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Wonder Boys

By Steve Kloves

All IS A BLUR. . .

...then WORDS appear, twisting and vaguely transparent, reflected on the window GRADY TRIPP stands before as he reads from a sheaf of NEATLY-TYPED PAGES.

GRADY:

'The young girl sat perfectly still in the confessional...

LINT. CLASSROOM - UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

Grady--45-year-old novelist, professor, and insomniac--is in the midst of reading a story to the dozen college STUDENTS who make up his Advanced Writing Workshop.

GRADY:

...listening to her father's boots scrape like chalk on the ancient steps of the church, then grow faint, then disappear altogether.'

As he finishes, GRADY ponders a PAIR of MAINTENANCE MEN, perched on ladders in the quad below, stringing a LARGE BANNER between two bare trees. The BANNER reads:

WELCOME TO WORDFEST

GRADY turns, peers at his students. They look as if they've been on a field trip to the DMV.

GRADY (cont'd)

(a wave of the pages)

So. .Anyone?

A GIRL with jet-black hair turns to a PALE YOUNG MAN sitting at a desk in the back of the classroom. He is JAMES LEER, 19. Like GRADY a moment before, he is staring out the window.

CARRIE MCWHIRTY

Let me get this straight. The girl with the big lips is depressed because, each night, when her father goes off to work at the bakery, her mother sneaks some mysterious lover into the house. Not only does this girl have to listen to her mother working this guy in the next room, she has to wash the sheets each morning before Daddy gets home. After a few weeks of this, she starts to go a little nutty/ so Daddy takes her to confession--only, once she gets in the box, she gets a whiff of the priest and realizes he's the mother's secret lover. Is that it?

James Leer says nothing, huddling lower in the PATTY OVERCOAT he wears.

CARRIE MCWHIRTY:

I mean, Jesus. What is it with you Catholics?

GRADY:

All right. Let's try to keep it constructive, shall we? Howard, what about you?

HOWARD :

I hated it.

GRADY:

That's not exactly what I meant by constructive, Howard.

HOWARD :

I think James should try to be more constructive. This is my second semester with him. His stories are brutal, man. They make me want to kill myself.

GRADY glances at James, but his face remains impassive. Then--with a visible sense of relief--GRADY notices the raised hand of the achingly beautiful HANNAH GREEN.

GRADY:

Yes, Hannah?

HANNAH GREEN:

I think maybe we're missing the point. It seems to me James' strength as a writer is that he doesn't take us by the hand. He treats us like adults. He respects us enough to forget us. That takes . . . courage .

GRADY nods, smiles subtly. Appreciative.

GRADY:

Well put, Hannah. And a good note to end on, I think.

(as the students rise)

Don't forget about WordFest this weekend. And

remember:

tonight's cocktail party need to have them at the Chancellor's house no later than 5:30. Hannah Green gathers her things, pauses by Grady.

GRADY:

Thanks for that. He all right?

HANNAH GREEN:

I think so. ..What about you?

GRADY:

Me? Sure. Why?

HANNAH GREEN:

Just checking.

GRADY watches her glide away in her CRACKED RED COWBOY BOOTS, then starts to exit himself.

JAMES LEER :

Turn out the light, please.

GRADY pauses, studying the wan figure sitting at the back of the classroom, then--reluctantly-hits the switch on the wall, leaving James Leer alone in the DARK.

2INT. STAIRWELL/CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER)

GRADY hurries down the steps, then spies SARA GASKSL, 45, standing below. She is talking to a BOY with an armful of SLICK PROGRAMS.

SARA :

(calm but firm)

No, Elliot, I said five hundred programs for today. This means we have no programs for the weekend. This means that tomorrow morning, at 9AM, several hundred people will walk into Thaw Hall and have absolutely no idea where they are going.

(shaking her head)

It's all right, Elliot. I'll take care of it.

GRADY watches Sara take the programs, turn, and spot him. There is the slightest of hesitations, then....

SARA :

Professor Tripp.

GRADY:

Chancellor.

SARA :

I got the message you called.

GRADY:

I got the message you called too.

This hangs in the air, awkward somehow, then both nod and continue on, without so much as a backward glance.

3INT. GRADY'S CAR - MOVING

The RADIO BLASTS as GRADY pops the glove box, removes a JOINT as big as his pinky, and wheels his DARK MAROON '66 GALAXIE RAGTOP away from campus, cruising under another

BANNER:

WELCOME TO WORDFEST FEBRUARY 26-28

4EXT. GALAXIE - MOVING.. - PITTSBURGH

GRADY cruises past the three rivers and modest skyscrapers of downtown, sipping at the weed.

5INT. PITTSBURGH AIRPORT

GRADY rides the long, automated treadmill that runs half the length of the terminal, until...

6INT. ARRIVAL GATE - PITTSBURGH AIRPORT

...TERRY CRABTREE--Grady's editor and friend-exits the tunnel with a STUNNING YOUNG WOMAN in a skin-tight black dress, bright red topcoat, and three-inch spike heels. Grinning devilishly, Crabtree whispers something in the woman's ear, then spots Grady.

CRABTREE :

Tripp!

GRADY:

How are you, Crabtree?

CRABTREE :

Brimming. Say hello to my new friend, Miss Antonia. . .uh. . . .

WOMAN :

Sloviak.

CRABTREE :

I took the liberty of inviting Antonia to tonight's festivities. You don't mind, do you. Trip? ?

GRADY:

(a slight beat)
The more the merrier.

MISS SLOVIAK :

Terry was telling me about you on the plane. It was ail so interesting.

CRABTREE :

I was explaining to Antonia how a book comes to be published. What you do as a writer, what I do as an editor...

GRADY:

I sweat blood for five years and he checks for spelling.

MISS SLOVIAK :

(indicating Crabtree)
That's exactly what he said.

CRABTREE :

We know each other pretty well.
(to Grady)
So where's Emily?

GRADY:

Emily?

CRABTREE :

Your wife.

GRADY:

Oh. We're picking her up. Downtown.

CRABTREE :

Perfect. Well then, shall we?
GRADY nods, but lingers briefly--studying the architecture of Miss Sloviak's ankles as she CLICKS off in her spike heels, arm in arm with Crabtree.

7INT. BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

GRADY and Crabtree watch suitcases tumble as Miss Sloviak sits across the way, inspecting her face in a compact.

CRABTREE :

Do you know how many times I've boarded an airplane praying someone like her would sit down beside me? Particularly while I'm on my way to Pittsburgh.

GRADY:

Lay off Pittsburgh. It's one of the great cities.

CRABTREE :

If it can produce a Miss Sloviak you'll get no argument from me.

GRADY:

She's a transvestite.

CRABTREE :

You're stoned.

GRADY:

She's still a transvestite.

CRABTREE :

Mm.

GRADY:

Isn't she?

Crabtree ignores Grady's question, smiling placidly as he watches the carousel spin.

CRABTREE :

So how's the book?

GRADY stiffens. He had been expecting this, but not so soon. He tries to act casual.

GRADY:

It's fine. It's done. Basically. I'm just sort of. ..tinkering with it.

CRABTREE :

Great. I was hoping I could get a look at it sometime this weekend. Think that might be possible?

GRADY:

I don't know. I'm sort of at a critical. . . juncture .

CRABTREE:

I thought you were tinkering.

GRADY:

I just mean. . .

CRABTREE:

Forget I asked. I don't want to pressure you, Tripp. But...
(pointedly)

...I get pressure. Know what I mean?

GRADY ponders this, troubled by it. Suddenly, Crabtree's face brightens again.

CRABTREE:

Ah. ..well now. What do you suppose that would be?

GRADY turns, watches an immense PONY HIDE CASE drop onto the carousel.

GRADY:

That would be a tuba.

8INT. GRADY'S CAR - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

8

As the Galaxie emerges from a TUNNEL, GRADY watches the great city of Pittsburgh reveal itself in the distance, then glances in the rearview mirror.

GRADY:

That perfume you're wearing, Antonia. It wouldn't happen to be Cristaile, would it?

MISS SLOVIAK:

Why yes. How did you know?

GRADY:

Lucky guess.

CRABTREE:

You didn't actually purchase this car, did you. Trip??

GRADY:

It was Jerry Nathan's. He owed me money.

CRABTREE :

He owes God money. You know, he queered himself for good with Esquire.

GRADY takes a joint from the ashtray, snaps a Scripto butane.

GRADY:

He said something about being between things.

CRABTREE:

Yeah, between a bookie and a pair of broken legs.

9EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A YOUNG WOMAN with a crumpled PITTSBURGH STEEIERS UMBRELLA exits the building and-seeing GRADY parked in front of a fire hydrant--stops, a puzzled expression on her face. As she approaches, GRADY roils down the passenger window.

GRADY:

Hi, Tanya.

(to the others)

This is Tanya. My wife's secretary.

CRABTREE and MISS SLOVIK smile and nod. Tanya smiles and nods back, her eyes passing uneasily over Grady's joint.

TANYA :

Grady.. ..Emily's not here.

GRADY just smiles, nods.

TANYA (cont'd)

Is there anything I can do for you?

GRADY watches a tiny stream of water trickle through Tanya's sad umbrella.

GRADY:

You're leaking, Tanya.

Tanya nods--at a loss--then turns away into the rain.

CRABTREE:

Trip? ?

GRADY:

She left me. Crabs.

CRABTREE:

Left you...? Who? Emily?

GRADY:

This morning. I found a note in the kitchen.

CRABTREE:

But. ..why didn't you say something, Tripp? I mean, what are we doing here?

GRADY gazes at the glittering scene beyond his windshield, turns on the ignition.

GRADY:

I thought maybe I made it all up.

10EXT. GASKELL HOUSE - EVENING

Through the windows, a rabble of writers, faculty and select students can be SEEN, mingling under a haze of cigarette smoke. GRADY brings the Galaxie to a lurching halt across the street, parks in front of another fire hydrant. As the trio steps out. MISS SLOVIAK notices a GREENHOUSE, shimmering quietly in the chill night air.

MISS SLOVIAK:

That's a nice greenhouse.

GRADY:

It's Mrs. Gaskell's. Her hobby.

CRABTREE:

I thought you were Mrs. Gaskell's hobby, Tripp.

GRADY:

Piss off, Crabs. I lost a wife today.

CRABTREE:

Oh, I'm sure you'll find another. You always do.

11EXT. FRONT PORCH - GASKELL HOUSE

As the front door swings open, Sara Gaskell appears, riding a wave of jagged party CHATTER onto the porch.

SARA :

Well, hello, everyone. Terry, good to see you again.

CRABTREE:

Chancellor. Don't you look ravishing.

SARA:

Aren't you sweet to say so. I was beginning to wonder if you were ever going to--oh!

As Sara steps forward, her heel-catches and she pitches forward ...into Grady's arms.

GRADY:

Easy there.

SARA:

I'm sorry. It's these goddamned shoes. I don't know how anyone actually walks in these things.

MISS SLOVIAK:

Practice.

Sara looks at Miss Sloviak, a faint glitter of scientific curiosity in her eye.

SARA:

I don't believe we've met...

MISS SLOVIAK:

Antonia. Antonia Sloviak--

Just then, a THICKLY-MUCSCLED DOG with very strange EYES skitters around the corner, BARKING SAVAGELY in the general direction of Grady.

SARA:

Poe!

CRABTREE:

(mildly)

This wouldn't be Walter's dog, would it?

Poe continues to rage, his paws doing crazy eights on the hardwood floor, until he's spun himself completely around and is barking at the living room.

MISS SLOVIAK:

Who 's he barking at now?

GRADY:

He's still barking at me. He's blind.

SARA:

Poe! Hush! Now stop this. Honestly.

As Poe simmers to a deep growl, GRADY leans forward.

GRADY:

I need to talk to you.

SARA:

That's funny. I need to talk to you, too.

(strategy in her tone)

Perhaps you could put some of these coats in the upstairs guest room, Professor Tripp.

GRADY:

(reading her)

I don't believe I know where the upstairs guest room is.

SARA:

Well then. I'd better show you. Terry--

CRABTREE:

We'll just make ourselves at home.

(kneeling by Poe)

Won't we, Poe? Yes, yes....

12INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM

GRADY enters a room swimming in BASEBALL MEMORABILIA.

AUTOGRAPHED BASEBALLS abound, as well as PHOTOGRAPHS of famous big-leaguers. In one somewhat-dated PHOTO a TRIM MAN IN HIS FORTIES (a younger Walter Gaskell) stands with PITTSBURGH PIRATE BILL MAZEROSKI at an old-timers game. As

Sara eases the door shut, GRADY nods to a 1951 YANKEE'S PENNANT hanging over the mantle.

GRADY:

New?

SARA :

(nodding)

Walter just got it back from the framer today.

Sara takes Grady's hand, drawing him away from the pennant and down onto the coat-covered bed.

SARA :

You go first.

GRADY:

All right. This morning--

SARA :

I'm pregnant.

A flash of LAUGHTER flutters from the living room below.

GRADY starts to speak.

SARA :

I'm sure.

GRADY:

Well. This is...surprising. Does Walter... ?

SARA:

I think Walter would find this a little more than surprising.

GRADY nods, getting her drift, then roils onto his back.

GRADY:

Emily left me this morning.

SARA:

She's left before...

GRADY:

She's left the room before. She always came back.

Sara nods. Considers this.

SARA:

So. I guess we just divorce our spouses, marry each other, and have this baby, right? Simple.

GRADY:

Simple.

GRADY and Sara stare at the ceiling. Sara sniffs the coat lying beneath her. Miss Sloviak's coat.

SARA:

Is that Cristaile?

GRADY:

Hm.

SARA :

(weary)

My God, I wear the same scent as a transvestite. She IS a transvestite, isn't: she?

GRADY:

If she's not now, Terry will make sure she is by the end of the evening.

SARA:

Has he asked to see the book yet?

GRADY:

Yes.

SARA:

And? Are you going to tell him?

GRADY:

No. Maybe. I don't know. I don't know what I'm going to do.

SARA :

(distantly)

Neither do I.

GRADY starts to pull up, but his arm is underneath Sara.

GRADY:

Sara, my arm. I'm stuck, honey.

SARA:

I guess you're going to have to chew it off then.

13INT. LIVING ROOM - GASKELL HOUSE

Poe noses blindly through a forest of legs, pauses by Miss Sloviak's high heels and scores a Rye Krisp. Crabtree, returning with a pair of DRINKS, tiptoes around him, finds MISS SLOVIAK chatting with a trim MAN in his 50's.

CRABTREE:

Walter! I see you've met my friend.

WALTER GASKELL :

Yes . She' s charming.

MISS SLOVIAK:

(taking her drink)

Walter's been telling me the most fascinating things about Marilyn Monroe and. ..who was it?

WALTER GASKELL:

Joe DiMaggio. Simply put, Antonia, it' s my contention that their marriage tapped into the very id of American popular culture. Joe DiMaggio represented, metaphorically speaking, the Husband as Slugger.. And, though it may be controversial, I personally believe every woman, in some way, desires to be Marilyn Monroe.

MISS SLOVIAK:

Oh, I couldn't agree more.

NEW ANGLE:

GRADY works his way through the crowd, spies Walter, and changes course. Directly ahead is an oddly commanding MAN ("Q"). From the behavior of the people in his vicinity it's clear he is someone of interest. Presently, he is putting the make on Hannah Green.

Q:

And while my latest has been on the New York Times bestseller list for 40 weeks, I can't help but lament that my first book, which contains what I consider my finest writing, was remaindered in less than five. So, I find myself conflicted.

GRADY:

Ask him if he's conflicted about his house in the Hamptons.

HANNAH GREEN:

(brightening)

Grady.

Q eyes GRADY over his wine glass.

Q :

Hello.. .Professor.

GRADY:

Q,. Hannah's had two stories published in The Paris Review. You'd best dust off the 'A' material for her.

As GRADY moves off, he sees Poe sniffing, and goes the other way, heading directly into the crosshairs of a MAH IN TWEED, who is talking to another, shorter MAN.

MAN IN TWEED :

(to short man)

A supermarket for the mind, my ass. I'm telling you, they're nothing but a big, fat mob laundry. Have you ever been to Davenport, Iowa? Let me tell you, they need a 30,000-square-foot bookstore like they need another goddamn cow.

(as GRADY passes)

Grady!

GRADY:

Hello, Nathan.

MAN IN TWEED:

My God, I haven't seen you since, what? The PEN/Faulkner Awards. That was a big night for you, Grady.

(to his friend)

GRADY was there for Arsonist's Daughter,
The short man blinks, impulsively takes Grady's hand.

SHORT MAN:

Douglas Triddly, Amherst. I kid you not when I say Arsonist's Daughter belongs in the pantheon of late twentieth century fiction. I've had it on my Graduate Studies syllabus three years running.

GRADY:

(pulling away)

No wonder it's still in print.

As GRADY flees, he passes a WOMAN holding a cigarette.

WOMAN WITH CIGARETTE

...can take my word for it, writer's are lousy fucks. Poets aren't bad, but then you've got to deal with the sweater thing. They'll discover the cancer in your heart every time, but God forbid they find a decent dry cleaner.

14EXT. REAR GASKELL HOUSE - NIGHT

GRADY comes out the back: door and ferrets a JOINT from his pocket, lights it. He takes a long draw, walks around the side of the house. As he passes a window, a VOICE accosts him.

MAN'S VOICE

There you are.

GRADY starts, but when he looks through the window, he sees that the VOICE belongs to WALTER GASKELL and the person to whom he's talking is Sara. They are standing in the kitchen, near an elaborate WINE RACK.

WALTER:

I could swear I had a '63 Chateau Latour in here. You haven't seen it, have you?

SARA:

I doubt I'd recognize a '63 Chateau Latour if I was sitting on it.

WALTER:

You'd recognize it if you tasted it.

SARA:

I doubt it, darling.

WALTER:

(angling & bottle to the light)

Well, Q certainly will. And, given that he will be addressing 500 people in little over an hour...

SARA:

You want to keep him happy.

WALTER :

If he' s happy. . .

(kissing her as he exits)

I'm happy.

As Walter goes, GRADY studies Sara as she stands alone in the quiet little room, looking small and tired. Finally, she takes a breath, steeling herself, and moves off, returning to the clamor inside her house.

GRADY sighs, guilt-stricken, then detects a FLICKER of LIGHT coming from the darkness beyond. A FIGURE is watching him from the retaining wall that leads to the Gaskell's garage. GRADY blinks, chagrined that he's been caught eavesdropping, then his eyes narrow and he steps off the porch.

