

SCRIPT - T.V

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John Rankin

"Mr. Prithvi"

HOLLYWOOD RECORDS FRANCHISE  
1621 WILSON AVE  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90028

MAR 9 1974

NIGHT GALLERY

"THEY'RE TEARING DOWN TIM RILEY'S BAR"

Written by  
Rod Serling

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NIGHT GALLERY"THEY'RE TEARING DOWN TIM RILEY'S BAR"CAST

RANDY LANE  
MISS ALCOTT  
HARVEY DOANE  
MR. PRITKIN  
POLICEMAN (OFFICER McDERMONT)  
BLODGETT  
MISS TREVOR  
SECRETARY  
BARTENDER  
1st COP  
INTERN  
FILTERED VOICE  
SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR  
WORKMAN  
FATHER  
KATY  
TIM RILEY

SETSINTERIOR:

OFFICE SUITE  
LANE'S OFFICE  
TIM RILEY'S BAR  
COCKTAIL LOUNGE  
HOSPITAL CORRIDOR  
PRITKIN'S OFFICE

EXTERIOR:

STREET OUTSIDE TIM RILEY'S BAR  
RESIDENTIAL STREET

NIGHT GALLERY"THEY'RE TEARING DOWN TIM RILEY'S BAR"

FADE IN

1

INT. OFFICE SUITE - DAY

1

A series of cubicles: semi-glassed walls, a Secretary at her desk in front of each. At the far end is a Switchboard Operator, plugging and unplugging, announcing metallically, "Pritkin's Plastic Products" over and over again as each call comes in. Camera pans down the line of secretarial desks until we're at a vantage point near the President's office. Mr. Pritkin emerges - white-haired, paternal-looking, but obviously an all-business dynamo. Pausing by his own secretary's desk, he looks across at the secretary in front of an office which reads, on its door, "Randolph Lane - Director of Sales." The door to this office is open. Above it we see a clock. The time is 3:00. Miss Alcott, Lane's secretary, looks tense and nervous - conscious of the time, conscious of the President standing there, and especially conscious of the fact that he's aware of both the time and her boss' absence.

2

FAVORING THE ADJACENT OFFICE

2

On its door the legend: "Harvey Doane - Assistant Sales Director." Doane comes out - a windstorm in mod: Edwardian jacket, wide tie, carefully nurtured sideburns - a walking picture of the eager young man on his way up. He looks first at the clock, then at the open door to Lane's empty office, finally at Miss Alcott. Obviously aware of Pritkin's proximity, he asks in a stage whisper:

DOANE

Randy not back yet?

3

CLOSE SHOT - PRITKIN

3

Listening with interest.

4

TWO SHOT - DOANE AND MISS ALCOTT

4

MISS ALCOTT

(a forced smile)

He had...several meetings outside.

DOANE

(transparent humor)

With several outside martinis?

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED

He gives Miss Alcott an extravagant wink. At this point, Pritkin walks into shot, joining them.

PRITKIN

When's he due back, Miss Alcott?  
I have to talk to him about the  
Carstair order.

DOANE

(quickly)

I'm right on top of that myself,  
Mr. Pritkin. I can give you any  
information you need, sir.

PRITKIN

I thought Lane was handling that.

Miss Alcott opens her mouth to speak, but Doane is swifter.

DOANE

I've pretty much taken it over,  
Mr. Pritkin. Got a full report  
on my desk. Just give me a minute,  
sir, and I'll get it.

He turns, exiting hurriedly into his office. Pritkin stands looking down at Miss Alcott, who averts her eyes, busies herself, arranging her desk. In a softer tone, Pritkin asks:

PRITKIN

Where is he, Miss Alcott?

MISS ALCOTT

He...aah...he mentioned some meet-  
ings outside, Mr. Pritkin ---

PRITKIN

I've no doubt. Most of his business  
of late seems to be outside.

(beat; turns away)

Tell him I want to see him when he  
gets back.

5

MISS ALCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW

As Pritkin heads for his office. Doane comes out of his office, a sheaf of papers in his hand.

DOANE

I've got the Carstair material  
right here, sir.

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

PRITKIN

Bring it into my office.

6

CLOSEUP - MISS ALCOTT

MISS ALCOTT

Mr. Pritkin ---

7

TWO SHOT - PRITKIN AND DOANE

Pritkin turns at the door to his office. Doane fidgets, impatient to get on with it.

8

MISS ALCOTT

MISS ALCOTT

(soft, nervous  
voice)

Today is Mr. Lane's twenty-fifth anniversary.

9

FULL SHOT - THE SCENE

PRITKIN

His anniversary? The man's been a widower for five years ---

MISS ALCOTT

Twenty-five years with the Company.

PRITKIN

I wasn't aware of that.

MISS ALCOTT

Well, I only broach it, sir, because -- well, because maybe someone in the firm took him to lunch or something. Just a little celebration....

Pritkin nods, but the nod conveys nothing. He goes into his office, Doane trailing eagerly after him. Miss Alcott troubledly watches the door close, sits gnawing her lip, then rises abruptly, exiting into Lane's private office.

10

INT. LANE'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Closing the door, Miss Alcott goes to the desk, picks up a phone, dials a number, waits anxiously; then, into phone:

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

MISS ALCOTT

Antoine? Is Mr. Lane there?...  
Did he have lunch there?...But he's  
not there now...Well, if he should  
come in -- would you tell him to  
please get in touch with his office  
right away?...Yes, this is his  
secretary. Thank you.

She cradles the phone - then lets her eyes wander over Lane's  
desk.

11 THE DESK - MISS ALCOTT'S POINT OF VIEW

11

Camera roams the desk, holding first a photograph of a  
beautiful woman, obviously taken many years ago...then a  
doodled calendar with the day's date circled and starred, and  
a scribbled notation which reads, "Quarter of a Century!!!"...  
then, panning down, camera reveals finally, peeking forth  
from the partially-open top desk drawer, a whiskey bottle.

12 BACK TO SCENE

12

As Miss Alcott slams the drawer shut, begins tidying up the  
desk. She glances up, startled, as the door opens. Lane  
stands there. Late 40's, a little balding, a suggestion of  
a pot-belly, the eyes tired and set deep in a good face  
that was once young and handsome. He's also had a few, and  
this, too, is noticeable. With a grin:

LANE

How do, madam. Could I interest  
you in a line of plastics?

MISS ALCOTT

It's three o'clock.

Lane brings his wristwatch to within an inch of one eye,  
focussing with difficulty on the dial.

LANE

So it is. Inexorable time in its  
flight.

(moving to desk)

But what the devil. This is a  
special day.

MISS ALCOTT

...I know.

LANE

(squints at her;  
then)

On this day, twenty-five years ago,

CONTINUED

LANE (Cont'd)

having conquered Europe for General Eisenhower and President Truman, I doffed my khaki -- and I enlisted in the cause of Pritkin's Plastic Products. Twenty-five years, Miss Alcott. A quarter of a century!

