SEARCHING FOR DAVID

A fantasy - drama

An Honors Thesis (ID 499)

by

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INT -- SECRETARIES' OFFICE OF THE PROSECUTOR -- MORNING

PAN from prosecutor's door TOM ROSSINGTON PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
through the office to LORETTA STONE who sits at an electric typewriter,
a good distance away so her pregnant stomach can fit in the space.
PAN over to ELLEN BLAIR who sits behind a VDT, looking through
files in the computer. Her desk is immaculate. CU of photographs
pinned to her desk -- one of her parents and brother and sisters,
another which is a picture postcard of Michaelangelo's statue
of David. PAN to the door which opens. KATHLEEN MELBOURNE
enters with a big smile on her face.

KATHLEEN
We got it! Brady bought Grandma and Grandpa's house!
(breathing excitedly)
Gosh, ain't it great? I can just see us fixing it up.
Just like in the movies when the young newlyweds re-
novate the old house. How romantic.

LORETTA
 stil typing)
Somehow the vision of you dripping wallpaper paste
in Brady's hair doesn't hit me as romantic.

KATHLEEN
(childishly arranging the messed papers on
her desk)
He loves me. He wouldn't care...

There is silence. CU of ELLEN looking diligently at the VDT
trying not to listen to the conversation. KATHLEEN continues.

KATHLEEN
You know, I'm lucky he's a Gemini. I mean, if he was
a Virgo, he'd just cringe at the thought of wallpaper
paste in his hair.

ELLEN noisily rises from her chair and grabs a file off her desk.

ELLEN
(disgusted)
Jesus, Kathleen, how do you come up with them this early
in the morning?

She enters TOM'S office.

ELLEN'S VOICE
Mr. Rossington, here's the file you wanted on
Milo Granger.

The office door shuts.
KATHLEEN
(somewhat hurt)
What's her problem?

LORETTA
(bluntingly)
She doesn't want to be an old maid.

KATHLEEN
She's only 25. I'm two years older than she is. She's got plenty of time.

LORETTA
(rolling her eyes)
Yeah, but Kathleen, you dated Brady since you were a sophomore in highschool.

KATHLEEN
I suppose so. You know, if she dated someone for eight years that would make her 33.

LORETTA
Besides she's exposed to it everyday. You and your new house. Me and my new addition in five or so months. The girl is ready to find someone and settle down. Unfortunately, any girl that is waiting for King David to come along is going to have a rude awakening.

TOM'S door opens and ELLEN walks out.

ELLEN
(to LORETTA)
He wants to see you.

LORETTA scoots her chair out and acts like it is a problem for her to get up when it really isn't. She smiles sarcastically at ELLEN as she passes her. ELLEN sits back down at the computer. KATHLEEN looks over to her and waits for her to say something. ELLEN looks up at KATHLEEN'S stare.

ELLEN
I'm sorry, I got up on the wrong side of bed this morning.

KATHLEEN
No problem. I know better than to talk astrology before noon... Hey, I got an offer for you. Brady's got to work tonight. I'll take you to the house you can be the first to scope it with me. Even before Brady.

ELLEN
I don't know
KATHLEEN
Aw come on. It'll be like when we were little and would go see my grandma... We could play in the attic.

There is no answer.

KATHLEEN
(In a little girl's voice)
Come on best buddy.

ELLEN smiles over to her.

TRANSITION

INT -- KATHLEEN'S ATTIC -- LATE EVENING

PAN over dusty furniture, boxes, cobwebs to the closed attic door. The faint light of a setting sun streams through a small octagonal window. Voices can be heard giggling outside the door along with footsteps on a wooden staircase. The door is slammed against and laughter is heard. This happens twice more before the door flies open and ELLEN and KATHLEEN (who is holding a flashlight) nearly fall into the room.

KATHLEEN
(out of breath, laughing)
Oscar the ghost didn't want us to come in. Geez, it's been a long time since we've been up here.

ELLEN
(Walking around, touching things)
Too long.
(Picks up an old pan)
Remember when we used to pretend we were cooking those gourmet meals with this?

KATHLEEN
(taking it from her, sarcastically)
I wish I was still pretending. I cooked better then... Oh look!
(She walks to a clothes rack)
The clothes we used to dress up in.

They both anxiously leaf through the clothing.

ELLEN
(grimacing)
You know, we used to think these things were beautiful. Ugh, how depressionistic.
(She holds up a dull dress vintage 1930s)
Nice black and brown... My favorite plaid pattern.
KATHLEEN
(Grabbing it)
Aw, it's not that bad. Grandma dressed real
nice for then. Put some boots and big earrings with
it and it'd be great. ... Maybe I'll take it.

ELLEN
It's all yours.
(She picks another dress off the rack)
Now this is pretty.

KATHLEEN
(excited)
Hey, it's Grandma's wedding dress! I didn't know
it was up here. She must have brought it up after
we stopped playing.
(holding it up to her)
Ain't it gorgeous? I should have worn it in my
wedding. Brady would've loved that.

ELLEN
(moving nonchalantly to the other
side of the attic)
I guess it's too late for that now.

KATHLEEN
Yeah. ...
(She puts it back)
... but not for you. It might fit you fine. We'd
have to hike you in a corset or something.

ELLEN
Thanks a lot, Kathleen. But it's not going to happen.

KATHLEEN
What's not going to happen?

ELLEN
Marriage. ...
(She rummages through some boxes)
Some people are meant for it and some aren't.
We all know what group I'm in.

She opens the lid to one box and runs her hand over some letters
inside.

KATHLEEN
Well if you weren't looking for something that
didn't exist.

ELLEN
What's wrong with wanting perfection?
KATHLEEN
You know, Ellen. Perfection is a very strange thing. I always thought Brady was perfect and then there came a day when I realized he went to the bathroom like everyone else.

ELLEN
(laughing)
That's beautiful.

KATHLEEN
What have you got there?

ELLEN
(rustles the letters)
I don't know. Some old letters
(holds one up to look at the date)
Old letters. The postmark says 1907.

KATHLEEN
(moving close to Ellen)
1907? My grandparents weren't born until 1912.

ELLEN
It's addressed to Lucinda Conner. Does that sound familiar?

KATHLEEN
Lucinda was the name of Grandpa's mother. . .
(suddenly excited)
My great grandmother's letters!

ELLEN
(opening the letter, her eyes widen as she reads.)
Oh, wow! Listen to this.
(with much feeling)

Do you know you are a trouble to me? Your dear sweet face gets between me and dusty ledger! You have crowded everything else out of the world and left it so full of your dear sweet self that I am conscious of nothing but your presence. Dear, if my heart were beating within your own breast, it could not more sensibly feel every motion and every act of yours that it does already. Tell me at once if you will be mine! I can no longer live in this terrible dim region of doubt and uncertainty where the thick shadows of fear leave but transient gleams of sunshine upon my heart. . .

There is silence for a moment.

ELLEN
This wasn't written by any kind of man that I know.
KATHLEEN
Well who wrote it? Look at the name.

ELLEN stops and looks closely at the name. She is hesitant to answer.

ELLEN
It's David... 

KATHLEEN
That would be Great-grandpa David Pruitt. It sounds like a letter of proposal.

ELLEN
(still in her own little world)
Yes.

KATHLEEN
What?

ELLEN
I'd say yes if someone proposed to me like that. It figures the man of my dreams is probably 70 years older than me.

KATHLEEN
And considerably more dead.

ELLEN
Yeah, that too.

They sit going through letters. KATHLEEN then gets a thought.

KATHLEEN
You know, you could always contact him.

ELLEN
Don't get weird on me, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN
Seriously, I've been to gobs of seances. You might be able to meet him. I might be able to meet him. Geez, I never thought about contacting my great-grandparents.

ELLEN
Forget it, Kathleen. Here, read another letter.
(she hands her another in the stack)

PAN across the attic to a stack of pictures. One picture is face down and away from the others. CU of the picture with the initials DHP on it.

KATHLEEN'S VOICE
You know, I'll bet he was an Aries... 

TRANSITION
INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- LATE NIGHT

ELLEN sits at the table in her robe with a cup of hot cocoa. She reaches for a book entitled "World's Greatest Art" and turns to a page which is marked with a slip of paper. CU of a picture of the sculpture of David. She gazes at it.

ELLEN

(remembering the words from the letter, with feeling)
Do you know you are a trouble to me?

The phone rings. ELLEN gets out of her chair, still gazing at the picture. The call is from her sister, Kelly at school in Colorado.

ELLEN

Hello?

KELLY

Heya, Ellie.

ELLEN

Kel, what's happening? Is something wrong?

KELLY

Does something have to be wrong everytime I don't call you on Sunday afternoon at 5:00?

ELLEN

I just wasn't expect--

KELLY

Can't I just call my big sis and say I love you, things are fine here -- though I bet it's warm where you are, how are the parents?; I'm getting married in June, My roommate moved out--

ELLEN

What! You're getting mar--

KELLY

Married. God, Ellie, you should see the rock Randy got me. It's a third of a carat... Ellen, are you there?

ELLEN

(with a disoriented look on her face)
Yeah. Oh honey, that's great. June what?

KELLY

The 22nd, it being a Saturday and all... Ellen, you will be my maid of honor?

(she rambles excitedly)
KELLY (cont)
I know we've assumed it would be that way, but
I wanted to ask you, you know, officially. Molly
will be a bridesmaid -- she'll be happy about that.
And Andrew... Randy's going to have him as a
groomsman. It'll be pretty much family then.

ELLEN
Have you told Mom and Pop yet?

KELLY
Naw. I wanted you to be the first... Ellen,
are you okay? I mean you don't sound as excited
as I thought you would.

ELLEN
Oh God, yes, honey, I'm excited. I've just had
a long day.

KELLY
You women in law.

ELLEN
(laughing)
Oh yeah, I'm really in law.

KELLY
Hey, Ellie, I gotta get off the line. I'm expecting
a call... from you know who. Hot damn! Ain't life
grand?

ELLEN
(with no emotion)
It's grand.

KELLY
Well, I'll see you sis. I love you.

ELLEN
I love you too. Congratulations, Kel. You
deserve the best.

ELLEN
hangs up the phone and manages a smile as she thinks
about her sister. Her eyes fill with water.

ELLEN
Always a bridesmaid... 

She sighs, closes her eyes and daydreams.

DISSOLVE
INT -- CHURCH -- NIGHTTIME WEDDING

MS down the aisle of a beautiful church -- slightly out of focus. Candles are lit. The minister stands at the end of the aisle with the bridal party -- three bridesmaids, three groomsmen and a silhouetted groom. They all await the bride. BS of ELLEN as she walks down the aisle in an exquisite traditional gown. CU of her face, which is radiant. She reaches the groom and takes his hand. MS of the silhouettes as they join hands and gaze into one another's eyes. CU of the faces. The groom's is slightly shadowed, but enough is seen to reveal a very attractive man -- wavy light hair, prominent jaw -- very Michaelangelo. CU of ELLEN as her eyes gaze upward to his. CU of his face, there is a glimpse of a smile. His face comes down to ELLEN'S as if to kiss her. She closes her eyes.

