OVERBOARD
by
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Property of: MGM STUDIOS

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EXT. AN OREGON HARBOR - ESTABLISH - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS: Local fishermen. Baiting their lines. Sitting in the sun. Kidding each other. We finally focus on TWO LOCALS, bearded lumberjack types carrying fishing nets, walking down the pier. They stop and and whistle in awe at the sight of

A HUGE YACHT,

the S.S. Immaculata, glaringly out of place, docked among the tiny fishing boats.

   LOCAL #1
   Whoa-oh! Whose little baby is that?

   LOCAL #2
   Nobody we're ever gonna know.

   LOCAL #1
   Could be tourists.

   LOCAL #2
   Huh! What kind of re-tard tourists'd stop here?

EXT. YACHT CABIN WINDOW

We see the faces of JOANNA STAYTON and her husband, GRANT, peering disdainfully through the glass at the town.

INT. YACHT CABIN

It's sumptuously furnished, with the kind of taste and elegance only New Yorkers enjoy. Grant Stayton, nautically attired, is a good-looking man, but somewhat anaemic -- the virility has been bred out of him from generations of wealth. His wife, Joanna, a stunning blonde with severely laquered hair, turns away from the window in a cold fury.

   JOANNA
   (in the haughty, imperious tone of a woman spoiled from birth)
   Where. Are. We.

   GRANT
   (peering at a map)
   I think ... Elk Cove, Oregon.

   JOANNA
   The teeming metropolis of Elk Cove. (pacing, furious)
   I do not, do not BELIEVE that this is happening.
GRANT
It's not going to happen--
(calling loudly)
Andrew!! Tell them to try it again!

From the bowels of the boat comes the asthmatic wheeze of an engine trying to turn over.

JOANNA
I don't suppose it occurred to you to have the boat examined before we left?

GRANT
(testy)
Why should it?! This yacht has never once broken down, not once in 20 years!

JOANNA
Or been serviced, apparently.
(pacing again)
Ugh! I can't believe I was lunatic enough to go out in the open sea in one of your heirlooms!

GRANT
(this touches a nerve)
This is the Stayton yacht, kings and Presidents have been entertained on this yacht, the least you could do is appreciate it--

JOANNA
I'd appreciate it a lot more if it had closet space.
(calling imperiously)
Andrew!! Start it again!!

The engine gives a sickly gurgle and dies.

JOANNA
Oh, for god's sake.

She sweeps out of the cabin. Grant sighs and follows.

EXT. BELOW DECK - ENGINE ROOM

Joanna looks down at two CREW MEMBERS, up to their elbows in greasy engine. Overseeing this operation is ANDREW, the Stayton's distinguished, 50-ish manservant.

JOANNA
Andrew, how much longer is this going to take?
ANDREW
Depending on the availability of parts ... two days.

JOANNA
(drawing herself up)
Excuse me?

The crew members stammer simultaneous explanations. Joanna turns to Andrew, speaking as though they weren't there.

JOANNA
Obviously the innards of this boat are a complete mystery to them ... that's reassuring ...

She sweeps out of the room, ignoring further explanations.

EXT. THE DECK

As Grant emerges from their cabin, Joanna strides past him to the retracted gangplank and issues an order to another passing CREW MEMBER.

JOANNA
Put this down.

GRANT
{grabbing her arm}
What are you doing!

JOANNA
{as though addressing a retard}
I am not remaining on this boat for two days ... I am going for a walk on dry land.

GRANT
Are you insane!?

JOANNA
Why would that be insane?

GRANT
Joanna, this is obviously a town of impoverished rednecks -- they're bitter and resentful of people like us.

JOANNA
The point being...?

GRANT
They might hurt us!
JOANNA
They might disgust us, I sincerely doubt they'll hurt us.

GRANT
(getting worked up)
You have no idea, Joanna, what kind of squalid, amoral lives these people lead! And it's time you started to think about it ... they may well take over in our lifetime--!

JOANNA
Oh, please.

GRANT
Well, why not?! They breed like rabbits ... there are more and more of them all the time ... and less of us, because--(pointedly)
--some of us refuse to reproduce!

JOANNA
I don't breed, dogs breed, and if you're so concerned about my safety, why don't you just come with me?

GRANT
I am barely safe aboard this boat! These people would like nothing better than to kidnap a Stayton! We are not ending up prisoners with parts of our bodies sent to our families until they pay some obscene ransom!

JOANNA
Grant. Don't be an imbicile.

GRANT
(starting to hyperventilate)
They could storm this boat at any moment! Taking the silver ... grubby hands pawing through your jewelry ...

JOANNA
Grant, stop it!!

He manages, with an effort, to regulate his breathing.

JOANNA
Before this escalates to epilepsy, let me assure you, I will not, repeat, not set foot off this boat. I will rot here for two days. All right? But I'm going to require some sort of project.
GRANT

Project?

JOANNA
(off his blank look)
Project. A productive activity ...?
For me ...? To do ...?

EXT. AN OREGON HIGHWAY - MORNING

A battered old crew cab truck with non-existent shock absorbers goes bumping along the road.

INT. TRUCK CAB - MOVING

DEAN PROFFITT, the driver, a good-looking, rural charmer in his late 30's, is singing rowdily along with the C&W tune on the radio - one of those real weepers, dripping with self pity. Between his knees is a 7-11 styrofoam cup of coffee; he munches a Hostess powdered sugar doughnut -- breakfast. On the seat beside him, on the floor and all over the dash, is copious evidence that Dean is a father: a beach ball, toy trucks, kids' books, a large artificial tarantula, a stuffed Gumby, etc. Dean pulls up to

THE PIER

and gets out of the truck, wiping the powdered sugar crumbs from his mouth and blinks in awe at the yacht. Looks at the slip of paper in his hand. Yup. This is the place.

THE YACHT

Dean, carrying his tool kit, approaches tentatively.

DEAN

Hullo ...?

GRANT's face, twisted with paranoid terror, pops up like a Jack-in-the-box from behind the railing of the boat. He brandishes a sterling silver candlelabra like a weapon.

GRANT
(terrified)
Get back! Get back or I'll have to hurt you!

Dean is taken aback but hardly frightened.

DEAN

Uh ... somebody call for a carpenter?

Grant slowly puts the candelabra down.
THE DECK OF THE YACHT

Joanna and Grant stride across the deck, Grant at Joanna's elbow, nervously peering back as Dean follows them.

DEAN
I heard you got an emergency ...?

GRANT
(as though Dean weren't there)
Does he have references?

DEAN
Uh ... local references? Uh ... no ...
I just moved up to this area, but
Hey, I've been doing this shi -- this
kinda work for years ...

GRANT
I'm very uncomfortable with this, Joanna.

JOANNA
It's my project, and therefore
of no concern to you.

GRANT
We don't know this person ... he
could be a serial killer!

JOANNA
It's entirely possible.

DEAN
(amiably)
Hey, hey, hey. You got an
emergency? We can do a blood test and
a bunch of fingerprints right now, or
I can just get started. Huh?

He smiles winningly at Joanna, but his charm, which is decidedly rural, escapes her. She looks at him coldly.

DEAN
Now what seems to be the problem?

INT. CABIN OF YACHT - DAY

Joanna holds open the door to an expansive closet.

JOANNA
Well, you can see how inadequate it
all is... you would think they could
build in some shoe racks! And we need
JOANNA
(cont'd)
these rods extended ... I'd actually like
this compartmentalized so I can separate
linens, wools, silks and crepes...

DEAN
Wait, wait wait . . . You want me
to remodel a closet?

JOANNA
(patronizingly)
Isn't that what I've been
explaining in some detail?

Andrew appears, bringing a tray with some Perrier water, crackers
and caviar. Without even acknowledging his presence, she spreads
some on a cracker and takes a bite.

JOANNA
Excuse me? What is this?

ANDREW
Caviar, Mrs. Stayton.

JOANNA
(weary with the world's
stupidity)
Must I specify, when I ask
you to pack caviar, that it be good
caviar, and not fish bait?!
Or is that too great a leap?
(turning back to Dean)
You have 48 hours. I suggest you
get started.

With that, she sweeps from the room -- or almost sweeps from the
room -- the width of her shoulder pads block her from getting
through the door. Attempting to retain her dignity, she turns
sideways and exits. Dean turns to Andrew, sympathetically.

DEAN
You always get that shit?

ANDREW
Oh, this is a good day.

CU- THE CLOSET - A DAY LATER - 3/4 REMODELED

Dean, shirtless, is working away quickly and efficiently ... the
closet looks greatly improved and it's clear that he knows what
he's doing. His concentration is somewhat marred, however, by
the imperious tones of Joanna wafting through the open window,
from the deck outside.
JOANNA'S VOICE
Hello, Dudley, this is Mrs. Stayton.
I'm up in ... Elk Snout, or something ...
Well, I've been laugishing on hold.
Are they starting the auction? Thank god ... I want to put in a bid on...
the Moore, the big piece, the dancing woman. What are we starting at? 750?

EXT. THE DECK

Joanna, in a revealing bathing suit, sits in a deckside chair at an outdoor table, playing backgammon with Grant while conducting a phone call.

JOANNA
All right ... I'll bid one.
(beat)
One-two.
(beat)
One-five.
(beat)
One seven.
(beat)
Good! Good! All right, that's one million, seven hundred thousand?

From inside the yacht cabin there is the CLUNK! of heavy tools being dropped ...

INT. YACHT CABIN

Dean, his tools on the floor, stands openmouthed at the prospect of that sum of money being bandied about.

DEAN
Jeeeesus.

JOANNA'S VOICE
(continuing)
Good, my card number is 012-359-9131.
No, it's platinum, of course there's no limit ... this is Mrs. Grant Stayton!
I should hope so.

There is the click! of the receiver being replaced and the SOUND of approaching footsteps. Dean quickly returns to work as Joanna comes striding in. Now that we have a better look at her, we see what a flimsy piece of work this bathing suit is: the legs are French-cut so high we can even see a strawberry-shaped birthmark on her haunch. She puts her hands on her hips ... she's beautiful, imperious ... and completely unaware that between Dean's shirtlessness and her revealing suit there are two attractive, only partially clothed adults alone in a very small room.
JOANNA
Well, the boat appears to be functioning, so I'd appreciate it if you'd stop eavesdropping and finish your ...
(trailing off, pointing at closet)
What is this?

DEAN
That's called "wood." It's oak.

JOANNA
Oak. An oak closet. Why am I even amazed?

DEAN
I donno. Why are you amazed?

JOANNA
One would have hoped you'd know that closets are cedar, otherwise, we get moths.

DEAN
Lady, there's not a real big moth problem off the Pacific Coast.

JOANNA
This discussion is pointless; you'll have to rip all this out.

DEAN
(trying to keep his temper)
Okay ... you want cedar? Fine. Fine. But that'll add three hundred to my estimate.

JOANNA
(coldly)
I beg your pardon.

DEAN
Look, I already bought the oak --

JOANNA
Well, I'm certainly not paying for that --!

DEAN
Well, I'm not eating it when you didn't ask for cedar --

JOANNA
The civilized world knows about cedar closets --
DEAN
(imitating a hillbilly)
Well, ma'am, up here in Elk
Snout we don't know about
closets ... nor bathrooms, neither --
you're lucky I'm housebroke!

JOANNA
You were listening to us!

DEAN
It was kinda hard to avoid!

JOANNA
Well, you'll avoid it very
easily in the future, because
you're fired!

She strides out. He follows, angry.

EXT. DECK OF YACHT

DEAN
Fine with me, except you owe
me $600.00!

JOANNA
The job wasn't done to my
satisfaction!

DEAN
I got news for you: no job will
ever be done to your satisfaction!

JOANNA
That is quite enough! Get out!

DEAN
Look, I worked for that $600
and I want it!

JOANNA
Grant! Where are you?!

DEAN
Oh, for --! You know what your
problem is? You're so goddam
bored, you don't have a goddam
thing on this earth to do, except
your hair, you gotta invent things
to bitch about! Your closet was fine.
You just wanted something to take up
your fucking useless empty nail-doing,
suntanning, rich bitch days!
During this speech he advances on her in anger, not particularly meaning anything by it, but Joanna is sure she's going to be raped.

JOANNA
Grant!!! Don't ... don't you dare touch me!

DEAN
Touch you! Not a chance.
(beat)
Even though what you need is a sock in the mouth and a six-foot dick!

Joanna gasps in absolute horror and, in a quick instinctive reaction, pushes at Dean's chest with all her might. He stagers backwards onto the gangplank... she pushes again, and he FALLS OFF THE BOAT, hitting the water with a SPLASH. She quickly unties the boat from the pier.

JOANNA
Andrew! Start the engine!

A few seconds pass. The boat starts.

THE WATER
Dean flails, sputtering.

DEAN
Hey! My tools!!

In answer, his tools come hurtling down into the water beside him.

THE YACHT
takes off.

EXT. DECK OF THE MOVING YACHT

Joanna throws that last hammer over the side, eyes full of tears. Though she'd rather die than admit it to herself, Dean's words hit a nerve. Joanna now does what she always does in times of crisis -- grabs her phone and dials a familiar number.

JOANNA
(after a beat)
Hello, mother.

INT. A RITZY NEW YORK BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

EDITH MORGAN, Joanna's handsome and excessively wealthy mother, is lunching on one diet wafer and black coffee, though it's
taking three servants and half the sterling in New York to serve her these items. (It's clear that Joanna learned her imperious manner at her mother's knee.)

EDITH
(into phone)
What?! Are you serious? Darling, I'm really at a loss to understand this ... what on earth do you care what some carpenter from ... Elk Whoosis thinks of you?

BACK TO JOANNA
You're right ... he's beneath my contempt ... I'm sure this is all PMS.

BACK TO EDITH
Well, what are you doing on your feet? Go to bed! You can't possibly be expected to deal with cretins when you're having your period ... or anything else! Two days in bed! Are you listening to me?

BACK TO JOANNA
(fondly)
As usual, mother, you're absolutely right.

BACK TO EDITH
Let's just hope you succeeded in drowning him.

EXT. A BATTERED TRAILER - DAY

A signpost reads "Billy Pratt -- General Contractor, and the front yard is filled with the lumber and tools to prove it. Dean's station wagon pulls up and Dean gets out, hair plastered to his head, and storms up to into the trailer, dripping water up its front steps.

INT. TRAILER

This is BILLY PRATT's combined office and living quarters. Billy, Dean's old friend, is a big, overweight, genial guy -- not a world-beater for brains, but with a good heart. He sits hunched over a none-too-clean desk, drawing up some plans, as Dean angrily bangs the door closed.

BILLY
(without looking up)
How'd it go?

Dean hurtles a piece of seaweed onto Billy's desk.
EXT. TRAILER

Dean stomps out, followed by BILLY.

BILLY
Whacha mad at me for?

DEAN
(imitating Billy)
"You oughtta move up here. I'll get you work" --! Great work, I'm out 600 bucks, half my tools... now I get to drip dry -- thank you!

BILLY
I didn't know her -- her butler just called up! Look, I'm sorry! I'll get you another job.

DEAN
No more jobs!

BILLY
It's a big contract.
(enticingly)
Build a miniature golf course ...? Biggest one in four counties ...?

DEAN
(intrigued)
Yeah ...? I love miniature golf.

BILLY
Yeah, and this is a monster contract, I think we could get it ...

He puts his arm around Dean and leads him back into the trailer.

INT. TRAILER
Billy shows Dean the plans he was working on.

BILLY
I been working up a bid ... I got a great theme for it ... "The Seven Wonders of the World."

DEAN
Yeah ...!
(beat)
But there's 18 holes, right?

BILLY
Yeah.
DEAN
Don't we need some more wonders?

BILLY
(he hadn't thought of that)
Yeah ... we'll need ... 11 wonders.

Both men think for a moment.

DEAN
Dolly Parton! She's a wonder!

BILLY
Good one! Write that down.
(looking out window)
Uh ... maybe we better do this later.

DEAN
(scribbling away)
Why? We're on a roll.

BILLY
'Cause Mrs. Burbidge is here.

Dean looks nervously out the window.

DEAN'S POV -- BILLY'S FRONT YARD

MRS. BURBIDGE, a steely-eyed middle-aged woman gets out of her car and starts for the trailer.

INT. TRAILER

DEAN
(panicked)
Shit! Shit, shit!
(pacing -- trapped)
God damn it, I moved up here to get away from social workers! How'd they get on my ass in two weeks?!
Man, I don't believe it! This thing got a back door?

Dean races into the trailer's tiny second room.

BILLY

Nope.

INT. TRAILER BACK ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Burbidge stands, blocking the doorway, catching Dean in the process of trying to pry the window open.
DEAN
Heh ... how's it going?