(shrugs, unsteadily  
seating himself)

So what the devil. If a man can't get a little sauced on this kind of anniversary -- where does that leave the flag and motherhood?

(peers at desk)

Any messages?

MISS ALCOTT

(trying to keep the  
concern from her  
voice)

Mr. Pritkin was looking for the Carstair order. And Mr. Doane took it in to him.

13 ANOTHER ANGLE - TIGHTER SHOT - THE TWO

13

Lane looks up, the smile a little worn around the edges.

LANE

Mr. Doane took it in to him.

(a hollow chuckle)

Johnny-on-the-spot Doane! With assistants like him -- who needs assassins?

He leans back in his chair, arms folded behind his head.

MISS ALCOTT

You did most of that report.

LANE

(a little shrug)

What difference? You see before you, Miss Alcott, a man much too old and set in his ways, and at the moment a little too deep in his cups, to give battle to the Young Turk in the cubicle to my immediate left.

MISS ALCOTT

(anger surfacing)

The Young Turk you refer to is made up of one half-brass and one-

CONTINUED

13

CONTINUED

13

MISS ALCOTT (cont'd)  
half elbow, and his mission in life  
is to push you right out of the  
picture...Are you aware of that?

LANE

(smiles wistfully)

You know where I've been the last  
hour? I've been watching them  
tear down Timothy Riley's Bar. Now  
that doesn't mean anything to you,  
does it?

MISS ALCOTT

(shakes head)

Should it?

14

CLOSEUP - LANE

14

LANE

Nope. It's an ancient, ugly eye-  
sore which will now be turned into  
a twenty-story bank building with  
an underground parking lot -- and  
it'll have glass walls and floures-  
cent lighting and high-speed, self-  
service elevators and piped-in music  
in the lobby...And a year from now,  
nobody will remember that Tim Riley  
had a bar on that corner. Or that  
he sold beer for a nickel a glass.  
Or that he had snooker tables in  
the back. Or that he had a big  
nickelodeon and you got three Glenn  
Millers for a dime.

(laughs softly,  
leaning elbows on  
the desk)

And while I was standing there with  
all the other sidewalk superintend-  
ents, it occurred to me...the  
thought occurred to me that there  
should be some kind of ceremony.  
Maybe a convocation of former beer  
drinkers and Timothy Riley patrons to  
hang a wreath or say a few words.  
Farewell, Timothy Riley's Bar --  
home of the nickel beer -- snooker  
emporium -- repository of Blue Bird  
records, three for a dime...We honor  
you and your passing. Farewell,

CONTINUED



14

CONTINUED

14

LANE (Cont'd)

Timothy Riley -- and Terraplanes  
and rumble seats and saddle shoes  
and Helen Forrest and the triple-C  
camps and Andy Hardy and Lum 'n'  
Abner and the world champion New  
York Yankees! Rest in peace, you  
age of innocence -- you beautiful,  
serene, carefree pre-Pearl Harbor  
long summer night. We'll never  
see your likes again.

15

PAST LANE TO MISS ALCOTT

15

A silence. Lane looks at the picture of his wife, then  
raises his gaze to Miss Alcott, and there's a sadness beyond  
any kind of language in his face

LANE

Bear with me, will you Miss Alcott?  
They knocked down the walls of  
Timothy Riley's Bar. And as silly  
and as sentimental as it sounds --  
I lost something....

A beat. Then, fracturing the mood, we hear:

DOANE'S VOICE

What d'ya say, sport? Have a  
good lunch?

Camera shifts, reveals Doane, sticking his head in through  
the doorway with a grin that looks like SW.20 crankcase oil.  
Lane responds affably:

LANE

Dandy.

DOANE

I took the Carstair stuff in to  
the old man. He was kind of  
anxious.

LANE

(still smiling)

Good on you.

DOANE

And I added a few embellishments.  
Hope you don't mind?

LANE

(carelessly)

Be my guest.

CONTINUED

DOANE

(more incisively)

And the sales pitch you had in the opening...I had to touch that up quite a bit.

LANE

Touch away, lad. Touch away.

DOANE

(smile fading)

You putting me on?

LANE

(points to himself)

Me? Put you on? Why would I want to do that?

DOANE

Usually when I try to be a little independent -- you step on me.

LANE

(evenly)

Usually when you try to be a little independent -- you're too flamboyant, too arsty-craftsy and noticeably dishonest. I put my foot on you, Doane, to keep you within ten feet of Mother Earth. I know you're a hot-shot peddler, but if you don't get mildly restrained along the way, you'll be claiming the moon.

This time the smile is not phony -- and it's also not pleasant.

DOANE

It takes awhile, doesn't it?

LANE

To do what?

DOANE

To get a rise out of you. Ferdinand the bull.

18

REVERSE ANGLE - ACROSS DOANE TO LANE AND MISS ALCOTT

18

LANE

(pointing)

My son the matador...Young Master Doane who simply has to draw blood before the six o'clock whistle or he goes home and kicks his teddy bear!

(a beat)

Give yourself a point. You pricked me. You got the old bull riled.

(again pointing  
a finger at  
Doane)

But keep in mind that there's a pecking order around here. You're still outranked. You're still my assistant. And you're still ---

He breaks off abruptly, staring past camera.

PRITKIN'S VOICE

Is this a private altercation -- or may I involve myself?

19

NEW ANGLE - THE SCENE - INCL. PRITKIN

19

Who stands in the open doorway, just behind Doane, inscrutably surveying the scene. His eyes fix on Miss Alcott.

PRITKIN

I think we might excuse you, Miss Alcott. I'm sure you have work to do.

Reluctantly, and with obvious unease, Miss Alcott exits. Pritkin closes the door, turns questioningly to Doane.

PRITKIN

Well, Doane...?

DOANE

(monumental  
smugness)

It really wasn't anything, sir. Mr. Lane was simply reminding me of his seniority.

PRITKIN

Then perhaps Mr. Lane should be reminded that seniority doesn't come from merely putting in time. Not on this ball club.

CONTINUED

~~PRITKIN~~ (Cont'd)

(directly to  
Lane)

I judge a man by his current record.  
Not last season's batting average.

LANE

What've you done for me lately,  
huh?

~~PRITKIN~~

(unsmiling)

Precisely. And what you've done  
for us lately isn't very much.  
You've put in time but not much  
else. Protracted lunch hours --  
considerable martini drinking --  
and precious darned little mustard  
cut.

(a nod toward Doane)

Candidly, Lane, you're assistant  
here has left you whinnying at  
the starting gate.

LANE

(wagging his  
finger)

Mr. Pritkin...you're mixing your  
metaphors. You want this baseball  
--or horse racing?

~~PRITKIN~~

(ice cold)

I want this understood...Your per-  
formance, Lane, has deteriorated.  
Your sales have slipped. Your en-  
tire attitude has become sloppy.

(a beat)

I suggest a trial period during  
which both you and Mr. Doane will  
share the director's spot. He'll  
no longer be answerable to you.  
You can consult each other, but  
any ideas he has of his own, he's  
free to follow. That understood?

