your biological parents was a pervasive fad.

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF ANGLES ON JEAN

We see Jean leaning over to hug a sobbing Jacque; walking up a winding staircase, deep in thought; lying on his bed, still dressed, staring at the ceiling; booting up a computer in the resort's business office; walking in the morning mist by the rocky shore along the golf course; and, seated on the jetty below the lighthouse.

JEAN

(voice-over)

After I coped with the surprise, I began to think of the other aspects of this situation. A woman gave birth to me after being impregnated by a man. I have a different mother and a father. It was not a stretch to assume that John Walsh was my father. The resemblance is remarkable. On the Internet, I looked up his obituary. The facts fit. He would have been just shy of 18 when he made someone pregnant. Presumably, she would have been about the same age and their respective families would want to do what was best since they were too young to be married. Even in the 1970s, 17 was too young.

28 CONTINUED

28

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE AT COUNTER

Marie wipes a tear from her cheek. As she flips to another sheet of the letter, she rises from the stool and ambles into the den, where she sits in the loveseat under the portrait.

JEAN

(voice-over)

But, it wasn't so much knowing that John Walsh was my father as my wanting to know what it was that made him want to come to the Keys. Did he look me up? Did you know when we met? The list of questions is long, but the options are few. Whether you knew then, or found out later, it is an extremely complex situation. I was wooing my father's widow. I made love to my father's wife. I fantasized about taking you to the bed where you and my father slept. Dear Marie, right now, I feel it's best that we do not see each other. Nothing good can come from it. I regret that.
Sincerely, Jean.

Marie crumbles the letter into a ball and throws it, violently, at the fireplace screen. It bounces off the glass and rolls back toward her. She rises, and kicks the paper wad out of her way.

MARIE

Something already came of it.
And it WILL be good.

SCENE 29 INT. DAY - FUNERAL HOME

29

It is a wake for Mrs. Audette, whose bier can be seen in background through an arch. Mourners, some of them weeping openly, are passing the flower-draped casket. They wear coats and overshoes, and some of the women have gloves and hats. It is still winter.

29 CONTINUED

29

Clad in stark black-and-white and standing shoulder-to-shoulder, Jean and Jacque are the only family members accepting condolences of those who have been guided through the parlor, past the casket and into the reception line.

As the father and son shake hands with an elderly couple, they are somber but not emotional. They have had two months to live with and come to grips with a death sentence.

JACQUE

I appreciate your coming to see us.
Thank you, Charles, Sarah.

Eyes brimming with tears, the elderly folks quickly shake Jean's hands. When they pass, the next person in line is Jeannette.

She steps up to the Audettes. Jeannette extends a hand to Jacque, but her glance briefly shifts to Jean. She pumps Jacque's hand and then reaches for Jean's.

JACQUE

Thank you for coming.

JEANNETTE

I'm Jeannette Mackenzie. You bought
some art from me.

JACQUE

Oh, of course.

JEAN

Did you know my mother?

Jeannette allows her hand to linger a beat beyond convention. Her eyes are roving across Jean's face, taking in the details, filling her memory. She wants to answer "yes" but her oath prevents that.

JEANNETTE

Mrs. Audette was in my gallery many
times. For shows. I enjoyed her
patronage.

Jeannette lingers, holding up the line. The pause forces Jean to address her.

29 CONTINUED

29

JEAN

Where is your gallery?

The next man in line approaches Jacque, forcing Jeannette to inch away from Jean.

JEANNETTE

In Camden. Harborview Gallery.

Jean acknowledges the information with a polite smile and turns to the next mourner. As Jeannette ambles toward the exit to the parlor, she looks wistfully over her shoulder at Jean. In that brief look, she conveys sadness and pride, pleasure in being near and grief for having to leave. She hopes he remembers.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JEAN AND JACQUE

The line has thinned out and there is a gap between mourners. Jacque looks around, and waves at an acquaintance just coming into the queue by the bier. He coughs, covering his mouth with a hand.

JACQUE

Where is that woman's gallery?

Jean is nonchalant about the question. He doesn't suspect the motive being one of romantic interest, this being a wake, but Jacque is very interested. His eyes betray that curiosity. He nudges Jean with an elbow.

JACQUE

The artist. Where is her gallery?

JEAN

Are we in the market for some art?

JACQUE

No ... well, perhaps. I am redecorating the Governor's Suite.

Jean smiles at an approaching mourner.

JEAN

Camden. Harborview Gallery.

JACQUE

Right.

SCENE 30 EXT. DAY - CAMDEN HARBOR

It is summer. "Sunrise," a 23-foot sleek yacht owned by Jacques, is moored to a buoy in the outer harbor. Around it bob dozens of other boats. The harbor is alive with its typical activity. Ashore is the roiling traffic involving natives, tourists, shopkeepers, lobstermen, vendors and windjammer crews for hire.

A cell phone BEEPS a tune.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CABIN

Jacques is combing his wind-blown graying hair while looking in a small mirror on the cabin wall. He glances at the cell phone, deliberating silently as to whether he should answer it. He sighs and picks it up. Always on duty.

Glancing at the cell phone's digital display, he knows the caller. His eyebrows rise while he pushes the speak button.

JACQUES

(to phone)

Hey, Jean. What's the problem today? ... Good ... Oh, not much. Took the day off and sailed "Sunrise" to Camden ... I know that's not a long trip; I have business here ... Art ... I'm buying ... yes, Harborview Gallery ... what?

Jacques climbs up the short ladder onto the deck.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JACQUES

Pacing the polished wood of the deck, with Camden behind him, Jacques appears perturbed by Jean.

JACQUES

(to phone)

Listen, Jean. I know I've been a widower for only a few months. ... Listen, son ...

30 CONTINUED

30

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF CUTS IN CAMDEN

As Jacque's conversation with Jean continues, we see Jacque entering the Harborview Gallery and being greeted warmly by Jeannette, who then proceeds to show him various originals and prints on display. Jacque nods in appreciation and points at those he wants. Jeannette is pleased, by both the visit and the sales. Jacque signs a check and hands it to Jeannette. He invites her to lunch. She waves so-long to an assistant.

JACQUE

(voice-over)

Your mother wanted this, Jean. She knew that there were big gaps in our marriage. God knows I loved her, and I was faithful to her, but there was so much more we could've done. We were not happy. In love, but not happily. I had so much more to give. I still have. I'm alive, I'm kicking and so is my capacity for love.

Jacque and Jeannette are shown to a booth by a menu-toting hostess at Cappy's, a waterfront restaurant. He looks down at her as she slides across the booth seat, and his lips curl in a brief smile. He is intrigued. Instead of sitting opposite her, he slides in beside Jeannette. She is surprised, but she accepts his nearness and, after a beat, she smiles. They pick up the menus.

