

# Coloring Norma Jean

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN BEACH - SURFLINE - DAY

Swooping down from a cloudless blue sky we pass thunderous surf crashing on the sugary white sand of Fire Island.

We pass a deeply tanned man in a tiny bikini bottom. He holds a fishing rod and glass beer bottle.

A red ribbon cinches his blond ponytail. The distant sound of fifties popular music is barely audible above the surf.

BEACH BLANKET

A MAN and WOMAN kiss. He removes her bikini top to toss it playfully in midair. The shapely woman stiffens at his touch to push him away.

MAN

Baby, you can't stop now.

Twisting protectively, her hands hide her breasts.

WOMAN

I said no. It's broad daylight.

He distracts her with a kiss to loosen the knot on her bikini bottom. It falls.

MAN

But, the beach is deserted. This wasn't a nickle ride to Far Rockaway I coughed up a paycheck for us to be on Fire Island.

He tosses her bikini bottom skyward.

WOMAN

I said no!

MAN

I waste a weeks pay on a dame who changes her mind? Damn it honey, you promised.

WOMAN

You're such a cry baby.

EXT. BEACH - SURFLINE - DAY

Tiny waves flow on a sandbar where children shovel sand into plastic buckets. A MOTHER sits in a canvas beach chair.

A one piece bathing suit, beach umbrella and sun tan lotion guard white skin. Her DAUGHTER casts envious glances at teenagers enjoying freedom.

DAUGHTER

What's wrong with joining friends over there?

MOTHER

Those girls aren't good enough for you.

DAUGHTER

Mother . . . they'll hear you.

MOTHER

(louder)

You won't sleep half the day away, talk like an idiot, chew gum or tease boys.

The daughter lifts a tube of Coppertone.

DAUGHTER

You missed the middle of your back again. I'll fix it, now bend over.

The daughter smiles. One hand offers love, another picks up gritty sand.

MOTHER

It feels a bit tender there.

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Hold still, you need protection.

The mother's face shows alarm. The daughter pats her mother's shoulder tenderly. Her hand gradually tightens.

The teen rises on her knees to add leverage to the massage.

MOTHER

Ooh, that hurts!

BEACH BLANKET

The blanket holds boys, *Mad* magazines and comic books. JOEY BAILEY, 13, his tanned face defined by intense concentration, kneels at the blanket's edge.

A baseball card rests on the tips of fingers and thumb. It tumbles in a high arc to land squarely on top of another.

JIMMY, 12, and PERRY 11, wait anxiously. Joey slowly turns the card over at a snail's pace for dramatic effect.

JIMMY

Ha ha! He gets a Spic, too bad.

Joey reaches for the card. It's Robert Clemente in a green baseball cap with the Pittsburgh Pirates white initial "P".

JOEY

Come on, he's a Puerto Rican. Like I said, she's got great tits, so women say things.

PERRY

Yeah, but you wouldn't know what to do if she begged you to do it.

JIMMY

He'd snoop around like that colored guy. The cops came and took him away.

JOEY

She keeps her windows covered cuz she knows it isn't right.

A bike and BRIGET BAILEY, 16, appear. She wears white pedal pushers and a matching blouse. Her good looks prompt junior inspection.

BRIGET

Shut up you idiots. Joey, Mom wants you home right this minute.

Ashamed, Joey trudges to his bike. Briget snaps a beach towel to herd him.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A path leads from the beach to Joey's street. We approach the back of Joey's two story house. A green 1956 Plymouth Savoy sits in a pebbled driveway.

To the left a two story house in need of paint stands amid a barren yard mowed almost to top soil. It appears abandoned.

To the right a high hedge shields a small rundown one story house that hides a rusting pickup overgrown with weeds.

JOEY

Thanks for nothing!

BRIGET

Are tits and doing it all boys think about? Grow up, that woman has enough to deal with.

JOEY

What's she got to deal with?

BRIGET

Never mind.

JOEY

Guys see things. No lights, no sound, different men so she does it in there.

BRIGET

Butt out of her life.

JOEY

She's next door, I gotta know what happens.

A brief siren shatters the peace. SGT. CRAIG BRANIGAN, 25, with muscles evident in a blue uniform exists a police car.

SGT. BRANIGAN

You on the mound for us this summer?

JOEY

Yeah, but can we talk later? I gotta go home.

A Crest Dairy truck stops near the driveway. The CREST DAIRY MAN, 20's, smiles. He motions for Briget to come over to his truck.

CREST DAIRY MAN

What's the beauty secret? I swear you're really getting to be something lately.

Briget passes the truck. She watches Sgt. Branigan wave at a new red and white Ford convertible.

SGT. BRANIGAN

(at Ford convertible)

Nice set of wheels Mr. Link.

INT. BAILEY LIVING ROOM - DAY

MRS. BAILEY, in robe and slippers peers out the screen door at a truck. Joey bursts into the living room with dumbbells to careen off a wall. A picture frame falls to shatter glass onto a coffee table.

BRIGET (O.S.)

Our muscle bound Peter Pan.

Joey kisses his right wrist.

JOEY

That hurt real bad.

BRIGET

That's why Peter Pan didn't want to grow up, that hurts too.

Joey and Mrs. Bailey look through the screened porch. They see YURI TOMICH, 50's, burly and unshaven with a crewcut and bare cartoon-tattooed arms.

He's in a greasy factory uniform. A wide scar covers his right temple.

Tomich watches his Chihuahua drop a pyramid. It enjoys its brief respite from Tomich's sizeable choke chain.

Then: Tomich's work boot topples the fidgety canine.

MRS. BAILEY

I should report him. He's incredibly abusive.

BRIGET

So is Joey. Glass on the table stays there.

JOEY

Truck driver got a bum address, Tomich's sent him away. So, what's the secret, Briget?

Briget reaches behind the sofa to lift a present. She's flushed with happiness.

BRIGET

Happy Birthday, Mother!

JOEY

Thanks a lot.

Joey sinks to the sofa with his chin sunk into his chest.

BRIGET

(at Joey)

Think about someone else for once.

JOEY

Yup, the truck's at Mrs. Patton's.

He looks up warily. MR. BAILEY in a suit kisses his wife goodbye.

MR. BAILEY

Help set it up and replace the glass . . . today.

BRIGET

The driver turned around in her driveway since that woman lives in a mausoleum.

Mrs. Bailey rushes out to greet the truck.

MRS. BAILEY (O.S.)

I'll call Alfredo.

JOEY

Alfredo? Who's that?

BRIGET

You'll see.

JOEY

Who cares about a dumb piano anyway? I'm going to visit Aunt Emily.

BRIGET

Who delivers papers or helps Mr. Burr?

JOEY

It's covered. Buddies toss papers and the *Tritona's* in Newport. Mr. Burr said it's all right.

BRIGET

How are you getting out to Long Island?

Joey's face brightens. His mood reflects pure joy.

JOEY

Pilgrim Airlines from Sikorsky to MacArthur Field. I got my taxi, tickets, the whole deal.

INT. BAILEY GARAGE - DAY

Joey with closed eyes struggles with a final bench press.

MAN'S VOICE

Add iron. I'll spot you on the first set of twenty.

ALFREDO CAPPELLI, 56, has placed a face that dangles from a long swan-like neck only inches away from Joey's. He lifts eyeglasses from bloodshot eyes below a profusion of black hair.

His body sags in a dress shirt. Slacks show bony shins. Sweat socks droop over penny loafers. Joey sees a sloppy teacher not the disciplined deceiver.

JOEY

You'd be Alfredo. No thanks, I got no time for four-eyed piano lessons.

Alfredo quickly tucks his eyeglasses away.

ALFREDO

Did my share as a kid. Got up to a three hundred pound clean and jerks before I was thankfully waylaid.

JOEY

Waylaid?

ALFREDO

Yes indeed, waylaid. You know, way too much non-stop screwing.

Alfredo spies the cover of *Ring*. Sugar Ray Robinson smiles in gloved hands.

JOEY

Boxers sure do it.

ALFREDO

I thought looking like Charles Atlas meant I'd fight dames off with a baseball bat . . . wrong.

JOEY

How so?

ALFREDO

Thought my first piano was an real curse.

JOEY

That won't happen to me this summer.

ALFREDO

Childhood is the most fun filled of life's seasons but every season comes to an end.

JOEY

Yeah, my childhood's already history.

Alfredo grabs Joey's shoulders tightly. His eyes appear to settle on a far away vision he sees deep inside Joey.

ALFREDO

Playing a keyboard killed me. Then, it hit me like a ton of bricks. I'd sweated bullets in a gym unaware I could have done it with the world's most beautiful women instead.

Joey scrutinizes Alfredo's face for clues. Time drags.

JOEY

Come on, what hit you?

ALFREDO

I was into music. Listened to the radio, records. I knew what music does to women.

JOEY

Turn it up and dim the lights, I've been there.

ALFREDO

I'm in a music store on 42nd Street in the City. That's where you find life's first taste of bliss, in the City. I sat down at a piano and then that curse finally paid off.

Alfredo takes his time to look around to make sure that they are truly alone.

JOEY

So what happened?

ALFREDO

Broadway's got leggy show girls and Madison its models. I mean world class curves prancing on through those blocks.

JOEY

Great faces with humongous tits.

A grin emerges on Alfredo's fervent face.

ALFREDO

It's 3:30 on Tuesday in June. My hands tap ivory and I get a glimpse in the corner of my eye. Just a really fast quick peek that's all.

JOEY

Whadja see?

ALFREDO

A smile in the sweetest face God has ever made and it was on a body a sex maniac dreamt up. Those incredible green eyes were on me. I mean really locked!

JOEY

A piano did that?

ALFREDO

Play and like magic gorgeous dames show up. You shoot fish in a barrel and it's all legal.

JOEY

I don't believe you but if I did how long would it take me to get piano wizardry.

Alfredo looks up to the heavens. His arms open wide.

ALFREDO

Wizardry? This guy's in the know, he's left that stinky horde of little bastards far behind.

Giddy with joy, Alfredo rocks Joey with a stiff left jab.

JOEY

I got no time for kids now.

Joey rubs his painful shoulder. He looks directly at the punching bag to solemnly nod his head. He's made himself a promise.

ALFREDO

Your folks pay me, you learn seduction. Ask Sugar Ray, there's a keyboard inside his bar on 7th. Ave. It's loaded with great lookers.

JOEY

I got no time. It's my last summer before I gotta high school.

ALFREDO

And, the added bonus beautiful women do it earlier then your usual stuck-up Plain Janes.

Alfredo takes hold of Joey's fingers. He examines hand and arm before drawing in a long, deep breath.

He reexamines Joey's fingers closely and draws a deeper, slower breath before closing his eyes.

JOEY

What's up?

ALFREDO

Calculating . . . eight weeks, ninety minutes every other day. That's child's play for you.

Joey's thinly disguised buoyant mood commands Alfredo's attention. He closes in for the knockout punch.

JOEY

I couldn't take that much piano.

Alfredo looks down and shakes his head. He begins to speak, but stops. Rare silence sucks the energy from the garage.

ALFREDO

Sorry but thinking again, I'm not sure you're ready. Bending a dame to a man's own will is tricky. You need fine control that few men are blessed with --

JOEY

-- you never saw my curve ball!

Alfredo backs away in shock at Joey's words.

ALFREDO

You wouldn't play games. Screwing is life's most essential skill.

JOEY

When could I begin if I wanted one lesson?

Alfredo falls silent. He walks in ever wider circles. He halts near the garage door to lift his sports jacket.

ALFREDO

Men even older than us can't handle some of these over sexed women.

JOEY

I know I can do it.

ALFREDO

They move in awful fast. Most will never take your no for an answer.

JOEY

Yeah, but I'd expect that.

Alfredo shuffles his feet while launching a series of quick jabs. He stops to offer Joey his right hand. Joey pumps Alfredo's hand enthusiastically.

ALFREDO

Nice work. The greatest summer of your entire life has arrived.

INT. ADIE'S GROCERY STORE - DAY

Shelves are lined with imported jars, tins and boxes. Sawdust aisles stream with summer visitors to Fire Island.

SUSAN STRASBERG, 17, tanned in blouse and bikini walks down the aisle. Brown hair falls to shoulders. Almond-shaped eyes float on cheekbones.

CLERK

Sue, you headed into the City?

SUSAN

I'm not interested, so don't ask. You know who I've been dating now.

The clerk frowns and receives a dismissive look.

CLERK

A Greenwich Village musician, but I gotta try.

Without any warning, Susan plants a kiss on the clerk's face.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You're the boy I saw through the fence with that red wagon.

The voice is that of MARILYN MONROE, 32, pulling bubble gum pink sunglasses to the very tip of her nose.

Blond hair lie under a black silk scarf. She wears no makeup, blue eyes light up a bronzed face.

Joey takes in sandaled feet, shapely legs coated in white sand and a blouse that reveals a bountiful bikini top.

JOEY

I don't know.

Marilyn steps close. Joey backs against a shelf holding a pyramid of oranges.

MARILYN

You met the *Fire Island Belle* from Bay shore with a wrinkled nose. Did you dock that ferry in your head?

Nerves take hold. He reaches into her hand to grab an orange. He tosses it high in the air above them.

JOEY (O.S)

How'd you know that?

Her hip knocks Joey to one side. She delights in catching the orange.

MARILYN

It's easy to see people think, so I help them. I might give it up if somebody doesn't return the favor.

Joey is smitten by face and figure. A crowd forms.

JOEY

I can dock any boat in my sleep.

MARILYN

Is that so?

JOEY

What's it like being so famous?

Marilyn's eyes light up amid a smile. Susan arrives holding Marilyn's dog.

SUSAN

Tippy's got a full tank and I promised I'd drop off that sheet music inside Howser's.

Marilyn blows a kiss to Joey. He stands frozen in place.

MARILYN

It's okay, I hate goodbyes.

Joey's hesitant wave is lost inside Marilyn's admirers. Shoppers stand on tiptoes to watch the two women leave.

EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - DAY

The day is hot. Breezes murmur through a screened porch.

SCREENED PORCH

Joey kneels with a face contorted in a grimace. Thin veins protrude as he bears down with closed eyes.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Stop that!

Joey falls onto his face. A thick telephone book hits the floor behind his back. EVELYN PATTON, 32, has chestnut hair framing a photogenic face.

Primal charisma will attract males of any age. Earrings, bracelet and necklace rival green eyes but pale in comparison. She wears no makeup or nail polish.

Black stockings, a matching knit shirt and long-sleeved sweater cling to a curvaceous shape in eighty degree heat.