LANE

Clearly.

✓ Pritkin nods, turns, moves to the door, opens it, steps,  
remembering something, looks back toward Lane.

CONTINUED

19

CONTINUED

PRITKIN

Incidentally...I'm reminded that this is your twenty-fifth year with the Company. This little unpleasantry notwithstanding -- I just wanted you to know that you have my congratulations. I hope the next twenty-five years bring bigger and better things.

19

20

DIFFERENT ANGLE - FEATURING LANE AND DOANE

21

As, with a nod to Doane, Pritkin exits. Dead silence. Lane seems surprised to find Doane still standing there.

LANE

Something else, was there? Like maybe a funeral oration?

DOANE

(for the first time, a trifle nervous)  
I just wanted to assure you, sport, that I had nothing to do with this. It was just as much a surprise to me as it is to you.

LANE

(smiling)

Honest?

DOANE

Believe it.

LANE

He just called you in, pinched you on the cheek and promoted you -- and you were shocked out of your skivvies, weren't you?

(chuckles; shakes head)

Young Mr. Doane -- why don't we level with one another? I'm on the way down, you're on the way up -- and we're just passing each other in mid-air. I'm looking at a threat -- and you're looking at an obstacle. And that's a lousy basis for any friendly mutual back-scratching!

DOANE

Look -- there's no reason why we can't work together ---

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

LANE

No reason in the world...Except that we don't compliment each other. I'm not a competitor, young Mr. Doane. I wear gloves. I observe ancient and archaic amenities. I'm an old-fashioned slob.

(beat: sans smile)

The fancy knifing I leave to Commando like you!!

Frozen-faced, Doane turns on his heel, opens the door and walks stiffly out of the office, slamming the door.

21 CLOSEUP - LANE

Who sits there silently for a moment, then reaches into the desk drawer, takes out the whisky bottle, uncorks it and takes a long satisfying swig. Halfway through he becomes aware of the fact that he's no longer alone.

22 PAST LANE TO MISS ALCOTT

Standing in the doorway. She moves into the office, Lane re-corks the bottle, returns it to the drawer.

MISS ALCOTT

Can I...can I get you something?

LANE

(a twisted smile)

I had in mind...a gold watch. Properly inscribed for this anointed day. Something like "Well done, good and faithful servant."

(beat: shakes head)

Short of that, my love, I don't think there's anything you can get me.

MISS ALCOTT

You know...on an anointed day like this...a fellow shouldn't have to spend the evening alone.

(as he regards her)

I've got a steak in the freezer, saved for a special occasion. I've got two large Idaho's suitable for baking, and a great salad dressing I make myself....

CONTINUED

21

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13

22

CONTINUED

27

MISS ALCOTT (Cont'd)

(a beat)

What do you say?

LANE

(smile tinged with  
regret)

I say -- that you're a very dear  
young lady. I say thank you...  
but no thank you.

MISS ALCOTT

Why not?

LANE

The syndrome of the twenty-five  
year man who didn't get his gold  
watch. He's too full of himself  
and too sorry for himself and he  
makes lousy company. Another time.

MISS ALCOTT

Sure..

LANE

(as she turns  
away)

Miss Alcott?

(as she stops,  
looks)

You're a good lady.

23

FAVORING MISS ALCOTT

28

MISS ALCOTT

That's because I work for a very  
good guy.

She exits, leaving Lane sitting there.

24

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

29

Camera favors a partially knocked down building - or at  
least one in the process of being obliterated. Ancient  
brick, broken and boarded windows, and a sign hanging askew  
that reads, in weathered, faded lettering, "Tim Riley's Bar."

25

LANE

30

Who has paused by the front entrance, peering in through the  
wood slats covering the doors. O.s. sound of footsteps.

CONTINUED

Lane turns to look at an approaching Policeman. Recognizing Lane, the Policeman smiles a friendly greeting.

POLICEMAN

They're closed, Randy.

LANE

(peers inside again)

Don't I know it.

POLICEMAN

I know how you feel. First arrest I ever made was inside Tim Riley's. Two guys fighting over whether Carl Hubbel could throw harder'n Lefty Gomez. And if that don't date me, I'll join Tim Riley under the sod.

LANE

(nods, his own

memories welling up)

First date I ever had with my wife was in here. When her father heard about it, he almost had a stroke.

POLICEMAN

(smiling)

Katy. Katy Dunovant. As if I didn't remember her. She was a lovely, lovely lady, Randy.

LANE

(softly)

That she was.

(a beat)

And when I came back from the Service -- they had a surprise party for me in there. My train was late. By the time I got here, my old man was sound asleep in the corner.

POLICEMAN

(laughs)

And don't I remember that! But I'll say this for him: he could drink a keg of that stuff. And many's the night I sat with him while he did it. And while I did it!

They both laugh, turn, stare again toward the darkened interior, then at one another.

CONTINUED



25 CONTINUED -2

POLICEMAN

Things going well for you, Randy?

LANE

I'm forty-eight years old. I'm  
six years younger than my father  
was when he died.

26 FAVORING POLICEMAN

POLICEMAN

When I first saw you in here, I had  
a spring in my step, arches in my  
feet, and my ambition in life was  
to capture Al Capone. Then one  
morning I woke up...and I knew I'd  
run out of vinegar -- all I wanted  
was Epsom Salts.

(a hand on Lane's  
arm)

So I just walk a little slower.  
And I pray for quiet nights. And  
I just keep reminding myself that...  
I'm flat-footed and slow as molasses --  
but I'm still a lot faster'n Al  
Capone is.

(a wink, a grin)

Look after yourself, Randy.

He turns, and with his flat-footed policeman gait, moves  
down the sidewalk and disappears.

27 LANE

He watches the cop for a moment, then turns, stares at the  
shuttered building, then, with obvious reluctance, forces  
himself to tear his gaze from what was once Tim Riley's  
Bar and begin his homeward trek. He has gone but a few  
steps along the sidewalk when he halts suddenly, head cocked,  
listening. Faintly, we hear the o.s. sound of singing -  
"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Lane slowly retraces his  
footsteps, peering once again into the interior of the  
darkened bar.

28 INT. TIM RILEY'S BAR - LANE'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT

Camera shoots through the criss-crossed wooden planks that  
board up the entrance door. What we see is the bar as it  
once was -- specifically the night of Lane's homecoming from  
the War. In indistinct outlines -- as if viewed through  
gauze -- there's a room full of beer drinkers beckoning

CONTINUED

28

CONTINUED

28

to camera, holding up their glasses. The actions are slow motion -- even the Bartender who moves across the room to wake up an Old Man in the corner who blinks his eyes, looks toward the front door and smiles, lifting his hand in a wave.

29

EXT. STREET - CLOSE SHOT - LANE - NIGHT

29

Suddenly, impulsively, he pulls away the wooden planks, tries the door, then kicks it open and plunges into the bar.