JACQUE

(voice-over)

And, how's your love life, son? ...
Oh, sorry to hear that.

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF QUICK CUTS TO ADVANCE TIME

-- Marie and Aunt Grace shop in a department store for the essentials of a baby's nursery. They choose a bassinet. Marie is wearing a maternity top.

30 CONTINUED

30

-- Jacque and Jeannette watch the sunset play across West Penobscot Bay from the boat dock at her home on Owls Head. Jacque's boat is moored below. He places an arm around her waist and pulls her close.

-- Jean is at his Sunset Keys desk, occupied by a pile of reports and spread sheets. His computer screen is filled with columns of figures. He is exasperated by the interruption of the telephone and speaks to it brusquely, all business and no tact. This is man whose sole focus is the desk, not his bed.

-- David, a little shy, puts his hands on Marie's swollen belly. Sitting in the den, she guides his hand to the right spot and he feels the baby's kick. He is awed by his first experience with embryonic life.

-- Jean dives into the pool at the Sunset Keys resort and begins an energetic early-morning regimen, swimming away from his regrets. The wake of his path in the pool blends ...

... with the wake of the sailboat "Sunrise" as it heads away from Owls Head, Jeannette and Jacque sharing the helm and, after a few jumps over the waves, a long kiss.

SCENE 31 INT. DAY - NURSERY IN MARIE'S HOME

31

Marie and Aunt Grace are busy. The nursery is taking shape, but without any distinguishing colors to denote a gender clue. The wallpaper design has cute animals; the theme of the mobile over the crib is whales; the curtains, the coverlet and pillows are white with lace trim. The bassinette is in place and the two women are unpacking diapers and other necessary supplies, and allocating them to drawers and the open closet.

AUNT GRACE

You'll need a rocking chair. It's a God's end when they're cranky.

MARIE

There's one in the basement;
we were going to sell it at a
garage sale.

31 CONTINUED

31

AUNT GRACE
Have you told John's family?

Marie stops her busywork and walks to a window. She parts the curtains and looks down on the green and lush backyard.

MARIE
Not yet. I'm surprised David hasn't e-mailed everyone but, apparently, he hasn't. I'll do it tonight.

There is an unspoken question on Aunt Grace's face as Marie returns to her tasks, the introspective moment over.

MARIE
I'll tell them the bare facts and fudge the due date.

She forces a change in the mood and swivels to her aunt.

MARIE
Hey, want to go to Camden tomorrow? There is a real nice tote bag in the leather shop. It could hold a month's worth of diapers and formula.

SCENE 32 EXT. DAY -- CAMDEN SHOPPING DISTRICT

32

Bouncing down the sidewalk on the west side of U.S. 1, Camden's main street, Marie and Aunt Grace are exuberant over a bargain -- a black leather tote bag, into which they are stuffing other plastic-bagged purchases. They maneuver around some window-shoppers.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON EAST SIDE OF U.S. 1

The stoop and entryway to Cappy's are jammed with customers awaiting a call to their table. The crowd parts, moving slowly to allow Jacque, Jeannette and Jean a narrow exit to the sidewalk. They are expressive in their appreciation of a fine meal, of a beautiful day and of the joy being shared by two of them.

32 CONTINUED

32

Jacque and Jeannette head north, occupied by each other, with Jean following a few steps behind. He is looking at the tourists, at window displays and then across the narrow two-lane street to the other sidewalk. Suddenly, he stops dead, interrupting the progress of other shoppers.

CUT TO:

JEAN'S POV OF OPPOSITE SIDEWALK

Marie is leading Aunt Grace around a gaggle of tourists. She is glowingly pregnant.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON JEAN

The revelation of Marie's pregnancy stuns him. He questions his eyesight, blinking and shaking his head slightly to clear the image. Marie pregnant? The question furrows his brow and tightens his lips.

CUT TO:

WIDE ANGLE ON EAST-SIDE SIDEWALK

Ahead of Jean, we see Jacque and Jeannette stop and look for Jean. They spot him about 15 yards behind, staring at the opposite sidewalk. Jeannette follows the direction of Jean's focus.

CUT TO:

HIGH ANGLE ON BOTH SIDEWALKS

As Jean and Jeannette follow their progress from one side of the street, Marie and Aunt Grace approach the corner across from Cappy's and disappear from their view.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF JEANNETTE

From the corner where Marie turned, Jeannette looks back at Jean. She is fascinated by Jean's reaction.

32 CONTINUED

32

JACQUE
(voice-over)
Hey, what's with Jean?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JEAN

For a second, Jean contemplates following Marie. He takes a step toward the curb, toward a space between two parallel-parked cars.

JEANNETTE
(voice-over)
Jean. Are you coming with us?

Jean stops, and looks at Jacque and Jeannette. A quick glance at the opposite sidewalk confirms it: Marie has gone. What's the point of following? What would he ask her?

JEAN
Okay. I'm coming.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT OF EAST-SIDE SIDEWALK

As Jean turns and approaches them, moodily weaving through the human traffic, Jeannette and Jacque speak softly about the incident.

JACQUE
He must've seen someone he knows.

JEANNETTE
Does he have any women friends?

JACQUE
Not many, of late. Perhaps none. He's been working real hard. But something happened last winter. I don't know what. Perhaps he was dumped.

JEANNETTE
Hmhh. Perhaps.

As Jean catches up, Jeannette reaches out to him and ruffles the sleeve of his shirt.

32 CONTINUED

32

JEANNETTE
What did you see?

Jean looks back over his shoulder, at the corner. No sign of Marie.

JEAN
A surprise.

Jacque is about to probe the response but Jean pushes past them and strides away, putting some distance between questions and obscure answers. Jeannette takes Jacque's arm and follows.

JEANNETTE
I think it's great that Jean is spending his vacation with you.

JACQUE
Yeah. I agree. He could be spending it with someone much cuter than me.

Jeannette glances at the opposite sidewalk over her shoulder.

JEANNETTE
Yes, I suppose so.

SCENE 33 EXT. EARLY EVENING - JEANNETTE'S HOUSE/WALSH HOME

33

The reflection in the deck's glass door of sky and bay is truncated by the door sliding open, revealing Jean in the same casual clothes worn in Camden. It is later in the same day.

JEAN
(to the interior of house)
I'll just check the steaks.