MRS. BURBIDGE
I didn't find you at home, Mr. Proffitt.
(beat)
Sit down.

Dean sits uncomfortably on Billy's unmade bed, miserably conscious of still being dripping wet. He discreetly takes a soggy sleeve and wrings it out into a potted plant.

MRS. BURBIDGE
I did, however, find your children at home. And we have some serious concerns that they're not being provided with a wholesome environment.

DEAN
(hotly)
Are you saying I'm a bad father?!

MRS. BURBIDGE
Me? No. No I'm not, but ... (sighs)
My colleagues are alarmed by your house.

DEAN
(unable to argue with that)
All right, look. Your colleagues got kids? Kids are messy.

MRS. BURBIDGE
Live mushrooms growing out of the carpet strike us as ... excessive.

DEAN
They're not poison!

MRS. BURBIDGE
Mr. Proffitt, where is the mother of these children?

DEAN
Dead for seven years, now what does that have to do with --

MRS. BURBIDGE
Seven years is a long time to be without a female influence in the house. It seems to have made them ... incorrigible.
DEAN
Nah! You wouldn't think that once you got to know them!

MRS. BURBIDGE
It's hard to get past the first impressions, Mr. Proffitt. I saw, with my own eyes, the bigger boys trying to suffocate the littlest --

DEAN
No -- see, it's a game they play with each other -- it's called "Hide the Brother in the Convertible Sofa" --

COUNSELOR
Mr. Proffitt -- Dean -- I'm sorry. You're going to have to provide a more regular income and a less turbulent environment or we're going to have to recommend that these children be put in a foster home.

DEAN
You can't --! That's --
(realizing she can)
I did work, I'm owed six hundred bucks! The woman wouldn't pay me!

SOCIAL WORKER
Then I suggest you find her.

INT. CABIN OF STAYTON YACHT - NIGHT

We PAN from the dresser, where we see, deposited, all of the jewelry Joanna was wearing in the previous scene, to THE BED, where she lies in a Camille-like pose, heating pad on her stomach, a snifter of cognac and a box of chocolates near at hand. Grant is in bed next to her, in a robe over pajamas, watching TV.

JOANNA
Must you run that thing?

GRANT
Yes. I must, it's good for my nerves, it has a tawdry escapist quality.

JOANNA
What you have to escape from I cannot possibly imagine.

Grant slowly turns and looks at her. She is, obviously,
something he'd like to escape from very much. Oblivious, she sits up bolt upright.

JOANNA
Grant! I left my platinum credit card up on deck!

GRANT
Then go and get it.

JOANNA
I am doubled over with cramps ... do you think I'm lying here for my own amusement?

Grant shoots her another look. That's exactly what he's thinking.

GRANT
(weary)
I'll go ... in a minute.

JOANNA
In a minute it could be blown overboard, do you know the Sandinista tortures you have to go through to get one of those replaced? Ugh ... never mind, this is obviously asking too much of your energies ...

With a groan of hypochondria she rises from her sickbed.

EXT. THE DECK - BY MOONLIGHT

Joanna, in a diaphanous white robe and high heeled slippers (seriously inappropriate deckwear) appears, hair and robe sent immediately askance in the stiff nautical breeze. She teeters across the rocking deck to the telephone table ... no card. Impatiently she looks around, sees ...

HER CREDIT CARD,

shining softly in the moonlight, which has evidently been blown over the railing to the unrailed prow of the ship.

JOANNA
peers over the railing, not about to set foot out there herself.

JOANNA
Grant!!!
(no response)
ANDREW!!!
INT. YACHT CABIN

Grant, hearing her cries, turns up the volume on the TV.

INT. LOWER CABIN

Andrew, enjoying a well-earned glass of wine, turns up the volume on his stereo. Her strident voice is soothingly eclipsed by Mozart.

EXT. DECK

Still calling their names, Joanna watches angrily as the card slides still further from the railing. Heaving a sigh of monumental annoyance with her help, Joanna unfastens and opens the small gate to the unguarded prow of the ship. Then, with one perfectly manicured hand firmly grasping the rail, she steps out, retrieves her card, steps back through the gate, puts the card on the table, and, putting her hand to her collarbone, takes a deep breath at the scope of her exertions.

The ship chooses this moment to give a tremendous LURCH -- JOANNA IS FLUNG VIOLENTLY BACKWARDS AGAINST THE GATE, WHICH (because she forgot to latch it) SWINGS OPEN, CAPITULATING JOANNA BACK TO THE UNGUARDED PROW, WHERE SHE TEETERS ONE INCH FROM THE EDGE. She tries to get back to the railing, but

THE HEEL OF HER SHOE

lodges firmly in a crack, and

JOANNA

can't move her right leg!

(terrified)

GRAAAAAAA----!!

A final lurch sends her toppling backwards, and -- SPLASH! She's overboard, flailing wildly to stay afloat.

INT. CABIN OF YACHT

Grant now has the TV turned up so high she's inaudible.

THE SEA - BY MOONLIGHT

And we see the soggy white robe floating -- no Joanna.

THE YACHT

surges on without her.
EXT. MAIN STREET IN ELK COVE - DAY

Dean's truck (side view) drives up, stops at a light. We hear, through the rolled-down window, Dean avidly complaining to Billy, who sits beside him in the front seat.

DEAN
So that's it! She's out in the middle of the Pacific with my money, that I earned, I can't even hire a housekeeper --

The truck pulls out of frame. And now we see that it was pulled up alongside

AN APPLIANCE STORE

--with a window full of TVs -- all of them on -- and on all of them, a picture of JOANNA. We hold on the window as we hear the SCREECH of BRAKES and Dean drives back INTO FRAME. He leaps out of the car, leaving the motor running, and stares in the store window. Yes, it's Joanna on television. Dean and Billy get out, approach the window.

DEAN
That's her!

BILLY
The bitch?

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE
(faintly audible through glass)
Does this face look familiar to you? We at K-ELK hope it does to one of you, because this little lady is an amnesiac -- that is, she has no idea who she is!

Dean gawks.

NEWSCASTER
Here's the beach where our mystery woman was found, unclothed, unconscious, and in shock ...

We see a dazed Joanna, wrapped in a blanket, being escorted from the beach by police.

NEWSCASTER
She has no idea how she got there -- or who she is. So far she has been unable to tell authorities her own name.
THE TV – INT. A HOSPITAL – ON JOANNA

She’s in a hospital gown, looking very peevved as reporters thrust microphones at her.

JOANNA
(disoriented)
Of course I know it, I'm ... I'm ...
(snapping with frustration)
This is absolutely absurd, of course I know, how could one not know one's own --
(waving away the microphones)
Could you remove those?
I don't wish to discuss this.

INT. YACHT CABIN – MORNING

Grant has fallen asleep with the TV on. He yawns, opens one eye, closes it -- and both eyes pop open as he sees Joanna's face on

THE TV

still on from the night before. We then see A POLICE SERGEANT with large red welts down the side of his face, obviously the result of being raked by female claws.

SERGEANT
So if any of you have any idea who this mystery woman is, please come to the Elk Cove police station. There is a reward.

Grant sits bolt upright as another picture of Joanna flashes onto the screen.

NEWSCASTER
To repeat today's top story, a woman with amnesia was found at dawn this morning --

Grant rushes from the room.

EXT. DECK OF YACHT

Grant rushes out, shielding his hungover eyes from the glare. He looks around, sees only

JOANNA'S HIGH HEEL

sticking forlornly out of the prow of the deck.

GRANT
Oh, shit. Andrew!!
EXT. THE YACHT - LONG SHOT

--as it does a 180-degree and heads back the way it came.

EXT. A PIER - DAY

The yacht docks back at the pier. Grant, tucking a long sterling carving knife into his belt, nervously descends the gangplank and starts tentatively down the pier. He freezes with terror as two LOCAL FISHERMEN come down the pier towards him ... and pass him with utter disinterest. Grant takes a deep breath and starts off down the main street.

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - DAY

This is a tiny little pit stop, not meant for dealing with serious criminals. Dean and Billy stand out front, in mid-argument.

BILLY
She don't even remember her own name -- you think she's gonna remember she owes you 600 bucks?!

DEAN
Well, she does, whether she knows it or not!

During this conversation, Grant makes his nervous way up the steps without noticing them -- but Dean catches a glimpse of him disappearing into the police station.

DEAN
Hey! That's her husband -- he remembers --

BILLY
(restraining Dean)
Uh-huh, so, what, you're gonna go kick this guy's ass in the middle of a police station?

DEAN
No, I'll wait here, I'll kick his ass when he comes out! That all right with you?

INT. POLICE STATION

Grant approaches the COP on duty.

GRANT
Excuse me ... I think my wife is here ...
COP

All right!
(calling)
Hank!! Guy's here for the mystery bitch!
(catching himself)
...sorry... I guess you know
she's quite a little handful...
this way...

He leads Grant into
AN ADJACENT ROOM

Grant approaches a one-way mirror and looks in, seeing...

JOANNA

in a detention cell, surrounded by cops and a LOCAL DOCTOR. She is wearing a man's shirt and trousers and -- what else? -- complaining away.

JOANNA
Are you seriously telling me I have no medical recourse?

DOCTOR
There isn't a whole hell of a lot I know about amnesia.

JOANNA
(patronizingly)
Yes, I can see that. Would it be asking too much to obtain the opinion of a specialist?

DOCTOR
(amused)
Oh, like a amnesia doctor? Yeah, we must have half a dozen of those.

Snickers from the cops. Joanna bristles.

JOANNA
Would it be asking too much of your manners to tell me what other doctors you do have?

DOCTOR
Couple good vets.

More snickers.
JOANNA
Listen to me. As of right now my life history seems to consist of a dirty beach, policemen, a pack of reporters, and a breakfast of extremely runny eggs over easy ... I refuse, refuse, to be incarcerated like a criminal, while no efforts are being made to locate someone who can either identify or cure me --!

ON GRANT
His mouth open. So it's really true.

COP
Is that her?

Grant watches Joanna, who continues to bitch, pouring forth a torrent of indignation. A slow smile spreads over his face as the beauty of the opportunity hits him.

GRANT
No. I've never seen her before in my life.

The Cop sighs.

COP
I can't tell you how sorry I am to hear that.

EXT. POLICE STATION
Dean and Billy back out of sight as Grant emerges, the Cop following hopefully.

COP
Know anybody who might know her?

GRANT
Gee, I'm sorry. Good luck!

Chuckling to himself, Grant walks down the front steps, then gives a gleeful little hop as he starts off down the street. Dean stares after him.

DEAN
You see that?! He's skipping out on her!

BILLY
So? Go kick his ass! He's getting away!
DEAN
Sh! I'm thinking.

BILLY
Since when?

Dean ignores this, watching Grant recede out of view with an unusually pensive expression. A smile begins to curl his lips.

EXT. THE YACHT

Grant bounds up the gangplank like Gene Kelley, stopping short as he sees Andrew waiting for him on deck. He composes his face into a mask of tragedy.

GRANT
Mrs. Stayton has decided to leave me.

ANDREW
(elated)
That's --!
(pulling himself together)
... ahem ... unfortunate, I'm so sorry. Will we be returning to New York?

GRANT
(heartbroken)
No. No ... I need time ... to think ... to be alone ... to heal ... (lightly)
I think we should continue with our world cruise exactly as planned.

ANDREW
Without Mrs. Stayton?

GRANT
I need to forget.

ANDREW
Yes, sir.

REED
And let's get away from here ... let's go south.

ANDREW
Where, exactly, sir, did you have in mind.

Grant gazes moodily out to sea.
INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Dean, hair combed & tin, clean shirt, grins winningly at the cop on duty.

DEAN
Yes ... I'm here to pick up my wife.

The cop gasps with gratitude.

COP
Really?! Okay. Okay. Now freeze, stay right there, I'll get the sarge.
(calling)
Sarge!! We got her husband!!

Billy, who is here with Dean, yanks him aside.

BILLY
(low)
Dean, c'mon man, let's get outta here --

DEAN
No! That woman owes me 600 dollars.
(a sly grin)
I'm gonna take it out in trade.

BILLY
And you think they're just gonna give you that woman?

The SERGEANT appears, beaming, greeting Dean energetically.

SERGEANT
Hey, brother. Great to see ya!
(aside to the cop, low)
JEE-sus, I thought we'd never get rid of the bitch --

Dean's hand lunges into frame, grabs the Sergeant and slams him up against the wall, Clint Eastwood style. The Sergeant's feet dangle inches off the ground.

DEAN

SERGEANT
(terrified)
Oh, hey, well ... you know as well as anybody ... she gets a little ...
SERGEANT (cont'd)

heh ... hard on the ears ... I'll
... uh ... just go get her ...

He backs out of the room.

COP

Here are ... uh ... a few personal
effects seem to've washed up with her ...

He hands Dean a paper bag. Dean inspects its contents,
pulls out

A LACY PAIR OF UNDERWEAR

monogramed "J.S."

COP

And you might as well take these ... we were gonna send these over the A.P.
wires, but now that you're here ...

The cop hands Dean

SEVERAL PHOTOS OF JOANNA

obviously in mid-tirade. She looks pissed.

DEAN

Thanks a lot.

Dean hurriedly stuffs these items into his overcoat pocket
as we HEAR, from down the hall, the inevitable torrent of
vehement opinions that mean Joanna is being brought out.

BILLY

You're on your own with this one,
man. I'm gonna swear under oath
I had nothing to do with this ...

He ducks out of the station as

A DOCTOR

enters with Joanna in tow. Dean beams with recognition and
steps forward. Joanna frowns as she takes in this
handsome, flannel-shirted, blue-jeanned roughneck.

DEAN

Annie!

Before she can say a word he crosses to her, takes her in
his arms and plants a huge kiss right on her mouth.
She squirms, breaking away.
JOANNA
What do you think you're -- ugh!
Who is this man!

DEAN
(hurt)
Annie ... you don't know me?

JOANNA
Certainly not.

Dean looks at the doctor, as though bewildered by Joanna's cold glare. The doctor takes him aside.

DOCTOR
Your wife's had an almost total loss of memory.

DEAN
(as though overcome)
Oh ... god!  How long will it last?

DOCTOR
No way to tell ... Could be a week, could be a year. We really don't know much about this kind of thing ..

DEAN
(shaking his head)
I ... I can't believe she wouldn't know her own husband.

JOANNA
(breaking in)
Husband!
(to doctor)
This missing link person is not my husband!

She shakes her head, shrinking against the wall in horror.

DEAN
Oh, Annie --

"Annie ..."
(to herself, trying it out)
Annie. No. It's not right. It's not my name.

DOCTOR
(to Dean)
You'll have to start all over with her. She's had a major shock.
Dean approaches her, eyes brimming with tenderness.
concern.

DEAN
Annie ... god, this is crazy ... well, everything is gonna be okay.
I'm Dean Proffitt --

JOANNA
All right. I realize that I don't remember numerous things, but I truly, from
the depths of my soul, do NOT remember you. Don't you think there'd
be some spark of recognition?

DEAN
(ardently)
Well ... maybe you'll spark to this.

He sweeps her into his arms and kisses her passionately.
She breaks free.

JOANNA
Ugh! I don't believe it! This could be some stranger off the street!
He has no proof --

The police shrug. The don't really care, so long as they get rid of her.

COP
(pointedly)
He seems to like you.

JOANNA
(to Dean, suspiciously)
What's my full name?

DEAN
(as if he can't believe she doesn't remember)
C'mon, baby --

JOANNA
What is it!

DEAN
(soothingly)
Mrs. Annie Proffitt--

JOANNA
What's my maiden name?
DEAN

Annie Goolihy.

JOANNA

(musing)
Annie Goolihy ... where in god's name did I grow up, Dogpatch?

DEAN
No, not there, over in Goober, North Carolina.

JOANNA
Where did I meet you?

DEAN
(smoothly)
Hank's Donut World ... you used to hang out there when you were still in the Navy.

JOANNA
(horrified)
I was in the armed forces?

DEAN
(pulling out his wallet)
Hey, I still got the postcards from Okinawa --

JOANNA
(stopping him)
No!
(shuddering)
The Navy ...!

DEAN
Now c'mon, you know that --

JOANNA
No, I don't know that! I don't know any of this! I don't know you! I want proof!

The Sergeant sighs, takes Dean aside.

SERGEANT
Uh ... look, if it was up to me you could have her, but you understand ... I gotta require some sort of validation ...
DEAN

(low)
Well ... I don't like to talk about this in public, but ... she's got this little strawberry birthmark right down there on her hip ...

The three men look expectantly at Joanna. Dreading, she takes refuge behind a desk, hiding her from the waist down, and we HEAR a ZIP! She looks down. Her eyes widen with revulsion. It's true!

DEAN
(grinning)
Come to Daddy!