GRADY:

James?

James Leer wears the same nasty overcoat from class, a GREEN KNAPSACK hanging off one shoulder. GRADY looks at what appears to be a sliver of moonlight in James' palm.

JAMES LEER :

It's fake.

James' face betrays his own fragile chagrin and GRADY peers more closely at what lies in his extended hand. The sliver of moonlight is, in fact, a shiny PEARL-HANDLED PISTOL.

JAMES LEER:

It was my mother's. She won it in a penny arcade in Baltimore when she was in Catholic school.

GRADY:

It's very convincing.

JAMES LEER:

It used to shoot these little paper caps, but they don't make them anymore. The caps.

GRADY reaches for the gun, but James closes his fingers and slips the tiny thing back into his overcoat.

JAMES LEER:

It's just. ..for good luck. Some people carry rabbits' feet...

GRADY:

...You carry firearms.

As GRADY exhales a plume of smoke, James' eyes pass briefly over the jay. GRADY notices, offers.

JAMES LEER:

No, thank you. I don't like to lose control of my emotions.

GRADY nods, accustomed to James' weirdness.

JAMES LEER:

I'm not supposed to be here, in case you were wondering. I crashed. I mean, not intentionally...

James nods toward the house, where Hannah Green can be seen in a window, still fending off the determined Q.

JAMES LEER (cont'd)

...but the other night, Hannah and I were together, at the movies, and she asked me. Since she was coming. So I ended up coming. Too.

GRADY nods, ponders this over-elaborate explanation.

GRADY:

Are you and Hannah seeing each other, James ?

JAMES LEER :

No! What gave you that idea?

GRADY:

Relax, James. I'm not her father. I just rent her a room.

JAMES LEER:

She likes old movies like I do, that's ail.

(glancing back at the window)

Besides, she doesn't really know me. She thinks she does, but she doesn't. Maybe it's because she's Mormon and I'm Catholic.

GRADY:

Maybe it's because she's beautiful and she knows it and try as she might to not let that screw her up, it's inevitable that it will in some way.

James looks away from the window, at Grady.

JAMES LEER:

You're not like my other teachers, Professor Tripp.

GRADY:

You're not like my other students, James. So what was the movie you two saw?

JAMES LEER:

Huh? Oh. Son of Fury. With Tyrone Power and Frances Farmer.

GRADY:

She went crazy, Frances Farmer.

JAMES LEER:

So did Gene Tierney. She's in it too.

GRADY:

Sounds like a good one.

JAMES LEER :

(a crooked smile)

It's not bad.

GRADY considers James' fragile face.

GRADY:

Listen, James, about this afternoon. In workshop. I'm sorry. I think I let things get a bit out of control.

JAMES LEER:

They really hated it. I think they hated it more than any of the other ones.

GRADY:

Well...

JAMES LEER:

It doesn't matter. It only took me an hour to write.

GRADY:

(truly impressed)

Really? That's remarkable.

JAMES LEER:

I have trouble sleeping. While I'm lying in bed I figure them out. The stories.

As James gazes off at the gloaming greenhouse, GRADY looks down at the left front POCKET of James' overcoat. Like a nervous tic, James' hand- hidden-twitches against the modest bulk of the cap gun.

GRADY:

You cold, James?

JAMES LEER :

(distant)

A little.

GRADY:

So what are you doing out here?

JAMES LEER :

It's colder in there. -

GRADY:

(laughing)

You're right.

James blinks, startled by Grady's laughter, startled that he's said something funny. He looks back to the greenhouse

JAMES LEER:

Actually, I saw the greenhouse. So I thought ...I thought I'd come out here and take a look at it. You don't see one of those every day. It looks like heaven...

GRADY:

Heaven?

JAMES LEER:

I saw a movie once. Part of it took place in heaven. Everyone wore white and lived in crystal houses. Like that. At least that's the way I remember it...

Abruptly, James glances at his watch.

JAMES LEER :

I should be going.

James turns away, then stops. He stands like this a moment, then turns back. Holds out his right hand.

JAMES LEER (cont'd)

Goodbye, Professor Tripp.

GRADY hesitates, then shakes James' hand. James moves off then, leaving the light of the house behind.

GRADY:

James.

(as he stops)

Don't leave just yet. There's something I think you ought to see.

JAMES LEER :

I'll miss my bus.

GRADY:

This is worth it.

James looks conflicted.

GRADY (cont'd)

Trust me.

15INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's quieter now, the party winding down, as GRADY sneaks James past

the departing guests and toward the stairs.

HANNAH GREEN:

Hey, you two.

GRADY stops, sees Hannah slipping on a coat in the foyer.

HANNAH GREEN (cont'd)

Are you riding with me, James?

JAMES LEER :

No, I'm going ho--

GRADY:

He's going with me. You take Crabtree. And his friend. All right?

HANNAH GREEN:

Ail right. By the way, his friend...?

GRADY:

The answer's yes. I think. Yes. I don't know. Where are they exactly?

CRABTREE:

Here we are!

CRABTREE appears at the top of the landing with Miss Sloviak. Her lipstick is blurry.

CRABTREE:

(spying James)

Nell, hello there.

CRABTREE steps down the stairs, hand extended. James Leer's pale fingers rise as if on a string.

GRADY:

James. This is my editor, Terry Crabtree.

HANNAH GREEN:

James'll know about George Sanders.

JAMES LEER :

George Sanders?

HANNAH GREEN:

Mr. CRABTREE was saying how George Sanders

killed himself, only he couldn't remember how.

JAMES LEER:

Pills. August 25, 1972. In a Costa Brava hotel room.

The few people within earshot glance oddly at James, but Crabtree's eyes glitter with intrigue.

CRABTREE:

How comprehensive of you.

HANNAH GREEN:

Oh, James is amazing. He knows all the movie suicides. Go ahead, James. Tell them who else.

JAMES LEER :

There's so many...

HANNAH GREEN:

Just a few then. The big ones.

James glances at the loose group of people around him, watching, then...

JAMES LEER:

Pier Angeli, 1971 or '72, also pills. Charles Boyer, 1978, pills again. Charles Butterworth, 1946, I think. In a car. Supposedly it was an accident, but, you know. . .

(a trace of irony)

He was distraught. Dorothy Dandridge, she took pills in, like, 1965. Albert Dekker, 1968, he hung himself. He wrote his suicide note in lipstick on his stomach. Alan Ladd, '64, more pills, Carole Landis, pills again, I forget when. George Reeves, Superman on TV, shot himself. Jean Seberg/ pills of course, 1979. Everett Sioane-- he was good--pills. Margaret Sullavan, pills, Lupe Velez, a lot of pills. Gig Young. He shot himself and his wife in 1978. There are more but I don't know if you would have heard of them. Ross Alexander? Clara Blandick? Maggie McNamara? Gia Scaia?

HANNAH GREEN:

I haven't heard of half of those.

CRABTREE:

You did them alphabetically.

James turns, finds Crabtree's laser eyes on him. James blinks, as if he had forgotten about Crabtree, then shrugs shyly, looks away.

JAMES LEER:

That's just how my brain works, I guess.

CRABTREE:

Fascinating. Listen, why don't you come out with us after the lecture. There's a place on the Hill I always get Trip to take me.

JAMES LEER:

Actually. ..I just want to go home.

CRABTREE:

Oh, don't be silly. No one your age just wants to go home. Besides, faculty will be present. Just think of it as a field trip.

As he exits, CRABTREE raises an eyebrow to Grady, as if

to say:

glacially as we CUT TO:

BLACK:

The dull PURR of a COMBINATION LOCK is HEARD, a DOOR opens, and a triangle of LIGHT falls on a PHOTOGRAPH of MARILYN MONROES JOE DIMAGGIO on their wedding day.

16INT. CLOSET - GASKELL HOUSE

GRADY and James Leer stand in the doorway. Just below the photograph of Marilyn and Joe--hanging next to a PIN-STRIPED JERSEY bearing the number 5--is a SHORT BLACK SATIN JACKET trimmed with an ERMINE COLLAR.

JAMES LEER :

Is that really it?

GRADY:

That's really it.

JAMES LEER:

The one she wore on her wedding day?

GRADY:

So I'm told.

James, in the presence of the holy grail of suicide garments, stands speechless.

GRADY:

(cont'd)

Go ahead.

JAMES LEER :

Really?

GRADY:

Really.

James swallows, then'-goes to the jacket. Carefully, he reaches out his fingers and touches the yellowed collar, barely making contact, as though it might crumble to dust.

JAMES LEER:

They're glass. The buttons.

GRADY:

Like the lady herself.

GRADY says this airily, ironically, riding his buzz a bit, but James nods solemnly, eyes transfixed on the jacket, as if Marilyn herself were inside it.

JAMES LEER:

She was small. Most people don't know that.

The shoulders are small.

(touching the satin)

It looks so perfect. I bet it's the only time she wore it. That day. She must've felt so ...happy.

GRADY studies James as he takes the fringe of the jacket, lifts it lightly.

JAMES LEER:

It's feels unreal, like butterfly wings or... something. It must've cost Dr. Gaskell a lot.

GRADY:

I guess. Walter never tells Sara the truth about how much he pays for these things.

JAMES LEER:

You're really good friends with the Chancellor, aren't you?

Grady's eyes slide, paranoid, but James' face remains unchanged, consumed with the jacket.

GRADY:

(carefully)

Pretty good. I'm friends with Dr. Gaskell, too.

JAMES LEER:

I guess you must be, if you know the combination to his closet and he doesn't mind your being here in their bedroom like this.

GRADY:

Right.

A DOOR SLAMS downstairs and GRADY and James jump. The CLICK of a woman's HIGH HEELS sends GRADY to the bedroom window, where he watches Sara slide into a WHITE CITROEN DS23, turn on the ignition, and motor away.

GRADY:

We, better skedaddle. Close that closet-- James? You ail right?

James is slumped on the Gaskell's white linen bed, knapsack between his knees, head in hands.

JAMES LEER:

I'm sorry. Professor Tripp. Maybe it's seeing that jacket that belonged to her. It just looks...really lonely. Hanging there. In a closet. Maybe I'm just a little sad.

GRADY:

Maybe. I'm feeling a little sad myself tonight.

JAMES LEER :

You mean, with your wife leaving you and ail?
(off Grady's look)
Hannah mentioned something about it. About a
note.

GRADY:

Yes. Well. It's complicated, James. I think we
should go now.

Without thinking, GRADY flicks out the bedroom light,
leaving James Leer in the dark for the second time today.
James just sits there, a shadow in a room of shadows.

17INT. HALLWAY

A LOW RUMBLE freezes GRADY

as he enters the hail. A few feet away, Poe lies belly to
the ground, his blind blue eyes trained, more or less, in
Grady's direction.

GRADY:

Okay. Easy now. Eee-zy. . . .

GRADY starts to take a step, when... Poe shoots forward
and sinks himself deep into Grady's ankle.

GRADY:

Jesus!

GRADY hops gracelessly, momentarily lifting Poe off the
ground as he swings his leg up. Poe, countering, rolls his
head in a snapping motion and drops GRADY in a clumsy heap.

GRADY:

Get off of me, you son-of-a-bitch!

Poe regains his feet, but doesn't let go, whipping his
head back and forth, back and forth, over and over,
growling low, dark, and hideously from the back of his
throat, until there is a sharp...

CRACK! CRACK!

Poe YELPS, goes perfectly still, then topples heavily
onto Grady's legs. GRADY

turns. James Leer stands in the doorway, posed with the
little pearl-handled pistol like Steve McQueen.

GRADY looks at James. Then Poe. Then back to James.

GRADY:

Shit, James. You shoe Dr. Gaskell's dog.

JAMES LEER :

I had to. Didn't I?

GRADY:

Couldn't you've just pulled him off me?

JAMES LEER:

No! He was crazy. I didn't-he looked-- I thought --

GRADY:

Okay, okay. Take it easy. Don't freak out on me.

GRADY roils down his sock. Apparently, Poe went through life with a slight overbite.

JAMES LEER:

Do you have a mirror? It's the best way to see if someone's breathing.

GRADY:

He's dead, James. Believe me, I know a dead dog when I see one.

James looks miserably at Poe.

JAMES LEER:

What are we going to do?

GRADY rises awkwardly, holds out his hand.

GRADY:

First you're going to give me that little cap gun of yours.

18INT. GALAXIE - MOVING

GRADY and James stare gloomily out the windshield.

JAMES LEER:

Professor Tripp? Can I ask you a question?

GRADY:

Yea, James.

JAMES LEER :

What are we going to do with...

James glances in the backseat, where Poe lies, strange

blue eyes gleaming.

GRADY:

I don't know. I'm still trying to figure out how to tell the Chancellor I murdered her husband's dog.

JAMES LEER:

You?

GRADY:

Trust me, James, when the family pet's been assassinated, the owner doesn't want to hear one of her students was the triggerman.

JAMES LEER:

Does she want to hear it was one of her professors?

GRADY:

I've got tenure.

19EXT. PARKING LOT -- THAW HALL (CAMPUS)

As sporadic APPLAUSE wafts from the high windowpanes of Thaw Hall, GRADY leans into the Galaxie's trunk, creates a space between the tuba and a ZIPPERED SUITCASE.

GRADY:

Okay.

James totters forward, arms hooked under Poe's front legs looking like a sorry marathon dancer. GRADY frowns, limps forward, and takes the hind legs.

JAMES LEER:

He's still a little warm.

They lay him down, push him deep into the trunk--until there is a SOUND like a pencil SNAPPING.

JAMES LEER :

Yuck.

GRADY grabs Crabtree's garment bag, frisks the pockets.

JAMES LEER :

That's a. big trunk. It fits a tuba, a suitcase, a dead dog, and a garment bag almost

perfectly.

GRADY:

(searching)

That's just what they used to say in the ads.

Come on, Crabtree, I know you're holding...

JAMES LEER:

Whose tuba is that anyway?

GRADY:

Miss Sloviak's.

JAMES LEER:

Can I ask you something about her?

GRADY:

She is. Ah. Here we go...

GRADY unravels a pair of boxer shorts, finds an airplane-size bottle of JACK DANIELS, then grabs another pair of boxers.

JAMES LEER:

Oh. So. Is--is your friend Crabtree-- is he-- gay?

GRADY:

Most of the time he is, James. Some of the time he isn't. Now what do we have here?

GRADY rattles a prescription bottle, then shakes out a pair of WHITE PILLS, each etched with a tiny numeral 3.

GRADY:

Looks like ...our old friend Mr. Codeine. That should take the pinch out of my ankle.

(handing the bottle to James)

Have one.

JAMES LEER:

No thanks. I'm fine without them.

GRADY:

Right. That's why you were standing in the Chancellor's back yard twirling that little cap

gun of yours tonight. You're fine, all right,
you're fit as a fucking fiddle.

GRADY opens the tiny bottle of Jack with his teeth,
drinks down two number 3's, then looks at James.

GRADY:

I'm sorry, James. I'm sorry I said that.

Recklessly, James takes a pill, tosses it in his mouth,
and tips back the tiny bottle of Jack. Half a second later,
he spits it all out. GRADY looks down, peels the soggy pill
from the lapel of his jacket.

GRADY:

How 'bout we try that again.

20INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER

On the stage. Walter Gaskell stands alone at a podium.

WALTER:

...really needs no introduction. Walk down the
aisle of any airplane or by the pool of any
hotel and you'll see his face beaming back at
you. You all know the name, you all know the
books, so welcome if you will, the man those of
us who know him simply call.. .Q.

As the audience THUNDERS, GRADY and James slink into the
auditorium. It's standing room only. As they head for an
open space against the back wall, GRADY squeezes past a KID
with a GOATEE .who regards him warily.

:

Q :

Good evening.

GRADY stares, over the gleaming sea of heads before him,
watching as Q pauses, ..for a very long moment... waiting
until the auditorium is consumed in a heavy, anticipatory
hush. Finally, he speaks again.

Q :

I am a writer.

As the audience EXPLODES with glee, GRADY frowns. He
glances to his right, sees James' left brow crinkled with a
similar look of bafflement.

Q (cont'd)

As a writer, one thing you learn is that everyone you encounter has a story. Every bartender, every taxi driver, everybody has an idea or a story that would make a "great book" or a "great movie." Presumably, each of you has an idea. (gestures to the audience)

But, how do you go from there to here? How do you go from having an idea to having a book? How do you get across? What is the bridge, the bridge that allows you to walk on air from the shoreline of inspiration to the terra firma of accomplishment? Faith. Faith that your story is worth the telling, faith that you have the wherewithal to tell it, faith that the carefully woven structure you create won't collapse beneath you...

GRADY glances at James, sees that his eyes are unblinking and glazed, then sees, beyond him, Sara standing by the far EXIT. A blink later, she is gone.

Q (cont'd)

...and faith that when you get to the other side someone will be waiting who gives a damn about the tale you have to tell.

GRADY leans back, listening to the BEATING of his own HEART, the soft GLIMMER of the chandeliers hanging by a thread forty feet above his head...

Abruptly, James LAUGHS OUT LOUD--some private amusement: bubbling up from the bottom of his brain and out into the auditorium. As Q looks and four hundred other heads turn, James ducks down--mortified. Crabtree, sitting a few rows away, studies James with amusement, then winks at Grady. GRADY blinks, turns to James.

GRADY:

I'll be right back.

21INT. LOBBY

GRADY bursts through the auditorium doors and into the lobby. A PAIR of local BOOKSELLERS, chatting quietly behind a table arrayed with the BOOKS of attending authors, glance up as GRADY limps toward the restrooms.

22INT. CORRIDOR

GRADY stumbles down the sloping carper, but the corridor begins to turn sideways on him and he stops, resting his cheek against the cool...cool...wall. ..as...ail...-goes....

BLACK FOR A:

MOMENT AND THEN....

SARA'S VOICE

Grady? Grady?

GRADY opens his eyes, finds Sara's face swimming above him. He is lying on his back in the corridor, his corduroy blazer bundled under his head like a pillow.

SARA:

You had another one, didn't you? You have to see a doctor, Grady. First thing Monday morning. All right?

GRADY:

Is the thing-is it over?

SARA :

Almost. Wane to sit up?

(as he winces)

What's the matter?

GRADY:

Nothing. I think I twisted my--

GRADY looks at his ankle and feels a rush of guilt.

GRADY:

I have to tell you something. Something..

.hard.

Sara's face stiffens, becomes more Chancellloresque.

SARA:

Then stand up. I'm too old for all this roiling around on the floor.