He slides the door closed behind him and approaches a smoking barbecue where three sirloin strips are broiling over a bed of charcoal. After turning the steaks over with a long two-pronged fork, Jean goes to the rail and leans on it, arms spread wide. His thoughts have flown across the bay, inland to Winthrop.

Jean reaches for his pants pocket and pats it to check its content. There is a moment of hesitation but, after a beat, he extracts a small cell phone from the pocket and flips it open.

33 CONTINUED

33

Punching just two buttons to activate a speed-dial number, he puts the instrument to his ear and leans his back against the railing.

JEAN
(to phone)
Hello, may I speak to Marie,
please.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DAVID IN MARIE'S KITCHEN

David is in the process of making himself a sandwich. The ingredients for his snack are spread over the counter: bread, mayonnaise, mustard, a package of cold cuts and cheese slices. The mobile phone is tucked under his cheek during the conversation.

DAVID
(to phone)
I'm sorry. She's not here. I just
talked to her on my aunt's cell
phone. They're on the way back from
Camden.

CUT TO:

INTERMITTENT ANGLES ON JEAN AND DAVID

JEAN
(to phone)
Oh. Sorry I missed her.
Is this David?

DAVID
(to phone)
Yeah. Who is this?

JEAN
(to phone)
This is Jean Audette, a friend of
your mother's. I was just checking
in to see how she's doing.

33 CONTINUED

33

DAVID

(to phone)

Great! I just got home but last week she looked super. She's getting the nursery together and I think she's beginning to enjoy the whole thing.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON JEANNETTE'S DECK

Jean is pacing the deck, away from the sliding door when it opens. Jeannette emerges and pauses when she hears Jean's voice.

JEAN

(to phone)

That's good to hear. I know she's pregnant but I wasn't told when the baby's due.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON JEANNETTE

The reference is obvious to her and because she knows the truth, there is a conflict of emotions building inside. The dangerous secret might spoil her relationship with Jean - and with Jacque. This is not the time to tell. It might never be the time to tell.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DAVID

DAVID

(to phone)

If you'd asked me that yesterday, I wouldn't have known either. I never asked, but last night Mom sent out a family announcement on e-mail. She's due September 5th.

CUT TO:

33 CONTINUED

33

ANGLE ON JEANNETTE'S DECK

Jeanette leans against the siding of her house, crossing her arms against the breeze from the bay. Jean turns, sees her, and acknowledges her presence with a wave of his free hand.

JEAN

(to phone)

Oh. Thanks. Well, please tell her I called. Okay? Thanks, David.

Jean flips the cell-phone off and returns it to his pocket. For a beat, he faces the bay and composes himself, facing the fact that Marie's baby is John's. Not his. An afternoon of wondering is over, but he has yet to decide if he should be happy or sad.

JEANNETTE

Who's pregnant?

Jean turns and busies himself with the grill, moving the sizzling steaks around to disguise his emotional conflict.

JEAN

Oh, a friend of mine. Sad story. Her husband died before he knew she was pregnant.

Jeanette grimaces. The opportunity for truth is suppressed by tight lips and a frown.

JEANNETTE

That is sad. I'm sorry.

JEAN

Me too. I guess I should buy her a baby gift when she ...

JEANNETTE

And when is that?

JEAN

Early September.

33 CONTINUED

33

Jeannette raises her eyebrows to do the math. September minus nine equals New Year's. She realizes that Marie might be hiding the truth, attributing parenthood to her dead husband. Early September doesn't jive with her January visit to the Keys. Now, she's puzzled and more conflicts shake her equilibrium.

The longer she keeps silent, the more she risks. She opens her mouth to say something -- she's not sure what -- but she's interrupted ...

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON DECK

The glass door slides open and Jacque sticks out his head, pleased with himself and wearing the well-practiced mannerisms of a good host.

JACQUE

The best martini in the world
awaits you, mademoiselle.

SCENE 34 INT. EARLY EVENING - MARIE'S HOME

Carrying armloads of shopping bags, Aunt Grace and Marie bustle into the kitchen where David has left evidence of his meal preparation on the counter. Marie already knows she has been invaded.

MARIE

(to hallway and upstairs)
David. We're home.

DAVID

(voice-over; from up stairs)
Hey, Mom. I'll be right down.

Marie and Aunt Grace begin to unpack their purchases on the kitchen bar. After a few beats, we hear David bounding down the steps. He sweeps into the kitchen and hugs his mother, his body language expressing concern for her protruding abdomen.

MARIE

Hi, honey. What a nice surprise.

34 CONTINUED

34

DAVID

Yeah, it was a late plan but Maggie is celebrating her 18th tonight. I need to be there.

MARIE

You'd better be.

DAVID

Hi, Aunt Grace.

AUNT GRACE

Hi, dearie.

David pecks his mother on the cheek and rushes out of scene, leaving Marie and Aunt Grace to admire his energy. Marie picks up the leather tote and extracts their shopping bags.

DAVID

(voice-over)

Oh, Mom, a Mr. Audette called. Said to say 'hi' and best wishes, all that stuff. He didn't know when you were due so I told him.

Marie freezes at the mention of Jean's name, but she hurries a question before David can escape.

MARIE

(to hallway)

And what did you tell him?

DAVID

(voice-over)

Early September. Bye.

The front door closes with a SLAM that pre-empts responses from Marie and Aunt Grace. Marie puts down the tote bag and pulls out a bar stool to sit on.

MARIE

Whew. I'm tired.

Aunt Grace comes around the kitchen bar and gently rubs Marie's shoulder muscles.

AUNT GRACE

Well, he must think that it's John's baby.

34 CONTINUED

34

Marie nods, unable to express a dominant emotion. She didn't want Jean to know about the pregnancy; but now that he does, it's just as well.

MARIE

I didn't want to put him in a position of having to marry me. Another prayer answered, huh?

AUNT GRACE

Would you have married him?

Marie contemplates her response. She is having thoughts come into the clear that, before, had just been ghosts in the dark.

MARIE

Yes.

Marie turns to face her aunt and her confessor.

MARIE

(with more conviction)

Yes, I would.

As quickly as she confessed her secret dream comes rushing the stark reality of that prospect now coming to pass. Tears well up in her eyes and she buries her face on Aunt Grace's shoulder.

MARIE

(sobbing)

But now he'll never ask.

Aunt Grace pats her niece on the back, absorbing the sobs with a motherly expression of tenderness and optimism.

AUNT GRACE

Love is a powerful motivator, dearie. Don't underestimate the power of love.

Marie pulls back her head and, with tears streaking her face, looks up at her aunt.

MARIE

But you said sex was the 'only' important thing.