INT. DEAN'S TRUCK CAB

Dean and Joanna (who, for simplicity's sake, we will now know as "Annie,") are travelling through rural countryside, which she eyes with bewilderment. She peers at Dean, who's as unfamiliar as ever.

ANNIE
What ... was I doing on the beach?

DEAN
Well ... see, it's a thing you like to do, hunting for oysters at night ... something about getting in that mud up to your knees really turns you on. One time we went down there with a six pack and a blanket, and --

ANNIE
Stop!

She shudders, puts her hand to her temple, gazes forlornly out the window at the modest farms, pig-pens and all.

ANNIE
I don't ... live near here, do I?

DEAN
See?! You do remember! We live right here!

EXT. THE TRUCK

pulls up a long potholed dirt driveway, twin rivulets of dust kicking up around it.

INT. THE TRUCK CAB

Annie can't see anything but dust. They come to a stop.
The dust settles.

ANNIE'S POV

Tobacco Road. The yard is strewn with auto parts, an old bathtub, a honking goose, barking dogs and a weed-infested garden. There's an old wooden house, on no discernable foundation, with a charred front porch.

ANNIE
This ... this isn't ...

DEAN
Welcome home.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF DEAN'S PLACE

Dean helps her out of the car.

ANNIE
Home ...! I can't live here ...

DEAN
What's the matter, babydoll?

ANNIE
This is wrong ...

She is drowned out in barks as two dogs come bounding joyfully towards her, leaping on her with muddy paws -- obviously greeting their mistress. What Annie doesn't see is that Dean is holding a milk bone behind her back.

DEAN
Well, George and Mabel're glad to have you back.

ANNIE
(terrified)
They're wolves!

DEAN
Everybody's glad you're back.

ANNIE
(with dread)
Everybody ...?

Dean opens the front door.

ANNIE'S POV - INT. HOUSE

This shack is not only the boonies -- it's Beyond Thunderdome.
As the two mutts yap ceaselessly, GREG, 10, is duelling to the death with his non-identical twin brother, Travis, using a toilet plunger and a sponge mop -- following the example of the Erroll Flynn movie that rolls crazily in the shot picture tube which sits somewhat crookedly in an oversized TV cabinet.

Out of harm's way beneath the kitchen table, JOE, 7, a greasy, feral runt in a dirty Spiderman T-shirt, sits crosslegged, the contents of an entire package of spaghetti spread around him. He dips a stiff spaghetti strand into a jar of chocolate sauce and munches blissfully.

CHARLIE, the oldest at fourteen, dressed in greasy workman's coveralls, works intently on a nasty-looking chainsaw he's semi-dismantled on the kitchen table.

DEAN

Hey!

The room quiets -- somewhat.

DEAN

Your mother's home.

A chorus of "Hi, Mom!"s. The kids wave at her cheerfully. Annie reels, as though knocked backwards by a physical blow.

ANNIE

(aghast)

They're ... they're not m ... m ... She can't even say it.

DEAN

Aw, Jesus, baby. I was sure you'd remember them.

ANNIE

Now you listen to me! I think I would know if I had ch ... ch ... Annie's eyes roll back in her sockets. Her knees buckle. Dean catches her before she hits the ground.

INT. KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Dean carries the passed-out Annie in his arms, followed by his kids.

DEAN

(low)

Okay ... that was pretty good ...

Dean lays her out, corpse-like, on the kitchen table. They
all gaze down at her as though she was Frankenstein on the slab.

DEAN
Well ... how do you like her?

GREG
She's pretty.

JOE
She's dead.

CHARLIE
(contemptuously)
She's not dead.

TRAVIS
I don't like her.

GREG
What's wrong with her?

TRAVIS
She has no tits.

DEAN
(peering at them)
What do you mean, they're --
(realizing that he is talking to a 10-year-old)
That's not for you to decide, or even think about --

TRAVIS
Get real, dad.

CHARLIE
She's a fake blonde.

GREG
No she's not --

TRAVIS
(reaching forward)
Let's pull some out and see --

DEAN
Get away from there! You want her to hear you? Come here, c'mon...

He herds them down back into the living room area.

DEAN
Let's run through this one more time. Now, what do we call her?
CHARLIE, JOE, TRAVIS, GREG

Mom.

DEAN
Why do we want to do that?

GREG
So she'll cook and clean up.

DEAN
And what'll happen if we mess up?

JOE
(glaring)
You'll skin us alive!

DEAN
Worse! No TV for two weeks!

TRAVIS
So? It's broken anyway.

DEAN
I'll fix it and then I'll take it away! So now what do you say? Huh? Huh? You know what happens to smartmouths? Huh?

With every "huh" Dean tickles Travis, who squeals, tries to get away, but can't.

TRAVIS
Get Dad!

The other kids pile on Dean like football players, shrieking with laughter -- this is a familiar game. A lamp tips over, crashing to the floor, in smithereens. Dean draws himself up.

DEAN
(mock anger)
Now see what you did!

The kids laugh and pile on him afresh.

ANNIE
finally comes to, opens her eyes to see

DEAN
imitating a Tasmanian Devil, chasing his squealing kids around the room.
ANNIE

blinks in horror at these savages, crawls off the table and
sneaks out the door.

GREG

looks up from the rough-house, sees the empty table.

GREG

Dad!

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE

Annie bursts from the house and runs down the driveway,
towards the main road.

INT. KITCHEN

Dean and the kids watch this through the windows. He looks
down at the dogs.

DEAN

You up for a run?

They begin to bark joyfully.

EXT. LOWER DRIVEWAY

Annie is running, running ... hears the barking dogs ... steps on it ...

DEAN AND THE DOGS

are in pursuit.

ANNIE

veers blindly off the road and into the trees.

THROUGH THE TREES

Annie runs, crashing through the underbrush, hearing the
BARKING grow louder behind her.

DEAN'S VOICE

Stop! That's pure poison oak!

She stops immediately, quivering with fear. Dean comes up
behind her.

DEAN

Every one of those little leaves'll make you itch for a week.
She stands, frozen in fear, surrounded by red foliage.

DEAN
Now, baby. I know it all seems strange ... it's strange to me too not to have my little girl know her own family ... but don't you worry. We'll get you re-aquainted.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - DAY

Annie sits on a stump facing the house, chalking-white with shock and amazement. The kids are lined up on the porch, squirming restlessly. Dean stands like a ringmaster displaying tame lions.

DEAN
Okay. This's Charlie. Charlie's the oldest. And that's Travis --

TRAVIS
(interrupting)
The smartest!

DEAN
... and Greg ... they're twins ... I guess you can see that they're not identical ...

GREG
Yeah, or I'd look like a shithead!

TRAVIS
Who asked you, butthole?

DEAN
They came out fighting and they're still at it. And this's Joe. Joe ...? Give your mother a kiss ...

The 7-year-old steps forward and promptly falls on his face, victim of tied shoelaces. The other kids laugh and run off; Joe, yelling angrily, stumbles after them. Annie watches in horror.

ANNIE
There are ... so many of them ...

DEAN
You always had your heart set on six, so we keep trying ...

ANNIE
But ... they ... they don't look like me ... I can't imagine ...
DEAN
(smoothly)
Well, they do take after your mother. Let's just hope they don't grow up to be lishes.

ANNIE
My ... mother is a lush?

DEAN
(compassionately)
Was. Cirhossis.

ANNIE
(shocked)
She's de --? W-what about my father?

DEAN
(smoothly)
Alive and well. He's due for parole in two years.

ANNIE
I don't want to hear this!
(hands to temples)
I can remember for myself!

She puts her hands to her temples, concentrating with all her might. Nothing.

DEAN
Now, baby, the doctor said the best way for you to do that was to just get right back to your normal routine. He says that's the only sure way to jar everything loose. So, you gotta do what you normally do.

ANNIE
(apprehensively)
What did I normally do?

Dean smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dean leads Annie to the stove, where a chicken and some vegetables are displayed, along with a pot of boiling water. Annie surveys them with mystified repugnance.

ANNIE
I prepared and handled raw food?
DEAN
You cooked every night!

ANNIE
This is ludicrous ... I've never
done this in my life ...

HER POV - THE DINING TABLE
All four kids are staring at her expectantly like Oliver Twist.

TRAVIS
(ever the con artist)
Mommy ...? I'm hungry.

The other kids start to whimper.

ANNIE
(low, to Dean)
They're tall enough to reach the
burners. Can't they make their
own dinner ...?

DEAN
But you make their dinner every
night! Now, here we go, first thing
you wanna do is wash some of these
carrots...

He hands the carrots to Annie; she holds them by their
ends, revulsed, and allows herself to be walked over to the
sink ... she looks down and recoils in revulsion.

ANNIE'S POV - THE SINK
A large turtle lumbers across the sink bottom. Greg
immediately springs to her side.

ANNIE
What is that!

GREG
Got him at school. His name's Lucky.

TRAVIS
Awwww, stupid!

ANNIE
(catching her breath,
disgusted)
My GOD, it's a pet! Get
that revolting thing out of here!
GREG

{manipulating)
You said I could keep him!

Annie stares at him. Since she can't remember what she did and didn't say, he's got her.

ANNIE
I don't care what I said...
just... do something with it...
take it outside.

GREG
He'll run away!

TRAVIS
Right. Dumb thing moves about a foot a year.

GREG
He's smarter than you!

Travis snatches up the hapless creature, leaps over to the stove and dangles it over the boiling water.

TRAVIS
{singing}
Turtle soup! Turtle soup!

Dean grabs the turtle and gives it to Greg.

GREG
{defiantly}
Nobody touches this turtle but me!

There is a beat as all his siblings look at each other, snicker unanimously, and begin to advance on Greg, hands outstretched to touch the turtle. Greg realizes his error and runs for it, his brothers thundering after him.

ANNIE
Do they... have some sort of problem with their glands?

DEAN
Well, you know boys! Now, you're gonna put this chicken in the pot... just chuck 'er in there... that's my little baby...

Annie, revolted, picks up the chicken by the end of one drumstick and holding it at arms' length, drops it in the boiling water. Dean applauds. Annie sinks into a chair, drained by the effort.
ANNIE

Ugh ... I am utterly exhausted ...
I must go to bed.

DEAN

Oh, you will ... real soon!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dean opens the door for a weary Annie. She walks in, taking in the tiny room, big enough only for a bed and a chest of drawers. She runs her hands over the items on the dresser ... a hairbrush ... cheap bottle of cologne ... she sniffs it ... wrinkles her nose ... a box of tampons.

DEAN,

meanwhile, notices the Goodwill price sticker still sticking to one of the housedresses in the closet. He discreetly peels it off, as

ANNIE

eyes the dog lolling on the bed, clearly its accustomed sleeping place.

ANNIE

Shoo! Get out!!!

She waves her hands awkwardly at the dog, which lumbers off the bed and out of the room. Annie turns ... and is stopped cold by the sight of Dean taking off his shirt.

ANNIE

Stop that!

DEAN

Stop what.

ANNIE

Stop stripping,.

Dean stares at her like she's out of her mind, which indeed, she feels as though she is.

DEAN

(tenderly)

Baby ...!

The weirdest part is, this guy looks great without his shirt. And in his eyes is that little twinkle that lets a woman know she's in for a good time.
ANNIE
This is impossible. I don't know you ...

DEAN
(taking a step forward)
You still don't remember ... anything?

ANNIE
I do not!

DEAN
Might help you remember.

ANNIE
Oh, I see. Therapy.

DEAN
(cheerfully)
Yeah!

ANNIE
That's very generous of you, but absolutely not.

DEAN
(Mr. Sympathy)
Oh. Hey. I understand. I do.

He starts for the door, turns back, grins.

DEAN
I'll just have to work my charms on you all over again. Turns out anything like last time, you'll jump my bones on the first date!

ANNIE
We ...
(gulp)
... on the first date?

DEAN
You dragged me into the back of your daddy's truck and had right at me in the 7-11 parking lot. Didn't even have to buy you a beer!

(off her horrified expression)
It was pretty good, too. G'night!

He's gone, leaving Annie alone, miserable, and -- if what he says is true -- a slut.
THE NEXT MORNING

Annie, in bed, is awakened by SCREAMS. She sits bolt upright.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Annie, in a ratty terrycloth robe, follows the screams into

INT. BATHROOM

--where pandemonium has broken loose! Travis is doing all he can to keep a struggling Greg from reaching into the toilet, while Joe, sitting gleefully in the sink, keeps flushing it with his foot.

GREG
(seeing Annie)
Save him!

Annie -- dreading -- looks down into the toilet ... to see Lucky the turtle belly-up, his shell stuck in the bowl. He kicks helplessly as water gushes around him.

ANNIE
(to Travis)
Get him out of there!

TRAVIS
(confidently, to Joe)
Break him in half. He'll go down.

Joe nods obediently as he stands on the edge of the sink.

GREG
NO!!!

Joe jumps ... but Annie whisks him out of mid-air, placing his little body out of the way.

ANNIE
Travis. Get that thing out of there this second!

TRAVIS
(snickering)
You get him out!

ANNIE
I am not plunging my hands into a toilet!

Travis and Joe drag a screaming Greg out of the room.
ANNIE
...You hear me...?!

They're gone. Annie sighs, sinks to her knees, closes her eyes, turns her head, and reaches for the turtle.

INT. KITCHEN

Dean is haphazardly making four bologna sandwiches at once and stuffing them into lunch sacks as the kids come thundering down the stairs.

DEAN
Step it up, you'll miss the bus!
Go go go! Jackets! Go! Go!

They grab their jackets as Dean herds them out the front door to

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH

where we see their little figures racing

DOWN THE DRIVEWAY

for the bus in the distance.

INT. LIVING ROOM

ANNIE (O.S.)
Are they gone?

DEAN
Yeah.

Annie comes tentatively down the stairs, buttoning up the buttons of one of the cheap (and definitely used) housedresses we saw hanging in her closet. It's obviously tight on her. She fingers the polyester material with revulsion.

ANNIE
(suspicious)
This garment cannot possibly belong to me.

DEAN
Huh?! That's your favorite!

ANNIE
Then why is it a size too small?

DEAN
(thinking fast)
Oh no! Well, I guess it's happening.
ANNIE
What's happening.

DEAN
Same thing that happened to your sisters. They stay skinny for years ... then they all just blow up like balloons! Happens overnight!

Horror-struck, Annie feels her midriff for symptoms of bloat. She sinks into a chair. Dean puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

DEAN
Don't worry. I'll still love you.

ANNIE
I ... I can't think about this ... I can't think until I've had my coffee ... She raises her hand as thought summoning a servant.

ANNIE
Black, please, Sweet 'n' Low and very strong.

DEAN
Yeah, you'll feel better when you brew some up! Well ...

He kisses the top of her head, grabs his tool kit.

ANNIE
Where are you going!

DEAN
(amused)
You know, baby. To work.

She frowns. Apparently the concept isn't too familiar to her. He starts out. She grabs his arm.

ANNIE
But I can't stay here!

DEAN
You wanna come help me drywall?

ANNIE
No! I want to remember! I --
(looking around, disgusted)
What did I do all day?
DEAN
Your weekly chores. I know you
don't remember so ... I made you
up a little list.

He hands her a piece of paper. She stares at it with
trepidation.

MUSIC UP UNDER: (A MONTAGE OF INEPTITUDE)

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Annie opens the cabinet under the sink, where the cleaning
supplies are stored. She eyes them.

ANNIE
Large. Black. Beetles. This
strikes no chords.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Annie is spraying Raid in every conceivable crevice,
under every cushion, and even inside an abandoned
tennis shoe.

2. Annie awkwardly sweeps a cloud of dust in the general
direction of an unsecured dustpan on the floor. The
dustpan flies across the room like a golf ball.

3. Annie drops the broom and sinks into a chair in
exhaustion ... and continues to sink as the ancient
apholstery swallows her whole ...

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Annie is uncertainly pushing a shopping cart as Dean throws
a succession of horrible items into it ... the largest
economy box of detergent known to man ... one, two, three,
four, five mousetraps ... a toilet plunger ...

ANOTHER ANGLE

They have reached the meat counter. Tentatively --
dreamily -- her hand reaches out for a steak -- Dean's hand
comes into frame, covers hers, and moves her hand over to
the hamburger. She eyes him unhappily. He shrugs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

As the kids go bounding by her for another day of school,
Annie, carrying a mop and pail, opens the door to their room.

HER POV - THE KIDS' ROOM

It's a large attic dormer bedroom with four unmade beds.
The floor is concealed under mountains of junk -- toys, comic books, candy wrappers, dirty laundry, old food dishes crusted with scum, stray potato chips, scattered board games, a badminton racket ... and, wandering through the rubble, a kitten or two.