30

INT. TIM RILEY'S BAR - NIGHT

30

Lane propels himself inside - but at the moment of his entrance, the light begins to fade - the figures grow even more indistinct, the singing begins to die away. The last visible object is a hand-painted banner stretched across the top of the bar which reads, "Welcome home, Randy." And this, too, succumbs finally to the darkness as the singing dies away altogether, leaving Lane standing there in the middle of a ruined bare room, cobwebbed and dusty; the only light shining from a lamp post outside, illuminating Lane's face. He looks lost and bewildered and somehow diminished -- as if a dream had just eluded him. He turns very slowly, walks back across the littered floor to the front door and stands there motionlessly as if, by silence, he could recapture that brief glimpse of the past.

SLOW FADE OUT

FADE IN

31

INT. OFFICE SUITE - DAY

31

Standing before Miss Alcott's desk, a sheaf of papers in his hand, is Mr. Blodgett, Pritkin's Personnel Director. From her chair behind the desk, Miss Alcott warily regards Blodgett, incredulously echoing something she's just heard:

MISS ALCOTT

A change in assignment?

BLODGETT

Yes. We're moving you.

MISS ALCOTT

From where to where?

BLODGETT

(laughs)

Relax. We're not sending you to a frontier outpost.

CONTINUED

BLODGETT (cont'd)

(nods o.s.)

Just about eight feet to your left.  
You'll join Mr. Doane as of next  
Monday morning.

MISS ALCOTT

(frigid-faced)

Doane?

BLODGETT

His secretary -- Miss Trevor --  
has turned in her notice. Getting  
married I believe. Anyway, she'll  
be leaving us. So you'll assume  
her duties.

With that, satisfied that the conversation is concluded,  
Blodgett turns, starts to move off. Half-rising, Miss Alcott  
blurts:

MISS ALCOTT

Mr. Blodgett --

(as he halts, turns;  
softly)

What about Mr. Lane?

BLODGETT

(blankly)

Mr. Lane?

MISS ALCOTT

I've been with him for two years.

BLODGETT

I'm not sure what the arrangement  
will be. You'll have a replacement,  
of course. But for the moment, I'm  
told Mr. Doane will need you as of  
Monday morning. Requested you per-  
sonally, as a matter of fact.

MISS ALCOTT

(bit between teeth)

What if I don't want to work for Mr.  
Doane?

BLODGETT

(surprised)

What's that supposed to mean?

MISS ALCOTT

It's supposed to mean that he does  
everything but wear track shoes!

32

## FAVORING BLODGETT

32

BLODGETT

Regretably, in my capacity as Personnel Director, I've neither the time nor the inclination to listen to your personal assessments of the executives of this organization. I'll have to put it to you bluntly, Miss Alcott. You'll either report for work with Mr. Doane on Monday morning -- or you'll report to the cashier this afternoon to pick up your severance pay. Now, which will it be, please? I'm very busy.

33

## FAVORING MISS ALCOTT

33

MISS ALCOTT

Does...does Mr. Lane know?

BLODGETT

(impatiently)

I'm sure someone has seen fit to tell him.

34

## ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER SHOT

34

Miss Alcott nods - and the nod is a surrender. A quick and altogether synthetic smile from Blodgett, who then turns on his heel and strides briskly off. En route to the door, he passes Doane's secretary, Miss Trevor, who has just entered from the corridor. As she comes to her desk, prepares to settle in, Miss Trevor takes note of Miss Alcott's expression, glances after the exiting Blodgett, registers comprehension.

MISS TREVOR

Got the word, eh?

MISS ALCOTT

Loud, clear and irrevocably.

Swiveling slightly in her chair, Miss Alcott glances over her shoulder toward the closed door to Lane's private office. She hesitates for a moment in miserable irresoluteness, then rises, goes to the door, knocks once, opens it.

35

## INT. LANE'S OFFICE - DAY

35

Miss Alcott stands framed on the threshold. Lane sits behind his desk, chair swiveled so that he may stare pensively out the window behind him. Miss Alcott coughs discreetly. Lane turns, sees her, beckons her inside.

CONTINUED

LANE

If it makes it go down any easier  
--I feel a whole lot worse about  
this than you do.

MISS ALCOTT

I seriously doubt that.

LANE

(no self-pity now)

Look -- you've got a choice. You  
tie yourself to a rocket -- or to  
a ground hog. There's so much  
handwriting on the walls around  
here, the whole place looks like  
a gigantic men's room!

MISS ALCOTT

I don't want to work for Doane.  
It's as simple as that.

LANE

So give it a shot. If there's  
anybody on this earth who could  
put him down and keep him in  
line -- it's you.

MISS ALCOTT

(beat; lip quivering)

Is that it?

LANE

(very kindly)

Oh, there's a great deal more to  
say. A couple of items having to  
do with how grateful I am for all  
you've done for me. But unfortu-  
nately, I'm cold stone sober now  
and not given to loquaciousness.

(with no subter-  
fuge or kidding)

But you know that, don't you, Lynn?  
You know how grateful I am to you.

Miss Alcott, not trusting herself to speak, nods, smiles,  
turns and exits the office.

A bunch of girls have surrounded Miss Trevor's desk while  
she shows off her engagement ring and there is the predictable

CONTINUED

90

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19A

35

CONTINUED

35

LANE

Close the door.

Miss Alcott closes the door, takes a step into the room.

CONTINUED

chorus of "oohs" and "aahs." There are some additional congratulations, and then somebody starts to sing, "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

He sits listening as the sound of o.s. singing filters in. Camera starts a slow move into his face, and concurrent with this the character of the singing changes and once again it becomes the barroom harmony from before. As if in a dream, Lane rises from the desk and, camera panning with him, moves toward the door like a captivated kid after the Pied Piper. He puts his hand on the doorknob, opens the door.

It's completely different. Now there are just two desks visible. No switchboard; no rows of offices. A partition cuts the room in half, giving it a dinky, closed feeling. The Two Secretaries we see wear below-the-knees skirts.

Who blinks, turns toward Pritkin's office, hearing the o.s. door open. Camera swings, brings into view Pritkin emerging from his office. His hair is black; he sports a moustache. He's the Pritkin of 25 years ago. He walks directly over to Lane, smiles, pats him on the arm.

~~PRITKIN~~

Well, sir...what's the first day been like?

As Lane stares over Pritkin's shoulder at a calendar on a desk which reads, "May, 1945." Then he faces Pritkin, stares at him for a long moment, wets his lips.

LANE

The...the first day?

~~PRITKIN~~

(fatherly chuckle)

Just wanted you to know I'm going to keep my eye on you! You're going to become our number one salesman, Randy. Numero uno! The Company'll be moving into plastics soon. It's the coming

40

CONTINUED

PRITKIN (Cont'd)

thing. And you're going to move  
right on up with us! Right up in  
front!

In b.g. of shot, a Secretary has answered a ringing telephone. She looks up toward the two men.

SECRETARY

Mr. Lane?

As Lane turns toward her, she holds up the phone.

SECRETARY

It's your wife, sir. Want to get  
it on your own phone?