DISSOLVE

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT --

ELLEN'S eyes are still closed. She opens them and sees her apartment instead of a church. Disgustedly, she walks to the television and turns it on. A music video program is on. The video "All of the good ones are taken" by Ian Hunter comes on. She watches it for a moment and then turns off the set. CU of her hand doing the action.

TRANSITION

INT -- KATHLEEN AND BRADY'S HOUSE

KATHLEEN and BRADY get snacks together for a party. KATHLEEN mixes dip together with a wooden spoon. She sticks her finger in it and sucks it off. She repeats the action and shoves her finger in Brady's mouth. He sucks the dip off and grabs her hand to kiss it. He draws her close.

BRADY
Why don't we... Call Ellen and Rick and... tell them we've had a change of plans.

KATHLEEN
Brady, I can't do that.
(He kisses her neck)

BRADY
But we're newlyweds. They'll understand.

KATHLEEN
Look, Ellen's been having a rough go of it. She needs this.
BRADY
(pleading)
So do I.
(He grabs her derriere)

The doorbell rings.

KATHLEEN
Later, Brady, later.

KATHLEEN bounces to the front door and opens it. ELLEN stands there with a strange smile on her face — like she doesn't really want to be there. Behind her is a very tall, attractive brunette.

KATHLEEN
C'mon in you guys.

BRADY
Coats.
(He helps Ellen with hers)

RICK removes his coat and tosses it to BRADY. RICK walks into the kitchen and sees the food. ELLEN shakes her head when he leaves. He can be heard in the kitchen.

RICK'S VOICE
Hey this looks great, Kathy.
(His words are mumbled since his mouth is full)
Is the beer in the fridge?
(The refrigerator door can be heard opening.)
Oh, never mind, I found it.

KATHLEEN
(putting her arm around ELLEN)
You know, he really is a great looking guy.

ELLEN
(trying to smile)
Yeah, he is.

TRANSITION

INT -- KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT -- LATER THAT EVENING

CU of a beer tab being popped off a can. ZOOM OUT to see RICK putting the can to his lips. There are empty cans in front of his seat. The four sit at the table and RICK deals the cards to play euchre.

KATHLEEN
I'll pass. Your call, Rick.

BRADY
Rick?
RICK
(He looks at his cards very closely.
CU of his hand which is all black)
Oh, pick it up, babe.
(He winks at Ellen.)

ELLEN
Ugh, Rick.
(She shows her hand to Brady. It is all red)
Don't expect too much help from your partner.

RICK
No problem.
(He belches under his breath)

They play a round of cards. KATHLEEN and BRADY take two of the five tricks at first, then RICK takes the next three. KATHLEEN and BRADY shrug at each other. ELLEN looks at RICK, knowing that he's stacked the deck.

KATHLEEN
(squealing)
How did you do that?

RICK
A good card player never tells his tricks. Besides, according to Hoyle --

KATHLEEN
According to Hoyle, my ass.

BRADY
It's great.

KATHLEEN
(wide-eyed)
What?!

BRADY
(with a sly smile)
Your ass. It's great.

Brady!

KATHLEEN

RICK
(trying to be studly)
And of course, if Ellen would get up and bring me another beer, we could all see how great her's is.

ELLEN blushes and gets up, half out of anger, half out of embarrassment. She goes to the refridgerator in the kitchen. KATHLEEN follows her.
ELLEN
I can't believe I let him talk to me like that. He's so damn condescending. And what do I do? I follow his orders like some slave wench.

KATHLEEN
He was giving you a compliment.

ELLEN
Kathleen, I'm not you. Things like that embarrass me.

KATHLEEN
Well at least he plays a mean hand of euchre.

ELLEN (disgusted)
He stacks the deck.

KATHLEEN (trying to be convincing again)
He stacks it well. . .Ah, Ellen. The guy is really nuts about you. Why do you go out with him if you don't like him?

ELLEN (confused)
I do like him. But I don't want to spend my life with him.

KATHLEEN
You don't have to spend your --

ELLEN
Yes he's good looking, and fun, and has money. But he's obnoxious when he drinks -- and for that matter when he doesn't. And I bet he can't come up with words like... your great-grandfather could.

KATHLEEN
You're still thinking about the letters, huh?

ELLEN
How can I not? My whole life these days is devoted to thinking about what I'll be doing in the future if I don't find someone. I've just got to, Kathleen. Do you know, my sister called me last night from school. . .And you know what she had to say?

KATHLEEN
What?

ELLEN
She's getting married next June. She wants me to be her maid of honor.
KATHLEEN
That's great!
(She sees ELLEN'S look of sadness and changes her tone)
You knew she would be soon. It was all a matter of formality.

ELLEN
Oh sure. But it's real now. My God, she just turned 21. I wouldn't be surprised if Molly beats me to the alter.

KATHLEEN
Don't you want Kelly to get married? You really should be happy for her.

ELLEN
(her guilt shows)
I am . . .

RICK'S VOICE
(impatiently)
Hey, babe, where's my beer?

ELLEN
(to Kathleen, sarcastically)
God's calling.

ELLEN reaches in the refrigerator for a beer.

KATHLEEN
(jokingly)
Hey, at least God's real. You can't carry on a card game with my great grandfather.

ELLEN grabs another beer and pops the tabs off both cans and drinks from one.

KATHLEEN
C'mon, Ellen, don't get weird on me. You do want a mate that exists, don't you?

They walk into the other room

ELLEN
I don't know what I want.

TRANSITION
INT -- SECRETARIES' OFFICE OF THE PROSECUTOR -- MONDAY MORNING

LORETTA is at the coffee maker pouring two cups of coffee -- one for herself, the other for TOM ROSSINGTON who enters the office whistling.

LORETTA
Ah the man of the hour.
(she swings her chair around and hands him his cup)

TOM
(winking)
Thanks, Mom.

It's obvious that TOM and LORETTA share a very special relationship, one that is not as strong with others in the office.

LORETTA
Congrats, Boss, on another fine victory. You'd think those guys would be afraid to toy around with a prosecuting team that's batting almost a thousand.

TOM
We've had some pretty open and shut cases, though. I don't know about the Granger case. We may have a tough time with him if I don't get my witness.

LORETTA
Oh, speaking of which.
(she goes to the file cabinet and gets a file for him.)
Here. The info from Circuit Court that you wanted.

TOM
Thanks. You did get the subpoenas typed up and sent out?

LORETTA
Kathleen did on Friday.
(She sits down.)

TOM
By the way, where are the other two employees the county is paying to work for me?

LORETTA
Kathleen's over in Juvenile, I think. Ellen is with one of the policemen.

The door opens

No, the policeman is with Ellen.
ELLEN has a sickened look on her face. She hands a file to LORETTA. LORETTA opens it up and is quickly saddened. A picture of a child is on top. The child has been beaten badly.

LORETTA
Oh, God. How can anyone do...  
(She hands the picture to TOM. Her maternal ways show.)

POLICEMAN
We'd gotten reports earlier about her getting beaten, but no one could really do anything about it.

ELLEN
Until it was too late.

LORETTA
How old is she?

POLICEMAN
Three and a half.

LORETTA
God. A three and a half year-old baby.  
(She reads the report)  
I hope she's put away for good. The child's mother...  
I wish someone would throw her up against a wall a few times.

POLICEMAN
I guess the husband beat the wife. She obviously felt she had to take it out on someone.

The POLICEMAN takes the report and he and TOM go into TOM'S office.

ELLEN
There are times like today when I don't like this job.

LORETTA
If anyone ever touched my kid.  
(She holds her stomach)  
And this one when it's born... If my husband ever.  
Oooo. I cringe at the thought.

ELLEN
(nonchalantly playing with the corner of the picture postcard of David)  
I guess it's not all roses, huh?

LORETTA
What?  
(She glances over seeing that ELLEN is slipping into her occasional daydreams.)
ELLEN
Nothing.

LORETTA
(turning to her VDT)
Ellen, you doing anything Saturday?

ELLEN
(feeding her typewriter with a search warrant)

Nope.

LORETTA
Are you up to watching the little one?

ELLEN
I'd love to.

LORETTA looks over to her with concern.
I'll take good care of her.

TRANSITION

EXT -- PARK -- SATURDAY

ELLEN and LORETTA' S three-year-old SHANA walk hand in hand. SHANA falls behind and ELLEN picks her up. They are silhouetted in the sunshine. ELLEN spots an ice cream vendor and gets a cone for SHANA and her to share. They pass some guys playing softball on the warm November day. SHANA appears interested. They go to a bench and sit and watch the game. ELLEN takes a lick of the cone and sets it down. SHANA immediately shoves her face in the cone.

ELLEN
(laughing)
You wear me out, Jelly Bean. . . What's your poor Mana going to do when she has your brother or sister?

SHANA
(giggling with ice cream all over her)
Good.

ELLEN takes another bite.
Where's my mommy?

ELLEN
She's with your daddy. They had to go to town.

SHANA
(very grown-up)
Oh. . . My mommy's going to have a baby:
ELLEN
I know, honey.

SHANA
She has a big tummy.

ELLEN
(laughing)
Yeah, she sure does.

SHANA
Where's your baby, Aunt Ellen?

ELLEN
(shocked by the question)
Oh, Shana, sweetie, I don't have a baby.

SHANA
(Shes looks at ELLEN with her big baby blues)
Why?

ELLEN
(Trying her best to come up with an explanation)
I don't know.

ELLEN looks down at the child eating the ice cream. She runs her hand through SHANA'S hair.

I don't know.

ELLEN begins to fade off into another daydream. She looks over to where the suns rays are the brightest. From the beams of light she sees the silhouettes of three people walking toward her. It is a family. ELLEN is the mother. SHANA is the child. The father is the same figure in the wedding fantasy. They look at each other. CU as they smile. The man picks up SHANA and twirls her around. ELLEN laughs. He takes ELLEN'S hand and squeezes it. CUT back to ELLEN and SHANA on the bench. The fantasy fades quickly as a softball from the game flies to the bench where ELLEN and SHANA are sitting. CU of it hitting the cone in ELLEN'S hand. It smashes to bits and drips all over ELLEN. SHANA is frightened and starts wailing.

ELLEN
Aw, honey, don't cry. It's just ice cream.

ELLEN holds up her hand and tries to shake the ice cream from her fingers. She takes a napkin from her purse and wipes her pants. One of the players, DAVID runs over to the bench. He helps ELLEN off the bench, takes his handkerchief out of his pocket and gives it to her.

DAVID
I'm so sorry. I've never hit the ball so hard in my life. Here let me help you.
ELLEN takes his handkerchief and wipes off her pants. She turns around and cleans up SHANA who is still crying.

ELLEN
Don't worry about it.

DAVID
Look, I feel bad about your daughter's ice cream. At least let me buy her another one.