GRADY lets her pull him up, watches her light a cigarette.

GRADY:

Well...

SARA:

Don't. I know what you're going to say.

GRADY:

No, really, Sara, I don't think you--

SARA:

You love Emily. I know that. And you need to stay with her.

GRADY:

I don't think I really have a choice in, that. Emily left me.

SARA:

She'll come back. That's why I'm going to.
..to not have this baby.

GRADY watches her flip her hand up, bring the cigarette to her lips, and inhale ...then grimace and drop it to the floor.

GRADY:

Not have it.

SARA:

No. There's no way. I mean, don't you think there's no way?

GRADY:

Well, no, I don't see any way.
(taking her hand)
And I know how hard it is for you to-- to lose this chance.

SARA:

(jerking away)
No you don't. And fuck you for saying you do.
And fuck you for "saying. . .
(quietly)
...for saying there's just no way. Because there could be a way, Grady.
Somewhere deep in the building, APPLAUSE swells.

SARA:

(composing herself)
He must be finishing. We should go.
GRADY looks sadly at Sara then stoops to retrieve his coat. As he grabs it, James Leer's little pistol CLATTERS

to the floor.

SARA:

Who's gun is that?

GRADY:

It's-it's a souvenir. Of Baltimore.

Before GRADY can close his hand, Sara has it in her own.

SARA:

Heavy. Smells like gunpowder.

GRADY:

Caps.

She points it-at Grady's chest. He smiles nervously.

SARA :

Pow.

GRADY:

You got me.

SARA:

I love you, Grady.

GRADY places his fingers gently over Sara's... and removes the gun from her hand.

GRADY:

I love you, too.

23INT. LOBBY

The auditorium doors swing open and James Leer emerges, arms draped over CRABTREE and a LARGE STUDENT.

JAMES LEER:

Woah! The doors made so much noise!

As they make for the restrooms, Sara and GRADY appear.

JAMES LEER:

This is so embarrassing! You guys had to carry me out.

GRADY:

Is he ail right?

CRABTREE:

(rolling his eyes)

He's fine. He's narrating.

JAMES LEER :

We're going to the men's room. Only we might not make it in time.

SARA:

Terry CRABTREE and James Leer. Leave it to you to make that mistake, wait here.

As Sara heads off after James, GRADY turns toward the lobby...directly into the hostile gaze of Miss Sloviak.

MISS SLOVIAK:

I need a ride.

GRADY:

I'm your man.

24EXT. STREET 24

As the Galaxie's big trunk yawns open. MISS SLOVIAK stares at what's wedged up against her suitcase.

GRADY:

There's an explanation.

MISS SLOVIAK raises an eyebrow and then, leaning in, unzips her suitcase.

25INT. GRADY'S CAR - MOVING

As GRADY drives, MISS SLOVIAK finishes with the top button of a man's shirt, then reaches into the zippered COSMETICS BAG in her lap. Onto the open tray of the glovebox, she places a JAR of COLD CREAM, a BOTTLE of NAIL POLISH REMOVER, and a cloud of COTTON BALLS.

MISS SLOVIAK:

Couldn't he have just thrown a shoe at the poor thing?

GRADY:

James is. ..I don't know...

MISS SLOVIAK:

Disturbed. And when your friend CRABTREE gets done with him, he's going to be even more

disturbed.

GRADY:

I'm not sure that's possible.

MISS SLOVIAK:

Sure it is.

GRADY watches MISS SLOVIAK peel the wig from her forehead.

GRADY:

Listen, Antonia--

MISS SLOVIAK:

Tony. Now that I'm home.

GRADY:

Tony. I'm sorry if things didn't work out so well for you tonight. With Terry.

MISS SLOVIAK:

Forget it. I should've known better. Your friend is just, I don't know, into collecting weird tricks. Mind?

Tony angles the rearview mirror toward himself.

GRADY:

He's writing his name in water.

MISS SLOVIAK:

What's that?

GRADY:

Like most editors, he really wants to be a writer, but he's too busy living a novel to bother writing one.

MISS SLOVIAK:

That sounds like a fancy excuse for being a shit.

GRADY:

He'd call it habit. But now. ..I get the feeling he's going through the motions a bit.

Tony peels off a pair of false eyelashes, blinks.

MISS SLOVIAK:

You mean because his career's ruined and all?

GRADY:

Jesus. Is that what he told you?

MISS SLOVIAK:

He said he hasn't had a success in ten years
and everyone in New York thinks he's kind of
.a. . .

As Tony re-sets the rearview mirror, GRADY gets a glimpse
of his own swollen eyes.

MISS SLOVIAK:

...loser. But I'm sure your book is so good
that he'll be able to keep his job.
Hearing this, GRADY looks troubled. MISS SLOVIAK points.

MISS SLOVIAK:

(cont'd)

Turn here.

26EXT. SLOVIAK HOUSE

GRADY pulls in front of a small brick house. On the front
lawn, a small statue of the BLESSED VIRGIN stands under a
little white BAND SHELL painted with stars.

GRADY:

That'' s nice. All we have is a Japanese
beetle trap.

MISS SLOVIAK:

It's a bathtub. What she's standing under.
The PORCH LIGHT conies on and a SMALL, WHITE-HAIRED MAN
squints through the screen door.

MISS SLOVIAK:

There's Pop.

(turning)

Let me see it. The gun.

GRADY reaches into his pocket, hands it over. Tony
smirks.

MISS SLOVIAK:

Figures. It's like the kind of gun Bette Davis would carry. In a little beaded purse?

GRADY studies the gun in Tony's hand, then glances at the front screen door. Pop is still there.

GRADY:

I'd better go. I think I may have to rescue James Leer.

MISS SLOVIAK returns the gun, .steps out of the car, and peers in at Grady.

MISS SLOVIAK:

You know, Grady, if I were you. I'd think about going home. You look like you need a little rescuing yourself.

27EXT. PARKING LOT - HI-HAT CLUB

GRADY parks near a VAN that has KRAVNIK'S SPORTING GOODS stenciled on the side. He watches a BOUNCER frisk a patron in the PINK LIGHT of the Hi-Hat Club's entrance, then slides -James Leer's little PISTOL into the glovebox.

27AEXT. ENTRANCE - HI-HAT CLUB

As GRADY steps to the door, the bouncer gives him a perfunctory pat-down.

BOUNCER :

(kidding him)

Clean tonight, hub, Professor?

GRADY:

As a whistle.

28INT. HI-HAT CLUB

Hannah Green is dancing with a sweat-drenched Q as GRADY enters this SMOKE-FILLED RHYTHM AND BLUES club. She beckons with a finger, but Grady--Nervous at the sight of her glistening Mormon skin--merely pantomimes an exaggerated shrug and she points.

CRABTREE and James Leer sit at a dark corner table. James slouches, eyes half-closed, while CRABTREE stares in the general vicinity of the dancers, his hand extended beneath the table, in the general vicinity of James' lap.

Grady, looking a little alarmed, grabs a passing

WAITRESS.

GRADY:

Double Dickel on the rocks.

29INT. BOOTH

As GRADY arrives, CRABTREE withdraws his hand delicately and James' eyes flutter open .briefly, ..then close.

GRADY:

Is that just beer?

CRABTREE:

Primarily. Although I gather you two staged a little raid on the CRABTREE pharmacopoeia. You missed a few bottles, by the way.

GRADY:

I'm sure. Where is everyone?

CRABTREE:

Sara and Walter declined. Guess they wanted to go home and curl up on the couch with the dog. GRADY cuts James a glance, trying to determine if he's copped on Poe, but James is winking out. His head drifts back against the wail, settles with a gentle ...thunk.

GRADY:

Jesus. He's out.

CRABTREE glances over, nods.

CRABTREE:

He has a book.

GRADY:

I know. He started it Fall semester.

CRABTREE:

He finished it Winter Break.

GRADY looks up, unable to disguise his surprise. He glances at James' slack face tilted against the wall.

CRABTREE:

So. Is he any good?

GRADY:

No. Not yet he isn't.

CRABTREE:

Well, I'm going to read it anyway.

GRADY:

Come on. Crabs. Don't do this. He's . one of my students, for Christ sake. I'm not even sure if he's-

CRABTREE:

He is. Take my word for it.

GRADY:

I think it's more complicated than that. Besides, he's a little...scattered. He almost ...did something stupid tonight. At least, I think so. Anyway, he doesn't need sexual confusion thrown into the stew right now.

CRABTREE:

On the contrary, it 'could be just the ticket.

WAITRESS :

(ducking in)
Double Dickel.

GRADY:

Thanks.

GRADY notices the waitress's nametag (OOLA) and realizes she is conspicuously PREGNANT. He watches her disappear beyond the blur of bodies on the dancefloor, where Hannah Green's slinky form seizes his attention.

CRABTREE:

No sexual confusion there, eh, Professor?

GRADY:

Shut up and drink.

CRABTREE grins, brings his bottle up, then stops.

CRABTREE:

Oh my goodness. Do you see what I see?

GRADY follows Crabtree's glance and finds Oola again, but it's not Oola CRABTREE

is eyeing, it's her CUSTOMER.

GRADY :

President of the James Brown Hair Club For Men.

Sitting alone in the dark booth is a SMALL BLACK MAN with big hands, a face peppered with scar tissue, and--most noticeably--a tsunami of hair sprouting from his scalp.

GRADY:

(initiating an old game)

He's a boxer. A flyweight.

CRABTREE:

Huh uh. A jockey. His name's, um, Curtis..
.Curtis Hardapple.

GRADY:

Not Curtis.

CRABTREE:

Vernon, then. Vernon Hardapple. The scar's are from a--from a horse. He fell during a race and got trampled.

GRADY:

And now he's addicted to painkillers.

CRABTREE:

He can't piss standing up anymore.

GRADY:

He lives with his mother.

CRABTREE:

And he had a younger brother who . . .was . . .
. a . . .

GRADY:

Groom. Named Claudell. And his mother blames Vernon for his death.

CRABTREE:

(stumped)

Because. . .because. . .

JAMES LEER :

(sleepily)

.. .he was killed, when a gangster named Freddie Nostrils tried to shoot his favorite horse. He took the bullet himself.

GRADY and Crabtree turn to look at James Leer, who opens one bloodshot eye to regard them.

JAMES LEER:

Vernon, over there, was in on the hit.

James' eye closes. CRABTREE looks over at Grady.

CRABTREE:

That was good.

GRADY:

He heard everything we were saying.

Just then, Hannah Green bounces up in her red boots.

HANNAH GREEN:

Come on. Teach. I want you to dance with me.

30INT. DANCEFLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

30

GRADY and Hannah, reflected in bits and pieces in the jack 'o lantern wail of MIRRORED TILE, slow-dance to a sexy, measured blues.

HANNAH GREEN:

I've been re-reading Arsonist's Daughter. It's so beautiful, Grady. So natural. It's like all your sentences always existed, just waiting around in Style Heaven, or wherever, for you to fetch them down.

GRADY:

I thank you.

HANNAH GREEN:

And I love the inscription you wrote to me. Only I'm not quite the downy innocent you think I am.

GRADY:

I hope that isn't true. We need all the downy innocents we can get.

GRADY spies the corner table, watches CRABTREE say something to Q and then, casually, stroke a lock of hair from James Leer's forehead.

HANNAH GREEN:

So what are you going to do?

GRADY:

Do?

HANNAH GREEN:

I just mean, I--I guess Emily isn't going to be there when you get home.

GRADY looks down into Hannah's translucent face, then catches a glimpse of himself in the fractured, wail. The tile that would reflect his head is missing.

GRADY:

Are you holding me up or am I dragging you down?

Hannah snuggles closer, lays her head on Grady's chest.

HANNAH GREEN:

Shush.

31EXT. PARKING LOT - HI-HAT CLUB (2 AM)

Grady, limping on his bad ankle, carries James to Hannah's rumpled RENAULT, props him against the fender.

GRADY:

Look, Hannah. When you get him home ...make sure he's ail right. Before you leave. Okay?

HANNAH GREEN:

I would if I knew where I was taking him.

GRADY:

Hannah, are you telling me you don't know where James Leer lives?

HANNAH GREEN:

Some apartment somewhere. But I've never seen it.

GRADY:

That strikes me as odd.

HANNAH GREEN:

James is odd. I know he has an aunt in Sewickley Heights. I dropped him there once, but...

(remembering)

Come to think of it, it-wasn't even his Aunt's house. He said she worked there. Or something. I don't remember.

James MUMBLES, starts to slide onto the hood of the car.

JAMES LEER :

Mmhmmm.. . . knap ...sap....

GRADY:

What's he saying?

HANNAH GREEN:

His bag. You know that ratty green thing he's always carrying around. He must've left it inside.

GRADY:

Hh-uh. Last time I saw it was...

GRADY glances at the idling Galaxie across the street.

CRABTREE:

and Q huddle inside.

GRADY:

Shit. He must've left it back at Thaw. In the auditorium.

JAMES LEER:

(delirious, but insistent)

Mmrrmmm.. .KNAP SAP!

GRADY frowns in annoyance, opens the passenger door.

GRADY (cont'd)

All right. Take him to my place. He can crash on the sofa.

HANNAH GREEN:

The one in your office? It's the best one .for naps.

GRADY:

I don't think it really matters, Hannah. We could probably stand him up in the garage with the snow shovels at this point.

As GRADY lowers James into the seat, he WHIMPERS, curls into a ball. Hannah turns her puppy dog eyes on Grady.

GRADY:

Ail right. In my office.

As GRADY starts to turn away, Hannah's fingers graze his face.

HANNAH GREEN:

Hey. If you want to talk later...I'll be up.

GRADY watches her fold her lovely self into the car and drive away. He sighs, crosses to the Galaxie, and just has his hand on the doorhandle when a TINY FIGURE appears.

Vernon Hardapple.

VERNON HARDAPPLE

You driving this car?

GRADY:

Excuse me?

VERNON HARDAPPLE

This 1966 maroon Ford Galaxie 500. You driving this car?

GRADY:

It's mine.

VERNON HARDAPPLE

Bullshit. It's mine, motherfucker.

GRADY:

You must be mistaken.

VERNON HARDAPPLE

Bullshit.

GRADY shakes his head wearily, opens the door.

GRADY:

Go home to your mother, Vernon.

32INT. GALAXIE

GRADY slides in next to Q, puts the car in gear, and starts to pull away. As he glances in the rearview, he sees CRABTREE smiling darkly in the backseat.

GRADY:

All right, what's the matter?
CRABTREE just keeps smiling.

GRADY:

Christ, Crabs, what do you expect me to do?
The kid's practically in a coma.

CRABTREE:

Tripp.

GRADY:

Yes.

CRABTREE:

Hit your brakes.

GRADY flicks his eyes from the rearview mirror just as a SHADOW looms in his headlights. As he squashes the break pedal, Q's EYEGLASSES go flying into the windshield.

Q :

(squinting)

Oh my God! What is that?

It's Vernon, waving his arms, his shadow enormous in the beams of light.

GRADY:

What's this guy's problem?

CRABTREE:

Just go around him.

GRADY taps the accelerator, but each time, Vernon dances back in front of Grady's grille.

GRADY:

Shit.

CRABTREE:

Back up. Go out the other way.

GRADY throws the car in reverse, backs straight up, then turns up a one-way street. He shoots down the alley behind the Hi-Hat, turns onto the adjoining street, ..and watches in amazement as Vernon materializes from behind the high wooden fence that runs parallel to the Galaxie. As GRADY pinches the brakes, Vernon grins.

GRADY:

Now what?

Q:

(mischievously)

You could always go over him.

Then, as the three men watch, Vernon rocks back on his heels and--with a gymnast's precision--pitches himself onto the Galaxie's big hood. He -lands on his ass, slides smoothly off, then takes a deep bow and disappears into the night.

Q :

What just happened?

GRADY peers at the wrinkled asterisk on his hood.

GRADY:

I just had my car jumped on.

33EXT. THAW HAIL - NIGHT (TWENTY MINUTES LATER)

Grady stops the car in the red zone and gets out.

GRADY:

Wait here. I'll be right back.

CRABTREE:

Where would we go?

34INT. LOBBY

The JANITOR, the same shaggy-haired kid GRADY saw rigging the WordFest banner earlier, is struggling with a balky FLOOR WAXER as GRADY steps up to the double doors and slaps his hand against the glass.

JANITOR :

It's open.

GRADY pushes on the door and it opens.

JANITOR (cont'd)

Hey, Professor Tripp.

(off Grady's look)

Traxler. Sam. I took your class freshman year.
Then I dropped out of school.

GRADY:

I hope it wasn't my fault.

TRAXLER:

(taking him seriously)

No. I guess you're here for the backpack.

GRADY:

Oh.. .yeah.

35INT. AUDITORIUM

The knapsack is sitting on one of the metal folding
chairs as Sam and GRADY enter the silent hail.

TRAXLER:

I saw the manuscript inside. So when you
showed up, I figured. . .

GRADY lifts the knapsack, peers inside. There is no title
page to the MANUSCRIPT, Just the words The Love Parade and
then, halfway down, TEXT.

TRAXLER :

Is it good?

GRADY:

(reading)

I don't know. It might be...

36 CUT

37EXT. THAW HALL - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

GRADY steps outside, closes the flap of the knapsack and,
hunching his shoulders against the cold... stops.

Crabtree. Q. The car. Gone.

38INT. TRAXLER'S HONDA - NIGHT

Traxler gives GRADY a ride in his Honda, one of the
original Hondas best suited for sidewalk driving. The
backseat bulges with a huge AMPLIFIER and BASS GUITAR.

TRAXLER:

Say, Professor Tripp, is ail that stuff true
about Errol Flynn? How he used to put coke on
his dick. To make himself, you know, like, last

longer?

GRADY:

Christ, Traxler. How the hell should I know?

TRAXLER :

Well, jeez, you're reading his biography, aren't you?

Sam points and GRADY glances at the knapsack riding on the seat between him and Sam. A BOOK'-bearing ERROL FLYNN'S PICTURE--IS tucked into the side pouch.

GRADY:

Oh, right. Yeah, that's true. He used to rub ail kinds of things on it. Paprika. Ground lamb.

TRAXLER :

Sick.

39EXT. SASKELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Sam brings the car to a coughing idle across the street from the Gaskell's house.

TRAXLER:

Wow, check out that greenhouse. Is that your wife?

GRADY gazes at Sara, a .vaporous blur in the greenhouse.

GRADY:

No, my wife's out of town.