LANE

(a soft whisper)

My wife?

(then, louder)

My wife!

41

INT. LANE'S OFFICE - DAY

41

Lane comes racing into his office - unaware, even as he does so, that the room has changed its character. It's smaller, less adorned - just a bare desk and not much else. He grabs up the telephone, almost devouring it.

LANE

Honey? Honey, it's Randy ---!

42

DIFFERENT ANGLE - THE ROOM

42

It's changed back to what it was originally. There are the laughing o.s. voices of the secretaries, and the trailing notes of the singing as it ends. And Lane, clutching the phone to his ear, hears the filtered voice of Miss Alcott:

MISS ALCOTT'S VOICE

Did you call me, Mr. Lane?

LANE

(into phone)

Who is this?

MISS ALCOTT'S VOICE

It's Lynn, Mr. Lane. You buzzed me.

Lane very slowly replaces the receiver, just stares at it. Miss Alcott appears at the door, looking worried.

CONTINUED



42 CONTINUED

42

MISS ALCOTT

Is there anything wrong?

Lane looks at the framed picture of his wife, touches it tentatively, murmuring:

LANE

No. No, there's nothing wrong.

43 INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

43

Soft lights, soft music - just a low hum of desultory conversation from the few patrons in the bar. The door opens. The Policeman enters, moves to the bar, waits for the Bartender to spot him. Then:

POLICEMAN

I got a message you wanted to talk to me.

BARTENDER

For whatever it's worth, Randy Lane walked out of here a half hour ago with eleven dollars and eighty cents worth of scotch and water inside of him. Did I say walked? I should've said "flowed."

POLICEMAN

So what d'you want from me, Mac-Dougall? A pinch?

BARTENDER

You're old friends so I thought I'd tip you off. He said he was going over to Tim Riley's Bar.

44 CLOSEUP - POLICEMAN

44

Reacting. He frowns.

BARTENDER'S VOICE

He was not in what you'd call A-1 condition...Kept talking about Riley's like it was still open....

45 INT. RILEY'S BAR - CLOSEUP - BROKEN BEER MUG - NIGHT

45

We hear Lane's voice singing softly and discordantly, "For I'm a Jolly Good Fellow." Camera pulls back, angle widening

CONTINUED

45

CONTINUED

45

to reveal Lane standing at the bar, mug in hand.

46

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

46

A prowler car, red light flashing, comes around the corner, brakes to a stop in front of Tim Riley's Bar.

47

INT. RILEY'S BAR - PAST LANE TO ENTRANCE DOOR - NIGHT

47

The door is still closed and boarded, but the nails have been wrenched out. We see a moving flashlight on the other side, then the door is pushed open. Two Cops enter, shining their flashlights across the room toward Lane, who turns, grinning at them.

1ST COP

You better be the night watchman, buddy, or the equivalent.

LANE

(laughs)

Night watchman? Officer -- I outrank all the night watchmen in the world! I am late a Sergeant, First Platoon, "A" Company, 505th Parachute Regiment, 82nd Airborne Division. That's what I am! And I've just recently returned...V.E. Day now being behind us ---

The two cops look at one another, nod. The 1st Cop moves over to Lane, takes his arm.

1ST COP

Then why don't you come with us and we'll celebrate the event. It isn't every day a war ends.

LANE

(smiles, not budging)

Like to accommodate you, Officer. Really would. But the festivities are right here. Very shortly Tim Riley will accompany my old man on the piano while my old man sings, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." They will do it in an unharmonious harmony...but what they lack in symmetry -- they make up with gusto.

CONTINUED

1ST COP

You gonna come with us, buddy,  
or ---

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

I'll take care of him. I know him.

Lane's friend, the Policeman, enters shot. The two cops  
look at one another.

1ST COP

You know him well enough to explain  
to him that he can get thirty days  
apiece for trespassing and being  
under the influence -- plus tack on  
ninety more for breaking and enter-  
ing?

POLICEMAN

I said I'd take care of him!

The two cops look at one another, nod, exit the bar. The  
Policeman moves to Lane, who sways unsteadily on his feet.

POLICEMAN

Randy? I'm just goin' off duty  
and I got my car parked less'n  
a block away. What d'you say to  
a nice ride home?

LANE

You're not gonna stay for the  
party?

POLICEMAN

(very gently)

Randy...the party's over.

LANE

Over?

(looks around room)

Where's everybody gone? Huh? Huh?

POLICEMAN

(edging close)

To their respective rewards. The  
party's been over for twenty-five  
years, Randy.

(takes Lane's arm)

C'mon, lad -- let's go home.

who gently but firmly removes the Policeman's hand from his  
arm, adamantly shaking his head.

LANE

Officer McDermont -- this is where  
it is -- right here.

POLICEMAN

This is where what is?

LANE

The best years of my life.  
(a backward step;  
surveys the room)  
You may want to phone downtown for  
the psycho squad -- but something  
is happening to me.  
(peers at Policeman)  
I keep getting beckoned to by  
ghosts. Every now and then it's  
1945...How do you like them apples?  
(moves toward Police-  
man; halts, an arm's  
length away)

And if you think that sounds nuts --  
try this one: I wish those ghosts  
would stick around. They're the  
best friends I've got. I feel a  
lot more comfortable with them --  
than I do with all those warm,  
living flesh and blood bodies I  
ride up and down the elevators with!

POLICEMAN

Why don't you tell me about it in  
the car --- ?

LANE

(loudly)

I'll tell you about it right here!  
I ate something better than I've  
got. Where does it say that every  
morning of a man's life he's got to  
Indian wrestle with every young  
contender off the sidewalk who's  
got an itch to climb up a rung?

(voice suddenly softer;  
smiles, cups Police-  
man's face in his  
hands)

Hey, McDermont...McDermont...I've  
put in my time. Understand? I've  
paid my dues. I shouldn't have to  
get hustled to death in the daytime  
...and die of loneliness every  
night. That's not the dream.  
That's not what it's all about.

49

DIFFERENT ANGLE - MUTUAL TWO SHOT

49

POLICEMAN

(very softly)

C'mon, Randy...I'll drive you home.

LANE

Sixty-seven Bennett Avenue.

POLICEMAN

That's not where you live.

LANE

The devil it isn't.

POLICEMAN

That's where you lived. Now you live in that high-rise on Norton.

LANE

(shakes head)

I don't live there. I just wash my socks there. I live at Sixty-seven Bennett Avenue. Two story, white frame -- Katy and I bought it six months after we were married.

POLICEMAN

(infinite gentleness)

It's empty now, Randy. They're tearing down all the houses on the block. Gonna be an apartment complex.

LANE

(musingly)

They're tearing down the whole damn town...

(then)

So humor me, officer. Drive me there anyway.

The Policeman nods, moves to the door, pulls it - creaking - toward him, turns, looks at Lane, who walks slowly across the dark room and, passing him, out to the sidewalk.