34 CONTINUED

34

AUNT GRACE

No, I said sex was the best kind of fun and everything else was a distraction. What I'm saying now is that love is powerful. Love is the glue that holds the universe together. Love is behind everything. Do you love him?

Marie nods, sniffing.

AUNT GRACE

Love will win. Be patient.

Marie finds her situation too difficult to cure with patience. She seeks comfort again on the shoulder of her aunt, and a new wave of sobs wracks her.

AUNT GRACE

Love is the glue.

SCENE 35 INT. DAY - ANGLE ON MARIE IN DEN

35

1

Marie is seated at the desk, concentrating on the computer screen. It is late June, with bright sunshine penetrating the sheer curtains. We hear the CLICKS of the computer's mouse and of keyboard strokes as Marie deftly navigates the Web.

Although her actions are made with confidence, there soon comes a moment when she pauses, knits her brows and studies the screen intently. Her expression is a question mark.

The camera moves behind her and we see on the monitor a page from the Sunset Keys website, one with Jean's photograph and his guarantee of satisfaction.

Marie moves the cursor to the CONTACT ME button. For a beat, the cursor blinks on the icon, motionless.

The telephone RINGS.

35 CONTINUED

35

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON MARIE

Behind Marie, the portrait of her and John looks down on the scene. Without looking at the telephone, continuing her study of the monitor, Marie reaches FOR THE PHONE.

MARIE

(to telephone)

Hello ... hi, Todd. How nice of you to call ... no, nothing's changed. No services planned. John wanted it that way, as you know ... we'll do it on the Fourth; just some family ... no, I don't need anything. But thanks for asking ... you too ... bye.

Marie hangs up the phone and resumes her intent study of the screen, her hand gripping the computer mouse, then releasing it, retrieving it again in uncertainty. Behind and above her, the happily married Mr. and Mrs. Walsh smile, expecting their happiness to be eternal.

Marie's head snaps up, as if she'd heard a voice. She looks over her shoulder at the portrait.

CUT TO:

HIGH ANGLE ON MARIE; PORTRAIT'S POV

Marie pushes out from the desk, leaving Jean's face smiling at us from the monitor screen, the cursor still resting on the CONTACT ME button. Focused on the portrait, Marie approaches the hearth. Her pregnancy is obvious. For a moment, she rests her forehead on the edge of the mantle. When she looks up, at her dead husband's face, her eyes are bright with determination and hope.

MARIE

(to portrait)

I wish you were here.
I need your advice.

She reaches for the urn, caressing its embossed base.

35 CONTINUED

35

MARIE
(to urn)
I'm OK. So far.
But stick with me. Please.

For a beat, she closes her eyes for a silent prayer. When she opens her eyes, to look up at the portrait, there is a grateful gleam of resolution. She sighs and turns to the desk.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON SCREEN

Jean is still smiling; the cursor is still blinking. Marie's reflection can be seen on the screen as she approaches. She reaches out and, CLICK, powers down the computer. With a static complaint, the images disappear and the screen goes to black.

SCENE 36 EXT. NIGHT - LAKE MARANACOOK

For two beats, the scene is filled with the constellations of early July. Then, with a BOOM, the screen explodes with color and SIZZLES with a series of rockets lighting up the night sky.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON LAKE SURFACE

Illuminated by the overhead light show, we see dozens of watercraft bobbing on the placid lake near the small peninsula where Winthrop's annual Fourth of July fireworks are launched. There are sailboats, motor boats, kayaks and pontoon boats, most of them adorned with running lights reflected a thousand times on the lake surface. With each spectacular explosion of color, we hear the spectators on the lake and on the shore express delight with OOOHS and AAAHS.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE'S BOAT

As the fireworks continue, its glow illuminates Marie's pontoon party boat. Marie, Aunt Grace and David stand near the rope rail, a few yards removed from other watercraft. David is holding his father's urn.

36 CONTINUED

36

MARIE
It's time, David.

David looks uncomfortable, uncertain as to how to do this emotional task. He looks at the urn and then at the two women beside him.

DAVID
Shouldn't we say something?

Marie nods and puts a hand on his shoulder.

MARIE
Of course. What would YOU like
to say?

David begins to unscrew the circular lid on the urn.

DAVID
Bye, Dad. I miss you. Every day.

AUNT GRACE
John, rest in peace; your family
will be fine.

MARIE
You're still with us, John.
You always will be.

Marie turns to David and indicates with a half-smile that it's time. David lifts the lid of the urn.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF LAKE SURFACE

A stream of white powder flows into the lake. As fireworks illuminate the water with sparkles and glows, the ashes of John Walsh are absorbed by the depths of the lake. As the last of the powder sinks into the black depths, a BOOM and a FIREBALL salute his passing.

The prolonged, collective, appreciative OOOH and the glistening water blends into ...

SCENE 37 EXT. DAY - LAKESHORE AND MARIE'S HOME

37

A brilliant blue sky is reflected in the lake. The OOOH from the Fourth of July turns into the COOO of a mother comforting an infant.

A cluster of maple leaves, gold and red and russet, bob into the scene pushed by small wind ripples in the water. It is fall.

PAN UP:

ANGLE ON MARIE'S HOUSE

From the lake and the leaves, first we see the shore of Lake Maranacook framed in the colors of late September, then the driveway of Marie's house. Her car turns in from Memorial Drive and stops by the front door.

MARIE
(voice-over)
Welcome home, Jenny.

David emerges quickly from the driver's door, hurrying around the front of the car to open the passenger side for his mother.

Aunt Grace is in the back seat with the baby carrier. Before emerging, she busies herself with collecting purses and the leather tote bag. Marie opens the back-seat door and extracts the carrier. David stops to peek at the baby, grins at his mother, and then opens the trunk of the car to lift out a small suitcase.

He SLAMS down the trunk and they approach the house.

MARIE
(to Aunt Grace)
Thanks again for being with me.
You're an angel.

David runs ahead to unlock and open the door.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF MARIE AND AUNT GRACE

AUNT GRACE
You haven't told him yet, have you?

MARIE
No.

37 CONTINUED

37

Marie looks down at the infant in the basket.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF INFANT

Within a bundle of pink, JENNIFER is blinking in the bright sunlight. She is only a few days old.

MARIE

(voice-over)

Jenny was a little late for John; a little early for Jean. I don't have to tell David, but I should.

AUNT GRACE

(voice-over)

I agree, but later. You need some rest now. It's been rough on you.

Jenny yawns and elicits doting OOOHS from her mother and her great aunt.

