

IRONWEED

A Screenplay

Adapted From His Novel

By

WILLIAM KENNEDY

FIRST DRAFT
(Revised)

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TITLE CARD: Albany, N.Y. 1938

FADE IN:

1 - EXT - VACANT LOT - DAY:

VIEW ON SHOES

They are old, battered, one has no shoelace. They belong to FRANCIS PHELAN, a bum, who is taking off right shoe, revealing a sock full of holes. Francis looks at blister on right heel, doubles sock to protect it, puts shoe on again.

VIEW ON WHITE SHOES

They are coming toward Francis and belong to RUDY, a bum, who today is well dressed in gray suitcoat, clean shirt and tan pants, white suede shoes, his hair combed, mustache trimmed. As men talk we see sign on building: MISSION OF HOLY REDEMPTION, with THREE SOBER BUMS sitting on its steps.

FRANCIS

(To Rudy)

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

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

Cancer? No shit.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

Too bad, grandma. You got a jug?

RUDY

I got a dollar a nurse gave me.

FRANCIS

Jesus, we're in business. But first I gotta get me a shoelace.

Francis hobbles around vacant lot, finds a piece of twine, hobbles back to Rudy, kneels, laces twine into shoe.

FRANCIS

You wanna go to work and make a few bucks?
We can get a couple of jugs and a flop.
Gonna be cold tonight.

RUDY

Work where?

FRANCIS

The cemetery, shovelin' dirt.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

If it ain't money, forget it. I ain't
shovelin' out my own grave.

2 - EXT - ST. AGNES CEMETERY - DAY:

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

VIEW ON GRAVES

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

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

He ain't got much of it now.

FRANCIS

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

Truck stops, all get down. FOREMAN ad libs directions to
take shovels, wheelbarrow off truck. Large dirt pile visible.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS
Helen. You can't keep track of her.

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

FRANCIS
Who knows? She comes, she goes.

RUDY
You got a million like her.

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

FRANCIS
My socks is what gets 'em.

RUDY
A reg'lar man about town.

Truck bounces on.

3 - EXT - ST. AGNES CEMETERY - DAY:

Francis throws last shovelful of dirt from pile into wheelbarrow. Rudy wheels it, Francis walks alongside to grave.

RUDY
Hey, what the hell was all that
about the man from Mars last night
on the radio?

FRANCIS
Oh yeah, the Martians. They landed.

RUDY
Where'd they land?

FRANCIS
Someplace in Jersey.

RUDY
What happened?

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

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

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

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

Francis is shoveling dirt into grave.

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

There's prejudice. (Pause) And envy.

FRANCIS

Oh yeah. Prejudice, envy. Yes.

RUDY

There's lust.

FRANCIS

Lust, right. Always liked that one.

RUDY

There's cowardice.

FRANCIS

(Stops shoveling)

Who's a coward?

RUDY

Cowardice.

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

That's another one.

4 - EXT - ST. AGNES CEMETERY - DAY:

All five men are finished shoveling, dirt pile gone. Four
sit, waiting for truck. Francis stands, walks away from men,
reads gravestone. Rudy follows.

RUDY

You lookin' for anybody special?

FRANCIS

I might be.

RUDY

You wanna be buried under a stone
like that?

FRANCIS

Never knew a bum yet had a gravestone.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

You die before me I'll send out invites.

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

CLOSE ON GERALD'S STONE

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

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

VIEW ON FRANCIS

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

FRANCIS

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

Bravado fails, Francis falls to his knees, weeping.

FRANCIS

Jesus, God, I'm sorry, boy.

Gray squirrel moves into frame.

FRANCIS

I had four beers after work, but it wasn't because I was drunk that I dropped you. When you slipped outa that diaper your mother says, 'Sweet Jesus,' and we both crouched down to snatch you up.

VIEW ON SQUIRREL

Squirrel is now a surrogate of Gerald for Francis.

FRANCIS

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

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

FRANCIS

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

Squirrel disappears into tree.

RUDY (O.S.)

Hey, Francis. The truck's here.

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

FRANCIS

You suppose now that I can remember this stuff out in the open I can finally start to forget it?

RUDY
You know somebody buried up there?

FRANCIS
A little kid I used to know.

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

FRANCIS
Pretty young.

RUDY
What happened to him?

VIEW ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS
He fell.

RUDY (o.s.)
He fell where?

FRANCIS
He fell on the floor.

VIEW ON RUDY

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

TWO SHOT as they go off toward truck.

FRANCIS
That's what you think.

5 - EXT - STREET CORNER - DAY:

It is early dusk as closed trolley car (its sign reads:
ALBANY) arrives with SEVERAL PASSENGERS and MOTORMAN. Rudy
and Francis meet and board it.

RUDY
Where we headed?

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

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

You got somethin' there.

6 - INT - TROLLEY CAR - DAY:

They pay fare and sit on left side of trolley.

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

What's Helen's name?

FRANCIS

Helen.

RUDY

I mean her other name.

FRANCIS

She's only got one name.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

You goddamn right it's all right.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

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

VIEW ON STREET: FRANCIS POV

Trolley rocks along, stops for passengers.

FRANCIS

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

VIEW ON HOUSE

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

RUDY

When's the last time you were here?

FRANCIS

Twenty-two years ago.

RUDY

Who lives there now?

FRANCIS

Some people.

Trolley rocks on, house is left behind. Baseball field becomes visible with three teenagers playing pitch and catch.

FRANCIS

Still got the diamond. I played there when I was a kid. Got to be pretty good, too. Played pro ball.

RUDY

What year was that?

FRANCIS

Nineteen oh-one was the first year.

RUDY

I was five years old.

FRANCIS

How old are you now, about eight?

Trolley rocks on, Francis looking out window.

FRANCIS

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

VIEW ON STREET: FRANCIS POV

He looks toward front of trolley.

7 - EXT - CITY STREET - DAY:

It's dusk, a day in 1901. CROWD OF STRIKERS with placards are in middle of street. TWO MEN are dousing bedsheets with kerosene. OTHER MEN throw sheets over electric trolley wire. Placards say: SCABS OFF CARS, GIVE US AN HONEST WAGE. At end of crowd are SIX NATIONAL GUARDSMEN ON HORSEBACK.

FRANCIS (v.o.)

That was one hell of a strike.

VIEW ON CROWD

A man, STRIKE LEADER, emerges, walks toward trolley which is approaching. Bedsheets are burning.

8 - INT - OLD TROLLEY CAR - DAY:

Trolley has open-front style. Motorman is HAROLD ALLEN, a scab worker. Passengers are FIVE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, enlisted men, and a CAPTAIN. All have rifles. Captain stands beside Allen.

CAPTAIN'S POV

Crowd makes obscene gestures, yells at trolley. FOUR YOUTHS are on sidewalk to left as trolley approaches crowd. YOUNG FRANCIS PHELAN is among them, holding round stone in right hand, similar stones on ground beside him.

VIEW ON ALLEN AND CAPTAIN

ALLEN

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

CAPTAIN

Keep the speed. They'll move.

But Allen slows as he nears crowd. CROWD LEADER leaps aboard trolley, confronts captain.

STRIKE LEADER

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

CAPTAIN

You get offa there.

STRIKE LEADER

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

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

VIEW ON FRANCIS

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

CAPTAIN

Return fire.

Guardsmen fire volley into crowd, TWO MEN fall, crowd runs.

YOUTH

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

CLOSE ON FRANCIS: He's confused.

9 - INT - TROLLEY CAR:

It's 1938, and Francis, with same expression, is beside Rudy, facing forward.