ELLEN
(somewhat shocked at him calling SHANA her daughter)
Oh... she's not my daughter... You really don't have to.

DAVID catches ELLEN'S gaze for just a second.

DAVID
I want to. I feel obligated. Look, the ball could have hit her or something.
(He motions to SHANA)

ELLEN looks down to SHANA who has a sad little pout. SHANA understands the jist of the conversation.

ELLEN
Okay.

ELLEN picks up SHANA as the three of them walk to the vendor.

DAVID
(yelling to the other players)
I'll be with you guys in a minute.
(to ELLEN)
So she's not yours, huh?

ELLEN
No. I'm watching her for a friend. She's really very good. I enjoy it.

DAVID
She sure is a pretty little thing...
You sure you're not her mother?

ELLEN stops after his last statement. She meets his eyes for a second and then notices the dark blonde curls, the sincere blue eyes, the Romanesque build.

ELLEN
.trying to maintain composure)
No... We'll have Chocolate Chunk Crunch.
DAVID
Chocolate Chunk Crunch! My favorite!
(to the vendor)
Two Chocolate Chunk Crunches please.

The VENDOR gives the cones to DAVID. He in turn hands one
to ELLEN and pays the man. SHANA immediately sticks the cone
in her mouth. She is no longer crying. They walk back to the
bench.

ELLEN
Thanks. You made Shana happy.

DAVID
Hey, it's the least I could do.

SOFTBALL PLAYER
(from a distance)
Hendricks, quit trying to pick up women
and get back to the game.

DAVID
Ooops. I guess that's my calling. I hope I haven't
ruined your day in the park.

ELLEN
Nope. . . Made it all the more exciting.

He smiles and starts back to the game. He makes a 180 degree
turn.

DAVID
Who did I buy the Chocolate Chunk Crunch for anyway?

ELLEN
Shana.
(Realizing he wants her name)
. . . And Ellen. Ellen Blair.

He once again turns and runs toward the game.

ELLEN
(yelling)
Hey, wait a minute. Who bought me the
Chocolate Chunk Crunch?

DAVID
David. . . David Hendricks.

ELLEN
(sitting down, quietly)
David.
(She kisses the top of SHANA'S head
and looks into her eyes.)
His name's David. . .
The child doesn't understand why ELLEN is happy. SHANA looks strangely at her and takes another bite of the ice cream.

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- SUNDAY AFTERNOON

KATHLEEN and ELLEN are looking through David Pruitt's letters. They sit at the table and giggle like school girls. The television and radio are both on, but the girls don't seem to be paying attention.

KATHLEEN
I can't believe the way I spend my Sundays anymore. I thought getting married would curb Brady's appetite for golf. Sometimes I wished we lived where it got cold during the winter. I like the thought of snuggling up by a fire while a blizzard rages outside. Instead, I've got a year round athlete.

ELLEN
(nonchalantly)
Boys will be boys... Here's a good one.
(She reads)

... The days I've spent away from your dear, sweet visage only make me yearn more for a glimpse of you. I play my instruments, but it's not music that I hear... only the sound of your voice calling... always calling.

KATHLEEN
That's beautiful. I think I remember Grandpa saying something about David being a musician. We had an heirloom violin once. I don't know what happened to it. I guess he played brass too. Saxophone or something.

ELLEN
Is there anything he didn't do?

KATHLEEN

KATHLEEN opens another letter and wrinkles up her nose. CU of a lock of hair.

Oooo. He sent a lock of hair in this one. Yuk, it's kind of morbid thinking that it's the hair of a dead person. Here, you like him so much.

ELLEN
(pushing away KATHLEEN'S hand)
What color is it?
KATHLEEN
Kind of a dirty blonde. I don't know. It might have changed over the years.

ELLEN
(looking down in the envelope, but keeping her distance)
Are you sure you don't have a picture of him somewhere?

KATHLEEN
I've looked. We've got lots of pictures of Lucinda. It's really strange, but I can't find any of David.

The phone rings. KATHLEEN picks it up.

KATHLEEN
Blair unlimited.

ELLEN
(whispering, grabbing for the phone)
Kathleen!

KATHLEEN
Yeah, she does. Would you like to speak at her? Okay. . . Yes Ms. Blair, a gentleman would like to speak with you.

ELLEN
(whispering)
Is it Rick?

KATHLEEN hands her the phone.

Hello?

KATHLEEN shakes her head no.

Yes. . .
(she laughs)
I remember who you are. . . Yeah, we had a nice time. I returned her safely to her parents. Did you. . . uh. . . win your ballgame. . .

That's nice. . .

It's obvious ELLEN'S having trouble finding something to say.

How did you get my number?. . .
(she laughs)
Oh yeah, I guess it is in the phone book. . .

There is a long silence. ELLEN has a big smile on her face that broadens as the silence lengthens.
KATHLEEN
(demanding)
Who is it?

ELLEN holds up her finger for her to wait.

ELLEN
Next week? Same place, huh? Dress casual. . .
Yeah, I love music. . . That sounds great. . .
Do you need directions or anything? I could just
meet you in the park. It's right down the street
from my house. . . I'll see you then. . .

She hangs up the phone and gasps for breath excitedly.

KATHLEEN
I know for sure that wasn't Rick Flagle. What
gives, Ellen Blair?

ELLEN
(still catching her breath)
I -- I wasn't going to say anything. . . But
yesterday when I took Shana to the park with me. . .
Well, I met this guy.

KATHLEEN
How did you meet him?

ELLEN
Well he smashed Shana's ice cream with his
homerun and he felt so bad about it that he bought
her another one.

KATHLEEN
He. . . ice cream? That doesn't make any
sense.

ELLEN
I know it doesn't. But anyway, he remembered my
name and found my number and we're going to go
out Saturday after his ballgame to some jazz concert
or something.

KATHLEEN
Well tell me about him!

ELLEN begins to say something but then pauses abruptly.

What's wrong?

ELLEN
(loses the gleam in her eye)
You know, I don't know anything about him to tell.
(she sits down)
KATHLEEN
You don't know his name?

ELLEN
David Hendricks.

KATHLEEN
David? That's pretty wild... That's really wild.

ELLEN
Yeah, it is.  
(she picks up another letter.)

KATHLEEN
You gotta find out all his vital information for me. You know, birthday, what time of day he was born, what year, everything. Then I'll tell you all about him.

ELLEN
(engrossed in the letter)
You're a nut, Kathleen. There's no weight to that stuff.

CU of the end of the letter ELLEN is reading and the signature at the bottom. It reads David H. Pruitt.

KATHLEEN
You'll see.

There is a pause. CU of ELLEN looking at the name.

ELLEN
Kathleen, what does the H stand for in your great-grandfather's name.

KATHLEEN
Hendrick, I think.  
(not getting the connection)
That was his mother's maiden name.

ELLEN
What did you say?

KATHLEEN
Hen--  
(she gets it)
--dick.

They look at each other eerily. ELLEN drops the letter.

TRANSITION
INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- THE NEXT SATURDAY

MS of ELLEN'S reflection in the mirror. She is applying blush. She picks up a hairbrush and runs it through her shoulder-length hair. She frowns at the result, musses it up, then laughs.

ELLEN
Why do I even care? I don't even know the guy. Because you want to make a good impression, you fool.

She runs the hairbrush through her hair again and walks to the door. MS of the mirror as ELLEN runs back and applies a couple more strokes of blush. She leaves and shuts off the light.

TRANSITION

EXT -- PARK -- LATER

ELLEN stands by the bench where she met David. She looks to where the ballgame was played the week before. The field is empty. ELLEN looks in each direction. The sky is cloudy. Thunder is sounding in the background. ELLEN looks down at the ground and kicks up a divit of grass. She sits on the bench and looks down at her feet.

ELLEN
It figures. He probably forgot me...
No white charger.

She pays no attention to the thunder which is getting louder. A few drops of rain fall, but she pays little attention to it. The rain picks up momentum. A shadow suddenly falls over her face. ELLEN looks up to see an umbrella and DAVID smiling down at her. She is startled.

DAVID
Do you sit in the rain often?

ELLEN
No... only when I'm waiting on dates.

DAVID
A girl like you shouldn't have to wait on her dates... Do you wait often?

ELLEN
(trying to amuse him)
Only, only on days that end in "y".

DAVID
(playing along)
Let's see today's a Saturday... You're really funny.
ELLEN smiles

DAVID
I'm sorry I kept you waiting. The game got finished later than I expected, and I had to wait for a shower in the fieldhouse. All the animals had plans tonight.

ELLEN
So you're saying that you're an animal?

DAVID
(smiling sheepishly)
I guess I did say that. ... Whadduya think?

ELLEN
I don't know. ... I don't know you.

DAVID
Well what do you want to know? Let's see...

BS of the two walking toward DAVID'S car. They are close enough to both be under the umbrella, but there is still some distance. His voice fades as he talks to her in a storytelling tone.

... My name is David Hendricks, you know that and I'm 25. I'm a studio musician at Forest Crest Studios. I write songs when I can. Someday I'll make it big. I love Chocolate Chunk Crunch ice cream, you know that too. I like girls that watch their friend's kids. Oh yeah, I love kids...

DISSOLVE

INT -- DAVID'S CAR -- SECONDS LATER

The rain is coming down harder now and beats against the windshield. It's very cozy. DAVID looks over at ELLEN and smiles. ELLEN smiles back not knowing what to say. She looks down at the floorboard.

DAVID
... Oh yeah, and I love it when the rain beats against my windshield. ...

(starting the car)
You do like music?

ELLEN
I love it.

DAVID
Good. I think you'll really enjoy this.

He reaches his hand to the back seat of the car and moves a case to the floorboard.
ELLEN
What's that?

DAVID
My saxophone.

ELLEN
You always take your saxophone when you go out with girls for the first time?

DAVID
Hey, they come in handy when you want to make someone think that you've got a dangerous weapon. You never know when you might need one considering we're going to the rough side of town.

ELLEN smiles uncomfortably. They drive away.

TRANSITION

INT -- SMALL NIGHTCLUB -- LATER

DAVID and ELLEN sit at a table together, eating, drinking, chatting. Their voices are inaudible as the music plays loudly. She laughs, he talks, vice versa. Their eyes meet for a brief moment and lock. A man on stage calls DAVID'S name to come up to the stage. He looks at ELLEN who shakes her head in approval. He runs through the crowd.

CU of saxophone keys as fingers run up and down them. MS of DAVID getting into his music. LS of the entire jazz ensemble jamming to the music. PAN across the jubilant crowd, clapping to the beat, smiling and having a great time. PAN to ELLEN sitting alone at a table watching in amazement. She looks to the audience and then to DAVID. She smiles at him and he winks back at her. The vibrations between them are evident. He plays the final notes of the song and the crowd erupts into frantic cheers. He holds up his saxophone and bows, then runs to the table where ELLEN waits. He sits down out of breath.