Just then, the Honda FILLS WITH LIGHT. HEADLIGHTS loom, then a POLICE CAR sweeps into the Gaskell's driveway.

Walter appears on the front steps.

TRAXLER (cont'd)

Who's that guy?

GRADY:

Her husband.

Traxler looks anxiously at the police car.

TRAXLER:

What exactly are we doing here, Professor Tripp?

GRADY:

(staring at Sara)

Taking the long way home.

39AEXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

As Traxler drives away, GRADY mounts the porch with James Leer's knapsack hanging from one shoulder. He reaches above the door, feeling for a key, but his fingers come away with only dust. He stands, dispirited, then an idea strikes. He takes the doorknob, turns it. It opens.

40INT. .HALLWAY - GRADY'S HOUSE

GRADY enters, closes the door quietly behind him.

41INT. LIVING ROOM

The room is dim but the TV is on, throwing crazy slashes of light onto the walls and ceiling. As GRADY limps by, he finds a sleeping Hannah Green, bundled in a blanket, T-shirt, and little else. On the floor, near her dangling hand, Woolf's A Common Reader lays open next to a Diet Coke. GRADY considers the smooth geography of her body, but his eyes 'are most powerfully drawn to. ..her feet. He steps forward, lifts the blanket gently, but finds-to his disappointment--only the red cowboy boots.

He picks up the remote, turns off the TV, and exits.

42INT. GRADY'S OFFICE

James Leer slumbers on a green sofa, draped in an old sleeping bag. GRADY drops behind his desk, lets James' knapsack slide to the floor. He lifts his cuff, inspects his ugly ankle, then glimpses something in the knapsack. Something yellow. Something soft.

GRADY reaches down and, slowly--like a magician producing a magical scarf--extracts MARILYN MONROE'S WEDDING JACKET from James Leer's ratty green knapsack.

GRADY glances at the young man on his sofa, then, looking very tired, reaches for the desk lamp ...and turns out the light on the both of them.

43EXT. FRONT PORCH - SATURDAY MORNING (NEXT DAY)

GRADY steps outside in a WOMAN'S CHENILLE BATHROBE and plucks the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette from the second porch step. He fishes out a charred ROACH, starts to light it, then notices the Galaxie sitting in the driveway.

44INT. GUEST BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

As CRABTREE SNORES thunderously, GRADY eases open the door, spots the CAR KEYS on the dresser, grabs them.

44AINT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

GRADY eases the door shut, starts to turn, then stops,

his eyes drawn to the door just across the landing from Crabtree's room.

44BINT. EMILY'S OFFICE

GRADY pushes open the door with the tips of his fingers, lets it glide open. The room that is revealed is bright and well-ordered, in direct contrast to the lazy clutter of Grady's office. There is a DRAFTING TABLE and a COMPUTER, pads and pens neatly arranged alongside.

A BULLITEN BOARD hangs on one wall, bearing an intricate mosaic of multi-colored index cards. There are PRINTS, framed, from various art exhibits, and two of Grady's DHSTJACKETS--including, most prominently, Arsonist's Daughter.

There are PHOTOGRAPHS of EMILY too. In a black turtleneck with friends. In a sundress with Grady. In a billowing Burberry, floating like a dark butterfly against a BLUR of YELLOW TAXIS on a street in Manhattan.

Smiling brilliantly. Beautiful.

45INT. GRADY'S OFFICE

GRADY enters with a THERMOS--pauses--redistributes the sleeping bag over James Leer's pale body.

JAMES LEER :

(without waking)

Thank you.

GRADY:

You're welcome.

GRADY sits at his desk, pours himself a cup of coffee from the thermos, then sets the cup directly in the center of a galaxy of previous coffee rings. Next, he takes a clean piece of paper, balls it up, and-with ritual precision-strokes it into the MINIATURE BASKETBALL HOOP that crowns the rim of the WASTE BASKET across the room. All net.

A 9-VOLT CROWD ROAR belches from the hoop and, without further ceremony, GRADY

turns to the blank page curling from his IBM SELECTRIC and SPACES to the top right corner, TYPES:

(beat) 2611

In other words:

CLOSE UP - THE TYPEWRITER PAPER -- darkening with WORDS, the KEYS SNAPPING faster and faster, a CRAZY CLAMOR that

grows and grows until, finally, it justStops.

GRADY:

James I

GRADY awakes with his back to the floor, James leer's quizzical face floating like a cloud above him.

GRADY:

I'm okay. I just lost my balance.

JAMES LEER :

I put you on the floor.

GRADY:

Oh.

JAMES LEER:

I thought you might--I don't know-- swallow your tongue or something.

(nodding to Grady's robe)

I guess you really miss her, huh?

GRADY peers down at the geraniums blooming on the pockets of the robe, its overall fuzziness.

GRADY:

Huh? Oh, no. This isn't Emily's. I just write in it.

JAMES LEER:

I guess there's probably a story behind that.

GRADY:

There is, but it's not that interesting.

James nods. Down the hallway, in another room, the TELEPHONE RINGS.

JAMES LEER :

Want me to get that?

GRADY:

Sure.

As James shuffles away in the sleeping bag, GRADY rises delicately and turns toward the window, ..just in time to see a POLICE CAR roil slowly by on the screen below.

JAMES LEER :

(returning)

He didn't give his name.

GRADY:

Who?

JAMES LEER :

The guy on the phone.

GRADY:

What'd he say?

JAMES LEER:

He wanted to know if a GRADY Trip? lived here and drove a dark maroon 1966 Ford Galaxie 500 with black interior.

GRADY:

What'd you tell him?

JAMES LEER:

Yes.

GRADY:

Good, James. If the Zodiac killer calls, be sure to mention the back door pops open with a couple hard shakes to the right.

JAMES LEER:

I thought maybe you'd won a radio contest or something. Is that single-spaced?

James has noticed the towering stack of 20 Ib. bond on Grady's desk.

GRADY:

Afraid so.

JAMES LEER:

That's a big book you're writing.

GRADY:

I think it's sort of writing itself at this

point.

JAMES LEER:

Wow, Hannah always swore you were working,
but--

GRADY:

But . . . ?

JAMES LEER:

Nothing, it's just that,, well, it's been
awhile since Arsonist's Daughter, and some
people--some of the kids in workshop--thought
maybe you were...

GRADY:

Washed up?

JAMES LEER :

Blocked.

GRADY:

Ah. I don't believe in writer's block.
James takes another glance at the mammoth manuscript.

JAMES LEER:

No kidding.
A LOUD HACKING is HEARD. GRADY and James turn, watch
Crabtree, wearing only a pair of striped boxers,
materialize in the hallway.

CRABTREE:

Good morning, boys. James.
James waves feebly from beneath the sleeping bag.

GRADY:

(re:

If-you 're planning on staying for breakfast,
I'd put on something a little less comfortable
if I were you.
As GRADY moves to his desk to reacquaint himself with the
page curling from the typewriter, James continues to stare
into the emptiness of the hallway. The sight of CRABTREE

seems to have made him suddenly queasy.

JAMES LEER :

Professor Tripp?

GRADY:

Hm.

JAMES LEER :

How did I get here last night?

GRADY:

No one seems to know where you live, James.
Hannah thought you'd like my couch.

JAMES LEER:

And ...and before that. Did I do anything?
Anything bad?

GRADY:

Well, James, you did shoot the Head of the
English Department's dog and steal his most
prized piece of memorabilia.

As James contemplates this, the DOORBELL RINGS. GRADY
looks up, sees the POLICE CAR he noticed earlier, now
parked at the bottom of his driveway.

GRADY:

Do yourself a favor, James ...Hide.

46EXT. FRONT PORCH

A POLICEMAN not much older than James Leer waits. As the
door opens, GRADY
appears.

OFFICER PUPCIK:

Good morning...

(eyeing Grady's robe)

Professor Tripp? Sorry to bother you, sir, but
I understand you attended an event at Sara and
Walter Gaskell's house last night and were one
of the last to leave...

47INT. LANDING - SAME TIME

James lurks at the top of the stairs, swaddled in the
sleeping bag, straining to hear.

47

OFFICER PUPCIK (O.S.)

...was just wondering if maybe you saw anyone.
Someone you didn't know. Who seemed out of
place. Suspicious maybe...

48EXT. FRONT PORCH

GRADY is scratching his head in mock thought.

GRADY:

Well, there's always people you don't know at
these things, but I can't say there was anybody
particularly suspicious. ..Wait. There was one
guy. Tiny fella. Claimed to be a jockey.

OFFICER PUPCIK :

A jockey? You mean, like--

GRADY:

Horses, right. Vernon something...
(thinking...)
Hardpple
Pupcik stops on his pad, looks up.

OFFICER PUPCIK :

Hardapple?

GRADY:

I could be wrong. What happened anyway?

OFFICER PUPCIK:

Huh? Oh, someone pulled a B&E on Dr. Gaskell's
closet. And the dog's missing.

GRADY:

That's weird.

OFFICER PUPCIK:

We figure the perpetrator let him out. He's
blind and we figure he just wandered off and
got run over.

GRADY:

The perpetrator.

OFFICER PUPCIK:

No, the dog.

GRADY:

Just kidding.

Pupcik nods slowly, as if re-filing GRADY under "Dealing With Assholes."

OFFICER PUPCIK:

One other thing. About this kid, this student of yours- Leer--James Leer. You wouldn't know how I could get in touch with him, would you?

GRADY:

I might have his number on campus.

OFFICER PUPCIK :

That's all right. We'll find him.

Pete Pupcik smiles, tips his big blue police hat, and turns away. GRADY frowns, starts to close the door...

HANNAH GREEN (O.S.)

There you are...

GRADY stiffens, then turns to find Hannah Green across the room in her t-shirt and cowboy boots, looking ail dewy-eyed and delectable.

HANNAH GREEN:

I thought we were going to talk. Last night.

GRADY:

Oh. Well. I...

Hannah stretches and the t-shirt slides dangerously up her thighs.

HANNAH GREEN:

It's okay. ..I'm here when you want me.

GRADY stands frozen as Hannah smiles sleepily, pushes through the swinging door into the kitchen. A THUMPING is heard as James, tangled in the sleeping bag, hitches down the last few steps of the stairway. He watches Pete Pupcik drive away in his big police car.

JAMES LEER :

What do we do now?

#####Before GRADY can reply, .the TELEPHONE sitting on the table next to

him
#####RINGS.

GRADY:

Hello?

SARA'S VOICE

Grady, it's Sara. Thank God you're there. You won't believe what's happened.

GRADY:

Could you hold on a minute, honey?

With a look of wonderment, GRADY watches his hand ever-so-gently ...hang up the phone.

GRADY:

How 'bout we get the hell out of here?

49EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - MORNING (MOMENTS LATER)

James, now wearing one of Grady's flannel shirts beneath his ratty overcoat, follows Grady-to the Galaxie, knapsack swinging from his shoulder. GRADY tosses him a ring of KEYS.

GRADY:

You start her up.

As GRADY runs a plastic WEDGE over the GLAZE of ice blanketing the windshield, James stares curiously at the keys, as if they were some strange artifact, then slides behind the steering wheel.

JAMES LEER:

(as the engine roars)

How's that?

GRADY:

Well done, James.

As GRADY works, James' face comes into view, then ...the wedge SNAPS, splintering into the flesh of Grady's hand.

GRADY (cont'd)

Shit!

James blinks, pokes his head out the window.

JAMES LEER:

You're bleeding. Professor Tripp.

50INT. AISLE - MARKET - MORNING (LATER)

GRADY and James stand in the sundries aisle of a neighborhood MARKET. GRADY has a TIN of BAND-AIDS open and is presently plastering his ragged thumb.

GRADY:

Where exactly do you live, James?

James, in the midst of chugging from a 64-OUNCE JUG of ORANGE JUICE, stops.

GRADY:

Apparently not even Hannah Green has a clue as to the location of your apartment.

GRADY tosses the tin of band-aids into a small plastic hand basket, begins to move down the aisle.

JAMES LEER:

I got kicked out. Well, not exactly kicked out. I was asked to leave.

GRADY:

I guess there's probably a story behind that.

JAMES LEER:

There is, but it's not that interesting.

GRADY:

So where have you been staying?

JAMES LEER :

(a long pause)

The bus station.

GRADY stares incredulously at James.

JAMES LEER:

It's not -so bad. I know the night janitor.

And there's a broken locker I can put my stuff.

GRADY:

(trying to fathom this)

But James. I mean. ..How long?

JAMES LEER:

A couple weeks. That's why... that's why I had

the gun. For protection.

GRADY:

Jesus, James, you should've told someone.

JAMES LEER :

Who?

GRADY:

I don't know...

(unconvincingly)

Me.

GRADY drops the basket at the check-out counter and, abruptly, finds himself face to face with a BABY, lolling on the shoulder of the woman before him. The baby is staring, spellbound, at a display of...Q'S LATEST PAPERBACK. GRADY

frowns, then detects the true source of enchantment: a spray of SHINY MYLAR GIFT BALLOONS.

A thought evolves.

GRADY (cont'd)

(the balloons)

What do you think of these?

James takes another chug from his jug, nods.

JAMES LEER :

Nice.

51EXT. GASKELL HOUSE - MORNING

Grady, squinting through the ten-inch panel of cleared ice on the windshield, roils slowly up onto the curb in front of Walter and Sara Gaskell's house ...then off.

52INT. GALAXIE - CONTINUOUS

GRADY pops the glovebox, takes out a PEN, and scratches something on the GIFT CARD attached to the BALLOON. James glances briefly at a plump ZIPLOC OF POT stashed in the glovebox, then peers at the house.

JAMES LEER :

(the house)

Isn't this...?

GRADY:

Hm.

GRADY gets out, then pauses, glancing at the giant orange

juice jug between James legs. It's about half-down.

GRADY:

You better ease off that stuff, James. It's pretty acidic.

James takes a powdered donut that lies on his coat, studies it curiously.

JAMES LEER:

I can't help myself. I don't know what's the matter with me.

GRADY:

Shit, James, you're hungover. What do you think's the matter with you?

As GRADY turns away, James ponders this, then considers the ring of white sugar imprinted on his coat and re-sets the donut in precisely the same place.

53INT. GREENHOUSE - MOMENT LATER

Through the steamy panes, we SEE GRADY approach with the balloon, enter. He crosses to a high table, sets the balloon down, and steps back, considering the placement. SARA O.S.)

Feeling guilty?

GRADY jumps--startled--and turns. Sara has materialized behind a ficus, large POTTING GLOVES on her hands.

SARA (cont'd)

I can't believe you hung up on me, you dick.

GRADY:

Totally. I'm sorry. A lot was happening this morning. Can you talk?

Sara nods, moves the ficus to another table.

SARA:

Walter's on campus, being the good soldier for WordFest. But he's a basket case. Someone stole Marilyn's jacket last night. And Poe's missing, too.

GRADY:

I-heard.

SARA :

You heard? How?

GRADY:

A twelve-year-old policeman came by the house this morning.

SARA :

Did you confess?

GRADY looks up, mildly alarmed.

SARA:

Your fingerprints were all over the bedroom.

GRADY :

Really? That was fast.

SARA :

(frowning)

I'm kidding. Hello?

GRADY:

Oh. Right. Ha. Listen, about last night. There is something I need to tell...

SARA:

Are you limping? Why are you limping?

GRADY:

Hub? Oh, well, that's part of what I need to .

. .

SARA:

Did you pass out again, Grady? Did you fall somewhere?

GRADY:

No. I mean. Well, actually, yes. Sort of. I don't remember. Listen, Sara, I have to tell you something.

SARA :

All right.

Sara settles back, folds her arms. Waiting.

GRADY:

I...

As GRADY stares into Sara's eyes, things begin to blur.

GRADY (cont'd)

...want to be with you.

Sara looks at him.

SARA:

Gee, Grady, that sounded so heartfelt. I don't know whether to swoon or smirk.

GRADY:

Really, Sara, I...

Sara holds up one gloved hand.

SARA:

I believe you. I believe you want to be with me. But this is not just about me anymore.

GRADY:

I know that. I know what's at stake here...

SARA:

No, I don't think you do. And besides... I haven't decided yet.

GRADY:

About the baby.

SARA :

That ...and you.

GRADY goes still, watches Sara strip off the gloves, drop them on a table.

SARA:

I'm not going to draw the map for you on this one, Grady. Times like these you have to do your own navigating.

Sara turns to leave, then stops, squinting far down the street.

SARA:

Who's that sitting in your car?

GRADY:

James Leer.

SARA :

What's he doing out there?

GRADY:

I'm sort of helping him work through some issues.

Sara raises an eyebrow, then pushes through the door.

SARA :

Isn't he lucky.

GRADY watches her ripple across the glass, head for the house, and wave. James, slumped low in the Galaxie, offers a limp hand in return, but it's too late.

She's already gone.

54INT. GALAXIE - MOVING - LATER 54

GRADY cradles the wheel in his bandaged paw, while James sits stiffly, the orange juice jug bobbing between his thighs.

JAMES LEER:

She seemed to take it pretty well.

GRADY:

Yeah, well, actually. . .

James looks over.

GRADY (cont'd)

The moment didn't really present itself.

James nods, unsurprised, then turns back to the window, staring at the landscape, still sitting oddly still. GRADY glances at him. At the orange juice jug.

GRADY (cont'd)

You' re not planning on puking in my car, are you, James?

Nothing.

GRADY:

Don't be proud, James. We're in Sewickley Heights. We could find you a nice golf course to barf on.

JAMES LEER :

(sharply)

No.

GRADY looks over, surprised by the James' tone. James blinks, looks embarrassed.

JAMES LEER (cont'd)

I mean. I'm fine. I'm sorry. I just...

James peers out the window at passing landscape.

JAMES LEER (cont'd)

I've got a thing about, ..places like this. I know what those houses are like. I know what the people are like.

GRADY:

Your aunt ?

James turns, eyes flashing with surprise.

GRADY (cont'd)

Hannah mentioned something about an aunt.

James nods vaguely, then reaches into the ashtray, takes a JOINT between his fingers, sniffs it.

JAMES LEER :

Humboldt County?

GRADY:

(surprised)

Maybe...

JAMES LEER:

It's my father. He gets it from his doctor.

GRADY:

Glaucoma?

JAMES LEER :

Colon cancer.

GRADY:

Jesus, James. Wow.

James puts the joint back in the ashtray.

JAMES' LEER

It's a bit of a scandal. My parents live in a small town.

GRADY:

Where's that?

JAMES LEER:

Carvel.

GRADY:

Carvel? Where's Carvel?