SCENE 38 INT. DAY - JEAN'S OFFICE AT SUNSET KEY RESORT

38

Hunched at his desk, Jean is finishing his daily morning review of proposals from the chef. He scribbles a note on the top sheet of the stapled pages and tosses them into his OUT basket. A quick check of his wristwatch urges him to reach for his phone. He punches in a number.

Leaning back and swiveling around in his leather-covered chair, waiting for a response, he glances at his computer monitor, which is displaying a Windows Explorer page. While waiting for an answer to his call, he leans forward, grabs the mouse and moves the cursor to the FAVORITES pull-down menu.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF COMPUTER MONITOR SCREEN

The list of Jean's favorite web-sites has a variety of folders. The top one is "AAA-Baby." The cursor moves to the folder and we hear a DOUBLE-CLICK of Jean's mouse.

JEAN

(voice-over)

Hi, Natalie, this is Jean. Is my father available?

38 CONTINUED

38

The folder opens to reveal two sites: "Hospital-1" and "Hospital-2." The cursor is positioned over the first site and is opened with a double click.

The screen gradually converts to a web-page for CENTRAL MAINE MEDICAL CENTER and its RECENT BIRTHS list.

JEAN

(voice-over)

No, thanks, Natalie. I'll try him later. But please tell him I called regarding the bids we got for the golf course expansion. ...
Okay? Thanks.

The cursor moves down the list and stops at: "Jennifer Audrey Walsh, to Marie Walsh, of Winthrop, Sept. 23."

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON JEAN

The revelation puzzles him. He squints at the screen, seeking understanding. Is there a subtle clue in the name of a baby born almost three weeks late?

JEAN

(muttering)

Jennifer Audrey. Jenny. Jen.
Audrey.

He shakes his head, chasing away his suspicions.

JEAN

Come on, man, that's a stretch.
Wake up.

Still shaking his head, Jean works the mouse and the keyboard. CLICK. CLICK.

SCENE 39 INT. NIGHT - MARIE'S DEN

39

There are four red Christmas stockings pinned to the front of the hearth's wood shelf. They are labeled: "Mom" and "David" and "Jenny" and "Grace." Jenny's stocking is twice as big as the other three. We hear the crackling of a fire in the hearth and, from somewhere else in the house, a stereo system is playing traditional carols.

39 CONTINUED

39

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARIE AND GRACE IN LOVESEAT

In a room where there is a variety of evidence to the season, Marie is bottle-feeding Jenny and Grace is leafing through the dessert section of a cookbook. She finds an interesting recipe.

AUNT GRACE

What if I make fudge brownies with
a caramel icing?

Marie chuckles, shaking her head.

MARIE

You do like chocolate, don't you?

AUNT GRACE

It's an aphrodisiac you know.

MARIE

For all the good that does US
these days ...

CUT TO:

WIDE ANGLE ON DEN

The women chuckle as David enters, humming in tune with the current carol.

DAVID

What's so funny, ladies?

MARIE

Our love lives.

DAVID

(mugging as if in shock)
Mother. Auntie Grace. I can't
believe my innocent ears.

MARIE

That might be the only part of you
that's innocent by now.

39 CONTINUED

39

DAVID

What you don't know won't hurt you,
Mom. Hey, I was wondering. Are we
going to open a present tonight
like we used to do when Dad ... you
know, like we used to.

MARIE

Sure. And you may open Jenny's too.

DAVID

Great, because I'm curious about
that big box. The one from Jean.

Marie exchanges a glance with Aunt Grace as David rambles
on.

DAVID

He sent a present after she was
born, too, didn't he? That's pretty
nice for someone we haven't seen;
well, at least I haven't seen him.
Have you, Aunt Grace?

AUNT GRACE

Um-huh. I have.

DAVID

When was that?

AUNT GRACE

When your mom and I went to
Florida.

David mulls over that information. He plops down into his
father's desk chair.

DAVID

Was that the first time you met
him, Mom?

MARIE

What you don't know won't hurt you,
David.

David leans back in the plush desk chair.

DAVID

What's up with that guy?

39 CONTINUED

39

Marie and Aunt Grace exchange a glance. It's the moment. They both recognize it. Aunt Grace reaches for Jenny.

AUNT GRACE

I'll finish the feeding and put her
to bed.

Marie allows her aunt to pick up Jenny. Cooing softly to the baby, Aunt Grace leaves the den.

Marie inhales some resolve as she rises from the loveseat. As she explains to her son "what's up" with Jean, she paces around it.

MARIE

I loved your father. You know that. When he died, I was devastated. I wanted so much for him to hold me, to kiss me and love me again. It was a fantasy. But it was a strong feeling, especially when the reality set in. John was dead. But then an odd thing happened. I met a man who looked just like your dad. It was a strange and also wonderful experience. I thought it was answer to my prayers. Do you understand, honey?

David is not sure where the story is heading but he acknowledges acceptance of the scenario he's heard. He nods.

MARIE

He was very much like John. It was eerie. For a time, I pretended it was John. I was with John again.

David sits up in the chair, the truth beginning to emerge for him.

DAVID

You made love with him?

Marie collapses in the loveseat. She looks David straight in the eyes.

39 CONTINUED

39

MARIE

It was Jean Audette.
Yes, we made love.

The surprise stuns David. He needs to stand up and now it's him pacing around the den.

DAVID

Okay, okay. But ... but why is he
sending presents to Jenny? She
couldn't be his child.

MARIE

I lied about the due date. Jenny is
Jean Audette's child.

DAVID

Does he know that?

Marie shrugs her shoulders.

MARIE

I don't know. Perhaps he suspects.
He hasn't indicated anything. We've
had just the two presents.
Nothing else.

DAVID

Well, either he knows or he's got
the hots for you.

Marie pauses, gathering her thoughts for the next chapter of the story.

MARIE

There's something else.

DAVID

My God, Mom. What? What?

MARIE

I told you that your father had
planned this vacation before he ...
anyway, Todd and I met after I got
back and there was a reason for
John wanting to go down there.
He'd asked Todd to hire a private
investigator ...

39 CONTINUED

39

DAVID

(interrupting)

Gees, now what? Was this guy stealing Dad's identity or what??

Marie shakes her head and inhales some more resolve.

MARIE

No, John wanted to find him. Back in 1970, your father and his girlfriend ... well, she became pregnant. Being Catholic, there was little choice. They were only 17 and the baby was put up for adoption.

David's load is too heavy for pacing. He plops down next to his mother, almost horizontal in position. His eyes are on the ceiling. He closes them for his next deliberate question.

DAVID

So ... Jean Audette ... is dad's ... bastard?

MARIE

(in a near whisper)
Yes.

DAVID

What I know will hurt me.