EVELYN

You're the Fire Island visitor who shops at Adie's. If you're smart nose around in the City.

Bridget is jolted into an uncharacteristic monotone.

BRIDGET

Is that any way to greet next-door neighbors?

Evelyn awaits an invitation to enter. She's visibly annoyed until Joey's smile thaws her icy stare.

JOEY

Been ripping up phone books. What's going on Mrs. Patton? We don't see you much.

BRIDGET

(whispers)

Don't you tell that stranger a single thing about your Ocean Beach visit.

Joey walks toward the screen door.

JOEY

Mrs. Patton, how'd you know I was on Fire Island anyway?

Joey attempts to open the screen door but Bridget's foot blocks it.

EVELYN

Please Joey, call me Evelyn. I know the truth about Norma Jean.

Bridget open mouth drops in stunned silence.

BRIGET

You know Marilyn Monroe?

EVELYN

Don't you call her that. We shared a tricycle,  
call her by her given name . . . Norma Jean.

JOEY

No kidding.

EVELYN

I go where Norma Jean goes to learn things  
you'll never read in a magazine or newspaper.

Joey rocks back on his heels with visible pride.

JOEY

Norma Jean said she saw me dock a ferry  
boat in her head.

His words stun Evelyn. Her eyes narrow with suspicion.

BRIGET

I heard she's taking classes --

EVELYN

-- you got one thing right. She sits in the Malin  
Studios on Broadway taking notes during  
Strasberg's lectures or sneaks over to his  
apartment on 86th. Street.

BRIGET

Can I finish one small sentence?

Evelyn's tight lips become a snarl.

EVELYN

Nobody's stopping you, Missy.

They hear a loud muffler. Heads turn to see a battered 1950 Hillman Minx pull  
up to the curb and stop.

JOEY

Well, if I see her again, I'll let you know Mrs . . .  
I mean Evelyn.

Evelyn bunches her hands with unabashed hostility.

EVELYN

Think twice before you do that.

BRIGET

What about Karl Malden, Marlon Brando or  
James Dean? They're at the Studio, too?

EVELYN

The one you're after is ten years older than  
you, Missy.

Evelyn turns her back on Alfredo. She glares at Briget and charges off.

JOEY

I'll ask her lot's of things about Marilyn and you  
can't stop me.

BRIGET

Stop a crush caused by hormones? I guess  
you think you're old enough now to start  
friendships with the opposite sex.

JOEY

Why guess, do what she does, pick up a  
phone. She knows about Casavettes  
stopping by here to see you.

Briget's eyes widen with alarm.

BRIGET

That recluse listens to phone conversations?

JOEY

That's right, Missy.

BRIGET

Did you notice her jewelry?

JOEY

Blue glass in crummy silver.

BRIGET

You dummy, that woman wore Topaz, which costs a small fortune.

Joey's face brightens into shameless joy.

JOEY

So what, nothing can top those eyes or the other things she's got.

BRIGET

Stay away, she's trouble.

JOEY

No, she's in trouble and I'm thinking I'll help. She said nose around in the City and I will.

Alfredo knocks on the screen door.

BRIGET

(at Alfredo)

Do you like our mother's piano?

JOEY

He's seen a ton of these.

Alfredo approaches the piano with reverence. His neck droops to the side to gentle depress Middle "C" at eye level.

ALFREDO

The finest walnut Wurlitzer spinet I've ever laid a finger on. Please lift the lid on this bench.

Joey and Briget watch as a pair of white cotton gloves wrapped in wax paper are devoutly placed inside.

JOEY

Geez, I hope they fit.

Alfredo recoils in horror.

ALFREDO

You'll never wear those. A Maestro must pay homage to the magical.

JOEY

Sorry, I forgot.

ALFREDO

Imagine how painful it would be if I ever had to sit before a Wurlitzer bare handed?

EXT. BAILEY HOUSEHOLD - DAY

A brief siren ends. Sgt. Branigan sprints to the screen door.

SCREENED PORCH

SGT. BRANIGAN

Joey you on my pitcher's mound this summer or not? Greg Stanton's got to set up his rotation schedule by tomorrow.

JOEY

Yeah, I gotta clean boats and learn piano. And, I got something important to ask you.

Sgt. Branigan sees Bridget's smile between Evelyn with Mrs. Bailey on the sofa. He shuts his eyes and shakes his head.

SGT. BRANIGAN

I tell ya I don't forget a face. Call me later.

Sgt. Branigan turns to sprint to the police car. Alfredo reaches in his socks to withdraw another pair of rolled up white gloves. His head dips to the side as each hand receives its covering.

ALFREDO

I can play any tune you choose, so test this Maestro well young man.

JOEY

*Rock Around the Clock.*

ALFREDO

Nice work. Billy Haley left home when he was your age. A piano being heavy, he took a guitar. Twinkle Toes would call that tune the theme for *Blackboard Jungle* and she'd kiss Pottier's black face too.

Evelyn stands at the piano. She admires a framed picture of Joey in a baby carriage near sheet music on top of the piano.

EVELYN

A pianist in waiting?

Joey is rattled. He turns his head toward the ceiling.

JOEY

Nope, that's my mother's idea.

Evelyn looks fondly at the photo pushing it toward Alfredo. He rolls his eyes before laying it face down on the piano.

ALFREDO

You want some Swanee River?

Evelyn stands grief stricken in intense pain. Seconds later, her angry fists hit ivory. RAUCOUS sounds reek havoc.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Shut up, Doodles!

Joey jumps reflexively and smothers laughter.

ALFREDO

Listen, the next time you put your crazed brain on display leave my prized pupil out of it.

## LIVING ROOM

ALFREDO (O.S.)

I'll toss coloring book and crayon.

Evelyn holds up a photo of two teenaged girls.

EVELYN

Norma Jean and I were tempted. Older boys would take us on car rides. If we didn't . . .

Evelyn smiles. She holds a picture of a nude teenaged girl.

BRIGET

That's Norma Jean naked?

EVELYN

Norma Jean says she wasn't nude, the radio was on the whole time.

Evelyn stiffens as Alfredo approaches. Her eyes and mouth tighten. Her raised hand sends a message -- Stop!

MRS. BAILEY

Mr. Cappelli, please!

EVELYN

Alfredo's called Doodles. Insists he was born on the Fourth of July like George M. Cohan.

## SCREENED PORCH

Alfredo at the piano leans closer to Joey.

ALFREDO

Her voice is a broad on a lazy walk. The musical term is an andante. When she begins to lose it, she's running. The musical term is an allegretto. Next, she'll gallop with piss and moans, that's an allegro.

Joey watches Alfredo's white gloves point out the musical scale with his ears tuned into Evelyn's voice.

EVELYN (O.S.)

After Jimmy joined the Merchant Marines,  
Norma Jean entered the dark waters of the  
human heart.

ALFREDO

The broad's winding up.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Jimmy was in New Orleans waiting for his  
convoy. My God, weeks went by. I was so . . .

Alfredo jumps to his feet and throws up his hands.

ALFREDO

She's begging for a Twinkle.

White gloves spring into action. Fingers lie in wait under palms at the keyboard's edge to pounce on ivory.

JOEY

A Twinkle?

A song ensues from raspy, tobacco-stained vocal chords. It's sung in the cadence of a ragtime Dixieland piano.

ALFREDO

"Green eyes with their soft . . ."

A SMACK leaves Alfredo's glasses dangling. Evelyn bolts from the house.

JOEY

You all right Mr. Cappelli?

ALFREDO

Any piano I play draws those eyes.

INT. BAILEY HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN

Joey holds a telephone receiver using his free hand to eat a cherry pie.

JOEY

But she's next door and I gotta help. She's important to me. My best paper tipper plus she just made a great cherry pie.

SGT. BRANIGAN

I tell ya she's nuts. I finally put two and two together, that's the face that hid in Southport when we got a complaint during a lawn party.

JOEY

Where in Southport?

SGT. BRANIGAN

Rockmeadows Acres on Hulls Farm Road. White colonial, matching chimneys and gray shingles.

JOEY

Who owns it?

SGT. BRANIGAN

Richard Rogers, the composer. And, he wasn't prepared for a Monroe crowd.

Joey falls against the wall in shock.

JOEY

Damn, she really does it.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Who does what?

JOET

Mrs. Patton, we thought she only listened to phones but she does follow her everywhere.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Mrs. Patton follows who?

JOEY

Norma Jean who else?

SGT. BRANIGAN

Of course, whoever that is. You're pissing me off. Avoid those women and that goes double for Cappelli, he's got a nasty streak.

Joey's excited voice raises two octaves.

JOEY

Wow! I knew it, he's got a record.

Sgt. Branigan looks around to see he's being watched. The DETECTIVE lights a cigar before a name plate that reads "T. Link". The eyes return to paperwork.

SGT. BRANIGAN

The conversation's over, you drew the Vice Squad. I tell ya stay away from those people.

JOEY

Suits me, I might head into the City tomorrow around noon to check up on things.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey opens his window to dangle high top black and white sneakers for their nightly airing. He looks next door. Surprisingly, he has an unhindered view of the interior of the house.

He follows candlelight that ends upstairs. Evelyn leans out a window in a provocative low-cut nightgown.

EVELYN

Look, isn't it beautiful?

Evelyn exhibits her scrapbook. She blows kisses from a cold creamed face. Joey moves away to flop face-first onto his bed. He piles pillows on his head.

DREAM SEQUENCE - FALL TO THE CITY

## EXT. PATTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Fireflies carry a colorful close up photo of Marilyn from Evelyn's bedroom through the open window. Marilyn's image morphs into a floating cushion.

The cushion has a border of tiny yellow and green fireflies. Evelyn listens to strident crickets and snaps her fingers in time with swaying motions.

JOEY

What song is that?

EVELYN

No ideas about the tune. I'd say it's Afro-Cuban and heavy on lively maracas.

Evelyn draws her arms into a nightgown. She drops to Marilyn's image. Marilyn's smile is a grimace. The flickering border scatters into darkness.

JOEY

Look what you did to Norma Jean, she's disappeared completely.

EVELYN

Color Norma Jean gone? I couldn't!

Evelyn floats in midair. She quickly pulls her ankles under her nightgown. Joey grips the window frame. He reaches for Evelyn but she tilts forward.

## EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS

Joey looks down to see red and white traffic lights move amid glowing skyscrapers far below.

JOEY

Evelyn, look down! It's the City.

EVELYN

I can color any City in my sleep.

She pulls Joey into a dive. Wind brings tears as a blurry City rushes up.

Evelyn's fingertips magically color New York. She points to a black sky as Grand Central Terminal rises toward them.

JOEY (O.S.)

It's okay, I'll slap my face really hard and we'll  
wake up in time.

Joey's hand goes through his face. Fear grips him as Evelyn points skyward.

EVELYN

Now look what you've done.

Falling stars leave streaks to plummet past them.

JOEY

screams at the horrifying sight of Evelyn hitting pavement.

HANDS

rush to cover his eyes. Blood sprays his hair, face and

EVELYN

her head a flattened mass of bone, hair, and blood.

LATER

Joey stands watching traffic rise onto the Park Avenue Viaduct. At their feet. Evelyn's cracked skull spills blood onto a pillow made of Joey's sneakers.

ALFREDO (V.O.)

Nice work, flush the City and smash the  
sweetest face God ever made.

JOEY

Was that Alfredo?

SGT. BRANIGAN

You're hearing things. Dip a finger into that fresh blood over there.

Joey approaches. He touches the blood and sees Evelyn's damaged face breaks into a hideous smile.

ALFREDO (V.O.)

He was too young to handle a beautiful woman like her.

SGT. BRANIGAN

We're lucky helium's inside that body of hers.

JOEY

What's so great about that?

SGT. BRANIGAN

We can leave her here.

JOEY

No way I'd ever do that.

SGT. BRANIGAN

I tell ya she'll puff up like a Macy's float and drift far out to sea. Her kind always does.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. PLYMOUTH SAVOY - DAY

BRIGET

Men go there for only one reason.

JOEY

I can't blame em, she smells real good and sure likes to have fun.

Briget turns with a withering stare.

BRIGET

Dad said to collect your paper money but don't go in. Mom said ring the bell, take the pie and get home. In other words don't go in there.

JOEY

So what do you think she --

BRIGET

-- she's paid to do things that happens at night and I shouldn't have to explain it.

JOEY

She does it for money not because she loves who she's doing it with, right?

Briget's face grows reflective.

BRIGET

Eventually you'll fall in love to form a romantic relationship but what would happen if you did it to her in there and people found out?

JOEY

I don't know.

BRIGET

You're old enough to know that it's the worst thing that could ever happen to this family.

His straight face verges on a cunning smile.

JOEY

Maybe that wouldn't be so . . .

BRIGET

Grow up! Anyway, I've noticed nobody in town seems to care what happens in that house.

## INT. NEW YORK NEW HAVEN &amp; HARTFORD RAILCAR - DAY

Joey remade in adult slacks, loafers and dress shirt sits down by the lavatory to meet a vile stench. He moves to the next car and is yanked into a seat.

EVELYN

Thank God.

JOEY

Geez, it's you.

EVELYN

I've waited forever for us to finally be alone.

JOEY

Something's messed up. Does Alfredo hurt you real bad or something?

She moves closer. Her lips gently press his. Joey backs away.

EVELYN

Don't you love me?

JOEY

I don't know, I think so but . . .

EVELYN

My heart feels like it'll burst. Can't I have just one small kiss after all this time?

JOEY

Geez, people can see us.

Joey's hand falls to hers to lift it from his thigh. He moves slowly toward her lips with open eyes. His cheek brushes past warm skin. A hand draws him closer.

He plants a tentative kiss. Evelyn launches a probing tongue. Her hands clutch his neck but he struggles to free himself. Green eyes roll wildly.

EVELYN

Go to her, but you'll be sorry.

The trance broken, she runs the full length of the car. The door opens and she falls into the arms of a waiting man.

Joey struggles to see but his view is blocked by an arriving conductor. Passengers stare and whispers multiply.

CONDUCTOR

If I were you I'd go after your mother and --

JOEY

-- who said she's my mother?

CONDUCTOR

Right . . . then buy your ticket.

Joey drives into his pocket to produce quarters.

JOEY

How much is a round-trip to Grand Central?

The conductor scans passengers and points at Joey.

CONDUCTOR

Can he rob a piggy bank or what?

Laughter spills from seats to spark panic.

JOEY

Paper route money, but I got spending cash.