ANNIE
drops the mop and pail, turns, and expressionly walks out. Why bother?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

We HEAR a distant THUNDERCLAP. Annie is rushing around the room, placing every available pot, pan -- any remotely convex item -- beneath the torrent of leaks that cascade from the ceiling. Just as she gets the last one in place ... the dogs come bounding in the doggie door and shake themselves dry, spraying her from head to toe. She does a slow burn ...

INT. HALL OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM

Dean lingers in the doorway, locking seductive. Annie, standing inside the bedroom, SLAMS the door in his face. We hear the CLICK of a deadbolt.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

Annie shuffles awkwrdly, trying to keep her balance on the slick floor in her rented shoes, to the foot of a lane. She gingerly slips her fingers into one of the balls on the rack ... lifts it ... steps back into position. She swings the ball behind her ...

DEAN AND THE KIDS
dive out of the way as the ball crashes through their score table.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM

Annie again SLAMS the door in Dean's face. We hear the CLICK of a deadbolt and the SOUND of HEAVY FURNITURE being pushed in front of the door.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

The family is fishing. Annie stands in the river in a pair of thigh-high fishing boots, miserably holding a fishing pole. On the rock next to her is the remnants of a picnic. She reaches for a cracker ...

ANNIE'S POV - THE OPEN JAR OF FISH BAITS
ANNIE'S

pupils dilate. She drops her pole in the water. Dreamy, trance-like, she reaches for a knife, spreads some of the bait on the cracker, and begins to bring the vile concoction up to her mouth. Dean notices this and grabs her wrist. She snaps to and stares at the cracker, horrified ...

INT. FRONT HALL WINDOWS

Annie has a sponge and a bucket. She gingerly wets the sponge and lifts it towards the grime-encrusted windowpanes. Unfortunately, the first window she picks has a crack and it shatters instantly.

EXT. SHED OUTSIDE HOUSE

Annie drops many inappropriate items -- overcoats, shoes, etc. -- into a rusty, malevolent-looking old washer, peers at the control dial and turns it on. Dangerously overloaded and imbalanced, the washer rattles itself free from its position near the sink and begins to "walk" towards her, stalking her like a robot with brain damage. She yelps and runs.

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - DAY

Charlie revs up a chain saw and hands it to Annie, who holds it as far from her body as possible, trembling with terror. She edges tentatively towards the log pile, trips on a root and stumbles ... in a frantic attempt to keep the saw above her head she cuts through an overhanging tree branch which falls, braining her, causing her to stagger backwards ... where the saw sheers the ropes of the clothesline ... the clothes fall into the mud and over her face, obscuring her vision ... she staggers blindly, cutting the body of a scarecrow in half ...

DEAN AND CHARLIE

watch, mouths open, as this ballet of ineptitude shows no symptom of finality.

EXT. ACAPULCO HARBOR - DAY

GRANT'S YACHT

The boat is tied to a pier -- a much more prosperous pier than Elk Cove -- a yacht-infested pier. Grant, very much in his element, comes waltzing up the gangplank with a brown young beauty.
ANDREW peers at them, embarrassed by what he sees. He draws Grant aside.

ANDREW
Sir ... forgive me for commenting on your personal life, but is this really wise?

GRANT (taking him aside)
No problem. I had her tested at a clinic.
(brandishing a certificate)
Clean as a whistle!

ANDREW
I wasn't referring to the potential disease factor ...

The telephone rings. Andrew picks it up as Grant jubilantly steers the girl towards the cabin.

ANDREW Sir ...?

GRANT (violently)
What?!

ANDREW (significantly)
Mrs. Morgan.

GRANT
Damn! Tell her ... ugh! ... all right.

He pulls the girl into

INT. YACHT CABIN

GRANT
Here ... you sit here ... and fondle this ... 

He pulls a sable stole of Joanna's out of the closet, drapes it over the girl's shoulders, and grabs the phone.

GRANT (with false heartiness)
Hello, Edith! Oh, yes, a wonderful time, unexpectedly wonderful.
INT. EDITH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Edith sits, overseeing a GROOMER who is "artistically" shaving her miserable little poodle.

EDITH
I find that intensely difficult
to believe. You're not still
having those fights?

ON GRANT
GRANT
Definitely a thing of the past.

ON EDITH
EDITH
Well, put my daughter on. I'd
like to wish her a happy birthday.

ON GRANT
GRANT
Birthday!
(covering quickly)
Oh! Yes! Well, Edith, Joanna's
not here ... I sent her onto the
mainland so I could put together a
little ... uh ... surprise party!

ON EDITH
EDITH
Well, that's a thoughtful gesture,
Grant, and not at all like you.
(suspiciously)
What have you done?

GRANT
W-what?

EDITH
What have you done to poor Joanna
that you have to atone for -- you're
not known for your spontaneous
generosity.

GRANT
(adjust ing the sable on
the girl's shoulders)
You'd be surprised. Well, here come
the caterers, I'd better run ...
(making clanging noises
around the room)
Ice buckets? Over here ... ugh!
Native catering service, they're
mixing stainless with silver, I
have to go ... 

EDITH
Well, just tell Joanna--
GRANT
I will! Goodbye, Edith!

He hangs up, begins dancing the girl around the room as he sings:

GRANT
Happy Birthday to youuuuu
Happy Birthday to youuuuu
Happy birthday, dear Joanna
Happy birthday to youuuuu!

EXTREME C.U. - ANNIE

She is catatonic, staring into space. WIDEN FRAME TO reveal we are in

INT. PROFFITT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dean comes in from work, tool kit in hand, to find Annie sitting in an armchair, glassy-eyed and slack-jawed. From ten feet away the kids take turns tossing grapes, which bounce off her forehead. No response.

DEAN
Hey, what's going on?

TRAVIS
Nothing.

Dean moves in for a closer look at Annie.

DEAN
What's wrong with her?!

CHARLIE
She's been like that for an hour.

TRAVIS
She's getting better.

DEAN
Better!

TRAVIS
She's not going buh-buh-buh-buh-buh!

He mimes a person with uncontrollable shakes.

DEAN
Why'd she do that?

GREG
(accusingly, to Travis)
It's your fault!
TRAVIS
Uh-uh! You threw the darts at her!

GREG
I was going for the skunk!

DEAN
Who let a skunk in the house!? 

Joe, Travis and Greg point at each other, shouting at once. Dean leans close to her.

LEAN
Hey, babydoll. What's for dinner?

Annie, as per Travis' imitation of her, starts shaking uncontrollably, going "buh-buh-buh-buh-buh..." Dean grabs her, hoists her into his arms and takes her out to THE FRONT PORCH

where there is a gigantic RAIN BARREL and unceremoniously dumps the still-stammering Annie into the very cold water. She is instantly shocked into silence, her open mouth gasping like a fish.

DEAN
Sorry, babydoll. I had to do it.

Sputtering, she finds her tongue as he helps her, ever so tenderly, out of the rain barrel and even dries her with his jacket.

ANNIE
I don't belong here!!! I feel it! Don't you think I feel it?? I can't do any of these vile things, and I'd never want to! Every moment is a nightmare, my children are the spawn of hell, you're the devil, oh god ...

DEAN
Aw now, you won't feel that way when you start remembering ...

ANNIE
Well, I'm not remembering! And I haven't a clue as to how to go about --

She trails off, thinks. Clearly something has occurred to her.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Annie is rummaging through every drawer in the room, ransacking it like a burglar.

DEAN
What're you doing?!

ANNIE
Not that it's any of your concern, but I'm looking for memorabilia.

DEAN
Memoro-what?

ANNIE
Photographs. Scrapbooks. Something that will spark some wisp of a memory! Do we, or do we not, possess these things?

DEAN
Oh well ... uh, sure ... I donno where they'd be ... y'know, we've only been here a couple weeks ... lotta things're still in boxes from the move.

ANNIE
We moved here deliberately?

DEAN
Yeah. Our last place was a real dump.

Annie waves this unimaginable thought away, moves to the closet, starts to ransack it.

DEAN
There's nothing in there.

ANNIE
How do you know? You just said you didn't know where they'd be --

DEAN
Well, I know where they're not gonna be, and they're not gonna be in this closet! What's the matter?

Annie stares at him, jarred by something familiar.
ANNIE
The closet ... the closet ... and you ... this is familiar ...

DEAN
We've kept our clothes in the same closet for 14 years, it had damn well better be, now, c'mon ...

He leads her away from the dangerously provocative closet.

ANNIE
Fine. You're so sure where everything is. You find the pictures.

DEAN
Look, for all I know they got lost in the move!

ANNIE
(suspicious)
Do you mean to tell me that there is not one piece of photographic evidence of our life together anywhere in existence?!

Dean grins weakly.

EXT. BILLY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Dean's station wagon roars up, honking. A few seconds pass; Billy, in a bathrobe, comes down the front steps with a flashlight as Dean jumps out of the car.

BILLY
Somebody better be dead.

DEAN
I need a favor.

Dean pulls out a familiar envelope -- the envelope of photographs of Annie he was given at the police station.

INT. BILLY'S TRAILER

Billy takes the photos of Joanna and throws them down on the table.

BILLY
No!

DEAN
(pleading)
For your old buddy ...?
BILLY
Get somebody else!

DEAN
C'mon, man, you made the best fake I.D. God ever saw --

BILLY
Well, I'm not gonna make you a fake wife!!

Why not!

BILLY
I'm out of the business! I got my own company, things are going good, I'm not gonna mess up my life again --

DEAN
Billy, I'm not asking you to forge anything, I just want you to put her into these pictures --

Dean produces a handful of his own family photos.

BILLY
I don't even have a camera anymore ... I don't have my equipment ... what're you doing ...

Dean casts a practiced eye around the trailer ... notices a loose panel in the ceiling, reaches up and pokes it loose. He pulls down a box and opens it. It contains a camera, multitude of envraving tools, pens and inks, etc. Billy sighs, caught.

BILLY
(grumbling)
You've known me too long.

DEAN
(grins)
Maybe a marriage certificate, while you're at it.

AN HOUR LATER

Billy, sitting at the table, carefully pastes the cut-out silhouette of Joanna into a picture of Dean and the (younger) kids.
INT. BILLY'S BATHROOM

It has been converted, temporarily, into a darkroom. Dean and Billy bend over the sink ...

BILLY
(irritated)
Well, I'm telling you right now ... if this thing ever gets out, I'm not gonna get sucked down the john with you, man -- I'm gonna deny under oath that I never knew anything about this ... here she comes ...

CLOSE ON THE DEVELOPING TRAY

and we see one of the pictures comes up through the developer ... a faked wedding picture of DEAN AND ANNIE ...

AND WE DISSOLVE TO THE SAME PHOTO

now in Annie's hand. We PULL BACK to find that we are in

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Annie sits on the bed, peering at the photo with a total lack of familiarity.

ANNIE
It's my wedding day ... why do I look so annoyed?

DEAN
(smoothly)
Oh ... your father showed up shitfaced ... we hadta throw him out.

She sifts through the photographs, shaking her head with misery.

ANNIE
Then it's true. (with revulsion)
I belong here. In this hovel.

DEAN
(indignant)
Hovel! Hey, hey! Pretty snotty words for a little girl off a pig farm.
ANNIE
I grew up ... among ...
(erupting)
Well, what if I did?! I don't care!
My home is NOT going to be a pig farm. my children are NOT going to be pigs and my husband --

She trails off, eyes him up and down.

ANNIE
I may not be able to do much with you. Goodnight!

EXT. UPSTAIRS HALL

The door slams in Dean's face. He grins. A second later the door opens again and the dogs are hurtled out. It slams again.

EXT. A RAZED, LARGE VACANT LOT - DAY

Several burly construction workers, are grading the site for the eventual golf course. Billy stands, holding an open encyclopedia, which he scrutinizes unhappily.

WORKMAN #1
What's the matter?

BILLY
I just looked up the real wonders of the world ... the Pyramid at Giza ... what the hell kinda wonder is that?

WORKMAN #1
That's a stupid wonder.

BILLY
I promised I'd keep the 7 real ones ... what the hell am I gonna do with a pyramid?

Dean, arriving late, jumps out of his truck and trots over.

BILLY
Hey, where ya been?

DEAN
(with a self-satisfied grin)
Oh, just giving the little woman a few pointers on the Roto-Tiller.
(beat)
It's taking her a while to get the hang of mud.
BILLY
(grinning)
You son of a bitch.

DEAN
Hey, man, just getting even!

MUSIC UP UNDER: (SEQUENCE OF ANNIE'S INCREASING COMPETENCE)

DEAN (V.O.)
You should see how I got her trained...

INT. SHED - DAY
Annie comes in, carrying a mountainous load of laundry which obscures her face. She puts it down as the washer, already in mid-cycle, starts to "walk" again. She gives it a well-placed, savage kick. It gurgles and stops at once, humming obediently.

DEAN (V.O.)
I just snap my fingers and she hops to ...

EXT. YARD - DAY
Dean, holding a rifle, nods at Annie, who obligingly (but without enthusiasm) takes an old, dented hubcap out of a pile and THROWS it HIGH into the air as though it were a clay pigeon. BLAM!!! Dean blasts the hubcap ... nodding at her to throw up another one ...

DEAN (V.O.)
She's learning a trick or two ...

INT. HALL - DAY
Annie scrubs the windowpanes. The music SWELLS as the dirt runs down in rivulets and we finally SEE the first shaft of sunlight penetrate the gloom. She beams.

DEAN (V.O.)
Of course, she's still a little short on maternal instinct.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM - MORNING
We see the four boys asleep on their beds. Annie comes in with two pot lids and starts to clang them together. A moment later, she is pelted with toys, junk, etc.

DEAN (V.O.)
Sometimes it's still touch and go ...
This is "morning rush in the Proffitt Bathroom" -- Greg splashes in the tub, Annie and Charlie are brushing their teeth, and from the position of Joe (seen from the rear) we gather he's peeing. The scenario resembles the Stateroom scene in "Night at the Opera." As if that weren't enough, Travis barrels into the room, screaming bloody murder, holding a bed pillow to the back of his head.

ANNIE
(impatient)
What is it?

TRAVIS
I'll kill him!!

He lunges for Greg, who pokes his tongue out from the relative safety of the tub ... Annie pulls the boy's flailing arms to his sides, and immediately understands the problem -- the pillow remains stuck to the back of his head.

ANNIE
Wonderful.

TRAVIS
(half crying)
He glued me!!

GREG
(unrepentant, to Travis)
Got you back! Got you back!

TRAVIS
Now I'm really gonna kill that stupid turtle!

GREG
You just try!

TRAVIS
I'm burying him. You'll never find him!

Annie stands between them.

ANNIE
Stop it!!
(angry, to Greg)
What did you use?

GREG
Stuff from Dad's toolbox.
Annie grabs the pillow, pulling a yelping Travis towards her.

ANNIE
Do not move or speak.

Travis whimpers. Annie grabs a pair of scissors off the counter and snips! the pillow loose from Travis' head. Travis immediately lunges for Greg, trying to dunk and drown him.

DEAN (V.O.)
And, y'know, it's not easy teaching a useless person to do stuff... I gotta be creative about this ...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

Face scrunched with fear, Annie stands awkwardly posed to try another shot at bowling. Dean slides up behind her and gives her ass a little tweak ... her face darkens with anger ... in a cold fury she HURTLES the ball at the pins. Strike! Dean smiles.

DEAN (V.O.)
But some stuff she'll never get ...

INT. THE STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Annie is learning to drive.

DEAN
Keep to the right, the right, THE RIGHT ...!
(swerving violently)
Jesus!
(wiping his brow)
Listen, truth is, you never were much on driving, let's forget this.

ANNIE
No! I'm not going to be trapped in the house!
(pointing at one of the pedals)
What's this again ...

DEAN
That's the ...

A horrible grinding noise comes up from the engine.

DEAN
... clutch.
DEAN (CONT'D)
(pointsing, as though addressing a retard)
...and that's your old friend Mr. Brake.

ANNIE
You don't have to be sarcastic! I am able to differentiate--

The car screeches to a stop and stalls as Annie experiments with the concept of braking. Dean sighs.

DEAN
Okay. Start 'er up.

ANNIE
I may be a little vague on the subject, but shouldn't there be some sort of key?

DEAN
Well, there was.

ANNIE
And ...?

DEAN
(shrugs)
It's around.

ANNIE
Buried under archaeological layers of debris, I have no doubt.

Dean takes a tangle of wires under the car and effectively hot-wires it. The car wheezes to life.

ANNIE
Isn't hot-wiring illegal?

DEAN
Women driving a stick is what oughtta be illegal, now c'mon, start steering or walk!

The car lurches forward.

ANNIE
Why would I ever have married you?

DEAN
(grinning)
Be happy to show you.
ANNIE (crisply)
Ignorance is bliss.