MARIE

I'm sorry if you're hurt by this.
I couldn't keep this from you forever.

David is silent. He opens his eyes but continues to stare at the ceiling. Marie rises to play with the logs in the fireplace.

DAVID

You didn't know. How did you feel when Todd told you?

MARIE

Shocked. Just like you are now. And when I had morning sickness for the first time ... I was afraid.

39 CONTINUED

39

David pushes himself erect, and Marie turns to look at him. She sits on the edge of the hearth facing her son.

DAVID

So, what's up with you and Jean?
You didn't want him to know; that's
why you lied about the due date.

MARIE

I like him a lot, because of what
he is. He's eight years younger
than me, but it doesn't seem to
bother him. He doesn't know about
Jenny, but he knows that John is
his father.

DAVID

Oh, now that's interesting. How?

MARIE

He pieced together some things. And
when that happened, he wanted to
end it. He didn't think it was
proper. Before that he wanted to
see me, to talk and have dinner.

DAVID

Were you sad? About it being over?

The WAIL of a tired baby interrupts Marie's answer and distracts her attention. She cocks her head and listens to Jenny while she rises to help with the baby. As she passes David, she strokes his hair.

MARIE

Yes, David. I was sad.

She's almost out of the room when David calls out.

DAVID

Thanks, Mom.

MARIE

For what, honey?

DAVID

For being honest with me. And for
treating me like an adult.

39 CONTINUED

39

Behind David, Marie is paused in the doorway. She smiles wistfully until another wail beckons her.

SCENE 40 INT. MORNING - MARIE'S HOME

40

The digital clock on the coffee machine reads 7:11 when the last of the percolating coffee drips into the carafe and the coffee maker BEEPS, BEEPS to signal the end of its task.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DAVID

Leaning against the kitchen bar between the two stools, the coffee maker's announcement disturbs some deep thoughts. He sighs and opens a cupboard to retrieve a mug.

Marie enters, smiling and sniffing. Her night clothes are covered by a terrycloth robe.

MARIE

Ah, hazelnut. And merry Christmas
to you, honey.

David smiles and retrieves another mug.

DAVID

Merry Christmas, Mom.

Aunt Grace comes in as Marie hugs David.

AUNT GRACE

Merry Christmas all.

MARIE and DAVID

(to Aunt Grace)

Merry Christmas.

David unwinds himself from Marie's hug and lifts another mug out of the cupboard. He lines up the mugs on the counter and pours steaming hot coffee into each. Marie is at the refrigerator pulling out a carton of creamer.

DAVID

Mom, Aunt Grace knows all this,
right?

40 CONTINUED

40

MARIE

Uhm-huh. She does.

DAVID

I've been thinking a lot about this. All night, just about. And there's one piece of this still missing.

Marie pours creamer into her mug and Aunt Grace's. David picks up his.

MARIE

What's that, honey?

DAVID

Jean Audette's mother. Dad's girlfriend. Who was she?

Marie looks at Aunt Grace, and David turns to stare at his great aunt. The implication causes an immediate denial.

AUNT GRACE

Well, don't look at me. I didn't even know your dad until he married Marie.

Marie seats herself on a stool. She is amused by Aunt Grace's reaction.

MARIE

I've been thinking, too, David. I guess we should agree on how we're handling all this information. I'm concerned.

DAVID

Mom, I'm not writing a story for the college paper. Come on!

MARIE

I didn't mean that. It's just more than I'm ready to share with the whole family. I'd like to keep this between the three of us. At least while things stay the way they are. If things change, then ... perhaps ... and, maybe, some day Jenny needs to be told, but until then ... okay?

40 CONTINUED

40

David and Aunt Grace nod solemnly over their coffee mugs. They have agreed to a pact of silence. Marie looks at each of them, and she is satisfied.

MARIE

Then, Ill tell you. Jean Audette's
mother is ...

SCENE 41 - INT. MORNING -- HARBORVIEW GALLERY

41

The front door opens into the gallery's interior, illuminated on a bright Saturday morning in May.

JACQUE

(voice-over)

Jeannette. Jeanette Mackenzie.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON GALLERY

Jacque strides into the gallery, scanning it for Jeannette.

JACQUE

Jeannette, honey.

JEANNETTE

(voice-over; from back room)

Coming. Just a minute.

Jacque checks the walls for anything that might be new. After two beats, Jeannette emerges from the back of the gallery, wiping her hands with a rag.

JEANNETTE

Hi, sweetheart. I'm surprised to
see you.

Jacque approaches her and takes her by the elbows in a near embrace.

JACQUE

Do you have time for lunch? I've
got a deal to discuss with you.

JEANNETTE

I can leave in 10 minutes when
Norma comes back; she's getting her
hair done.

41 CONTINUED

41

JACQUE

Great ... we're roughing it.

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF SCENES IN CAMDEN HARBOR

-- Instead of going into Cappy's, Jacque steers the surprised Jeannette down to the pier.

-- He invites her into the dinghy for "Sunrise."

-- With Jacque rowing, they approach the sloop moored on a buoy.

-- Aboard the yacht, Jacque helps Jeannette into the cabin where he has laid out a fancy lunch setting with chilled champagne.

-- Jeannette is delighted and amused; she toasts Jacque.

CUT TO:

NEW TWO-SHOT OF JEANNETTE AND JACQUE IN CABIN

In response to Jeannette's toast, Jacque takes a sip and places his champagne flute along the china plate where the remnants of lunch testify to a gourmet presentation.

He reaches across the narrow cabin table and, with both hands, embraces her right hand.

JACQUE

I love you, Jeannette. Will you do
me the great honor of becoming my
wife?

The proposal stuns Jeannette. While she does not withdraw her hand from Jacque's grasp, the rest of her is taken aback. Her left hand covers her eyes for a moment. Then, with eyes glistening, she looks tenderly at Jacque.

JEANNETTE

I love you, too, Jacque. But ...

Jacque clenches her hand tighter, eager, anxious, afraid of the "but."

41 CONTINUED

41

JACQUE

But what? If you love me, there's
no 'but' to stand in our way.

JEANNETTE

There is something I have to tell
you. After I do, you may retract
the proposal. I would understand.

JACQUE

There's nothing you could say that
would change my mind? What is it?
Are you a Yankees fan? A Communist?
You smoked pot when you were in
college? Don't matter ...
out with it.

Jeannette pulls her hand out and lifts her champagne
flute. She looks at Jacque over the rim of the glass as
she sips the bubbling liquid. She assesses the man across
the table, gauging how her revelation might affect him.

JEANNETTE

Jacque, I'm the mother of the boy
you adopted 32 years ago.