JAMES LEER :

Outside Scranton.

GRADY:

I never heard of it.

JAMES LEER:

It's a hellhole. Three motels and a mannequin factory. My dad worked there for thirty-five years.

GRADY:

Your father worked in a mannequin factory?

JAMES LEER:

Seitz Plastics. That's where he met my morn. She was a fry cook in the cafeteria. Before that, she'd been a dancer.

GRADY:

What kind of dancer? .

JAMES LEER:

Whatever kind they wanted her to be.

GRADY :

(in disbelief)

James Leer, are you telling me your mother was a stripper?

JAMES LEER:

I'm telling you what I was told by my uncle. And he should know. He ran half a dozen men's clubs in Baltimore before he skipped town on a bad debt.

GRADY:

Didn't you say your Mom went to Catholic school?

JAMES LEER :

When we fall, we fall hard.

GRADY:

Amazing.

GRADY takes the joint from the ashtray, lights it, then notices--with surprise--James has his hand out.

GRADY (cont'd)

I thought you were the guy who didn't like to lose control of his emotions.

JAMES LEER:

Maybe I just needed the moment to present itself.

55EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD (KINSHIP) - DAY .(ONE HOUR LATER)

GRADY glides down the graceful, tree-lined streets of a modest, but well-kept neighborhood. James still has the JOINT--now only a tiny nub--pinched between his fingers.

JAMES LEER:

This is so nice. It's like where Andy Hardy would live. What's it called again?

GRADY:

Kinship.

JAMES LEER:

Kinship. And what's here?

GRADY:

Unless I miss my bet...my wife.

James' heavy eyelids flutter with surprise.

JAMES LEER :

The one that left you?

GRADY:

That's right. That one.

56EXT. FRONT PORCH - WINTERS FAMILY HOUSE

GRADY RAPS on the front door, then cups his hands against

the glass of the living room window, squints inside. Nothing. As he turns away, GRADY sees James sitting on the hood of the Galaxie with the box of powdered donuts. He's sitting in the indentation.

JAMES LEER:

Someone jumped on your car with their butt ..-

GRADY:

How can you tell?

JAMES LEER:

You can see the outline of a butt.

As GRADY nods, James holds out the donut box.

JAMES LEER (cont'd)

Want one. They're incredible. Incredible.

GRADY:

Smoke the rest of that joint, James, and you can start on the box.

58EXT. BACK PORCH - BACK YARD (MOMENTS LATER)

As GRADY steps onto the back porch, James follows.

JAMES LEER:

Maybe she didn't come here.

GRADY:

She came here. We'll just wait. In the meantime, I need you to shimmy through.

James stares at the "Doggy Door" cut into the back porch door.

GRADY:

Relax. Emily hasn't carried a house key since she was twelve years old. And your hips are as slim as hers.

JAMES LEER:

It's not that. It just reminded me of-- you know-of what's in the car. In the trunk.

GRADY:

(a pang of guilt himself)

Oh. Right. Well, let's try not to think about

that.

James takes another sad glance at the little door, then drops onto all fours.

59INT. LIVING ROOM - WINTERS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

GRADY leads James through the house. Everything about it speaks of family. Even the furniture seems arranged so that people will gather together, light a fire, talk.

JAMES LEER :

It feels really... good. ..here.

GRADY:

I know. It's the house you want to wake up in on Christmas morning.

(moving off)

Make yourself at home. I'll be right back.

60INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM 60

Grady, laboring badly on his ankle", enters and finds a DUFFEL BAG open on the floor, its contents a tangle of quickly-packed clothes. Everything else in the room feels of another time. PHOTOGRAPHS are everywhere, documenting a PRETTY GIRL'S life, from first recital to cap and gown. One photograph lies face down. GRADY turns it over and finds the pretty girl grown into a beautiful young woman, standing in a white gown next to a younger Grady--on their wedding day.

61INT. DEN

James enters, FRENCH ROLL in hand, and sees a REMOTE CONTROL atop the BAR. Taking it, he points it at the WIDE-SCREEN TELEVISION imbedded in the opposite wall and, seconds later, GEORGE SANDERS walks into his CLOSE-UP.

GEORGE SANDERS:

There's no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral...

62INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Grady, a PINK PRINCESS PHONE to his ear, lies on the bed next to a huge TEDDY BEAR.

GRADY:

(into phone)

Yes, I' m looking for the Chancellor... I don't know. She should be in the main hall ...Thank you.

63INT. DEN

James runs through the channels, pauses on MARTIN MILNER and GEORGE MAHARIS, riding in their curvy Corvette.

64INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A Nelson Riddle's THEME FROM ROUTE 66 BOOMS from below,

GRADY:

cups a hand over his ear.

GRADY:

Sara? Hi. It's Grady.

SARA'S VOICE

Where are you, Grady? An elevator?

GRADY:

I'm in Kinship. Listen, Sara, there's some things we need to talk about...

SARA'S VOICE

(evenly)

You're in Kinship?

GRADY:

Yes. But that's not why I called...

SARA'S VOICE

With Emily?

GRADY:

What? No'. There's no one here. I'm just ...just....

SARA'S VOICE

Just what? Doing a little dusting?

As GRADY endeavors to respond, TWO YOUTHFUL VOICES, CHEERFULLY SINGING, rise from below.

CHEERFUL VOICES

Good Morning! Good Morning!

GRADY:

(yelling)

James! For Christ sake, will you turn that thing down!

SARA'S VOICE

James? He's still with you?

65INT. DEN

James, in the midst of pouring himself a tumbler of

Bushmills, smiles as JUDY GARLAND and MICKEY ROONEY sing their hearts out in Babes In Arms.

JUDY/MICKEY

We talked the whole night through!

66INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

GRADY shakes his head, carries the phone toward the bedroom WINDOW.

GRADY:

Look, Sara. ..I'm not here. ..I'm not here to

. . .

As GRADY watches, a late-model PONTIAC BONNEVILLE turns into the driveway below him.

GRADY (cont'd)

...reconcile with Emily.

SARA'S VOICE

Are you there to not reconcile with her?

The Bonneville's trunk pops open, revealing THREE BAGS OF GROCERIES, and HANK and IRENE WINTERS, both in their 60's, get out. An enormous NEWFOUNDLAND vaults from the backseat. Sara, eating phone static this whole time, interprets Grady's silence her own way.

SARA'S VOICE (cont'd)

Goodbye, Grady.

GRADY:

No. Sara, you don't understand...

SARA'S VOICE

Trust me, I understand. I just want to say something to you, Grady.

GRADY:

(dreading it)

Yea?

SARA'S VOICE

How you choose to live your own life is your business. But you be careful with that boy, Grady. With James. He belongs to somebody else. As the line goes dead, GRADY watches Hank and Irene Winters disappear below him.

69INT. DEN 69

James--Irish whiskey in one hand, the pride of Humboldt County in the other--watches with deep absorption as Judy and Mickey have a heartfelt conversation. Then, sensing

something ...he turns.

Hank and Irene Winters, grocery bags in arm, stand frozen.

JAMES LEER :

Hullo.

FOOTSTEPS are HEARD on the staircase and GRADY hobbies into view. He tries a smile.

GRADY:

Mom. Dad.

70INT. DEN - WINTERS HOUSE - (A BIT LATER)

Hank Winters emerges from the bathroom with a roll of tape, a bottle of alcohol, and some cotton wool.

HANK:

Well, it's infected, I can tell you that. I'm just going to clean it up a bit. It's up to you to-find someone who knows what they're doing.

Here. Put your foot up.

GRADY puts his foot up on Hank's lazy-Boy, then notices a BOOK lying face down on the seat. The AUTHOR on the back cover looks as if he's trying very hard to look consequential. To his surprise, GRADY realizes the author is himself.

HANK:

So he's one of your students, this boy?

GRADY glances into the living room, where James and Irene sit on a long couch together, sipping something hot. James is looking out the window, a curious expression on his face. GRADY looks out his own window, sees the Newfoundland sniffing curiously at-the Galaxie's trunk. When he glances back into the living room, he and James make brief eye contact, then blink, look away.

GRADY:

Yes. He's a good kid. Maybe a little messed up.

HANK:

Well, I'm sure with the proper guidance he'll be fine.

GRADY tries to read Hank's face---is he messing with

him?--but Hank gives nothing away. GRADY nods to the book.

GRADY:

What made you pull out that old thing?

HANK:

(shrugging)

I was thinking of you.

GRADY:

And?

HANK:

It's no Arsonist's Daughter, but I guess you know that. It's a young man's book. It got me remembering how it felt to be young.

GRADY:

Maybe I should read it.

HANK:

Oh, I don't think there's any danger of you aging prematurely, Grady.

GRADY doesn't have to read Hank's face this time.

GRADY:

Where's Emily, Hank?

HANK:

I 'don't know if she'd want me to tell you that, Grady.

GRADY:

I'm not going to stalk her. Hank. I just.

..want to know where I stand.

Hank looks up, incredulous.

HANK:

Where you stand?

GRADY:

(embarrassed)

I-just want to say I'm sorry.

HANK:

She's in Philadelphia seeing Linda Aahby. The neurologist.

GRADY:

Neurologist? Why? What's wrong?

HANK:

(frowning)

Nothing's wrong. They went to Wellesley together.

GRADY:

(sheepishly)

Oh. Right. Linda ...I haven't been doing a lot of sleeping lately. My editor's in town and I have the book to finish and--

HANK:

Ah, right. The book.

GRADY starts to continue, then stops, cowed by something in Hank's tone, something dismissive. Instead, he looks away, toward the living room, and catches sight of James again, sitting alone now with his big cup of cocoa.

GRADY:

Listen, Hank, I'm sorry about ail this. I didn't come here to upset you and Irene. I want you to know that.

HANK:

Why did you come here, Grady?

GRADY gestures vaguely.

GRADY:

I -just wanted to see her, I guess-- Emily. And to see you too-you and Irene. And to let everyone know that, even though it may be difficult to comprehend now, this-everything that's happening-it's not forever. It doesn't mean "Goodbye."

HANK:

Give me a break, Grady.

Hank snaps off the tape, slaps Grady's ankle.

HANK:

You're done.

71INT. GALAXIE - MOVING - DUSK 71

GRADY glowers darkly at the road, then puts his hand up against the HEATING VENT which, apparently, is not putting out any heat.

JAMES LEER:

I'm having a really good time, Professor Tripp.

GRADY glances over, sees James burrowing into the Ziploc.

GRADY:

I'm really happy for you, James. But do me a favor, will you? Lay off my dope. That stuff's not for amateurs.

James looks at Ziploc as GRADY fiddles with the heat LEVER.

JAMES LEER :

I just wanted a little sip.

GRADY:

(squinting at him)

I just wanted a little sip? Tell me, James, exactly what point was it that you turned into Serpent Boy?

JAMES LEER:

Probably about the time you gave me the codeine pills last night.

GRADY stops with the heater, glances over at James, whose face bears not the slightest trace of irony.

GRADY:

Jesus...

(thinking, then. . .)

Look, James, you appear to possess-like many an aspiring writer before you, by the way-a rather ardent affinity for the stuff of which dreams are made. However, I 'think it's best if, for the moment at least

(taking the Ziploc)
...we abstain.

JAMES LEER :

You're mad at me, aren't you?

GRADY:

What?

JAMES LEER:

You're mad because I shot your girlfriend's dog.

GRADY:

It wasn't her dog. It's her husband's--
(stopping)

Who said anything about girlfriend?

James eyes shift slowly, as if to 'say: Who are you kidding?

GRADY:

Okay, James, I wish you hadn't shot my girlfriend's dog. Even though Poe and I weren't exactly what you'd call simpatico, that's no reason for him to take two in the chest. Still, the fact remains that I'm the one who took you up into the Chancellor's bedroom. I'm the one who has to take the blame. I- don't know what the hell I was thinking.

JAMES LEER:

Sure you do. You were thinking: 'That's no cap gun in that kid's overcoat.' You were thinking 'I can't let that kid get on the bus alone-he might never get on the bus again.' You were

thinking:

this kid. ' So you did. It was--in its way--a noble act.

GRADY:

Thanks for the halo, James, but I've . never done that much thinking ahead in my" life-ever. James looks -out the window, pondering this.

JAMES LEER:

So, why did you take me up there?

GRADY:

(feeling for the heat again)

I -don' t know, James . I don' t know why I do half the things I do. Who does?

(looking over)

Why do you wear that coat?

James looks down, a little defensive.

JAMES LEER :

It's warm.

GRADY:

James, fall semester, first day of class, it was 95 degrees and you were wearing the coat. James just blinks, no ready answer-available.

GRADY:

That's why they all give you such a hard time in workshop.

JAMES LEER :

Because of my coat?

GRADY:

Because you act like a goddamn spook all the time. Not to mention the fact that every last one of them is jealous of you.

JAMES LEER :

(smirking)

Jealous? Of me?

GRADY:

Not you. Your talent.

James' face hardens. He looks away.

JAMES LEER :

You're lying.

GRADY:

The hell I am.

JAMES LEER:

Yes you are. My stuff stinks. I know it. You said so yourself.

GRADY:

I never said that.

JAMES LEER:

Yes you did. Last night. To your friend Crabtree. "Is he any good?" he said. And you

said:

GRADY:

I didn't mean it that way.

JAMES LEER:

It's okay, Professor Tripp. Carrie, Howard, the others--they 're right. My stories are annoying. They go on and on and on, and the longer they go on the more annoying they become, until finally you just want to grab something heavy and--

GRADY:

Shut up, James. You're annoying. Carrie and Howard don't know what the fuck they're talking about, okay? The entire class combined--including the lovely Hannah Green--has about one tenth of one percent the talent you have, okay? James stares blankly at Grady, then turns his face to the window. He ponders Grady's words, the praise inherent in them. A hint of pleasure glints in his eyes.

JAMES LEER :

But, last night...

GRADY:

Who cares what-. I said last night, James I I was drunk, I was stoned. I'd been bitten by a dog. My wife had left me. How 'bout cutting me some slack?

JAMES LEER :

(quietly)

I'm sorry.

GRADY:

And don't be so goddamn sensitive. Who cares what anybody thinks anyway? You want to .be a good writer? You want to be-a great writer? Then stop giving a damn what other people think. Most of them haven't thought in .years. James turns, studies Grady's face as it flickers in the first headlights of the evening.

GRADY:

Let me spell it .out for you, James. Books don't mean anything. Not to anybody. Not anymore.

JAMES LEER:

Arsonist's Daughter meant something.
GRADY smiles contemptuously.

JAMES LEER:

I mean it. It means something to me. It's one of the reasons I came to school here. To be in your class. To be taught by you.

(quietly)

It's one of the reasons I wanted to become a writer.

GRADY stares ahead, watching the darkness tumble away before the wide sweep of the Galaxie's headlights.

GRADY:

Well, for that, if nothing else, James, I'm sorry.

72EXT. COFFEE SHOP/MOTEL - OFF THE HIGHWAY - EVENING

GRADY rolls into a space near the coffee shop and James slides out. GRADY stays put, hands still on the wheel.

JAMES LEER:

You coming?

GRADY:

In a minute. Get us a table.

James nods, pushes past the glass doors into the coffee shop, and a big REDHEAD in a waitress cap leads him to a table with a view of the highway. GRADY watches James-- stick figure in black brogues--slide into the booth and open his big, laminated menu. Finally, as if concluding some internal debate, GRADY kicks open his door, steps out.

73INT/EXT. PHONE BOOTH - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER
GRADY rests his forehead against the PAYPHONE as he speaks.

GRADY:

C-a-r-v-e-I. That's right, Carvel. Yes, I'm sure. It's outside Scranton.

GRADY straightens up, takes a peek at James, sitting by himself on the far side of the coffee shop.

GRADY:

You have no listing. Okay, well, lady-- at this very moment, as we speak, I'm looking of a resident of Carvel, Pennsylvania. I think he'd be pretty interested to learn that the good people of Bell Atlantic have misplaced his entire hometown. It's not like I'm making this up as I go along--

GRADY stops, his own words ringing in his head.

GRADY (cont'd)

Never mind. My mistake.

74EXT. GALAXIE - PARKING LOT 74

GRADY upends James' knapsack, sifts through: An AUTOGRAPHED POSTCARD of FRANCES FARMER. A wrinkled box of CHICLETS. Nothing. Then he notices ERROL FLYNN'S eyebrows peeking at him from the knapsack's side pouch. He takes the book, opens it. Bingo. A library notice: James Seiwyn Leer is three weeks overdue. Under ADDRESS it

says only:

NUMBER, odds are it won't be the night janitor at the Greyhound depot who picks up.

75INT. BOOTH - COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT (LATER)

The remains of a FRIED CLAM SANDWICH sit before James as he turns his attention to a GIANT PIECE OF LEMON MERINGUE

PIE. GRADY sips only coffee, stealing glances at the cars that whip by on the highway beyond the window.

JAMES LEER :

Want a bite?

GRADY:

No thanks.

JAMES LEER:

That's why you're having them. Your spells.

GRADY:

Spells? Jesus, James, you make it sound like we're in a Tennessee Williams play. I don't have spells.

JAMES LEER :

What would you call them then?

GRADY:

I don't know. ...'Episodes.'
James shrugs, spears a fluffy chunk of pie.

JAMES LEER:

It's because you don't eat.

GRADY:

I eat.

JAMES LEER:

When?

GRADY:

When nobody's looking.
GRADY watches a pair of headlights approach...

JAMES LEER:

(mouth full, garbled)
I just worry about you, that's all.
...then pass. James' words finally register. GRADY looks at him.

GRADY:

You just worry about yourself, James. Okay?

JAMES LEER:

Okay.

Just then, a long, pale WAND of LIGHT splinters against the coffee shop windows and a CAR sweeps into the parking lot. GRADY follows it with his eyes, rises.

JAMES LEER (cont'd)

Where you going?

GRADY:

Nowhere. You just sit here and... eat.

GRADY moves off, then stops, looking back at James and his giant piece of pie, still troubled by his words.

76EXT. COFFEE SHOP/MOTEL

As GRADY limps out of the coffee shop, he finds an OLDER MAN in a TUXEDO standing in the open door of a gleaming BLACK MERCEDES. Beyond him, in the front passenger seat, a WOMAN in MINK examines her eye shadow in the tiny mirror of the sun visor.

MAN:

(eyeing GRADY dubiously)

Professor Tripp?

GRADY:

Grady.

MAN:

Fred Leer. This is my wife Amanda.

GRADY:

(re:

Looks like I've dashed a-wonderful evening.