BILLY (V.O.)
So she never remembers a thing?

DEAN (V.O.)
Nope. Just gets a little twinge now and then...

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE

Annie comes out carrying two full sacks of garbage. She is struck by the sight of Dean, welding a miniature replica of the Eiffel Tower. Annie drops the garbage sacks.

ANNIE
Ah! La Tour Eiffel -- comme c'est jolie, g'adore Le Champs-de-Mars--
(struck)
I speak French!
(rolling her tongue around in her mouth)
It just came out --!
(thinking)
Do I know what I said?
(thinking)
Yes! I do! Was I stationed in Paris?

DEAN
Stationed?

ANNIE
When I was in the Navy.

DEAN
Oh ... yeah ... the Navy, right.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

DEAN
It's a little work keeping all my stories straight ... but as far as she knows, she's just Mrs. Annie Proffitt, my own personal little cook, bottlewasher, babysitter and maid!

BILLY
(musing)
Kidnapping ... brainwashing ... I'd say you're looking at 15-20.
DEAN
Nah! Got her under my thumb.

CU - ANNIE'S EYES
Narrowed with annoyance. PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. KITCHEN
With the smooth moves of a pro, Annie cuts the crusts off four sandwiches and wraps them, stirs scrambled eggs, puts down dog food for the dogs. Dean comes down the stairs, holding a pile of his shirts.

( deliberately imitating the language she used on the boat)
Baby, must I specify, when I ask for starch, that it be light starch?

He dumps the shirts on the kitchen table on his way out the door.

DEAN
Well, I'm off to bring home the bacon!

He blows her a kiss, and goes. Muttering under her breath, Annie picks her way around the full pans of leak-water to the bottom of the stairs.

ANNIE
Children!!! Breakfast!!
(muttering)
Where are the dreadful little...

She reaches into the cupboard for the plates, grabbing two in each hand. She places them on the table and turns back to the cupboard ... and freezes as the plates remain stuck to her hands.

ANNIE
GREG!!!

Mischevious giggles ... from both Greg and Travis. They peek around the corner, laughing ... they've been waiting for this. Annie stands helpless, clicking the plates together like giant lobster claws.

ANNIE
All right! That is IT!!!

Plates on her hand notwithstanding, Annie gets a grip on a full pot of leak-water and chucks it right at
GREG AND TRAVIS' ASTONISHED FACES

A curtain of water drenches them.

THE KIDS

immediately grab some of the other buckets of water, tossing them at Annie, but the water just hits

THE RAPIDLY CLOSING BACK DOOR

which Annie has just run out.

TRAVIS

Get her!

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH

The kids rush out after her, see

ANNIE

running for her life, disappearing through the trees.

THE KIDS

lunge after her, hooting, like Zulus pursuing Cornel Wilde.

ANNIE

is running ... the kids closing in ...

THROUGH THE WOODS

tearing through the trees ... the kids getting closer ...
she's tackled ... all join in the pile-up, tickling her mercilessly, a writhing ball of bodies. She shrieks, grabbing and tickling any exposed flank she can reach with her elbows and knees. She's laughing now, not just from the tickling -- it's all so ridiculous that she's laughing from her gut -- the first release she's had since this nightmare started. Finally the energy begins to drain out of the free-for-all and everyone lies under the pine needles, panting for breath and giggling. Annie composes herself, tries to regain what little authority she has.

ANNIE

All right. Off to school.

Slowly everyone gets to their feet, brushing off the dry leaves.

WIDER ANGLE

And we see that Annie and the kids have been rolling around
in the infamous clearing Dean warned her about. It's A JUNGLE OF POISON OAK.

INT. 5th GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

The TEACHER, a severe old maid who obviously detests kids, is passing out pencils and test forms to the 10-year-olds.

TEACHER
...so you'll have to answer these questions **very carefully** -- Arthur, are you paying attention? -- there will be **scores** given to each of you from these tests, these scores will go on your **permanent record**, they will determine your placement in future classes, so you'll have to **really concentrate** -- Travis!

Travis is writhing in his seat.

TEACHER
Travis Proffitt!

TRAVIS
I'm itchy!

GREG
Me too!

PAN to Greg, who is squirming too.

TEACHER
Greg Proffitt, stop that right now!

GREG
I can't!

Both boys are scratching themselves furiously.

TEACHER
I **don't want** to have to tell you **again**! --

INT. PROFFITT KITCHEN

Annie, soaking her hands, finally succeeds in prying **one** of the plates off, as the phone rings. She answers it with her one free hand.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

A breathless Annie comes in. (Note: throughout this scene, Annie's jacket hangs draped over one arm.)
ANNIE
I'm Annie Proffitt, what happened?

The PRINCIPAL, a self-righteous battleaxe of a woman, motions for Annie to sit down.

PRINCIPAL
Well, Mrs. Proffitt, apparently your children didn't feel like taking the Schwartzman-Heinliken tests.

ANNIE
What are the "Schwartzman-Heinliken" tests?

PRINCIPAL
They're a comprehensive battery of I.Q. and deductive reasoning tests we find very valuable in determining --

ANNIE
(interrupting, no-nonsense)
Mrs. Libra, what did my children do?

PRINCIPAL
They decided to play sick, and not very convincingly.

She gestures through a doorway to

A DETENTION AREA

where Charlie, Joe, Greg and Travis sit on a bench, whimpering and writhing. Annie peers at them, frowning.

PRINCIPAL
This isn't the first time they've been down in my office ... you have a discipline problem, Mrs. Proffitt ...
Mrs. Proffitt ...?

Annie has walked into

THE DETENTION AREA

where she takes a good look at the kids, whose faces are breaking out into a very real rash. They are all weeping.

ANNIE
(realizing)
Oh my god -- the poison oak!

She wheels around, voice rising in that comandeering manner we know so well.
ANNIE
Mrs. Libra, would you mind stepping out here and taking a glance at these children?

The principal steps out of her office and looks.

ANNIE
(with all of her old imperiousness)
Is it possible it's escaped your attention that these children have head-to-toe poison oak?!

PRINCIPAL
(instinctively intimidated by her not-to-be-denied, rich woman tones)
No! I ... yes, but --

ANNIE
But WHAT? My children are in need of medical assistance and YOU sit and smugly lecture me on the importance of tests, tests which exist to pigeonhole children's potential, a thing which cannot possibly be measured, least of all by anal compulsive Huns! I have no doubts whatsoever about my children's intelligence -- I do, however, have serious questions about YOURS. Children ...?

Instinctively, Annie makes a sweeping gesture with her coat-covered arm, revealing a still-plated hand. The kids, mouths open with newfound respect, follow her at once.

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY
Dean pays the doctor bill at the window. The waiting patients flinch as the kids, faces dotted with medicine, emphatically dominate the room. Joe is pretending to be a monster, Travis knocks over the magazine rack, and Charlie and Greg are shoving each other.

ANNIE
(to Dean)
It's my fault, I led them right into it -- Travis, cut it out -- I completely forgot -- Travis! Get your fingers out of your brother's nose -- if I'd known they were allergic,
ANNIE (CONT'D)  
which of course I didn't -- TRAVIS  
BRIAN PROFFITT!! ALL of you --  
get out that door and wait outside --  
I MEAN it!!

To her astonishment (but not really ours, since this was delivered in tones of classic Maternal Threat) all four kids file dutifully out the door.

ANNIE  
They obeyed!

Dean is pretty impressed himself.

ANNIE  
(musing)  
Maybe they're not evil . . .

DEAN  
Evil! Who said they were evil?!

ANNIE  
Well, it's obviously in their blood to be evil -- my side  
of the family's all winos and dope addicts and convicted felons . . .  
(scratches her cheek absently)  
... god only knows what kind of genes I've passed onto them . . .  
(scratches more furiously)  
Oh . . . I'm . . . I'm . . .  
(really scratching now)  
I'm covered with it!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - MASTER BEDROOM DOOR - NIGHT

Dean knocks on the closed bedroom door, holding a tube of ointment.

DEAN  
Okay . . . come on now . . . open up.

ANNIE'S VOICE  
No!

DEAN  
I've seen poison oak before!

ANNIE'S VOICE  
This has nothing to do with vanity!
DEAN
Then why can't I come in?

ANNIE'S VOICE
Because ... I don't trust you in here.

DEAN
If you're so god damn ugly then that's not gonna be much of a problem, is it?
(no response)
Look, you gotta have this medicine or you're gonna blow up like a balloon!

ANNIE'S VOICE
So what! I'm going to do that anyway!

DEAN
What?!

ANNIE'S VOICE
You said the women in my family blow up like balloons!

DEAN
(searching for some way to placate her)
Well ... you did have this one thin aunt ... Edna ... maybe you'll be like her ... now, c'mon.

Slowly the door opens.

ANNIE
is covered with blotches -- not as bad as the kids, but she looks like a plague victim. To his profound embarrassment, she starts to cry.

ANNIE
I'm ... so ... ugly!

Dean finds himself stepping into

INT. BEDROOM

--and awkwardly putting his arms around her.
DEAN
Oh, hey ... c'mon .... nobody cares what you look like ...
(fresh sobs)
I mean, we do like the way you look, I mean you normally look real pretty ... I mean, you don't now...
(more sobs)
Sit down, here. Sit down, sit!

Annie sits. So does the dog. Dean squeezes some medicine out of the tube and puts it on her face. It's soothing.

ANNIE
Tell me something.

DEAN
What.

ANNIE
I mean, tell me something. About my life, I have no past, tell me something not horrible.

DEAN
Um ... well ... back when you were working at the Burger Boy in Lewitsville, this little boy started choking on his B.L.T. Everybody panicked, but you just ran right over and whacked him on the back until he puked that sucker up. Burger Boy named you employee of the month!

(beat)
You always were a quick thinker.

He looks at her. She appears to be asleep. Even dotted with ointment her face looks lovely, vulnerable, innocent. Gently he picks her up and lies her down on the bed (on which the dog is already ensconced). Dean takes a blanket, covers her up and goes, closing the door softly.

ON ANNIE

With a sigh of she rolls over, throws an arm around the dog, and snuggles close.

EXT. BACK YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The family sits at a picnic table, finishing up the last of a barbecue, eating with paper plates and utensils. (Joe is surreptitiously melting plastic army men on the still-hot BBQ grill.) Lucky the turtle is blithely crawling on the table. Greg feeds him a piece of hamburger.
ANNIE
Greg, now come on, we agreed Lucky was going to live in the shed.

GREG
Mo-om!

She shoots him a look. Grumbling, Greg takes the turtle into the shed as the kids disperse.

ANNIE
Charlie ... your turn to clear the table.

Charlie heaves a sullen adolescent sigh and comes back, dragging a garbage can over to the side of the table, takes his arm and sweeps the entire contents over the edge into the can. He starts off.

ANNIE
What's the matter with Charlie?

DEAN
I donno ... she's just at that age.

ANNIE
"She's" ...!
(horrified)
Wait a minute, she's?!
(gasps)
What's Charlie's real name?

DEAN
Charlene.

ANNIE
Oh my god.

She trails off ... a slow smile breaks over her face.

ANNIE
(thrilled - hand to her collarbone)
Oh my god. I have a little girl!

INT. KIDS ROOM - DAY

Charlie and Annie sit on Charlie's bed, a pile of magazines spread out next to them.

ANNIE
(excited)
All right! This is Glamour, this is Vogue, this is Cosmopolitan -- never admit to a living soul that
ANNIE (cont'd)
you actually read these --
(opening one excitedly, turning pages)
Now ... what do you think? ... you can see this fall everything is really tapered ... more rough textures ... now the first basic rule of fashion is that everything looks better with shoulderpads ... and just above the knee is a ludicrous skirt length no matter what anyone tells you...
Okay, let's find you a hairstyle ...
What do you think ...
(pointing)
...of that?

Charlie blushes and shrugs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Annie finishes giving Charlie a haircut. Charlie's hair is now cropped like a dutch girl. She looks adorable. She admires her reflection in a hand mirror.

CHARLIE
So ... Jennifer Beaker likes him too ... she's cute ... but she picks her nose and eats it ...

ANNIE
(dryly)
Well you're cute ... and you've got her beat on etiquette. Okay, this is rouge ... we're going to use just a dab ... blend this in with your finger ... start at the middle of your cheek ... there you go ...

Dean, who is sitting at the table, hunched over a sketch pad of designs, looks up.

DEAN
Hey, now, not too much of that stuff!

ANNIE
(confidentially, to Charlie)
See that? Men always do that -- they say they hate makeup, then they flip when you sneak it on, go for it ...

Annie leaves Charlie to her cosmetic experiments and looks over Dean's shoulder as he mutters to himself, tearing up
yet another sketch...

ANNIE
What's the problem?

DEAN
The 9th hole ... it's supposed to be a pyramid thing ... what I got here is a doghouse that comes to a point ... it's gotta be more of a big deal. I don't know ...

ANNIE
Hm ... well ... the interesting thing about most pyramids is actually the interior ... so maybe what you could do ... may I?

She grabs

THE SKETCH PAD - CLOSE

We see her hand quickly -- and expertly -- sketching.

ANNIE (O.S.)
...is make the exterior wall plastic so you can see through it ... then, if the ball rolls up the side into a hole at the top it can drop down into one of several "chambers" like this ...

Her hand is all over the pad, drawing mazes, chutes, ramps

DEAN
is impressed.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Annie (and we may want to go so far as to put her into a "housewife" kerchief) is driving, driving the four rambunctious, squirming kids.

ANNIE
Now, did everyone pee? Who needs to pee?

EXT. ROSE'S SCHOOL OF BALLET

The station wagon pulls up and disgorges a leotard-clad Charlie.
INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING

Annie is driving, driving.

EXT. A MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

The marquis reads "Tub of Blood" and Co-hit, "My Axe, Your Face." The station wagon drops off Joe, who is joined by two of his friends who have been waiting for him ... they gleefully go inside.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING

Annie is driving, driving, with Greg and Travis in the back.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

A kids' tournament is in progress. Greg and Travis stand with their team, all of whom are wearing bowling shirts, the back of which read "Vic's Rib Grotto." Annie is bouncing up and down in excitement, yelling encouragement and advice, along with the other parents, as their kids bowl strikes, spares ... Dean appears breathless, hands still dirty from work. He and Annie watch in tense anticipation as

TRAVIS

scores a rather unimpressive, wobbly little spare.

DEAN AND ANNIE

scream their heads off, clutching each other and jumping up and down. Somewhat abashed, they slowly release each other, but not before a moment of "heat" has passed.

EXT. A RESORT HARBOR - DAY

We see the familiar yacht anchored.

EXT. DECK

A degenerate Grant emerges from the cabin, hung over.

GRANT

Andrew. Sonia can't seem to find her underwear.

ANDREW

I believe you ate them, sir.

Grant squints, concentrates, realizes that it's true. The phone rings. Grant's hands shoot to his ears -- the noise is excruciating.
INT. EDITH'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Edith Morgan is sitting for a portrait in her most severe black and pearls.

   EDITH
   Now, this is ludicrous, Grant!
   This is the 9th time I've called...
do you have the gall to tell me
I've missed her again?!

INT. YACHT CABIN - GRANT

with yet another gorgeous woman asleep in his bed.

   GRANT
   Oh, no, no, Edith, she's right here.
   Honey, wake, it's your mother.
   (into phone)
   Edith? She's really beat. We were
out dancing at the casino all last night.

ON EDITH

   EDITH
   (suspiciously)
   You and Joanna? Dancing? Joanna
can't drag you out on a dance floor.

ON GRANT

   GRANT
   Yes, well, I've been know to trip
the light fantastic once or twice...

   EDITH (V.O.)
   (angry and audible)
   Don't babble your inanities at me...
I don't believe she wouldn't call me for
three months. Where is she?

From the volume coming from the phone receiver, the girl
actually wakes up. Grant puts his finger to his lips.

   GRANT
   She's dead to the world! We
won the jitterbug contest --

ON EDITH

   EDITH
   Grant. You're not in a position to
lie to me... remember our bargain. Now,
I am going to give you one week. If, in
one week, you do not produce my daughter,
I am going to assume that you've done
something unspeakable. I will then
hire a vile, ravening mercenary, and
he will find you, and he will hurt
you, is that clear?
ON GRANT

GRANT
I'll find her! I mean, you'll talk to her! ... Soon! As soon as -- just soon! I swear! Soon!

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE SITE - DAY - CLOSE ON

A golfball resting on astroturf is delicately tapped with a club. The ball rolls along the semi-flat surface ... up the side of a plywood model of an Egyptian pyramid ... inches its way up to the flat top ... then rolls into the middle of three "channels" which lead it into a maze-like construction of ramps and tunnels on the opposite side. Weaving its way to the pyramid's base, the ball "chooses" one of several exit ramps ... and finally comes to rest inches from an overturned Campbell's soup can. Hoots and applause as we see

ANNIE

miniature golf club in hand, grinning proudly. She's flanked by Dean, Billy, and burly WORKMEN who are totally impressed.