Contrary to his declaration, Jacque is surprised. He
slumps back in the dinette seat, mouth slightly agape.
His lips tighten and he looks away, out the porthole. He
coughs a bit to clear the shock out of his throat.

Jeannette reaches out for his hand, and she caresses it.

JEANNETTE

You've done well with him, and I
admire that. That's one reason I
fell in love with you. But there
are many other reasons, Jacque.

Jacque recovers some composure. His eyes are moist when
he looks back at Jeannette.

JACQUE

Jean will be home later today.
It had been my hope that we could
make an announcement, about us, at
dinner. But now ...

Jeannette nods. She understands.

41 CONTINUED

41

JEANNETTE

He needs to be told. And you need
to think about us. How about lunch
at my house tomorrow?

Jacque agrees with a facial expression that admits to the
needs of the situation.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CAMDEN SIDEWALK OUTSIDE GALLERY

David and a young woman about his age saunter by shops,
window-shopping and enjoying each other's company while
licking ice cream cones on a shopping trip. They behave
with intimacy, as boyfriend and girlfriend. The girl is
MAGGIE.

Coming upon the Harborview Gallery display window, David
stops. His attention has been diverted by something in
the gallery. The young woman doesn't notice and she
proceeds, continuing their stroll.

CUT TO:

DAVID'S POV OF DISPLAY

Amid a display of seascapes by Jeannette sits a large
water color painting of a young man at the helm of a
sailboat. His hair is wind-blown. His eyes squint into
the sunlight and out across the waves. The boat is
heeling and his right hand grips the tiller tightly, arms
muscles taut. He is smiling. This a man in love with the
moment.

It is a portrait of Jean.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON DAVID

John Walsh's son sees his late father, the man who also
loved to sail and taught David the skills. As he inspects
the painting, a wave of memories overcomes him and he is
transported back to a similar moment.

41 CONTINUED

41

After two beats, David shifts his glance to the display sign.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON PLACARD BELOW THE PAINTING

The hand-written label says: "Jean at the helm. Original watercolor by Jeannette Mackenzie. October 2001."

CUT TO:

WIDE ANGLE ON SIDEWALK

David looks up at the gallery's sign. Then he remembers his companion, and looks for her. He calls out and waves to her.

DAVID

Hey, Maggie. I'm going in here.

MAGGIE

OK. I'll be in the antiques store.

David enters the gallery. As he opens the door, we see Jeannette approaching the gallery on her return from the marina. She is taking her time, in deep thought about the developments in her life.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DAVID IN GALLERY

David is at the check-out counter, being helped by NORMA, a woman in her 40s whose appearance is meant to define her as an artist.

NORMA

The original is \$750.

Seeing David's sticker-shock, Norma tries to salvage a sale.

NORMA

But, we also have prints in various sizes and prices.

41 CONTINUED

41

David's interest is piqued. He nods and he follows Norma, who comes from behind the counter and leads him to the bins where Jeannette's prints can be inspected in shrink-wrapped stacks.

Jeanette enters the gallery's front door. She waves at Norma, who acknowledges her boss's arrival, but Jeannette does not recognize David, who is lifting a smaller version of the painting out of a bin.

NORMA

This is the smallest version we
have. It's \$25.

Jeannette goes to the framing table and we see her in the background as David makes a decision.

DAVID

I'll take this.

Norma leads him to the checkout counter and David pulls out his wallet and extracts three bills. Norma writes up the sales slip on an old-fashioned pad and punches a calculator to figure the sales tax.

DAVID

It's for Mother's Day. This looks a
lot like my father.

NORMA

That's nice. The total will be
\$26.13.

David's voice and the statement attract Jeannette's attention. Bent over a matting, her head jerks up in surprise. As David pays and receives change, Jeannette is staring him. She is remembering her first meeting with David's mother and the later storm with Marie, the anger and the recrimination.

When David turns from the counter, he discovers Jeannette staring at him. For several beats, they are locked into the glance.

41 CONTINUED

41

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON DAVID

He inspects the eyes of the woman who knows the secrets, who has alienated his mother and made her fearful of having a relationship with Jean. His eyes narrow a bit as he resists a surge of resentment, then soften as he begins to understand Jeannette's pain.

DAVID
(softly, to Jeannette)
Very much like my father.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON JEANNETTE

David's love for John strikes Jeannette. Tears well up in her eyes. She is unable to respond verbally but her expression conveys recognition of David's plight and for his love. He must know about Jean, about his father's quest, about his mother being berated. David buying a portrait of Jean is an act of love she cannot match. She knows the truth, but she has been selfish.

Jeannette nods, releasing some tears from her eyes.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON DAVID

After a brief smile of acknowledgment, David offers Jeannette some solace.

DAVID
(softly, to Jeannette)
Happy Mother's Day.

SCENE 42 EXT. DAY - MARIE'S HOUSE AND DRIVEWAY

42

The front door opens. In a bustle of activity and hurried conversation, Marie carries the 8-month-old Jenny to the car, followed by Aunt Grace. Marie places Jenny in the baby seat.

MARIE
She called last night. Said she
needed to talk with me.

42 CONTINUED

42

AUNT GRACE

Did she want to see Jenny?

MARIE

She didn't say, I don't think.
But I'm bringing her anyway.

Aunt Grace folds her arms, on the verge of disapproving.

AUNT GRACE

I just hope she's nicer to you
this time.

MARIE

She sounded sincere. I'm not
worried.

AUNT GRACE

Good luck.

Marie shuts the back-seat door and opens the driver's door. Before sliding behind the wheel, she leans over to peck Aunt Grace on the cheek.

MARIE

Thanks.

Aunt Grace leans down to offer one more sentiment.

AUNT GRACE

Remember, dear: Love is the glue.

Marie smiles, starts the car and waves as she backs out of the driveway. Marie drives out of the scene as Aunt Grace, arms folded across her chest, looks after her. She waves and is about to turn back for the door when a delivery van pulls into the driveway.

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON DRIVEWAY

Aunt Grace turns as the van pulls up. It is a delivery from Squire Hill Florist. The driver jumps out and pulls open the sliding side door. When he turns, he is offering Aunt Grace a bouquet of red roses wrapped in green tissue paper.

Aunt Grace grins.

42 CONTINUED

42

AUNT GRACE
The usual?

DRIVER
Yup. The usual, except he wanted a
Mother's Day card on this one.

AUNT GRACE
Thanks. See you soon.

DRIVER
Hope so. This has been good for
business.

He jumps into the van as Aunt Grace enters the house,
muttering to herself.