Joey struggles to control his jitters.

LATER

The train crosses the trestle at Hell's Kitchen. Tall buildings that stretch for miles are divided into blocks. Heat rises in waves from torrid surfaces.

EXT. 125TH. STREET STATION - DAY

Outside his window Joey sees a woman above the station in an open tenement window bent over an ironing board.

She glances at a radio, flowerpot and mattress meant to heighten a fire escape's hot summer-night appeal.

The thin colored face takes on a wary look seeing Joey's. She hikes up her thin cotton dress and turns away.

Below, Joey watches colored people run on hot asphalt to enjoyable open fire hydrants or disappear into neon-lit bars.

INT. NEW YORK NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILCAR - CONTINUOUS

The car darkens. Tiny green and red spots grow plentiful. Joey's face is glued to cold glass. Branching rails fades into obscurity a few feet from the car.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOEY EXPLORES GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

- A) Passengers leave cool cars.
- B) They trudge up concrete to a swelteringly terminal.
- C) Joey window shops with shirt sleeves rolled up.
- D) He looks up at the starry dome in the Concourse.
- E) He heads off to the Lexington Avenue subway.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

From the air we drift toward distant lights. The City's skyline of heated concrete and steel shimmers below hazy scarlet clouds.

INT. CANAL ST. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

A statuesque Puerto Rican teenaged girl dances past Joey. Her midriff, pink shorts and sandals draw interest.

JOEY

You got some great moves.

Her mother smiles at Joey. She's a duplicate of the teen-queen with twenty years added. A slender dress reveals her daughter figure when fully grown.

Suddenly, a teenaged ASSAILANT steps from behind a concrete pillar.

ASSAILANT

Hand it over!

JOEY

No way.

A dark hand snags his shopping bag. Joey nails the teenager with a staggering right fist to the chin.

Then: A switchblade POPS open.

ASSAILANT

I'm gonna mess you up real bad.

Joey quickly delivers a stiff left jab. The knife sweeps down to slice open the shopping bag. Magazines, candy bars and clothing drop to the platform.

Joey's rushes at his attacker. They fall to concrete. A rumble grows behind a distant light shining on steel rails. They wrestle feet from the platform's edge.

Joey is no match for his heavier rival. His left leg falls off the platform. He struggles above the rails.

ARRIVING SUBWAY TRAIN

casts its blinding light.

A FIST

crashes into the assailant's stomach. Brakes SQUEAL.

## DEBRIS

swirls from tracks past frightened faces to the arched roof. Joey dashes to subway doors. He leaps through at the very last second.

## INT. SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joey watches iron pillars pass behind smudged glass. A COLORED WOMAN looks at the back of her hand and then Joey.

Joey runs the back of his hand under a bloodied nose. Blood drips from his cut wrist onto the sliced shopping bag at his feet.

COLORED WOMAN

Chalkie, it be past your bedtime.

## EXT. PATTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey walks to his darkened house from the driveway. He stops at the mailbox to reach underneath. He removes a door key and flips it over in the air.

## EXT. PATTON HOUSE - BEDROOM WINDOW - SAME

Evelyn watches Joey remove his shoes and quietly enter the house.

## EXT. SOUTHPORT HARBOR - DAY

From ground level, summer sky meets a harbor nestled near a large golf course. Caddies and golfers enjoy privileged exclusivity.

Sail boats and yachts lie beyond sprawling colonial homes. Manicured lawns edged in colorful shrubbery define wealthy neighbors.

## EXT. TOWN DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Joey leaps from his bike to run to a wooden tool shed.

## TOOL SHED

HOWARD BURR, 60's, in overalls and rubber boots smokes a pipe.

HOWARD

Can you haul a sloop with that wrist? I got a forty footer and need younger muscles.

## LAUNCH RAMP

Joey mans a winch that draws a wooden cradle toward shore on well greased rails. A single masted, fore-and-aft rigged sailing boat with a short standing bowsprit gleams in brilliant daylight.

Joey gawks at a 1952 Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith. The four-door saloon is encased in wax from its sloping front to its boot.

Chrome-spoke wheels anchor white-walled tires. A uniformed CHAUFFEUR waves from the right hand driver's seat.

## AT ROLLS

JOEY

Geez, this car is something.

HOWARD

His pride and joy. The winner at the New York auto show two years ago. Mr. Melton says H.J. Mulliner created a masterpiece with this.

Joey peers inside the Rolls-Royce. The chauffeur salutes and seconds later holds out a green bottle of Coke.

CHAUFFEUR

Co-Cola, yawl?

JOEY

Sounds good to me.

The chauffeur hands Howard a check. The car makes a slow turn and exits.

## TOOL SHED

JOEY

What's Mr. Melton like?

HOWARD

Southerners are born friendly.

JOEY

He's loaded. Alfredo, my piano teacher, says he bought the *Tritona* and cars to show off.

Howard stares in cold silence. He walks to the corner of the shed to remove lobster traps and lift the lid on a wooden New England Sea Captains Chest.

## AT CHEST

HOWARD

I'd hope you'd think twice before you say that to another grown up.

JOEY(O.S)

Yeah, but Mr. Cappelli knows rich people.

HOWARD

And, you know Mr. Cappelli?

Howard drops the lid. He hands a newspaper clipping to Joey.

INSERT - CLIPPING which reads:

"Southport Musician Injured -- Southport resident Alfredo Cappelli was admitted to Bellevue Hospital on First Avenue in the Kips Bay neighborhood of Manhattan with a gunshot wound. It was found to be self inflicted."

## BACK TO SCENE

JOEY

I got stuff to learn I guess. Why'd he do something crazy like that?

HOWARD

Reserve judgement on anyone until you spend time with them. Things are seldom either right or wrong with an informed view.

JOEY

Well, Alfredo's a musician and he's got friends with tons of money.

HOWARD

What Mr. Melton owns was paid for in persistence and talent.

Joey puffs out his chest.

JOEY

I'm helping his girlfriend. She's a neighbor and you wouldn't believe that chassis.

Howard usually stoic eye tosses a skeptical wink.

HOWARD

If you were a boat, I'd advise you to give that woman a very wide berth.

JOEY

Yeah, sometimes she acts --

HOWARD

-- like thirty going on fifteen?

Joey blinks with surprise.

JOEY

Yeah. You know if I was a boat, I'd be a twelve foot Amesbury Dory.

HOWARD

High seas couldn't breach your freeboard or gunwale. You'd be pulled to the water so the Captain could get back aboard if needed.

Joey looks at Howard dejectedly.

JOEY

No sense dreaming, we got a piano so I got dumb lessons all summer long.

HOWARD

Every boy has a right to his dream.

Joey quickly energized, hops back up onto his feet.

JOEY

Yeah, last night I dreamt I was on the beach looking at the lights on top of smoke stacks in Port Jefferson across the Sound. I made up my mind right then to sell my paper route and be somebody's Captain like in Kipling's book.

HOWARD

*Captains Courageous*, a good story.

INT. BAILEY HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Mrs. Bailey and Briget pace nervously.

SCREENED PORCH

Evelyn struts past the piano where a gloved Alfredo and Joey pencil in notes on blank sheet music. She wears makeup, coiffured hair and jewelry.

ALFREDO (O.S.)

Share with the other girls, I'm thinking a minor chest cold would prove fatal.

Evelyn ignores Alfredo to touch Joey's. Her eyes drop to his bandaged wrist.

EVELYN

You tell Norma Jean to stay in Connecticut. Greene rents a suite in the Waldorf Towers, but that City is never safe is it?

## LIVING ROOM

Evelyn settles into the sofa to dump a paper bag on the coffee table. Crayons, glue, scissors, newspaper clippings, photographs and postcards tumble out.

EVELYN

My scrapbook's dedicated to Jimmy Dogherty  
who Norma Jean married some thirteen  
years ago.

Evelyn's eyes shine with pride.

BRIGET

Looks like you've been very busy.

Briget and Mrs. Bailey watch Evelyn lift pinking shears to swatches of cloth.

EVELYN

Norma Jean's parents married in 1924 and  
split up with Gladys, Norma Jean's mother,  
pregnant. So believe it or not, she was  
baptized Norma Jean Baker, the name of  
Gladys's prior husband.

BRIGET

I knew that.

Evelyn turns to confront Briget but then smiles.

EVELYN

Things were done to Norma Jean. Gladys  
was a rotten parent. Grace McKee, her friend  
was appointed Norma Jean's legal Guardian.

BRIGET

That's just terrible.

A tiny silk coat is glued to Gladys's photo. Evelyn looks to the piano and smiles seeing Joey's head turned her way.

EVELYN

Gladys lost her job as a film cutter. She was  
sometimes crazy and went into an institution.  
(MORE)

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Norma Jean spent time with foster parents or orphans until age eleven when she moved in to live with me.

BRIGET

You children couldn't have lived alone, where were --

EVELYN

-- enough, Missy!

Evelyn glares at Briget and picks up a photo from the stack on the coffee table. Increasingly louder piano notes flow from the screened porch to sofa.

BRIGET

What are they up to now?

EVELYN

Grace, Norma Jeane, and I shared movie stars every single day.

Evelyn holds up a photo which shows Grace, Norma Jean and Evelyn standing before a movie marquee.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

(louder)

I saved movie posters and ticket stubs. Jimmy was in New York waiting for his convoy.

Evelyn crafts capes for the three moviegoers.

Then: The women turn as piano notes POUND off walls.

*Rhapsody in Blue* fills the house with another painful Twinkle. Evelyn breaks down into muffled sobs.

SCREENED PORCH

ALFREDO

New York Harbor and I think Statue of Liberty. Now, the whites never play lowly sharp or flat notes. That's reserved that for the blacks.

JOEY

Who knew?

Alfredo moves away with a wounded look.

ALFREDO

A chord is three or more notes played together. Octaves make each chord sound different.

JOEY

Octaves? You lost me, Al.

ALFREDO

Sorry, another lady popped up. My head's still full of em I guess.

JOEY

Who?

ALFREDO

Billie Holiday, Lady Day. We were booked into the same studio gigs.

JOEY

Why'd she get a boy's name?

Alfredo shakes his head with closed eyes.

ALFREDO

Good paying gig until I had to guard her low-priced dumper in the Latin Quarter.

JOEY

Low-priced dumper?

ALFREDO

You're sitting on yours.

INT. BAILEY HOUSEHOLD - LATER

Joey enters the living room wearing boxing gloves.

MRS. BAILEY

How many times have we told you not to wear those things inside this house?

BRIGET

Do you believe what our child and Alfredo did to Evelyn? I bet Alfredo made Tomich do it .

JOEY

Me? Norma Jean's life doesn't grab musicians. So, what did Tomich do?

MRS. BAILEY

He put up shutters .

JOEY

Where?

MRS. BAILEY

At Mrs. Patton's, every window. Honestly, paint and love is all that house has ever needed. And Joey, you watch your language.

JOEY

You should hear how actors say to each other at the Westport Playhouse.

BRIGET

He's a drunk who chases girls inside the Ship's Lantern. He's like Mickey Mouse with white gloves except he's really unhappy.

JOEY

And, plays the organ at Trinity Church in Southport on Sundays .

BRIGET

He rents a cheap room in the basement of the Westport YMCA.

JOEY

He gives free recitals in the Pequot Library.

BRIGET

He's a pervert.

JOEY

Georgie Jessel chases you around the Playhouse and Talula Bankhead slaps you in wardrobe cuz you picked the wrong dress.

BRIGET

Stay away from adults until you somehow manage to become one.

JOEY

I'll help Mrs. Patton even though she had boyfriends in there while Bobby fought at sea.

BRIGET

Who told you that?

JOEY

Sgt. Branigan and he says she'd jump on trains to go into the City.

BRIGET

I don't believe you. Since you saw Marilyn she's come out of her shell but how would Craig know anything about her?

MRS. BAILEY

It's true. Weeks passed, lights came on and she and her suitcases disappeared inside.

JOEY

I say we let her tell us all about Norma Jean.

MRS. BAILEY

We know all about Norma Jean, it's all there in Hollywood fan magazines.

Briget pushes Joey aside.

BRIGET

Norma Jean Mortenson was born on June 6th. in Los Angeles County Hospital. Norma Jeane's mother was Gladys Pearl Baker. A copy of a birth certificate, which Evelyn showed us, listed Norma Jean's father as Martin Edward Mortenson.

JOEY

Yeah, but Evelyn's in trouble and I'll have to help her myself since nobody cares.

Briget's laughter turns pride to humiliation.

BRIGET

You're infatuated with an older woman and it's painful to have to watch it unfold.

Heads turn toward the sound of Alfredo's muffler.

JOEY

Oh boy, I'll say we're busy.

MRS. BAILEY

Let him in. He needs a stern talking to.

Alfredo barges in with balloons that float in the air. Joey does a double take and follows troubling helium with a vacant stare.

ALFREDO

Balloons lift the spirit but one flower means more than a thousand inadequate words.

He swoops low with his off-set neck to produce red roses.

MRS. BAILEY

There are words I must say to you.

ALFREDO

I haven't been kind to Evelyn, but step into my shoes you'd see my side. Now, you have a piano that brings enjoyment, am I right?

Mrs. Bailey hesitates briefly, then nods.

BRIGET

My mother's waited patiently for years for her promised piano.

ALFREDO

Precisely! Plus you'll admit Joey shows progress. He studies hard, practices and catches on to music lessons very fast.

Joey gets up from behind the sofa. His arms open then go onto his hips.

JOEY

Wise beyond tender years, so you'll compromise. Evelyn visits at night, you teach the prized pupil by day.

ALFREDO

Fair enough since I feel as if I've known you all for years. But, none of you knows Evelyn.

MRS. BAILEY

I assure you our compassion overrules any problem Mrs. Patton might create.

BRIGET

It would be nice if she and you would join us at home for our Fourth of July celebration.

ALFREDO

Certainly, it's my birthday. I'll go now.

Briget in a buoyant mood pinches Joey's face. She quickly sniffs her hand.

BRIGET

God, he's drenched in aftershave!

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey turns in bed. Distant voices carry on humid air. He moves to the window.

An unlit police car stands in moonlight. SGT. GREG STANTON, 30's, handcuffs an ELDERLY MAN at the rear of the car.

ELDERLY MAN

Do you know what you're doing?

SGT. STANTON

Yes, what I'm paid to do.

ELDERLY MAN

This doesn't have to happen. Let's take a minute and talk this over?

Sgt. Stanton opens the car's rear door. The man steadies himself with a cane.