50

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

50

A row of shuttered, closed dark houses - all of them very old, all of them boarded up. A sedan pulls up to the curb. Lane gets out, looks toward the house in front of him: the overgrown crabgrass, the broken fence, the faded "67" over the door on the front porch. The Policeman calls to him from behind the sedan's steering wheel:

POLICEMAN

Well?

CONTINUED

LANE

(rueful grin)

They don't build 'em like they used to.

(looks toward car)

I'll walk from here.

POLICEMAN

(hesitantly)

I can ---

LANE

(cuts in)

I can walk from here, McDermont. I'm sober now.

POLICEMAN

Okay. But don't go knockin' any doors down. You get a collar on you the next time -- I won't be around to help.

(meshing gears)

G'night, Randy. Get some sleep.

And the sedan wheels out of shot, leaving Lane standing there. He walks to the front gate, leans against it, looking toward the house.

Camera moves from the door to the various windows, and from someplace off in the distance there is the sound of a Woman's Voice - different pitched - sometimes with laughter, sometimes with impatience...but at all times with love:

KATHY'S VOICE

Summer's ready, Randy...Randy, will you wipe your shoes off? You're tracking mud all over the hall carpet...Goodnight, Randy darling -- Randy my love...Randy? Randy?

At the gate. He flings it open, is about to run toward the house when his name is called by Another Voice -- much closer and much more real:

MISS ALCOTT'S VOICE

Randy?

As Lane turns. Miss Alcott stands a few feet off in the shadow of a tree. Behind her, parked at the curb, we glimpse a late model economy sports coupe. She moves closer to him, illuminated by a street lamp.

LANE

You lost?

MISS ALCOTT

(trifle nervously)

I thought you might be.

LANE

This is where I live.

(beat; smiles)

Correction. Where I used to live.

MISS ALCOTT

(wetting her lips)

I know it's presumptuous, but... when you didn't come back from lunch -- I got concerned. I remembered you mentioning Tim Riley's Bar. By the time I got there, the policeman was just putting you in- to his car. I...I followed ---

LANE

(amused and touched)

You followed, eh? Because you were concerned. And Mr. Pritkin? Was he concerned, too?

(a silence)

Go ahead. Tell me.

MISS ALCOTT

He was...upset.

LANE

(grins)

Upset. I've no doubt. And I'm sure our Mr. Doane put in his car.

MISS ALCOTT

With unholy glee.

LANE

And I'm sure he called Mr. Pritkin's attention to the fact that as of ten a.m., I had left the premises.

Miss Alcott nods, eyes downcast. A long silence.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

LANE

I'm on my way out, Lynn. You are aware of that, aren't you?

54 CLOSEUP - MISS ALCOTT

54

Who nods, biting her lip, fighting back the tears.

55 PAST MISS ALCOTT TO LANE

55

Seemingly indifferent, he turns, looks toward the house.

LANE

Katy and I bought this six months after we were married. Katy was my wife.

MISS ALCOTT

It...it must have been quite lovely.

LANE

It was. We had a lot of plans for it.

(a beat)

She had a lot of plans for it. She died not too long after.

MISS ALCOTT

(softly)

You loved her very much.

LANE

(reflectively)

To the depth and breadth and height my soul can reach...

(stops abruptly)

Which is from Browning...who is passe...no longer quoted except by lachrymose aging men.

He turns, one hand resting on the open front gate, staring intently toward the house. Miss Alcott takes a step closer.

MISS ALCOTT

Have you had anything to eat?

LANE

I have had sufficient to drink, which more than compensates for what I haven't had to eat.

(turns, smiles)

I thank you for caring. It's very much like you.



MISS ALCOTT

You think I play Den Mother because  
I feel sorry for you?  
(shakes head)  
That's not what it's all about.

LANE

Did I ask you what it's all about?

MISS ALCOTT

I don't just care about you...I  
care for you. Not that it matters,  
Mr. Lane...but I happen to be in --

Lane reaches out, gently touches her mouth, stopping her.

LANE

Enough! Enough already!  
(lets his fingers  
run gently across  
her cheek)  
I am obviously past prime, but I'm  
not built out of pig iron.  
(a beat)  
So please don't make it tough for  
me, huh?

There is the sudden rolling sound of distant thunder, and  
some sporadic lightning. Miss Alcott indicates the coupe.

MISS ALCOTT

You'll need a ride. It's going to  
rain.

Who nods abs ntminedly. Again thunder, lightning, and now  
the first spattering of sudden rain. Angle widens as Miss  
Alcott walks ahead of Lane, who follows her along the side-  
walk to the parked sports coupe. The rain now begins to  
cascade down. She gets in behind the wheel, opens the door  
for him on the passenger side. He starts into the car, then  
stops, looking around. Camera eases closer.

MISS ALCOTT

What's the matter?

LANE

It was raining that night, too.

MISS ALCOTT

What night?

CONTINUED

57

CONTINUED

57

LANE (Cont'd)

She'd had a miserable cold. Could-  
n't shake it. Wouldn't go to a  
doctor. And when I got home...  
there was a neighbor from next door.  
They'd tried to call me but I wasn't  
in.

58

CLOSEUP - LANE

58

Standing there, hunched over by the open car door, the rain  
pouring down his face.

LANE

Is that a kick? I'm peddling plas-  
tics -- and my wife is dying...!

59

PAST LANE TO MISS ALCOTT

59

She leans over, reaches out toward him.

MISS ALCOTT

Mr. Lane...Randy...Listen to me ---

LANE

That's the story of my life.  
A little too late for everything.

MISS ALCOTT

(almost in tears)

Please get in ---

LANE

(irrational now,  
lost to reality;  
straightens, turns  
toward house)

Katy? Katy...I'm coming! Katy,  
stay there -- I'm coming, Katy!

60

HIGH ANGLE - THE SCENE

60

Lane races away from the coupe, smashes his way through the  
fence, stumbles, falls, scrambles to his feet, goes up the  
porch steps two-at-a-time.

61

CLOSE SHOT - FRONT DOOR - LANE'S POINT OF VIEW

61

It is no longer boarded up and it is no longer the front  
door to his house -- it is the double doors that front a

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

long hospital corridor. They swing open to reveal a hospital gurney coming out of a room - a body covered by a sheet - a white-coated Intern and a Nurse.

62 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- ANGLING TO LANE - NIGHT

62

Lane stands there, drenched and dripping, watching as the gurney is wheeled in the opposite direction. The Intern, seeing Lane, moves to him.

INTERN

Mr. Lane?

LANE

I came as fast as I could -- one of my neighbors told me that --

He stops abruptly. He has been distractedly watching the disappearing gurney. Now, suddenly, it registers with sledge-hammer impact. The Intern looks toward the gurney, then at Lane, venturing very gently:

INTERN

I'm afraid you're too late, Mr. Lane. It was pneumonia. We did everything we could, but....