AUNT GRACE
Christmas. New Year's. Valentine's
Day. St. Patrick's Day. Marie's
birthday. But she never calls him.

There is a tone of exasperation in her voice.

AUNT GRACE
She's got no clue about the glue.

She nudges the door with a swing of her hip and it slams
shut.

SCENE 43 EXT. MORNING SAME DAY - JEANNETTE'S HOME

43

In a pan of the deck, we come upon Jeannette, who is
leaning tight against the rail, expectant.

Jeannette has spent some extra time on her appearance;
she is wearing makeup in a subtle acknowledgment of the
day's import and her expectations. A white blouse,
pleated skirt and sandals enhance her in-love charm. She
is focusing on a sailboat nearing her dock. She greets
the boat with a smile and an enthusiastic wave.

CUT TO:

JEANNETTE'S POV OF BOAT

It is the "Sunrise," with Jacque at the helm and Jean
making his way along the rail to pick up the mooring
rope. Both men return the wave. Jacque is grinning. He
leans down to steer the boat to the floating dock.

43 CONTINUED

43

We hear the sound of a CAR DOOR closing.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JEANNETTE

Jeannette is encouraged by Jacque's smile. She waves again and, while keeping an expectant eye on the boat, she walks along the deck to house. She is aware that a visitor has arrived.

We hear the sound of another CAR DOOR closing.

CUT TO:

JEANNETTE'S POV OF FRONT DOOR

Jeannette is approaching the door as the visitor RAPS twice, firmly but not loud. She grasps the handle and opens it to reveal a somber Marie, holding Jenny in the crook of her arm. The baby is alert and curious, her dark hair curling against her cheeks.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT OF JEANNETTE AND MARIE

Jeannette's surprise is brief, quickly replaced by a maternal emotion. Her mouth forms a circle, the silent "oooh" expressed eloquently by glistening eyes and a wide smile. The baby is now part of her life, an introduction she cannot ever forget or deny. And she finds herself instantly charmed.

MARIE

This is Jenny. I'm hoping you'd
like to help me raise your
granddaughter.

Jeannette melts, and she steps forward, near Jenny. She reaches for one of the baby's hands. Jenny clutches Jeannette's fingers.

JEANNETTE

Hello, Jenny. I'm very happy to
meet you.

43 CONTINUED

43

Suddenly remembering Jacque's and Jean's approach with a quick glance over her shoulder, Jeannette steps aside and gestures for Marie to enter.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DECK

Marie, the baby and Jeannette emerge from the house onto the sunlit deck. Jeannette checks the ladder end of the deck for the sailors, but we see only the masts with sails furled.

Jeannette reconnects with Jenny's little fingers and she smiles.

JEANNETTE

I think it's time for Jean to know
about Jenny. It's time for me ...

JACQUE

(voice-over; interrupting)
Hello!

CUT TO:

NEW ANGLE ON DECK

Jacque is standing on the deck after climbing up the dock ladder. He reaches down to grasp a paper-wrapped wine bottle from Jean, who is climbing up behind him. When his head is above the deck level, Jean sees Marie and the baby. He is frozen for a beat, and then he grins eagerly and finishes the climb.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JEANNETTE AND MARIE

Still holding Jenny's hand, Jeannette checks Marie's expression when Jean comes into view. Marie is surprised but there is a gleam of pleasure in her eyes. She glances sideways at Jeannette with a "you-set-this-up" expression. Then, she smiles. She has missed Jean, been wooed by his flowers and his overtures, and she welcomes the unveiling of the truths that have been secreted by both women on the deck.

43 CONTINUED

43

CUT TO:

WIDE ANGLE ON DECK (A CONTINUOUS SHOT OF FIVE IN SCENE)

It is time. The truth is about to be revealed.

Except for the placid infant, the players react according to the truths unknown to them. They express a medley of profound emotion: surprise, shock, happiness, satisfaction and hope.

Jean stands in front of Marie, searching her face and finding in her eyes a welcome. He takes her free hand and turns to Jenny, who is still clutching Jeannette's fingers.

JEANNETTE

(to Jean and Jacques)

I'd like you to meet my
granddaughter.

MARIE

(to Jean)

She's your daughter, Jean.

Jacques and Jean try to connect the information. Although Jean is elated by the pronouncement, the Audettes have question marks on their faces. Jeannette helps them along.

JEANNETTE

(to Jean)

I'm your biological mother, Jean.

Jacques knows this, so now he focuses on Marie and the baby just identified as Jean's.

JACQUES

(to Marie)

Hello, I'm Jean's father,
Jacques Audette. And you?

JEAN

(to Jacques)

This is Marie Welch, dad.
And I love her. We met last winter
in the Keys.

43 CONTINUED

43

For a beat, that satisfies Jacque. Jean turns to Jeannette, who has been staring at her son, hoping for some acceptance, some emotion.

JEAN

(to Jeannette and Jacque, with a rasp in his voice)
I'll always love the mother who raised me.

JEANNETTE

(to Jean)
I understand. It's just that I needed to tell you that because ... because ...

JACQUE

(to Jean and Jeannette)
Because I have asked Jeannette to marry me.

For two beats of surprise and astonishment from Marie and Jean, the tableau is quite still.

JEAN

(to Jeannette)
I hope you can make my father a happier man.

Jean turns to Marie.

JEAN

(to Marie and Jenny)
I would like to get to know you better, Marie. And my daughter ...

Marie promises Jean some of her future with her eyes before she looks at Jenny, considering her options. Smiling with moist eyes, she hands Jenny to Jean.

With Jeannette still attached to one little fist, Jean relishes the feel of the child. He kisses her cheek.

Jacque approaches his son and Jeanette, and his granddaughter. He puts an arm around Jeannette's waist.

43 CONTINUED

43

JACQUE

(to all)

My proposal of marriage is still good, but is there ANYTHING else that should be said today?

CUT TO:

HIGH SHOT OF DECK

The five people on the deck begin a slow walk to the glass doors of Jeannette's house. They are connected by touch, by arms, by commitment. It is a scene conveying hope for the future and for the network of love just established. As we rise high above the deck, Marie answers Jacque's question.

MARIE

Yes, there is. Jean's biological dad was my late husband.

JACQUE

Good grief! Honey, I need a martini!

HOLD for two beats. Then we can distinguish Jean placing his free arm around Marie and pulling her close.

JEAN

Well, happy Mother's Day ... to both of you. To all of us.

The water of West Penobscot Bay glistens and foams against the shore of Owls Head as the five people on the deck enter the house. From the height now achieved all we hear is the plaintive CAW-CAW of gulls.

THE END