DEAN
You did it, baby! We just built it.

ANNIE
(thrilled)
I ... I can't believe it! It's perfect!
(peering)
You even got the little hieroglyphs on the side!

DEAN
Yeah ... classes it up. Go on ... hit another one.

ANNIE
(demurely)
Oh ... no thanks ... it's past time for your lunch.

She walks over to the hood of his truck, hoists a picnic basket onto it, and begins to unpack an impressive -- and seemingly endless array of little goodies. Billy shoots Dean a look as she produces the final flourish -- a modest centerpiece of fresh-picked daisies.

DEAN
(a little embarrassed)
She ... uh ... hardly ever does this.
BILLY  
(not believing a word)  
Uh-huh.

ANNIE  
finishes up with the food when her eye is caught by  
A PAIR OF BURLY WORKMAN  
who strain to pull a large stump out of the ground. One  
works a lever beneath the thick roots while another pulls  
with a rope. It's hard work.

WORKMAN #1  
God damn this sum'bitch!  
(to his partner)  
C'mon, Hank!

As the two once again throw themselves into the task, Annie  
approaches, rolling up her sleeves.

ANNIE  
(to Workman #1, authoritatively)  
Man the rope. Go on!

Workman #1, skeptical, but obeying her tone, obliges ... as  
Annie picks up a chainsaw, expertly hoists it into the air  
and fires 'er up. It roars to life.

BILLY  
watches in wide-eyed astonishment, as  
ANNIE  
attacks the roots with a vengeance.  
DEAN  
cringes in embarrassment under Billy's glare.

DEAN  
I don't ask her to to that stuff  
anymore! She just does it!

BILLY  
Mm-hm. So how long have you been  
keeping her out there?
DEAN
  (uncomfortable)
Couple months.
  (beat)
 Maybe three, but --

BILLY
Don't you think you got your $600 worth of work out of that woman?

DEAN.
Yeah ... I guess so.

BILLY
"You guess so! You have gotten six thousand dollars of work -- you have gotten your revenge!"

DEAN
Yeah ...

BILLY
So when are you gonna tell that woman the truth?!

DEAN
(evasive)
... I dunno, all right?
  (beat)
It's sorta ... working out.

BILLY
"Working out?!"

DEAN
(defensive)
Well, yeah ... she seems to like it alright...

BILLY
Dean, the woman's married! She's got people!

DEAN
I don't see 'em sending out the National Guard!

BILLY
Well then, what happens when she finally figures it out? And don't think she won't!

DEAN
(growing more guilty)
She might not ...
BILLY
(re the lunch)
Come on ... look at this stuff!
Cheese with crust and sandwiches
without 'em!

This hits home for Dean ... as Annie and the workmen
succeed in turning the stump. She smiles proudly, dusting
herself off as she returns to the picnic table. She begins
to massage Dean's shoulders. Dean winces uncomfortably.

DEAN
(sheepishly)
Uh ... you don't have to do that
right now, babe ...

ANNIE
But I always do that while you eat ...

DEAN
Uh ... not now, hon ...

ANNIE
Well, I'll just get home, then, and
finish up your shirts ...

With a cheerful wave, she starts for the station wagon,
disappears beneath the dash to hot-wire the ignition. The
engine rumbles. Billy gives Dean an accusatory stare.
Dean sighs, hardly able to look his friend in the eyes.

DEAN
All right! I'll tell her!

BILLY

When?

DEAN
Tonight!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dean comes in the kitchen door and is hit squarely between
the eyes with a pastoral scene of familial bliss. Curtains
we've never seen before lend a cozy touch to the room. A
wonderful looking dinner is cooking on the stove. With
total concentration Travis and Greg are carefully
positioning each knife, fork and spoon at the table -- the
first constructive activity we've ever seen them undertake.
Charlie is in a corner doing ballet warmups ... Annie
sits at the kitchen table with Joe in her lap, reading from
a comic book.
ANNIE
That's real good ... so ... Ooh, Mr. Death is mad now ... what does he say?

JOE
(reading falteringly)
I ... will ... re ...

ANNIE
(looking over his shoulder)
Reduce.

JOE
Reduce ... your ... puny ...
planet ... to rub ... rubble!

ANNIE
Well, you're not gonna let him destroy the earth, are you?

Joe shakes his head, then reaches into his pocket and hands her something.

ANNIE
What's this ... a present?

Joe nods. It's one of those shitty macaroni necklaces kids make in arts and crafts class. Annie puts it on.

ANNIE
I'm always going to wear this.

Joe coyly buries his face in her chest.

DEAN
Um ... Annie ...?

The kids look up. A chorus of "Hi, Dads."

DEAN
Could I talk to you?

ANNIE
Can it wait until after dinner? Mr. Death's on a rampage.

DEAN
(sighs)
Sure.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Dean walks down the hall, looks into
INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

where all four kids are standing in their pajamas in an orderly line, (in order of height), holding their toothbrushes and taking turns at the sink.

INT. HALL.

Dean sighs, turns and continues down the hall, knocking on the door of the master bedroom. It opens.

ANNIE

stands in the doorway in a shortie nightgown we haven't seen before ... she is all legs and bedroom eyes. Clearly she is ready to reaffirm her "marriage."

ANNIE

So ... what was it you wanted to talk to me about?

Dean gulps. Even a week ago he would have taken shameless advantage, but now he's too guilty.

DEAN

Uh ... nothing. G'night!

He pumps her hand awkwardly and backs down the hall, leaving a confused Annie.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dean is miserably unrolling his sleeping bag on the couch. Annie comes down the stairs.

ANNIE

Now come on ... what's bothering you?

She plunks into a chair. Clearly she's not going anywhere until he comes out with it. In the flickering firelight she looks very beautiful. Dean puts his head in his hands.

DEAN

I've ... done a terrible thing.

ANNIE

(sympathetic)

Tell me.

DEAN

There's something I have to tell you.

ANNIE

What.

80
DEAN

I --

(beat - he can't do it)
-- forgot your birthday.

ANNIE

My birthday? Really? When was it?

DEAN

(sheepishly)

Today.

ANNIE

It's my birthday ... today?

DEAN

Yeah.

He looks at her. Fuck it. He'll never tell her. Never. It's too late. He gets up, takes her hand, pulls her to her feet.

DEAN

Get dressed.

ANNIE

What?

DEAN

We're going out.

ANNIE

Dean! It's 10:15!

DEAN

(insistant)

Get your ass dressed. It's my babydoll's birthday, and I'm taking her out on the town.

She smiles at him.

INT. BAR (THE BAR/CAFE PART OF THE BOWLING ALLEY)- NIGHT

This smoky local hot spot is comfortingly jammed with a Friday night crowd -- the Naugahyde booths are crammed with gas station attendants and beauticians out for a good time. Elvis snarls "Jailhouse Rock" as couples shake it on the small dance floor. Dean and Annie enter past the illuminated Rolling Rock sign; Annie is wide-eyed with wonder at her first glimpse in months of anything resembling nightlife, as Dean leads her to a small table near the back of the room.
DEAN
(sheepish)
It's not much...

ANNIE
(almost breathless)
Oh, Dean, it's...so exciting!

Dean smiles, sincerely happy to see her so thrilled. He quickly scans a stained drink menu as he flags down a passing waitress.

DEAN
(to the waitress, with a little flamboyance)
Oh...champagne, please...

ANNIE
(flabbergasted)
Oh, no, Dean...!
(grabbing the drink menu)
That's seven dollars!

Dean reaches across the table to take her hand.

DEAN
(proundly)
I got it covered.

Annie melts...as the song ends, and the crowd offers a healthy round of applause.

"ELVIS" (V.O.)
(mumbling)
Thank you, thank you...

Annie and Dean look to
THE STAGE,
as we see that we haven't been listening to jukebox...but to an "incredible simulation" -- "Lonnie 'The King' Goodrow Presents Elvis Memories". Lonnie, paunchy and pompadoured, slips off his leather jacket, hanging it carefully on a spotlit coat rack.

"ELVIS"
This one goes out to all you lovely ladies...

He pulls an imitation Vegas-period sequin-and-rhinestone white jacket from the rack. A few female devotees in the audience squeal...as the scraggly back-up band launches into "One Night With You."
ANNIE smiles delightedly as the waitress places the champagne bottle and two heavy glass beer mugs on the table.

DEAN
Don't you have champagne glasses?

WAITRESS
(deadpan -- it's been a long night)
Not clean.
(re the champagne)
Just watch where you aim that thing.

She leaves. Dean shrugs and smiles at Annie as he pops the cork, which ricochets loudly among the rafters. Annie laughs as the bottle spews foam and Dean fills the glasses, handing her one and raising the other in an intimate toast.

DEAN
(sincerely)
Here's to your birthday.

ANNIE
(softly)
Thank you.

They clink glasses and sip. Annie looks toward the dancers on the floor.

ANNIE
Dean...do I dance?

DEAN
Wanna find out?

He stands, taking her hand cavalierly and leading her to a spot on the floor. Their eyes lock like two starry-eyed kids at their first dance as they awkwardly shift into a stiff semblance of a dancing pose and start to sway tentatively to the music. Dean's not bad and Annie grows more confident and relaxed as they continue. Dean's pleased to discover that she seems to have some facility here; taking a chance, he smiles and twirls her around. She spins and returns to his arms gracefully, surprising herself.

ANNIE
(excited)
I'm...pretty good, aren't I?

DEAN
The greatest.
As they dance closer to the stage, eyes closed, as "ELVIS" drops dramatically to one knee as he belts out the bridge.

ANNIE AND DEAN'S eyes pop open, startled by the sudden volume, but they don't lose a step. She pulls closer to Dean.

ANNIE

Dean...?

DEAN

Yeah, hon?

ANNIE

How old am I?

He smiles warmly.

DEAN

Twenty-nine.

She grins. This is bullshit, and he knows she knows this is bullshit, but hey. It's a sweet intention. She melts into his arms as they spin, losing themselves in the moment...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Their bodies continue to whirl... as they drop onto the bed, rolling into a passionate embrace as we FADE TO BLACK

THE NEXT MORNING

Dean, Annie and the dog are curled up in a heap, in and on the bed. Dean has an idiot's grin. He's in love.

ANNIE

(smiling)

If I'd only known...

They laugh together.

DEAN

Well, you know... I didn't want to rush you into anything.
ANNIE
Oh, you did too.

(laughs)

You did! And then just when I started to like you you turned into the perfect gentleman -- you know I've been trying to get you into bed for a month?

DEAN
(guilty)

Huh ... really?

ANNIE
I thought you'd given up on me. I was sure you were having an affair.

DEAN
(with more significance that she knows)

Honey, I'm not really ... uh ... capable of adultery, I can promise you that!

ANNIE
You sure?

DEAN
(in all sincerity)

Look Annie, it's the last thing I ever expected, but you know ... right since the day I first saw you, whether I liked it or not, I haven't been able to look at another woman. They're just not you.

She smiles, kisses him, then looks out the window at the morning light.

ANNIE
It's freezing ... I'd better get some wood in the house.

She starts to get up. He catches her around the waist.

DEAN
I'll go.

ANNIE
I'll go with you.

DEAN
Wanna come?

They smile at each other.
EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - MORNING

Dean and Annie are walking, arm in arm, towards the log pile as various early-morning creatures scurry out of their path.

    ANNIE
    Brrrrr...
    DEAN
    Chilly?
    ANNIE
    Little bit.
    DEAN
    Put your hand in my pocket.

She does ... then ...

    ANNIE
    What's this ...?

She pulls from his pocket the monogrammed underwear Dean stuck in his pocket that long-ago day back at the police station. She does a slow burn.

INT. THE KIDS ROOM - MORNING

They're all asleep. They are suddenly all jolted awake by Annie's vociferous screaming:

    ANNIE (O.S.)
    And WHAT the HELL are THESE?!!!
    DEAN (O.S.)
    Annie --!

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - MORNING

    ANNIE
    "Incapable of adultery --!
    DEAN
    I am!

    ANNIE
    (brandishing underwear)
    Then who's "J.S."?!
    DEAN
    No ... see ... "J.S." is you!
    Your whole name is Joanna --

    ANNIE
    My last name is Proffitt, with a P!
DEAN
(thinking)
But your maiden name --

ANNIE
Is Goolihy, as I recall. Nice try!

INT. KIDS BEDROOM

The kids are up now, and crowded to the window to get a look at what's going on.

EXT. KIDS' POV - FROM ABOVE

As Dean reaches out to her, tries to calm her.

ANNIE
DON'T touch me! That's it! You lied to me about the most sacred thing in our life!
(with finality)
I want a divorce!

DEAN
A divorce?!

He almost laughs, alone aware of the impossibility of such a thing.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - GROUND LEVEL

ANNIE
I'm glad you're amused!

She starts for the house. He follows, beginning to panic.

DEAN
No -- Annie -- can't can't get a divorce.

ANNIE
I assure you, I can!

DEAN
No! You really can't get a divorce!!

INT. A RICKETY LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

From the certificates on the walls and the piped-in wedding music we gather that the owner of this office is both an attorney and a justice of the peace. Annie sits on one side of a table with her LAWYER, who, unfortunately for
Dean, is probably the most eligible bachelor in Elk Cove. Dean is on the other side of the table, agitated, scared, and furious at the way this guy keeps solicitously patting Annie's hand. Dean can barely sit still in his seat.

**LAWYER**
I must advise you again, Mr. Proffitt, that you're doing yourself a disservice not to be represented by an attorney.

**DEAN**
Attorney!! This is crazy -- Annie, I don't want a divorce!

**ANNIE**
You might have thought of that before you impaled Miss "J.S." -- and then lied --

**DEAN**
"J.S." is you!

**ANNIE**
(to her lawyer)
He's still lying! Look at him!

**DEAN**
Annie, I love you --

**ANNIE**
I can never trust you again -- can't you understand that?

**DEAN**
No!! I won't give you a divorce!

**LAWYER**
Mr. Proffitt! This isn't 1910! Whether or not a person is willing to give his spouse a divorce, a divorce can still be obtained! Now sit down before I recommend a restraining order.

Muttering to himself, Dean slumps back in his seat.

**LAWYER**
Now, I'd like to go over what we consider to be acceptable terms. Eleven hundred a month alimony plus child support in the amount of --

**DEAN**
(jumping up again)
Child support!
ANNIE
Yes. Naturally I'm asking for full custody.

DEAN
No way!! No way are you taking my kids!

ANNIE
They're mine too!

DEAN
No they're not!

Annie's eyebrows shoot up. Dean sucks in his breath. The moment of truth is at hand.

ANNIE
Would you like to explain exactly what you mean by that, please?

DEAN
(torn)
I ... I ...
(with difficulty)
You're ... not their mother!

ANNIE
What?!

DEAN
(a deep breath)
All right.
(another breath)
You're not their mother and you're not my wife.

ANNIE
(unimpressed)
Oh? Then who am I?

DEAN
Your name is Joanna ... oh Jesus, what is your last name ...
(realizing this is getting him nowhere; turning to the lawyer)
Look. She had amnesia, so I just said she was my wife so I could have someone to cook and clean up and take care of my kids, so she can't divorce me because she's not really who she thinks she is!
ANNIE
(witheringly sarcastic)
Mm-hm, then how do you explain this!
(pulling out her wallet)
Wedding picture ... baby pictures ...

DEAN
Fakes! All fakes!

ANNIE
I don't believe even you would be low enough to do such a thing!

DEAN
Oh, I am!!

LAWYER
This is without a doubt the most shameless and degrading ploy to evade alimony and child support payments I've heard in 20 years.

ANNIE
Reprehensible!

DEAN
You don't believe me? Okay. The kids are right outside. Why don't we just ask them? Huh?

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

The kids leap away from the door (where they have been eavesdropping) as it bursts open and Dean, Annie and the Lawyer come striding out.

DEAN
All right now, I've just told them the truth about your mo -- about Annie not being your mother and I want you to tell them, too.

The kids look at him blankly.

DEAN
(exploding)
Tell them!

TRAVIS
Dad, tell him what?

DEAN
Tell them she's not your mother!!
The kids exchange puzzled looks.

CHARLIE
But she is our mother.

DEAN
No -- forget what I said before
and tell the man the truth! Tell
him about the day I brought her
home from the police station --

CHARLIE
She went for a swim. We were
really worried --

DEAN
Goddammit, you'd never seen her
before in your lives!

CHARLIE
(to her brothers)
He's been drinking.

TRAVIS
(sniffing Dean's breath)
Tequila.