VIEW ON MAN: He's sitting directly in front of Francis, and he turns. It is Harold Allen, but now he's wearing white flannel suit, white shirt, white tie.

HAROLD ALLEN

Why did you kill me?

FRANCIS

Didn't mean to kill you.

HAROLD ALLEN

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

FRANCIS

Scabs get what they ask for.

ALLEN

Then you feel no remorse.

FRANCIS

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

ALLEN

Odd logic from a man who abandoned

his own family. You haven't been home in twenty-two years.

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

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

FRANCIS
(Loud)
I got arguments, I got arguments.

RUDY (o.s.)
Whatayou got arguments about?

FRANCIS
(To Allen)
I ain't gonna argue with no goddamn dead scab.

VIEW ON RUDY

RUDY
I ain't no dead scab.

FRANCIS
(To Rudy)
Well you look like one.

10 - EXT - THE MISSION - NIGHT:

Sign: MISSION OF HOLY REDEMPTION, beneath that, JESUS SAVES.

11 - INT - THE MISSION - NIGHT:

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

ENSEMBLE
(Sings, Chester's voice dominant)
He breaks the power of canceled sin.
He sets the prisoner free. His blood

can make the foulest clean. His blood
availed for me.

FRANCIS
(Mumbles)

Never mind the blood. Just pass the soup.

CUT

CHESTER
(On lectern now)

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

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

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

FRANCIS
You seen Helen around, Pee Wee?

PEE WEE
Not since last night with you.

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

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

FRANCIS
I worked today up at the cemetery.

CHESTER
Splendid.

FRANCIS
Shovelin' dirt ain't all that splendid.

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

FRANCIS

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

CHESTER

What size?

FRANCIS

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

VIEW ON DOORWAY

Woman in her forties, HELEN ARCHER, in black beret and coat,
looking frail and shabby, but stylish, arrives. Francis goes
to her.

FRANCIS

Where you been hidin'?

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

Who wouldn't be crazy around you,
spending every penny your son Billy
gave us. Wine, wine, wine. You go
out of your mind, Francis.

FRANCIS

I got six bucks.

Francis takes her arm and moves her toward table. They sit.

HELEN

Where'd you get it?

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

Ain't drinkin' no wine tonight either.

HELEN

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

Reverend Chester hands gray woolen socks to Francis.

CHESTER

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

FRANCIS

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

CHESTER

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

FRANCIS

Just a false face for Hallowe'en.

CHESTER

Don't run yourself down. Have faith.

Chester turns to Helen.

CHESTER

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

HELEN

I'm perfectly delightful.

Chester nods and goes off.

HELEN

He says I'm doing well. I'm doing
just fine, and I don't need him to
tell me I'm doing well.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

(With enthusiasm)

Oh, Francis, with six dollars we
could get a room and get our suit-
case and phonograph back.

Francis doesn't answer.

HELEN

(In earnest)

Francis. (Pause) Where do you plan to sleep tonight, so you know?

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

Then where'd you go?

HELEN

I found a bed.

FRANCIS

Where, goddamn it, where?

HELEN

Up at Jack's.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

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

PEE WEE sits, drinking mug of coffee, rolls cigarettes for Francis and Helen during this sequence, runs out of tobacco.

PEE WEE

You see who's playin' over at The Gilded Cage? Oscar Reo.

HELEN

Oscar Reo who used to sing on the radio?

PEE WEE

That's the fella. He blew the big time on booze, but he dried out and tends bar now.

FRANCIS

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

PEE WEE

(Nods)

Most musical drunk I ever see.

Francis picks up his and Rudy's plates and cups, takes them to kitchen.

HELEN

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

PEE WEE

I didn't know you sang.

HELEN

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

Francis comes back, doesn't sit down.

RUDY

Albert Einstein went to Vassar.

FRANCIS

You goofy bastard.

HELEN

He could have. Everybody speaks at Vassar. It just happens to be one of the three best schools in the world.

FRANCIS

We oughta go over and see old Oscar.

HELEN

No.

FRANCIS

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

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

PEE WEE

That's it for him.

CHESTER

(Sniffs him)

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

LITTLE RED
I had two bottles of beer.

CHESTER
Where did you get money for beer?
You panhandled it.

LITTLE RED
I just had a drink, Reverend.

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

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

LITTLE RED
Give us a cigarette, Pee.

PEE WEE
Don't have anymore.

LITTLE RED
Well, roll one.

PEE WEE
I said I don't have any tobacco.

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

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

CHESTER
Leave your bag. Nobody here will
touch your pants.

LITTLE RED
Where can I go?

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

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

LITTLE RED
I want my pants.

CHESTER
Then get your pants.

FRANCIS

(To Helen)

The kid's a real champ.

Little Red undoes suitcase, rummages and finds pants, takes off his, puts on pair from suitcase, rebuckles suitcase. Reverend Chester grabs doorknob, ushers Red out.

LITTLE RED

(Points at suitcase as he goes)

Don't lose those pants either.

12 - EXT - MISSION - NIGHT:

Helen, Francis, Rudy and Pee Wee come out of mission. Pee Wee turns out lights. In lot beside mission, same area where Francis sat to fix his shoelace, SANDRA lies in dust, face down, arms out. No people, no cars around. She's in her late forties, white hair, wears two ragged sweaters over tattered cotton dress, ruined stockings, left shoe gone.

FRANCIS

She dead?

RUDY

(Leans over)

Hey Sandra, it's me, Rudy. You dead or just drunk?

SANDRA

Dnnn.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

She'll freeze there and the dogs'll come along and eat her ass off. She a bum or just a heavy drunk?

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

RUDY

She's been a bum all her life.

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

And what about before she was a whore?

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

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

Francis finds Sandra's lost shoe, puts it on her, carries her
(a feather) to shelter of Mission wall, out of wind.

FRANCIS

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

SANDRA

Who you?

FRANCIS

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

SANDRA

Get me a drink?

FRANCIS

No, I ain't got money for that.
(Stands. Then to Pee Wee) She
oughta be inside.

PEE WEE

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

FRANCIS

Secret soup. (Pause) Get her a blanket.

Pee Wee goes into Mission.

FRANCIS

Just because you're drunk don't mean
you ain't cold.

RUDY

Right. Who said that?

FRANCIS

I said that, you ape.

RUDY

I ain't no ape.

FRANCIS

Well you look like one.

Pee Wee comes out with blanket and soup. Francis takes soup as Pee Wee spreads blanket over Sandra.

PEE WEE

Ambulance won't even take her any-more, unless she's bleedin' to death.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

She's a cake of ice.

Sandra turns head toward voices, eyes closed.

SANDRA

You got no wine?

HELEN

No wine, honey.

Francis puts cup of soup to her mouth.

FRANCIS

Soup.

SANDRA

Gazoop.

FRANCIS

Have it.

RUDY

She don't want it.

FRANCIS

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

Sandra sips soup once, then rejects it. Francis tries twice
more, sees it's no use, stands, leaves soup beside her.

FRANCIS

I can't look at her no more.

He walks off. Helen, Pee Wee, Rudy fall in behind.

13 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

Francis, Helen, Rudy, Pee Wee walk past clothing stores,
mannequins in window with period fashions. Street is busy
with cars, taxis, theatergoers, restaurant neon signs.

FRANCIS

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

PEE WEE

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

HELEN

Nobody suffers like a lover left behind.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

They don't suffer like those who have.

FRANCIS

Yeah. Where's this joint, we're
going to, Pee Wee?

PEE WEE

Just a couple of blocks.

GOBLINS come at them suddenly from doorway of store --
HOODED SPOOKS, a CHARLIE CHAPLIN, a GIRL IN OLD HAT with a
blackbird on it.