DAVID
Well what did you think?

ELLEN
(speechless)
You shouldn't be in a nightclub like this. You should be on the road. They love you.

DAVID
(shyly)
Yeah, it's the same ole gang... You really liked it, huh?

ELLEN
Yeah, I really did.
DAVID
Good... You want something else to drink?

ELLEN
That would be nice.

He gets up to get her a drink. ELLEN'S eyes follow him. She smiles at him with an "I'm lucky" smile.

DISSOLVE

EXT -- CITY STREET -- LATER THAT NIGHT

BS of DAVID and ELLEN'S silhouettes walking on the club-lit street. It has stopped raining and the lights reflect on the wet street. They once again are close, but there is still some distance between them.

DAVID
I love to walk after a rain. The air smells so good.

ELLEN nods.

I'm really glad you came tonight. I mean... I know you didn't have to, and you didn't know me and it was a strange way to meet. But I knew when I saw you that I wanted to see you again.

ELLEN
(somewhat surprised)
You did? Why?

DAVID
I don't know. I just saw you on the bench with that precious child and you looked so pretty. I wanted to meet you. I guess I hit that home run out of fate.

(long pause)
Uh... would you mind if I kissed you. I've been dying to all night, but I didn't want to offend you.

ELLEN
I don't mind at all.

CU of DAVID lightly touching ELLEN'S face and kissing her lightly. She looks at him sincerely. LS of the silhouettes kissing on the street, oblivious to all around them.

TRANSITION
INT -- SECRETARIES' OFFICE OF THE PROSECUTOR -- MONDAY MORNING

KATHLEEN, LORETTA and TOM are talking at LORETTA'S desk. The phone rings. LORETTA answers.

LORETTA
Yes he is... Could you hold... (holds the phone up toward TOM) It's about Granger. You may have a witness.

TOM goes to his office and closes the door.

LORETTA
I hope it's good news. I love it when that man's happy.

KATHLEEN
It makes our lives easier.

The door bursts open. ELLEN walks in smiling. She goes straight to LORETTA'S desk and gives her a hug and a kiss.

ELLEN
I love your daughter.

ELLEN walks over to KATHLEEN'S desk.

April 18th.

KATHLEEN
What?

ELLEN
His birthday... April 18th.

ELLEN walks to the coffee machine and pours herself a cup. LORETTA and KATHLEEN look at each other. ELLEN goes to her desk and flips on her VDT. She arranges the files on her desk and calls up a chart on the VDT screen. She sighs.

KATHLEEN
(to LORETTA)
She's got to be referring to the mystery man.

LORETTA
Good. Cause for a minute there I thought she might have a notion to kidnap my child. (to ELLEN) So why this newfound obsession with my daughter, Ellen?

ELLEN stops what she is doing, sighs again and looks at them. She gathers her thoughts and remains fairly speechless.
ELLEN  
(like a high school girl)  
I... I can't even tell you how much fun  
I had the other night. You wouldn't believe  
how wonderful David Hendricks is.

LORETTA  
Sounds like a CRUSH to me.

ELLEN  
It's not like that at all. The whole evening  
was very... mature.  
(changes tone and smiles)  
But it was like out of a storybook too.

LORETTA  
That makes a lot of sense -- mature and out  
of a storybook. You sound as fickle as Kathleen.

LORETTA pats KATHLEEN on the back jokingly and winks.

KATHLEEN  
Thanks, Loretta.

LORETTA  
No problem. Look, Ellen, first impressions  
don't hold water. This guy could be a mad  
rapist or something.

ELLEN  
No. If he were, I wish there were more mad  
arapists.

LORETTA  
This is too thick for me.

LORETTA turns to her typewriter and begins working. KATHLEEN  
walks over to ELLEN and leans down.

KATHLEEN  
I want to hear all about it.

ELLEN  
(winking at her, whispering)  
I'm seeing him again Wednesday evening.

TRANSITION

EXT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- WEDNESDAY EVENING

KATHLEEN is sitting in her car talking to ELLEN who is outside  
leaning in the window.
ELLEN
Why don't you just come inside and meet him?

KATHLEEN
I don't want to look obvious. This is only your second date. I'll just sit in my car and you walk him past so I can get a good look at him.

ELLEN
This is crazy, Kathleen. I'll lose it when I pass your car.

KATHLEEN
Naw, you won't. I have faith in you. Just run inside before he gets here.

ELLEN goes inside. KATHLEEN sits and waits. DAVID'S car pulls up. He gets out. KATHLEEN watches.

KATHLEEN
I'll bet that's him. Wow! Not bad.

EXT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- MINUTES LATER

ELLEN and DAVID walk out. ELLEN tries to walk him as close to KATHLEEN'S car as she can without being obvious. KATHLEEN strains to look.

KATHLEEN
(nodding)
Better than Flagle.

ELLEN looks around after they pass. KATHLEEN flashes her the okay sign. KATHLEEN starts up her car and peels out of the parking lot. DAVID turns around then looks to ELLEN.

DAVID
This is a real safe place where you live. Crazy women drivers.

ELLEN takes her purse and acts like she's going to whop him. They both laugh.

TRANSITION

INT -- KATHLEEN'S ATTIC -- LATER

KATHLEEN and BRADY are moving boxes around and moving new ones in. They are having a good time. BRADY sets a heavy box down. KATHLEEN is hunched over in the corner, hidden under a table. BRADY looks around for KATHLEEN as he slides the box over on top of the picture which is turned over -- the one with the initials DHP.
on it. He nonchalance turns it over and lays it down.

BRADY
(stretching his back)
Ugh... Where'dya go?

KATHLEEN
I'm over here.
(out of breath)
Help me drag these boxes out.

He sees her ëœriëre sticking up in the air. He goes over to her and grabs it.

KATHLEEN
 stil under the table)
I'll give you a half hour to quit that.

BRADY
(Laughing, then looking around at the mess)
I wish I had a half hour... Katie, we're going to have to dump some of this stuff. We need room for our own.

KATHLEEN
But it's sentimental. I can't just throw away my ancestor's memories.

BRADY crawls under the table and sits next to KATHLEEN. He puts his arm around her and kisses her nose.

BRADY
I'll tell you what. We'll go through everything and see what you want to keep. Then we'll get rid of the other. Now just keep the most important stuff. Otherwise, it'll all have to go...
How about it if we take a break.

KATHLEEN
I thought you didn't have a half hour.

BRADY shrugs.
Are you suggesting getting it on in the attic?

BRADY slyly smiles and lifts his eyebrows.
Typical Gemini.

They kiss. PAN across the attic to the stack of pictures. MS of the one BRADY has turned over. CU of picture. It is of a young man who looks astonishingly like DAVID HENDRICKS.

TRANSITION
EXT -- RIVER PATH -- LATER

DISSOLVE TO ELLEN and DAVID. Their figures are silhouetted walking by the river hand in hand. CU of the sunshine reflecting off the water. CU of DAVID and ELLEN'S faces talking, laughing. DAVID puts his arm around ELLEN and draws her to him. They kiss.

DISSOLVE

EXT -- CITY STREET -- DAYTIME

MS of a crowded city street. Vendors are selling goods. ELLEN and DAVID walk down between the vendors. The sun shines and catches a glow in their hair. DAVID points to a hot dog stand. They go to the stand, get two hot dogs, a drink to share and walk away shoving food in their mouths. ELLEN has mustard on her face. DAVID laughs, takes his napkin and wipes it off.

DISSOLVE

EXT -- COUNTRYSIDE -- DAYTIME

LS of ELLEN and DAVID'S silhouettes riding horses across a large pasture. ELLEN'S horse runs ahead of DAVID'S. CU of their faces. DAVID'S horse catches up with ELLEN'S. The horses slow to a walk and touch noses. DAVID leans over to kiss ELLEN. She in turn leans to him. They both nearly fall off their horses. They catch each other, laugh and manage to get back atop the horses. They gallop away. MS to LS of ELLEN'S horse chasing DAVID'S.

DISSOLVE

INT -- DAVID'S HOUSE -- EVENING

CU of ELLEN'S face. Her head is lying on DAVID'S chest. They are on the couch. The television set is on. DAVID is intently watching. ELLEN has a distant look on her face.

ELLEN
This is all so fast.

DAVID
Huh?

ELLEN
It's all so fast. You and me.

DAVID
Why do you say that? Are you not happy?

ELLEN
I'm very happy. That's what's so funny about the whole thing.
DAVID
(still glued to the television)
I'm in this too, you know. It doesn't seem all that fast for me.

ELLEN
I don't know, David. I've been involved with so many people and there's always a catch, always some fault I find with the other person. This is so perfect. You are.

DAVID
(smiling)
Well thanks, babe. I think you're perfect too.

ELLEN
(turning over, looking him in the eye)
I'm serious, David. It's been two months of constant euphoria. And we see each other all the time. Is that just my imagination, or is something going to break?

DAVID
(petting ELLEN'S hair)
If I have it my way, nothing's going to break. I've put too much effort into this one.

ELLEN
(looking at him stunned)
You have?

DAVID
Yes, I have.

ELLEN
I don't understand. You could have anyone you wanted.

DAVID
(touching her face lightly)
Ah, Ellen. I've known a million girls -- it seems like I've had a million of them. It doesn't mean anything if you can't talk with them or share with them. With you it comes so easy. The first time I saw you, I knew that you were just more than a showpiece on my arm. I knew there was a real human being inside... It's like I've known you before... Do you think this is some game I'm playing? I don't play games. They're for children, like Shana.

ELLEN lays her head back on his chest and looks off in the distance.
ELLEN
Do you think you know when it really happens?
Do you believe that someone really hits you
over the head with a hammer.

DAVID
Yes, I believe that.
The eyes that glow with neon lights.
The one who has my care.
The hair that catches the sun so bright.
She is my lady fair.

You inspire me, Ellen Blair.

ELLEN looks off toward a bookcase and bites her lip, half
unsure of his sincerity. She sees a "Worlds Greatest Art"
book on his shelf. CU of the book.

TRANSITION

INT -- SUPERMARKET -- LATER

MS of KATHLEEN wheeling a grocery cart down an aisle. She stops
at the organic foods and puts items in her cart. She picks
up one item and reads the label. RICK FLAGLE sneaks up behind
her.

RICK
You know that stuff is bad for your health.

KATHLEEN
(Grabbing her heart as if startled)
Oh, Rick... You scared me... What do you mean
bad for me.
(She looks in his cart and starts going
through his items)
Red meat... lots of it... more fat than
you'll ever know. Whole milk? It's mucus
forming. Eggs. You might as well kiss your
arteries good-bye... And beer???

RICK
Okay. Okay. Gotta have my beer though. Speaking
of which. I'm having a little get together
on Saturday. Nothing big. You and Brady should
come.

KATHLEEN
I'll talk to him about it.

They both push there carts down the aisle.
RICK
(hesitantly)
Uh... have you seen Ellen lately?

KATHLEEN
Work with her everyday.

RICK
Is she hiding from me or something?

KATHLEEN
She's hiding from everyone these days. It seems that Ms. Blair has found her dream of perfection.

RICK
(shocked)
You mean a guy?

KATHLEEN
Yes, I mean a guy. He's pretty amazing too. Though I've only seen him through a car window at dusk. She's pretty secretive when it comes to sharing him with her friends.

RICK
(shaking his head)
Huh. I'd like to talk to her. She's never home when I call.

KATHLEEN
I don't know what to tell you, loverboy. To be brutally honest, I think you're wasting your time.

RICK
(sees a challenge)
I never waste my time. You come to my party on Saturday and Ellen Blair will be there.

KATHLEEN
Oh, we'll be there, Rick.

RICK walks off hastily whistling. After she is sure he's gone, KATHLEEN wheels over to the candy aisle. She picks up a bag of M & M's, looks at them, licks her lips and after the coast is clear, she tosses them in her cart.

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- LATE NIGHT

ELLEN is sitting at the table in her robe looking through David Pruitt letters. The T.V. is on, the tea kettle is whistling. ELLEN pays no attention. There is a knock on the door. ELLEN doesn't hear it. The knock is louder. ELLEN shoves the letter
in the envelope, puts it back in the box and shoves the box in a cabinet. She straightens her robe and hair and opens the door. RICK is standing there with a dozen roses. ELLEN has a surprised smile on her face.

ELLEN
Rick?!... Hi.

RICK
Well aren't you going to ask me in? (He hands her the roses)

ELLEN
Uh... yeah... What are these for?

RICK
Just because I miss you.

She puts the roses in water and sets them on the table.

ELLEN
Oh. That's interesting. You haven't called me in over two months.

RICK
It's not that I haven't tried

ELLEN sits down at the table. RICK grabs a chair and pulls it across from her to face her.

Ellen, I need to see you.

ELLEN
Did you just decide this?

RICK
No, I've been thinking about it since the last time I saw you. I've tried to get in touch with you, but you're never around.

ELLEN
No, I suppose I'm not.

RICK
Ellie, look. I'm having some people over Saturday night. It would be a perfect time for us to try to pick back up. We wouldn't be alone and forced into any awkward situations... I need you to be there. It wouldn't be the same without you.

ELLEN
Rick, really... I don't think so.

RICK
(putting on the hurt act)
Why not?
ELLEN
Well for one thing, I have plans.

RICK
Who is this guy anyway? What makes him so great?

ELLEN
What makes you so sure I have plans with another guy... though I do... You have no right to ask me questions like that.

RICK
I've invested enough time and money in you in the past couple of years to have a right.

ELLEN
You make me sound like a bank account or something. I'm glad you value me so much.

RICK gets up and walks toward the door.

RICK
I didn't come here to argue with you. I wanted to make a peace offering and maybe see if you wanted to be friends.

ELLEN
I do.

RICK not expecting this makes a 180 degree turn.

RICK
Then you'll come Saturday?

ELLEN
(slyly)
Can I bring a friend?

RICK grimaces and slams the door behind him. ELLEN giggles to herself, and finally noticing the whistle of the tea kettle, turns it off.

TRANSITION

INT -- RICK'S HOUSE -- SATURDAY

PAN across a table covered with munchies, the bar with numerous amounts of alcohol -- bottles and cases of beer to couples mingling. MS of RICK between two voluptuous blondes (bleached of course). MS of the door as BRADY and KATHLEEN enter. KATHLEEN
is dressed outrageously. She looks around the room as if looking for ELLEN. She then catches RICK'S glance. For his benefit, she looks around the room again for ELLEN and then back at him. She smiles sarcastically at him. He looks away and pretends to not let it bother him. He focuses all his attention on the blondes. KATHLEEN laughs with BRADY.

TRANSITION

INT -- COPY ROOM -- LUNCH HOUR

ELLEN stands at a photocopier. At her side is the box of David Pruitt letters. She takes a letter out of an envelope and lays it on the copier. She runs it and examines the copy. She puts the letter back in the envelope. She grabs another from the box. This letter is the one containing the lock of hair. CU of the hair. ELLEN begins to take it out, then chooses not to. She puts the letter in the front of the box and chooses another. She lays it on the copier and presses the copy button. She examines this one. It contains a poem which reads:

- The eyes that glow with a million lights
- The one who has my care.
- The hair that catches the sun so bright.
- She is my lady fair.

ELLEN gets an eerie look on her face. A shiver runs through her as DAVID HENDRICKS voice echoes the poem.

FLASHBACK

INT -- DAVID'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

ELLEN is laying her head on DAVID'S chest staring at the bookcase.

DISSOLVE

INT -- COPY ROOM -- LUNCH HOUR

CU of the letter. CU of ELLEN'S look of uncertainty.

TRANSITION

INT -- KATHLEEN'S HOUSE -- EVENING

ELLEN walks to the door with the box of David Pruitt letters. She knocks. KATHLEEN answers the door hurriedly and motions her to enter. They walk through the hallway.

KATHLEEN
C'mon in. I'm on the phone.

ELLEN
I just brought the letters back. I photocopied them.
KATHLEEN
You know where the attic is. I gotta get back.
It's my astrologer. She hates to be kept waiting.

KATHLEEN exits. ELLEN opens the door that leads to the attic
and ascends the stairs. She shoves her body against the door
and enters. She walks over to the corner where the letters
were found and puts the box back. She walks over to the
octagonal window and looks out. She stretches and then turns
to leave. She walks past the stack of pictures and stops. She
flips some of them over. They are very old, sepia-air-brushed
quality. She smiles to herself as she looks at each. CU of the
picture of David Pruitt. CU of ELLEN's face as her smile fades.
She grabs the picture and looks at it closer. Her eyes widen. ECU
of the bottom corner of the photo. It shows a photographer's
name and the year 1908.

ELLEN
It can't be... 

She turns the photo over to see the initials DHP.

David... It's David... 

She continues staring at the photo in disbelief. In the background
KATHLEEN calls for ELLEN. After a moment, ELLEN acknowledges
this and hurriedly shoves the photo in her purse. She quickly
stands and walks to the door.

INT -- KATHLEEN'S HOUSE(DOWNSTAIRS) -- SECONDS LATER

KATHLEEN
How long does it take to put a box of letters
away...

ELLEN comes out of the stairwell.

Ellen, are you alright? You look like you've
seen a ghost... 
(she giggles)
So Oscar really does live up there. Just like
we thought.

ELLEN
(laughing shakily, trying to hide her secret)
Yeah.

KATHLEEN
(chattering on)
Sorry about the wait. My astrologer never
shuts up. She gave me the lowdown on your
Mr. Hendricks. It's good that he's an Aries.
Even though there is kind of a clash with your double
fire, you being a Leo and all. Your ascendants
and moon signs go beautifully together. It's
KATHLEEN (cont)

wild, she told me that according to his charts
he would be very poetic and musical.

CU of ELLEN as she tries to act interested, but still is distant.

Are you sure you're okay?

ELLEN

I'm fine.

KATHLEEN

Anyway, you got yourself a real romantic.
Mrs. Neal was very impressed. Probably not as
impressed as you are, right?... Hey, that was really
funny how you pulled a quickie on Rick Flagle
the other night. He was such a jerk at that party.
You should have seen him with those blonde
bitches -- oh excuse me, fake blonde bitches. I
could tell he was dying to be with you. Did David
ever ask you about the roses? You know, if he thinks
he's got competition, that could be better for you.

ELLEN

(out of the blue)

Kathleen, remember when you said you could help
me contact your great-grandfather?

KATHLEEN

(surprised)

Yes.

ELLEN

What do we need to do?

KATHLEEN

Well, I could introduce you to a medium. They're
the ones who could help you... I thought you
said you didn't believe in seances.

ELLEN

I don't know, Kathleen. I need to meet your
great grandfather. Friend to friend -- on
your honor. Do you think that I could talk
to him and see him if I went to a medium? It's
no hoax, right? No gimmicks. I would really
be talking to him and seeing him.

KATHLEEN

I think so... Except, most mediums have a spirit
talk through them. You couldn't actually see my
great-grandfather unless you had a physical phenomena
medium. I only know a couple of them.
ELLEN
Talk to one for me, okay? And try to
set something up.

KATHLEEN
You're sure this is what you want?

ELLEN
Yes, I'm sure.

TRANSITION

INT -- FOREST CREST STUDIO -- LATER

DAVID and three musicians are in the studio with their instruments.
A PRODUCER walks from the booth into the studio.

DAVID
I'm sure this is what you want.
(He plays a run on the saxophone)
Then Billy would come in on keys.
(He motions to Billy who plays
a matching run.)

PRODUCER
It sound alright. I just don't know how
my vocalist will sound with it. I suppose we
could always mess with the mix if it doesn't
work out.

MS of the booth as ELLEN walks in and sits down.

DAVID
(Notices her, looks at clock)
We'll mess with it, but it'll have to be
next session. We've got to start tearing down.
The studio's booked and the next group will be
coming in.

BILLY
(under his breath)
Not to mention that the woman's here.

DAVID
(smiling sheepishly)
That too.
(He waves to ELLEN)

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S CAR -- MINUTES LATER

ELLEN buckles her seat belt as DAVID situates his saxophone in the
back seat. She turns on the ignition.
ELLEN
You don't mind eating out do you? I
would have cooked a candlelight dinner,
but I told Mr. Rossington that I'd come in
later this evening. His star witness
fell through so he's searching for any lead
he can. The paperwork is unGodly when he does
this.

DAVID
That's alright, babe. Any dinner is a
candlelight dinner with you. . .Besides,
I'll probably go back to the studio. Word
has it that the producer you saw has a major
project for us if he likes what we do for him
now. I could be going to Nashville in the
next couple of months if we're lucky. This
could be a big break for me.

ELLEN
(reflecting)
That makes me think of the first time we
went out. You told me you were going to make
it big. I believe it.

DAVID leans over and kisses her.

DAVID
Do you know how good that makes me feel when
you say that?

ELLEN
Like you make me feel all the time.
(She gazes lovingly at him)
We sound pretty stupid, don't we?

DAVID
Naw. I think they call it love.

LS of the car turning into "Charlie's Place" the club where DAVID
first took ELLEN.

TOGETHER
(singing, not knowing the other
will be doing the same.)
Memories.
(to the tune of the "Way We Were")

They both laugh. ELLEN reaches into her purse and takes out her
hairbrush. CU of the purse as the picture of David Pruitt halfway
falls out of the purse. ELLEN looks in the rearview mirror and
brushes her hair. DAVID looks down and sees the picture. He picks
it up and looks at it.
DAVID
You know, if I didn't know any better, I'd think I was looking at a picture of myself.

ELLEN grabs the photo.

Hey, what's wrong? Who is it?

ELLEN
(trying to make up for a quick move)
Oh, it's an old picture I found in Kathleen's attic. I ... thought it looked like you ... and since I didn't have a picture of you ... I thought I'd take it.

DAVID
I could give you a picture, honey, all you have to do is ask.

ELLEN
Uh ... I just thought it was neat how this one resembled you so much.

DAVID
Who is it anyway?

ELLEN
Uh ... It's Kathleen's great grandfather.
(changing the subject)
Well let's go in. I need to get back to the office.

DAVID
(shrugging it off)
Okay.

ELLEN gets out of the car and walks on ahead. DAVID catches up to her and grabs her hand. They go inside.

TRANSITION

INT -- SECRETARIES' OFFICE OF THE PROSECUTOR -- LATER

ELLEN sits at her desk typing a form. TOM, looking terribly exhausted, walks out of his office and hands her a small stack of papers. He goes back inside and shuts his door. ELLEN takes the form out of her typewriter and sets it aside. She puts another one in. Instead of typing she reaches in her purse and pulls out David Pruitt's picture. She places it next to her picture postcard of Michaelangelo's David. There is a resemblance in the structure of the face -- the curly locks, etc.

ELLEN
(whispering to herself)
Pick a David, any David ... They're all the same.
TOM's office door opens. ELLEN looks up quickly and begins punching the typewriter keys. CU of her hands on the keys.

TRANSITION

INT -- FOREST CREST STUDIOS -- SAME TIME

CU of DAVID'S fingers on the saxophone keys to MS to LS. The ensemble is jamming to the music. The PRODUCER walks out of the booth clapping his hands. The musicians finish and all smile and congratulate each other on a fine job.

PRODUCER
It's great! I don't want to change a thing. All I've got to do now is get the voice tracked. You know, I like it so much I may want to do just an instrumental version.

DAVID
It's been a pleasure, sir.

They walk to the booth.

PRODUCER
So what are the possibilities of you and your group coming to Nashville? You've got a good sound, a great studio sound. I think we could find lots for you to do.

DAVID
(excitedly)
Excellent!

(he calms himself)
Uh, good. It of course depends on studio bookings that we already have, but I'm sure we can make arrangements.

PRODUCER
Well mark your calendar for the 2nd and 3rd week in April, just in case. I'll be getting back in touch with you.

The PRODUCER walks into the booth. DAVID turns to his band and flashes them the "okay" sign, along with a big smile.

TRANSITION

INT -- KATHLEEN AND BRADY'S HOUSE -- LATER

KATHLEEN sits on the couch with her feet curled around her. She is covered in very old newspapers, clippings, letters, and is engrossed in her work. BRADY sits in the chair across from her and watches television, but from time to time, glances over to her.
BRADY

Now what did you say you were doing?

KATHLEEN

I'm looking at the stuff Great-Aunt Millie
gave me. Ellen wanted me to find out more
about my great-grandfather. Millie had saved a whole
bunch of his clippings from musical shows... some old things like
(she holds up an initialed handkerchief)
hankies... (she holds up a watch fob)
those funky little things that hold pocket watches
to your pants... And a couple of obituaries.
(she continues reading)

BRADY

Any pictures?

KATHLEEN

No, I haven't found any. She said Grandpa
kept them, but in that attic,
(she points upstairs)
who knows?

BRADY

He probably wasn't a prize to look at anyway.
What I don't understand is why Ellen is so
wrapped up in your great-grandfather. I thought
she was madly in love.

KATHLEEN

She is. It's just that David is her dream man.

BRADY

Which one?

KATHLEEN

David Hen-, I mean David Pruitt.
(she giggles)

BRADY

And another thing, why doesn't she ever
bring him over. We never do anything with her
anymore, like cards or a foursome on the town,
not that I don't love the time alone with you,
love. But we could use the socializing every now
and then.

KATHLEEN

She said he doesn't like crowds or something
like that... He's shy.

BRADY

Shy, my ass. He's a musician. He gets up in
front of crowds all the time.
KATHLEEN
I guess that's different than being with people. Actually, I think Ellen is just real possessive with this one.
(she reads something interesting)
Oooo!

BRADY
What's wrong?

KATHLEEN
I never knew Great-grandpa died on his birthday. I knew he was only 26 when he died, but I never knew the day. April 18, 1916.

BRADY
How do you know that was his birthday?

KATHLEEN
They mentioned it in the obituary.

BRADY
Let's see. That means he was born April 18 1890.

KATHLEEN
(sarcastically)
You know, I'm glad I married you. You're such a mental challenge for me.

BRADY gets out of his chair, runs over to her and begins tickling her. KATHLEEN squeals. Her squeal quickly subsides.

KATHLEEN
Brady, I just thought of something very strange. David Hendricks birthday is April 18.

She sits up and looks at the obituary again.

BRADY
That is pretty strange. Ellen will freak.

KATHLEEN
(shaking her head)
She might really freak. I don't know.

TRANSITION

INT -- SECRETARIES' OFFICE OF THE PROSECUTOR -- LATER

There are balloons and streamers hanging in the office. It is especially full today. TOM, LORETTA, KATHLEEN, ELLEN, two other secretaries, two lawyers, three policemen. TOM cuts a cake while KATHLEEN pours punch. LORETTA sits on her desk and unwraps a present.
LORETTA
Aw, you guys really shouldn't have. It's not like I've never had a baby before and don't plan on having five or six more.

LORETTA pulls a beautiful blue silky robe and gown from the package.

It's beautiful -- but way too expensive.

KATHLEEN
Hey, I could've gotten baby booties or something for the kid, but I think it's more important that the mom looks smashing in the hospital. It'll really turn Larry on.

LORETTA
You do want me to have more kids, don't you, Kathleen?

Everyone laughs.

TOM
(handing LORETTA a piece of cake)
Here, nutrition for the mother.
(he winks)

LORETTA
You know how awful I feel about leaving you in the middle of this Granger mess.

TOM
Loretta, we'll make it without you. You know how awful we'd feel if you didn't follow the doctor's orders.

LORETTA
(managing a smile)
Thanks, Boss.

KATHLEEN and ELLEN get their servings of cake and walk to the corner of the room.

ELLEN
This was so nice of Mr. Rossington to do this for Loretta when he's so swamped with work.

KATHLEEN
I'm sure we'll pay for it tomorrow when she's gone. . . Anyway, I've got news for you -- two things, actually. First of all, everything's set up for a seance on Thursday night. Can you make it? You don't have plans with David, do you?
ELLEN
No, he'll be in the studio every night this week. I can come. What do I bring?

KATHLEEN
Don't worry, just bring yourself. I've got an old watch fob that my great grandfather used to carry. Just in case if she -- Janice -- she's good-- asks for a token that belonged to him.

ELLEN
What's the other thing?

KATHLEEN
Oh, I was looking through the things Millie gave me, and I found David's obituary. I would have brought it but I forgot. David died on the same day he was born. . . and guess which day--

ELLEN
April 18th, don't tell me -- he was born April 18th.

KATHLEEN
Alright, I won't tell you that, but --

ELLEN
He was. . . Kathleen, this is all getting very strange.

KATHLEEN
Aw, honey, just because they share the same birthday, and David and Hendricks, and both were musicians doesn't mean anything. It's just a parallel. If David Pruitt is your dream man, than it just means that David Hendricks may be the one.

ELLEN walks to her purse and removes the picture of David Pruitt.

ELLEN
This is the worst thing of all.
(She hands her the photo)

KATHLEEN
What's so bad about this? He had his picture taken in one of them old-fashioned booths.

ELLEN
I found it in your attic, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN turns the picture over and sees the initials DHP. She mouths the name David Hendrick Pruitt. Her eyes lift from the photo to meet ELLEN'S.
KATHLEEN
Thursday is going to be a very interesting evening.

ELLEN
I don't know if I want it to be interesting. I just wish everything was as it appeared to be. It figures that all my dreams start coming true and I'm finding out that they're still dreams.

LORETTA
(from the other side of the room)
Hey you guys. This is my last day for awhile. Try being a little sociable.

ELLEN
For God's sake, Kathleen, let's be sociable.

They walk to the crowd.

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- EARLY THURSDAY EVENING

ELLEN is leafing through the clothes in her closet restlessly. She is wearing a slip. She pulls one article out and then hangs it back.

ELLEN
What does one wear to this kind of thing? I don't have anything black... Oh this is ridiculous.

The phone rings. She runs to get it.

ELLEN
Hello?

INT -- STUDIO -- SAME TIME

DAVID
Hey, babe.

(The conversation switches from place to place)

ELLEN
David! It's good to hear from you. Are you not going to the studio tonight?

DAVID
Oh yeah, I'm here now. We're just on a break. I thought I'd call you and give you the lowdown on Nashville.
ELLEN

Well?

DAVID

We got it for sure. The producer called and confirmed this afternoon. We'll be going the 2nd week of April and I'll be there for two weeks unless we get the project done early... but you know how that is.

ELLEN

David, you'll be gone on your birthday.

(jokingly)

Now I'll have to call your surprise party off.

DAVID

Aw, honey, I'm sorry I spoiled your plans. But then again you could always come with me. Yeah! Why don't I make the reservations for two of us? We'd have a wonderful trip.

ELLEN

You know I'd love to go. But since Loretta left the office, there's no way I can tell Mr. Rossington that I'm going too, especially for pleasure.

DAVID

I suppose you're right. Look I'll make it up to you when I get back. I'll take you out someplace real special.

ELLEN

It's your birthday that you're missing. I'll make it up to you.

There is a pause. ELLEN'S doorbell rings.

Uh... David, I gotta go. I think Kathleen's here.

DAVID

Me too. They need me in the studio. What are you guys doing tonight?

ELLEN

(nervously)

Oh... Uh... going shopping. We're going shopping.

DAVID

(laughing, mistaking her nervousness)

Don't get me too big of a present, okay?

TRANSITION
EXT -- MEDIUM'S HOUSE -- LATER THAT NIGHT:

KATHLEEN and ELLEN slowly approach the steps leading to the door of an old Victorian home. ELLEN'S face shows apprehension as she looks upward at the house.

ELLEN
I told him we were going shopping. He thinks I'm buying him a birthday present.

KATHLEEN
I bet you wished you were telling him the truth now.

ELLEN
Kathleen, he's so good to me for me to be doing this. I should be happy and trust what I've got and forget all this nonsense.

KATHLEEN
It's too late now. They know we're here.

She points to the people waiting at the door. ELLEN takes a deep breath and walks up the steps.

INT -- MEDIUM'S HOUSE -- SECONDS LATER

A TALL MAN takes ELLEN and KATHLEEN'S jackets. JANICE, an older woman with radical blonde hair, pale skin, red lipstick, long red fingernails and a print smock top leads them through a closet to a room with nothing in it but a table with four chairs, and a curtain with a red light bulb hanging on it. The table has a metal trumpet sitting on it. JANICE leads ELLEN to the chair opposite the curtain. KATHLEEN sits next to her. JANICE leaves the room for a moment.

ELLEN
(quietly)
What's the curtain and the red light for?

KATHLEEN
That's where the spirit will come out, that is if he shows up. It'll emanate on the other side and then come through.

ELLEN
That's bull shit. I want it to emanate in front of my eyes.

KATHLEEN
It doesn't happen that way. It's not hoaky or anything.

ELLEN
What about the metal funnel sitting on the table?
KATHLEEN
That's Janice's trumpet. Since she's a physical phenomena medium she, along with the spirit can cause that to move. Those from the spirit world can even send objects into this world.

ELLEN touches the trumpet and looks under it.

ELLEN
No wires. How does Janice do all this?

KATHLEEN
Ectoplasm.

ELLEN
What?

KATHLEEN
Ectoplasm. It's in your body. You have it -- so do I -- everybody does. It's just that mediums have the power to remove it from their body so the spirit can return to this world through it.

ELLEN
Oh, Jesus, Kathleen, this is ludicrous. I can't believe I'm here.

KATHLEEN
Don't be so skeptical until it's over.

JANICE and the TALL MAN enter the room and shut the door. She shuts off the overhead light.

TRANSITION

INT -- SEANCE ROOM -- SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The red light is the only light in the room. PAN from the watch fob back to JANICE'S face around the table over the back of JANICE'S head past her and KATHLEEN'S clenched hands, over to ELLEN. ELLEN'S eyes are closed as they all are concentrating. She opens one eye and watches with skepticism.

JANICE
(In an eerie voice)
Now that we all have joined together, will the spirit of David Hendrick Pruitt please come forward. . .

Nothing happens. KATHLEEN opens her eyes and they meet ELLEN'S. The TALL MAN also has his open. They all focus on JANICE.
JANICE
David Hendrick Pruitt, please let us know that you're here.

The trumpet on the table begins to wobble and then flies into the air. CU of ELLEN'S face as she watches in disbelief. It flies for a moment longer and then lands. A shiny gold object comes out of the trumpet's end. It lands on the table in front of ELLEN.

JANICE
An apport from Mr. Pruitt to you, Ellen. Pick it up.

ELLEN picks it up but drops it quickly.

ELLEN
Ouch! It's hot!

JANICE
Objects materialized from the spirit world are. What is it, Ellen?

ELLEN
It's a saxophone key, I think.

ELLEN grips it tightly after it has cooled. She looks at it with a sickened look.

JANICE
Please speak to us David if you are there.

There is a moment of silence. CU of JANICE as her eyes close and her body quivers. The red light flickers off and on. Smoke rolls from behind the curtain and an eerie ghostlike figure appears. CU of ELLEN and KATHLEEN'S clenched white fingers. From the shrouded ghostlike figure walks a vision of a man who looks exactly like DAVID HENDRICKS. CU of JANICE as her quiver becomes a shake. ELLEN stares aghast at the figure. Her eyes fill with tears.

ELLEN
David?

KATHLEEN
Oh my God. It's him... the picture.

SPIRIT
A beauty so rare cannot be contained.
My falling for you shall not be retained.
Your presence rules my quest to live.
My life for you is what I give.

I've been waiting to see you again, my sweet.
ELLEN
David... I don't understand.

SPIRIT
I know I went away. I meant to come back, but I got sick. I fought and fought to stay alive but, but the sickness was too strong.

ELLEN
(crying)
What are you talking about. Which David are you. You don't know me.

KATHLEEN
It sounds like he thinks you're Lucinda. It's like he's apologizing for dying.

SPIRIT
I didn't mean to go so far away to where I couldn't come back, but it was so vital to what I could become... my ambition in life. Please know that I didn't mean to let my distance come between us. I know you didn't want me to go to Nashville, but I had to go.

THE FIGURE begins to fade into the shrouded spirit. CU of JANICE breathing heavily.

ELLEN
(hysterical)
Nashville!? The shrouded spirit begins to dissolve.

No wait! What about Nashville? You've got to come back.

The smoke is entirely behind the curtain.

ELLEN
Janice, please don't let him go!

CU of JANICE lying back in her chair as if asleep.

KATHLEEN
You can't disturb her. If the ectoplasm reeters her body too quickly, she could die.

ELLEN
I don't give a damn about her ectoplasm. I want to know why your great-grandfather was talking about Nashville -- and -- and why he was talking to me like he knew me. Kathleen, I never knew him like that. Why?

ELLEN cries. KATHLEEN bites her lower lip, wanting to tell ELLEN the truth.
INT -- KATHLEEN'S HOUSE -- LATE THAT NIGHT

CU of the David Pruitt obituary in ELLEN'S hand. CU of her face as tears fall out of her eyes. The obituary reads:

David Hendrick Pruitt, 26, died yesterday in Nashville, Tennessee as the result of a sudden illness. Pruitt, a musician and showman of the area was on a tour of the Southern states with his ensemble. He is survived by his wife Lucinda Conner Pruitt and three children, Kenneth Wayne, James Byron and Rachel Beth.
Pruitt was born on his date of death in 1890.

There is more, but it is blurred. The date of the paper is April 19, 1918.

ELLEN
(in despair)
Kathleen, it's not fair. David's going. He'll be in Nashville in 2 weeks. He'll be there during his 26th birthday... he's going to... die.

KATHLEEN
You have no way of knowing that.

ELLEN
I've got to convince him not to go.

KATHLEEN
What are you going to do? Tell him that he can't go for the biggest break of his life because his life is paralleling that of my great-grandfather?

ELLEN
Since when have you been the sensible one? Kathleen, help me out! You got me into this.

KATHLEEN
There's nothing I can tell you, honey. If he doesn't know about this already, then it's not going to happen and he's going to think you're as nuts as you think I am when you lay this on him.

ELLEN
What do you mean "if he doesn't know about this already?"

KATHLEEN
If he is who you think he is, then he already knows what he's destined for. It's inevitable because it probably has happened a hundred times before. For all we know, my great-grandmother Lucinda might have been going through what you are right now.
ELLEN
But she had his children. I'm so confused, Kathleen. There must be something I can do. I can't just give up. I love him.

KATHLEEN shrugs.

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S CAR -- THE NEXT MORNING

ELLEN pulls up in front of DAVID'S house. The rain is coming down in buckets. He runs through the downpour, hops in the car, and throws his saxophone in the back seat. ELLEN stares blankly at him.

DAVID
Thanks, babe. I know this is such short notice, but I've got to get to the studio. My car's a bitch when the idle's running low.

ELLEN continues staring without saying anything.

Ellen? What's wrong?

She shakes her stare.

ELLEN
Nothing. I'm fine.

She looks straight ahead, puts the car in gear, and drives away quickly.

DISSOLVE

INT -- FOREST CREST STUDIOS -- LATER THAT DAY

DAVID'S band is playing. ELLEN is sitting in the booth staring like she doesn't know who he is. DAVID glances at her and smiles. He notices her strange gaze and looks back at her with a bewildered expression.

DISSOLVE

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- LATER THAT EVENING

ELLEN sits across from DAVID at the table. He is concentrating on the food he is eating. ELLEN pokes at her food with her fork. She stares at DAVID. She drops her fork on the plate.

ELLEN
(looking down)
You're a figment of my imagination, aren't you?
DAVID
(confused)
Why on earth would you say that?

ELLEN
Things like this just don't happen to me. I created you in my mind. I'll wake up any second.

DAVID
(playing along)
You're not asleep. Touch me, I'm real.

ELLEN
Oooh! This isn't fair!

DAVID
(realizing her seriousness)
What aren't you telling me? Why all of a sudden am I something you just dreamed up?

There is a long pause as ELLEN builds her courage.

ELLEN
Where were you last night around 9:00?

DAVID
I was in the studio. You knew that.

ELLEN
(mulling it over)
You were in the studio. . . You were in the studio. . . I knew that.

DAVID
I was, Ellen. What gives? You've been acting really wacky today. You've been hanging around your friend too much.

ELLEN
(suddenly defensive)
Don't talk about my friend!

DAVID
I'm sorry. . . Why don't you just tell me what's wrong. . . Quit talking in riddles.

ELLEN
Don't go to Nashville.

DAVID
(infuriated)
What?

ELLEN
Don't go.
DAVID
How can you ask me to do something so ridiculous as to not go. Damn it, this is my chance to do something I've always wanted to.

ELLEN gets choked up and looks down at her plate.

Ellen, what's the matter? You're confusing the hell out of me.

ELLEN
(distraught)
I can't tell you. You wouldn't understand.

DAVID scoots his chair around and puts his arm around her.

DAVID
Why don't you try me?

ELLEN
I...I...
(she can't get it out)
have this...feeling that you...are going to die. I...can just see you...getting very sick, so sick that they couldn't make you better...And I'd never see you again. I dreamed it, and it was so real.

DAVID
(laughing)
Oh, Ellen, I'm not going to die...Honey you've just got to learn to distinguish between your dreams and reality.

ELLEN
It was more real than you'll ever know.

DAVID
This is real.

He holds her face in his hands and slowly kisses her. They embrace tightly. ELLEN holds on as if she'll never let him go. She rests her head on his shoulder and mouths the words: "please don't go."

TRANSITION

INT -- SECRETARIES' OFFICE OF THE PROSECUTOR -- LATER

The rain is beating against the window. ELLEN stands by it and watches the rain fall. KATHLEEN is at her desk.

KATHLEEN
(making conversation)
It sure rains a lot these days.
ELLEN
He's gone, Kathleen.

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- THAT EVENING

The phone is ringing. ELLEN'S bathroom door flies open and she runs to get it, dropping the phone off the hook.

ELLEN
(out of breath)
Hello?

INT-- AIRPORT -- SAME TIME

DAVID
Hey y'all.

ELLEN
(closing her eyes, relieved)
David, you made it.

DAVID
Don't sound so shocked. I told you I would.

ELLEN
Yeah, I was really stupid, wasn't I?

DAVID
I hate to say it, but, yes. I still love you though. . . Hey, honey I can't talk long. I just wanted you to know that everything's fine. I meet with my producer in the morning. I'll probably be real busy over the next few days so I won't be able to call everyday. Don't get paranoid if I don't.

ELLEN
I understand. Whenever you get the chance. . .
(pause)
David?

DAVID
Yes?

ELLEN
At least call me on your birthday, please.

DAVID
I will for sure. Wish me luck.

ELLEN
Good luck.
DAVID
I'll call. Bye.

ELLEN
Bye. (pause)
I love you.

DAVID
I love you.

ELLEN
I'll see you. Bye.

DAVID
Bye.

He hangs up. ELLEN holds the phone close to her heart.

ELLEN
Thank you, God for letting him get there.
Stupid, stupid seances, fanatics. I feel like such a fool for putting him through that.

TRANSITION

EXT -- PARK -- DAYTIME

LS of ELLEN walking by the softball field where she met David. She stops for a moment and glances over at the field. She smiles and shakes her head. She walks on.

TRANSITION

INT -- SECRETARIES' OFFICE OF THE PROSECUTOR -- LATER

KATHLEEN and ELLEN sit at their desks. The door opens and TOM walks in and slams it behind him. He goes into his office and slams that door. KATHLEEN and ELLEN meet eyes.

KATHLEEN
Oh no. They got the verdict on Granger.

ELLEN
Maybe it's something else.

A POLICEMAN walks into the office.

POLICEMAN
Did Tom come through here?

ELLEN
What happened?
POLICEMAN
The jury sucked.

KATHLEEN
I didn't think they'd have a decision until 2 or 3 this afternoon.

POLICEMAN
Tom needed that witness really bad. He had no valid proof... that and the jury sucked.

ELLEN
I don't even want to be around this place until this blows over. Mr. Rossington hates losing, especially this one.

POLICEMAN
Yeah, it's a bad omen when things like this happen.

ELLEN looks at her calendar which says April 18. The pencil she is writing with breaks. KATHLEEN quickly looks to her.

KATHLEEN
Look, Mr. Rossington probably won't be out for awhile. You want me to tell him you were here?

POLICEMAN
Naw, I'll just stop back by later.

He leaves. KATHLEEN walks to ELLEN'S desk.

KATHLEEN
You heard anything from him?

ELLEN
(shaking her head)
Not since his first night there. He said he'd be busy. I'm sure he'll call tonight. I told him to on his birthday.

KATHLEEN
He's going to be a star, you know.

ELLEN
He can be anything he wants to be as long as he's safe.

TRANSITION

INT -- NASHVILLE MUSIC STUDIO -- APRIL 18

DAVID is playing his saxophone. He moves over to the DRUMMER. They have a dueling number -- the DRUMMER beats, then DAVID plays. CU
of the DRUMMER playing. The saxophone music fades. The DRUMMER stops playing as his eyes widen. CU of BILLY as he stops playing and turns his head. CU of the GUITAR PLAYER who stops and looks down. There is dead silence. PAN down to the floor where DAVID has fallen. His saxophone has dropped to the side. One of the keys has come off the instrument. CU of the key in DAVID'S hand as he lies on the floor, lifeless.

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- LATER THAT NIGHT

ELLEN looks out her window into the night. She looks back at the phone and then out the window. She turns around once again and looks to her pictures hanging on the wall. A picture postcard of Michaelangelo's David, one of David Pruitt, and one of David Hendricks. The phone rings. ELLEN jumps and grabs it off the hook.

ELLEN

Hello, David?

LORETTA

Oh... I'm sorry, Ellen. It's just me.

ELLEN

(disappointed)

Oh, hi, Loretta... How's your stomach?

LORETTA

It's still there. Of course I don't know for how much longer... Any day now I'm sure.

ELLEN

Let me guess. You want to know about the case.

LORETTA

Not really. I talked to Tom earlier. He gave me all the details. He's real bummed. I hate to say this, but I'm glad I won't be in the office for awhile.

ELLEN

He's been a bear... How's my baby?

LORETTA

Shana? She misses her Aunt Ellen. In fact she wants to stay with her when Mommy goes to the hospital.

ELLEN

Well Aunt Ellen would love to have her.

LORETTA

You sure it's okay? I didn't know if you'd be busy with David or something.
ELLEN
Well... I don't know. He's in Nashville and will be for awhile. Until he gets his project done. I'm sure he won't be back by then.

LORETTA
Well I know you're waiting for his call. I'll get off the phone for you. Just expect my kid... when you least expect it.

ELLEN hangs up the phone and stares at it. She taps it several times.

ELLEN
Ring, will you?

TRANSITION

INT -- SECRETARIES' OFFICE OF THE PROSECUTOR -- THE NEXT DAY

ELLEN is typing on her computer. KATHLEEN looks over. ELLEN continues and then stops abruptly after making a mistake.

ELLEN
(hitting the keys)
Shit! I can't do anything right.

There is a long pause.

KATHLEEN
Did he call last night?

ELLEN shakes her head and stares at the screen.

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX -- LATER THAT AFTERNOON

ELLEN opens her mailbox. She pulls out a stack of letters. She leafs through the junk mail and bills. She stops and holds a letter in her hand. It is postmarked Nashville. CU of the letter.

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT -- SECONDS LATER

CU of the letter. ELLEN is apprehensive to open it. Her shaky hands rip the top of the envelope. She opens both ends and looks down into the envelope. The letter contains a lock of hair. CU of ELLEN'S face with a sickened look. She quickly pulls the letter out, shaking the hair back into the envelope. She is crying now and slowly opens the letter. It reads:
My Dearest Ellen,

I hoped it wouldn't be this way, but my love, some things don't always work out the way we want them to. What we had was beautiful -- almost a dream. A dream that just couldn't come true. My sickness has gotten the best of me, and though I've always been a fighter and gotten what I've wanted -- I got you didn't I? -- This is one thing I could not conquer. Please, love, do not be saddened. Just be happy for the short time we had. It was wonderful -- truly so. It made my short life seem an eternity. I will love you forever. Even in this other life. Don't let reality hinder your dreams, my sweet. Just like me, they are always in your heart.

David Pruitt Hendricks

ELLEN cries and holds the letter to her heart. She then opens the envelope and pulls out the lock of hair.

FLASHBACK

INT -- DAVID'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

ELLEN and DAVID are on his couch. ELLEN tossles his hair.

TRANSITION

INT -- ELLEN'S APARTMENT --

ELLEN shoves the letter and the lock of hair back into the envelope. She gets up and exits.

TRANSITION

INT -- KATHLEEN'S HOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

The doorbell is ringing profusely. KATHLEEN runs and opens it. ELLEN, in tears, enters.

KATHLEEN
Oh my God, Ellen. What's wrong?

ELLEN heads for the attic doorway.

ELLEN
Just get me the letters, Kathleen. I need to see them.

KATHLEEN follows ELLEN up the dark staircase.

KATHLEEN
It's David, isn't it?

ELLEN
Damn it, Kathleen. Don't ask questions.
They thrust the door open and then enter. ELLEN runs to the small box where she placed it earlier and opens it. KATHLEEN looks on. ELLEN pulls the letters out and hurriedly leafs through them.

ELLEN

Oh! It's not here.

She then remembers putting the letter she is looking for to the front of the box. She finds it and reads the postmark. It is marked the same date, except the year is 1916. The city is Nashville. ELLEN cries harder. She takes her letter out of her purse. The handwriting is identical. She opens both letters and holds them up to one another. They too are identical except the old letter is to Lucinda and is signed David Hendrick Pruitt. ELLEN bawls. KATHLEEN takes the letters and looks at them in disbelief.

ELLEN

It never happened. . . It never happened. He's just something I dreamed up in my imagination. It was your great-grandfather all along.

KATHLEEN

But, Ellen, I saw him.

ELLEN

Think about it, Kathleen. When did you see him? You were in the car. It was dusk. You never talked to him --

KATHLEEN

On the phone. I did when he first called you to ask you out.

ELLEN

The phone. It could have been anyone. Brady never met him, nor Loretta, nor my family. No one. Everytime I was with him it was just us and people I never really knew.

KATHLEEN

What about Shana? She was with you.

ELLEN

Shana. . . She's just a child.

FLASHBACK

INT -- DAVID'S HOUSE

DAVID

Do you think this is some game I'm playing? I don't play games. They're for children. Like Shana.

TRANSITION
INT -- KATHLEEN'S HOUSE --

KATHLEEN
What are you thinking?

ELLEN
... Oh... nothing. Just something David said to me... Kathleen, there are just so many questions that I can't answer.

KATHLEEN
Aw, Ellen. I'm sorry I got you into this mess.

ELLEN
(pause)
You didn't... .

She glances under the octagonal window where a picture of DAVID and LUCINDA sits.

Did it happen, Kathleen?

She walks to the picture.

KATHLEEN
You got me.

ELLEN
(bending down)
You know, I don't know if I should feel lucky to have spent time with him, or cheated. I got what I wanted, but lost it.

KATHLEEN
Did you get anything out of it?

ELLEN
The best five months of my life.

KATHLEEN
Then it was worth it?

ELLEN
Yes... .
( she breaks down)
But I'm just so empty.

KATHLEEN clings close to her as they cry together.

TRANSITION
EXT -- PARK -- DAYS LATER

DISSOLVE out to ELLEN and SHANA walking hand in hand by the river. CU as the sun sparkles off the water. ELLEN picks up SHANA.

EXT -- PARK

ELLEN pushes SHANA on the swingset. CU as SHANA giggles. ELLEN laughs with her.

DISSOLVE

EXT -- PARK

ELLEN and SHANA are playing with a rubber ball. A puppy comes and joins their game. He licks SHANA and brings her to the ground. She laughs. ELLEN tries to rescue her. The puppy does the same to ELLEN. They both laugh.

DISSOLVE

EXT -- PARK

ELLEN and SHANA sit on a park bench eating hot dogs. They share a Coke. SHANA has mustard all over her face.

ELLEN
(wiping SHANA'S face)
Here, sweetheart.

SHANA
When do I get to see my baby brother?

ELLEN
When Mommy brings him home.

SHANA
When's that?

ELLEN
Oh tonight or tomorrow, I suppose.

SHANA sticks her hand in ELLEN'S purse. She finds ELLEN'S picture postcard of David.

SHANA
What's this?

ELLEN appears embarrassed, then looks lovingly at the child.

ELLEN
It's a picture I used to have in my office.
SHANA

Of who?

ELLEN

It's the statue of David. It was done by a famous artist.

SHANA

He's pretty.

ELLEN

He was a king. Just like the kings in your story books.

SHANA

Can I meet him?

ELLEN

Oh, honey, he died a long time ago.

SHANA

(looking closely at the picture)
I like that name. Maybe my mommy will name my brother that name.

ELLEN somewhat disturbed by this glances in the distance at the swings. She fades into a fantasy. A silhouetted male figure pushes her as she sits on the swing. She has on a long flowing dress. She laughs. CU of the male figure. He is not recognizable. CU of ELLEN'S face as she sits on the bench. She hears these words.

DAVID

Honey, you've got to learn to distinguish between your dreams and reality.

KATHLEEN

You want a mate that exists, don't you?

SHANA tugs on ELLEN'S shirt.

SHANA

I'm ready to go now, Ellie.

ELLEN

Okay, honey.

The two get up and walk away from the bench, close to the softball field. There is a group of men playing. ELLEN stops for a moment and gazes that way. The man up at bat hits the ball past the outfielders. It stops rolling right at ELLEN'S feet. SHANA picks it up and hands it to ELLEN. She looks at the ball in her hand, then to SHANA then to the OUTFIELDER. She gets a slight smile, rears back and throws the ball to the OUTFIELDER.
OUTFIELDER
(yelling)
Thanks, lady.
He runs the ball back to the game.

ELLEN
Don't mention it.

She picks up SHANA.

C'mon, Shana. Let's go see your baby brother.

MS to LS as they walk away.

FADE TO BLACK