CHARLIE
C'mon, Dad. Let's go lie down.

DEAN
(through clenched teeth)
Excuse us a moment.

He ushers the kids over out of earshot.

DEAN
(keeping his voice low)
What do you think you're doing?!

Charlie stands protectively in front of her brothers --
their spokesperson.

CHARLIE
We're not going to let you ruin
everything...

GREG
(adamant)
We're keeping her.

DEAN
You can't keep her, she doesn't
belong to you!
CHARLIE
She didn't belong to you, either --
that didn't stop you.

DEAN
I had my reasons!

CHARLIE
Well, so do we.

TRAVIS
We like her.

DEAN
(voice rising)
Oh, you like her?! You like her
so much you'd live with her over
your OWN FATHER?!!!

Dean looks angrily from kid to kid. They shrug.

CHARLIE
She buys me mascara ...

JOE
She cuts off the crusts ...

TRAVIS
She puts up with my shit.

DEAN
(exploding)
I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

With a wildman's roar he lunges, batting at all his kids.

LAWYER
(calling loudly)
SECURITY!!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Dean is being dragged along by the armpits by the two
guards. He is shrieking at Annie and the kids, who quietly
walk past him past him to the street below...where

BILLY,
just emerging from a hardware store, double-takes as he
takes in the crazy scene.
DEAN
Willya just -- what're you --
look, I can prove who I am! I mean,
who she is! Would you lemme --

Dean sees Billy.

DEAN
Billy! Tell them about the pictures!

Billy looks around at the cops. The shit has definitely
hit the fan in a big way; is Dean trying to implicate him?

BILLY
What pictures?

DEAN
(pointing at Annie)
Tell them who she is!

BILLY
What do you mean? That's your
little wife Annie.

DEAN
You son of a bitch!!

Dean breaks free of the guards and lunges for Billy's
throat. The guards restrain him...and he watches helplessly
as Annie in the wagon does a commendable 180 and peels out
of the parking lot. A TRUCKER leans against his rig,
watching this with interest.

TRUCKER
First woman I've seen who can
really handle a stick.

DEAN
Shut up!!

INT. BILLY'S TRAILER - DAY

Dean, seething with frustration, tosses a suitcase and a
crumpled brown paper bag filled with his belongings beside
Billy's couch.

DEAN
(muttering)
I don't know why I'm still
talking to you.

BILLY
(smiling)
'Cause you need a place to stay.
(beat)
I told you I wasn't gonna
get dragged into this...
Dean sighs.

DEAN
She's got my house, my kids, my car and all my money!

BILLY
Look. Why don't you just go find her husband?

DEAN
'Cause her husband doesn't love her!
(sighs)
So what do I do.

BILLY
Well ...
(a sly grin)
Divorced people get back together. Happens all the time ...

DEAN
Are you telling me I have to go through with this?!

INT. PROFFITT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dean comes in to the sight of laughing kids, gleefully putting pinches of gunpowder into copper tubes, making fireworks. There is a sudden silence at the sight of Dean.

TRAVIS
(infuriatingly polite)
Well, hi, Dad. Is it Visiting Day?

DEAN
(under his breath)
You know damn well it's Visiting Day -- my hand's gonna visit your ass if you don't cut this out --

GREG
(Beaver Cleaver)
Nice to see you, Father!

DEAN
Stop it! And get the fireworks out of the house --

TRAVIS
I know what I'm doing!
ANNIE'S VOICE
(quiet authority)
Fireworks outside.

Travis scampers out, followed by the others. Dean watches, a bit huffy at their instant obedience to Annie, rather than to him.

ANNIE
I'm glad you're here. I've given this a lot of thought...

She hands him a slip of paper.

DEAN
What's this?

ANNIE
It's a list. Of the things I think I should have and you should have... I've tried to be fair --

From outside we hear the BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG of fireworks going off.

DEAN
(yelling out the window)
You keep those away from the house!!
(to Annie)
Sorry, go on.

ANNIE
(holding up a ghastly lamp)
Now, I know this means a lot to you --

TRAVIS' VOICE (O.S.)
(quavery)
Um... Da-ad!

DEAN
Not now!

TRAVIS (O.S.)
(more upset)
Dad!

GREG, CHARLIE AND JOE (O.S.)
(screaming, desperate)
DAD!!! DAD!!!

Unlike the kids' normal yelps, this has a quality of genuine alarm. Dean and Annie rush out the back door to find
THE WASHER SHED

in FLAMES! All four kids watch in horror. Greg is sobbing.

TRAVIS

Joe did it!

JOE

You lie!!

Dean grabs them both by their collars, furious.

DEAN

How many times have I told you --!

He becomes aware that a sobbing Greg is tugging on his hand.

GREG

Save him!!

What!

DEAN

Lucky! He's in there! Save him!

Dean looks at the burning shed. No way.

DEAN

It's too far gone, pal.

ANNIE

(hopefully)

Greg, he'll be okay. The reason turtles have that shell is to protect them.

Greg thinks this over.

GREG

Bullshit!

DEAN

(taking him by the shoulders)

Too dangerous, Gregeroo.
I'm sorry.

Greg's tear-streaked face is heart-rending ... but

DEAN AND ANNIE

move away from the flames' heat. We HEAR Greg quietly sobbing behind them ... then, simultaneously, they stop ...
look at each other ... and do a 180° as Annie grabs the hose and turns it on, covering Dean as he puts his jacket over his face and runs into the burning shed, Annie right behind him, spraying his way ...

THE KIDS

watch anxiously.

DEAN AND ANNIE

emerge, coughing but triumphant -- Lucky in Dean's hand ... or at least Lucky's shell. The arms, legs and head of the turtle are nowhere to be seen.

GREG
(sobbing)

He's dead!

Dean puts the shell on a stump. The family crowds around, watching with trepidation ... a second passes. Two ... three ... five ... and then ...

LUCKY'S

little head peeks out of the shell, followed by his arms and legs.

THE FAMILY

goes bananas. Everyone jumps up and down, hugging and screaming, including Dean and Annie, who are soon hugging each other ... and then kissing ... and then kissing some more. The kids applaud. The dogs bark wildly. Dean and Annie finally break apart, sheepishly.

DEAN

Someone's here.

ANNIE

I'll go see who it is.

She kisses Dean and walks around

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE

where she is confronted by the sight of

GRANT

standing on top of a rental car, cowering from the barking dogs.
ANNIE
Mabel! Down!
(apologetic)
They don't see a lot of strangers.

GRANT
Strangers! Joanna --!

Joanna looks around, thinking he must be addressing someone else.

GRANT
I'm your husband! I know you don't remember your past --

ANNIE
(suspicious)
How do you know that? Did you read about me in the papers?

GRANT
No! We've been married ten years!

ANNIE
Hah! Nice try. You're not even my type.

GRANT
Joanna!

ANNIE
Look. You'll have to go or I'll have to call the dogs.

GRANT
I brought proof! Look! -- Your drivers license --!

ANNIE
George! Mabel!

The dogs growl threateningly at Grant.

GRANT
Here's your passport -- look at it!

ANNIE
Don't come any closer. DEAN!!!

GRANT
Your platinum credit card ... please!!

Dean and the kids come around the house as Annie flicks
a cursory glance at.

CU - THE CREDIT CARD IN GRANT'S HAND

ANNIE - EXTREME CU

as her pupils dilate.

DEAN AND THE KIDS

stop in their tracks, frozen in horror.

ANNIE

My ... credit card.

(stepping towards Grant)

That's my credit card!

She moves towards Grant, mesmerized.

GRANT

Yes! Yes!

Dean watches with fascination and horror.

ANNIE

That's my credit card!

GRANT

(soothingly)

Of course it is, Joanna.

ANNIE

(as it all floods back)

Yes! I'm Joanna!

GRANT

(coaxing)

And I'm ...?

ANNIE

William Grant Stayton!

GRANT

(correcting her)

The third.

ANNIE

My god, I remember! The whole thing! Dean! I --

It hits her. The magnitude, the sheer audacity of Dean's scam. She does a slow burn at
DEAN AND THE KIDS

who writhe in guilty misery.

DEAN
Now be fair, baby, I did tell you --

ANNIE
Be fair? BE FAIR?! How fair is what you did to me!! All of you!

TRAVIS
I wanted to tell you!
(pointing at Dean)
He wouldn't let me!

ANNIE
(voice breaking)
You must all think this is very funny. Revenge on the rich lady.
(to Grant)
Take me home.

DEAN
Annie --!

ANNIE
That's not my name!
(grabbing Grant's arm)
Oh god, take me home! Take me home now! I'll get my things --
(starting for house)
What things, they aren't my things -- take me home!

DEAN
Annie --!

She leaps into the car. Grant needs no second prompting. He jumps behind the wheel and the car starts off. Dean and the kids find their tongues and begin chasing after the car, yelling after her to come back.

INT. CAR - ANNIE'S FACE

Eyes squeezed shut, so as not to see the imploring faces of Dean and the kids, who are rapping on the windows. Even the dogs are loping alongside the car, barking forlornly. Finally the car overtakes them, leaving them all behind.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Annie (who we will now again call Joanna), still in rural clothes, sits beside Grant in 1st Class as he polishes off the last of a dozen oysters. She takes a good look at him,
taking him in. It's taking awhile to adjust to him.

GRANT
(busily eating)
My god, what I've been through!
When I realized you'd actually gone
over the side... well, I just went
to pieces, I crumbled. I... is
this fork clean? Does that look
like a water spot, or...?

Joanna looks, shrugs.

GRANT
The Coast Guard... everyone was sure
you'd drowned...
(to passing stewardess)
Miss? Another fork. But I kept at
it, for three months I combed that
coastline... then when I got back
to that pissant little town, I...
I don't know how to explain it, I
just got a tingle...

JOANNA
My poor mother. She must have
been wild--

GRANT
Well... no.
(growing very serious)
I did something unforgivable,
Joanna. I lied to your mother.
Every time she called I pretended
we were still on our cruise, having
a glorious time.
(voice "breaking")
I just wanted to spare her the
anguish... until I knew...

JOANNA
(patting his arm)
You did the right thing. I think
we can spare my mother the revolting
truth.

GRANT
(shuddering)
Awful man... I still think we
should press charges.

JOANNA
No! I won't have half of New
York dining out on this story!
We're just going to erase it
JOANNA (cont'd)
from my life, I insist, insist that we do that!

Joanna has drawn herself up to her full, former imperiousness.

GRANT
(trying to conceal his glee)
Hey. It never happened.

EXT. THE PLANE
descends towards the Manhattan skyline.

EXT. GRANT AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISH
One of New York's "good" buildings. A distinctive Rolls pulls up to the curb. The doorman scurries to the cab and opens the door for Joanna.

INT. FOYER OF GRANT AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT
Huge, elegant and cheerless. The door is opened by Andrew, revealing Edith, who embraces her daughter with air kisses.

EDITH
I couldn't wait for you to come see me, I had to be here --
(focusing on Joanna's clothes; plucking at her sleeve)
What is this -- Lumberjack Chic? It doesn't work at all --

Joanna looks down at her clothing -- the flannel shirt, the jeans, the sneakers and the macaroni necklace.

JOANNA
(briskly)
Nothing, Mother, our luggage was stolen in Nassau ... 

GRANT
takes advantage of the two women's preoccupation with one another to draw Andrew aside.

GRANT
(hissing under his breath)
All right, now, as far as Mrs. Stayton is concerned, I've spent the last three months scouring the coast of Oregon, is that clear?
ANDREW

Not especially.

GRANT

If you don't back me up you'll be out on your ass with no severance, no references, and I'll make damn sure everyone in this town knows you're not really English!

Andrew is seriously taken aback, as, in the b.g., we hear Edith in the b.g. continue to revile Joanna's appearance.

EDITH (O.S.)

And what has happened to your hair?! It's your natural color ... you can't be seen ... Andrew!! Call Elizabeth Arden, tell Maurice he'll have to make a house call --

Andrew jumps to obey.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A WHILE LATER

Joanna floats euphorically across the pristine room, caressing antiques and art objects as she goes.

JOANNA

Oh, it's so good to be back!
(fondling a big, heavy sculpture)
Oh, and here's my Moore! I stole this for one-seven!

EDITH

Dear, are you feeling all right?

JOANNA

Perfect!

EDITH

(dubious)
You don't normally make love to the furniture.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Mrs. Stayton ... Maurice is here ...
INT. JOANNA'S BATHROOM - DAY

We only see Joanna from the rear as Maurice finishes combing her out, chattering away.

MAURICE
(unidentifiable foreign accent)
What waz done to you ... you were maybe in prison? Mm?

JOANNA
Yes. Imprisoned on a tiny island with no salon --

MAURICE
Ai! Your husband is a brute to take you such a place ... there!

He spins her around. She is now expertly made up and coiffed. Gone is the soft look she acquired during her time in the country. Her hair is lacquered, more severe. She is, in short, her old self. Grant appears behind her, puts his hands on her shoulders.

GRANT
Well! Everything's back to normal now, hm?

He takes her hand and slips her gaudy diamond wedding ring back on her finger. She smiles.

INT. AN ELEGANT NEIMAN-MARCUS-TYPE STORE - DAY

Joanna, returning to the world of shopping with a vengeance, fervently plucks outfit after outfit off the racks. Milling around her, also fingerling clothes, are other women who have never done anything in their lives but shop.

EXT. A RAQUETBALL COURT

Joanna is whacking the ball back and forth with another rich woman.

INT. SALON

Joanna is having her toenails done.

INT. ANOTHER CLOTHING STORE

Joanna pulls more clothes off racks ... with a little less enthusiasm.
INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

Joanna lies on the couch, talking. Her SHRINK, the ubiquitous bearded Jewish guy in his 50's, does needlepoint.

INT. ANOTHER CLOTHING STORE - MAIN ENTRANCE

Joanna walks in, sighs. Stops. Turns. And walks out.

INT. AN ART OPENING - DAY

Joanna, dressed to the nines, is jammed between various RICH PEOPLE, stifling a yawn as they talk to her, talk, talk...her attention begins to wander...then is riveted on A PAINTING OF A GIANT, IMPRESSIONISTIC TURTLE

JOANNA

stares at it, slowly growing emotionally upset ...she backs away from the painting, turns and bolts into

INT. LADIES LOUNGE

--where Joanna sinks into a chair, puts her hand to her temple. Standing behind her is a cluster of laughing RICH WOMEN.

RICH WOMAN #1

Joanna, comes look at Margot's tits.

JOANNA

What?

MARGOT

(unbuttoning her shirt).

I just had them done, he did a fabulous job, you have to take a look at this ...

JOANNA

I ... think I'll pass.

She backs out.

INT. ART OPENING

Joanna stands in the Ladies Room doorway, taking in the "scene" of which she no longer feels a part ...

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Another party is in progress, albeit a more modest one. A banner reads "Elk Cove Miniature Golf Course - THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD - Grand Opening." People are milling around,
helping themselves to Coke and pretzels, and of course, playing golf. We now PAN PAST some of the completed golf holes and they're actually pretty ingenious ... there's Mount Rushmore ... there's the Eiffel Tower, of course, and there's Billy and Dean, taking in the spectre of success with not a little amazement.

**BILLY**
439 people! 439 individuals! All putting their brains out!

**DEAN**
(morose)
Yeah ... she never even got to see it finished.

**BILLY**
Look, you got to get your mind off Annie!

(changing the subject)
Mike Smallwood wants us to do another course up in Jackson ... we gotta work up a whole new batch of wonders.

**DEAN**
How?

**BILLY**
What do you mean, how?

**DEAN**
How're we gonna come up with more wonders? Annie designed all the good ones! She came up with the Tower of Pisa, the Loch Ness Monster --

**BILLY**
We came up with the monster!

**DEAN**
The way it pops! Up and eats the ball, that was hers!

Billy takes this in, agrees.

**BILLY**
(trying to be comforting)
Yeah ... she'll live on for a lotta people in that monster.

**DEAN**
(sighs)
Not for me.

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He turns and walks off the course.

INT. DEAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room hasn't changed since Joanna left. It's still neat, tidy, cozy. The twins are sprawled out on the floor, doing their homework. Charlie has the cats up on the mantle and is vacuuming. Mrs. Burbidge, the social worker, stands at the front door, shaking Dean's hand as she's leaving.

MRS. BURBIDGE
Well, Mr. Proffitt, I don't know what you've done, but keep on doing it.

DEAN
(sighs)
Thanks, Mrs. Burbidge...

She goes. Dean sighs, looks at his kids. They're all well-mannered, god knows, but all the animation has gone out of them.

DEAN
So who wants to play some Pictionary?!

Nobody's enthusiastic. Excuses, shrugs, sighs.

DEAN
Well, how about a movie?