FRANCIS

They gonna get us! Look out!

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

HELEN

(Laughing, puts her arm around Francis)
Gee it's a nice night, isn't it, Fran?

FRANCIS

It's nice. It's all nice.

Neon sign for The Gilded Cage visible now.

14 - INT - THE GILDED CAGE - NIGHT:

Gilded Cage is imitation 1890s.. OSCAR REO, talented tenor with large mustache, is singing ending of "Sweet Sixteen." CUSTOMERS are slum people and uptowners. Francis, Rudy, Helen, Pee Wee sit at bar. Song ends, Oscar serves them as bartender.

OSCAR

What's your quaff, brother?

FRANCIS

That beer looks tantalizin'.

HELEN

You said you wouldn't drink.

FRANCIS

I said wine.

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

OSCAR

(To Francis and Pee Wee)

I think I know you two turks.

FRANCIS

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

OSCAR

You guys got me drunk in New York.

Oscar sticks out his hand to Francis.

FRANCIS

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

he's nuts.

OSCAR

My kinda fella.

PEE WEE

(With hand out)

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

FRANCIS

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

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

OSCAR

I don't drink anymore, fellas.

FRANCIS

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

OSCAR

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

VIEW ON SWELLS

FRANCIS

Swells and bums, ain't no difference.

OSCAR

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

FRANCIS

You're a smart fella.

HELEN

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

OSCAR

A singer? Where was that?

HELEN

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

OSCAR

You should do us a tune.

HELEN

No, no, the way I look?

FRANCIS

You look as good as anybody here.

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

FRANCIS

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

Helen leans over, kisses Francis on the mouth. He blushes.

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

Sure would.

FRANCIS POV

Flower girl moves down bar. Francis sees gardenia in lapels of Harold Allen and ANOTHER MAN, both in white flannels.

HELEN (O.S.)

We were lovebirds. We had a beautiful apartment up on Hamilton Street.

VIEW ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS

(Mutters to self)

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

PEE WEE

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

FRANCIS

Back in '35 we was here six weeks.

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

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

OSCAR

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

HELEN

Does your friend know 'Bye Bye Blackbird'? People liked the way I sang that.

Pianoman nods, plays intro.

OSCAR

(Into microphone)

A real old-time troupier now will give us a song. Lovely Miss Helen Archer.

Helen goes to platform, adjusts shabby clothes in self-conscious way. She becomes professional, remembering old days. She tugs at beret with stylishly memorable gesture.

HELEN

I want to sing this one for the man I love. My Francis.

She points at him, he nods. She sings 'Blackbird' in bouncy tempo until last 'Make my bed and light the light' line, when she slows to sad tempo. Audience goes wild with applause.

CLOSE ON HELEN

She is crying with happiness at applause.

VIEW ON FRANCIS

He's standing applauding, so are Oscar and others.

FRANCIS

By god, that was great Helen. You're a star.

OSCAR

That's the best I ever heard that song sung.

CLOSE ON HELEN

Still crying with happiness. She closes her eyes and heavy applause stops abruptly. Silence, screen is black when her eyes close. Helen opens her eyes, her face contorts.

VIEW ON AUDIENCE

A few people applauding mildly, others either ignoring her or looking at her in sullen, disapproving way.

FRANCIS
(Restrained)
Mighty nice, old gal.

OSCAR
(Polite)
Not bad at all.

CLOSE ON HELEN

She alternates between laughter and tears.

15 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

View of sky, white clouds crossing moon. Rudy, Francis, Helen, Pee Wee approach mission, see Sandra in same position, two dogs sniffing near her. Francis chases them, then goes to Sandra. Helen, Rudy, Pee Wee are half a block behind.

FRANCIS
You sobered up yet, lady?

No response. Goblins we saw before come up behind Helen and dance around her, poke her with stick.

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

FRANCIS
Hey you kids. Let her alone.

One goblin grabs her purse, all run.

HELEN
Little bastards, devils.

She runs after them. Francis, Rudy and Pee Wee join in, lose kids.

HELEN
(Crying)

Oh, the money, the money.

FRANCIS
(Returning)

That ain't nothin'. Get more tomorrow.

HELEN
There was fifteen dollars in there.

FRANCIS
Where'd you get fifteen dollars?

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

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

Pee Wee goes to Sandra, bends down.

PEE WEE
Sandra's dead.

They all go to look at Sandra.

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

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

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

RUDY
Sounds good to me.

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

FRANCIS
Well then, let's shag ass. You sure

he said that?

HELEN

(Starts to walk away)

'Come back anytime,' he said.

FRANCIS

(To Pee Wee)

Then we'll move along, old buddy.
You'll figure it out with Sandra.
You know her last name?

PEE WEE

No. Never heard it.

FRANCIS

Don't make much difference now.

PEE WEE

Never did.

16. - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

Major shopping street. Trolley passes. Solitary walkers on street. Francis and Helen walk arm in arm. Night is cold.

FRANCIS

I went to Gerald's grave today.

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

Right.

HELEN

You're thinking about him these days.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

Talked? How did you talk?

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

You're not nutsy, Francis. It's

because you're back in this town.

FRANCIS

The thing that happened was Billy told me stuff about Annie. I never did talk to you about that. How she never told I dropped him.

HELEN

(Stops walking)

Never told who, the police?

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

(Visibly upset)

You've got those people on your mind. Maybe you ought to go see them.

FRANCIS

That wouldn't do no good.

HELEN

You'd get it out of your system.

VIEW ACROSS STREET

Harold Allen and companion in white flannels are keeping pace with Francis and Helen. Companion waves hello to Francis.

CLOSE ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS

(Mutters to self)

Dead sonsabitches bein' friendly.

They all walk on. Helen is crying.

FRANCIS

What ails you now?

HELEN

Everything ails me.

FRANCIS

At least you sang a song.

HELEN

Yes I did. I sang while Sandra

was dying.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

I'm glad we agree on something.

FRANCIS

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

VIEW ACROSS STREET, FRANCIS POV

Harold Allen and companion still walking.

17 - INT - JACK'S HALLWAY - NIGHT:

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

FRANCIS

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

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

18 - INT - JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT:

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

refills her glass twice during scene.

HELEN

(To Clara)

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

CLARA

This happens to be my home, and I
ain't about to feel your hands, or
your head either. I don't see any snow.

JACK

(To Francis)

Have a drink.

FRANCIS

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

JACK

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

FRANCIS

(Ignores Jack)

You feelin' better, Clara?

CLARA

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

FRANCIS

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

CLARA

Then put it in.

FRANCIS

(Fishes in pockets)

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

HELEN

Don't ask me.

CLARA

Find it and put it in.

FRANCIS

(Stops looking for lace)
I'm renegin'.

CLARA

You're what?

FRANCIS

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

CLARA

No.

FRANCIS

You said no. Whataya mean no?

JACK

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

Clara waits.

FRANCIS

How's everythin' been goin'?

Clara chuckles, Jack sits, Francis paces, chugs wine, holds glass out for refill, Clara tilts bottle.

JACK

(Shakes head)

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

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

That's the last time. If it came to that, I'd get in touch with my people.

My people are very high class.

CLARA

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

JACK

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

FRANCIS

I had all that shit.

JACK

You don't shape up you'll die.

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

FRANCIS

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

JACK

Help yourself.

19 - INT - JACK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT:

Francis has shirt off, is washing his torso and face, as
Harold Allen and companion, ROWDY DICK DOOLAN enter. These
are the same two who were following Francis on the street.
Allen stands, Dick sits on bathtub, starts to sing. Francis
looks at this in mirror.