FRED LEER:

Hardly.

AMANDA LEER:

We were on our way to a benefit. But, as luck would have it, the club was on the way, so...

(snapping shut the visor)

We were able to put in an appearance.

FRED LEER:

Otherwise we would've been here earlier.

GRADY:

Ah. Well, that's ail right. James and I 'had a little dinner.

FRED LEER:

Well, certainly we'll reimburse you.

GRADY:

That's not necessary. I just felt. ..it might be good for James to be with his family this weekend.

FRED LEER:

Well, of course, we can understand that. GRADY considers the two glittering ghosts before him. They seem to be waiting. Just waiting.

GRADY:

Well. Let me go get him.
GRADY turns for the coffee shop, then stops, looks back.
GRADY (cont'd)
I "hope you won't consider this forward of me, Amanda, but I wonder if I might ask. ..did you ever attend Catholic school?
Amanda Leer's eyes narrow ever-so-slightly.

AMANDA LEER :

Excuse me?
77INT. BOOTH - COFFEE SHOP77
James is glowering at the parking lot as GRADY returns.

JAMES LEER:

I'm not going with them..

GRADY:

James. Listen. Things-things are a little weird with me right now and I-- well--I have enough blame to shoulder these days without having to take the blame if something bad happened to you. And if you hang around me long

enough, something bad is going to happen, trust me. That's why I need you to go home.

Understand?

JAMES LEER :

I'm not going, with them.

GRADY:

James, like it or not, they're your parents.

JAMES LEER:

Parents? They're not my parents. They're my grandparents. My parents are dead.

GRADY stares at-James wearily.

JAMES LEER:

I swear. My father had his own airplane he used to fly up to Quebec. One Christmas, he and my mom were flying up to our house in the Laurentians when the plane went down. It was in the newspaper.

GRADY doesn't flinch, unpersuaded.

JAMES LEER:

I 'swear. My father was a senior vice president at Dravo. My mother was a socialite. Her maiden name was Guggenheim.

GRADY starts to protest, then pauses.

GRADY:

I remember that. Five or six years ago.

JAMES LEER:

Six. Their plane went down right outside Scranton.

GRADY :

(sardonically)

Near Carvel?

JAMES LEER:

I'm sorry about all that. I just-I don't like to talk about my family. They treat me like a freak.

(nodding towards Amanda)

She makes me sleep in. the basement of my own house. It's mine. My parents left it to me.

GRADY glances toward the parking lot, studies the contours of Fred Leer's face. Frowns.

GRADY:

James, come on. That man is obviously your father. You look just like him.

James looks down at the table, takes a deep breath, and speaks in a voice heavy with implication.

JAMES LEER:

There's a reason for that.

Grady's addled brain grapples with this dark little riddle, finally deciphers what James is suggesting.

GRADY:

Get out of here.

JAMES LEER:

That's why she hates me. That's why she makes me sleep in the basement.

GRADY:

In the crawl space, with the rats and the casks of Amontillado. Come on. Up.

As GRADY lifts him from the booth, James attempts a plaintive tone, but his heart's not in it.

JAMES LEER :

I swear.

78EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER 78

As Fred Leer SLAMS the back door of the Mercedes, GRADY waves vaguely, peers into the darkness of the back seat.

FRED LEER :

Thank you. Professor Tripp.

GRADY:

Take care of him.

AMANDA LEER:

Oh, don't worry. We'll take care of him. You

can be sure of that.

Fred Leer hits the gas and swings the Mercedes around in a tight little arc, feathering Grady's pants--from the knee down--with a pudding of ICE and MUD. GRADY glances down at his spattered self, then notices, sitting on the front passenger seat, James' knapsack. GRADY grabs it, turns.

GRADY:

Hey!

GRADY'S POV - REAR WINDOW

as the Mercedes begins to pull away and James turns, elbows on the back dash, his pale face slack. Spying Grady, he raises one limp hand, and then-as if it were held by a string-lets it drop.

GRADY (cont'd)

(softly)

Hey.

79EXT. PARKING LOT - MQTEL/COFFEE SHOP - A. BIT LATER

GRADY sits in-the GREEN GLOW of .the radio dial, smoking a joint. He glances at the knapsack, sees James'

MANUSCRIPT:

The Love Parade

He reaches in, takes the manuscript and, in the light that rains from the PARKING LAMP overhead, begins to read.

80EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER) 80

Grady's HOUSE looks like a three-dollar whore on a block full of nuns. MUSIC BLARES, LIGHT BLAZES from every window, and there are so many CARS GRADY is forced to leave the Galaxie in the middle of the street.

GRADY:

(knowingly)

Crabtree.

81INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Times Square before the ball drops. GRADY enters, scans the room, then shoulders his way to the stairs.

82INT. GRADY'S OFFICE

Hannah Green sits on the sofa, twisting a long strand of hair around her finger as she reads a THICK MANUSCRIPT.

GRADY:

(entering)

Hey.

HANNAH GREEN:

Grady!

She slaps the page she is reading back onto the stack at her thigh. GRADY stares. The manuscript. It's his.

HANNAH GREEN:

(embarrassed)

I know I shouldn't have, but there it was, just sort of lying out, and I couldn't resist and-and--I suck.

GRADY:

No, it's okay. I just can't believe I left it out in the open like that. CRABTREE hasn't been in here, has he? Poking around?

HANNAH GREEN:

I don't know--maybe- I don't think so. Grady's mind races with unfortunate possibilities, but

only briefly:

GRADY:

Listen, Hannah. You don't remember where that aunt worked, do you? James' aunt.

HANNAH GREEN:

He shot the Chancellor's dog, didn't he? The blind one.

GRADY:

Actually, He's not the Chancellor' s--What?

HANNAH GREEN:

At first the police thought he just ran away, but this afternoon Dr. Gaskell found some blood spots on the carpet -

GRADY:

Jesus.

HANNAH GREEN:

CRABTREE said it sounded like something James would be messed up in.

GRADY:

Crabtree? He doesn't even know James.

HANNAH GREEN:

Who does?

Just then, Crabtree's VOICE bellows in the hallway outside.

CRABTREE (O.S.)

Trip?! Where are you'

GRADY looks anxiously toward the door.

GRADY:

The aunt, Hannah. Where did you take James that day?

HANNAH GREEN:

I told you, Sewickly Heights.

GRADY:

But where? I need the street.

HANNAH GREEN:

I don't know, Grady. I just dropped him on a corner.

CRABTREE (O.S.)

Trip?!

GRADY:

Shit.

As GRADY starts to turn away, Hannah hooks her finger inside his belt buckle.

HANNAH GREEN:

No! Don't go. I've been waiting all night for you.

GRADY looks at Hannah's hand, where it rests. He looks terrified.

GRADY:

Listen, Hannah, I'm flattered, really, but right now I--

CRABTREE:

(bursting in)

Tripp, where the hell. . .

CRABTREE stops, takes in the tableau before him.

CRABTREE (cont'd)

Oh, I'm sorry. Am I interrupting a. student-
teacher conference?

GRADY delicately removes Hannah's hand from his buckle,
points at Crabtree.

GRADY:

You stay there.

CRABTREE:

What? Ohhhh. Is that... it?

CRABTREE cocks his head toward the reams of paper stacked
on Grady's desk.

CRABTREE:

Honestly, Tripp. Do you actually think I would
sneak in here and read your book without asking
you?

GRADY:

Gee, I don't know. Crabs. I don't seem to
remember you actually asking me if you could
invite 200 people over to trash my living room.

CRABTREE:

Sometimes we have to improvise.

GRADY:

(ignoring him)

Think, Hannah. Does James have any friends. I
mean, besides you and. . .me?

CRABTREE:

James? My James? What's happened?

GRADY:

Nothing, he's just been sort of, I don't
know.. .kidnapped.

CRABTREE:

Kidnapped? By who?

GRADY:

His parents.

CRABTREE:

Good God. Let's go rescue him.

GRADY:

Good idea. Crabs. Only one problem. I don't know where they live.

CRABTREE:

Ah. Wait a minute. The university must know where he lives.

GRADY:

It's a little late to call Admissions.

CRABTREE:

Is it a little late to call the Chancellor?

GRADY:

Maybe ...I don't know.

HANNAH GREEN:

Two-sixty-two Baxter Drive.

GRADY and CRABTREE turn, see Hannah sitting on the corner of Grady's desk with the WHITE PAGES open on her lap.

HANNAH GREEN (cont'd)

They're in the book.

83INT. GALAXIE - MOVING - TEN MINUTES LATER

CRABTREE snaps James' manuscript closed.

CRABTREE:

You know--based on what I've read-- this is a very exciting piece of material, this Big Parade.

GRADY:

Love. It's Love facade--and what do you mean 'based on what you've read'? You skimmed two chapters at 80 miles an hour while gargling

methamphetamines.

CRABTREE:

I've been doing this a long time, Tripp. I feel this kid in my bones.

GRADY:

Only in your bones?

GRADY smirks, glances at Crabtree, but gets a surprise; CRABTREE offers no snappy come-back, no antic wordplay. He just stares out the window, his voice distant.

CRABTREE:

No. I think I might be right. I've felt it before...

As Crabtree's voice trails off, GRADY studies him.

GRADY:

How bad is it for you?

CRABTREE:

Bad enough. And God knows I don't exactly fit the new corporate profile.

GRADY:

Which is?

CRABTREE:

Competence.

GRADY and CRABTREE look at each other a moment, then CRABTREE smiles, gives a little shrug, and picks up James' knapsack, rummaging through the contents.

CRABTREE (cont'd)

So tell me about you and the Chancellor.

GRADY:

What's to tell?

CRABTREE:

Plenty, I'm sure. But, for what it's worth...

CRABTREE fishes out the biography of Erroll Flynn, gives it a look.

CRABTREE:

...I like her.

GRADY peers at the stars, his voice barely audible.

GRADY:

Me too.

84EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SEWICKLEY HEIGHTS 84-
The battered Galaxie floats up a narrow road, gliding through a canyon of mansion walls and the occasional winding drive. Up ahead a stone post marker with the numerals "262." GRADY kills the headlights.

GRADY:

This is it.

84AEXT. LEER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Grady--limping like an aging prizefighter--leads CRABTREE up a steep incline toward an enormous three-story house. The Leer's Mercedes gleams in the shadows.

CRABTREE:

Jesus. There must be two dozen windows on .
that thing. How are we-supposed to find his?

GRADY:

I told you. They keep him chained in the basement. Come on.

85EXT. REAR - LEER HOUSE

LIGHT GLOWS from a low BASEMENT WINDOW. From one side, a WOMAN is HEARD SINGING. GRADY and CRABTREE pause, listen.

WOMAN SINGING :

Why should I care though he gave me the air?
Why should I cry, heave a sigh, and wonder why?
And wonder why?

CRABTREE:

Doris Day.

CRABTREE and GRADY look at each other.

GRADY/CRABTREE

James Leer.

GRADY moves to the window and RAPS on the glass. A moment later, James peeks out. Seeing Grady, his face brightens briefly, unguarded, then quickly resumes its usual Leerian aspect. He motions with his hand, as if to say, "That way."

86EXT. BASEMENT DOOR

The DOOR swings open to reveal James Leer, decked out in a pair of RED, INK-STAINED PAJAMAS sagging badly in the seat. He looks like one of Santa's elves.

JAMES LEER:

Hey. What are you guys doing here?

CRABTREE:

We're springing you. Leer. Get some pants on.
As they step inside, GRADY gives James' PJs the once-over.

GRADY:

I can't believe you made fun of my robe.

87INT. JAMES' ROOM - BASEMENT 87

Electric CANDELABRAS light a large converted cellar whose walls are crowded with MOVIE POSTERS and LOBBY CARDS. There are STACKS of what look suspiciously like LIBRARY BOOKS and an enormous BAROQUE BED, complete with CANOPY.

CRABTREE:

I like what you've done with it. When's Captain Nemo moving in?

JAMES LEER :

The candelabras were my Gran's.

GRADY:

Oh, Christ, don't start on ol' Gran or we'll leave you here.

CRABTREE:

Hey, I heard all about it--the parents, the grandparents, the China town thing-- and I believe you, okay? That's why we're here. Now go get dressed.
James scoops up the shirt GRADY lent him. this morning.

JAMES LEER:

Can I--I mean--do you mind--if I wear this again. Professor Tripp?

GRADY:

Ah, wear whatever you want.

James flinches, stung, then disappears into a bathroom.

CRABTREE:

So modest.

GRADY:

So sensitive.

CRABTREE:

(nosing around the room)

Oh, come on, Tripp. Cut the kid some slack.

GRADY:

It's just ail that crap he spins out. Just once I'd like to know if the little bastard is telling the truth.

CRABTREE:

The-truth. I know that's always been real important to you. Key, check this out...

CRABTREE leans over an old ROYAL TYPEWRITER, reads from the freshly-typed PAGE curling from the carriage.

CRABTREE:

Finally, the door opened. It-was a shock to: see him, shuffling into the room like an aging prizefighter. Limping. Beaten.'

(with an amused smile)

Sound like anyone we know?

(resuming)

But it was later, when the great man squinted into the bitter glow or twilight...

(frowning)

Bitter glow of twilight? This kid definitely needs an editor.

(resuming)

...and muttered simply, "It means nothing. All of it.

Nothing," that the true shock came. It was then that the boy understood that his hero's true injuries lay hidden in a darker place. His heart...'

CRABTREE stops abruptly.

GRADY:

Yes? 'His heart...'

CRABTREE hesitates, then... reads on:

CRABTREE:

'His heart, once capable of inspiring others so completely, could no longer inspire so much as itself. It beat now only out of habit. It beat now only because it could. '

GRADY nods, his face unreadable, then James returns.

JAMES LEER :

I'm ready...

James stops, sees the two men looking at him.

JAMES LEER :

You all right, Professor Tripp?

CRABTREE:

He's great. Come on, let's blow before ol' Gran decides to boil your bones for breakfast.

JAMES LEER:

Oh, well, that's just it. She's been coming down here, every half hour or so, to, sort of, check on me. If I'm not here, she might ...call the police or.. something.

CRABTREE:

Hhhuh. So we decoy her. Stick a couple pillows and one of your teddy bears under the spread and she won't know the difference.

JAMES LEER :

(brightening)

Yeah. Like in Against All Flags. Only they use a couple big hams.

GRADY:

No.

CRABTREE and James turn.

GRADY:

I've got something better than a teddy bear.

CUT TO:

bed.

88INT. JAMES' ROOM - BASEMENT (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

GRADY strategically arranges the coverlet, gently adjusting Poe's head so only a TUFT of FUR shows. He steps back, joining CRABTREE and James for an assessment.

GRADY:

Sweet dreams, Jimmy.

89EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LATER

The lights are still blazing, the front door is wide open, but not a soul remains.

90INT. LIVING ROOM

A quiet disaster, the only sound an LP playing meekly on the STEREO. James passes through first, ignoring the TORTILLA CHIPS POPPING under his shoes, then CRABTREE and GRADY appear.

CRABTREE:

Things must've picked up after we left.

CRABTREE pats Grady's cheek, heads upstairs.

91INT. HALLWAY

Crabtree's door is closing as GRADY hobbles into view.

GRADY:

Crabtree.

CRABTREE:

(sticking his head out)

Ye-es?

GRADY looks down, sees James Leer's black brogues sitting on the floor outside Crabtree's door.

GRADY:

Nothing.

The door closes, the LATCH CLICKS, and GRADY is left alone, the bossa nova floating softly in the air.

92INT. HANNAH'S ROOM

Hannah Green lies tangled in the sheets, surrounded by little colonies of Grady's manuscript. GRADY studies her, then detects something on the floor. The red boots. Delicately, he lifts the sheet. Hannah Green's feet-- finally revealed in ail their naked glory--prove to be thick, wide, and ordinary. GRADY sighs.

93INT. GRADY'S OFFICE

The TV is on. GRADY steps to the doorway, pauses.

VOICE :

Hey.

A HEAD cranes over the sofa. It's the Goatee Kid from Thaw Hail.

GRADY:

How are you--is it Joe?

GOATEE KID:

Jeff. Sorry. I didn't even know this was your house until about an hour ago.

GRADY:

Don't sweat it. Well. 'Night, Jeff.

GOATEE KID:

Oh, Professor Tripp? You know, last semester, what I said that time in office hours-I hope there's no hard feelings.

GRADY:

No...

GOATEE KID:

I mean, I was breaking up with this girl at the time and my car was ail fucked up and--well--I was pretty bent in general.

GRADY:

It's cool, Jeff. Really.

GOATEE KID:

I just want you to know that's why I dropped your class and said all that shit about the university stealing my money and you being a pseudo-Faulknerian nobody.

94EXT. PORCH - GRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (A BIT LATER)

GRADY sits quietly on the porch steps, a joint burning in his fingers. To his left, perched atop a Haagen-Dazs container, is a TELEPHONE. As he pulls it into his lap, a LAMP in the living room pirouettes clumsily, spins free of

the cord, and SHATTERS on the floor.

GRADY blinks, looks away, and DIALS, just as. ..the CLATTERING COUGH of an ENGINE is HEARD and a VAN appears. Stenciled on its side panel is:

Kravnik's Sporting Goods

The van slows, almost coasting, then abruptly bursts past Grady's house and disappears around the corner. GRADY frowns, then realizes a MAN'S VOICE is coming from the RECEIVER in his lap.

MAN (O.S.)

Hello? Hello...?

The VOICE is groggy. It is Walter Gaskell's voice.

GRADY:

Walter?

WALTER'S VOICE

Yes?

GRADY says nothing, as if wondering what he's doing.

WALTER'S VOICE (cont'd)

Who's this ?

GRADY:

It's Grady, Walter.

WALTER'S VOICE

Grady?

GRADY:

GRADY Tripp. English Department.

WALTER'S VOICE

I know it's you, Grady, I just... Christ, Grady, do you know what time it -is?

GRADY:

(looking at his watch)

I have ...eight-fifteen. That's not right, is it?

WALTER'S VOICE

It's three-thirty, Grady.

GRADY:

This is important.

WALTER'S VOICE

Oh?

GRADY:

I... I...

WALTER'S VOICE

What is it, Grady?

GRADY:

I'm in love with your wife.

WALTER'S VOICE

Excuse me?

GRADY:

Sara. I'm in love with her.

Silence. Then Walter's VOICE returns: even,
administrative.

WALTER'S VOICE

Are you drinking. Professor Tripp? Right now.