No takers. A chorus of polite "No, thank you"s. The kids are pointedly not meeting his eyes.

DEAN
Now look, I am not gonna call her -- she hates me! She's gone, she's out of here, she's got her rich husband and her rich life and that's the end of it!

INT. JOANNA AND GRANT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joanna lies wide awake in the massive bed she shares with Grant. She gets up, throws on a robe.

INT. KITCHEN

Andrew and a MAID, a matronly woman, are watching a rerun of "I Dream of Jeannie." They leap to their feet as Joanna enters, taken aback by her unexpected presence -- it's clear she's never set foot in the kitchen before.
JOANNA
Listen, I won't bother you ... I
was just looking for a beer ...
No, no ... I'll get it myself ...

As they stare at her, Joanna opens the refrigerator, finds
a beer. She absently puts the bottle against the
counter, and bam! hits it with her fist. The cap flies
off. She takes a long guzzle. Then she notices Andrew and
the cook staring at her.

JOANNA
Um ... I don't think beer is
going to do it ... do we have
any tequila?

Andrew nods; she gets down on her knees and awkwardly
rummages through the liquor cabinet among dozens of
bottles.

JOANNA
Hm ... four brands ... what's
the best?

ANDREW
(after some hesitation)
Um ... I believe the Hornitos,
madam, goes down quite smoothly.

JOANNA
Is this the voice of experience,
Andrew?

He raises an eyebrow. She smiles at him.

INT. HALL

The faint sound of '40's swing music wafts through the
cavernous, dark halls as Grant, in pajamas, comes padding
towards the kitchen.

GRANT
Joanna ...?

No answer.

We track him down the lengthy hall and to the kitchen door,
from which the music emanates. He opens the door.

HIS POV

On the counter, in the f.g. in some disarray, is an empty
bottle of tequila, some halved limes, salt, and three shot
glasses. In the center of the kitchen the cook shimmies on
the sidelines as Andrew and Joanna are cutting loose with a
wild jitterbug at which, given their looped condition, they
are surprisingly adept. They stop abruptly as they see

GRANT

in the doorway, eyes glazed with disbelief.

INT. STAYTON BEDROOM - DAY

Joanna is energetically vacuuming the white carpet. Edith
and Grant regard her quizzically.

EDITH
We're worried about you.

JOANNA
Why! I'm just neatening up.

Edith and Grant look very dubious.

EDITH
Have you been keeping your
appointments with Dr. Rosenberg?

JOANNA
Yes, and it was very productive,
he's finished a whole tapestry
by now -- I'm sorry -- I'm just ...
I don't know ...

She shakes her head, unable to talk about it.

GRANT
Jo-jo --

JOANNA
Please don't call me that.
I feel like a Pomeranian.

EDITH
Darling, for the past two weeks
you haven't been your old self.

JOANNA
I haven't? Well, that's one
good thing.

EDITH
And ... this chumming it up with the
servants ... very bad form -- stop that!

Joanna is now emptying ash trays.
JOANNA
I just want to do something.
Haven't you ever wanted to do something?

EDITH
Of course. You only have to snap your fingers -- you can be on any committee --

JOANNA
I don't want committees! I want --
(beat - a realization)
I want ... kids.

EDITH
A baby!? I just bought you six Halstons, they won't fit if you're pregnant --

GRANT
(snapping to Edith)
The Staytons need a male heir --

JOANNA
I don't care about the Halstons or the Staytons! I just want ... a family.
(beat)
--And I want to get out of here ...

EDITH
You just got back!

Grant and Edith look at each other in alarm as Joanna begins emptying wastebaskets into a plastic trash sack.

GRANT
(soothingly)
Then we'll go away. We'll have a second honeymoon. A long, long one. And we'll start our own little family. How does that sound?

INT. STAYTON MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Joanna is listlessly packing a suitcase. She opens

HER LINGERIE DRAWER
It's full of underwear monogrammed "J.S." She stops, with a shock of recognition, picks up a pair, looks at it for a mournful moment.
The phone rings. She almost answers it, thinks the better of it, returns, heavy-hearted, to her packing.

INT. KITCHEN

Andrew has picked up the phone.

ANDREW
I'm sorry ... Mrs. Stayton has left strict instructions not to be disturbed, but if you'll give me your name ...
CHARLIE
We're not doing anything!

DEAN
Then go do something! Get out of here, go on!

The kids stay right where they are. Dean heaves a huge sigh and starts out of the room, stops, wheels around and looks at them.

DEAN
Everybody pee and get your coats.

The kids scramble to obey him.

EXT. PROFFITT HOUSE - DAY - MUSIC UP UNDER

Dean revs the engine behind the wheel of the truck. The kids barely have time to jump in the open cab doors as the truck peels out down the driveway.

FLIP FRAME TO:

INT. TRUCK CAB - MOVING - DAY

Dean, with a couple days' beard growth, is driving with fanatical determination. The cab is filled with empty take-out containers. The kids are singing.

KIDS
4,000 bottles of beer on the wall... 4,000 bottles of beer...!

They pass a sign: "Welcome to Kansas."

FLIP FRAME TO:

INT. STAYTON KITCHEN

The cook puts the final touches on a HUGE BOAT SHAPED CAKE reading "Bon Voyage, Joanna and Grant." Small figures representing Grant and Joanna stand on the deck of the "boat." The cook delicately places a tiny captain's hat on Grant.

INT. JOANNA AND GRANT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A giant bon voyage party is in full swing. A nautically attired orchestra plays. Hired servants scurry back and forth, carrying platters of food. RICH PEOPLE are clustered in conversation. GRANT holds court, very much in his element.
INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALL

Edith, formally dressed, raps on the door of Joanna's bedroom.

EDITH

What are you doing!

INT. JOANNA'S BEDROOM

Joanna, wearing a stunning black dress that (either) Hepburn might covet, is sitting listlessly on the bed.

EDITH (O.S.)
The Hardwickes are asking for you!

JOANNA

(sighs)
I'm coming... 

Quickly she gets up, gives her reflection a final check, and rummages in

HER JEWEL BOX

and pulls out a lovely diamond necklace.

JOANNA

is about to fasten it around her neck, then her eye is caught by

JOE'S MACARONI NECKLACE

hanging on a doorknob.

JOANNA

impulsively tosses the diamond necklace back on her dresser, grabs the macaroni one and defiantly throws it over her head as she runs out the door.

INT. STAYTON LIVING ROOM - THE PARTY

Joanna, pasting a smile on her face, descends the stairs and begins to greet her guests.

EXT. FRONT OF JOANNA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A familiar, battered truck wagon pulls into the adjoining garage, zipping right past the uniformed attendant, who yells and shakes his fist.
INT. GARAGE

Dean and all four kids, looking pretty grubby after three
days on the road, climb out of the truck.

DEAN
(frazzled)
Yes, goddammit, we are there,
all right? Now everbody shut up!

TRAVIS
(looking around)
This is where she lives?

GREG
Right. She lives in a garage.

DEAN
Come on ... He herds the kids towards the door to the lobby, as

THE GARAGE ATTENDANT
eyes them suspiciously as they go.

INT. STAYTON LIVING ROOM

The party is in full swing. Joanna is doing her best to
mingle, but is looking more and more unhappy. She
approaches the bar, where Andrew is pouring champagne. He
takes one look at her brittle smile, eschews a champagne
class, and pours her a triple, right into a tumbler. She
smiles in gratitude and accepts it. He sighs
sympathetically at the obvious misery on her face, then
casts a glance at

GRANT

who is standing in a laughing crowd of men, making a lewd
gesture of "big breasts" ... obviously bragging about his
vacation.

ANDREW'S

eyes narrow. He makes a decision.

ANDREW
Mrs. Stayton ... there's something
I feel you have a right to know ...

INT. THE BUILDING LOBBY

Dean and the kids are not making a favorable impression on
the doorman and armed security guard.
DOORMAN
Is she expecting you?

DEAN
I'm the last thing she's expecting,
but if you just call her --

INT. STAYTON LIVING ROOM

Grant excuses himself from his friends to pick up the
ringing phone.

GRANT
Yes. What?! No! Under no
circumstances is he to be let in!
Hold on --

He puts his hand over the phone as he sees

JOANNA,

approaches him, followed by Andrew. She is smoldering --
smoking with rage.

GRANT
What is it, sweetums?

JOANNA
So you spent three months searching
for me ...?!

He stammers ... she puts her hands on his chest and PUSHES
him backward so hard he SITS on the buffet table,
squishing the prow of the cake-ship under his ass. Joanna
runs up the stairs, Edith following. He stares after
them.

GRANT
Pre-menstrual insanity! Here ...

He hands the phone to Andrew and follows his wife.

ANDREW
(into phone)
Hallo, this is Andrew. Who?
(beat, gets an idea)
Oh, uh, yes ... Mr. Stayton begs your
pardon, there's been a ghastly mistake
... the gentleman you're detaining is
one of our guests. Send him up.

Andrew replaces the receiver, humming to himself.
INT. UPSTAIRS HALL.

Grant pounds on the bedroom door.

GRANT
Joanna! What is it?!

JOANNA (O.S.)
{sobbing}
You cheated!!

GRANT
Oh, for god's sake, grow up,
Joanna! Everybody cheats!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Joanna is pacing, wracked with pain. Edith can't calm her.

JOANNA
You hear that?! That's what
I've been married to!

EDITH
Don't shriek at me--

JOANNA
Why not? You're the one who
wanted me to marry him!

EDITH
You acted of your own free will --

JOANNA
But you kept telling me what
a good match it was, you kept
saying I'd get my name in the papers
and I'd be invited everywhere --
you kept filling my head with
that crap, mother! He doesn't
love me--

EDITH
You don't know that.

JOANNA
I know! I know the difference,
because --

She breaks off. Her mother looks at her shrewdly.

EDITH
Because you met someone.
JOANNA
(from the heart)
I was with someone. We were really together. Do you know what that's like?

Edith reflects for a moment, sits on the bed.

EDITH
Yes. I know what that's like. You don't remember your father, but he was ... quite ...
(beat, smiles at the memory)
Even in two rooms in Brooklyn he was, um, quite ...
(beat, dryly)
That he happened to have a talent for money ... that was an a surprise. But even after the money we weren't ever really ... accepted by any of these people. That takes a name. And the idea of my little girl Edie Jackowsky's little girl, married to a Stayton --!
(looks at Joanna, simply:)
I thought it would make you happy. Because I'm happy. I'm happy we're Staytons, I'm happy I have servants. I'm happy when I'm invited to Monaco or Buckingham Palace -- that impresses the hell out of this little babe from Brooklyn.
(beat)
But if it hasn't made you happy ... then that's my fault. And I'm so sorry, baby.

Joanna, in tears, embraces her mother.

EDITH
(warmly)
So who is this other guy?

JOANNA
Mother, he's gone! I've been trying to call him for three days ... they've moved, they've gone away, I don't know --!

She cries on her mother's shoulder.

INT. STAYTON FOYER

The elevator doors open. Dean and the kids pile out.
DEAN
Okay: ... stay here ... I'm just gonna slip in there and blend right in ... nobody'll even know I'm there ...

He rushes through the double doors to

INT. STAYTON LIVING ROOM

There is a sudden silence as

DEAN'S POV - 200 OF NEW YORK'S MOST LUMINOUS SOCIALITES

stare in stony silence at

THIS LOWLIFE GUY

Dean has been on the road for three days straight and has the beard growth (and smell) to prove it. He shrinks under their disdain, but screws up his courage, chokes out his question.

DEAN
Where's Annie?

A buzz of confusion, revulsion. Who is this person? And who's Annie?

DEAN
I mean, Joanna, where’s Joanna?!

THE UPSTAIRS LANDING

Drawn by the uproar, Grant appears, looks over the railing, stiffens in panic.

GRANT
SECURITY!!!

He bounds downstairs, gesturing to

TWO PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY MEN

who glide through the crowd, grabbing Dean by the armpits.

DEAN
Willya just -- Look, I -- look!

They start to drag him off. Dean breaks one arm free and takes a swing, connecting with one of them. The other continues to drag him off.

DEAN
ANNIE!!! ANNIE!!!

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INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Joanna, lying dejected on the bed, hears, faintly --

DEAN (O.S.)

Annie!!

She sits bolt upright, quivering.

DEAN (O.S.)

Annie!! Annie!!

JOANNA

(screaming)

DEEEEEEEAN!!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Her scream pierces the downstairs noise. People look up at THE UPSTAIRS LANDING as Joanna bursts from the bedroom, wild-eyed.

JOANNA

Dean ...?

She scans the crowd, sees DEAN,

who sees her, too, and wrestles free of the guards, plowing his way through the crowd, which parts like the Red Sea as

JOANNA

bounds down the stairs three at a time and, from the last stair, takes a flying leap at

DEAN

who catches her before she even hits the ground. She clamps onto him, her legs around him, kissing him, beard growth, sweat, and all.

JOANNA

Take me home.

THE PARTY

stares in amazement and utter silence. Then, we HEAR the sound of one person CLAPPING. We PAN TO the gentleman we recognize as Joanna's psychiatrist, very pleased with his patient's breakthrough. Edith stares at him.
GRANT

Joanna!

Dean is carrying her out. Grant pushes through the crowd after them. Edith grabs his arm.

EDITH

Let her go.

GRANT

What?!

EDITH

Let. Her. Go.

GRANT

The hell I will!!

He jerks his arm free, motions to the guards, who follow

JOANNA,

now standing, who looks back, sees them advancing... She gives the Moore sculpture a tremendous push. Top heavy, it falls right onto the three men, giving

JOANNA, DEAN AND THE KIDS
time to disappear into the elevator.

INT. LOBBY

Dean, Joanna and the kids bolt past the doorman through the side door into

INT. THE GARAGE

--just in time to see

DEAN'S TRUCK

hooked to the back of a tow truck, disappearing out of the garage.

ANNIE

Never mind! Come on!

They run to

THE END OF THE GARAGE

where Joanna's gleaming Rolls is waiting. She tries the door; it's locked. She pounds on the window, then, looking at her hand, turns it sideways and SCRATCHES a large X on the window with the diamond of her gaudy
wedding ring. She takes off a high heel and SMASHES the glass, opening the door so the kids can pile in. Dean is still standing there.

JOANNA

Get in!

DEAN

It's a Rolls Royce!

JOANNA

So? Get in!

She reaches in the car, begins fiddling with the wires under the dash.

DEAN

Look, have you thought about this?

ANNIE

Yes, get in.

DEAN

(stubbornly)

You're not gonna have this kind of car, or that kind of dress ...

I'll work and I'll take care of you, but it'll be back to tacos and beers --

JOANNA

(breathless)

No it won't, get in!

DEAN

Annie, it will!

JOANNA

It won't, the money's mine, get IN!!!

DEAN

Wha --?! Money --?! How much money?

He puts his head under the dash with her, hears the answer, and pulls back in gasping amazement.

DEAN

JEEsus H. CHRIST!!

ANNIE

Why do you think he married me, now GET INTO THIS GOD DAMN CAR! RIGHT NOW!!
Dean gulps, obeys, as

GRANT AND THE SECURITY GUARDS
rush into the garage, spot them 30 yards away.

GRANT
They've got the Rolls --!

GARAGE ATTENDANT
No they don't.

Grant looks at him. The garage attendant holds up the keys, smiling. Grant smiles back, as

THE ROLLS
starts up with a ROAR! The headlights come on.

GRANT, THE GARAGE ATTENDANT AND SECURITY GUARDS
doubletake, then dive out of the way as the Rolls comes barelling straight towards them --

EXT. STAYTON BUILDING - DAY
--and out of the garage!

EXT. TURNPIKE - MOVING ON THE ROLLS - DAY
on its way out of town. As we PULL UP, WAY UP, we see the Statue of Liberty ... and we DISSOLVE TO ...

EXT. ELK COVE MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - MAGIC HOUR
And we see the more modest Statue of Liberty that crowns the 18th hole.

WIDER ANGLE
As the Rolls glides to a stop next to the deserted golf course. Dean gets out and makes a deferent arc around the front of the car to open the door for

ANNIE (as we will again call her),

who is fast asleep, still in her black dress, hair a mess from three days on the road. The kids, also sleeping, stir in the back seat as Dean gently nudges Annie to consciousness, helping her out of the car, leading her to

THE MIDDLE OF THE COURSE

Dean flicks a switch and the shadowy grounds are suddenly ILLUMINATED BY FLOODLIGHTS. Annie looks around in wonder
at what she has helped to create. She turns back to Dean, flings her arms around him, and they begin to dance, swaying to imaginary music, and the kids pile into frame, hanging onto them, and dancing with them, and we PULL BACK, and BACK ... leaving the family, and Lady Liberty, to their celebration ...