Camera moves in for an extreme closeup of Lane's face as, thundering, echoing and re-echoing across his mind are the words, "You're late, Mr. Lane. You're too late. You're much too late," repeated over and over again, building up in a cacophony of explosive noise until Lane has to close his eyes and covers his ears.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

63 INT. OFFICE SUITE - CLOSE SHOT - MISS ALCOTT - DAY

63

At her desk, an anxious-looking Miss Alcott is on the phone, listening disappointedly to a filtered voice on the other end of the line:

FILTERED VOICE

I'm sorry. Mr. Lane's apartment isn't answering.

MISS ALCOTT

(into phone)

Thank you.

CONTINUED

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33

63 CONTINUED

She puts down the receiver, looks up, reacts, as an angle widens to reveal Doane standing there.

DOANE

I could've saved you the trouble.  
Your boss spent the night in the  
city jail. Little squib in the  
morning paper.

64 PAST MISS ALCOTT AND DOANE TO CORRIDOR DOOR

As it opens and Pritkin enters, carrying his briefcase.

DOANE

Oh, Mr. Pritkin?

(as Pritkin turns)

I'm afraid we're minus a sales  
director this morning.

PRITKIN

Mr. Lane's sick?

DOANE

I would imagine so -- After spending  
the night in the drunk tank.

PRITKIN

(a chilly silence;

then to Miss Alcott)

Should you hear from Mr. Lane...  
tell him I'd very much like to see  
him at his earliest convenience.

Miss Alcott just sits there, frozen. Pritkin continues on  
into his office. Doane turns to Miss Alcott, leering.

DOANE

Just a small suggestion, Miss  
Alcott -- always play the favorites.

MISS ALCOTT

That applies to thoroughbred horses  
and you Mr. Doane, happen to be a  
jackal!

65 SERIES OF QUICK CUTS - THE OTHER SECRETARIES

thru

67 At their respective desks - not looking, but listening.

BACK TO SCENE - DOANE AND MISS ALCOTT

Doane nervously looks around, conscious of the sudden silence in the room. Obligated to reinstate himself, he clears his throat, his voice much too loud:

DOANE

And as of the moment, Miss Alcott  
-- you are unemployed!

MISS ALCOTT

(rises, regarding  
him steadily)

At last I have something to thank  
you for...Because not to have to  
work for you, Mr. Doane, is my  
most cherished ambition!

She turns, as if intending to quit her desk, then checks her motion, staring o.s. Camera shifts, brings into view Lane, who has just entered through the corridor door. He looks disheveled, bearded, rumpled, a little lost. Head down, shoulders slumped dispiritedly, he walks silently past all the desks, past Doane and Miss Alcott, and into his office, closing the door behind him. Doane stares at the closed door, then at Miss Alcott.

DOANE

Are you going to give him the  
message or am I?

MISS ALCOTT

You put your hand on that doorknob  
and I'll break it off at the wrist!

She turns abruptly, goes to Lane's door, opens it, enters,  
closing the door behind her.

INT. LANE'S OFFICE - DAY

He stands behind his desk, staring down at nothing, then  
slowly raises his eyes to Miss Alcott, grinning crookedly.

LANE

Add this to my long list of accom-  
plishments: I now have a record of  
arrest.

MISS ALCOTT

(a semi-whisper)

...I know.

Lane shakes his head as if confused. He sits down, spreads  
out his hands on top of the desk.

LANE

A great deal can happen to a man in  
twenty-four hours....

The telephone on his desk rings. Lane ignores it. Miss Alcott  
finally moves over, picks it up, speaks into it:

MISS ALCOTT

Mr. Lane's office.  
(reacts worriedly;  
cups the phone)  
It's Mr. Pritkin.

Lane takes the receiver from her, leans back in his chair,  
speaking into the mouthpiece:

LANE

Randolph Lane here...Yes, sir. I  
quite understand...Oh, yes, indeed  
-- I know all about corporate images...  
That, too, Mr. Pritkin, I know the  
value of good public relations. Oh,  
yes, sir -- I'm close to an expert  
on that...I quite understand. I'll  
have vacated my desk by --  
(looks at wrist-  
watch)  
Would ten minutes be okay?...Fine.  
And thank you for telling me.

Very slowly, he puts the receiver back on its cradle.

MISS ALCOTT

The well-known axe.

Lane makes a chopping motion with the flat of his hand against  
the side of his neck.

LANE

In one stroke.

Rising slowly, he opens up a couple of desk drawers, fumbles  
around, then reaches across, picks up his wife's picture, tucks  
it under his arm. In his other hand is the half-consumed bottle  
of whiskey. He peers absently around him.

LANE

I don't think there's anything else  
around here that belongs to me...or  
that I want to take with me. When  
you do your house cleaning for Mr.  
Doane -- if you should run across  
anything, just ---

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED - 2

69

MISS ALCOTT

(cutting in)

I won't be working for Mr. Doane.  
Or anyone else around here. Where-  
ever you go -- that's where I go.

70 CLOSE SHOT - LANE

70

A very strange enigmatic expression on his face.

LANE

I'm afraid that won't be possible,  
Lynn. Where I'm going, I don't  
think they'd let you in.

71 ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO SHOT

71

As Lane moves around the side of the desk, Miss Alcott's  
eyes following him. He pauses in the doorway, looking at her.

LANE

Goodbye, Lynn dear. I've been  
late...too late all my life. Now  
I'm gonna go back and stake a claim  
to some of the better moments.  
And this trip I'm not gonna be late  
for!

He exits the office, leaving her standing there.

72 INT. OFFICE SUITE - DAY - MOVING SHOT - LANE

72

Lane strides with brisk purposefulness down the aisle between  
the desks - the Secretaries staring at him. As he passes,  
the switchboard Operator calls:

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

Call for you, Mr. Lane.

Lane scoops up a phone, then looks to the Switchboard Operator  
who pushes in a plug. Into the phone:

LANE

Mr. Lane no longer works here.  
And Mr. Lane no longer lives here.  
And Mr. Lane is no longer available.

He slams the phone down before the shocked, inquiring eyes  
of the Switchboard Operator. He grins at her.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

72

LANE

If anybody should ask...I've gone  
to a homecoming at Tim Riley's  
Bar!

And he exits out the corridor door.

73 CLOSE SHOT - MISS ALCOTT

73

Who has emerged from Lane's office. She stares toward the corridor door, then turns and walks directly past Pritkin's secretary and into his private office.

74 INT. PRITKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

74

From behind his massive desk, Pritkin looks up sharply and surprised. Miss Alcott slams the door behind her.

MISS ALCOTT

For Mr. Randolph Lane who has just departed the premises...one small, lonely word on his behalf -- since nobody else seems to give a damn. In exchange for twenty-five pretty good years, you've given him the boot and the back of your hand. Now he's alone and tired and a little frightened. Maybe the least you could've given him wouldn't have been bad. But just a...a word...a gentle word would've been better. Just a reminder to him that he's not obsolete. He's not unloved. He's not a relic to be carted off to the dump. Now he's chasing ghosts...when all he really needed was that one word to tell him that he had worth. That much you could have given him.

(a beat)

That much, Mr. Pritkin, you should have given him!

75 CLOSE-UP - PRITKIN

75

He just stares at her, his amazement changing to a look of understanding tinged with shame.



76

EXT: STREET OUTSIDE TIM RILEY'S BAR - DAY

76

There are some construction trucks sitting around, some spot-lights set up, and some hard-hatted workers are moving around. Lane comes along the sidewalk, stops, staring -- then he moves over to one of the workmen.

LANE

What's going on?

WORKMAN

What's it look like? We're gonna knock the place down.

And he shoulders past Lane, shouting instructions up to another workman. Camera holds Lane, who moves now to the front door which is off its hinges.

77

INT. RILEY'S BAR - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - LANE

77

Entering, he stops just inside the doorway, peering around.

78

PANNING SHOT - THE SCENE - LANE'S POINT OF VIEW

78

A Work Crew is industriously removing furniture, vending machines, etc.

79

FAVORING LANE

79

whose eyes have come finally to rest on a workman who is hammering the hell out of a big, already cracked, mirror behind what was once the bar. Lane starts toward the workman.

LANE

Wait a minute!...Hey! I want you to wait a minute ---

He seizes the workman, whirls him around.

80

DIFFERENT ANGLE - THE ROOM - NIGHT

80

The workman is Tim Riley, the bartender.

TIM

(smiling)

Welcome home, Randy.

The place is now lit, and this time it has reality -- bar, bunting, a "Welcome

Home" banner over the bar, juke box, piano, boisterous crowd of convivial patrons. Camera favors Lane as, mystified and yet delighted, he walks away from the bar through back-slapping, grinning, raucously singing, shouting people. He first moves to an old man (his Father) who puts his arms around him.

FATHER

How are you, son?

LANE

Fine, Pop. Just fine.

He turns. A girl, Katy, walks up to him. They embrace. He kisses her -- and continues to kiss her -- with such an ache, such a longing.

KATY

Hello, darling.

LANE

Katy... Oh, how I've missed you!

Tim Riley circles the bar, coming over to slap Lane on the back.

LANE

Good to see you, Tim! Awful good.

TIM

And you, Randy. Good to see you. What's more, it's on the house!

He beckons to a Waiter, who draws a beer, slides it down the bar. Tim catches it deftly, hands it to Lane. Camera goes with Tim as he moves now to the piano, sits, begins to play "A Long Way to Tipperary." Lane's Father goes over to sing along with him.

listening, wet-eyed, as the o.s. crowd now joins in singing.

Each holding up a beer mug. Camera pans over their smiling, loving faces, fastens on Katy, who holds up her glass as, at the same moment, the voices die away -- and concurrent with this the lights dim ever so slightly. Katy very softly begins to sing "Auld Lang Syne," and a chorus of soft voices join her.

As he takes a step toward Katy.

LANE  
Katy -- no sad songs for this  
occasion. This is a homecoming!

84 THE GROUP - FAVORING KATY

The singing fades away, and in its place we have the sound of hammering, a pneumatic drill, glass breaking, walls crumbling. Lane lifts his voice to drown out the noise:

LANE  
Go ahead, Katy! Sing! Sing!  
(then looking around)  
All of you -- sing! This is an  
occasion. I mean...it's not  
every day a guy comes back.  
(louder, supplicating)  
Please...everybody sing!!

85 FAVORING LANE

As his Father steps away from the piano, his voice raised above the noise of the pounding.

FATHER  
Randy....

LANE  
(desperately)  
Go ahead, Pop -- give us a coupla  
choruses of "Tipperary." Go ahead,  
Tim -- play the piano for him.  
(whirls to the crowd)  
Everybody...everybody sing!

85 THE GROUP - FAVORING LANE'S FATHER

As they all listen to the tumultuous pounding, glass shattering, plaster cracking, wood splintering -- then all noise stops, and in its place is an almost ethereal stillness. In a soft, sad voice, Lane's Father ventures:

FATHER  
How about that, Randy? They're  
tearing down Tim Riley's Bar.  
(turns to Tim)  
That's what they're doing Tim.

Tim silently nods.

LANE

Don't pay any attention. Forget about them. C'mon, everybody --

(to Katy)

This is where it is! Right here!

This place! This bar!

(gazing over the  
silent faces)

I'm back! Understand? It's 1945  
and I'm back!

(again to Katy)

We're going to get married. You and me. Then we're going to buy a white, two-story house. That's what's going to happen. But let me tell you something, let me tell you this right now -- We're going to change everything. We're going to do it right, this time. I'm not going to lose you, Katy. I swear to God -- I'm not going to lose you---

He stops, staring.

The figures are becoming indistinct, the light is fading. Lane goes left, then right - frantic moves, trying to reach out and touch that which isn't there. First to Katy, then to his Father, then to Tim Riley - and each time, the figures become even more indistinct, the darkness more encroaching. During the above, with frenzied desperation:

LANE

Wait a minute...listen to me... I can't stay here. I don't have any place here. I'm an antique...a has-been. I don't have any function here...I don't have any purpose.

(halts, holds out his  
hands, fists clenched)

You leave me now and I'm marooned!

(points toward window)

I can't survive out there! Pop? Tim? They stacked the deck that way. They fix it so you get elbowed off the earth! You just don't understand what's going on now! The whole bloody world is coming apart at the seams. And I can't hack it! I swear to God ... I can't hack it!

(beat; a step toward

Katy, voice softer)

Katy...you're all I've got. I can't lose you...I've lost everything else.

88

CONTINUED

88

## SECOND WORKMAN

Wanna get outta the way, mister?  
We're on overtime as it is.

89

OMITTED

89

90

EXT. STREET - DOWN ANGLE SHOT - NIGHT

90

Where Tim Riley's Bar had stood there is now an empty lot. The construction workers are just putting away their equipment. And in the middle of this empty square stands Randolph Lane, all by himself. He takes a slow, directionless walk away from the square onto the sidewalk.

91

MOVING SHOT - LANE

91

As he walks, then suddenly stops dead in his tracks. We hear the o.s. singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" - very close. Lane looks around, seeks out the source of the song with his eyes, then walks toward it.

92

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

92

the singing is close by now. Through the front window we see Lane crossing the street as if drawn by a magnet. He enters the cocktail lounge, halts, wide-eyed.

93

LANE'S POINT OF VIEW - THE ROOM

93

Assembled here, Miss Alcott, some secretaries, Policeman McDermont -- and even Pritkin. They hold up their glasses to camera as they finish the song.

94

PAST ASSEMBLAGE TO LANE

94

who stands there, not knowing what to do, what to say, how to react. He is absolutely and thoroughly torn. Rising, Pritkin moves out in front of the group.

## PRITKIN

Randy Lane? It occurred to some of us...your friends...that a man shouldn't have twenty-five years go by without being remembered...and thanked...and reminded that he is held in deep affection and sizeable esteem.

(a beat)

It's to my discredit, Randy, and I ask you to forgive me for not having told you this before...and more than once.

(raises his glass)

To the past twenty-five. But, much more important...to the next twenty-five!