GRADY sips on his roach, responds in a pinched voice.

GRADY:

No.

WALTER'S VOICE

Nevertheless, I'd like to see you in my office
Monday morning.

As the line goes dead, GRADY stares at the phone,
wondering if he has, in fact, just done what he thinks he's
just done.

95EXT. GRADY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - SUNDAY MORNING (NEXT DAY)

A CAR rattles down the street, NEWSPAPERS pinwheeling
from-the window.

96INT. GRADY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A heavy THHNK hits the driveway outside and GRADY blinks.
Sitting in his pink robe, bleary-eyed, he reconsiders the
piece of paper curling from his typewriter.

GRADY'S POV - of THE PAGE

It's obvious he's been sitting like this for some time.

Just then, the DISTINCTIVE PURR of an ENGINE is HEARD.

GRADY peers through the window, watches a CAB. glide to the
curb below. A Citroen DS23. Sara.

97EXT. FRONT PORCH - GRADY'S HOUSE

GRADY steps onto the porch, unintentionally punting a
BOTTLE of Iron City Beer onto the front lawn..

GRADY:

Sara.

SARA:

I tried to call, but apparently there's something wrong...

Sara leans down, replaces the uncradled phone.

SARA (cont'd)

...with your phone. Unfortunately, mine was ringing loud and clear this morning.

GRADY doesn't know what this means, but he's pretty sure it's not good.

GRADY:

Oh?

SARA:

It seems one of our students is - missing and his parents found a dead dog in his bed.

GRADY:

(slumping to the porch)

I'm sorry, Sara. I've been trying to tell you.

It's all my-

Sara raises her hand, silencing him.

SARA:

I'm not very happy with you right now, Grady. But more importantly, Walter's not very happy and he's gotten the police involved. They seem to think James Leer is somehow responsible for all of this. You wouldn't happen to know where James is, would you, Grady?

GRADY:

Inside.

SARA :

And the jacket?

GRADY:

Over there. In the backseat of the...

Grady's hand hangs in mid-air, gesturing pointlessly to the driveway, where the only thing that exists is an oil stain roughly the shape of North Dakota.

GRADY (cont'd)

Someone stole my car.

SARA:

Grady.

GRADY:

Honestly. Someone stole my car. I parked it right there last night.

SARA:

Are you sure you parked it there?

GRADY:

Of course, I'm sure. Ah, Christ, the puberty police are back.
Sara turns, sees Officer Pupcik cruising to the curb.

SARA:

I'll deal with this. You dig up James.
98INT. CRABTREE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
CRABTREE sits in bed, flipping through the pages of The Love Parade while stroking a tiny TUFT of HAIR that is the . sole visible part of .James Leer.

GRADY:

(swinging in)
Is he awake?

CRABTREE:

I'm afraid he's pretty worn out, poor kid.

GRADY:

Nevertheless. There's a police officer standing on the porch and I don't think he's going away.

JAMES LEER:

(from under the covers)
That same guy?
CRABTREE peels back the blankets and James Leer opens one eye.

JAMES LEER :

You snore.

CRABTREE:

So I hear.

JAMES LEER :

(studying Grady)

No offense, Professor Tripp, but you look sorta crappy.

CRABTREE:

He's right, you look horrible.

GRADY:

Thank you, Frankie and Annette.

James swings his pale little legs to the floor and walks bare assed across the room to retrieve his BVDs.

JAMES LEER :

It's the Chancellor.

CRABTREE:

Ah, right. Well, I gave you my opinion.

GRADY:

And we both thank you for that, but we're... we're... fine.

JAMES LEER:

I'm fine, right. Fit as a fucking fiddle.

GRADY squints at James as he pulls on his pants.

GRADY:

Shut up, James.

CRABTREE:

So what's the problem?

GRADY:

(a tad tense)

There is no problem. Did I say there was a problem?

As James' head pops through Grady's fully-buttoned flannel, he and CRABTREE exchange a knowing glance, at once referring to and

excluding Grady.

SARA (O. S.)

How's it coming back there, Professor Tripp?

CRABTREE:

Who's that?

GRADY:

Who do you think it is?

CRABTREE:

The Chancellor's here? Now?

GRADY:

Evidently.

(calling)

Coming!

JAMES LEER:

Does she mean--does she know about ...her dog?

GRADY:

It's Walter's dog and yes, she does. Know. But let's spare her the details. Come on, your shoes are in the hail.

CRABTREE:

James. This book of yours. It's not bad. Not bad at all.

James stops, considers this piece of news with a look of deep seriousness, then nods.

JAMES LEER :

Thank you.

CRABTREE:

You're welcome.

As James shuffles off into the hail, CRABTREE looks at Grady, his eyes dancing with excitement.

CRABTREE:

I want to publish this. I've got to. I think they'll let me. With a little editorial guidance it could be brilliant.

GRADY:

Great. Between you and Officer Pupcik out there he can be the next Jean Genet. It's been awhile since somebody wrote a good book in jail.

99EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sara and GRADY stand by as Pete Pupcik deposits James in the back of the squad car, SLAMS the door.

PUPCIK:

As I told the Chancellor, Professor, I'm just going to run James here over to the university. It'll be up to Dr. Gaskell where we go from there.

GRADY nods, leans in the window to James.

GRADY:

Don't worry, James, I'll figure something out.

JAMES LEER:

I'm not worried. You're not worried, are you. Professor Tripp?

GRADY:

I'm a little worried, James.

JAMES LEER :

Don't be. I don't care if they expel me. I probably should be expelled.

GRADY:

Well, let's see if we can keep that from happening.

James nods and GRADY starts to step back from the car.

JAMES LEER:

Professor Tripp...?

GRADY:

Yes, James.

JAMES LEER:

Even if I end up going to jail....
James smiles his crooked grin.

JAMES LEER (cont'd)

You're still the best teacher I ever had.

On this, Pete Pupcik pulls away, leaving GRADY standing on the curb, watching the back of James' head, framed in the rear window of the police car, growing smaller.

SARA:

This is not what the university has in mind when it promises a liberal education, Grady.

GRADY:

Would Walter really press charges?

SARA:

It's within the realm. He takes his souvenirs pretty seriously. And he was just a wee bit prickly this morning.

Grady, detecting something in Sara's tone, turns, watches her take a drag on her cigarette.

SARA (cont'd)

You didn't happen to call the house last night, did you, Grady?

GRADY:

I think I might have.

SARA:

And what do you think you might have said?

GRADY:

I think I might've said I was in love with you.

Sara's face remains .unchanged.

GRADY (cont'd)

He told you.

SARA :

He told me.

GRADY:

And what did you say?

SARA:

I said it didn't sound like you.

Sara tosses her cigarette in .the gutter, gets into her car, and dives away. GRADY looks after her sadly, then turns, sees CRABTREE standing on the porch wearing a shirt which claims "Ativan Chases the Clouds Away."

CRABTREE:

So- what do we do now? ,

GRADY:

Find the jacket.

CRABTREE:

Oh' huh. Exactly how do we do that?

GRADY:

First I see if Hannah will let me borrow her car.

CRABTREE:

It seems to me that girl would let you borrow her pancreas.

100INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - 100

Hannah, wrapped loosely in cotton sheets, SMILES as she listens to the Goatee Kid, who sits cross-legged at the foot of-her bed, fully clothed.

GOATEE KID:

I'm telling you, the tango is ail about latent homosexual love. Look at the way they dance-- it's sodomy.

HANNAH GREEN:

(laughing)

Stop it.

Hannah looks up, sees GRADY in the doorway and blushes. She pulls the sheet up, gives an oddly formal wave.

HANNAH GREEN:

Grady. Hi. What's up?

Jeff eases off the bed, past GRADY uneasily.

GOATEE KID:

I'll be ...somewhere else.

GRADY:

Hey, Jeff. If you're really interested in discussing that business with the tango, try the guy at the end of the hall.

Jeff nods--puzzled--then goes. GRADY smirks.

GRADY:

He cribbed that from Borges.

HANNAH GREEN:

It beats 'What's your major?'

GRADY nods, detecting a new aloofness in her voice.

GRADY:

Right. Anyway, I was wondering if I could borrow your car. Mine's sort of out of commission.

HANNAH GREEN:

Sure. The keys are on the dresser next to.

..to your book.

The hitch in Hannah's voice hangs in the room like a cloud.

HANNAH GREEN:

I uh, I didn't finish, I ...fell asleep.

GRADY:

That good, hub?

HANNAH GREEN:

No, it's not that, it's...

Hannah glances at the huge stack of paper sitting on her dresser, then, hesitantly, looks back to Grady.

HANNAH GREEN:

It's just that, you know, I was thinking about how, in class, you're always telling us '-that writers make choices--at least the good ones. And, don't get me wrong. I'm not saying the book isn't really great-I mean, really great-but at times it's, well, very detailed, you know, with the genealogies of everyone's horses and ail the dental records and so on-and I

don't know, maybe I'm wrong, but it sort of reads, in places, like, well, actually, like...

(with trepidation)

...you didn't make any choices at all. And I was wondering if it might not be different if, maybe, when you wrote, you weren't always ...under the influence.

GRADY:

(stung)

Hh huh. Well, thanks for the thought, but, as shocking as this may sound, I'm not the first writer to sip a little weed. And furthermore, it might interest you to know that one book I wrote, as you say, 'under the influence, ' happened to win a little something called the PEN award which, by the way, I accepted 'under the influence. '

Hannah nods, averts her eyes, and immediately GRADY feels ridiculous. He starts to say something, but instead gathers his manuscript and exits.

101INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Crabtree, dressed now, studies the freight 'in Grady's arms as he reaches the bottom of the stairs.

CRABTREE:

Want some help with that?

GRADY:

(passing by)

Don't touch it.

102INT. HANNAH'S RENAULT - MOVING

CRABTREE sucks on a Kool, driving Hannah's rattling Renault too fast, shifting gears apparently at random. GRADY rides shotgun, still wearing the robe over his clothes, the Wonder Boys manuscript sitting like a watermelon on his lap-looking, all in all, fairly pathetic.

CRABTREE:

Let me get this straight. Jerry Nathan owes you money. So, as collateral, he gives you his car.

GRADY:

Only now I'm starting to think the car wasn't

exactly Jerry's to give.

CRABTREE:

So whose car is it?

GRADY:

My guess-Vernon Hardapple.

CRABTREE:

The hood jumper?

GRADY:

He said a few things that lead me to believe the car's his.

CRABTREE:

Such as.

GRADY:

'That's my car, motherfucker.'

CRABTREE:

Hh hub. So. We find Vernon, we find the car.
We find the car...

GRADY:

...we find the jacket.

CRABTREE:

There's only one problem, Tripp. We don't know his real name. We just made it up. In fact, we made the whole guy up.

GRADY:

No wonder he screwed us over.

CUT TO:

BILL MAZEROSKI legendary Pittsburgh Pirate second baseman, large as a Macy's Day float, his weathered image scaling three floors on the BRICK face of a RIVERFRONT STOREFRONT.

103INT. HANNAH'S CAR

CRABTREE takes a corner recklessly, immediately slows, and blinks in amazement.

CRABTREE:

Christ, Tripp. How did you know?

GRADY:

Call it a hunch.

Parked in front of KRAVNIK'S SPORTING GOODS is the white van. A few feet behind, the battered Galaxie.

CRABTREE:

I'd call it genius.

GRADY steps out, strips off the robe, and drops the lumpy leviathan that is his manuscript on the front seat.

GRADY:

It's good to know I'm still talented at something. Keep the motor running.

104EXT./INT. GALAXIE 104

GRADY peers into the backseat, squinting against the WIND that swirls around him. Errol Flynn's face leers back at him. But no jacket. GRADY slides in, pops the glove box, and frowns at the ZIPLOC of Humboldt County. He pockets it anyway, then spies something else.

James Leer's little PEARL-HANDLED PISTOL.

GRADY takes it, rotates it-in his palm. SUNLIGHT GLINTS off the chrome barrel and everything slowly turns to a SWEET, SOFT BLUR...

105INT. HANNAH'S RENAULT

CRABTREE stomps on his Kool. GRADY looks very much like a man who has pulled off the road to take a nap.

CRABTREE:

What the hell...

106INT. GALAXIE

As GRADY lolls behind the steering wheel, a CLOUD appears, hovering, then slowly mutates, and GRADY realizes it's not a cloud at all, it's

MARILYN MONROE standing by the side mirror, wearing a bright pink dress under her wedding jacket.

MARILYN :

I know you. . .

Marilyn's face swims before Grady's eyes, but there's something wrong with it. This girl's eyes are brown and

besides, she's ...fat.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Double Dickel on the rocks.

The last of the fairy dust evaporates and GRADY finds-standing before him in a pink jersey dress and Marilyn Monroe's wedding jacket--Oola, the pregnant waitress from the Hi-Hat Club.

GRADY:

Oola.

OOLA :

I never forget a drink.

GRADY:

I never forget an Oola.

Suddenly, there is a HEAVY CLICK.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Forget me?

GRADY starts to turn, but his head won't move: largely because the BARREL of a GERMAN NINE is pressed to his temple. Grady's eyes slide.

GRADY:

Vernon.

VERNON:

(to Oola)

Move away, cupcake. He's got a gun.

GRADY:

Who's got a gun?

VERNON :

You've got a gun, motherfucker. Drop it!

GRADY:

Relax, Vernon...

OOLA :

Why's he calling you Vernon?

VERNON:

Why's he sitting in my car? He's crazy, that's

why. He probably calls everybody Vernon.

GRADY:

Not true. You're the only Vernon I know.
Actually, I'm wrong. I once knew a Vernon
Peabody at Penguin U.K.

VERNON :

Shut up.
(to Oola)
Cupcake. Please. Inside.

OOLA :

You' re not going to shoot him, are you?

VERNON:

I'm going to shoot him. If he doesn't put that
gun down.

GRADY:

It's just a souvenir. They don't even make the
caps anymore.

VERNON:

Bullshit. I know a gun when I see one. And
that's a gun.

GRADY:

No, really....

GRADY lifts his arm, points the little pearl-handled
pistol to the DARK CLOUDS overhead.

107INT. HANNAH'S RENAULT

CRABTREE jumps as the tiny pistol at the end of Grady's
arm FLASHES, makes a FEEBLE POP in the wind.

CRABTREE:

Holy shit.

108EXT. KRAVNIKS

Vernon stands half-hunched, stunned.

VERNON :

Are you crazy!

The gunshot seems to have cleared Grady's head. He stares
at the gun, watches Vernon wrest it from his hand.

VERNON (cont'd)

Get out! What's the matter with you? Can't you see the condition my girl's in?

As GRADY gets out of the car, Vernon places his hand on Oola's tummy.

VERNON :

You all right, cupcake?

OOLA :

Who's Vernon?

A rude SQUEAL breaks the silence--rubber scratching asphalt--and Grady, Oola, and Vernon turn to see Hannah Green's rattling Renault lurching awkwardly toward them.

VERNON :

What the...?

Gears GRINDING, tires smoking, CRABTREE fish-tails wildly, then kicks open the passenger door.

CRABTREE:

Tripp! Run!

GRADY doesn't move an inch, watching in mute amazement as CRABTREE whistles by, proceeds halfway down the block, then turns back for another pass.

VERNON:

Who the hell is that?

GRADY:

A Manhattan book editor murdering a Mormon girl's clutch.

The car bucks crazily, picks up speed, and Crabtree--swiping aside a flutter of MANUSCRIPT PAGES that have taken flight inside the car--begins to veer right toward Grady, Vernon, and Oola.

VERNON :

Woah.

Vernon steps into the street, levels the German Nine.

VERNON (cont'd)

Pull off, you crazy motherfucker!

Frantic, GRADY steps between Vernon, the German Nine, and the oncoming Crabtree.

GRADY:

No! Don't shoot! He's just a lousy driver.
CRABTREE fans the wheel wildly, goes into a slide and the
passenger door snaps wide, releasing what looks to be a
FLOCK OF WHITE DOVES into the wind-whipped sky.
Only, these ain't birds. • - ^

GRADY:

Oh... my... God!
These are PAGES. Seven years of-pages.
CRABTREE goes into another slide, one-hops the curb, and
smashes flat into the weathered GLOVE of BILL MAZEROSKI
painted on the front wail of KRAVNIK'S SPORTING GOODS.
As Hannah Green's RADIATOR EXPLODES, CRABTREE steps free
of the car and looks skyward. It's a ticker-tape parade ail
the way down the street, ending in the frigid waters of the
Ohio River.

GRADY (cont'd)

(to Vernon)

I take it back. Shoot him.

109INT. GALAXIE - MOVING

Vernon drives, Oola at his side. In-the back, CRABTREE
puffs philosophically on a Kool while GRADY sits grimly
with the sad remains of his manuscript: SEVEN RUMPLED
PAGES, one of which bears the watermark of a shoe print.

CRABTREE:

Naturally you have copies.

GRADY:

I have an alternate version of the first
chapter.

CRABTREE:

You'll be all right then. Look at Carlyle,
when he lost his luggage.

GRADY:

That was MacCaulay.

CRABTREE:

Or Hemingway, when Hadley lost all those
stories.

GRADY:

He was never able to reproduce them.

CRABTREE:

Bad examples. Look, Tripp, I don't want to depreciate the loss here, but perhaps--in a sense- this--

(nodding to the pages)

is for the best.

Grady's eyes shift, study Crabtree.

GRADY:

Kind of a sign, you're saying.

CRABTREE:

In a sense.

GRADY:

I don't think so. In my experience, signs are usually a lot more subtle.

VERNON:

Let me get this straight. All that paper that went into the river. That was the only copy?

GRADY:

'Fraid so.

VERNON:

(glowering at Crabtree)

And you're saying it's some kind of sign? What the fuck's the matter with you?

CRABTREE:

I'm just saying that sometimes, subconsciously, a person will put themselves in a situation--perhaps even create that situation--in order to have an arena in which to work out an unresolved issue. It's a covert way, if you will, of addressing a problem.

Vernon stares at CRABTREE as if he's from another planet.

VERNON:

I'll tell you the problem. You behind the wheel. There's your fucking problem.

CRABTREE:

That's pretty simplistic, don't you think?

VERNON:

Hey, pal, you don't start doing crazy eights in the middle of the street none of this happens.

CRABTREE:

Excuse me. Did you, or did you not, have a gun to his head?

VERNON:

He was trying to steal my car!

GRADY:

Ail right, all right It's done. There's no need to talk about it. It's done.
They ride in silence for a moment, then Oola turns, glances at GRADY and his little sheaf of pages.