ROWDY DICK

(Sings)

Poor little lamb,/ He wakes up in
the morning/ His fleece all cold./
He knows what's coming...

VIEW ON FRANCIS

He turns full face to Dick.

ROWDY DICK

Remember that tune, Francis? (Sings
again) Say, little lamb,/ We'll go on
the bumper this summer...

Singing merges with sound of slow-moving train.

20 - INT - FREIGHT CAR - DAY:

It's summer, 1932. Francis sits by freight car door riding backward. Two bums (POCONO PETE, FOXY PHIL TOOKER) visible behind him. As train passes warehouse two men appear, running, Rowdy Dick and ALDO CAMPIONE, chased by POLICE, who are shooting at them. Rowdy Dick leaps into car and hides. Francis ducks from bullets. Campione, running beside door, can't get up. Francis puts self in jeopardy to give Campione a hand up. He's almost up when he's shot in back, lets go, falls. Francis looks at Rowdy Dick who looks a bit crazy. Pocono Pete hands Francis bottle of Green River whiskey.

FOXY PHIL

Nice try, pal.

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

21 - INT - FREIGHT CAR - NIGHT:

Same four men as in scene 20, same position. Pocono Pete is singing "Poor Little Lamb." Men are in their own worlds. Empty whiskey bottle on floor.

POCONO PETE

(Sings)

... We'll go on the bumper this summer,
We'll sit in the shade and drink lemon-
ade, The world'll be on the hummer.

FRANCIS

Lemonade. Fella sold that by the
ball field when I was a kid. (Pause)
That's when I started playin' ball,
hangin' out with them older fellas.
Windy Evans, he played in his jock
strap and caught fly balls behind
his back. Great ballplayer.

VIEW ON ROWDY DICK

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

ROWDY DICK

(To Francis)

Where'd you get them shoes?

FRANCIS

Found 'em.

ROWDY DICK
Nice-lookin' shoes.

FRANCIS
That's why I wear 'em.

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

ROWDY DICK
I'm gonna cut off your goddamn feet.

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

FRANCIS
Some fellas in this world shouldn't drink.

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

22 - INT - JACK'S BATHROOM:

Francis sees Dick's skull, scar radiant now. Dick puts on cap. Francis, cleanshaven, wipes off lather, puts on coat.

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

Francis holds up hand, shows deep scar.

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

HELEN (O.S.)
You all right, Francis? Who you talking to?

Francis leaves bathroom, waves so long to Allen and Dick.

23 - INT - JACK'S APT.:

FRANCIS

(To Helen)

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

Francis goes toward Jack, finds his empty wine glass.

FRANCIS

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

JACK

I ain't no bum.

FRANCIS

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

Francis leans over Clara to get a drink. Clara winks at him.

CLARA

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

HELEN

I'll bet you did.

JACK

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

HELEN

Oh, I could make some toast for you.

CLARA

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

FRANCIS

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

JACK

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

FRANCIS

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

JACK

Six. Like a week.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

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

CLARA

It's late.

JACK

Yeah, people. Gotta hit the hay.

FRANCIS

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

CLARA

No.

HELEN

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

CLARA

I never begged.

HELEN

He only asked for a sandwich.

JACK

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

FRANCIS

My favorite..

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

FRANCIS
Good night, pal.

JACK
Best of luck.

FRANCIS
(To Clara)
See you around.

CLARA
(Sips wine)
Toodle-oo.

24 - INT - STAIRWAY OF JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT:

Francis and Helen go down stairs.

FRANCIS
Where the hell you gonna sleep now?

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

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

HELEN
It'd choke me.

25 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

Francis and Helen come out of Jack's building.

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

HELEN
I'm not a phony.

FRANCIS
I'm not a phony either.

HELEN
You're not, eh?

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

You're stupendous and colossal.

FRANCIS

(Angrier, grabs Helen)

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

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

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

You're a perfect saint.

FRANCIS

(Restraining self)

You're a woman for abuse.

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

(Screams in rage)

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

HELEN

(Starts to walk away)

I'm going to call my brother.

FRANCIS

(Eating)

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

HELEN

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

FRANCIS

(Stands up)

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

HELEN

No. I'm going down below.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

Wouldn't be the worst ever happened to me.

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

HELEN

You're gonna hit me.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

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

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

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

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

FRANCIS

Hey, bum, you got a visitor.

FINNY

Who the hell are you?

FRANCIS

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

FINNY

Yeah.

Finny moves, Helen gets into car.

FRANCIS

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

HELEN

You're not getting in?

FRANCIS

No. Keep the faith, old gal.

Francis closes car door.

27 - EXT - CITY STREETS - NIGHT:

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

CUT

He's walking now in residential North Albany. We see school, tennis courts, then his POV on house where he lived 22 years ago. He stares at it, Jack-o-lantern on porch. MAN walks by, eyes him suspiciously. Francis moves on, goes to school and sets up cardboard bed in doorway; uses sack as pillow.

VIEW ON HOUSE

Lights in upstairs room; music is ethereal: French horns.

VIEW ON FRANCIS

He lies down, watches house until lights go out.

FRANCIS

I don't want to die before you do,
Helen. You'll be like a little
kid without me.

Francis sleeps.

28 - INT - FINNY'S CAR - DAY:

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

HELEN

You can't touch me there. They hurt.

Finny puts hand on her sex, guides her hand to his. Helen allows this. He smiles as Helen manipulates him, but goes back to sleep. Helen withdraws hand, opens door, slides out.

29 - INT - ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH - DAY:

View is from semi-darkness of church interior toward front door of church with daylight beyond. Helen enters church, comes to altar.

VIEW INTO CHURCH, HELEN POV

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

HELEN

Please help Francis, St. Anthony. He's been so good to so many people but it doesn't seem to mean anything. He begged for me when I was sick, became a beggar out of love, and he never even begged for himself. Now he thinks he's worthless and he can't figure out what went wrong with his life. I'm not going to stay with him any more now. He's got other things on his mind. But he's so alone, St. Anthony. So alone.

ELDERLY WOMAN kneeling at altar rail near Helen is upset by Helen's audible monologue.

WOMAN

Shhhhhhh.

Helen blesses herself, stands up, goes to a pew on the side aisle of church, still in range of St. Anthony statue. She sits and leans forward in comfortable kneeling position, then catches sight of ten dollar bill on floor of pew, can't believe it, studies it, finally sits back, slides over, reaches down and picks it up, pockets it, looks to statue.

HELEN

Thank you, St. Anthony.

VIEW ON STATUE

It is lofty, looking down at us all.

30 - EXT - JUNKYARD - DAY:

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

FRANCIS

Preacher said you was lookin' for
a strong back.

ROSSKAM

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

FRANCIS

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

Roskam lifts barrel without noticeable strain.

ROSSKAM

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

FRANCIS

Back work is worth eight or nine.

ROSSKAM

Families eat for a week on seven dollar.

FRANCIS

Seven-fifty.

ROSSKAM

Seven.

FRANCIS

All right, what the hell's the difference?

ROSSKAM

Get up the wagon.

31 - EXT - ON JUNK WAGON - DAY:

Rosskam and Francis ride horse-drawn wagon through streets.

ROSSKAM

So how do you like it?

FRANCIS

Like what?

ROSSKAM

Sex business. Women stuff.

FRANCIS

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

32 - EXT - ALLEYWAY - DAY:

Rosskam and Francis bring junk from house to wagon.

ROSSKAM

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

FRANCIS

Not that old.

ROSSKAM

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

FRANCIS

I never went house to house.

ROSSKAM

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

FRANCIS

Ladies take you to bed in them clothes?

ROSSKAM

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

FRANCIS

Why should I mind? You're the boss.

ROSSKAM

That's right. I am the boss.

They ride, pick up junk: radios, papers, cans, rags, etc.

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

Rosskam stops wagon, gets off.

ROSSKAM

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

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

VIEW ON COUPLE

ROSSKAM

Oh boyoboy, oh boyoboy.

HOT LADY

Do I love it? Do I love it?

ROSSKAM

You love it. Oh boyoboy.

HOT LADY

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

ROSSKAM

Oh take it. Oh take it.

HOT LADY

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

ROSSKAM

Oh boyoboy.

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

34 - INT - CAFETERIA - DAY:

She is alone at counter. COUNTERMAN slides mug of coffee to her, also plate of buttered toast. She carries them to table, sits near SLATTERLY WOMAN.

HELEN

Well, at least it's warm here.

WOMAN

Nnnh.

Helen sips coffee, takes bite of toast, swallows, but it goes down hard. She pushes toast away.

HELEN

You want the rest of this toast?

WOMAN

Nnnh.

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

HELEN

It's nice toast, but I just can't eat a thing. A friend wanted to give me a cheese sandwich last night. (Shakes head) Not a chance.

35 - EXT - CITY STREET - DAY:

She has coat collar up, hands in pocket, day is gray, cold, windy. She has no place to go, walks on.

36 - INT - LIBRARY - DAY:

Helen and SIX OTHERS at tables in reading room. She fights sleep, then puts head down. LIBRARIAN nudges her.

LIBRARIAN

Madam, the rules do not allow sleeping in here. (Places LIFE magazine before her, smiles). But you may stay if you choose to read.

Helen opens LIFE, sees photo of two block-long line of men and women in St. Louis, waiting for relief checks. Sees smiling black woman, Millie Smalls, who won \$150,000 in Irish Sweepstakes. NORA LAWLOR comes to Helen's table.

NORA

Aren't you Helen Archer?

HELEN

Yes I am.

NORA

Gee, I haven't seen you in twenty years. I'm Nora Lawlor. We went to school together.

HELEN

Why Nora, of course.

Helen feels trapped, closes magazine, looks at wall clock.

NORA

I used to hear you on the radio but I lost track.

HELEN

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

NORA

I saw your brother a few months ago. He's such a bright man.

HELEN

Yes, he's doing quite well. We're very close.

She pushes chair out, ready to stand up.

HELEN

I've got to catch a train, Nora. I'm off to New York again.

NORA

Still performing?

HELEN

Of course. What else would I ever do? Lovely seeing you, Nora.

She leaves.

37 - EXT - ON JUNK WAGON - DAY:

Wagon rolls along Colonie Street.

ROSSKAM

(Screaming, as they ride
through the streets)

Raaaa-aaaaaags. Raaaa-aaaaaags.

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

MRS. DILLON
Goooo-oooooo, raaag-maaan.

Roskam halts wagon in front of alley alongside her house.

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

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

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

ROSSKAM
So what's that?

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

ROSSKAM
But you're a bum.

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

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

When Roskam goes into alley Francis jumps down and holds
head of horse, looks across street and sees top of great
maple tree in back yard.

VIEW ON FRANCIS AND HORSE

38 - EXT - KATRINA'S YARD - DAY:

Young Francis Phelan is in tree, sawing a branch. WE HEAR a
door open.

VIEW ON BACK DOOR

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

FRANCIS
Mrs. Daugherty? Are you all right?

KATRINA
I'm going downtown, Francis.

FRANCIS
Shouldn't you put on some clothes?

KATRINA
Clothes? (Looks at naked self, freezes)

FRANCIS
Mrs. Daugherty?

She doesn't respond. Francis jumps out of tree, wraps her in piece of canvas, opens door. Canvas falls off. Francis leads her into house.

39 - INT - KATRINA'S HOUSE - DAY:

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

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

KATRINA
Spell?

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

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

KATRINA (O.S.)
Do you think I'm crazy Francis?

40 - INT - DAUGHERTY HOUSE - DAY:

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

VIEW ON FRANCIS

He's where he was in scene 35 but in different clothes.

FRANCIS
No ma'am. A spell don't have to
be crazy.

KATRINA
To whom have you mentioned my spell?

FRANCIS
No one, ma'am.

KATRINA
No one? May I ask why?

FRANCIS
People with no clothes isn't what
you'd call reg'lar business.

KATRINA
You mean people would conjure an
imaginary relationship between us?

FRANCIS
Most times, ma'am, they don't need
that much to start their yappin'.

She touches his hand.

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

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

KATRINA
But it's my name. Say Katrina.

FRANCIS
Katrina.

KATRINA
So there, you've gotten it out.
Are you in love with anyone?

FRANCIS
No, m-...no. I'm too young.

She moves closer to him.

KATRINA
You must have many girls in love
with you.

FRANCIS

I never been good talkin' with girls.

KATRINA

Not all girls want you to talk to them. Have you ever dreamt of me?

FRANCIS

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

KATRINA

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

FRANCIS

Faint? No.

KATRINA

No, what?

FRANCIS

No, Katrina.

KATRINA

Then I shall faint for you, dear Francis.

She walks to center of room and faints.

FRANCIS

(Stands over her)

You did that pretty good.

Katrina doesn't move.

FRANCIS

You can get up now.

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

KATRINA

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

She strokes Francis' hair.

KATRINA
I can do a catleptic fit also.

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

41 - EXT - JUNK WAGON - DAY:

Roskam is carrying box of old clothes out of house, Roskam behind him. Francis sees white-on-white shirt, lifts it, looks at it. It's ripped but not badly.

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

ROSSKAM
For what is it a bum needs a clean shirt?

FRANCIS
Mine stinks like a dead cat.

ROSSKAM
Tidy bum. Sensitive, tidy bum on my wagon.

Roskam goes back for more junk. Francis holds shirt, looks at Katrina's window.

42 - INT - KATRINA'S HOUSE - DAY:

Katrina, Francis at table. Lunch is lobster, asparagus, Blanc de Blancs wine, which Francis sips.

KATRINA
Do you like the wine?

FRANCIS
Not very much.

KATRINA
You will learn to like it.

They are finished. She stands, takes him by hand to parlor, opens package on table, unbuttons his blue work shirt.

KATRINA
Take this old thing off.

Francis is bewildered. She takes out stylish, white-on-white

shirt, hands it to him. When his shirt is off she stuns him with kiss, explores his naked chest with her fingertips.

KATRINA
Do you like to kiss me?

FRANCIS
I like it a whole bunch.

KATRINA
What else do you want to do with me?

FRANCIS
I couldn't say.

KATRINA
You may say.

FRANCIS
Not me. I'd goddamn die.

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

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

KATRINA
Do you like my scar?

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

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

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

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

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

Giddap. ROSSKAM (o.s.)

VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

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

43 - EXT - STREET CORNER - DAY:

Junk wagon turns off Colonie and onto North Pearl. Francis puts on new white-on-white shirt, throws old one atop junk.

CLOSE ON STREET SIGN: NORTH PEARL STREET

44 - EXT - NORTH PEARL STREET - DAY:

VIEW ON SIMILAR STREET SIGN (North Pearl)

Camera descends, finds Helen, walking alone amid shoppers. She's woozy, stops, dry retches. WOMAN comes to her.

WOMAN
Are you all right, Miss?

HELEN
(Recovering)
Fine, thank you so much.

She walks toward Morris Piano store, looks in window, sees piano, guitars, ukulele, phonograph records, sheet music.

45 - INT - MUSIC STORE - DAY:

VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

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

MOTHER

very nice, dear. You can't imagine how important it is to be able to play the latest tunes.

HELEN

Music, my dear, is superior to everything else in this life. One must be willing to die for one's music.

Girl and mother eye Helen as an intruder. Helen perceives this, smiles an apology, turns away. Child and mother leave piano, go elsewhere in store. Helen sits at piano, plays Schubert's 'Die Winterreise' in sprightly way, makes mistake, goes over it again. Her old talent is obvious, but also she's quite rusty. CLERK comes to her. He studies her, listens, is obviously put off by her looks.

CLERK

You seem to know what you're doing, Madam. You've chosen our very best piano.

HELEN

(Stops playing)

I used to play piano in this store. Are you old enough to remember when Arthur Morris was the owner?

CLERK

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

HELEN

I was good at selling them for him.

She resumes a fervent segment of "Die Winterreise." Clerk now knows she's not buying a piano.

CLERK

(Turns to leave)

Quite lovely. Enjoy yourself.

Helen stops playing, looks after clerk, then stands up and browses in store, goes to record counter. Sees display of Beethoven albums.

HELEN

I'd like to hear Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, if you have it.

CLERK

Of course.

He takes down album, (four 78 rpm records) points to cubicle with windowed door where she can play it. In cubicle she puts record on, visibly excited. We do not hear any music.

46 - EXT - ON JUNK WAGON - DAY:

Wagon is in North Albany. OLD WOMAN standing with bag of garbage in front of house. Rosskam, Francis get on wagon.

WOMAN
You didn't take this bag.

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

Francis wipes hands on rag, looks at hands as wagon rolls.

FRANCIS
You like your hands?

ROSSKAM
Like, you say? Do I like my hands?

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

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

ROSSKAM
Ah ha.

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

ROSSKAM
Coo-coo.

Rosskam slaps horses rump with reins.

ROSSKAM
Giddap.

Wagon stops at redlight. School 20 at left. FORTY SCHOOL
CHILDREN cross at red light, are met by TWO NUNS.

FRANCIS
I think I'm gonna get off the wagon
up ahead. Gotta see some people

I ain't seen in a while. 'Course
I want my pay now.

ROSSKAM
You quit before dark?

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

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

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

Rosskam reins horse, brakes wagon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BALD MAN
What did you ask my wife?

FRANCIS
I asked where I could get a turkey.

BALD MAN
What for?

Francis thinks, scuffs one foot.

FRANCIS
Well, my duck died.

BALD MAN
Just keep movin', bud.

FRANCIS
Gotcha.

47 - INT - MUSIC STORE - DAY:

Helen is collapsed in cubicle, head against wall, eyes closed. We hear Beethoven. Clerk opens cubicle door. lifts her head.

CLERK
Madam, madam, are you all right?

Helen opens eyes, sits up. Clerk stops record.

CLERK
Should I call a doctor?

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

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

48 - EXT - CITY STREET - DAY:

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

49 - INT - PALOMBO'S HOTEL - DAY:

Desk clerk, DONOVAN, going up stairs with suitcase and

portable phonograph, ahead of Helen. Hotel is old, run-down.

DONOVAN

Six dollars for the bags, dollar and a half for room. Same room as usual?

HELEN

Oh, yes.

50 - INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY:

Donovan opens door, enters room, puts bag on bed, phonograph on bedside table. Room has sink, small shabby dressing table with mirror, very worn towel, bare bulb, old curtains. Helen sits in armless rocker, finds money, counts it.

DONOVAN

(Takes money)

Ain't seen ya much.

HELEN

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

DONOVAN

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

HELEN

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

DONOVAN

I get it.

Donovan goes out. Cardboard clock (time: 10:50) on door says: WAKE ME AT. Helen opens suitcase, fingers belongings: slippers, skirt, rhinestone butterfly pin, Francis's newspaper clippings, man's left shoe, safety razor, pen knife, takes out kimono, looks at it full length.

CUT

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

CUT

She's in rocking chair, looking at self in mirror, kimono is loose, part of breast visible, ninth symphony playing.

51 - INT - MEAT MARKET - DAY:

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

FRANCIS

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

BUTCHER

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

FRANCIS

About five, six bucks worth.

Butcher enters meat locker, comes out with turkey.

BUTCHER

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

FRANCIS

Sold.

Francis puts down money, butcher wraps turkey.

FRANCIS

How's business, pal?

BUTCHER

Slow. No money in the world.

FRANCIS

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

Butcher gives Francis turkey and a quarter change.

52 - EXT - PHELAN BACK DOOR - DAY:

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

FRANCIS (o.s.)

Howdy.

ANNIE

Yes?

FRANCIS (o.s.)
Brought a turkey for ye.

ANNIE
A turkey?

FRANCIS (o.s.)
Twelve-and-a-half pounder. I told
Bill I'd come by of a Sunday and
bring a turkey. It ain't Sunday
but I come anyway.

ANNIE
Is that you, Fran?

VIEW ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS
It ain't one of them fellas from Mars.

ANNIE
Well my god. My god, my god.

She opens door wide.

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

She goes up five steps, turns. Francis enters, closes door,
looks up at her.

53 - INT - PHELAN KITCHEN - DAY:

He stands holding turkey, Annie flits about, flustered.

ANNIE
Oh my, what a surprise this is.

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

ANNIE
(Takes turkey)
You didn't have to bring anything.

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

ANNIE

You'll stay while I cook it.
(Puts turkey in sink)
Sit, and let me get it in the oven.
Danny can go get cranberries.

FRANCIS
(Sits at breakfast nook)
Who's Danny?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANNIE
No, not until the other day.

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

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

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

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

ANNIE

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

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

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

ANNIE
Billy said you had a wife.

FRANCIS
Not a wife. I only had one wife.

Annie folds arms on breakfast table, almost smiles.

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

FRANCIS
Men must've come outa the trees after you.

ANNIE
They tried.

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

ANNIE
Where is she now?

FRANCIS
Downtown somewheres. She'll drop
dead in the street one of these
days, wanderin' around like she does.

ANNIE
She needs you. What do you need, Fran?

FRANCIS
I think the only thing I need is my
memory. You remember Kibbee's lumber
yard the first day I talked to you?

ANNIE
Like it was this morning.

FRANCIS

Jesus Christ, Annie. I ain't worth a goddamn in the world. I'm so awful sorry, and I know that don't cut nothin'. I knew after I left it'd get worse and worse and no way ever to go back. I don't want nothin' but the look of everybody. Just the way things look out in that yard. There's plenty of stuff to say, but it's lousy stuff, Annie, lousy stuff. Yet I never stopped loving you and the kids, and that don't entitle me to nothin'. I went my whole life rememberin' your elbows on the table and that apron all full of stains. Goddamn, Annie. Goddamn. I ain't askin' for nothin' but a cuppa tea. You still use the Irish breakfast tea?

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

FRANCIS

Hulooo.

ANNIE

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

Francis extends hand. Danny shakes it.

DANNY

(Sits across from Francis)

Are you Grampa Phelan or Grampa Quinn?

ANNIE

Phelan. Francis Aloysius Phelan.

DANNY

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

FRANCIS

He remembers that, does he?

DANNY

Will you teach me?

FRANCIS

You get a baseball, I'll show you.

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

FRANCIS

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

Danny tries it, Francis nods.

DANNY

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

FRANCIS

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

ANNIE

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

FRANCIS

Might find me a new shoelace.

54 - INT - PHELAN UPSTAIRS - DAY:

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

DANNY (o.s.)

Get up, Billy, Grandpa's here.

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

FRANCIS

Hey, Billy, How you gettin' on?

BILLY

(Groggy but smiling)

You made it. I'da bet against it happenin'.

FRANCIS

You'da lost. Brought a turkey too.

ANNIE

We're having it for dinner.

FRANCIS

(To Billy)

You like turkey?

BILLY

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

ANNIE

Don't be telling people what to do.

Francis, Annie and Danny ascend stairway to attic.

55 - INT - PHELAN ATTIC - DAY:

With Annie, Danny watching, Francis lifts trunk lid, sees rolled socks and underwear, American flag, Washington Senators cap, clippings, a letter, which Francis picks up, and huge photo of 35 men and boys in bleachers.

CLOSE ON PHOTO

Francis's finger touches certain faces as he talks.

FRANCIS

(To Danny)

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

ANNIE

Some thought so, some didn't.

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

FRANCIS

(To Danny)

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

DANNY

Better than Babe Ruth?

FRANCIS

Better and tougher and meaner and faster.
Couldn't hit home runs like the

Babe. You like to have that ball?

DANNY

Sure I would, sure! Who wouldn't?

FRANCIS

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

Annie lifts coatsleeve of gray herringbone suit.

ANNIE

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

FRANCIS

I wonder if it'd still fit me.

He stands up, holds pants to his waist.

ANNIE

Take it downstairs and I'll press it.

FRANCIS

(Chuckles)

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

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

DANNY

I'll carry the glove.

FRANCIS

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

56 - INT - PHELAN UPSTAIRS - DAY:

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

ANNIE

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

She hands Francis the towel.
VIEW INTO ROOM, FRANCIS POV

57 - INT - DANNY'S ROOM - DAY:

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

HOLD ON IT

58 - INT - PHELAN BATHROOM - DAY:

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

59 - EXT - PHELAN YARD - DAY:

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

60 - INT - PHELAN KITCHEN - DAY:

Billy, wearing trousers, white shirt silk bathrobe, slippers, and Danny sitting at table. Annie puts peeled potatoes into pot to boil, checks turkey in oven as Francis enters, looking like 1916 dude, hair combed, wearing white-on-white shirt, bow tie, herringbone suit, shoes shined, handsome.

BILLY

Holy Christ.

ANNIE

My oh my.

FRANCIS

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

He holds his rags aloft, Annie puts them in corner. All are stunned, staring. Annie realizes she shouldn't overdo her response. Francis sits in breakfast nook, across from Billy, who is reading clips on table. Among clips Francis finds old envelope addressed to him, pockets it.

BILLY

These sportswriters liked you.

FRANCIS

I was good copy. They liked my energy.

BILLY

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

FRANCIS

(Laughs)

Yeah, he screamed and I let him go, but they threw him out at the plate.

Annie comes to table as Billy laughs.

ANNIE

Would you like to look at the yard?

FRANCIS

Sure. See the dog.

Annie puts on sweater; she and Francis go out back door.

61 - EXT - PHELAN YARD - DAY:

Annie, Francis come down stoop. Collie plays with them.

ANNIE

Do you have a place to stay tonight?

FRANCIS

Sure. Always got a place to stay.

ANNIE

Do you want to come home permanent?

FRANCIS

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

ANNIE

Stranger things have happened.

FRANCIS

Name one.

ANNIE

You at the cemetery, talking to Gerald.

FRANCIS

It's nice where he is.

ANNIE

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

FRANCIS

You bought me a grave after I run off?

ANNIE

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

FRANCIS

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

ANNIE

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

Francis looks at yard, sees ghosts sitting in bleachers. All men from huge photo take same seats as in photo. Katrina, Sandra (looking healthy in a white dress) Rowdy Dick, Harold Allen, in white flannels, are in front row. Francis speaks but Annie can't hear this.

FRANCIS

(Angry at ghosts)

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

BILLY (o.s.)

Hey, Ma. Peg's home.

VIEW ON ANNIE AND FRANCIS

ANNIE

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

FRANCIS

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

ANNIE

I think you probably ate all that already.

62 - INT - PHELAN KITCHEN - DAY:

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

FRANCIS

How ya doin' Peg?

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

PEG

I'm doing fine, no thanks to you.

FRANCIS

Yep.

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

BILLY

Give him a break, for chrissake. He just got here.

PEG

What break did he ever give me? Or you?

(Picks up large fork)

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

FRANCIS

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

PEG

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

ANNIE

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

PEG

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

FRANCIS

I built you. Built Billy. Helped to.

PEG

I wish you never did.

BILLY

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

ANNIE

(Softly)

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

PEG

Oh? Then it's all decided?

FRANCIS

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

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

PEG

Fine. Good.

BILLY

(Yells, stands up)

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

PEG

Pardon me for having any feelings at all.

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

FRANCIS

Tough lady.

BILLY

She'll calm down.

A silence.

FRANCIS

Where's the boy? He hear all that?

BILLY

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

FRANCIS

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

the big leagues somewhere in the house.

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

63 - EXT - PHELAN YARD - NIGHT:

FRANCIS POV

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

VIEW ON FRANCIS

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

64 - INT - PHELAN KITCHEN - NIGHT:

Billy returns to kitchen, sits across from Francis.

BILLY

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

FRANCIS

That took a bit of it.

Billy hands Francis a ten dollar bill, folded in half.

BILLY

Here, you can't walk around broke.

FRANCIS

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

BILLY

(Dismissing that idea)

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Annie comes into kitchen, sees Francis looking at huge photo, looks over his shoulder.

FRANCIS

Oughta get this framed. Lot of old timers in there. Real good

shot of your father.

CLOSE ON PHOTO OF IRON JOE

ANNIE

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

FRANCIS

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

BILLY

Hey.

FRANCIS

No. You let me do it, Billy.

ANNIE

You put that money back in your pocket.

Billy laughs, hits table with palm of his hand.

BILLY

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

ANNIE

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

BILLY

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

ANNIE

That had nothing to do with it.

BILLY

Mama likes to keep all the birds in the nest.

FRANCIS

Can't say as I blame her.

BILLY

(Subdued)

No.

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

FRANCIS
Turkey smells real good.

PEG
(Holds up a can)
Uh-huh. I bought a plum pudding. Mama
said you liked it for dessert on holidays.

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

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

FRANCIS
I got a letter maybe you'd all like to hear. Come to me up in Canada in Nineteen-ten, when I was with Toronto.

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

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

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

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

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

FRANCIS
(Tosses, catches apple)
We had a crooked umpire in Toronto

and one night it's dark and we're
winnin' but he wouldn't call the game.
Old Highpockets Wilson lets go a
blazer and the ump calls it a ball.
Pudge Howard, our catcher, says, 'If
that was a ball I'll eat it.' 'Then
get eatin',' says the ump, and Pudge
bites the ball, (Francis bites apple),
which ain't a ball at all, it's a yel-
low apple I give Highpockets to throw.

All laugh.

BILLY

Great stuff happenin' in them days.

Peg, tearful, goes to Francis, whose hands are folded, sits
beside him.

FRANCIS

Great stuff happenin' all the time.

Peg puts hand on top of his.

HOLD ON FRANCIS AND PEG

ANNIE (O.S.)

I do believe that turkey is ready.

65 - EXT - ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT:

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

RUDY

(Sings)

Oh I wanna go where the wind don't blow...
By the lemonade springs
Where the bluebird sings...
On the big rock candy mountain

Francis nudges him with toe of his new shoe.

FRANCIS

Get your ass up, you dizzy kraut.

RUDY

(Sits up suddenly)

Hey, that you, Francis?

FRANCIS

No, It's Buffalo Bill. I come here
lookin' for Indians.

RUDY

I had a jug but I drank it up.
Wasn't nobody around.

FRANCIS

(Taps pocket)

I got another one here. You seen Helen?

RUDY

No.

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

RUDY

Where'd you get them clothes?

FRANCIS

Found 'em up a tree.

Rudy and Francis leave doorway, walk off.

66 - EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT:

Francis and Rudy walking.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

You are a bum.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

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

Francis and Rudy come to vacant lot and see Finny standing beside his wheelless car, which has been torched and is smouldering. Finny almost in tears, half drunk.

FINNY

They burned up my car.

FRANCIS

Were you in it?

FINNY

No.

FRANCIS

Tough luck.

Francis and Rudy walk on.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

You ain't bright enough to kill yourself.

RUDY

I'm a no-good bum.

FRANCIS

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

67 - INT - PALOMBO'S HOTEL - NIGHT:

Francis, Rudy at landing where Donovan sits. From hallway we see Donovan knock at Helen's door. We hear Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on phonograph.

DONOVAN

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

HELEN (o.s.)

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

Donovan comes downstairs.

DONOVAN

(To Francis)

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

FRANCIS

(Gives Donovan \$2)

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

DONOVAN

She'll get it. I like Helen.

68 - EXT - JUNGLETOWN - NIGHT:

This is a Hooverville: tarpaper shacks, shelters of wood, cloth and canvas, lean-tos. Population: maybe 70 PEOPLE. Francis and Rudy, both drunker than before, walk up road, stop by lean-to. Around fire are ANDY, MICHIGAN MAC, MOOSE, and Little Red, who's asleep.

FRANCIS

Hey, Andy, the hotel open?

ANDY

Okay, Francis. You strike it rich?

FRANCIS

(Hands him bottle)

Yeah, here, lubricate your soul.

Francis, Rudy settle in. Andy throws wood on fire.

ANDY

Better turn up the heat. Little chilly in this joint. (Then to others) This is Francis, good ol' boy.

FRANCIS

Yeah, and this is Rudy the Cootie. He's thinkin' about killin' himself.

RUDY

(Opens arms as gesture)

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

MAC

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

FRANCIS

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

MOOSE

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

FRANCIS

(Takes drink)

There's taxis. Can you drive?

RUDY

I drove my ex-wife crazy.

FRANCIS

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

ANDY

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

FRANCIS

Cops everywhere, pickin' on bums.

MAC

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

FRANCIS

Did you break it?

MAC

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

FRANCIS

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

MAC

Wise guy.

RUDY

James Watt is dead. He invented the steam engine. Died in 1936.

FRANCIS

He was a wizard.

RUDY

Right. Charles Darwin too. Master of botany. Died in 1936.

LITTLE RED
(Half awake)
What the hell's he talkin' about.

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

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

Francis hands him the bottle, Moose drinks.

MOOSE
I got TB.

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

MOOSE
I got it in the knee.

FRANCIS
Well cut your leg off.

MAC
Damn, I'm hungry.

Andy takes onion from pocket, hands it to him.

ANDY
Have a bite.

Mac takes onion, looks at it.

MAC
I thought you was givin' me an
apple, but that's an onion.

FRANCIS
Another wizard.

Mac hands it back to Andy, who takes a bite, pockets it.

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

MOOSE
I know that. He discovered gravity.

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

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

FRANCIS
You givin' orders here at the hotel?

LITTLE RED
You got a big mouth too.

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

MAC
Goddamn I'm really hungry.

Francis takes a sandwich from his coat pocket.

FRANCIS
Here, have a bite. But only a bite.

ANDY
You really did strike it rich.
Francis gives sandwich to Andy, who takes a bite.

FRANCIS
Saw my wife and she give me a
sandwich. Great woman.

RUDY
I stole my wife's heart.

MOOSE
What'd you do with it?

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

LITTLE RED
(Screams)
Goddamn idiot shut the fuck up, SHUT UP!

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

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

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

FRANCIS
Let 'em.

WE HEAR baby crying.

FRANCIS
Who's that?

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

FRANCIS
A baby?

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

FRANCIS
They tell me you got a kid here.

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

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

He thrusts wrapped pudding at man, returns to fire.

ANDY
Give him some food, did ya?

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

Nobody speaks.

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

Long silence.

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

FRANCIS
I'm talkin' about a real woman,
not no trashbarrel whore.

MAC
She was good lookin' though. Had
a terrific personality.

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

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

Silence. This is broken by SOUND of automobile engines.

RUDY
(Sucking empty bottle)
On the outskirts I'm a restless
person, a traveler.

We hear sound of car doors closing.

VIEW TOWARD THE ROAD

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

ANDY
Raiders are comin'. Raiders!

Raiders attack shack closest to their advance, wreck it with
bats, flatten lean-tos with single blow. MAN WITH GASOLINE
pours it on downed shacks, sets them afire. Jungle people
are fleeing, raiders chasing. From one shack GROGGY MAN

crawls out on hands and knees, raider smashes him across buttocks with bat. Gasoline man ignites groggy man's shack. Mac, Moose, Andy are gone. Rudy, drunk, still sitting.

RUDY

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

FRANCIS

Get on your feet, stupid.

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

FIRST RAIDER

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

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

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

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

69 - EXT - AT THE RIVER - NIGHT:

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

RUDY

Who were they?

FRANCIS

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

RUDY

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

FRANCIS
How's the head?

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

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

70 - INT - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT:

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

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

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

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

Francis looks at Rudy.

FRANCIS
How you makin' it, pal?

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

NURSE
He's dead.

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

NURSE
What was his name?

Francis doesn't answer. He stares at Rudy.

NURSE
Sir, what was his name?

FRANCIS
Name was Rudy.

Rudy what? NURSE

FRANCIS
Rudy Newton. He knew where the
Milky Way was.

71 - INT - PALOMBO'S - NIGHT:

Francis goes up stairs past Donovan, who is asleep in chair.

72 - INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT:

Music on soundtrack is not Beethoven but "Bye Bye Black-bird." Francis sees Helen on floor, in kimono, her hair fanned out, pretty. He leans over, touches her, knows she's dead, sits in rocker, looks at her. Suitcase still open on bed, Beethoven record still revolving, needle in end groove. He stops it. He finds her money in purse, takes it. He takes his baseball clippings, penknife, razor and Helen's rhinestone butterfly. He leans over Helen, strokes her hair.

FRANCIS
Gotta run, old gal. Cops might be
lookin' for me. You hair's real pretty.

FRANCIS POV

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

73 - EXT - FREIGHT CAR - NIGHT:

The night and moon become real as Francis sits in freight car doorway, drinking whiskey, staring out of moving train. Banjo music now, "Bye Bye Blackbird", woven into Rudy's "Big Rock Candy Mountain".

FRANCIS
(Sings in whisper)
By the lemonade springs,
where the bluebird sings.

VIEW INTO CAR INTERIOR

Francis sees Katrina, Helen, Annie (in center), all sitting down, all in an idealized condition.

ANNIE
What can I make you for lunch?

VIEW ON FRANCIS

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

VIEW INTO CAR INTERIOR

Francis now sees only Annie, sitting as before.

ANNIE
You want the Irish tea again?

VIEW ON FRANCIS

FRANCIS
I always want that tea.

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

FRANCIS
Yaaaaaaah!

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

74 - INT - DANNY'S ROOM - DAY:

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

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

Camera finds cot, with bedspread on it.

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

HOLD ON THE COT

FADE OUT

THE END