SGT STANTON

You've got a date in town.

The man tosses the cane at Sgt. Stanton.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You'll regret this. Your superiors don't wish to unravel a prominent Christian community.

MINUTES LATER

The lighted police car slides out of view past the Bailey house.

EXT. PATTON HOUSE - DAY

Joey is at the back porch. He opens the Crest Dairy milk box and takes out the envelope that bears his name.

Joey removes the five dollar bill. Then, he sees another bearing the name Billy at the bottom. He takes it.

CREST DAIRY MAN

Gimme that!

Joey turns to see the Crest Dairy man.

JOEY

No way, it's my paper money.

He twists Joey's arm to take the money.

CREST DAIRY MAN

Now, gimme my letter.

JOEY

What letter?

CREST DAIRY MAN

Don't lie, I seen ya take it.

He watches Joey turn to quickly walk away.

JOEY (O.S.)

Screw you.

He runs after Joey. A fist sends Joey's sprawling to grass.

CREST DAIRY MAN

You pushed past kid's stuff, so cough up my letter fast or else I'll beat the crap out of you.

EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - LATER

The *Bridgeport Post* truck dumps newspapers on the lawn. He wears loafers, khaki trousers and a dress shirt. Kids in shorts and sneakers depart on bikes.

JOEY

I got no time for you dumb kids.

JIMMY

Who needs you? We got a new pitcher. Go inside for sissy lessons with that WOP.

PERRY

Piss on him, he still dreams of doing it with those big tits he's got right next door.

They raise middle fingers in unison and race past Tomich.

BRIGET

You're older but worse for wear. Who hit you  
Alfredo, Evelyn or the disgusting Communist?

JOEY

Those two have problems. Tomich takes  
orders and I'll learn why.

BRIGET

Don't learn from columnists. *The Daily News*  
says Marilyn's chasing Lee Strasberg and  
Arthur Miller, but a *Herald Tribune* writer  
reports they're simply studio father figures.

JOEY

There's only one thing in a paper that's of  
interest and that's the boat I intent to buy.

Briget walks closer to share gossip.

BRIGET

There's talk at the Playhouse that Eli Wallach  
and Anne Jackson partied with Marilyn who  
seemed very interested in Arthur Miller.

Joey turns his back on her to pick up a newspaper.

JOEY

I got a paper route waiting. Thanks for the  
Playhouse update you said a jerk would never  
ever hear again.

A strong wind stirs cherry trees in the Patton yard. A blown newspaper's pages  
hover in air like Marilyn's images. He's walks toward the Patton front door.

EXT. PATTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JOEY (CONT'D)

(singing)

"Those cool and limpid green eyes. A pool  
wherein my love lies. . ."

BAM! Shutters fly open near the front door. A nail bounces off Joey's leg to fall near his loafer.

Figurines from foreign lands, stand in native costume to survey Joey below Evelyn's raised wooden stool.

Then: Her hand motions him toward the front door.

The open front door reveals Evelyn parting her robe. She turns in a slow, seductive circle but Joey has turned away.

EVELYN

If it was hers, you'd look.

With no response, she slams the door. Joey tosses the folded newspaper at her porch. He digs into his back pants pocket to tear up Evelyn's letter.

EXT. BAILEY FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Joey wearily returns to the classified section. At the first column on the For-Sale page an advertisement tightens fingers.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER AD which reads;

"For Sale Amesbury Dory, oak transom, oars and trim. Salem green interior and white exterior. Evinrude outboard and five gallon fuel tank. Call 222-7645."

INT. BAILEY KITCHEN - DAY

Joey shadow boxes on the telephone. Left and rights explode from a shadow.

EXT. TOWN DOCK - WOODEN PHONE BOOTH - SAME

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

JOEY

Unused, oak oars, trim and transom. And there's a used a seven and a half Evinrude outboard and a five gallon gas tank.

HOWARD

Well and good, what's it cost? Is there a trailer and hitch as part of the deal?

JOEY

I don't know what it costs but I've saved. I'm too old for tossing papers so I'll sell that route.

HOWARD

Ask about a trailer and hitch? If it's in Bristol condition leave a deposit. We'll talk price later.

MINUTES LATER

Joey coils one inch line. Two life preservers lay nearby.

INT. GREENE HOUSEHOLD - DARK ROOM - SAME

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

MILTON GREENE, 30's, with boyish good looks hangs wet prints on a clothes line. He's bathed in eerie red light.

JOEY

Mr. Greene I got questions about that ad. The first one --

MILTON

-- slow it down.

JOEY

How long has she been in the water?

MILTON

Zero hours. Bought it in Cos Cob.

JOEY

The outboard, I want to know --

Milton holds the offending receiver at arm's length.

MILTON

-- slow down and listen to me. It runs like a priceless Swiss watch.

JOEY

When can I see her? She's the dory I've been waiting for. Where is she? I gotta see her.

MILTON

That boat's a good intention that went wrong on a farm in Weston on Phantom Hill Road, you'll see carpenters out front.

JOEY

I have to get a hitch and trailer. That's if we agree on a firm price.

MILTON

Get a hitch, I'll lend you a trailer but you're the tenth caller. Give me a best and final offer.

JOEY

No way, who knows what shape she's in?

MILTON

I've no time to screw around. The boat's new. I'll take \$300 in cash. Show up on the sixth.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

From the air, beaches along the Sound erupt with Roman candles and spinning pinwheels. Crowded blankets hold families with sparklers.

MONTAGE - JOEY AND ALFREDO SET OFF FIREWORKS

-- Rockets bounce off a Beach Club roof.

-- Joey drops cherry bombs in trash cans and runs away.

-- Fire trucks race past the Bailey house toward the beach.

## EXT. BAILEY HOUSEHOLD - SCREENED PORCH - NIGHT

Joey sleeps on the sofa. Mr. Bailey watches Alfredo drain a liquor bottle.

MR. BAILEY

Alfredo you'd better take the coffee I promised.

ALFREDO

Twinkle Toes awaits. The night is yet young  
sai the suitor.

MR. BAILEY

Evelyn's asleep. Why tempt Elizabethan fate?

Alfredo stumbles into shrubbery. Mr. Bailey watches Alfredo battle to navigate a zigzag path into darkness toward Evelyn's house.

ALFREDO (O.S.)

Bliss awaits the capricious heart.

Mr. Bailey holds up a set of car keys.

MR. BAILEY

And keys a clear head.

The screened porch light goes out.

## MINUTES LATER

A flashlight beam targets Joey's face. Hands shield eyes as he stumbles toward the screened porch.

The eyes widen at sheer fabric on a naked form. Evelyn stands at the screen with a flirtacious grin.

EVELYN

I've got some trouble, help me.

Joey leans on the screen. The touch of warm hands on his tug at his heart.

JOEY

It's awful late. Whadja want?

Evelyn puts her head on he screen. Muffled sobs grow.

EVELYN

Desert me and they'll win.

JOEY

I'll call the police.

Footsteps announce Joey's father.

EVELYN

I called them. Come home with me.

MR. BAILEY

What's going on out here?

He sees her nightgown and pushes Joey behind him.

JOEY

An old Cappelli problem.

Boots scrape in the Bailey driveway. Evelyn turns her light on Tomich. A metal choke chain lays across his shoulder.

He drags his lifeless Chihuahua behind him. The face is static, movement sluggish but he manages to raise his fist at the onlookers.

EXT. PATTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alfredo lays on Evelyn's doorstep. Sgt. Branigan faces Evelyn who wears a robe. She takes a key from Alfredo's hand.

EVELYN

If you people stick noses inside, I'll be waiting.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Rest assured nobody here intends to enter this house tonight, Mrs. Patton.

EVELYN

Take the garbage, Flatfoot! Next time get here the first call I call for help.

SGT. BRANIGAN

I'll look into that problem Mrs. Patton.

Tomich hurries past. The metal choke chain bounces on the sidewalk.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Joey flips a switch on the car's dashboard. A whirling blue light sweeps out over the town's empty Post Road.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Knock it off. There's only one reason you're even in this car tonight.

JOEY

What's that?

SGT. BRANIGAN

If we were on our feet I'd flatten someone I used to care about.

JOEY

What'd I do?

SGT. BRANIGAN

Everything a punk dreams up. No, baseball after promises, bad company after good advise and a fire on the Beach Club's roof.

JOEY

I'm sorry.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Worthless words a cop hears in his sleep.

Sgt. Branigan stops the car. He grabs Joey by the shoulders and shakes him. Joey turns away teary eyed. Sgt. Branigan glares at Joey.

JOEY

All right, I get it.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Do you think you could steer this police car  
with your pecker?

Joey smiles briefly before a frown.

JOEY

No.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Yet you let that pecker steer you into some  
avoidable trouble with an older woman.

JOEY

I do what you and the other cops won't do.

SGT. BRANIGAN

And what's that?

JOEY

Help someone I care about. And tell me, if I  
pitched would Greg Stanton still coach?

Sgt. Branigan turns away. Hands grip the steering wheel.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Not likely, he's moved on.

EXT./INT. WESTPORT YMCA - BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alfredo's carried on Sgt. Branigan's shoulder. Joey goes down to open the  
basement apartment door.

LIVING ROOM

They enter a room with a floor lamp, sofa, piano and piano bench. The floor is  
covered in sheet music and girly magazines. Empty liquor bottles are ashtrays.

SGT. BRANIGAN

This place is a rat hole.

Alfredo ratchets up in short bursts to survey his surroundings. He slinks toward a piano bench, kicks it and finally curls up on its top.

ALFREDO

Beat it Flatfoot, it's musicians only here!

SGT. BRANIGAN

Cappelli, on your feet.

ALFREDO

I won't dance. You're not my type. My advise, pick on the kid's sister or saddle a rat and get the hell out of Dodge while you still can.

Joey catches himself in mid-laugh to tilt the bench. Alfredo hits the floor.

JOEY

You set a roof on fire, got tanked in our yard and threatened Evelyn.

Sgt. Branigan glares at Joey and reaches for his handcuffs.

JOEY (CONT'D)

(at Alfredo)

Pay for shingles and I'll help out.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Sounds good but your words don't mean much to me after what you've done.

Joey chews on his lower lip. A stone faced Sgt. Branigan ducks out the door. Seeking a bathroom, Joey stops at the only door.

Thumb-tacked cocktail napkins carry names and phone numbers. Joey holds his nose to enter and turns on the light.

BATH ROOM

The room is kitchen, bar and crapper. Moldy cans of soup and sardines lay near a roll of wax paper and liquor bottles.

A frayed extension cord leads to a one-ring electric burner that supports a stained coffee percolator.

More cans are visible through a grungy shower curtain where a flotilla of gray underwear, gloves and socks reek of bleach.

ALFREDO (O.S.)

Hurry up that leak, there's stuff you gotta see.

## LIVING ROOM

Alfredo opens the piano bench to grab a magazine.

ALFREDO

If you look around you'll find my only resplendent possession.

Joey scans the room in vain.

JOEY

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

ALFREDO

Christ! It's on the piano.

A silver frame shows Evelyn on a massive Wurlitzer organ. Leotards cover legs drawn up to her chin. Golden dancing shoes reflect the photographer's flash.

Alfredo's feet hover over petals branching out under the curved console. A face adorned with sideburns and a goatee, beams above layered keyboards. His head dangles lazily to one side.

JOEY

Looks like you two cared once.

ALFREDO

Radio City's Wurlitzers were the second coming of Christ. Filled a truck that came from Tonawanda to the 50th street entrance.

Joey picks up *Playboy* with Marilyn on its cover. Alfredo sways but steadies himself to catch Joey's reaction.

JOEY

It's really her?

LATER

Joey looks at Marilyn's face on the cover. He turns pages to see the nude photos. His eyes get their fill and drop to the floor.

JOEY

You shouldn't have done it.

Joey buries *Playboy* under sheet music in the piano bench. He rummages through bottle caps and cigarette butts to retrieve a crumpled postcard.

INSERT - POSTCARD, which reads:

"Dear, Alice I'm coming to New York but won't stop by. I can't marry your Bobby. He lost the battle for my heart to Jimmy Doherty. I hope every Jap in America is rounded up and sent home after their sneak attack on Hawaii. Yours, Evelyn"

BACK TO SCENE

Joey flips the postcard over.

INSERT - POSTCARD, which shows Point Ferment Park in San Pedro. A whitewashed building displays "CAFE" in black letters. The tranquil Pacific lies beyond a wooden fence.

BACK TO SCENE

Joey reaches into the bench to remove another photo.

INSERT - PHOTO, which shows a young Marilyn in a tight sweater and overalls in front of a factory. Letters on the brick spell out "Radio Plane Munitions".

BACK TO SCENE

ALFREDO (O.S.)

Nice job. Check out my piano's guts since you pry into everything.

Joey lifts the piano's lid. Cigarette butts lay near gum wrappers. Some are thin and hand-rolled. He sniffs unknown marijuana.

JOEY

You roll your own?

ALFREDO

Mitts off the reefers! Twinkle Toes likes brown sugar, puffs never rang her bell very loud.

EXT./INT. PLYMOUTH SAVOY - DAY

The Plymouth Savoy waits outside the YMCA. Joey cautiously slips into the front passenger door. Alfredo hops in back and leans forward.

MR. BAILEY

Joey, your late night activities and any dealings with Mrs. Patton are over. Your mother --

ALFREDO

-- she's a piece of work. Twinkle Toes began screwed up and --

MR. BAILEY

-- Alfredo, do us a favor pipe down.

(at Joey)

And, cross Sgt. Branigan off your list, I spoke with his boss before I left this morning.

ALFREDO

Precisely, that's why a further clarification is due people I think of as part of my own family.

Alfredo slaps his palms on the back of the front seat.

MR. BAILEY

Not another word, Cappelli.

Alfredo slumps against the backseat and hangs his head.

JOEY (O.S.)

He doesn't want to hear it, so tell us why Tomich put up those shutters instead?

ALFREDO

Because he's a Dummkopf, an East German blockhead who hops concrete walls to land on his head. I don't want Evelyn falling out windows. I said shut not shutter!

JOEY

How's she gonna look outside?

ALFREDO

I chased a dying vaudeville during the war at the very time Evelyn arrived with California demons. A hooper designed for a strip joint.

MR. BAILEY

You'll walk back to that Hillman.

ALFREDO

There we were before her days at the Latin Quarter, me a struggling musician doing it with a dumb as rocks good looking without a clue. And, she's begging me to let her dye that brown hair red. Try and figure that one out.

JOEY

Bobby was at sea, am I right?

ALFREDO

Bobby's at sea married to a dumper that takes in paying guests uptown. A whore in Harlem, simple as that.

Car brakes thrust Alfredo forward and then back.

MR. BAILEY

That does it, get out!

JOEY

Dad, can't he get another chance?

MR. BAILEY

I noticed you'll spend as little time as possible with me until you want something. So, trapped in a car at the moment suddenly I'm Dad.

The car slowly enters the highway.

ALFREDO

I trolled for piano gigs in the village near Bleeker. We hit a rough spot so she danced on stage in a G-string and pasties. The joint crawled with blacks and fruits, but we hung in.

Joey squirms in his seat as Mr. Bailey seethes.

JOEY

What made you two enemies?

Alfredo smothers sniffles.

ALFREDO

Carried off by a stage-door Johnny. Worst of that breed, a colored mechanic.

Joey turns to his father who exhibits tighter jaws.

JOEY (O.S.)

Yeah, but what happened?

ALFREDO

The woman spent days downtown. At night she'd take the "A" Train uptown to do all sorts of nasty --

MR. BAILEY

-- Alfredo, that's it.

ALFREDO

I caught his slug in my shoulder and nobody cares. Let me out!

ENT. GREENE FARM - DAY

A blue sky frames clouds above a narrow road that weaves through the green stone-walled Connecticut countryside.

From ground level, the Bailey's Plymouth halts before an expansive farm under going remodelling.

A converted barn grows into a two-story house. Birdseed lies on planks on a porch under a sign that reads "The Greenes".

PLYMOUTH SAVOY

MR. BAILEY

I mean it. One hint of any contact with either of those people and I'll put this boat in dry dock.

JOEY

I promise I'll have nothing to do with them. I'll be real busy with the dory and summer jobs.

Mr. Bailey puts a tentative hand on Joey's shoulder.

MR. BAILEY

You've missed out on something to help you get to the next stage in life, an understanding parent.

JOEY

We're doing really great. And, you got Bridget on your side so --

MR. BAILEY

-- there are no sides, no arguments that make sense. I've been in your loafers and before that a few primitive sneakers.

(MORE)

MR. BAILEY (CONT'D)

And, just like you my emotions ran hot and heavy for a few years at your age.

JOEY

Hormones not emotions, ask Bridget.

MR. BAILEY

Well mine have dried up but I'm struggling again. You're further away in every sense. The boy who begged to tag along found more likable people. He doesn't want to be seen with me in public and hate it.

Joey turns away unable to connect.

JOEY

Yeah, we skip important stuff but I'm having the best summer ever.

MR. BAILEY

Like everyone else you and I will have travelled to adult status at different speeds.

Joey's loafers tap the windshield.

JOEY

Am I the Express or the Local?

MR. BAILEY

It's the destination that matters not the speed. I wasn't as gifted physically at your age and behind you on life's learning curve.

Joey juggles his loafers with his back turned.

JOEY

Dad, I get it. I promise I'll hang around you and Mom more and --

MR. BAILEY

-- you'll succeed with your own determination and the education I'll make possible.

JOEY

I'm starting high school, aren't I?

Mr. Bailey confronted by honestly relaxes.

MR. BAILEY

Right, at any rate I left a shovel outside the garage door. There some tar paper with Tomich's Colossus curled up inside.

JOEY

I know a good spot for it.

MR. BAILEY

So did he. I found it under your window.

FRONT PORCH

Red-winged blackbirds flash shimmering feathers to swarm chickens as the Baileys approach a newly constructed porch.

Joey knocks on the front door. A Dalmatian puppy darts out to run between his legs into Mr. Bailey's arms.

MARILYN (O.S.)

Hello, Captain!

JOEY

What are you doing here?

Mr. Bradley gawks at the movie star smiling at Joey.

MARILYN

Is that any way to greet a friend? Go on, it's all ready inside the new barn.

They watch Joey runs off toward the barn.

JOEY (O.S.)

I'm Joey, he's my father.

Marilyn steps outside barefooted in a white terry cloth robe. Plastic curlers coil blonde hair above a radiant smile.

BARN

Every inch of the dory feels Joey's hands. He lifts the floorboards to sniff and touch flawless paint. Marilyn enters to sit in the Dory. She rows thin air to navigate her imagined high seas.

MARILYN

Between photo shoots, acting lessons and  
Monroe Productions there wasn't time.

She straightens up to shift the oars. Sad eyes survey the dory for the last time.

JOEY

I'll make time because my last summer  
keeps rushing on by.

A look of sheer delight brightens Marilyn's face.

MARILYN

Last summer, how silly.

JOEY

No, I begin high school soon in like weeks.

She looks at him candidly. Inescapable fondness forces Joey to turn away.

MARILYN

But you're so young. They'll be lot's of  
summers. Weeks and weeks, an eternity of  
days to just do nothing at all but just have fun.

JOEY

That's what I thought but only kids get to do  
things like that.

Marilyn face beams. Her index finger goes to her lips.

MARILYN

Shush, don't tell anyone else.

## 45. EXT. GREENE HOUSE - LATER

Marilyn exits the house tying blue shirt tails before a tanned stomach. She stuffs curlers into dungarees pockets approaching the Baileys.

MARILYN

Can I have a ride when you're on the water?

JOEY

Sure, I'll call you. I have Mr. Greene's phone number back at home.

MARILYN

On second thought, Milton and the family left for Italy, so I'll be staying in New York I guess.

JOEY

Makes sense, you can't beat the Waldorf Towers in the City.

Marilyn walks toward Joey with a puzzled look.

MARILYN

Waldorf Towers?

Then, she holds out her hand for them to admire an engagement ring.

JOEY

Nifty. I'm waiting for Evelyn to fill me in on your latest marriage stuff.

Her joy dissolves into dark shadows around the eyes.

MR. BAILEY

I'm not so sure Miss Monroe wants to --

MARILYN

-- you talk to Evelyn?

Marilyn is silent. Although the sun shines she shakes as if suddenly cold.

JOEY

Yeah, she's next door. I guess we all feel kinda sorry for her lately.

MARILYN

I lost Evelyn years ago.

JOEY

Not Evelyn, she keeps tabs on you.

Mr. Bailey forces a smile but his face grows pensive.

MARILYN

You don't know how sad that is.

QUICK FLASHES - POINT FERMIN PARK VISION

- Joey sees the photo of Marilyn in front of a factory.
- Jimmy walks with Marilyn in Point Fermin Park by the sea.
- A torpedo hits a merchant ship far out at sea.
- The ship breaks apart amid EXPLOSIONS and flames.
- Bobby Patton sinks past oil to a watery grave.

BACK TO SCENE

JOEY

Did Jimmy love Evelyn?

Marilyn doesn't answer. Her eyes search Joey's.

MARILYN

What has that woman told you?

Lot's of stuff. She brings over your photos, movie posters and things she saved up from when you guys were kids.

Marilyn licks dry lips. Tight fists set nails into her palms.

JOEY

Well, you asked me.

MARILYN

Evelyn loved Jimmy but it happened that he loved me more. And so I helped her to think.

JOEY

Did she ever love Bobby?

Mr. Bailey eyes widen incredulously.

MR. BAILEY

Joey, I think it's time we --

MARILYN

-- Evelyn was a terrific dancer and a singer but she couldn't stop doing something. Jimmy and I tried to help and so she turned on us.

JOEY

Yeah, I know about that problem.

MARILYN

She needs to believe Bobby loved her. Let her keep that one thing from way back then.

EXT. TOWN DOCK - DAY

Howard watches Joey secure his dory at the town dock. Lettering spells out *The Buxom Lass* in the afternoon's fading light.

The noisy Hillman arrives with Evelyn asleep in the front. Alfredo parks in the far corner of the parking lot. He sees Howard and stays close to his Hillman.

ALFREDO

(at Joey)

Come on over for a few words.

HOWARD

I thought you two were through.

JOEY

We are. I'll see what he wants.

Joey approaches Alfredo. Each step is deliberate.

ALFREDO

I need two bucks for the gas I wasted heading on over here to talk with you.

Joey digs into his pocket to hand Alfredo four dollars. Muscles twitch with contempt on Alfredo's jaw.

JOEY

I decided I'd spend my last summer out on the Sound that's all.

ALFREDO

It's your old man. You think I bum gas money from anyone? I figure you Baileys owe me.

JOEY

Come on, we don't like what you've done to Mrs. Patton or Tomich.

ALFREDO

Me? Christ, you get love letters from that nut and see things Freddy hasn't seen in years.

Joey turns to walk away.

JOEY

Tomich sure keeps you posted.

ALFREDO

You'll be sorry you screwed me and that's a promise. Nobody get away with that, ever!

Alfredo pushes Joey who spins around to land a left jab that splits Alfredo's lip.

JOEY

Stay away from me. I mean it.

Howard begins a determined march toward Alfredo.

HOWARD  
Cappelli, get in your car.

MOMENTS LATER

Alfredo turns the Hillman around. He makes a beeline for Joey's bike. The bike crumples beneath it. Joey watches the Hillman scatter seagulls.

He runs to lift an injured bird that thrashes in its death throes. The Hillman narrowly misses a head on collision with Melton's Rolls Royce Silver Wraith.

JOEY  
It's just a wheel. No big deal.

HOWARD  
Get the police on the horn. He's dangerous  
when he's had a few too many.

JOEY  
It's not a good idea right now.

Howard empties his pipe in disgust.

HOWARD  
So, you're still on the outs with Sgt. Branigan.  
Go! Get on home.

Joey's face is ashen. His foot stomps spooks inside a bent wheel. He watches Howard enter the tool shed. When the door slams, Joey sits on gravel.

EXT. BAILEY HOUSEHOLD - LATER

Joey stands at curbside outside the Rolls.

MELTON CHAUFFER  
No bother, car's got to head out to Bridgeport  
for shippin'. He pays plenty to keep low miles.

## SERIES OF SHOTS - POLICE INVADE NEIGHBORHOOD

- A) SIRENS wail.
- B) Police cars weave past kids on bikes and stopped cars.
- C) The chauffeur's eyes widen in the rearview mirror.
- D) He grips the steering wheel tightly.
- E) A police car narrowly misses the back of the Rolls.
- F) It screeches to a stop in front of the Patton house.

## BACK TO SCENE

Joey watches a colored man in his forties (who we will know as CLYDE HAWKINS) shields his eyes from a police spotlight.

He wears a red fedora hat with a hat band and matching bow. A red sharkskin suit scintillates over red suede shoes.

The man seems to be on familiar yet foreign ground. A cop opens the rear door of a police car.

Then: The man lifts his gold-rimmed sunglasses.

Eyes cast daggers at Joey before he steps inside the police car.

JOEY

Some neighborhood.

MELTON CHAUFFER

I'm sweatin' like a whore in church cuz your  
poleez don't seem to see a priceless classic.

Joey watches the Rolls speed past curious neighbors.

## EXT. PATTON HOUSE - DAY

The Patton house stands in midday heat with every window on both floors of the house behind a closed shutter.

## CELLAR DOOR

A thick padlock keeps a short chain joined to door handles.

JOEY

Come on, you guys chicken or what?

Joey reaches in his back pocket for a screwdriver.

PERRY

I don't like it. The Commie's like a sentry. He'll show up and --

JOEY

-- cops check this house plenty.

JIMMY

(laughs)

Sure, that's why our folks are mad, too many blue uniforms watching out for families.

Perry inspects the side of the house.

PERRY

Guys, my dad was right. He seen the Commie cut her lawn and --

JOEY

-- who doesn't, he cuts it to the nubs every week like it's his own hair.

PERRY

The Commie had pliers and when he saw my dad he ducked in the cellar.

Perry points to a telephone line. It runs down the side of the house intact except for a half inch gap.

JIMMY

What an asshole! He steals the wire he cut  
like nobody's gonna notice?

Joey works a screwdriver blade under the head of a screw holding a door handle. He leaves it hanging.

Perry puts the padlock and chain on a door. Jimmy lifts the other door slowly and looks around nervously.

PERRY

Why'd the Commie kill her phone?

JIMMY

I'm thinking so he and Joey's four-eyed  
Maestro can do it with her undisturbed?

CELLAR

Joey descends to cool gloom. A flashlight leans on the top step. He takes and turns back to be reassured by companions silhouetted at the entrance.

JOEY (O.S.)

Scared you'll wet your pants?

Then: A hulking shadow blots out daylight.

Joey races down into blackness. He stumbles and the flashlight rolls away. He heads for the end of a dark plywood lined corridor. A door opens on light seeping through holes in plywood.

SERIES OF SHOTS - A TASTE OF TERROR

- A) Joey runs into a spider's web that smothers his face.
- B) Joey's mouth detects a soft sticky ball.
- C) He reaches overhead to pull a bead chain and spit.
- D) Light reveals baby spiders emerging from a silky sac.

## BACK TO SCENE

Like Gulliver in Lilliput, Joey stands on the surface of a blue lake painted on concrete. Boats line its shores.

An entire village rimmed by train tracks fills the area encased within plywood walls covered in snowy mountains peaks.

Crude wooden blocks are painted cars, trucks and buildings. Above, an azure sky holds paper mache clouds.

Joey hears the sound of approaching boots outside. He grasps the door knob tightly preparing for the worst.

Then: Footsteps fade away.

## DARKNESS

TOMICH

Hides to seek?

Joey crushes paper trees to open another door. He stumbles over a metal object and lands hard on his stomach.

Darkness before him holds a pinpoint of light. It grows ever larger before Joey's startled eyes.

## QUICK FLASHES - JOEY'S SUBWAY MEMORY

-- A distant light shins on tiny rails.

-- The arriving toy locomotive casts its blinding light.

-- It circles the village to disappear into the wall.

## BACK TO CELLAR

Joey rises quickly. He props the chair under the door knob. Hands grope a metal shelf. Tin cans CLATTER to concrete.

Behind, a moving light follows the sound of a closed door. Joey's hand finds a candle. It rolls to drop with a hollow THUMP. Fingers grope the metal surface.

JOEY  
(whispering)  
Find em, they're here.

Joey steps forward. His face hits a rope. He regains balance with a hand thrust to the side touching metal. It shifts objects on a shelf. Joey lifts the matchbox.

TOMICH  
Ready for not, I go.

The first match breaks -- AND the second -- AND the third. The next one bursts to life but dies. It reveals only two matches in the bottom of the match box.

Then: A hopeful glow becomes a fragile flame.

Joey jumps backwards at the sight of the woman at his feet. The match bounces off her face -- she's only a mannikin.

The last match glows. He searches for the fallen candle but fingers find small supple limbs -- they're only rubber dolls.

The flame meets a candle's wick. Tomich's struggles with the blocked door causing the thin walls to shake savagely.

SILENCE

Then: WHACK metal splinters plywood.

The padlock swings past Joey's chin. A protruding tattooed arm yanks the chain back through plywood. Joey wedges the metal shelf up against the door.

EVELYN  
Stop that!

Her hollow voice comes from a furnace in the corner. The candle reveals a large canvas flap beside the furnace.

Behind the canvas coal lays at the foot of a wooden coal chute. A loud BOOM sends Tomich's torso through plywood.

Joey lays on his back as Tomich whirls the padlock and chain ever closer. Joey inches up the chute on his back.

The padlock cracks wood inches from his spread legs. Joey reaches to pull the small door open.

Tomich lunges forward but his chin strikes the chute hard. Dazed, he slides back to the concrete floor in a heap.

JOEY

pokes his head into welcomed sunlight.

HANDS

haul him out and up to his feet.

SGT. BRANIGAN

I tell ya we've had it!

JOEY

He tried to kill me.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Sure, it took you one month to put town selectmen and headquarters on my back. I hope you're happy?

EXT. PATTON HOUSE - LATER

A Good Humor Truck leaves the Hillman the center of attention for neighborhood kids. Toasted Almond Bars drip onto handlebars.

JIMMY

Broke in, slugged the Commie, lied about it.

Other kids close in with rap attention.

PERRY

Yeah, he says I was there. Joey hates the Commie. He's ugly, but he's a Teddy Bear.

INSIDE HILLMAN

Alfredo dabs blood on Tomich's chin with a paper napkin.

ALFREDO

You say nothing, understand?.

TOMICH

She mad.

ALFREDO

Christ, who gives a shit what she is? You like playing there, right?

Tomich nods.

TOMICH

Color for Yuri.

ALFREDO

You like your job?

TOMICH

I watch.

Alfredo picks up the last ice cream bar. He waves it teasingly before Tomich. His other hand slaps Tomich's face.

ALFREDO

No ice cream for you. You let him get inside.

Alfredo tosses the ice cream bar on the hot curb.

TOMICH

No like little maker of shit.

ALFREDO

Who does?

Sgt. Branigan slows the police car to draw alongside. Bike riders wave goodbye. Tomich waves back at them.

SGT. BRANIGAN

We gave the kid the third degree. He'll stay clear of her place.

TOMICH

Little maker of --

ALFREDO

-- a little dog can still piss on a big wheel but Tomich chooses to let it scamper off.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Big wheel?

Alfredo sits up higher.

ALFREDO

His tenant's got no problem with her rambunctious neighbor, the owner agrees. Kids mess up on occasion, right?

Tomich nods his head in agreement. Below the window the tightening chain turns Tomich's dirty fists white at the knuckles.

SGT. BRANIGAN

You say the owner of the house is Tomich?

Alfredo holds out a manila folder.

ALFREDO

Signed, sealed and delivered years ago. Tomich sweats the details. You won't find a more attentive property owner on this street.

SGT. BRANIGAN

From the look of that outside I'd --

ALFREDO

-- because I've been helping with the inside bottom to top. Cellar took time but exterior work starts the first of next month.

SGT. BRANIGAN

So, tales of manikins, dolls, wigs, and a wooden village by a railway are just that?

ALFREDO

Afraid so. And, I'd encourage you to check the Town Hall for their copy of Tomich's deed since I detect a strong whiff of disbelief.

Sgt. Branigan moves the police car closer and stops.

SGT. BRANIGAN

No complaint, so no check needed.

Sgt. Branigan drives off.

TOMICH

Police no come?

Alfredo opens the passenger door. He pushes Tomich out.

ALFREDO

Get down to that cellar.

Tomich lingers outside. His facial muscles twitch with worry.

TOMICH

I get now?

ALFREDO

When you clean out the underground toy box.

TOMICH

No Choo-Choo?

Alfredo reaches in the back to produce the model train's locomotive. It dangles perilously out the driver side window.

ALFREDO

Clean up each block of fucked up wood. And,  
if I see you cut the grass again I'll tell Evelyn  
what you did down there.

INT. BAILEY HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Every room is dark except for the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Joey holds the phone's receiver.

JOEY

Yeah, I'm sure.  
(shaking his head)  
Great, permanently then.  
(closes his eyes)  
How much?  
(listens)  
I'll move her, bill me.  
(slaps wall)  
Thanks for nothing.

Joey looks at the Baileys and slams the receiver down.

MR. BAILEY

Put it on sawhorses under a tarp near the  
garage. Outboard and tank better go inside.

BRIGET

That's a first, Joey paying for a mistake? He'll  
be broke in no time at all.

Mrs. Bailey offers Joey a dinner plate. He turns away.

MR. BAILEY

I've spent the day apologizing to our  
neighbors now its Howard's turn.

BRIGET

How do I face my friends?

Joey leans on the kitchen counter, head in hands. Then he turns with a determined look on a furious face.

JOEY

I told the police the damn truth.

A knock on the screen door sends them into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

BRIDGET

Come on in Craig.

Sgt. Branigan enters with clipboard and pen. Bridget gets a frosty look from Joey who moves away toward the sofa.

SGT. BRANIGAN

First off, you handled things well in the station.

JOEY

I don't forget a fat face with a cigar. That cop's a real . . .

SGT. BRANIGAN

Did you ever enter the Patton house prior to yesterday?

JOEY

No and nobody will believe me.

MR. BAILEY

At no time?

JOEY

Never. Not once.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Phone calls to that house?

JOEY

Not one, even when her paper money didn't show up like it should have.

Joey presses into the back of the sofa with his knees.

MR. BAILEY

Didn't show up?

BRIGET

Her Crest milk box in the back.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Girls you'll excuse us for awhile.

Mr. Bailey takes Briget and Mrs. Bailey into the kitchen.

JOEY

Come on, I got nothing to hide.

SGT. BRANIGAN

You met her on a train going to the City?

JOEY

No. She listened in on our conversation. If you remember I told you I planned to head --

SGT. BAILEY

-- she surprised you then?

JOEY

Yeah. Got personal and caused some real trouble for me in that car.

SGT. BRANIGAN

The conductor recognized your photo. He says she discouraged your sexual advances on that particular occasion.

JOEY

He's a liar.

MR. BAILEY

Have we moved beyond that cellar?

Joey face pales. His hands tighten, tension tinges his voice.

JOEY

I avoided that woman every way I could and still she came on to me.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Alfredo tells another story. It seems you two exchanged love letters.

JOEY

You talked to that liar and not me?

SGT. BRANIGAN

So, no letters were exchanged?

JOEY

I got but never gave. They went from hinting at things to words that spelled out what to do. I tosses them all in the garbage.

MR. BAILEY

You're sure about that?

JOEY

Great, put me on trial.

MR. BAILEY

They will if you forced yourself on a woman with serious mental problems.

SGT. BRANIGAN

At the moment, Mrs. Patton refuses to provide any information to our detective.

Sgt. Branigan consults his clipboard.

JOEY

Great, she won't answer the door. She never dialed out, never took a call from us just ease dropped. Since the Commie cut her line --

SGT. BRANIGAN

-- a Mr. Yuri Tomich --

JOEY

-- yeah, the big man who let's the two year old inside do all his talking for him.

SGT. BRANIGAN

No, the homeowner who rents to a Mrs. Patton his legal tenant and who by the way has yet to sign a formal complaint but he will.

JOEY

Come on, trespass and destruction of worthless stuff in a cellar?

Mr. Bailey passes Joey to close the kitchen door.

MR. BAILEY (O.S.)

You're about to arrest my son?

SGT. BRANIGAN

Not at the moment. I tell ya I don't run the department. This job can get unpleasant.

JOEY

Are more people riding your back?

SGT. BRANIGAN

Don't leave Dodge any time soon.

Bridget walks Sgt. Branigan to the door.

BRIDGET

No pay, so what are the perks?

SGT. BRANIGAN

You get my undivided attention.

MR. BAILEY (O.S.)

You didn't mention any shenanigans in that station. What happened?

JOEY (O.S.)

Ask Greg Stanton he doesn't lie.

EXT. TOMICH HOUSE - NIGHT

An unlit red and white Ford convertible passes the Bailey household to slowly enter Tomich's driveway.

A rusted pickup moves before the hedge. The ragtop slides into a gap in the hedge to disappear from view. Tomich pushes the pickup back into place.

EXT./INT. PATTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tomich turns a key and the back door opens. A lit match exposes the flabby face of Detective Thomas Link.

He bites a cigar to fan a wad of bills. He pulls one from the top. Tomich shines a flashlight on a fifty dollar bill.

TOMICH

One Cuckoo.

The detective glazes upward and rubs his hands.

DETECTIVE LINK

Up to the very last tick-tock.

Another fifty joins its predecessor.

TOMICH

Two Cuckoos.

HALLWAY

They stop at a locked door. Tomich turns the key. A ripple of large colorful spots races down the wall to cross their feet.

The detective eagerly moves toward a dimly lit stairway. Soft music drifts down from somewhere far above.

Tomich directs a flashlight beam at an ornate wooden Cuckoo clock. Leafs circle a bird in flight above a round clock. Roman numerals at the tip of the clock's hands show 2:05.

LATER

Tomich lays on his belly amid canyons. His head rests in the flashlight's beam before an opened *Superman* coloring book.

EVELYN

Get him!

Tomich jumps to his feet. Evelyn's face is swollen, dried blood disfigures her mouth above a tightly wrapped bed sheet.

The flashlight beam moves over a bed sheet sprinkled with dark spots. Evelyn's hands hold her battered head.

Tomich's rough hands reach out. Fingers lift the sheet to expose circular burns on Evelyn's neck and shoulder.

DETECTIVE LINK (O.S.)

Where'd you go?

A faint hunched over shadow grows on the wall. It moves slowly. Arms fully extended feel for the doorway.

TOMICH

waits patiently by the doorway.

HANDS

reach to grasp an approaching neck.

HEAD

held in place is pummeled by a hammer blow of the flashlight.

Then: Three CUCKOOS echo in the darkened house.

EXT. PATTON HOUSE - DAY

Fragmented plywood rises from the bed of the rusted pickup. Alfredo drops paper machete clouds onto the pile.

Tomich places rubber dolls on top. Eyes are filled to the brim, an index finger wipes a drippy nose. Alfredo hurls a candle at Tomich. It bounces to tall grass.

ALFREDO

What do you think this is a munchkin funeral?

Alfredo heaves the mannikin. It twists eerily and rolls over to lay face up at the end of the truck bed. A tarp drops in place to conceal the truck bed's contents.

TOMICH

Police come?

ALFREDO

Christ, can't you listen? They won't screw with her house period!

INT. BAILEY HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

The darkened house is surrounded by the chirps of birds and the intense sounds of amorous insects bathed in moonlight.

JOEY'S BEDROOM

Joey walks toward the opened bedroom door. The faint sounds of a creaking wooden floor outside draw his attention.

## HALLWAY

Joey takes a few steps down the hallway. He stands motionless with heightened senses for several seconds and then returns.

## BATHROOM

Joey leans his head on the wall above the toilet. A welcomed stream brings relief near the curtained bathtub.

EVELYN

Remember to wash your hands.

Joey's arm gives way. He crashes into the mirror that held Evelyn's image. He turns to see another sheer nightgown.

Her face although heavily powdered reveals injuries. A circular burn on her shoulder draws his eyes.

JOEY

(whispers)

Get outta here!

EVELYN

Oh! You're hurt.

She reaches for toilet paper to wipe his bleeding chin. They struggle in tight quarters as she tries to mop up blood.

JOEY

(whispers)

Leave me alone.

Evelyn looks searchingly at her bloody hand.

EVELYN (O.S.)

I'm here like I said. You got my letter.

JOEY

Yeah, weeks ago. I'm in trouble. I need this?  
And, who put those burns on you, Alfredo?

Evelyn sinks to her knees by the toilet. Other burns show on her back.

EVELYN

stares at rounded ball of bloody tissue paper in red water.

HANDS

grip the toilet bowl.

FLASHBACK - MISCARRIAGE

Alfredo carries Evelyn through a small apartment. He looks outside an open window as a subway train ROARS past.

He laughs: He ducks outside to toss a glass at fading red lights on the last car. Evelyn falls to the floor.

EVELYN

Freddy, it hurts . . . I'm bleeding.

ALFREDOO

Nice work, you wouldn't listen.

EVELYN

But I wanted to, I tried for you.

Alfredo reaches down to tap piano fingers on her skull.

ALFREDOO

(signing)

"Way down upon the Swanee River/  
Far, far away/ That's where my heart is  
yearning ever/ Home where the unborn stay."

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Joey lifts Evelyn to her feet. He sees small burn marks.

JOEY

You need help, believe me.

EVELYN

Call Norma Jean.

JOEY

Forget Norma Jean, she doesn't matter anymore. You never listened to her anyway.

EVELYN

But Norma Jean would help me think.

JOEY

Come on, that never worked. She's gone for good and you know it.

Evelyn sticks out her chin defiantly but Joey sees only needle tracks on her arms and ankles.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Listen you, don't say that.

Evelyn moves closer forcing Joey up against the closed door. Joey watches with heightened anxiety as the nightgown falls to reveal other burns.

JOEY

Put that back on. He cups her mouth with his hand and they struggle.

He pins her against the door and turns the light off.

Then: The sounds of a distant feet close in.

HALLWAY

The hall light goes on. Mr. Bailey proceeds down the hallway.

BATHROOM

A sliver of dull light frames the edges of the bathroom door.

JOEY

How'd you get in?

She moves slowly from the door toward the opened window. She opens her hand. Moonlight reveals the Bailey's house key.

EVELYN

Please, be nice to me.

HALLWAY

Mr. Bailey opens the darkened bathroom. He turns the light on. His head scans the empty bathroom. The light goes out.

He walks to Joey's bedroom. Its open door reveals an empty bed. He moves toward the open bedroom window.

BATHROOM

Joey lifts himself off of Evelyn. The sustained intimacy and scent of a warm Evelyn has left him dazed.

JOEY

You leave quietly, understand?

Evelyn wipes tears. She nods her head slowly. Footsteps pass outside the bathroom to fade down the long hallway. Joey takes her hand to lead her back to his bedroom.

BEDROOM

He looks out the window at the ground below. The sunporch light projects a cross-hatched pattern on wet, moonlit grass.

EVELYN

Why do you hate me?

She slips off her nightgown to slide under the bed sheet.

JOEY

Great, you're trapped in my bed if he comes back in here and he will.

Evelyn settles back on the bed with a cheerful expression.

EVELYN

Do you know how wonderful I feel? Finally safe, secure, protected.

Giddy with joy, she reaches out to him. Joey tosses his white cotton robe at her. Evelyn stares at her arms then her ankles. She quickly dons the robe.

HALLWAY

They stand still to hear any sound. Joey leads her pass the bathroom toward the staircase.

JOEY

Stay back, I'll check things out.

They stand at the head of the stairs. Below a darkened house awaits. Joey navigates the stairs slowly.

MR. BAILEY (O.S.)

I don't want any misunderstandings, it's precautionary that's all.

JOEY

Geez, he's called the cops.

Joey looks but Evelyn is nowhere to be seen.

MR. BAILEY (O.S.)

No, a hunch. If he's there I'd be very surprised.

INT. BAILEY SCREENED PORCH - LATER

SGT. BRANIGAN

No answer over there. Looks like Fort Knox, another dead bolt's been tacked on.

Mr. Bailey enters holding Evelyn's nightgown.

MRS. BAILEY

Where?

MR. BAILEY

His bed.

MRS. BAILEY

Joey, how could you?

BRIGET

God, they did it here?

EXT. PATTON HOUSE - DAY

SIRENS wail. Police and an ambulance race to a stop before the Patton house.

MOMENTS LATER

Police take the colored man Joey saw earlier into the house. Alfredo sits on the steps with his head buried in his hands.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Cappelli, toss me a cigarette.

Alfredo stands up on shaky legs. Men in white uniforms wheel a body outside on a sheet-covered gurney.

Joey peeks around Sgt. Branigan. The pretty face is gone. The head is a ghoulish green and blue. The stench forces Joey to seek cigarette smoke.

JOEY

It's worse than I thought.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Get the hell on home.

Joey peers around him again to see sunken eyes. Brown fluid oozes from lumps that should be a delicate nose and mouth.

JOEY

Yeah but that colored guy may want another victim and it's likely to be me.

Tomich grabs Joey's arm. Joey is inches from a bulbous nose laced with blue veins and blackheads.

YURI

Little maker of shit.

ALFREDO

Nice work, you bratty bastard.

Alfredo pushes Joey onto Evelyn's corpse. Inches from black lips, Joey's stomach flutters and then he vomits.

Suddenly: Joey's face is frozen in new horror.

SHEET

shows movement by the corpse.

ARM

slowly emerges from under the sheet to fall off the gurney.

HAND

is covered by a blood stained white glove.

EXT. PATTON HOUSE - DAY

Two colored men heave trash, rugs, and cardboard boxes into the back of a pickup with New York licence plates.

Joey approaches the back of a man who directs sweaty workers with a flick of his brown wrist and Bailey driveway pebbles.

A cop observes Joey and starts to intercept but the man waves the cop back to the front door. Joey slowly walks closer.

Suddenly, the man turns around. Honey-red hair is combed into a pompadour. Gold-rimmed sunglasses are slowly lifted.

CLYDE

Show's at three, you'll go in now.

JOEY

You knew her?

CLYDE

Hell no, I married her.

Clyde tosses pebbles at curious workers and pushes Joey.

JOEY

Hey don't do that.

Joey's eyes widen at the sight of an opened switchblade. Clyde cleans his nails diligently as they walk toward the front door.

CLYDE

I seen you on the train mess with my lady to make her cry.

JOEY

Not me, no sir. I tried to help her.

Joey walks side by side with a forced smile. The cop stands at the door to accept Clyde's twenty dollar bill.

INT. PATTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens on an entryway leading to darkness.

LIVING ROOM

Not a piece of furniture or a figurine remains. Each window has closed Venetian Blinds.

A red velvet curtain hangs at the far end. Clyde turns toward a doorway.

#### KITCHEN

Joey sniffs a faint familiar aroma before the counter. Fingertips leaves a line on the flour-coated countertop marked by red stains.

#### HALL CLOSET

Clyde walks toward a locked door. He opens it with a key. A wooden coat rack inside holds Evelyn's cloths.

Sweaters rest above on a wooden shelf. A pair of golden dancing shoes stand apart in the far corner.

#### STAIRWAY

They move up stairs with eyes glued to a wall that holds Marilyn's movie posters. Each is defaced by crayon or cloth.

CYLDE

Messed up, big time.

At the top of the stairs Clyde takes a deep breath. He looks around and steps toward an unknown menace.

The hazardous closed door is pink. Clyde opens the door. He quickly steps back. Joey inches forward to be pushed inside.

#### BEDROOM

CLYDE

Pitiful what she done in here.

Twin pink cribs stand inside cellophane wrapping. Pink sheets and baby blankets are folded against each headboard.

Two similarly wrapped pink bassinets hold identical stuffed animals. A closet revealed pink baby dresses and sunbonnets.

JOEY

I never knew she had --

CLYDE

-- you take them pink itty-bitty things.

Joey holds his breath before halting speech.

JOEY

Oh no . . . I couldn't.

Clyde closes in. He pins Joey against the wall.

CLYDE

She wanted your babies! I'll burn every one of dem tainted things, you hear me!

JOEY

My babies? She never --

CLYDE

-- don't lie, I found letters.

HALLWAY

Joey's pushed forward. They move slowly both seemingly in dread of what the next closed door might reveal.

Then: Clyde's fist PUNCHES a hole in a hollow-core door.

BEDROOM

The fetid odor of decayed flesh hits Joey like a brick wall, but Clyde retains an angry composure.

Disgust seethes on the surface as Clyde walks to a raised circular pedestal. The bedroom walls are dark spaces until Clyde hits a wall switch. A rotating ball's mirrors spews colored light.

Shards of light rake a queen bed on top of the pedestal. Brown stains coat the inside of Joey's white bathrobe.

JOEY

That's where --

CLYDE

-- she pulled the plug on misery. Snip wrists  
and you'll do that to yourself.

Joey flies down stairs with a Pez candy dispenser held firmly under his nose.

INT. PLYMOUTH SAVOY - LATER

Briget gives Joey handwritten messages. He crumples them up.

BRIGET

Hey, I wrote every one of those. Look at them?

JOEY

Why? It's Alfredo's crap.

BRIGET

He wants a phone call and he's persistent. I'd  
expect another flashlight any time soon.

Joey stiffens and moves farther away.

JOEY

I was just in that Patton house with the  
colored man. He's saved a robe and a bed.

BRIGET

Doubtful, I saw the garbage. Nobody saves --

JOEY

-- he's gonna burn her baby furniture and --

BRIGET

-- you don't really expect me to believe that, do  
you? Ever since you fell for her you've lied . . .

Briget catches herself to calmly stop the car. She turns to face Joey who has  
his hands over his ears.

Briget grabs them. In a flash his hands become solid fists.

JOEY

Don't talk to me. I never put a willing foot  
inside that place of hers.

EXT. PATTON HOUSE - DAY

A Buick with New York plates is parked next to Sgt. Branigan's police car.  
Shutters are stacked up beside it.

POLICE CAR

Tomich's bloody face looms in the rear passenger window.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Patton's lawyer's inside. You kept them  
waiting for over half an hour.

JOEY

What happened to the Commie?

SGT. BRANIGAN

A tussle with someone, I'm thinking Cappelli.  
He'll talk or go in. What'd Clyde tell you?

JOEY

Nothing.

Joey turns to leave. He punches a fist into his open hand.

SGT. BRANIGAN

You took the Cook's Tour?

JOEY

Saw old stuff that belonged to Mrs. Patton.

Sgt. Branigan reaches out to clamp a hand on Joey's wrist.

SGT. BRANIGAN

You disturbed an active crime scene.  
Thankfully we eyeballed each closet and  
bedroom before you got in there.

JOEY

Disturbed? Clyde paid my way in. Forget it,  
she killed herself and you cops know it.

SGT. BRANIGAN

They'll look at each scrap of paper,  
fingerprints and other items.

JOEY

If you'd helped her there wouldn't be an  
investigation. You and the other cops in town  
didn't bother to do your job.

Sgt. Branigan holds up his clipboard.

SGT. BRANIGAN

What if you entered that cellar last month to  
continue what you started on that train?

JOEY

No way. It happened like I said.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Did her nightgown show up inside sheets at  
the bottom of your bed or not?

JOEY

Yeah, but --

SGT. BRANIGAN

-- why'd you get letters full of obscene  
suggestions from that woman?

JOEY

Another guy got his share cuz you see other  
men actually did go inside.

SGT. BRANIGAN

You swear to God you didn't take anything out of that Patton house?

Joey nods his head.

JOEY

I didn't, so go question Clyde.

SGT. BRANIGAN

They'll be an inquiry into the manner and cause of Mrs. Patton's death, conducted by the Coroner with a court reporter and the required six jurors present.

INT. PATTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joey enters. Three heads turn in the entryway. An attorney stands in a rumpled business suit and worn out tennis shoes. He folds a document that goes into his back pocket.

ATTORNEY

Uh . . . okay then. You's all know I waited on Bailey long enough. You's tell him the score.

The attorney walks to the front door with two light-skinned, teenaged girls. Green eyes and auburn hair unsettle Joey.

JOEY

What happened? Come on, wait up.

The trio departs. Joey hears a low bestial GROWL. A Doberman on a choke chain flashes pointed teeth.

Joey is pinned to the wall. Clyde slowly steps from behind closed drapery to lock both dead bolts.

Joey briefly opens the Venetian Blinds. Clyde pushes Joey forward toward the red velvet curtain. Dog and boy dance at the end of a choke chain.

CLYDE

I got a mind to plant your ass near hers  
uptown. A spot up in Morningside Heights.

Joey looks for an escape route. A snap of Clyde's fingers puts the dog at ease.

JOEY

What's with that group?

CLYDE

Legal crap but the house be theirs.

JOEY

We're talking Evelyn's girls?

CLYDE

She was doing fine till you messed her up.

Clyde pushes Joey through red velvet into a dark rear room.

LIVING ROOM

A bed sheet at chest level covers an unknown object near the room's rear wall.

Suddenly, Joey is struck in the stomach. He straightens up holding Evelyn's  
scrape book in trembling hands.

CLYDE

That's what she said you get, but there's no  
way you'll ever look at it.

Joey's inheritance is snatched and tossed away.

JOEY

Whadja do that for?

Then: Clyde's hand is inside his coat reaching for a bulge.

CLYDE

Put your chin on the wall so I can finish it.

Joey's knees buckle as he hears metal join metal.

## QUICK FLASHES - JOEY IMAGINES HIS DEATH

-- A silencer joins a snub-nosed 38 caliber pistol.

-- One shot drops Joey to the floor.

-- Joe's corpse in under the bed sheet.

## BACK TO SCENE

Joey knees shake wildly. Breathing is labored.

JOEY

I cared about Evelyn and tried to help her but  
nobody would listen to me.

CLYDE

Lift the blinds, I do my work in well-lit rooms.

Joey wipes his eyes to welcome broad daylight. Clyde lifts the bed sheet. The satin-finished ebony upright bears a pinstripe that reads "Steinway & Sons". Clyde takes tools from a small leather pouch.

JOEY

All right, you tune fine pianos.

Clyde bends to kiss the piano reverently.

CLYDE

Oh yeah . . . I be the best mechanic in the City!  
She got me a beauty.

JOEY

The twins are grown up. She must have really  
wanted them to use all that stuff upstairs.

CLYDE

Bad times put her in Bellevue and they put  
wires in her head and took my girls away.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Sgt. Branigan moves closer to the man in a dark suit. His clipboard passes from Bridget to the desk near file folders.

INVESTIGATOR

All right let's take up the Stanton complaint  
and then move on to our city fathers.

Greg Stanton takes a seat. Bridget pats his shoulder and offers her smile.

SGT. BRANIGAN

I'm told Stanton's written statement confirmed  
by oath will stand up as evidence in court.

INVESTIGATOR

What about it Stanton, are you satisfied?

GREG STANTON

I guess so, two years of State scrutiny casts a  
fairly wide internal affairs net I suppose.

INVESTIGATOR

It isn't pretty but the process puts town  
management behind the eight ball not bars.  
Under oath things can come out jumbled.

BRIDGET

He's respected but does it matter?

SGT. BRANIGAN

An elderly man in a wheelchair?

Sgt. Branigan moves papers from a file folder toward Stanton.

GREG STANTON

I'm going to read every word on the page.

Bridget's leg rubs Sgt. Branigan's under the table. Above, she drops an envelope onto the table in front of Stanton.

INVESTIGATOR

Read and sign but don't spend all at once.

Stanton opens the letter to kiss a town check. His face is flushed with happiness. Bridget hugs him.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Back pay comes with no apology but I'd still like to see you reapply. We need good cops.

INT. SHIPS LANTERN - DAY

Bridget sits in the window gazing out at children racing down the street past the YMCA on roller skates.

She watches a red and white Ford convertible pass the Ship's Lantern to turn right and stop behind the YMCA.

EXT. WESTPORT YMCA - DAY

Detective Link cautiously scans up and down the street before going down the cement steps that lead to the basement and Alfredo's apartment.

INT. WESTPORT YMCA - BASEMENT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alfredo pours whiskey at a glass. He tosses a candy bar at Tomich and settles on the floor near a cardboard box.

ALFREDO

I've been good to you haven't I?

Tomich nods from the piano bench, then frowns.

TOMICH

No Choo-Choo?

Alfredo leans over. He falls heavily onto his side.

ALFREDO

I'm too buzzed to think, we'll see. You're here to answer one simple question.

TOMICH  
Want Choo-Choo.

Tomich's eyes settle on the cardboard box.

ALFREDO  
A Mrs. Robert Ellington Patton gave you that house. Good thing, right?.

Tomich nods from the piano bench.

TOMICH  
Toy box for Yuri.

Alfredo goes on hands and knees to crawl to the piano bench.

ALFREDO  
You signed your name on the deed like a good boy for dearest Evelyn.

Tomich nods.

TOMICH  
I do.

Alfredo's whiskey bottle CRASHES against the scarred temple. Tomich topples to the floor unconscious. Alfredo steadies himself to deliver kicks to a gory face.

ALFREDO  
Where were your freakin' witnesses? You get no Choo-Choo because that house never changed legal hands.

EXT. WESTPORT YMCA - WINDOW - SAME

Detective Link watches as Tomich is dragged across the floor and out of view.

EXT. TOWN DOCK - LATER

Howard Burr shakes his head leaving the phone booth near his tool shed. He motions for Joey to take a phone call.

*The Buxom Lass'* outboard sputtered to a stop. He runs up the wooden ramp from the dock to the phone booth in fading light. Howard's finger ends the call as Joey enters. The phone receiver dangles.

HOWARD

Let's talk.

JOEY

Sure, but who called?

Howard's face hints at trouble ahead.

HOWARD

We've spent a few weeks together, but you're still too much of a mystery for my liking.

JOEY

How so?

HOWARD

You're determined to go it alone when concerned people might help. That's something you should fix, now.

Joey looks at Howard. Teeth bite a lower lip.

JOEY

Don't worry, I'm on it.

HOWARD

The Patton suicide could have been averted with their help in addition to the police.

JOEY

I messed up but nobody helped. You didn't see those burn marks or needle tracks.

HOWARD

Just a kid, youth susceptible to a tortured addict's charm if I read you right.

JOEY

I avoided her every way I could toward the end  
and still she came on to me. I really did try.

Howard hangs up the phone.

SECONDS LATER

The phone rings and Howard walks away.

INT. WESTPORT PHONE BOOTH - SAME

Sweat drips from Alfredo's chin. He drops a liquor bottle. SIRENS grow  
LOUDER.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ALFREDO

Hop the train to Westport. We got a problem.

JOEY

I'm staying far away from you.

ALFREDO

Listen, Sears and Roebuck's bullshit  
appliances set the "Y" on fire. I'm homeless!

INT. NEW YORK NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILCAR - NIGHT

Alfredo enters. He takes Joey to isolated seats.

ALFREDO

She called, said she had no reason to live. I  
slept on it, how'd I know she'd pull that crap?

He reaches in the pocket of his sports coat to produce a white envelope. It  
bears Joey's name in Evelyn's unmistakable crayon. Joey looks as if he's  
entered an emotional minefield.

Alberto follows the letter to Joey's shirt pocket.

JOEY

See you sometime in a bad dream.

Alfredo's arms hold Joey to the seat.

ALFREDO

A Crest Dairy driver dropped it off inside the Ship's Lantern for me to give to you.

JOEY

Yeah, I met him.

ALBERTO

Christ, wake up. A black mechanic's out of control. No telling what he's likely to do to you.

JOEY

Bull shit. I've been busy piecing it together while you drowned sorrows in that rat hole.

Alfredo straightens up in his seat. Tension builds slowly to give rise to a feeble left jab that lands harmlessly on Joey's shoulder.

ALFREDO

We been through too much together. Ease up a little on the Maestro.

Joey responds with an explosive right to the center of the chest. Alfredo slumps with his head in his hands gasping for air.

JOEY

Hurts doesn't it?

A smoker's ghostly ribbon passes glassy eyes. Alfredo rummages the bottom of a Lucky Strike pack for a remnant.

ALFREDO

You got a few bucks I can borrow til payday?

JOEY

What payday, Briget says they canned you a few weeks ago?

ALFREDO

No Sir! I gave the bastards notice. Meantime, I'm still waiting for what's owed me.

JOEY

I wouldn't lend you a penny!

Alfredo closes his eyes briefly and moves closer.

ALFREDO

I extended every kindness to a kid that I liked and a family --

JOEY

-- you're out of luck.

ALFREDO

Right, why waste words? I'll lay it out for you plain and simple.

JOEY

Forget about me, I'm not interested in hearing anything, she's gone by her own hand.

Alfredo backs off to see moonlight highlight the Sound beyond stoic cattails poking up from algae topped swamp water.

ALFREDO

Down further Park Avenue runs alongside. It's a nice place to live but I'll never do it. Spent years paying off her doctor bills. And now . . .

JOEY

Sorry, life throws us uppercuts.

Alfredo contorts his face into a half smile, then a scowl.

ALFREDO

The City papers are interested in her. I'm due for another chat tomorrow. No telling how that might turn out for the respected Bailey family.

JOEY

Meaning?

Joey is remarkably composed.

ALFREDO

Angelic Joey received letters, I read that one but I got a few more. There be even nastier things that should be left unsaid or in your case unread? And, what might you Baileys offer me to stem the damage?

Joey gazes out the window in silence.

JOEY

We'll take our chances.

The train slows. The Port Chester station crawls into view.

ALFREDO

I'll be in touch.

Alfredo moves to the car door. Anxious seconds tick by. He slips through the doors onto the empty station platform.

Joey turns to see a piano smolder amid floating socks and sunken cans in a drizzly splotch that spreads on glass inside the air-conditioned car.

LATER

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Please be seated. We'll be on our way shortly.

Joey stirs to see City cops examine commuters on the 125th. Street Station platform. They walk from both ends of the station toward the middle of the train.

The conductor inserts his key into the top right hand corner of the car door. Two New York cops enter.

Each moves through the car in an opposite direction. Anxious commuters undergo unwanted observation.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Where'd he go?

Joey jumps up from his seat.

JOEY

Got off in Port Chester.

Sgt. Branigan holds up several dollars.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Get the first Northbound train back home.

CONDUCTOR

You stop a train here, he got on in Westport?

SGT. BRANIGAN

We figured he'd get off in the City.

JOEY

How'd you know I --

SGT. BRANIGAN

-- Howard called, now get over to that Northbound side.

Joey takes a deep breath to issue a long sigh of overdue relief.

JOEY

Another fire? This time it's a basement. Full time piano player, part time firebug?

Sgt. Branigan escorts Joey to the door.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Get over to those tracks, now.

JOEY

You going back? We can ride --

SGT. BRANIGAN

-- we don't issue all points bulletin in two states for a part time firebug.

INT. BAILEY HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

SGT. BRANIGAN

(at Joey)

I'm sure that tussle I told you about between Tomich and Cappelli played a part in all this.

BRIGET

I guess so! Those two went at it a few times outside that house over that poor woman.

MRS. BAILEY

It sounds to us like Evelyn had someone willing to stand up to Alfredo. Tomich must have meant a lot to her for some reason.

SGT. BRANIGAN

I'd say so, he got government payments but Evelyn made up the difference somehow.

MRS. BAILEY

Payment for what?

BRIGET

Government spy work that began during the war. Unlucky man, nearly got caught leaving East Germany for freedom in the West.

Joey enters to drop to the sofa. He thumbs through *The Sporting News*. A phone rings in the kitchen. Joey sprints to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Holding the receiver, Joey crouches to throw stinging lefts.

JOEY

(into receiver)

Sure. And, I'll be down on weekends until you man your rusty snow plow.

He hangs up and shadow boxes back into the living room.

BRIDGET

Looks like the shed door is open again.

MR. BAILEY

Settle down. You'll be asked questions at Cappelli's trial so I'd write things down.

JOEY

First, they have to find him.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Forensic evidence shows accelerants were poured all over that cellar of his.

JOEY

Accelerants on the rocks, the Maestro wasn't choosy. I say it was non-premeditated, an argument booze turned into drunken rage.

Sgt. Branigan nods approval.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Shatter a temporal bone with a blunt object and leave the victim in tub of fragrant water?

JOEY

Alfredo started a fire to cover up a murder, but he's dumb as dirt. What more can I say?

The sound of a noisy car disturb the occupants. Brakes screech to a stop.

SCREEN DOOR

JOEY

Come on, that car?

They watch Perry proudly pat the Hillman's hood.

PERRY

My dad got it for ten bucks. State auctions off its abandoned cars, especially imports.

JIMMY

Dad's waiting. Are we fishing?

PERRY

And, tell the old fart to quit bitchin' about sandworms. It ain't his dock and I clean up.

JIMMY

Look who's here.

Heads turn as Greg Stanton approaches. He waves at departing fishermen and suddenly turns serious.

STANTON

I've been thinking about this town's management issue and what Bridget told you, so before I go out on a limb let's talk this over.

LIVING ROOM

BRIDGET

I notice people who notice me. Anyway, it turned right and when I heard about that fire.

STANTON

You're sure about this. I mean you'd state all this under oath.

SGT. BRANIGAN

When she told me about that Ford convertible at Tomich's place I began to wonder.

STANTON

There are a few of those in this town, I'd say too damn many to make a positive ID.

BRIGET

Then right after I saw it at Tomich's, I heard Detective Link had taken two weeks off.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Two weeks but anyone could see he'd had a run in . . . I mean red scars on a puffy face.

STANTON

We place Link at Tomich's for what, an hour?

BRIGET

No, I'd say two hours and I never said he stayed there. They crossed into Evelyn's.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Sgt. Branigan sinks behind his desk. He crumples documents and rips a folder. They land to join others in an overloaded wastepaper basket.

BRIGET

Let's not waste a Sunday waiting for a miracle. He's in Italy or entertaining Satan.

SGT. BRANIGAN

No fingerprint taken, no traceable last name except an obvious alias?

BRIGET

No draft card, no driver's license, no car insurance, no bank account, no social security card and he takes his pay in cash.

Sgt. Branigan kicks the wastepaper basket over.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Who says there ever was a Cappelli?

## EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Leaden clouds hang low over thunderous ocean waves. We skim over the ice encrusted shoreline and snow of Fire Island.

Then we cross over the snowbound highways of Long Island. Midtown lights appear ahead as night descends on the frigid City.

## INT. JACK DEMPSEY'S RESTAURANT &amp; BAR - NIGHT

The bar holds arguing patrons below a thick layers of cigarette smoke. Dinners sit in booths across from the lively bar.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Tonight we celebrate. Looks certain they'll go ahead with Link's indictment for obstruction of justice on two separate counts.

JOEY

Yeah, well that's one reason.

Joey's downcast eyes give way to a stony expression.

SGT. BRANIGAN

I know you went through a rotten summer and fall but we finally nailed them.

JOEY

You caught a milkman dumb enough to sell drugs that a rogue detective used to keep Evelyn in chains for Alfredo.

SGT. BRANIGAN

It's time you eased up. The rouge detective stole from the evidence locker and yours truly suggested applied that luminescent powder.

JOEY

All right it's February that's --

SGT. BRANIGAN

-- too many months to dwell on stuff. So  
what's your reason to celebrate in the City?

JOEY

To thank Guglielmo Papaleo. He said he'd  
sponsors our fight club last week.

The bartender leans over the bar with a cocked right hand.

BARTENDER

Willie Pep who held the World Featherweight  
championship twice between the years of  
1947 and 1950. Damn good fighter.

JOEY

Yeah, Connecticut's own.

SGT. BRANIGAN

But, don't forget Dempsey. Hold on to that  
autograph he just gave you.

JOEY

Fifty four wins and six losses.

BARTENDER

You came up empty, forgot the long count with  
Tunney in Chicago 1927.

Older men take seats to force Joey to his feet at the bar.

MAN #1

Of all the places for a Hollywood tit to pop out,  
the broad picks on our classy Plaza Hotel.

Joey stares with contempt. Fists form below a sullen face.

JOEY

Somebody helped her think, I'd like to knock  
his block off. He ruined her change to show  
the world she's a great actress with that stunt.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Forget it, it's time you moved past her too.

RITA, 30's, their stunning barmaid passes. She follows the trend *The Seven Year Itch* has recently spawned in the City.

Tanned skin rises above white high heels below a white ivory cocktail dress. The bodice's neckline plunges so Rita's arms, shoulders and back are bare.

White circular earrings complement flowing blond hair.

RITA

If you read the *Trib* you'd know Paula Strasberg says I'll be Broadway bound in no time at all.

MAN #2

Don't pull my leg. Sex is all you'll ever have to offer. And, I feel sorry for Joe DiMaggio too.

The men raise beer glasses to toast Marilyn.

MAN #1

May Broadway forever remain a showplace for talent. Hollywood is movies and that's sad.

JOEY

Who says?

MAN #2

I says Little Man. Drink that coke and mind your manners at this bar.

Joey and the barmaid swap smiles before disgruntled faces.

MAN #1

This character thinks he can fight above his own weight class.

MAN #2

He enters the ring with ugly black roots hidden inside a phoney blond.

Laughter sends Joey toward a corner spinet piano.

MAN #1

Rita give him a good practice round.

MAN #2

And no pop from that top.

Rita stands before Joey with her legs spread apart. Below the waistband is a short pleated white skirt the hits mid calf.

Rita bends forward with the skirt held out to the side by an invisible breeze from an imaginary subway grate.

RITA

Isn't it delicious!

Spontaneous APPLAUSE rocks the bar.

AT PIANO

Rita pushes Joey to one side of the piano bench with a playful hip to pound out *Chopsticks*. Joey ignores her. His finger shines the piano's Wurlitzer faceplate.

RITA

(shouts over *Chopsticks*)

Can't resist, it's in my blood. I shoulda' studied but then again I was just a kid.

BARTENDER

(louder)

Easy on the keys, we got dinners.

The duo sit immobilized with their arms folded.

RITA

You fired the piano player and after he made you swap out Jack's favorite ivories too.

The bartender closes his eyes to concentrate.

BARTENDER

What the hell was his name?

JOEY

Cappelli?

Rita shakes her head.

RITA

Italian, no way.

Rita stands and shrugs her shoulders. Her blouse bounces enticingly. Joey is the only male who doesn't seem to notice. His gaze is inward.

SGT. BRANIGAN

Let's go, we're miss our train.

Joey waves goodbye. Rita sends a Monroe kiss to Joey.

ENTRANCE

Sgt. Branigan has Joey by the shoulders. He pushes Joey to the doorway.

Then: Joey turns slowly to reenter the restaurant.

JOEY

(looks up)

I'm sorry, but I gotta do it.

RITA

Do what Honey?

JOEY

Pay homage to the magical.

AT PIANO

Patrons and staff watch Joey at the piano bench. He slowly lifts the lid.

RITA

A nosey boy?

His face defined by intense concentration, the edge of the lid rests on the tips of fingers and thumb. Joey reaches in with his eyes closed. SILENCE rules.

Seconds later, he lifts two white gloves nestled in wax paper. Rita drops her head to one side with crossed eyes. Her fingers prance to release a Twinkle.

MAN #2

OK, You're talking that miserable red haired  
lowlife, Joseph Bailey?

MAN #1

Joey Bailey, what a putz!

Sgt. Branigan WHOOPS it up. A welcomed left jab hits Joey.

JOEY

That's him.

RITA

You knew him?

JOEY

Hell no, I believed him.

FADE OUT.