OOLA :

So what was it about?
(as GRADY looks up)
Your book. What was the story?
GRADY stares into Oola's sweet, brown eyes.

GRADY:

I don't know...
Oola's brow wrinkles. CRABTREE glances at his old friend, genuine compassion in his eyes.

CRABTREE:

What he means is, it's difficult to distill the essence of a book sometimes. It-lives in the mind.

VERNON:

Yeah, but you gotta know what it's about, right? I mean, if you didn't know what it was

about, why were you writing it?

GRADY:

I couldn't stop.

110EXT. CAMPUS ENTRANCE

Grady, James Leer's hollow knapsack in hand, stands with CRABTREE at the campus entrance as Vernon and Oola prepare to leave in the Galaxie.

GRADY:

Hey, Vernon. Can I ask you a question?

VERNON :

Shoot.

GRADY glances at little round Oola.

GRADY:

Boy or girl?

VERNON:

As long as it looks like her, I don't care.

You know what I'm saying?

GRADY watches Vernon give Oola a kiss on the forehead.

GRADY:

Right. Well, thanks. For the lift.

VERNON:

No sweat. Only do me a favor?

GRADY:

Sure.

VERNON :

Stop calling me Vernon.

CRABTREE leans into Grady, WHISPERS.

CRABTREE:

The jacket, Tripp. We need the jacket.

GRADY (cont'd)

Oh, right. Oola. About that jacket...

OOLA :

Yea?

GRADY looks at the waitress in her pink jersey dress, snuggled up in the silk wedding jacket.

GRADY:

It used to belong to Marilyn Monroe. She had small shoulders, like you. Most people don't know that.

As Oola smiles, pleased, Vernon shakes his head.

VERNON:

Man, that book of yours must've been one nutty motherfucking ride.

Vernon points an imaginary gun, fires a friendly cap into Grady, and pulls away. CRABTREE stands stunned.

CRABTREE:

You mind explaining what you just did?

GRADY watches the shrinking Galaxie sail under a drooping NORDFEST BANNER, lost in thought.

GRADY:

Came to my senses. CRABTREE

Ah. Well. Congratulations. Meanwhile, what is James supposed to do? Pray for Walter Gaskell to come to his?

GRADY:

Walter Gaskell isn't going to send James Leer to jail, Crabs. I know that.

CRABTREE:

Do you know he won't expel him?

GRADY:

No. But I don't think that matters.

CRABTREE:

That's very enlightened, Professor. It's comforting to know that America's children have you for a teacher.

GRADY blinks, ponders this briefly, then looks toward the buildings of the campus, his VOICE still distant.

GRADY:

Nobody teaches a writer anything. You tell them what you know. You tell them to find their voice and stick with it, because that's all you have in the end. You tell the ones who have it to keep at it and you tell the ones who don't to keep at it, too. Because that's the only way to get where you're going.

(ruefully)

Of course, it helps if you know where you want to go.

(thoughtfully)

Maybe that's the only thing--that and Sara--that's made the last seven years worthwhile.

GRADY slides James' knapsack off his shoulder, smiles cryptically as he considers it. -

GRADY (cont'd)

As for James, he doesn't need me anymore...

Without warning, GRADY tosses CRABTREE the knapsack.

GRADY (cont'd)

He's got you.

CRABTREE stares at the saggy green canvas in his hands, watches GRADY walk away.

CRABTREE:

Me? What can I do?

GRADY:

Gee, I don't know, Crabs...

(over his shoulder)

Improvise. You're good at that.

GRADY continues on, leaving CRABTREE to stand alone, as he walks toward the buildings in the distance.

CRABTREE:

I'm sorry, Tripp.

GRADY stops, turns.

GRADY:

You peeked, didn't you?

CRABTREE:

I peeked.

GRADY considers this. Nods. It-doesn't seem to matter anymore

CRABTREE:

It really had the makings, Tripp. There was a lot to admire. I've ...never read anything quite like it.

If there was a Kentucky Derby for editorial bullshit, Crabtree's last three utterances would finish win, place, and show. And GRADY knows it.

GRADY:

You're not just trying to make me feel better?
CRABTREE looks directly at Grady, his old friend.

CRABTREE:

Scout's honor.

CRABTREE and GRADY stare into each other's eyes. Both are acutely aware of the subtext of this conversation.

GRADY:

Well, thanks for that, Crabs.

111INT. HALLWAY - ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Dead quiet. Gradually, STEPS are heard, coming from the stairwell, then GRADY limps into view.

112INT. GRADY'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

GRADY surveys the room. Empty chairs. Empty desks.

He walks to a WINDOW, the same window he stood at two afternoons ago when reading James Leer's story. A chill breeze pitches the fabric of his shirt as he studies the barren benches and icy walkways of the quad. Finally, he-. turns away, settles behind his desk and, reaching into his pocket, removes the seven remaining pages of his manuscript. He considers them, then folds them in half length-wise. He continues, folding the top right corner down into a triangle along the first crease...

113EXT. QUAD

A moment. Then-from the third floor window-a PAPER AIRPLANE glides into view, soaring then dropping, soaring then dropping, again and again, graceful as a dove.

114INT. LOBBY - THAW HALL - LATER

GRADY hobbles into the lobby just as one of the auditorium doors swings open. APPLAUSE SWELLS and he spies Sara standing inside, talking to a STUDENT USHER.

GRADY:

Sara!

Sara turns ...as the door glides shut. As GRADY hustles forward, Q, wine glass in hand, intercepts him.

Q:

Grady. I have to tell you. I took another look at Arsonist's Daughter the other night. There's a description of a bald cypress that left' me breathless.

GRADY:

(pushing past him)

Thanks, Q. I felt the same way about the bank teller's breasts in your last one.

115INT. BACK ROW - AUDITORIUM - THAW HALL

GRADY enters, but Sara is ...gone. He picks his way behind the back row, scanning the aisles.

GIRL'S VOICES

Hey, Professor Tripp.

It's Carrie McWhirty, James' tormentor from workshop.

GRADY takes another look around, then drops into the seat-next to her.

CARRIE MCWHIRTY:

If you're looking for Hannah, she's on the aisle.

GRADY:

No...

But GRADY looks anyway. Hannah sits a dozen rows down the aisle, hair pulled back in a clip, glorious skin gloaming. The Goatee Kid sits close beside her.

CARRIE MCWHIRTY:

Who's that guy she's with? Didn't he used to be in workshop?

GRADY:

Jeff. He comes from a long line of tango dancers.

116INT. MAIN STAGE

Walter turns over the last page of-his prepared notes.

WALTER:

And now, as those of you who've been with us in previous years know, we have a tradition of sorts here at WordFest. I'm speaking, of course, of The Plums.

An anticipatory BUZZ sweeps through the audience as Walter begins to read from a separate list.

WALTER:

This weekend, Susan Lowery, of North Braddock, found a publisher for her children's book. The Loneliest Prawn, Susan, stand up.

117INT. BACK ROW - THAW HALL^

As a CHUBBY WOMAN stands to acknowledge the applause, GRADY cranes his neck, searching the sea of seats. To his surprise, he finds CRABTREE sitting prominently in the front row, in his shirtsleeves, smiling his spookily complacent smile. James is next to him, now wearing CRABTREE'S METALLIC SPORTS COAT over Grady's flannel shirt.

WALTER:

And Robert Wilkenson--who many of you know for his City Beat column in the Post-Gazette--has found a home with Putnam for his new Three Rivers thriller. Blood Patterns. Robert.

A SHORT, BALDING MAN stands briefly then Walter's VOICE takes a shift in tone.

WALTER:

Now, this next one, I think, is especially exciting to announce, because it concerns a student here at the university. Our own James Leer, a sophomore in English literature, has found a publisher for his first novel, which I believe is called The Lovely Parade.

GRADY blinks, leans forward, and watches Walter smile warmly toward the front row. CRABTREE gives James a jab in the ribs and slowly, awkwardly, James rises. Stunned, Carrie McWhirty turns to the GIRL next to her.

CARRIE MCWHIRTY

I have a class with him.

James hangs-like a scarecrow from a nail, waiting as the APPLAUSE slows, then sputters, then dies out altogether.

CARRIE MCWHIRTY:

The guy's kind of an alien probe, if you know what I mean.

Grady, in a last attempt to save James from himself, cups Hi his hands around his mouth.

GRADY:

Take a bow, James!

James turns, spots GRADY in the back row, then-a sheepish grin on his face--spreads his arms, hangs his head, and takes his first sweet public bow.

GRADY (cont'd)

(softly)

Wonder Boy.

WALTER:

And finally--and perhaps not least importantly--Terry Crabtree, of Bartizan, has also decided to publish my own book--a critical exploration of the union of Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio and its function in American mythopoeitics--which, tentatively, I've entitled The Last American Marriage. "

Wild, obsequious APPLAUSE. GRADY smiles cynically, watches Walter take a brief, dignified bow of his own.

. :

WALTER :

Until next year. Thank you, everyone.

The LIGHTS come up. As the auditorium empties, CRABTREE shakes Walter's hand and Jeff and his goatee escort Hannah Green down the aisle, where she drapes her lovely arms around James.

GRADY watches them ail, sitting alone in his row, when suddenly Sara appears over James' shoulder. She says something congratulatory, turns, and exits out a side door. GRADY blinks, scrambles up.

118INT. CORRIDOR - THAW HALL - MOMENTS LATER

GRADY bursts into the corridor.'

GRADY:

Sara!

Its empty. Quiet. GRADY pauses. Somewhere, a HEAVY METAL DOOR CLOSES. GRADY rushes on.

119INT. NEW CORRIDOR

Grady, limping badly, turns a corner and sees a DOOR. He moves to it, pushes past...

120INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

...and finds himself standing in a stairwell. He leans out over the railing, peers down. It's a steep drop, very steep, ending in a small rectangular space, a kind of basement office, with VENDING MACHINES, PLASTIC CHAIRS, and a COLLAPSIBLE CARD TABLE.

GRADY turns back to the door he came through, pushes against it. Locked. He sighs, looks back at the stairs, his ailing ankle, then sits. He fishes out the Ziploc of-marijuana, considers the perfectly roiled JOINT floating atop the bag of buds, but, for once, isn't up to it. The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS echoes far below and, hopeful they're Sara's, GRADY pulls himself up, peers over the railing. It's Traxler, with a broom, a big plastic bag.

GRADY:

Yo, Traxler.

TRAXLER :

(looking up)

Hey, Professor Tripp.

GRADY considers the Ziploc in his hand, looks down again.

GRADY:

Do you get high, Sam?

TRAXLER:

Only when I'm working.

GRADY hangs-over the railing and lets fly the Ziploc. It pinwheels through the vortex of stairs, lands at Sam's feet.

TRAXLER :

Holy shit. Are you serious?

GRADY:

As a heart attack.

TRAXLER:

Thanks-Whoa, Professor Tripp, careful ^here...

GRADY is still hanging over the railing-but looking dizzy

now. His eyelids flutter and he tips forward-a Steinway on a window ledge-and as he starts to drop...

...there is a SHARP JERK on his- COLLAR, a SHIRT BUTTON caroms off his cheek, and slowly, he is hauled back.

SARA:

Grady, what are you doing, you idiot?

GRADY looks up into Sara's freckled face.

GRADY:

Looking for you.

He wants to say more, he opens his mouth, but then... ALL GOES BLACK AS SARA'S VOICE CALLS...

faintly at first, then more forcefully, calling Grady's name, calling so insistently that the earth seems to RUSH upward until we see that she is...

KISSING him or something, and all goes softly... Blue.

121INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

GRADY lies in a powder blue paper gown surrounded by blue plastic curtains in a blue room. Through a gap in the curtains, he can see the bottle of-GLUCOSE that drips slowly into his arm, and beyond, a window. Flakes of SNOW fall outside.

The DOOR SQUEALS, a SHADOW ripples across the blue, then the curtains part and a RESIDENT with a clipboard appears. His NAMETAG says GREENHUT.

GRADY:

I passed out.

GREENHUT:

You did.

GRADY:

I've been doing that a lot lately.

GREENHUT:

So I hear. You've also been smoking a lot of marijuana, I understand.

GRADY:

Do you think that's why I've been having these...

(grabbing James' term)

... spells?

GREENHUT:

How long have you been having them?

GRADY:

The last month maybe.

GREENHUT:

How long have you been smoking marijuana?

GRADY:

Spiro T. Agnew was vice president, I believe.

GREENHUT:

That's probably not the problem, then. What about your lifestyle. Any major changes recently?

GRADY:

I've been trying to finish a book...

GREENHUT:

And your wife left you.

GRADY:

Is that in my chart?

GREENHUT:

I spoke with the woman who saved your life. You're lucky she came along when she did. GRADY considers the larger ramifications of this statement

GRADY:

I know.

GREENHUT:

(tapping the glucose bottle)
You need to see a doctor, Mr. Tripp. An internist. And I think you really ought to consider seeing a therapist, as well.

GRADY:

She told you about. . .

GREENHUT:

Her dog, yes.

GRADY:

Actually, it was her husband's dog...

Greenhut glances up, looking GRADY in the eyes for the first time, and GRADY stops.

GREENHUT:

Look, Mr. Tripp. You have a drug problem, all right? On top of that, you have a bite on your ankle that is severely infected. We pumped you with antibiotics so you'll be fine, but another day or two and you might have lost the foot. As for your spells. I'm guessing they're a result of the anxiety you've been experiencing lately.

GRADY:

They're anxiety attacks? That's a little disappointing.

GREENHUT:

Better luck next time.

GRADY:

So is my friend...is Sara still here?

GREENHUT:

No. There's no one here.

GRADY:

I have to see her. As soon as possible.

Greenhut studies Grady, calibrating the desperation in his eyes, then takes a quick glance at his watch.

GREENHUT:

Look, Mr. Tripp. If you really want to leave, I can't stop you. But I'm going to write you a prescription for a course of ampicillin and I want you to follow it to the end-no matter how stupid you decide to be with everything else.

All right?

122INT. HOSPITAL/BRIDGE WALKWAY - AFTERNOON

GRADY sits in a WHEELCHAIR, watching the snow fall around him as a NURSE escorts him through the tunnel of glass that connects one building to another.

GRADY:

I wonder if you could show me something.

123EXT. NURSERY - HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

GRADY stares through the glass. There are only TWO BABIES on display, heads dented from natural delivery, skin purple and crazy with veins.

GRADY:

Are these the only ones you have?

The nurse's eyes crinkle.

GRADY (cont'd)

Kidding...

124EXT. GASKELL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

GRADY pays a TAXI CAB DRIVER, then turns, looks at the Gaskell house.

125EXT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENT LATER

GRADY KNOCKS. Nothing. Peers into the living room window. Dark. He stands helplessly, then spies the greenhouse, standing ghostly across the yard, feathers of snow drifting onto its roof, melting.

126EXT. GREENHOUSE - MOMENT LATER^{12S}

GRADY hobbles to the greenhouse, puts both hands to the glass as he looks inside. Quiet. Empty. Dispirited, he pulls away, but not before leaving...

...the IMPRINTS of his hands, perfectly etched in the frost of the glass.

127EXT. STREET 127

The snow continues to fall as GRADY lumbers down the street. Finally, wearily, he stops, sits his crippled self on the curb. He plunges his fist into his jacket and.

..straight through the lining, James Leer's silly little pistol at the end of his hand. He considers the pistol, then looks up into the sky.

GRADY'S POV - of the SKY...

...dark and menacing. Suddenly, a THUNDERCLAP shatters the silence.

NEW ANGLE - GRADY ...still sitting with the gun in his hand.

GRADY:

(as if addressing God)

Is that a suggestion?

GRADY sits, blinking the snow out of his eyes, then TWO SHAFTS of-LIGHT dance across his shoes. A white Citroen DS23 appears. It passes. Slows. Stops.

GRADY stares at the car, burbling at the curb, then lifts himself up and makes his way to the driver's window. Sara makes a face, bugging her eyes a little-mad at him, but-not without humor. Then she rolls down the window.

GRADY:

I'm so glad to see you, Sara.

SARA:

I believe you. Did that nice doctor let you out? Or-is this you improvising again, Grady?

GRADY:

I'm through improvising.

SARA:

Terry told me about Wonder Boys. Is it true? Did you lose it all?

GRADY:

I lost it ail.

SARA:

Oh, Grady. You're such a putz.

GRADY:

I know.

SARA :

And you're old.

Sara strokes his scalp, takes a gray hair between her fingers. Yanks.

GRADY:

Ouch. How many?

SARA :

Dozens. It's very sad.

Sara smiles at Grady, but the mischief leaves her eyes when she looks into his, and-she glances away.

GRADY:

I went and looked at-some babies just now.

SARA:

Oh?

GRADY:

(trying to make her laugh)

I guess you have to go on faith.

SARA:

(she doesn't)

Some times...

GRADY studies her as she traces her finger around the HOSPITAL BRACELET still encircling his wrist.

GRADY:

Did you tell Walter?

SARA:

I told Walter.

GRADY:

Does he still love you?

SARA:

It didn't come up.

GRADY studies Sara's freckled cheeks, her anxious profile, then turns her chin gently toward him.

GRADY:

Well I do. I've always loved you, Sara. I didn't know it at the time, but I'd always been waiting for you. My whole life. Because you're who I need. Because nothing makes sense without you. Because the best moment of every day is the moment I first see your face. And because when you leave a room, there's no reason to be in it any more. It's just a room again.

Sara cocks her head.

SARA :

Did you just make that up?

GRADY:

(shaking his head)

In the hospital. I "was kind of excited about it at-the time, but then I was on pretty heavy painkillers.

She frowns good-naturedly.

GRADY (cont'd)

Even so...it's still true. Every word.

Sara just nods, looks away, her face unreadable.

GRADY (cont'd)

Sara, I promise, even though commonsense might tell you...

Sara turns, puts a finger on GRADY's lips...

SARA :

Don't write a page when a paragraph will do.

GRADY nods, takes her hand. Looks at it as he speaks.

GRADY:

You don't deserve me, you know.

SARA:

I know, but sometimes...

Sara turns, looks at Grady. Her eyes are glistening.

SARA (cont'd)

You just go on faith.

GRADY looks into her eyes, then rises, and we do too, drifting above the streetlights as GRADY limps to the other side of the car and gets in. As GRADY snaps shut his door, the car drifts off, gradually losing itself in- the soft veil of falling snow. After a moment, GRADY and Sara are lost too, nothing more than a blur.

THE END: