

THE CIDER HOUSE RULES

Written by

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Production

Draft

FADE IN. BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE.

EXT. ST CLOUD'S - TRAIN STATION - DAWN

An establishing shot of the rundown train station on an overcast morning. There's snow on the station platform.

A

train arrives and departs.

LARCH (V.O.)

In other parts of the world, young men of promise leave home to make their fortunes, battle evil, or solve the problems of the world.

St.

Behind the station, at the top of the hill, lies the

Cloud's orphanage.

LARCH (V.O.)

I was myself such a young man, when I came to save the orphanage in St. Cloud's... many years ago.

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - ORPHANAGE - EARLY MORNING

main

A man and woman (COUPLE #1) make their way toward the entrance of the large brick building.

LARCH (V.O.)

Here in St. Cloud's, I have come to understand that promises are rarely kept, that the battle isn't so much against evil as ignorance, and that being successful can't hold a candle to being of *use*.

sound of The couple enters the orphanage, where we hear the babies.

LARCH (V.O.)

Nor have I solved the problem I came here to solve.

INT. ORPHANAGE - MORNING

Two nurses, EDNA and ANGELA, chase CHILDREN--a morning routine.

LARCH (V.O.)

Even in the most enlightened times, unwanted babies will manage to be born. That there will always be orphans is simple not a problem to be solved. Here in St. Cloud's, we don't regard the sordid facts of life as problems.

The camera goes up the stairs with some of the kids.

INT. LARCH'S OFFICE - DAY

their Dr. We enter an office where DR. LARCH shows couple #1 newly adopted son, HOMER, an infant who lies smiling in Larch's arms.

LARCH (V.O.)

In truth, we've only had one real problem.

screen. We close in on the infant until his face fills the

LARCH (V.O.)

His name was Homer Wells.

parents. Dr. Larch hands over the infant to the adopting

LARCH

I named him after the Greek writer. You know Homer, of course?

Hesitant nods. (They don't look as if they read.)

LARCH

I made his name "Wells" because I
could tell he was very deep.

The parents look with pride at their adopted son.

LARCH (V.O.)

In truth, Nurse Angela named him--
her father *drilled* wells, and
"Homer" was one of her family's
umpteens cats.

INT./EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

good-
At the front door, Larch and the nurses wave and call
bye to Homer, they close the door.

INT./EXT. ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

couple
as
The same door swings open; it's another night. The same
is bringing Homer back. There is concern in their faces
Nurse Edna lets them in.

INT. BOY'S DIVISION, DOORWAY - NIGHT

Larch is delivering his benediction to the boys.

LARCH

"Good night, you Princes of Maine,
you Kings of New England!"

couple
As he turns, he is startled by Nurse Edna, waiting with
#1 and baby Homer.

ADOPTING MOTHER

There's something wrong with him! He
never makes a sound.

Larch looks quickly at Homer.

LARCH (V.O.)

He didn't cry enough for them, if
you can believe it.

ADOPTING FATHER

Do you think we could have a look at
someone a little different?

lets out
parents

The mother hands over the baby to Larch. Baby Homer
a happy squeal as soon as he's in Larch's arms. The
stare in disbelief.

LARCH (V.O.)

Thus was Homer Wells returned. He
was too happy a baby.

EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

old
porch and

Angela and Edna call and wave good-bye to a two-year-
Homer, leaving with COUPLE #2. Larch stands on the
watches the family head down the hill.

LARCH (V.O.)

The second family has an unfortunate
gift for getting sounds out of Homer.

INT. COUPLE #2'S HOME - DAY

lifts a
in

Larch bursts into the home of the second couple and
crying and bruised Homer out of his bed. There is rage
Larch's eyes as he looks at the couple.

LARCH (V.O.)

The rumor was true. They beat him.
He couldn't stop crying.

EXT. HILL, ST. CLOUD'S - DAY

Larch carries Homer up the orphanage hill.

LARCH (V.O.)

Here is St. Cloud's, I try to
consider, with each rule I make or
break, that my first priority is an
orphan's future.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

The naked belly of a VERY PREGNANT WOMAN.

LARCH (V.O.)

Easier said than done.

the
around
as he
child.
smiles

A tiny hand comes in with a stethoscope and puts it on big belly. Young Homer's head, with the stethoscope his neck, pops up behind the belly; he closes his eyes concentrates on listening to the sounds of the unborn child. Larch stops in the doorway, catching sight of Homer. He smiles faintly.

EXT. COUPLE #3'S HOME - DAY

welcoming
waits
older

The door opens to a THIRD COUPLE smiling at us, and embracing a sixteen-year-old Homer. Behind them the would-be STEPSISTER--an attractive girl, a little then Homer.

LARCH (V.O.)

I told the third family to take good care--this was a special boy.

INT. STEPSISTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

parents
around
herself

Homer and the stepsister are in bed together. The burst in on them--the father chasing Homer around and the bed, the mother beating her daughter, who covers with a pillow.

LARCH (V.O.)

It was Homer who took too much good care of himself.

EXT. COUPLE #3'S HOME - NIGHT

house
walks to

From her window, the stepsister watches Homer leave the carrying his suitcase. Homer looks up at her as he the street.

EXT. ORPHANAGE - EARLY MORNING

walks to

It's after dawn, but still a little dark, as Homer

WOMAN
each
woman is

the orphanage door, suitcase in hand. A HUGEY PREGNANT
arrives at the same time. They stand awkwardly next to
other, waiting for someone to answer the door. The
crying. Homer reaches out and takes her hand.

HOMER

Don't be frightened. Everyone is
nice here.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Do you live here?

HOMER

I just belong here.

Nurse

The woman snuffles; she nods vaguely. The door opens.
Edna lets the woman in and embraces Homer.

LARCH (V.O.)

What could I do with him? He kept
coming back!

INT. LARCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Homer

Larch instructs an older Homer from "Gray's Anatomy."
is bored and looks out the window.

LARCH

Homer, if you're going to stay at
St. Cloud's, I expect you to be of
use.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

ANOTHER
boy's

Homer looks adoringly at Dr. Larch as Larch examines
PREGNANT WOMAN. Larch waves Homer over; he places the
hand on the woman's abdomen, to feel the fetus kicking.

LARCH (V.O.)

But, in failing to withhold love,
had I created a true and everlasting
orphan? I had been too successful
with Homer Wells. I had managed to
make the orphanage his *home*.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

doesn't Larch closes a door quickly behind him (so that Homer see the ABORTION PATIENT in the O.R.)

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Homer assists Larch in delivering a BABY.

EXT. INCINERATOR - DAY

He Homer carries a white enamel pail to the incinerator. looks inside the pail; he stops.

LARCH (V.O.)

God forgive me. I have *made* an orphan by loving him too much. Homer Wells will belong to St. Cloud's, forever.

the Hold on Homer's disgusted expression as he stares at contents of the pail.

an END TITLE SEQUENCE. FADE OUT. We hear a song playing on old phonograph.

INT. DISPENSARY - DAY

Larch is We see the song playing on the old phonograph. Dr. taking ether. He holds the bottle in one hand, the cone over his mouth and nose with the other.

SUPER: ST. CLOUD'S, MAINE, MARCH 1943.

cone; When Larch dozes off, his hand loosens its grip on the puts the cone falls off his face, and he wakes up. Then he bottle the cone back in place, dripping more ether from the to the gauze covering the cone.

gallery Pan the dispensary, which also serves as Larch's photo and bedroom apartment. The ether-bed is separated from the

see the room by a hospital curtain (the kind on casters). We
medical recording revolving, the glass-encased cabinets of
supplies, the old photographs of St. Cloud's.
for a Homer enters, he stands uncomfortably, watching Larch
corridor. moment. Then he turns around and walks back into the

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

corridor. Homer calls out as though he's just coming down the

HOMER

Dr. Larch! Dr. Larch!

INT. DISPENSARY - DAY

reenters. Larch wakes up; he shakes off the ether haze. Homer

HOMER

We've got two new patients, one to deliver.

Dr. Larch and Homer leave together.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

of The *two* doctors walk briskly down the hall, a couple
professionals.

LARCH

First pregnancy?

HOMER

Yes, for both.

LARCH

(sarcastically)

I presume you'd prefer handling the delivery.

HOMER

(tiredly; an old topic)

All I said was, I don't want to perform abortions. I have no argument with *you* performing them.

LARCH

You know *how* to help these women--
how can you not feel *obligated* to
help them when they can't get help
anywhere else?

HOMER

One: it's illegal. Two: I didn't ask
how to do it--you just showed me.

LARCH

What *else* could I have showed you,
Homer? The only thing I can teach
you is what I know! In every life,
you've got to be of use.

different
"Of
Homer and Larch split off and disappear into two
operating rooms. As he goes, Homer mumbles to himself,
use, of use, of use."

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

not
hall
Larch and Angela are preparing the ether for DOROTHY, a
visibly pregnant woman. The sounds of labor across the
can be heard Over.

LARCH

(holds the cone)
Have you ever had ether, Dorothy?

DOROTHY

Once, when they took out my appendix.

ANGELA

(looks for scar)
No one's touched your appendix.

DOROTHY

Whatever it was... the ether made me
sick.

LARCH

It won't make you sick this time,
Dorothy--not the way I do it, just a
drop at a time.

DOROTHY

I can't pay for this, you know--I got no money.

LARCH

One day, Dorothy, if you have any money, a donation to the orphanage would be very much appreciated.

ANGELA

Only if you can afford it.

LARCH

(holds the ether bottle)
Try to think of nothing, Dorothy.

Larch
other
Angela puts the cone over Dorothy's mouth and nose;
drips the ether on the cone. A newborn wails in the
O.R. Over.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

in
panting.
Homer has delivered CARLA. A newborn baby is screaming
Edna's arms. Homer is attending to Carla, who is

HOMER

That was good, Carla--that was *perfect*. Everything's fine.

CARLA

I don't wanna see it!

EDNA

You don't have to see it, dear. Don't worry.

CARLA

I don't even wanna know what sex it is--don't tell me!

HOMER

We won't tell you, Carla. You're going to be okay.

EDNA

Your *baby's* going to be okay, too.

CARLA

I don't wanna know!

baby. Larch pops into the delivery room; he peers at the

LARCH

He's a big boy!

CARLA

Let me see him, for Christ's sake--I
wanna see him.

Edna shows the baby to Carla, who stares, then turns
away.

Larch whispers to Homer.

LARCH

Would you mind having a look at
Dorothy?

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Larch and Angela sits with the still-etherized Dorothy while
Homer confer over a basin containing Dorothy's uterus.

HOMER

There was no visible wound?

LARCH

No. The fetus was dead. Her uterus
was virtually *disintegrating*--my
stitches pulled right through the
tissue!

HOMER

(mystified)
It looks like scurvy.

LARCH

(derisively sarcastic)
Scurvy! Ah yes, the curse of the old-
time sailor, suffering long periods
at sea with no fresh fruits or
vegetables. Homer, Dorothy isn't a
sailor!

ANGELA

She's a prostitute, isn't she?

HOMER

(to Angela)
Did you look in her purse?

LARCH

(frustrated)

I looked everywhere else!

Angela hands Larch a bottle of brown liquid.

ANGELA

It's called French Lunar Solution.

Larch wrinkles his nose at the odor.

LARCH

It's not ergot, it's not pituitary
extract, it's not oil of rue...

ANGELA

It claims to restore monthly
regularity.

HOMER

It's obviously an aborticide.

LARCH

Obviously.

to his
Larch wets his finger with the stuff, then touches it
tongue.

LARCH

(spits)

Christ, it's oil of tansy!

HOMER

I don't know it.

LARCH

If you take enough of it, your
intestines lose their ability to
absorb Vitamin C.

HOMER

In other words, scurvy.

LARCH

Good boy. Good job. And you call
yourself "not a doctor"!

(to Angela)

Keep an eye on her--she's in trouble.

the
As Homer turns to leave, Larch stops him; he points to
basin.

LARCH

Take care of that, will you?

the
Homer stops, annoyed; he picks up the basin and empties
contents into a white enamel pail.

INT. DINING HALL - AFTERNOON

and
wheels
room
BUSTER,
pastries
MISS TITCOMB is teaching math to some distracted boys
girls in a corner of the dining room. A blackboard on
is a mass of numbers. Homer, passing through the dining
with the white enamel pail, attracts the attention of
a sixteen-year-old who is picking over a plate of
on a table. Buster immediately goes with Homer.

BUSTER

I'll help you.

Dr.
disgusted.
Homer shakes his head, keeps walking. Buster follows.
Larch passes close to Buster. Buster makes a face,

EXT. INCINERATOR - AFTERNOON

Buster and Homer tramp through the snow toward the
incinerator. Homer still carries the pail.

BUSTER

He *sniffs* that ether! I've seen
him do it!

HOMER

It's because he's too tired to sleep.
He has to.

BUSTER

He *smells* like he could put you to
sleep!

HOMER

He's a doctor, Buster--doctors smell

like ether.

BUSTER

You're a doctor, Homer--you don't smell like ether.

HOMER

I'm *not* a doctor. I haven't been to medical school--I haven't even been to high school!

BUSTER

But you've studied with the old man for *years*!

HOMER

I'm *not* a doctor!

BUSTER

I'm sorry, Homer.

the
Buster stands watching as Homer empties the pail into
incinerator.

INT. DISPENSARY - NIGHT

phonograph,
an
Larch
humidified
humidifier is
With his head inclined to the giant ear of Larch's
FUZZY--six, thin, and pale and looking remarkably like
embryo--is listening to a recording. He can't hear what
and Homer are saying about him as they construct a
tent over a small hospital bed on wheels. The
operated by a car battery.

LARCH

Fuzzy is not uncommon. I tell you, there's something about the premature babies of alcoholic mothers. They seem susceptible to every damn thing that comes along.

HOMER

I haven't read that.

LARCH

I haven't, either. But you *will*. The morons who write the books should

do a little research *here*.

HOMER

But isn't Fuzzy just... well,
underdeveloped?

LARCH

When *doesn't* he have bronchitis? I
wouldn't call his bronchial infections
"underdeveloped." Would you?

zips
leaves,
into

Larch plucks Fuzzy from in front of the phonograph and
him into the breathing tent. Fuzzy smiles. As larch
MARY AGNES, a pretty but tough-looking teenager, comes
the dispensary.

HOMER

What is it, Mary Agnes?

out
moment
starts
he
tent.

Mary Agnes smiles at Homer; then she sticks her tongue
at him. Homer looks at her impassively, but as the
continues his expression suggests his annoyance. Fuzzy
to cough; he wheezes as he breathes. Homer leans down;
peers at Fuzzy through a hole by the zipper of the

MARY AGNES

(garbled because of
her tongue)

Look!

Homer examines Mary Agnes' tongue.

HOMER

Did you bite it?

MARY AGNES

I don't remember.

HOMER

(dismissively)

It looks like you bit it--it'll be
all right.

MARY AGNES

Maybe I was kissing someone and he bit me.

HOMER

(looks at her tongue again)

No, you did it yourself. Maybe in your sleep.

MARY AGNES

I must have been *dreaming* of kissing someone.

into
the hall.

Homer is not responding to her come-on. He wheels Fuzzy

HOMER

Story time, Fuzzy!

INT. GIRLS' DIVISION - NIGHT

The
chests.

In the girls' bunk room, Nurse Edna is saying prayers. The girls lie with their palms pressed together on their

EDNA

"Oh Lord, support us all the day long..."

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - THE HILL - NIGHT

sky.
down

The building of St. Cloud's is silhouetted against the sky. Carla, the woman we saw deliver the baby, is heading down the hill alone, she sobs, not looking back.

EDNA (O.S.)

"...until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done."

INT. GIRLS' DIVISION - NIGHT

In the bunk room again, with Edna and the girls.

EDNA

"Then in Thy mercy grant us save lodging, and holy rest, and peace at

the last."

ALL THE GIRLS

Amen! Amen! Amen!

INT. BOYS' DIVISION - NIGHT

of
beds.
Dr. Larch is reading from Oliver Twist--the death scene
Bill Sike's dog. The boys listen in horror in their

LARCH

"A dog, which had lain concealed
till now, ran backwards and forwards
on the parapet with a dismal howl,
and collecting himself for a spring,
jumped for the dead man's shoulders."

corner
of the room, where he starts to undress.
Homer enters; he walks quietly to his bed in the far

LARCH

"Missing his aim, he fell into a
ditch, turning completely over as he
went; and striking his head against
a stone, dashed his brains out.

the
hall, Larch delivers his nightly benediction.
Larch turns out the lights. From the open doorway to

LARCH

Good night, you Princes of Maine!
You Kings of New England!

darkness.
giggling.
Larch closes the door, leaving them in the semi-
One young boy runs into Homer's bed, nervously

FUZZY

(in his breathing
tent)
Why does Dr. Larch *do* tht every
night?

CURLY

(about seven)
Maybe to scare us...

COPPERFIELD

(about eleven)

No, you jerk.

STEERFORTH

(about nine)

Dr. Larch *loves* us!

FUZZY

But why does he do *that*?

BUSTER

He does it because we like it.

The boys silently agree, Homer among them.

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - EARLY MORNING

orphanage,
The girls, led by Mary Agnes, round a corner of the
towing a sled piled high with snowballs.

MARY AGNES

Buster is mine. You two get
Copperfield and Curly. Nobody touches
Fuzzy.

throws
or
sticks
Agnes,
snowballs
to
aimlessly
door of
They shriek as the boys suddenly surprise them. Buster
two hard snowballs that hit Mary Agnes and CLARA (eight
nine) before Mary Agnes overwhelms him and repeatedly
his head in the snow. Copperfield, terrified of Mary
escapes. Curly misses, then tips over the sled of
as Clara and the adorable HAZEL (five or six) throw him
the ground. Fuzzy drops his one snowball; he runs
in circles, coughing, as Nurse Edna explodes from a
the orphanage.

EDNA

Stop it! No fighting! *Share* the
snowballs!

BUSTER

(mouth full of snow)

They're *our* snowballs! They *stole*

them!

MARY AGNES

They attacked us--just like the Japs!

Fuzzy coughs and wheezes, trying to catch his breath.

EDNA

Listen to you, Fuzzy! You've been running. You get to the shower!

stare,
themselves
Mary
Clara

A NEW COUPLE comes up the hill. The orphans stop and brushing snow off themselves, struggling to make look presentable. Curly is desperate to look his best. Agnes doesn't bother to pretty herself. She whispers to and Hazel.

MARY AGNES

I know the type--they'll take one of the babies.

INT. DINING HALL - MORNING

parents
orphans.
piece
the
stop

The children are eating breakfast as the would-be walk around the tables, looking over the assembled Curly works on his table manners; he forks and eats a of pancake with elegance. Angela and Edna try to make couple slow down by the older children, but the couple and stare at the adorable Hazel.

INT. BABY ROOM - MORNING

are
throats.

Larch and Homer are examining the babies. The doctors checking the babies' grips, their eyes, ears, and

Angela appears in the doorway.

ANGELA

Wilbur, the adopting couple is waiting in your office.

LARCH

(irritated)
Life is waiting.

record
Angela disappears. Larch looks at the next baby's
(attached to the bed).

LARCH

Where's the name sheet?

HOMER

Nobody's named this one yet.

LARCH

It's my turn!

Homer is tired of this game. Larch touches the child's
forehead with his index finger.

LARCH

Henceforth you shall be... Little
Dorrit!

The baby starts to cry.

HOMER

He doesn't like it.
(looks at the record)
He's a boy, That's why.

LARCH

Can't a boy be a Dorrit?

HOMER

I don't think so.

LARCH

You do it then.

gun.
Homer points his finger at the child's forehead like a

HOMER

Henceforth you shall be... Little
Wilbur.

LARCH

I'm not crazy about the "Little..."

Homer is writing the name.

HOMER

Okay, he's just a Wilbur then.

LARCH

We haven't had a Wilbur here in a year or so, have we? We used to have *dozens*!

from They are interrupted by Copperfield, who comes running
the corridor.

COPPERFIELD

They picked Hazel! The idiots chose Hazel!

INT. GIRLS' DIVISION - DAY

cardboard Hazel is being fussed over by Edna. Hazel clutches a
the suitcase and a tattered rag doll. Mary Agnes, by far
oldest, sits on a bed.

MARY AGNES

If people want to adopt one of us, they should have to take the oldest first.

EDNA

Please, Mary Agnes! This is Hazel's special day--don't make her feel sad.

MARY AGNES

Hazel's practically the youngest of us. She should be the *last* to leave!

CLARA

At least Hazel can talk. Usually they take one of the stupid babies.

MARY AGNES

They take the babies so they won't ever have to tell them that they were orphans!

HAZEL

(begins to cry)
I'm not a baby!

MARY AGNES

If you cry, Hazel, they'll just send you back.

EDNA

Mary Agnes, that's not true!

Hazel cries harder.

MARY AGNES

That's what they did to me!

EDNA

You *wanted* to come back--that's why you cried.

(to Hazel)

You can cry if you feel like it, Hazel. You cry as much as you want.

INT. LARCH'S OFFICE - DAY

overhearing
Homer is in the corridor outside the office,
Larch's lecture to the couple adopting Hazel.

LARCH

It is strictly for our orphans' sake that I destroy any record of their natural mothers. Of course they will, one day, want to know. But orphans, especially, should look forward to their *futures*. Not back to their pasts.

INT. WINDOW, CORRIDOR - DAY

Homer sees Curly standing all alone by a window in the corridor; a suitcase is next to him.

HOMER

Hi, Curly. You going somewhere?

Curly shakes his head.

CURLY

I thought they might take me.

HOMER

They wanted a girl.

CURLY

Nobody ever wants me!

suitcase
Homer embraces Curly and lifts him up, he grabs the
and continues down the corridor.

HOMER

You're one of the best, Curly--we
couldn't let just anyone take you.

CURLY

Dr. Larch wouldn't let just anyone
take *any* of us!

HOMER

That's true.

CURLY

Nobody's asked for me, have they?

HOMER

Nobody special enough, Curly.

CURLY

You mean somebody asked?

HOMER

Only the right people can have you,
Curly.

Curly and
Homer disappears into the boys' bunk room carrying
his suitcase, leaving the corridor empty.

INT./EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

across
Faces in the windows; the orphans watch Hazel walking
the snowy lawn with her new parents.

INT. GIRLS' DIVISION - NIGHT

Hazel.
Edna (with the girls) gives her good-bye blessing to

EDNA

Let us be happy for Hazel. Hazel has
found a family. Good night, Hazel.

THE GIRLS

Good night, Hazel! Good night, Hazel!
Good night, Hazel!

INT./EXT. ORPHANAGE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

onto
The front door opens. The orphans excitedly run outside
the green lawn, into the warm weather of spring.

INT. DISPENSARY - MORNING

phonograph, a
his
and
her,
a
Angela is singing along with the song on the
more romantic song than before, which rouses Larch from
ether. He is grumpy, but she sings the song in his ear
won't give him back the ether cone; he rolls away from
but she tickles him and bites his ear, coaxing him into
more playful mood.

LARCH

I was dreaming about you. How
beautiful you were!

ANGELA

You weren't dreaming about me.

LARCH

I was!

Playfully, she slips out of his embrace.

ANGELA

Then I wasn't beautiful.

LARCH

You were! You *are*! It was fantastic.

ANGELA

It was just the ether, Wilbur...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

beds.
Homer wheels a tray with glasses of water between the
A DISTRAUGHT PREGNANT WOMAN stops him by her bed.

HOMER

Are you okay? Can I get you anything?

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

No one but me ever put a hand on me,
to feel that baby. Don't you want to

touch it or put your ear down to it?

HOMER

Okay.

Homer touches the woman's belly.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

Put your ear there. Go on.

Homer cautiously lays his ear against her belly.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

You shouldn't have a baby if there's
no one who wants to put his face
right there!

his
widely.
concern.

She holds Homer's head against her belly; she presses
face into her. She shuts her eyes. Homer's eyes stare
Dr. Larch stops in the doorway; he watches with

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

Stay right there. Right where you
are. Stay right here. Right here.

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - TRAIN STATION - DAY

tracks.
Buster is hanging around with him, kicking a rock.

BUSTER

Do you ever think about leaving this
place to go find them?

and
distraught
few
baby,
The

Homer makes no response. As the train approaches, Homer
Buster go sit on a loading cart. They see the
woman (no longer pregnant) from Homer's experience of a
nights ago; she is leaving St. Cloud's without her
waiting for the approaching train. Her face is a mask.
DISAPPROVING STATIONMASTER gives her a hard look.

BUSTER

I mean your parents.

HOMER

I know who you mean. I think about leaving here, but not to find *them*.

BUSTER

Why not?

HOMER

Whoever they were, they didn't *do* any of the things parents are supposed to do. Dr. Larch did those things, and Nurse Edna, and Nurse Angela.

BUSTER

Yeah. But sometimes I wish I could meet mine, anyway.

HOMER

What for, Buster? What would you do if you met them?

BUSTER

Uh... I'd like to show them that I can cook, a little.

HOMER

You cook very well!

BUSTER

And that I can drive a truck!

HOMER

(laughing)

Better than I can!

BUSTER

Sometimes I want to meet them so I can kill them. Just sometimes.

Buster is ashamed; he knows he's said the wrong thing.

BUSTER

Homer, you know I would never kill anyone--you know I wouldn't.

HOMER

I know.

The slowly moving train has stopped. There are SOLDIERS leaning out the windows. Buster turns to see Mary Agnes

grown-
gently
the

walking past the train--she's doing her best to look up, sophisticated. One of the soldiers reaches out and tugs on her hair. Mary Agnes is enraged; she spits at soldier.

BUSTER

I think Mary Agnes could kill someone.

HOMER

I doubt it. She's just an...

Mary Agnes spits at *all* the soldiers.

HOMER

...emotional girl.

improvises

The soldiers roll up the windows as Mary Agnes some verbal abuse.

BUSTER

What's she so emotional about?

HOMER

(shrugs)

I don't know. She got left here, like the rest of us, didn't she?

Camera closes on Homer.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

giant
Kong
front,
the

The orphans are watching King Kong, the part when the ape first captures the screaming Fay Wray. Intercut with the orphans' rapt faces. Homer sits near the mesmerized by the film. Dr. Larch and Angela sit by the projector; Larch is reading a letter. Fuzzy points to screen.

FUZZY

(coughing)

He thinks she's his *mother*!

King Kong is undressing Fay Wray in the cave.

COPPERFIELD

He doesn't think she's his mother,
Fuzzy.

FUZZY

He does so! He *loves* her!

CARLA

How could she be his *mother*?

Larch shakes the letter in front of Angela.

LARCH

(a harsh whisper)

They want to replace me! The Board
of Trustees wants to *replace* me!

ANGELA

(whispering back)

They just want you to hire some new
help.

LARCH

Some new *things* would be useful. I
don't need any "new help."

the
with
squints
Kong!"

The film breaks--to huge cries of disappointment from
orphans. Fuzzy coughs and coughs while Larch fumbles
the projector. Angela turns on the light while Larch
at the broken film. The orphans are chanting, "Kong!

LARCH

Homer! I need you!

Homer gets up and walks to the projector.

LARCH

I thought you took care of this. It
always breaks in the same place.
It's your splice, isn't it?

HOMER

(angry)

It's *your* splice! You blame me for
everything!

Larch abruptly lets go of the film.

LARCH

Angela, we need a new movie, a new projector, a new typewriter--*that's* what they should replace around here!

leaves. Edna comes in; she speaks to Larch, then quickly

EDNA

We have a delivery. Imminent, in my estimation...

Larch turns to Homer.

LARCH

Homer, would you get this one?

he Homer shifts his weight to the other foot; aggravated; stands there.

HOMER

She's a patient, right? She should see a doctor.

Homer and Larch stare at each other.

LARCH

(trying to stay calm)
Homer, you are a skilled and gifted surgeon. You have near-perfect obstetrical and gynecological procedure.

Homer is also trying to avoid a fight.

HOMER

I just mean I'd rather fix the movie. Tonight.

Larch can't hide his disappointment.

LARCH

Sure. Okay. You splice. I'll deliver.

It is an uneasy peace.

INT. BOYS' DIVISION - NIGHT (LATER)

boys Homer is adjusting Fuzzy's breathing tent as the other climb into bed.

FUZZY

Homer... doesn't King Kong think the woman is his *mother*?

HOMER

Uh, sure--that's what Kong thinks, all right.

FUZZY

That's why Kong loves her!

and

Larch comes in and walks over to Homer and Fuzzy. Larch and Homer exchange a look.

HOMER

I thought it was my turn.

LARCH

It is. I'll get this. You go ahead.

quiet

Homer sits down with 'David Copperfield.' There is a quiet anticipation while Homer readies himself to read.

HOMER

(reading)

"Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show."

Larch continues to adjust Fuzzy's breathing tent.

HOMER

"I was a posthumous child. My father's eyes had closed upon the light of this world six months, when mine opened on it."

FUZZY

(whispers to Larch)

His father's dead, right?

LARCH

(whispering back)

That's right, Fuzz.

Close on Fuzzy.

HOMER (O.S.)

(continues reading)
"There is something strange to me,
even now, in the reflection that he
never saw me..."

As Larch bends over Fuzzy to fix the breathing
apparatus,
Fuzzy whispers.

FUZZY

Is *your* father dead?

LARCH

(nods, whispers)
Cirrhosis--it's a disease of the
liver.

FUZZY

Liver killed him?

LARCH

Alcohol killed him--he drank himself
to death.

FUZZY

But did you know him?

LARCH

Barely. It hardly mattered that I
knew him.

FUZZY

Did you know your mother better?

LARCH

(nods, still whispers)
She's dead now, too. She was a nanny.

FUZZY

What's a nanny do?

LARCH

She looks after other people's
children.

FUZZY

Did you grow up around here?

LARCH

No. She was an immigrant.

FUZZY

What's an immigrant?

LARCH

Someone not from Maine.

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - NIGHT

The orphanage in moonlight. Not a sound.

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - MORNING

The children are chasing a ball near the incinerator.

lying

A VERY FRIGHTENED GIRL---not one of the orphans--is
next to the incinerator.

Edna kneels by the strange girl, who cringes with fear.

EDNA

No one's going to hurt you, dear.
Have you come to visit us? We have
beds, you know. Have you had any
breakfast? What's your name?

forehead,

The girl won't speak; when Edna touches the girl's
she pulls back her hand in alarm.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - MORNING

The
looking at
in a

Edna is holding the head of the frightened young girl.
girl is feverishly hot and whimpering; she keeps
her feet in the stirrups as if she's an animal caught
trap. Larch and Homer stand on either side of her.

EDNA

Her temperature is a hundred and
four.

LARCH

(very gently)
How old are you, dear? Thirteen?

The girl shakes her head. The pain stabs her again.

LARCH

Twelve? Are you twelve, dear?
(the girl nods)

You have to tell me how long you've
been pregnant.
(the girl freezes)
Three months?

Another stab of pain contorts the girl.

LARCH

Are you **four** months pregnant?

The girl holds her breath while he examines her
abdomen;
Homer very delicately examines the girl's abdomen, too.

HOMER

(whispers to Larch)
She's at least **five**.

The girl goes rigid as Larch bends into position.

LARCH

Dear child, it won't hurt when I
look. I'm just going to **look**.

Homer assists Larch with the speculum.

LARCH

Tell me: you haven't done something
to yourself, have you?

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL

It wasn't me!

LARCH

Did you go to someone else?

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL

He said he was a doctor. I would
never have stuck that inside me!

HOMER

Stuck **what** inside you?

Homer holds the girl still--she is babbling on and on
while
Larch is examining her.

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL

It wasn't me! I would never do no
such thing! I wouldn't stick that
inside me! It wasn't me!

girl. Larch, his wild eye peering into the speculum, makes an audible gasp from the shock of what he sees inside the

the Larch tells Homer to have a look. Larch then whispers something to Edna; she brings the ether bottle and cone quickly. Larch starts putting the cone in place, over the nose and mouth of the frightened girl. Homer bends to the speculum.

LARCH

(to the twelve-year-old)

Listen, you've been very brave. I'm going to put you to sleep--you won't feel it anymore. You've been brave enough.

girl Homer stares into the speculum; he closes his eyes. The is resisting the ether, but her eyelids flutter closed.

EDNA

That's a heavy sedation.

LARCH

You *bet* it's a heavy sedation! The fetus is unexpelled, her uterus is punctured, she has acute peritonitis, and there's a foreign object. I think it's a crochet hook.

the Homer has pulled off his surgical mask. He leans over scrub sink, splashing cold water on his face.

LARCH

(to Homer)

If she'd come to you four months ago and asked you for a simple D and C, what would you have decided to do? *Nothing*? *This* is what doing nothing gets you, Homer. It means that someone else is going to do the job--some moron who doesn't know *how*!

the under Homer, furious, leaves the operating room. Edna lifts girl's eyelids for Larch so that he can see how well

the ether she is.

LARCH

I wish you'd come to *me*, dear child.
You should have come to me, instead.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

white
Homer storms down the hall, then stops, pulling off his
coat. Angry, pacing, he kicks at nothing.

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - GRAVEYARD - EARLY MORNING

the
Buster and Homer are digging the pit. Larch paces by
coffin of the 12-year-old girl.

BUSTER

What'd she die of?

LARCH

(inhales deeply)
She died of *secrecy*, she died of
ignorance...

Buster nods, but he's totally bewildered.

LARCH

(to Homer)

If you expect people to be responsible
for their children, you have to give
them the right to decide whether or
not to *have* children. Wouldn't you
agree?

times;
Buster doesn't get it. Homer has heard this too many
he rolls his eyes.

HOMER

How about expecting people to be
responsible enough to control
themselves to begin with?

LARCH

How about this child? You expect
her to be responsible?

Homer looks away.

HOMER

I didn't mean her. I'm talking
about... adults.
(annoyed)
You know who I mean!

Larch studies him.

EXT./INT. ST. CLOUD'S ROAD - TRUCK CAB - DAY

shovels and
cab,
wild
curious

Buster is driving the old pickup truck, with the
a wheelbarrow in the back. Larch and Homer are in the
they are being bounced all over the cab by Buster's
driving. Larch looks at Homer; he stares at him with a
smile.

HOMER

What?!

Larch says nothing. Homer gives him a look.

LARCH

(smiling)
It's just a marvel to me that you
still have such high expectations of
people.

HOMER

I'm happy I amuse you.

LARCH

(to Homer)
Try to look at it this way. What
choice does Buster have? What are
his options? Nobody will ever adopt
him.

(Buster considers
this)

HOMER

Try to look at it *this* way. Buster
and I are sitting right here beside
you. We could have ended up in the
incinerator!

(Buster grins)

LARCH

Happy to be alive, under any
circumstances--is that your point?

and
on
Buster is distracted; he drives the truck into a ditch
it bounces around, missing a tree by an inch. He is up
the road again in a few seconds.

HOMER

Happy to be alive... I guess so.

car is
Corps--
YOUNG
They are all distracted by a luxurious convertible that
overtakes them on the hill to the orphanage. The fast
driven by a handsome man in the uniform of the Army Air
a YOUNG OFFICER. From the passenger seat, a BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN smiles at them, rendering them speechless.

EXT. ORPHANAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

the
the
car;
they
to
Buster
the
The luxurious convertible (now parked) has drawn all
orphans to it. The handsome young officer (WALLY) and
beautiful young woman (CANDY) stand confused by the
they are surrounded by the curious orphans, with whom
are painfully self-conscious. They are overly friendly
the children as they are anxious of Larch and Homer and
(in their gravedigging attire), who are getting out of
truck. Nervously, Wally gives the children chocolates.

CANDY

So many children. Are they all
orphans?

WALLY

Well, this *is* an orphanage.

The kids climb into Wally's car.

CANDY

Oh, they're getting into the car...
watch your fingers!

face
Curly tugs on Candy's dress, staring up at her, his

already smeared with chocolate.

CURLY

I'm the best.

CANDY

(sweetly)

You are?

WALLY

(good with kids)

The best? Wow! The best at *what*?

CURLY

I'm the best one.

and
Curly's nose is streaming snot. Candy kneels beside him
holds her handkerchief to his nose.

CANDY

Here, blow...

Curly tries to talk while she's holding his nose.

CURLY

I really *am* the best, I just have
a cold.

CANDY

Blow! There, I bet that feels better.

CURLY

(sniffs)

Yeah.

beautiful.
The other orphans are dying with envy--Candy is so
car.)
(Some, like Buster, are torn between Candy and the

LARCH

Curly, come here!

CURLY

(to Larch)

Tell them! I'm the one.

car.
Virtually all the orphans have climbed into Wally's

HOMER

(to Wally)
I'm sorry. They're not used to seeing
a car like this.

WALLY
It's okay--I don't mind.

Larch, scowling, presents himself to the new couple.

WALLY
We brought some chocolates for the
kids.

LARCH
(witheringly)
Chocolates. How *thoughtful*.

Larch picks up Curly and carries him toward the boys'
division.

CURLY
I'm the best! *Tell* them!

LARCH
You're the best, Curly.

INT. LARCH'S OFFICE - DAY

couple sit
Homer is seated in the desk chair. The impressive
in front of him.

HOMER
So, Mrs...

CANDY
Candy. Candy Kendall.

Wally jumps up to his feet to shake Homer's hand.

WALLY
Wally. Wally Worthington.

moment.
Wally sits down. The three sit still for an awkward

HOMER
(to Candy)
How many months are you?

CANDY
(whispers)

Two.

exchange a
Homer writes on a piece of paper. Candy and Wally
worried look.

WALLY

So, now, uh... you're not... I mean,
do *you* do the--

HOMER

No. Dr. Larch will be performing the
procedure.

WALLY

(relieved)
Ah, well... okay. Good! I just
wondered...

Edna pokes her head in the door.

EDNA

Excuse me, Homer. Dr. Larch said
this one is your turn.

misunderstood
Edna quickly sees that all three of them have
her.

EDNA

Oh, dear--I'm sorry. I meant the
circumcision. That boy you delivered
on Tuesday...

HOMER

Sure. Fine. Have you prepped him?

EDNA

I'll get started.

with
Candy and Wally can't conceal how impressed they are
the young Homer.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

gown,
regain
Homer walks down the corridor, dressed in his operating
as the door to the O.R. opens and Wally stumbles out,
hurriedly opening a window. Wally breathes deeply to
his composure.

WALLY

I think it was the ether--the smell
got to me.

(pause)

God. This is all my fault.

Curly

Edna comes down the hall with a dirt-stained, crying
who's covering one eye.

EDNA

(over the din)

Steerforth got into the pantry--he's
eaten all the pie dough.

CURLY

(sobbing)

He wasn't sharing it, either.

EDNA

He's down the hall, throwing up.

Wally

Homer nods to Edna, who is marching off with Curly.
smiles at Homer.

HOMER

What kind of plane are you flying?

WALLY

A B-24 Liberator.

HOMER

Liberator...

WALLY

Have you enlisted?

HOMER

They wouldn't take me. I'm Class IV--
I've got a heart defect.

WALLY

Really! Is it serious?

HOMER

No, it's not serious. I'm just not
supposed to get excited. You know--
no strain, no stress. I try to keep
calm all the time.

his

Wally hears Homer's facetiousness--how tired he is of heart condition.

WALLY

Oh, well. I don't imagine there's any strain or stress around *here*!

Homer appreciates the joke.

into

The door to the operating room that Wally exited opens the corridor; Candy is being wheeled out on a gurney by and Angela. Wally rushes to Candy's side. Homer follows slowly. Candy is groggy, coming out of the ether.

Larch

WALLY

How is she doing?

LARCH

Just fine.

CANDY

(slurred speech)
Boy or girl?

ANGELA

It was nothing--it's all over.

WALLY

It's all over, honey.

They walk Candy on her gurney. Homer looks after them.

CANDY

(slurred speech)
I would like to have a baby, one day. I really would.

ANGELA

Why, of course--you can have as many children as you want. I'm sure you'll have very beautiful children.

Larch wheels Candy behind a curtain.

LARCH

You'll have Princes of Maine! You'll have Kings of New England!

Wally. Larch has a different tone of voice when he speaks to

LARCH

I suggest you find yourself some
fresh air, Lieutenant.

Wally is left alone in the corridor.

INT. BOYS' DIVISION - DAY

and
crayons
the
pauses to
spotless
might
Cranked at three-quarters, Fuzzy sits in bed, wheezing
coughing. He's drawing with great intensity, using
on a piece of paper held by a clipboard. Homer sits on
end of Fuzzy's bed, cleaning up Steerforth. Homer
look out of the window; he sees Wally, dashing and
in his uniform beside his flashy car. A life Homer
have had crosses his face.

FUZZY (O.S.)

Homer, when is Halloween?

pumpkin
Homer turns to Fuzzy, who holds up his picture--a big
with a jack-o-lantern face.

HOMER

(distracted)

Uh... it's the end of October.

FUZZY

Is that soon?

just
Homer looks at Fuzzy; his little body is working hard
to breathe.

STEERFORTH

That's a few months away, Fuzz.

(to Homer)

I still don't feel so good.

FUZZY

(disappointed)

Oh. It's the best time! How come we
only get pumpkins once a year?

Fuzzy coughs and coughs.

HOMER

Don't get too excited, Fuzzy.

FUZZY

Why can't we have pumpkins for Christmas, too? We don't get any good presents at Christmas, anyway.

Homer looks out the window at Wally again. His decision forms.

EXT. ORPHANAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Homer approaches the flashy car, where Wally is still pacing.

HOMER

Has anyone offered you anything to eat?

WALLY

Actually, someone did. I just didn't think I could eat anything.

An awkward silence, which Homer covers by examining the car.

HOMER

(trying to sound casual)
I wonder if you might give me a ride.

WALLY

Sure! Be glad to! Uh... a ride where?

HOMER

(unprepared)
Where are you going?

WALLY

We're heading back to Cape Kenneth.

Homer nods, but he has no idea where Cape Kenneth is.

HOMER

Cape Kenneth...

Wally nods.

HOMER

That sounds fine.

INT. STAIRWAY/CORRIDOR - DAY

into
Larch
breath,
Homer runs up the stairs, two steps at a time; he races
a corridor at full speed, exhilarated. Suddenly Dr.
appears in front of him. Homer stops abruptly, out of
unable to speak.

INT. LARCH'S OFFICE - DAY

file,
finds
screen
at
As Homer stands guiltily, Larch rifles through an X-ray
holding various X rays up to the lit screen. He quickly
the one he's looking for, attaching it briefly to the
for a confirming look--a heart X ray, which Larch waves
Homer as he talks.

LARCH

(sarcastic)

Doubtless you'll let me know what
immensely worthwhile or at least
useful thing it is that you find
to do.

HOMER

(restrained)

I wasn't intending to leave here in
order to be entirely useless--I expect
I'll find some ways to be of use.

LARCH

In other parts of the world, I suppose
there are other ways.

HOMER

(still restrained)

Of course.

LARCH

(blows up)

Are you really so *stupid* that you
imagine you're going to find a more
gratifying life? What you're going
to find is people like the poor people
who get left here--only nobody takes

care of them as well! And you won't be able to take care of them, either. There's no taking care of *anybody*-- not out there!

HOMER

(feeling trapped)
You know I'm grateful for everything you've done for me...

LARCH

(calmly)
I don't need your gratitude.

Larch hands Homer the heart X ray.

HOMER

(exasperated)
I don't need this--I know all about my condition.

LARCH

It's your heart--you ought to take it with you.

Camera closes on Homer with the X ray.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

while
and
Buster and Mary Agnes are serving the evening meal
Larch rails at Angela and Edna, who are helping Buster
Mary Agnes. The sound of children in the dining hall is intermittent and chaotic.

EDNA

Going where? Does he have a plan of some kind?

ANGELA

Will he be back soon?

LARCH

I don't know! He's just leaving--
(to Angela)
you're the one who says he needs to see the world!
(to Edna)
That's what he'll do--he'll see the world!

EDNA

(stunned)
He's leaving...

ANGELA

He'll need clothes... some money...

LARCH

Let him try to *make* some money!
That's part of "seeing the world,"
isn't it?

ANGELA

(angrily)
Oh, just stop it! You knew this was
going to happen. He's a young man.

LARCH

(almost breaking)
He's still a boy--out in the world,
he's still a boy.

ANGELA

Just find him some clothes, Wilbur.
He could use some clothes.

Camera closes on Larch, fighting tears.

INT. BOYS' DIVISION - AFTERNOON

and
Homer is packing his things--we see the heart X ray,
some photos of Larch and Edna and Angela.

Larch approaches Homer with a small bundle of clothes.

LARCH

(gently, almost
reverently)
I think these will fit you.

Edna is
money
money
clothes.
Homer is grateful and ashamed. Before he can speak,
there--a wad of bills in her hand. She tries to put the
in his pocket; when he refuses it, she simply puts the
in his open suitcase, stuffing the bills under his

EDNA

You'll need some money--just a little

something, until you find a job.

were his Larch and Edna retreat from him, humbly, as if they servants.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Angela As Homer puts his stuff in the truck of Wally's car, speak. can't resist touching his face. She is too upset to

Homer From a window, Larch is watching the departure. He sees saying goodbye to the children, embracing them.

From another window, Fuzzy just stares. (Of course he's coughing.)

We see Wally carrying Candy to the car.

CANDY

(groggy)

I'm okay--I can walk.

WALLY

I don't want you to walk--I want to carry you. Should I put the top up? It might get cold.

CANDY

No--keep it down. I want to feel the air.

She speaks to Homer, touching his sleeve, like a sleepy person, as Wally puts her gently in the backseat.

CANDY

(still groggy)

Coming with us? It's always a good idea to have a doctor along for the ride.

starts Homer gets in the passenger seat beside Wally, who Curly, the car; suddenly there is Curly. Homer can't look at to who looks betrayed. Edna picks up Curly and carries him the passenger-side window. Curly is sobbing.

HOMER

I have to go, Curly. I'm sorry.
(to Edna)
I couldn't find Buster. Will you
tell him...

good-

He can't finish what he has to say. Edna kisses him
bye.

From the window, Larch watches the car leave.

Buster, whittling a stick, isn't watching.

INT./EXT. WALLY'S CAR - ON THE ROAD - AFTERNOON

keeps
distant,
speed,

There is quiet as the journey gets underway. Wally
glancing at Candy in the rear-view mirror; she seems
lost in thought. Homer is taking everything in--the
the road, the wind in his face.

INT. BOYS' DIVISION - NIGHT

Angela speaks to the boys.

ANGELA

Let us be happy for Homer Wells...

INT. GIRLS' DIVISION - NIGHT

row of
Angela's
violent
Agnes

In the girls' washroom, in front of the mirror by the
sinks, Mary Agnes is repeatedly slapping her face.
benediction to the boys plays Over this scene of
self-abuse. Except for the sound of the slaps. Mary
doesn't make a sound.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Homer Wells has found a family. Good
night, Homer!

ALL THE BOYS (O.S.)

Good night, Homer!

INT. DISPENSARY - NIGHT

from On his bed, Larch is taking ether. We hear the refrain
the boys in the bunk room Over.

ALL THE BOYS (O.S.)

Good night, Homer! Good night, Homer!
Good night, Homer Wells!

INT. WALLY'S CAR - NIGHT

drawn The radio is playing. Candy is lying down, her knees
oblivious to up, in the backseat; she appears to be asleep,
Homer and Wally's conversation.

WALLY

Actually, the Army has given me leave
twice. First when my father died,
and now I'm on leave to help my mother--
I'm just trying to get her ready for
the harvest. She's no farmer. Apples
were my dad's business. And with the
war on, she's short on pickers.

Candy's eyes are open but her voice is groggy.

CANDY

(to Homer)
Wally thinks apples are boring.

WALLY

(to Homer)
I never said they were boring.

CANDY

You said, "Apples aren't exactly
flying."

WALLY

Well, they aren't.

Homer looks back at Candy. Her eyes close.

HOMER

I think I'd probably like the apple
business.

WALLY

You're a little overqualified, aren't
you?

HOMER

No, I'm not. I need a job.

WALLY

The only jobs are picking jobs.
Picking apples is truly boring.

Candy's eyes snap open and she sits up a little.

CANDY

There! You said it was boring.

WALLY

Well, *picking* them is! It's about
as exciting as... walking!

Candy seems irritated with Wally. Homer tries to engage
her.

HOMER

Is your family in the apple business,
too?

CANDY

No, but I work there--I like it. My
dad's a lobsterman.

HOMER

I've never seen a lobster.

CANDY

Really?

HOMER

I've never seen the ocean, either.

WALLY

(amazed)
You've never seen the *ocean*?

Homer shakes his head, smiles.

WALLY

That's not funny... that's *serious*.

EXT./INT. ROADSIDE/CAR - NIGHT

half-
the
The car is parked at the side of the road. Wally is
hidden behind a tree. Candy and Homer are left alone in

to
sob.

car; there's an awkward silence as Homer pretends not
hear Wally's excessive peeing. Suddenly Candy starts to

CANDY

I couldn't have a baby with someone
who's leaving me--I didn't know what
else to do!

Homer is a doctor--he's used to postabortion reactions.

HOMER

I know.

CANDY

He's going to be dropping bombs on
Mandalay! They're going to be shooting
at him!

HOMER

Where's Mandalay?

CANDY

Burma!

HOMER

Oh...

CANDY

I can't have a baby alone. I don't
even know if he's coming back!

HOMER

I understand.

Candy to

He doesn't, really. Wally returns. Wally leans over
hug her.

WALLY

Honey, honey... of course I'll come
back.

Candy pounds on his chest with her fists.

CANDY

You don't *know*, Wally. You have no
idea!

Wally backs away. Candy sobs uncontrollably.

CANDY

Stay away from me!

Wally signals to Homer to get out of the car.

overhearing

Later, Wally and Homer stand outside the car,
Candy's weeping. Homer is smoking nervously.

HOMER

(strictly medical)

This is all normal. Don't worry. The
abortion procedure... it affects
you. It's the ether, too. It'll take
a little time.

WALLY

I don't *have* any time. There's a
war!

HOMER

It's all very normal.

Wally looks at Homer, who takes a nervous drag on his
cigarette.

WALLY

You ought to cut that shit out--it's
terrible for you.

eyes.

Homer looks at Wally; he sees the authority in his

foot.

Homer drops his cigarette and puts it out with his

Candy

They notice that Candy has stopped crying. Wally finds
asleep in the backseat.

EXT. WALLY'S CAR - ON THE ROAD - LATE AT NIGHT

radio

The lone car on the road. Snatches of war news from the
are the only sound as the headlights illuminate the
highway.

dark

EXT. COAST OF MAINE - MORNING

sounds

The car is parked, with Homer sleeping in it alone. The

gets
There
the sun
the
it
her.

of the ocean increase as Homer opens his eyes. Homer
out of the car and walks toward the beach, enchanted.
it is: his first view ever of an ocean, the horizon,
glimmering on the water. Candy is lying on a blanket in
sand. Wally is throwing rocks in the water. Homer takes
all in. When Candy calls for him, Homer walks up to

CANDY

I'm a little worried about the...
(she gestures below
her waist)
...about how much bleeding is okay.

HOMER

It should taper off tomorrow, but it
can come back again. You have cramps?
(Candy nods)
They'll ease up, almost entirely. As
long as the bleeding isn't heavy,
it's normal.

WALLY (O.S.)

Catch!

it

A football comes flying through the air toward Homer;
bounces off his chest. Wally laughs.

WALLY

(meaning the football)
Give it here!

one

Homer throws the football; it's clear he's never thrown
before.

WALLY

What was *that*?! Come over here!

to
Candy,
no, it

Homer runs over to Wally, who proceeds to show him how
pass the ball. Snatches of his instruction drift to
who closes her eyes. "Put your fingers on the laces--

yes,

rests in your palm, like this! You want the laces up--
like that!"

EXT. COAST OF MAINE - DAY (LATER)

Candy's

Homer and Wally sit on the beach a short distance from
blanket. She appears to be asleep. Wally looks in her
direction before he speaks to Homer.

WALLY

It's called the Burma run. It's about
a seven-hour round-trip flight between
India and China.

Wally draws a crude map in the sand.

HOMER

"Burma run" because you fly over
Burma...

WALLY

And over the Himalayas. That's
called flying over the hump.

On Candy's face: she's not asleep; she's listening.

HOMER (O.S.)

At what altitude?

WALLY

I've got thirty-five minutes to climb
to fifteen thousand feet--that's the
first mountain pass.

Homer looks at Wally, thoughtfully.

HOMER

What lousy luck--I mean your orders...
to draw an assignment like that!

WALLY

(conspiratorially)
Actually, I volunteered.

voice.

Homer is shocked; he looks back at Candy, lowers his

HOMER

It's the flying, right? You love to
fly, don't you?

before Wally nods; he also gives a look in Candy's direction
he responds.

WALLY

I love the bombing, too. But there's also the Himalayas--they have the most wicked air currents in the world. I wouldn't miss flying there for anything.

laughs Homer's smile suggests that he's impressed, but that he wouldn't have Wally's enthusiasm for the task. Wally
and puts his hand on Homer's shoulder.

WALLY

Uh, look... if you're serious about wanting a job, picking apples isn't that boring.

HOMER

Oh, I would love that, Wally.

EXT. CAPE KENNETH - LOBSTER POUND - AFTERNOON

car The car is parked at a lobster pound. Homer sits in the
stands watching Wally carrying Candy's bag to the door. Candy
outside the car; she shakes Homer's hand.

CANDY

I guess I'll see you around the orchards. Thanks for everything.

HOMER

Sure... I'll see you around.

Wally. Candy turns and heads toward the house to catch up with
RAY, A lobsterman in his boat is approaching the dock. It's
at Candy's father. Candy waves. "Hi, Daddy!" Homer glances
Candy and Wally on the dock, kissing good-bye.

CANDY

(whispering)
I love you, Wally.

WALLY

I love you, too. See you tomorrow.

EXT. OCEAN VIEW - WORTHINGTON HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

of the
farmhouse.

Wally drives up to the Worthington house; he gets out
car. Homer sits in the car, admiring the beautiful

WALLY

Come on. You have to meet my mom.

(conspiratorially)

If it comes up, I've been at a
wedding. That's where I met you, at
the wedding.

INT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE - WALLY'S BEDROOM - LATE

AFTERNOON

the
Model
comes

Homer as never seen such a room: the sports trophies,
photos of athletic teams, and of Candy with Wally.
airplanes are everywhere. Mrs. Worthington's voice
from the hall.

OLIVE (O.S.)

Wally? I expected you earlier...

Worthington
handsome
Homer.

She appears in the doorway of Wally's room. Mrs.
(OLIVE) is an elegant, fiftyish New Englander, as
as Wally, but more reserved. She is surprised to see

WALLY

This is Homer Wells--he's the most
overqualified apple picker you'll
ever meet, but he's dying to learn
the apple business.

dropping
clothes.

Wally is taking his uniform off as he speaks, just
it on the floor as he quickly puts on some farm

OLIVE

How do you do, Homer Wells...

Homer has never met anyone like her.

HOMER

How do you do...

from Mrs. Worthington starts picking up her son's uniform
the floor. She is politely curious about Homer.

OLIVE

Were you a friend of the bride or
the groom?

the Homer looks confused; he seems to have forgotten about
urging him alleged wedding. Wally puts his arm around Homer,
into the hall.

WALLY

Homer is everybody's friend, Mom...
the bride's, the groom's, mine,
Candy's, *everybody's*.

mannered. Homer is embarrassed, but Olive is obdurately well-

OLIVE

Well, perhaps you'll come to dinner,
Homer...

Wally calls to her as he pushes Homer down the hall.

WALLY

Not tonight, Mom--he's got to meet
Mr. Rose!

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - DUSK

a Homer and Wally get out of the jeep at the cider house,
line barnlike building with adjacent sheds and, behind it,
after line of trees--the apple orchards.

shower's Homer sees an outdoor shower where THREE BLACK MEN are
FOURTH showering. It is a wooden stall that leaves the

house occupants visible above and below their midsections. A
BLACK MAN is caught naked, running behind the cider

and out of sight as he wraps a towel around himself.

JACK

You already used up the hot water!

MUDDY

You're usin' my soap, ain't you?

JACK

I ain't usin' no soap--it's too cold
to bother with soap!

MUDDY

There ain't never enough hot water,
soap or no soap.

WALLY

They're migrants.

HOMER

(no clue)

Migrants?

WALLY

Yes. They pick fruit, all kinds.
They travel up and down the coast
with the seasons.

(leaning close to
Homer)

The trick to Mr. Rose is, you have
to let him be the boss.

door
young
her
hitting

Homer wonders what that means as Wally reaches for the
of the cider house. Before Wally can knock, a pretty
black girl, ROSE ROSE, bumps open the screen door with
hip and throws a bucket of water in the grass--almost
Homer and Wally.

ROSE ROSE

That sink's backed up again, Wally.
I thought you was gonna get me a
plumber.

WALLY

Rose, this is Homer--Homer, this is
Mr. Rose's daughter, Rose.

HOMER

Rose Rose?

ROSE ROSE

Pretty, ain't it? You a plumber?

WALLY

No, no--Homer is a new *picker*.
He's going to stay here with you.

the
This gets the attention of the men on their way from
showers. They walk over, towels around their waists.

ROSE ROSE

(suspiciously)
He's stayin' *here*?

them
The screen door swings open and shut again, startling
all, as MR. ROSE comes out of the cider house.

MR. ROSE

That daughter of mine sure is Miss
Hospitality, ain't she, Wally?

back
Homer
Grinning, Mr. Rose shakes Wally's hand. Rose Rose goes
inside the cider house as Mr. Rose shakes Homer's hand.
introduces himself.

MR. ROSE

You got lots of experience pickin',
I suppose.

WALLY

Homer's got no experience, Arthur,
but he's smarter than I am. He's a
fast learner.

reaction.
Mr. Rose looks briefly at the men, who wait for his

MR. ROSE

This is history. Ain't that what
you're sayin', Wally? I guess we
makin' *history*... havin' this young
man stay with us!

house
Wally slaps Homer on the back; he goes inside the cider
to help Rose Rose with the plumbing.

WALLY

(over his shoulder)
See you later.

stares

Homer looks at Mr. Rose for instructions. Mr. Rose
back at him with his enigmatic smile.

HOMER

So. What should I do now?

MR. ROSE

Out back, there's a shed. It's just
a mess. If that shed was better
organized, I could put my truck in
there.

expression.

Homer looks at Mr. Rose with an uncomprehending

MR. ROSE

If you're as smart as Wally says,
you know you sometimes gotta do one
job before you do another.

Homer thinks that over.

Later, Homer is cleaning out the shed.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - EVENING

table.

pickers.

he

he's so

to

focus is

peel

The pickers all sit down to supper around a picnic
Homer with Mr. Rose, Rose Rose, and the other black
Mr. Rose takes an apple from a bowl on the table. Then
pulls out a knife and opens it in one fluid motion;
fast, the knife seems to come out of nowhere. He begins
peel the apple. Homer eyes Mr. Rose, but Mr. Rose's
riveted to his apple and the long, perfect strand of
dangling from it.

MR. ROSE

You did a good job with that shed,
Homer.

Peaches breaks the awkward silence.

PEACHES

What kind of a name is Homer?

HOMER

It's the name of a cat. Originally.
Well, not *originally*.

Homer decides to stop. Another silence.

MR. ROSE

Now, now--we all got names, sensible
or not.

(to Homer)

Peaches is from Georgia, where we
met him pickin' peaches. He's still
better with peaches than he is with
apples.

(Peaches grins)

Jack here is new. And this here is
Hero, 'cause he was a hero of some
kind or other once. Ain't that right,
Hero?

pickers
There are some disrespectful suggestions from the
concerning what his heroism might have been.

MR. ROSE

And this here sensitive-lookin' fella
is Muddy. The less said about Muddy,
the better. Ain't that right, Muddy?

Muddy scowls at Homer, but he smiles at Mr. Rose.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Muddy's
also
Hero and
Rose is
Homer unpacks his suitcase. (His bed should be nearest
and Mr. Rose's.) Jack lies on his bed, smoking. Muddy,
smoking, is sitting on his bed, sharpening a knife.
Peaches are playing cards on one of their beds. Mr.
finishing shaving. Rose Rose watches Homer unpack.

ROSE ROSE

What's that?

HOMER

It's just my heart.

ROSE ROSE

What you got a picture of your heart for?

He holds up the X ray, in order to show her.

HOMER

There's a little something wrong with it. Just this part here--the right ventricle. It's slightly enlarged.

ROSE ROSE

So what?

HOMER

Yes, so what. It's nothing serious, really. Just a small defect.

MR. ROSE

It's big enough to keep you out of the war, I suppose. Ain't that right?

HOMER

Right.

bed.
Charles
Rose Rose picks up the book that Homer has put on the
She studies the cover; it's "Great Expectations" by
Dickens. She puts it down, restlessly.

MR. ROSE

They told me I was too old to serve.

PEACHES

They told Muddy his feet was too flat!

Everybody laughs, except Muddy.

MUDDY

(to Peaches)

And you was "generally unfit," as I recall.

"Great
next
Finished unpacking, Homer sits on his bed; he picks up
Expectations" and begins to read. Rose Rose sits down

to him, watching him read. Homer notices her interest.

HOMER

Do you like to read?

ROSE ROSE

(embarrassed)

I can't read. Nobody taught me.

Rose

Homer smiles politely and goes back to his book. Rose keeps looking over his shoulder at the pages.

ROSE ROSE

(pointing to the page)

What does it say there?

orphanage,
suspicious,

Homer looks around at the pickers lying in their beds, smoking, listening. (Like bedtime stories at the orphanage, he thinks; however, the picker's attitude is reserved.)

HOMER

(reading)

"I looked at the stars, and considered how awful it would be for a man to turn his face to them as he froze to death, and see no help or pity in all the glittering multitude."

Homer looks up; there's no response.

HOMER

(to Rose Rose)

More?

Rose
stomps to
paper
way.

Some muttering, some giggling, mostly silence. Rose wants more, but suddenly Jack jumps out of bed and the kitchen end of the cider house, where a piece of paper is tacked to the wall. Jack is talking to Homer all the way.

JACK

Since you're the one who's smart enough to read... what's this?

looks

Jack points at the piece of paper. Homer gets up and
at it.

HOMER

It's a list of rules, it seems.

All the men groan--Jack swears and Peaches laughs.

ROSE ROSE

Whose rules?

MUDDY

They're for us, I suppose.

JACK

Go on and read 'em, Homer.

HOMER

"One. Please don't smoke in bed."

ROSE ROSE

It's too late for that one!

All the smokers laugh and cough in their beds.

MR. ROSE

(uncharacteristically
blunt)

Stop it, Homer. They aren't our rules.
We didn't write them. I don't see no
reason to read them.

HOMER

Okay...

snaps

Rose Rose stomps back to her bed. Her father absently
his towel.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

his

Everybody is asleep, except Homer. He is staring at the
ceiling in the quiet semi-darkness, the book lying on
chest.

LARCH (O.S.)

(distant echoing)

Good night, you Princes of Maine!
You Kings of New England.

INT. BOYS' DIVISION - NIGHT

he
Dr. Larch is standing in the doorway to the boys' room;
closes the door.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Homer, on his bed, closes his eyes.

INT. DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Larch lies in bed with his eyes open. (No ether.)

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - NIGHT

The cider house and the apple orchard in the moonlight.

EXT. ORCHARDS - MORNING

is
in
Wally in his farm clothes at the wheel of the Jeep--he
racing through the orchards, dodging trees, with Homer
the passenger seat, hanging on for dear life.

WALLY

Remember this! In the morning, when
the tall grass is wet, you can make
the Jeep slide on the grass. Can you
feel it?

faster and
Homer is excited as Wally weaves among the trees--
faster.

WALLY

It's almost like flying.

HOMER

What about the trees?

WALLY

The trees are flak--antiaircraft
fire from those geeks on the ground.

packing-
Wally brakes hard. The Jeep comes to a stop in the
house area.

pickers
Candy has been waiting on the loading platform. The

are working in the background.

WALLY

(defensively to Candy)
I was just showing Homer the orchards... kind of a geography lesson.

CANDY

(good-naturedly)
I know what you've been doing.

the
front -
Wally

She pulls an apple branch, with an apple to two, out of vehicle's grille--or else the branch is wedged in the bumper or headlight area. Candy playfully starts poking with the branch.

CANDY

(to Wally)
You've been giving him a *flying* lesson!

WALLY

(teasing her)
He *loved* it!
(to Homer)
Didn't you?

HOMER

Yeah, it was great.

her

Wally gets the apple branch away from Candy. He pins arms at her sides--he hugs her, kisses her. She doesn't struggle.

CANDY

(laughing to Homer)
He thinks people *like* to get whacked by branches.

WALLY

Homer liked it!
(to Homer)
Didn't you?

HOMER

Yeah, sure. There's no stress or strain around here...

They all laugh. Homer observes the happy couple.

EXT. ORCHARDS - DAY

Homer is walking with Wally and Candy. The orchards are beautiful.

EXT. PACKING HOUSE - MORNING

from a
Homer an
to
Much activity: the pickers are unloading apple crates full flatbed trailer. An angry-looking VERNON gives evil glare. Homer spills some apples lifting the crate the loading platform.

VERNON

What's wrong with you?

Mr. Rose takes Homer aside.

MR. ROSE

That's Vernon. You best stay away from him until he gets to know you better--then you best stay away from him *more*!

house;
Wally, in full uniform, appears from inside the packing house;
he calls for Homer.

MR. ROSE

Out lieutenant's calling you, Homer.
Mind your ass.

Homer smiles and runs toward Wally.

INT./EXT. PACKING HOUSE - MORNING

the
the
them,
Homer and Wally walk through the packing house, where HEFTY, LOUD WOMEN sort through the apples rolling by on conveyor tracks. Wally snatches an apple from one of giving it to Homer.

WALLY

(to Homer)
You getting along okay?

Before Homer can answer, the women interrupt.

BIG DOT

Where is that Candy?

FLORENCE

Did she leave you, Wally?

DEBRA

Who's the boy?

Wally makes an effort to introduce Homer, but he's interrupted.

FLORENCE

Wally, you can marry Debra if Candy leaves you!

BIG DOT

Wally's gonna marry *me* if Candy leaves him!

DEBRA

You can marry all three of us, Wally!

FLORENCE

We can take turns.

Wally puts his hand to his heart.

WALLY

You girls make it hard for a guy to go off to war.

(points to Homer)

But I'll leave my best man here to pinch-hit for me.

As the women are left behind giggling, Wally continues talking to Homer.

WALLY

Uh... I'm shipping out sooner than I thought. I just wanted to be sure you were settled in--and happy enough, considering...

(grabbing another apple from a crate)

Are you bored stiff? Or can you stick it out for a bit?

HOMER

Uh... actually, picking apples is as much excitement as I want for a while. I'm grateful for the job.

WALLY

(his hand on Homer's shoulder)

You're the one who's helping *me*, Homer. You're going to give my mom a little peace of mind while I'm gone. Candy, too.

HOMER

Well, sure... that's good, then.
(awkward pause)
All I mean is, I'm lucky I met you.

WALLY

I don't think so, Homer. *I'm* the lucky one.

stop. Homer shakes his head. Wally stops walking; they both

WALLY

(more serious)

You want to fight about it?

at Homer is unfamiliar with this kind of kidding around; first he is startled, but then he laughs. Wally laughs, too. They shake hands.

pickers Mr. Rose calls out to Homer from the tractor. The going are impatiently waiting for him on the flatbed; they're them. back to the orchard. Homer has to run to catch up to He jumps on the flatbed; he sees Wally waving good-bye.

EXT. ORCHARDS - DAY

and High up in a tall tree on a couple of ladders, Mr. Rose with Homer are picking side by side. Mr. Rose is picking fumbling--he high-speed perfection, but Homer is slower and drops an occasional apple to the ground.

MR. ROSE

You pickin' more cider apples than anythin' else. Them drops is good only for cider. And you pickin' the stems with the apples only half the time. They good only for cider, too-- if you don't pick them stems.

(Homer watches him)

The rule is, you wanna pick the apple *with* the stem, Homer. And see here... see that *bud* that's just above the stem? That's the bud for *next year's* apple--that's called the *spur*. You pick the spur, you pickin' two years in one--you pickin' next year's apple 'fore it have a chance to grow. You leave that on the branch, you hear?

Homer nods; he picks more carefully, with more concentration.

MR. ROSE

(approvingly)

That's better. I can tell you got yourself some education. Them's good hands you got, Homer. Them hands you got, they know what they're doin'-- ain't that right?

HOMER

I guess so...

top
house,
Wally.
Mr.
Homer can see over the apple mart parking lot from the
of the tree. He can see the driveway of the Worthington
where Candy and Olive are saying a tearful good-bye to
Distracted, Homer drops another couple of apples, which
Rose observes with a wry smile.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Wilbur! Wilbur!

INT. LARCH'S OFFICE - DAY

in.
Larch is doing something at his desk when Angela comes

ANGELA

Wilbur, you should read this.

Larch stares at Angela, who holds a letter.

ANGELA

It's from the Board. Another letter.

INT. LARCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

easel. He
see
they're
Dr. Larch stands in front of a mechanical drawing
works intently with a calligraphic pen, but we don't
what he's working on. Angela and Edna sit at the desk;
looking over the letter.

ANGELA

(quoting the letter)

Uh... "merely suggesting that some
new blood might benefit you all...
someone with new ideas in the
obstetrical and pediatric fields."

(she looks up at Larch)

I think they're just testing some
ideas for our next meeting.

EDNA

Dr. Holtz seems nice. I think he
only wants to help...

LARCH

He is a goddamn psychiatrist--of
course he wants to "help"! He'd be
happy if he could help *commit* me!

ANGELA

It's that Mrs. Goodhall you have to
be careful of, Wilbur.

LARCH

One has to be more than "careful" of
Mrs. Goodhall--she has sufficient
Christian zeal to start her own
country! I'd like to give her a little
ether.

EDNA

So what are you going to do?

a
containing
to
Angela
works.

Larch puts down the pen, comes around the easel, opens
drawer in a filing cabinet, and hands Edna a folder
a few cleanly typed pages. Larch returns to the easel,
his painstaking work. Edna opens the file; as she and
read the contents, Larch recites from memory as he

LARCH

"Homer Wells, born Portland, Maine,
March 2, 1915..."

EDNA

Homer was born *here*, in, what was
it, 1922?

LARCH

"...graduated Bowdoin College, 1935,
and Harvard School of Medicine, 1939."

ANGELA

This is *your* life story, Wilbur!
You just changed the dates!

LARCH

"An internship and two years of
training at the Boston Lying-in,
South End Branch. For his age, he
was judged an accomplished
gynecological obstetrical surgeon;
he is also experienced in pediatric
care..."

ANGELA

You *invented* him! You've completely
made his up!

LARCH

Don't you understand? The board is
going to *replace* me! That's what
the "new blood" is *for*!

EDNA

You mean they'll replace you with
someone who won't perform abortions.

LARCH

(sarcastically)
Well, we can only guess about that,

Edna. They **are** against the law.

ANGELA

These **credentials** are against the law!

LARCH

We all know who trained Homer--his credentials are as good as mine are. Don't you be holy to me about the **law**! What has the law done for any of us here?

Edna and Angela think this over.

LARCH

(points at file)

So here is my candidate. What do you think?

EDNA

But what about school records? Homer doesn't have any **diplomas**...

headed: Larch turns the easel around. Attached is a parchment "HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL"--it's a diploma-in-progress.

LARCH

He **will** have them, Edna.

The women are shocked, awed.

ANGELA

Oh, Wilbur, I don't know...

(sudden thought)

We don't even know where he is!

EXT. CIDER HOUSE, ROOF - NIGHT

ROSE ROSE (O.S.)

Where's that Homer?

the
murmuring
Homer stands in front of a ladder that leans against
cider house; he starts to climb up, drawn by the
voices, the soft laughter.

JACK (O.S.)

Who cares?

MR. ROSE (O.S.)

Now, now. He's a good boy.

JACK (O.S.)

Shit. We don't know what he is.

MR. ROSE (O.S.)

Jack, you gotta watch your language
'round my daughter.

long
obviously a
Homer arrives at the top and sees everyone sitting on a
plank, a bench attached to the apex of the roof--
popular spot.

MR. ROSE

Here he is.

No one moves.

MR. ROSE

Where's your manners? Make room for
Homer, so's he can enjoy the view.

MUDDY

What view?

Peaches slides over and Homer sits down.

HOMER

Are we supposed to be up here? The
rules said...

MR. ROSE

Homer, you the only one who's read
them rules, so you the only one who
feels like he's doin' somethin' wrong.

The others laugh.

MUDDY

What view?

MR. ROSE

Well, Muddy, we can look at all these
angry stars Homer's been readin' to
us about.

More laughter; Homer smiles, enjoying the teasing.

JACK

(gesturing toward the
Worthington farmhouse)
I bet the view looks better from the
Worthin'tons'.

MR. ROSE

You think so, Jack? Well... I wouldn't
want to be in that Wally's shoes
tonight.

ROSE ROSE

(playfully, teasing
him)
Daddy, I'd like to be in that Wally's
shoes *every* night.

MR. ROSE

(teasing her back)
You lucky you in your work boots
tonight, girl...

ROSE ROSE

What's lucky about that?

father--
Rose Rose is being physically affectionate with her
lightly punching his arm, rubbing the top of his head.

MR. ROSE

You know where that Wally is tonight,
darlin'? He's up there in them angry
stars.

(gesturing at the
dark sky)
He's flyin' all around up there...
with them Japs shooting at him.

others.
father's
They all look up, imagining that. Homer more than the
Rose Rose, looking thoughtful, rests her head on her
shoulder. They are completely natural together.

EXT. CAPE KENNETH - APPLE MART - DAY

a
papers
standing
Homer and the pickers are loading crates of apples into
shipping truck. Olive and Candy are consulting some
(the shipping tally) on a clipboard; Mr. Rose is
beside them.

MR. ROSE

They all on board, Mrs. Worthin'ton.

OLIVE

Thank you, Arthur.

(see is looking at
Homer)

And how is our Homer working out?

Mr. She catches Homer's eye; he smiles, then joins them.

Rose puts his arm around him.

MR. ROSE

Oh, he's a smart young man, most of
the time--Wally was right about him.

Olive is looking over the rest of the picking crew.

OLIVE

No rotten apples?

MR. ROSE

(it's an old way of
speaking that they
have)

No, no--not this year. Well... maybe
we got *one*, but it ain't Homer.

He means Jack, who gives Olive and Candy and Mr. Rose a
furtive look. Olive smiles at Rose Rose, who comes up

to her

and Candy. Olive touches Rose Rose with affection.

OLIVE

Rose... dear girl, I'm sure I can
find you some other clothes.

(to Candy)

You must have some things that would
fit her.

Candy takes Rose Rose by the shoulders and turns her

around.

Rose Rose is enjoying this.

CANDY

I have a *ton* of things that would
fit you.

MR. ROSE

Now, now, Candy--this girl don't

need no more clothes, not for pickin'.

He starts leading his daughter away.

OLIVE

(charming)

Arthur, there's no such thing as a young woman who's got all the clothes she needs.

turns
Olive waves good-bye as she moves toward her car. Candy
to Homer.

CANDY

So. Not bored yet?

HOMER

I'm *never* bored! It's all very... different for me... here.

Homer has the hardest time looking at Candy.

HOMER

Uh... have you been *feeling* okay?

CANDY

When I'm not thinking about Wally. I'm not good at being alone.

(realizing)

Oh, goodness. You meant... yes, I'm fine. I...

(struggling to change the subject)

...I don't suppose you've seen a lobster yet.

empty
Homer shakes his head. He looks at the tractor and the
trailer. Mr. Rose and the pickers are just watching
them.

CANDY

(more seriously)

You have to come to my dad's lobster pound and see one, then.

HOMER

Okay...

when
Homer looks toward the pickers sitting on the flatbed

he hears the tractor start. Candy follows his gaze.

HOMER

I better go.

CANDY

I don't think Mr. Rose would leave
without you.

trailer
Mr. Rose gestures for Muddy to drive off; the tractor
pulls away.

CANDY

(laughing)
Sorry!

Homer has to run to catch up.

CANDY

(calling)
Come next week!

Mr.
He jumps on the back of the departing flatbed between
Rose and Rose Rose, as Candy watches him.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - DUSK

sink
watch.
An anxious-looking WHITE PLUMBER is fixing the kitchen
while the pickers (in their towels) stand around and

shirt
stove.
Homer is putting on his best shirt. Peaches admires the
as Rose Rose cooks the night's supper on the wood

PEACHES

Whoa--look at that Homer! He's gettin'
all dressed up for supper tonight!

ROSE ROSE

He ain't gettin' dressed to have
supper with *us*, Peaches!

leaves.
The pickers all look at Homer, who looks guilty as he

MR. ROSE

(to the plumber)

Don't let us make you nervous or nothin'--we know you gotta job to do.

MUDDY

Yeah, we can wait all night for the water to come back on--you just go on and take your time.

EXT. INLAND ROAD - DUSK

Homer pedals a bicycle down a dirt road.

EXT. LOBSTER POUND - DUSK

fashioned
Ray holds a lobster up to the camera. We see the old-
wooden pens, floating dockside.

RAY

Hungry?

Homer looks uncertain.

EXT. GANGPLANK, DOCK - DUSK

dock to
Homer and Ray and Candy go up the gangplank from the
the lobster pound.

RAY

They're the garbage-eaters of the ocean's floor. The seagulls clean up the shore. The lobsters clean up the bottom of the sea.

HOMER

They eat everything?

RAY

Everything that falls to the bottom.

CANDY

It's time somebody ate *them*.

RAY

(to Candy)

I was lookin' for Wally's letter. I was gonna show it to Homer...

(to Homer)

They made him a captain already--
Captain Worthington!

CANDY

Daddy, it's a letter to *me*.

RAY

He mentions Homer, too, you know.

CANDY

(awkwardly)

Wally said to say, "Hello."

HOMER

(equally awkward)

Oh! That's... nice.

RAY

(to Homer)

Wally said the most spectacular hits were in the oil fields at Yenangyat.

them
some
Later, through the window of the lobster pound, we see eating lobster around a kitchen table. Laughter and unclear dialogue drift to us.

EXT./INT. CAPE KENNETH/WALLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Homer
theatre,
stares
With the bicycle stowed in the trunk, Candy is driving back to the cider house. They pass a drive-in movie the marquee announcing "CLOSED FOR THE SEASON." Homer in awe at the giant blank screen.

HOMER

A movie *outside*?

CANDY

Yes. But it's closed all the time now, because of the blackout.

HOMER

People watched the movies in their cars?

CANDY

(smiling)

When they watched at all. Do you like movies?

HOMER

Yes! I've only seen one, though.

Candy looks at him; he isn't joking.

CANDY

You've seen only one movie? Which one?

HOMER

"King Kong". It's really good.

Candy laughs.

CANDY

I haven't seen "King Kong" since I was a kid!

feels
Homer laughs a little self-consciously; around her, he like he's *still* a kid.

INT. DINING HALL - EARLY MORNING

few
their
around
from an
his
At one table, the children are happily eating apples; a of the kids are stuffing apples from a big bowl into pockets. At another table, Larch, Edna, and Angela sit an open packing crate of apples. Larch takes a bite apple and spits it out. Angela takes the apple out of hand.

ANGELA

That's a pie apple, Wilbur. Homer said you're not supposed to eat it!

Angela hands him another apple.

LARCH

So he's an apple expert, is he?

out
Angela gives him a critical look as Larch takes a bite of the new apple.

LARCH

(sarcastically)

Oh my, yes! This is a *far* superior

taste--and crisp, too! You know, so many apples are disappointingly mealy. I wonder if most of the apples in my life weren't meant for pies!

ANGELA

Wilbur, he picked them for us himself...

LARCH

(incredulous)

You don't find it depressing that Homer Wells is picking apples?

Both Edna and Angela glower at him.

LARCH

Or that he can't be bothered to write us a proper letter? A dissertation on apples, we don't need!

EDNA

(annoyed)

He probably doesn't make much money picking apples--he must have had to pay to send them, too.

LARCH

I wouldn't worry, Edna, that he doesn't have money. If he gets hungry, he can pick his dinner!

Larch angrily tosses the half-eaten apple into the garbage.

EDNA

Wilbur, it's a *gift*! How can you be angry with Homer for sending us a *gift*?

Larch stares into space, depressed. Then he examines the crate and finds the mailing label that says "OCEAN VIEW ORCHARDS--CAPE KENNETH, MAINE." He rips it off, holds it up triumphantly.

LARCH

I'll show him a *gift*! I'll give him a gift he can *use*!

Larch storms out of the room.

INT. CAPE KENNETH - MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

soldiers
Candy sit
Candy
changes

A newsreel from the war is playing on the screen--
marching, smiling, waving to the camera. Homer and
together watching. Homer is completely fascinated;
watches Homer as much as the news. Her expression
when the newsreel cuts to footage from an air raid.

EXT. CAPE KENNETH - MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

marquee

Candy and Homer walk out of the theatre, under the
and past the poster for "Wuthering Heights."

CANDY

(disappointed)
But you looked as if you liked it.

HOMER

(smiling)
I *did* like it. All I said was,
"It's not 'King Kong'."

Candy makes a face, but in good fun.

HOMER

First she loved him, then she didn't,
then no one else could have him...

CANDY

She *did* love him!
(teasing him)
How many women have you known?

Homer is embarrassed; he ducks the question.

HOMER

And what did she die of, exactly?

CANDY

She was torn apart! She died of a
broken heart.

HOMER

Oh, sure!

laugh. Homer smiles and shakes his head; Candy starts to

HOMER

What's the *medical* explanation?

CANDY

Well, she was in a weakened condition...

(laughs)

I don't know! What about "King Kong"?!
Is that medically possible?

it. Homer smiles; he knows she's teasing him, and he likes

HOMER

(mock serious)

At least King Kong knew what he
wanted.

time, Candy pushes him playfully. They're both having a good
too good a time.

EXT. ORCHARDS - DAY

a Homer is picking apples in a big tree; Rose Rose is on
about ladder in the tree right beside him. She's picking
apples. In twice as fast as he is, and he keeps dropping his
another tree, Muddy is watching.

ROSE ROSE

What is you *doin'* with that Candy,
Homer?

MUDDY

(imitating Mr. Rose)

He's makin' history, I suppose.

From the surrounding trees, the other pickers laugh.

ROSE ROSE

You ain't gettin' in no trouble, I
hope.

HOMER

No trouble.

apples;
Rose.)
In adjacent trees, both Peaches and Hero are picking
they can hear Homer and Rose Rose, too. (So can Mr.

PEACHES

That Candy--she's the nicest girl I
know!

MUDDY

She's about the most beautiful girl
I ever seen--I don't know if she's
the nicest.

HOMER

She's the nicest *and* the most
beautiful girl I've ever known.

Rose,
The men *oooh* and *aaah* at Homer's announcement--Mr.
too.

ROSE ROSE

That sounds like you is in trouble
already, Homer.

MR. ROSE

That's right--that sounds like trouble
to me.

HOMER

I'm not in trouble.

ROSE ROSE

Yeah, you is. I know when people is
in trouble, and you is.

Camera closes on Homer's face; he keeps picking.

LARCH (O.S.)

His name is Homer Wells...

INT. ST. CLOUD'S - DINING HALL - EVENING

table.
of a
three
nod
Edna and Angela face the Board of Trustees around a
Larch circles the table as everyone reads the contents
folder. Larch has provided a copy for each member. The
elderly gentlemen on the Board don't speak; they just

says. their heads to everything Dr. Holtz or Mrs. Goodhall

LARCH

...and his *pathetic* resume is the best I've seen. Though I find it hard to believe the Board would be interested in this character.

DR. HOLTZ

But he looks like an excellent young man, a first-rate candidate!

LARCH

He looks like a bleeding-heart missionary *moron* to me, but that's going to be the problem with any doctor interested in coming here!

MRS. GOODHALL

Do you know him?

LARCH

No! I don't want to know him! He's doing *missionary* work--in *India*! I wrote him *weeks* ago, but he's either too holy or too busy to answer. Maybe he got killed in the war!

been
they see
expression.
the
Suddenly Steerforth bursts through the door, having pushed from behind by Mary Agnes. The two stop when what's going on--not to mention Larch's stern They back out. Mary Agnes winking at Dr. Holtz before door closes. Mrs. Goodhall is ready to continue.

MRS. GOODHALL

I fail to see how someone courageous enough to make a commitment to a foreign mission is automatically to be dismissed--that part of the world requires precisely the kind of dedication that is needed here.

LARCH

Does it *snow* in Bombay? One winter here and we'll be shipping him south, in a *coffin*!

MRS. GOODHALL

You can't think that a man who has *served* under such conditions as exist over there will be in the slightest daunted by a little *snow*-- have you no idea how harsh and primitive and full of *disease* that part of the world is?

LARCH

Then I suppose we can look forward to catching various diseases from him!

DR. HOLTZ

But, Dr. Larch, he seems exceptionally qualified...

LARCH

I'm not talking about his medical qualifications. It's the *Christian* thing that bothers me--I just don't see it being of much *use* around here.

MRS. GOODHALL

(bitterly)

I fail to see how a little Christianity could *hurt* anyone here!

LARCH

Anyway, I was just showing you this guy as an example of what's available-- I didn't think you'd be interested.

DR. HOLTZ

We're *very* interested!

MRS. GOODHALL

Yes, *very*!

DR. HOLTZ

You wouldn't be opposed to meeting with him?

LARCH

I suppose it wouldn't hurt to *meet* him. What's his name again?

ANGELA

Dr. Homer Wells.

LARCH

(mumbling)

I just hope he won't expect us to say *Grace* all the time.

The three elderly gentlemen repeat the name.

MRS. GOODHALL

It's a nice name, very New England.

DR. HOLTZ

Very *Maine*, a very *local*-sounding name.

EDNA

Very!

INT. DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Angela

A song plays on the old phonograph as a happy Larch and dance. Edna interrupts them.

EDNA

I just wanted to ask you...

LARCH

Edna! Come dance with me! Let's be foolish tonight.

EDNA

Does he *know* he's supposed to be in India? Does he even *want* to come back?

This causes Larch to take the needle off the record.

LARCH

(angrily)

He's a field hand! What could possibly hold him there?

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - RAINY DAY

wet

wheel. Mr.

The rain beats down on Olive's car. Homer gets soaking as he leans in to talk to Candy, who's behind the wheel. Mr. Rose calls to Homer from the doorway of the mill room.

INT. MILL ROOM - RAINY DAY

cider
hosing
operating
a
of
uncomfortable;

Mr. Rose is instructing Homer as they stand bottling in their yellow slickers and rubber boots. Rose Rose is down the pressboards; Muddy and Hero and Peaches are the grinder and the press. Jack is stirring the vat. In a defiant, contemptuous way, Jack keeps flicking the ash of his cigarette into the vat. This make everyone only Mr. Rose doesn't appear to notice.

MR. ROSE

Cider don't have no taste till later in October--it's too watery now, when we're usin' just them early Macs and them Gravensteins. You don't get no *good* cider till you're pickin' them Golden Delicious and them Winter Bananas, them Baldwins and them Russerts...

HOMER

What about the worms? Most of these apples are the drops--off the ground, right? There have to be worms.

MR. ROSE

Of *course* there's worms, Homer! And what is them worms, really? They just *protein*, them worms! They is *good* for you!

Everyone but Jack laughs. He takes a last drag on his cigarette, then deliberately drops it into the vat.

MR. ROSE

That just ain't right, Jack--your cigarette's gonna end up in nine or ten gallons of this batch of cider! That ain't right.

JACK

Them people drinkin' that cider, they don't know there's a cigarette in there!

MR. ROSE

It's not that hard to find it in

there, Jack--it'll take you just a minute. You just gotta go fishin'.

JACK

You mean *swimmin'*. I ain't goin' in that vat to fish out no cigarette!

MR. ROSE

What business is you in, Jack? Just tell me what your business is...

are
Jack looks for a translation from the other men, who
nervous.

MUDDY

Just say you're in the *apple* business, man. That's the only business you wanna be in. Just say it.

Jack pulls a knife on Mr. Rose.

PEACHES

(whispers excitedly
to Jack)

You don't wanna go in the knife business with Mistuh Rose--just say you're in the *apple* business, Jack!

JACK

(to Mr. Rose)

What business are *you* in?

each
steps
opened
slicker is
bleeding,
slashed.
We never see Mr. Rose's knife. We see the men circle
other: Jack takes a swipe at Mr. Rose's head--then he
back, his yellow slicker slashed open. His slicker is
up, right up the middle. His shirt underneath the
slashed open, too--he feels his bare chest and stomach,
feeling for the cut. But there's no cut--Jack's not
he's not even scratched. Just his clothes have been

MR. ROSE

I'm in the *knife* business, Jack.
You don't wanna go in the knife
business with me.

Muddy turns Jack around and views his slashed clothes.

MUDDY

You're lucky he didn't cut your
nipples off, man.

PEACHES

The good news, Jack, is you're half-
undressed for *swimmin'*...

MUDDY

Yeah, that cigarette ain't hard to
find when you're properly undressed.

Jack starts to undress for the vat.

Mr. Rose ushers Homer and Rose Rose outside.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - RAINY DAY

Mr. Rose has cut his own hand in the fight. Homer's
professionalism is offended to watch Rose Rose's

amateurish

efforts to stitch up her father's wound, but clearly

this

isn't the first time she's done it.

HOMER

Give men that. I know how to do it.

ROSE ROSE

Oh, I suppose you is a doctor, Homer?

HOMER

Almost.

MR. ROSE

I don't need no "almost" a doctor,
Homer.

Homer can't bear to watch Rose Rose at work with the
needle.

ROSE ROSE

We should drown that damn Jack in
the vat!

MR. ROSE

Now, now, darlin'... Jack just needs
to know what business he's in.

ROSE ROSE

Yeah, you really showed him, Daddy--
you just about cut your own hand
off, and all you cut off *him* was
his clothes!

MR. ROSE

You oughta know you don't go to jail
for cuttin' a guy's *clothes*. Ain't
that right, Homer?

Homer winces at the stitching.

INT. WALLY'S CAR - DRIVE-IN THEATRE - EARLY EVENING

closed
driving
speakerpost.
the
window

Wally's car comes bouncing along the ditches of the
drive-in. Homer is at the wheel; Candy calls out some
instructions. The car comes to a stop next to a
Candy leans out; she grabs the speaker and hangs it on
window. Homer sits back and drapes his arms out the
and over the seat. He feels great.

CANDY

You're a natural. You were born to
drive a car like this.

HOMER

You think? Maybe I was.
(looks around)
I love this place!

Homer looks up at the giant movie screen.

HOMER

The screen is enormous! Imagine King
Kong up *there*! Have you seen a lot
of movies here?

CANDY

Yes... and no. When you come here,
you don't really care about the movie.

Homer stares at Candy in disbelief.

HOMER

You don't care about the movie?

Candy looks at him for a moment.

CANDY

What are you so crazy about the movies for?

HOMER

It was my favorite night at the orphanage--movie night. We'd race into the dining hall. Of course everyone wanted to sit in front, so we'd be packed in so tight you could feel the kid next to you breathing.

CANDY

At least you were never lonely.

HOMER

I didn't say that. Growing up in an orphanage, you're always lonely. You're just never alone.

the Candy is moved. Homer feels exposed; he tries to change mood by making light of what he's said.

HOMER

You're not alone in the bathroom, or... or in the shower... you're never alone in wanting the last piece of meatloaf, or even in your own bed on a cold morning.

Candy laughs.

CANDY

You don't miss it?

HOMER

I miss things. I miss... people.
(with certainty)
I miss reading to the boys.

CANDY

But you had so much *responsibility*.

HOMER

I never *asked* for any responsibility.

CANDY

Just a little privacy.

Homer laughs.

CANDY

Privacy is exactly the point of drive-in movies.

HOMER

Did you come here with Wally--to *not* watch movies?

At the mention of Wally they both look a little self-conscious.

CANDY

Sometimes... movies mostly bore Wally.

HOMER

Ah-ha.

(points to the speaker)

So what is that--a radio?

CANDY

The *speaker*. For the movie sound.

Candy looks at Homer.

CANDY

Scrunch down like this.

Candy scrunches down in her seat; Homer imitates her.

Homer

is focused on the giant screen.

HOMER

How could you not *care* about the movie?

CANDY

You just cuddle. You come to hug... to kiss. You don't *come* here to watch the movie.

HOMER

(teasing her)

That's what *I'd* come here for. I'd watch the movie.

CANDY

Not with the right girl you wouldn't.

He
screen.
looks
like a
we
screen.

Homer's expression changes from exhilarated to guilty.
leans back in his seat and looks straight ahead at the
Candy tentatively leans her head on his shoulder. Homer
afraid to breathe.
From behind, with her head on his shoulder, they look
normal couple. We track in toward the huge screen until
see only the screen. There are shadows on the black
Suddenly the movie "King Kong" appears.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

Fuzzy
struck
Dr.
When
no
breathing;

"King Kong" is playing against the bare, white wall.
is very weak, but he smiles at the sight of the love-
Kong holding the screaming Fay Wray in his giant hand.
Larch runs the projector; he sits close beside Fuzzy.
the film breaks in the predictable place, Fuzzy makes
protest. Dr. Larch looks at Fuzzy, who has stopped
his eyes are closed.

LARCH

Fuzzy? Fuzzy?

Fuzzy

They are alone in the dining hall. Larch has wheeled in
for a private viewing.

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - GRAVEYARD - MORNING

grave.

Buster helps Larch lower the small coffin into the
The tiny gravestone says "F.S."

BUSTER

What are you going to tell the little
ones?

LARCH

I'll tell them Fuzzy was adopted.

BUSTER

Why would the little ones believe that *anyone* would adopt him?

LARCH

They'll believe it because they want to believe it.

BUSTER

Shouldn't we tell Homer?

LARCH

If Homer wanted to know what was happening here, he could pick up a telephone and call us.

INT. BOYS' DIVISION - NIGHT

Fuzzy's
The boys in their beds listen to Buster inventing "family."

BUSTER

It was a family with a better breathing machine than the one Dr. Larch built.

INT. ST. CLOUD'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

overhearing
Larch leans against the wall, covering his eyes, the boys.

BUSTER (O.S.)

The family that adopted Fuzzy, they *invented* the breathing machine. It's their business... breathing machines.

Larch pauses; he waits to see if they believe this.

CURLY (O.S.)

Lucky Fuzzy!

Larch almost breaks with a sudden sharp breath.

ALL THE BOYS (O.S.)

Good night, Fuzzy! Good night, Fuzzy!
Good night, Fuzzy Stone!

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - MORNING

cornbread,
road
mornin',
clothing
over to

As the men sit at the picnic table eating their
Rose Rose pours coffee. A jeep comes down the orchard
toward them. It's Olive. Mr. Rose leads the "Good
Mrs. Worthin'ton!" greeting. Olive has an armful of
and a fairly sizable package; she brings the latter
Homer.

OLIVE

Some mail for you, Homer.

the

Homer shakes the package; he puts the package beside
table, unopened. Olive turns to Rose Rose.

OLIVE

And some clothes for you, dear--
(nodding to the cider
house)
let's go see if they fit.

cider
curiosity,

Mr. Rose watches Rose Rose and Olive disappear into the
house. The other men view Homer's package with
especially Peaches.

PEACHES

Ain't you gonna see what it is, Homer?

MR. ROSE

Mind your own business, Peaches.

PEACHES

Sorry, Homer...

INT. BUNKHOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

pulls
enough
bed.

Homer lies awake in bed; everyone else is asleep. Homer
the package out from under his bed, opening it just
to see what it is; then he shoves it back under his
bed.

EXT. OCEAN/BEACH - DUSK

cooler
bag,
of

The beach at sunset. Candy and Homer, dressed for weather, are alone at the water's edge. From a paper bag, Candy is scattering some small, brightly colored pieces of broken glass.

HOMER

Aren't you worried that people will cut their feet?

CANDY

Nobody will swim here until next summer. By then, the water will have rubbed the glass smooth against the sand--there won't be any sharp edges.

shells

She finds an old piece of glass among the stones and at the high-tide mark.

CANDY

See? That's last year's glass, or from some year before. I put glass here every year. The ocean makes it beautiful.

look
shade

Candy holds up a piece of glass to the sun for Homer to at. The ocean is a gray-green color, the glass a paler of green.

CANDY

Give me your hand.

then
retrieves
from
around
her,
taller
initiates

She rubs the smooth piece of glass against his hand, throws it toward the water. It falls short. Homer it. Candy splashes him playfully. He chases her away the beach, into the pine trees. Homer locks his arms her, from behind. He can't let go. She lets him hold then breaks his grip. She turns to face him. She is then he is, older, obviously more experienced. She

make

the kiss. They drop to the ground right there; they
love by the roots of the tree, Candy guiding him.

EXT. WALLY'S CAR - BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Candy
and

They come out of the woods, walking toward the car,
leading. We hear Candy talking just before we see her
Homer.

CANDY

(increasingly upset)
Nobody volunteers for the Burma
run--he said so himself. And nobody
knows *me* better than him! So how
am I supposed to feel? He's a bomber
pilot and I'm just selfish, I know.
Well, I'm *not* a brave little girl
and I'm *not* sorry.

seat.

She sits in the passenger seat, Homer in the driver's

CANDY

I *know* this was right.
(pause)
I told you. I'm not good at being
alone.
(pause; in a whisper)
I told him, too.

Homer concentrates on starting the car.

CANDY

(repeating herself)
I *know* this was right.

HOMER

Right.

words.

Their expressions, as the car pulls away, belie their

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - END OF DAY

picnic
his

Homer and Mr. Rose sit opposite each other at the
table. Rose Rose stands behind her father, her hands on

-very

shoulders, watching Homer snip out Mr. Rose's stitches-
quickly.

MR. ROSE

Slow down, Homer--don't be in such a
big hurry.

HOMER

This is easy--I'm not hurrying.

MR. ROSE

You still doin' it too fast!

bicycle,
flexes

Job done, Homer leaves the table and hurries to the
pedaling away. Rose Rose watches Homer go, as Mr. Rose
his healed hand.

ROSE ROSE

He's in a big hurry, all right. I
told you he's in trouble.

EXT. CAPE KENNETH - LOBSTER POUND - EVENING

be
the

Candy and Homer sit on the dock. Candy still seems to
wrestling with her conscience. Homer throws snails in
sea. It's cold.

HOMER

Just tell me. Do you want me to go?
Do you want me to stay?

CANDY

It will be okay.

HOMER

What will be okay?

CANDY

We have to wait and see. I think
that, for *everything* in life, you
have to wait and see.

Homer throws a snail with more force.

HOMER

I'll just move on, get another job
somewhere.

another Ray comes out onto the dock; he sees Homer throwing
snail.

RAY

Every time you throw a snail off the dock, you're makin' someone start his whole life over.

Candy throws a handful of snails into the water.

CANDY

Maybe we're doing the snails a favor, Daddy.

Ray looks at the two of them; he sighs.

RAY

It's gettin' late. I think I'll pack it in.

CANDY

Good night, Daddy.

at Ray nods good night; he leaves. Homer looks expectantly
Candy.

CANDY

We'll just have to wait and see.

INT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

remnants Olive and Homer sit at the dining-room table, the
eating. of an apple pie in front of them. Homer is still
Pictures of Wally are on the wall.

OLIVE

I used to hate it when Wally went back to college--even when it was just college! And this was when his father was still alive... I hated it even then. Naturally I hate this more.

pie. Homer nods in sympathy. His mouth is stuffed with apple

OLIVE

What I mean is... I would like it very much if you thought you could be happy here, Homer.

HOMER

(wiping his mouth)
Mrs. Worthington, I feel I'm very lucky to be here.

OLIVE

There's not a lot of work in the winter, and you'll have to tolerate Vernon--even Wally despises him, and Wally likes everyone.

Olive's thoughts drift; her eyes look up at a photo of Wally.

HOMER

I think Wally will be fine, Mrs. Worthington--he seems indestructible to me.

OLIVE

(distracted)
I don't know.
(intently at Homer)
Just promise me one thing.

Homer is tense. Does Olive suspect about Candy?

HOMER

Uh... sure.

OLIVE

Just promise me that, if there's a blizzard, you'll move into Wally's room until it's over.

They both laugh, but Homer has a hard time looking her in the eye.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - DAY

The pickers are moving out; the harvest is over. Olive and Homer stand near the door to the bunkhouse, talking--we can't hear their conversation. Rose Rose and the other men walk

truck.
past them, carrying the last of their belongings to the

Olive and Homer walk over to the truck.

OLIVE

Good-bye. Have a safe trip home.
Thank you, again, for all your hard
work.

MR. ROSE

You take care now, Mrs. Worthin'ton.

They shake hands.

OLIVE

Good-bye, Arthur.
(she hugs Rose Rose)
Homer, I'll see you tomorrow?

HOMER

Right.

Olive gets in her Jeep and waves as she drives off.

the
The truck is packed. Muddy tugs on a rope that secures
load.

MUDDY

(to Mr. Rose)
We all set, I think.

and
the
Mr. Rose nods and gets in behind the wheel. Rose Rose
Muddy get in next to him. The others are bundled up for
ride in the open back of the truck.

calling
As they're leaving, Homer waves good-bye--the pickers
out to him.

MR. ROSE

You all take care of yourself, too,
Homer!

PEACHES

We see you next harvest.

MUDDY

Don't freeze to death, Homer.

JACK

Go on and freeze to death if you want to, Homer.

MR. ROSE

Now, now, Jack--that just ain't right.

ROSE ROSE

You just stay out of trouble, Homer!

Homer stands looking after them, after they're gone.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - LATER THAT SAME DAY

bit,
the
Homer is alone, rearranging his stuff--spreading out a making the place his own. (On the other beds, we see mattresses rolled up on the bare bedsprings.)

CANDY (O.S.)

So, you're staying.

Homer turns; he hadn't seen Candy come in.

CANDY

Olive told me.

(awkward pause)

You might have told me yourself.

HOMER

I'm just waiting and seeing. Like you said.

She smiles. He goes to her; they embrace.

BEGINNING A MONTAGE OF THE NEXT NINE OR TEN MONTHS.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

pad.
Homer, drinking coffee, is writing a letter on a note

HOMER (V.O.)

Dear Dr. Larch, thank you for your doctor's bag...

EXT. RAY'S LOBSTER BOAT - DAY

and
Homer is learning how to "haul" a lobster pot with Ray Candy's guidance.

HOMER (V.O.)

...although it seems that I will not have the occasion to use it.

EXT. LOBSTER POUND, FLOATING PENS - EVENING

the
little
pinched. As
Following Ray's example, Homer is trying to "disarm"
lobsters' big claws by blocking them shut with the
wooden wedges. Roy works quickly, never getting
Candy watches, Homer gets pinched.

HOMER (V.O.)

Barring some emergency, of course. I am not a doctor. With all due respect to your profession. I am enjoying my life here.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

together
Homer and Candy are naked. They have pulled two beds
and made a double bed. He can't take his eyes off her.

HOMER

I've looked at so many women... I mean, I've seen *everything* about them, *everything*... but I never felt a thing. I felt nothing. Now... with you... it *hurts*... to look at you.

INT. DISPENSARY - DAY

letter,
Edna and Angela and Larch are all reading Homer's
their lips moving silently as they read the words.

HOMER (V.O.)

I am enjoying being a lobsterman and an orchardman--in fact, I have never enjoyed myself so much.

INT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE, FIREPLACE - NIGHT

around
Olive and Homer and Candy are playing a board game
the fireplace.

HOMER (V.O.)

The truth is, I want to stay here. I believe I am being of *some* use.

INT. LARCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Larch

Edna and Angela view him anxiously from the doorway as furiously types and types.

LARCH (V.O.)

My dear Homer, I thought you were over your adolescence, that period which I would define as the first time in our lives when we imagine we have something terrible to hide from those who love us.

INT. WALLY'S CAR - DAY

happy as
his

Candy is singing to the car radio, as animated and we've ever seen her. Homer, driving, can scarcely keep eyes on the road; he has to keep looking at her.

LARCH (V.O.)

Do you think it's not obvious to us what's happened to you?

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

across
the
to
door,

With the radio playing (a popular song), Homer hops the bare floor, pulling on his boxer shorts; he opens door to Olive, who's holding out an armload of blankets him. He sheepishly thanks her. When Homer closes the we see a hidden (and stricken) Candy, naked from their interrupted lovemaking.

LARCH (V.O.)

You're fallen in love, haven't you? By the way, whatever you're up to can't be too good for your heart. Then again, it's the sort of condition that can be made worse by worrying about it. So don't worry about it!

EXT. ORCHARDS - DAY

are
Vernon and Homer are working under an apple tree; they
poisoning mice.

HOMER (V.O.)

Dear Dr. Larch, what I am learning here may not be as important as what I learned from you, but everything is new to me. Yesterday I learned how to poison mice. You use poison oats and poison corn.

INT. DINING HALL - EVENING

best to
Supper chaos--Buster and Mary Agnes are doing their
stop a food fight while Larch and Angela and Edna are
completely absorbed reading Homer's letter.

HOMER (V.O.)

Field mice girdle an apple tree. Pine mice kill the roots. I *know* what you have to do--you have to play God. Well... killing mice is as close as I want to come to playing God.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - CAPE KENNETH

Homer and Candy are watching "Rebecca".

LARCH (V.O.)

Do I interfere? When absolutely helpless women tell me that they simply *can't* have an abortion, that they simply *must* go through with having another--and yet another--orphan... do I interfere? *Do* I? I do not. I do not even *recommend*. I just give them what they want: an orphan or an abortion.

(close on Homer)

You are my work of art, Homer. Everything else has been just a job. I don't know if you've got a work of art in you, but I know what your job is. You're a doctor!

INT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

ladies
interior

The radio is playing a slow, sexy dance number. The fat
from the apple mart are dancing as they paint the
walls of the bunk house.

HOMER (V.O.)

I am not a doctor.

LARCH (V.O.)

You know everything I know, plus
what you've taught yourself--you're
a better doctor than I am and you
know it!

he
removes
were.

Homer is finishing up painting the kitchen walls. When
gets to the list of rules, tacked on the wall, he
the list and finishes painting under where the rules

LARCH (V.O.)

They're going to replace me, Homer!
The Board of Trustees is looking for
my *replacement*!

the
blankets

Two of the ladies unroll the rolled-up mattresses on
bare bedsprings, as Vernon enters with an armload of
and pillows.

HOMER (V.O.)

I can't replace you! I'm sorry...

he
tacks

Homer holds up the list of rules, rereads it briefly;
walks over to an unpainted beam, a support beam, and
the rules on this beam.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE, ROOF - MORNING

Homer reads Larch's letter, sipping coffee.

LARCH (V.O.)

Sorry? I'm not 'sorry'! Not for
anything I've done. I'm not even
sorry that I love you!

INT. DISPENSARY - NIGHT

his
in
Larch sits on his ether-bed with a letter from Homer in
hand. He looks completely deflated. Angela is standing
in
the doorway.

LARCH

I think we may have lot him to the
world. He's not coming back.

END OF THE MONTAGE.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Candy
is
starts
the
and
In the newly painted, spruced-up cider house, Homer and
are dancing to another slow, sexy song on the radio. He
untucking her blouse, feeling under her blouse--she
to unbutton his shirt. They kiss while they dance. But
song changes abruptly on the radio to something fast
and
silly.

out
and
She
near
bed
grab a
laughing
the
Homer responds to the music, dancing goofily--instantly
of the mood. Candy laughs, but she picks up a pillow
swings it at him, hitting him. He dances away from her.
throws the pillow; he ducks--the pillow lands somewhere
the door. Now Homer grabs a pillow and chases her from
to bed. She shrieks--they're both laughing. They each
pillow and stand toe to toe whacking each other,
all the while, until he pins her arms behind her and,
breathing hard--and despite the stupid music that broke
mood--they are passionately kissing again.

The sound of a truck is sudden and loud.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - DAY

out of
Mr. Rose's truck has arrived. The pickers are hopping

the truck, grabbing their gear.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Candy The door opens. Hero and Peaches barge in, as Homer and
are struggling to return the pillows to the beds.

HERO

Who's that?

PEACHES

It's that Homer!

the Muddy is right behind them. He picks up a pillow, off
floor, looking for which bed it belongs on.

MUDDY

It's that Candy, too...

there's Then comes Mr. Rose, slyly smiling, taking it all in--
their no hiding what's going on. Homer and Candy are caught,
of shirts untucked and half-unbuttoned--they're still out
of breath. The pillows lie crazily on the beds, each one
of which has been stepped on.

MR. ROSE

Don't this place look like home?

PEACHES

It look nicer then home!

MR. ROSE

What have you two been doin' to make
it look so nice?

happy. Rose Rose enters. She looks hardened, toughened--not
Candy. She plops down her stuff on her bed, looking only at

ROSE ROSE

How is that Wally doing?

CANDY

Oh, he's fine! I just heard from
him. He's bombing all these places...

Homer tries to help out.

HOMER

(mumbling)
...bridges, oil refineries, fuel
depots...

is. He
He peters out, knowing how sick of hearing this Candy
tries to change the subject.

HOMER

Where's Jack?

There is an uncomfortable silence.

MUDDY

He just wasn't up for the trip.

More silence.

MR. ROSE

That Jack just never knew what his
business was.

happened
One look at Muddy and we know something pretty bad
to Jack.

EXT. ORCHARDS - DAY

a
The pickers on their ladders, all picking. Homer is now
good picker; he looks over at Rose Rose. She is slumped
against the ladder, not picking, completely ignoring an
argument beneath them in the aisle between the trees.

(Mr.
picked.)
Rose is checking over the apples Peaches has just

MR. ROSE

You pickin' nothin' but cider apples,
Peaches--I hope you understand that.

PEACHES

They ain't drops--I picked 'em off
the tree!

MR. ROSE

Then you pickin' 'em too fast--they
ain't no better than drops to me.

See that bruise, and that one? *Half* of these is bruised! Look at this one! It ain't got no stem! You might as well *step* on 'em, too--they only good for cider.

EXT. ORCHARDS - DUSK

arguing
In the aisle between the trees, Homer and Candy are in one of the work vehicles.

CANDY

Do you think I'm having a good time?
Do you think I'm just *teasing* you?
Do you think I *know* whether I want you or Wally?

HOMER

So we should "wait and see." For how long?

CANDY

I grew up with Wally. I began my adult life with him.

HOMER

Fine. That's all there is to it then.

CANDY

No! That's not all there is to it! I love you, too--I *know* I do.

HOMER

Okay, okay--I know you do, too.

CANDY

(bitterly)
It's a good thing I didn't have that baby, isn't it?

their
Her sudden hardness leaves him speechless as they go separate ways. Candy drives on.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - SUNNY MORNING

herself,
suddenly
Breakfast time at the picnic table. Rose Rose by away from the table. She does not look well; she goes back inside the bunkhouse.

PEACHES

(calling after her)
Ain't you eatin' with us, Rose?
(to the men)
She used to eat with us. Now we ain't
good enough for her, I guess.

HERO

She ain't hungry, maybe.

MUDDY

She ain't hungry every mornin' 'cause
she's sick every mornin'.

Homer gets up to take his dishes inside.

INT. KITCHEN AND BUNKHOUSE - MORNING

When Homer comes in, Rose is throwing up in the
sink.

HOMER

You okay, Rose?

ROSE ROSE

I guess you must like watchin' me be
sick...

HOMER

I don't like watching anyone be sick.

There
her
sits
assurance
Rose Rose lies down on her bed with the curtain open.
is something familiar about the way Homer approaches
bedside; he does so with the authority of a doctor. He
on the edge of her bed with such complete self-
that she doesn't protest.

HOMER

How many months are you?

touches
he's
She just stares. But she doesn't stop him when he
her abdomen. It's as if she knows that he knows what
doing.

HOMER

You're not yet three months, are you?

ROSE ROSE

Not yet. What do you know about it?

HOMER

I know more than I want to know about it. Who's the father?

ROSE ROSE

Don't trouble yourself about it, Homer--this ain't your business.

HOMER

But you don't look very happy.

ROSE ROSE

Happy! What are you thinkin'? How am I supposed to take care of a baby! I can't have a baby.

HOMER

Rose, please listen. Whatever you want to do, I can help you.

She is taken back.

HOMER

What I mean is, if you don't want to... keep the baby, I know a place where you can go.

ROSE ROSE

You think Daddy's gonna let me go anywhere? I ain't going *nowhere*.

She rolls over on the bed, facing away from him again.

ROSE ROSE

Why don't you just go back to your pickin', Homer? I can take care of it myself!

HOMER

Rose, listen--don't *do* anything. You know, I mean to yourself. Please listen...

MR. ROSE (O.S.)

(calling)

Homer! Is this a workin' day or what?

EXT. LOBSTER POUND - EVENING

Homer and Candy are sitting at the dock.

CANDY

We should take her to St. Cloud's.
That much is obvious, isn't it? Let
her make up her mind when she gets
there...

HOMER

I told her! She doesn't feel she can
do that. Something about her father
not letting her go anywhere...

CANDY

Well, we have to help her!

Homer doesn't respond.

CANDY

We have to do *something*. Don't we?
(beat)
Homer?

Homer looks out over the ocean; he remains
unresponsive.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - MIDDAY

Candy
Rose Rose is setting the picnic table for lunch when
arrives.

CANDY

Hi...

ROSE ROSE

Hi...

She keeps setting the table.

CANDY

I've got some more clothes for you--
I just keep forgetting to bring them
with me.

ROSE ROSE

I don't need no more clothes, thank
you.

CANDY

(softly)

Rose, I know what's going on. Homer told me. I got pregnant, too--about a year ago.

(pause)

I've been through this.

Rose Rose looks down.

ROSE ROSE

You ain't been through what I been through, Candy.

CANDY

(doesn't get it)

Yes, I *have*!

Rose Rose dismissively waves her hand.

CANDY

Who's the father, Rose?

Rose looks at Candy and shakes her head.

CANDY

You want to have the baby?

Rose Rose shakes her head again, more emphatically.

CANDY

I know where you can go. Homer and I can take you...

ROSE ROSE

I can't go nowhere.

CANDY

Why?

Rose Rose stays silent.

CANDY

Is it the father? Does he know?

Rose Rose turns away from Candy.

CANDY

You can trust me. Is it Jack? It's not Jack, is it? It's *Muddy*! Is it Muddy?

ROSE ROSE

(almost wistfully)

No. It ain't Muddy. Muddy's just...

Rose Rose stops; she can't even continue setting the table.

Her voice turns bitter, despairing.

ROSE ROSE

It sure ain't Jack.

There, suddenly, is Mr. Rose, walking past them. He is uncharacteristically tentative.

MR. ROSE

(to his daughter)

I'll be up top...

Rose
Rose
looking
Mr. Rose leaves Candy and Rose Rose alone again. Rose nods almost invisibly after her father. Rose Rose looks pointedly at Candy, nodding. Candy slowly gets it. Mr. is the father! Rose Rose lets that sink in; she keeps at Candy with an ashamed expression.

EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

runs
the
Peaches
The pickers are at work, on their ladders, when Candy runs down the aisle between two rows of trees. She stops at bottom of Homer's ladder, out of breath. Muddy and and Hero, in the treetops, are watching and listening.

CANDY

She won't go to St. Cloud's!

HOMER

(shrugging)

Well, we can't force her. It's her decision.

CANDY

You don't understand! It's her father...

HOMER

Mr. Rose *knows*?

CANDY

(shouting)

He's the *father*! He's her baby's
father!

to The pickers can't help but hear this, too. Candy starts
leave, Homer running after her.

HOMER

Wait... *wait*! Are you sure?

CANDY

We've got to keep her away from that
bastard!

Candy leaves. Homer starts looking for Mr. Rose.

EXT. ORCHARD, NEAR CIDER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

picking Smiling his enigmatic smile, Mr. Rose keeps slowly
while Homer stands at the foot of his ladder.

MR. ROSE

I didn't see where you was pickin'
this mornin', Homer, but you musta
worked up a big appetite. You look
like you're serious about gettin' to
your lunch today!

HOMER

Is it true?

around. Mr. Rose stops picking, his eyes darting to see who's

HOMER

Are you sleeping with your own
daughter?

ladder. Mr. Rose, with deliberate slowness, comes down the

MR. ROSE

(slyly; still composed)

I think you been stayin' up too late
at night, Homer.

HOMER

You're actually having sex with your
own little girl? Is that possible?

MR. ROSE

Ain't nobody havin' *sex* with my little girl, Homer--that's somethin' a father knows.

HOMER

You're lying. How can you... with your own daughter!

Mr. Rose switches from sly to threatening in a split second.

MR. ROSE

Homer, don't you know what business you in? You don't wanna go into no business with me, Homer--ain't that right?

HOMER

Go on, cut my clothes. I've got other clothes.

Mr. Rose is indignant.

MR. ROSE

You a fine one to be talkin' about lies. Shame! These people took you in. That boy Wally's at *war*!

That takes some of the steam out of Homer's superiority.

HOMER

But she's your *daughter*...

MR. ROSE

And I *love* her! There ain't nobody else gonna treat her as good as I do!

(looks away)

I wouldn't do nothin' to hurt her, Homer--you must know that.

Homer turns; he speaks over his shoulder as he walks away.

HOMER

She's *pregnant*. Do you know *that*?

By his expression--he looks as if he's been punched--it's

clear that Mr. Rose didn't *know that*.

obvious
Rose is
pickers
looks
last to
begins.

The other pickers are on their way to lunch; it's that Muddy, Peaches, and Hero already know that Mr. Rose is sleeping with his daughter.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - PICNIC AREA - LUNCHTIME

Rose Rose is sitting at the picnic table when the arrive for lunch, almost simultaneously with Homer. He at, then looks away from, Rose Rose. Mr. Rose is the sit down at the table as a very tense, wordless lunch

EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

ladder
Homer is on a ladder picking apples. Muddy climbs a on the other side of the same tree.

MUDDY

Don't mess in this, Homer, if you know what's good for you.

HOMER

How long's this been going on, Muddy?

MUDDY

Long enough. You ain't gonna stop it.

Homer his
Muddy looks all around for Mr. Rose; then he gives knife.

MUDDY

There's my knife, Homer. It ain't gonna do *me* no good. You give that knife to Rose Rose, you hear?

and
to
Homer nods, pocketing the knife. As Muddy climbs down moves his ladder to an adjacent tree, he keeps talking Homer until he disappears in the leaves.

MUDDY

You best just watch you ass, Homer!
You don't wanna end up like Jack!

Homer thoughtfully continues his work.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

Homer lies awake in his bed.

EXT. ORCHARD - LATE AFTERNOON, ANOTHER DAY

talking.
The pickers on their ladders in the trees; nobody is
In the late sun, the leaves have a reddish, fiery glow.

EXT. ORCHARD - ANOTHER DAY

the
high
Worthington
the
leaves
front of
leaning
as he
It's much colder; the pickers are on their ladders in
trees again, but they're dressed for the cold. Homer is
on a ladder; he turns toward the view of the
house when he hears a car come to a screeching halt in
driveway. Homer sees Candy get out of Wally's car; she
the door open and runs toward the house. Parked in
Wally's car is an Army Jeep, with an ENLISTED MAN
against it. The indifferent soldier smokes a cigarette
watches Candy run.

CANDY

No! No!

as
run.
Homer descends the ladder and runs for the house, down
aisle between the row of trees. The pickers watch him

INT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

from
sitting
recognize
Camera follows Homer into the Worthington house where,
the front hall, he sees Olive and Candy (in profile)
on the couch. We can't see who's talking, nor do we

MAJOR

to

officer in

his

aware of

the voice. As Homer comes into the living room, we see

WINSLOW sitting in a chair (also in profile), talking

Olive and Candy.

Major Winslow is a smooth, handsome well-briefed

the casualty branch of the Army Air Corps; he's done

homework, but he's not all business. He's painfully

the delicate nature of his report.

MAJOR WINSLOW

When the plane was hit, the crew chief and the radioman jumped close together. The copilot jumped third. All on Captain Worthington's orders--the captain was still flying the plane. None of the men of the ground could see the sky--that's how thick the jungle was. They never saw the plane crash--they never *heard* it crash. They never saw Captain Worthington's parachute, either.

OLIVE

Why was he missing for twenty days?

MAJOR WINSLOW

Because the crew thought he'd gone down with the plane. They were hospitalized for almost a week in China before they were flown back to India. It wasn't until that they sorted through their gear...

CANDY

Who cares about their *gear*?

MAJOR WINSLOW

Three men jumped from the plane, but they had four compasses with them. One of the crew jumped with Captain Worthington's compass.

CANDY

He was in Burma for twenty days without a compass?

MAJOR WINSLOW

He followed the Irrawaddy River, all the way to Rangoon. Somehow he managed to avoid the Japs, but not the mosquitoes.

OLIVE

Then it's malaria?

MAJOR WINSLOW

It's encephalitis B. He's recovering at Mount Lavinia Hospital, Ceylon.

(pause)

Uh... Captain Worthington is paralyzed.

(Olive gasps)

Waist down. He won't walk.

Candy stands and leaves the room.

MAJOR WINSLOW

(to Olive)

I'm sorry.

HOMER

(asks the major)

There are no autonomic effects, are there?

Major Winslow has to consult his notes.

MAJOR WINSLOW

No autonomic effects... that's correct.

OLIVE

When will he be home, Major?

MAJOR WINSLOW

Four weeks or so, right around Halloween.

INT./EXT. WALLY'S CAR - LOBSTER POUND - END OF DAY

Homer and Candy are sitting in the parked car in silence.

HOMER

(finally)

There are no autonomic effects, just the paralysis of the lower extremities.

Candy stares at him, uncomprehending.

HOMER

Wally can have kids, a normal sex
life...

Candy cries.

EXT. LOBSTER POUND - EVENING

end
Ray is throwing snails in the water. Candy sits on the
of the dock, slumped on Homer's shoulder.

RAY

How about him not needin' the friggin'
compass! How about that?

CANDY

Daddy, *please*...

the
feel.
Ray knows that she wants him to leave. He shuffles off
dock, toward the house. He knows how they both must

RAY

Good night, kids. Don't catch cold--
it's gettin' cold already.

CANDY

Good night, Daddy.

HOMER

Good night, Ray.

preoccupied.
Homer tries to cuddle closer, but Candy sits up,

HOMER

Just tell me. I'll do whatever you
want to do.

CANDY

Nothing.

HOMER

Isn't that like waiting and seeing?

CANDY

No. Nothing is nothing. I want Wally
to come home. I'm afraid to see him,

too.

HOMER

I know.

(he kisses her)

Is **that** nothing.

CANDY

No, don't--that's something. Nothing is nothing.

(Homer's sad smile)

Don't even look at me. I want...

Candy buries her face in his chest.

CANDY

...to do nothing.

crying
slumped
instead,
words

Homer holds her, doing nothing, while she sobs. As her subsides, Homer's thoughts are far away. With Candy against him, hugging him, he doesn't look at her; he looks out to sea and at the darkening coast, Candy's resonating. An unfamiliar expression is on his face.

HOMER

(mumbling to himself)

It's a tempting idea, I know... to do nothing.

shifts

Candy is silent. Homer feels strangely agitated; he shifts his position.

CANDY

(groans)

Please don't move, don't go anywhere.

HOMER

(overly genuine)

Go anywhere? Of course not! That would be **doing** something, wouldn't it? We wouldn't want to **do** something. Let's just sit here all night!

CANDY

(irritated)

If you're trying to be funny, Homer...

HOMER

(irritated, too)

I'm not trying to be anything--I'm just doing nothing! If I wait and see long enough, then--with any luck--I won't *ever* have to make up my mind! Decisions can be painful, after all...

him. Candy is angry; she gets to her feet and stares hard at

CANDY

Stop it! Just cut it out!

HOMER

(mock surprise)

You got up! You *did* something! If you keep this up, you might be in danger of making a *decision*!

CANDY

For God's sake, Homer, Wally's been shot down!

minute. Candy sobs. Homer puts his face in his hands for a

He regains his composure and stands up.

HOMER

(genuinely contrite)

I know, I'm sorry.

CANDY

(yelling and sobbing)

He's *paralyzed*!

HOMER

(deadpan; just the facts)

He's *alive*. He still loves you.

(pause)

So do I.

CANDY

(anguished)

What do you want me to *do*?

He faces away from her.

HOMER

(with calm resolve)
Nothing. You're not the one who has
to do anything.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - NIGHT

Homer is in semidarkness as he walks toward the cider
house.

MR. ROSE (O.S.)

Where do you think you're going?

ROSE ROSE (O.S.)

You gotta let me go, Daddy. Please...

Homer walks faster. When he gets to the cider house, he
sees

Mr. Rose and Rose Rose arguing. Rose is sitting on the
bicycle, a bundle of her clothes tied up behind the

seat.

MR. ROSE

You ain't goin' nowhere in the middle
of the night, girl!

ROSE ROSE

I ain't your business no more, Daddy.
Please let me go.

Rose Rose starts to pedal away, but Mr. Rose stops her.
She
starts to struggle.

HOMER

Hey, hey! Stop it. Maybe I can help.

They turn to see Homer.

MR. ROSE

You just go inside, Homer. We don't
need no help.

ROSE ROSE

That's right, Homer. This ain't your
business.

She tries to break free from her father and pedal away,
but
he stops her again. They keep struggling.

HOMER

Please listen to me! *Both* of you...

MR. ROSE

You forget yourself, Homer. This here's my daughter! You got your own mess to deal with--ain't that right?

Homer steps between them, which makes Mr. Rose furious.

MR. ROSE

(yelling)

What business is you in, Homer?

HOMER

Mr. Rose, I'm in the *doctor* business.

(to Rose Rose)

If you want, I can help you. You don't have to go anywhere.

is in
Rose Rose and Mr. Rose stop struggling. Suddenly Homer
charge.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

opens
goes
an
Homer's
finished
loosely
Muddy, Hero and Peaches smoke in their beds. Rose Rose
her curtain and peers out from her bed. She gets up and
toward the kitchen area in her nightshirt; she stops at
unused bed, now covered with white rubber sheeting--
medical instruments are displayed and ready. Homer
scrubbing his hands in the sink. His surgical mask is
tied around his neck.

when
Mr. Rose is looking at Homer's surgical instruments
Rose Rose joins him.

MR. ROSE

(to Homer)

What's that? What's it called?

HOMER

One cervical stabilizer, two sets of dilators--Douglas points. One medium-sized curette, one small; one medium speculum, one large; two vulsellum

forceps.

MR. ROSE

There ain't no *almost* about this stuff, Homer--ain't that right?

Homer ignores him; he keeps naming his equipment.

HOMER

Merthiolate, ether, vulval pads, gauze--lots of gauze.

MR. ROSE

When it comes to this, you is the real thing--is that what you sayin'?

Homer looks at Mr. Rose and Rose Rose.

HOMER

No *almost* about it--I'm a doctor.

Homer turns to Peaches, Hero, and Muddy.

HOMER

Get out of here, please.

Muddy herds Peaches and Hero out of the bunkhouse.

MR. ROSE

I'm stayin', Homer.

HOMER

Okay. Then you can be of use.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

the
who is
over
on the

Mr. Rose wears a surgical mask; he is sweating, even in cold, and his eyes look stricken as he watches Homer, performing the abortion. Mr. Rose holds the ether cone over Rose Rose's face. He drips some ether from the bottle cone.

Rose's
trained

Cut quickly for Rose Rose's etherized face... to Mr. eyes above his mask... to Homer working with his eyes on the speculum...

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - NIGHT

overhanging
...to Muddy and Peaches and Hero huddled under the
roof in the rain.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Rose is having a hard time breathing.

HOMER

You better get some air.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - NIGHT

stands
starts
The cider house in the rain. Mr. Rose staggers out; he
there in the rain, trying to regain his composure. He
to scream.

Muddy and
Another angle: huddled under the overhanging roof,
Peaches and Hero are watching him.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - RAINY DAY

rain
helps her
lies
Candy
same
Candy.
Rose Rose, curled in a fetal position, listens to the
on the roof. Candy sits on her bed beside her. She
to sit up, to drink a glass of water; then Rose Rose
down again. Rose Rose's expression never changes while
talks to her. Mr. Rose lies in his bed in the exact
fetal position as his daughter; he too, is listening to
Homer is putting away his instruments.

CANDY

The bleeding should taper off
tomorrow, but it can come back again.
The cramps will ease up, almost
entirely. The bleeding is usually
much lighter in two days. As long as
the bleeding isn't heavy, it's normal.

glances
Muddy enters the cider house from out of the storm. He

to Mr. at Candy and Rose Rose; then at Homer. Then he speaks
Rose.

MUDDY

It's that Vernon--he keeps askin'
where you and Homer and Rose Rose is
at.

MR. ROSE

Tell that Vernon to mind his own
business, Muddy.

MUDDY

I told him that you all is sick.

MR. ROSE

Tell him what you want, Muddy--*you*
is the crew boss today.

kitchen Hero and Peaches, dripping wet, come inside. Peaches is
standing next to the list of rules tacked to the
support beam.

PEACHES

Look at that. Them same damn rules
is tacked up again!

Homer has finished putting his instruments away.

MUDDY

Why don't you put them damn rules in
the wood stove, Peaches?

Rose As the men are murmuring their approval of this idea,
Rose interjects.

ROSE ROSE

I want to hear what they are, first.

on The men groan, but Mr. Rose won't oppose his daughter
this subject--not this time. He just lies there.

ROSE ROSE

Homer, let me hear what they are.

Homer begins to read.

HOMER

"One: Please don't smoke in bed."

MUDDY

We heard that one already, Homer.

HOMER

"Two: Please don't go up to the roof to eat your lunch."

PEACHES

That's the best place to eat lunch!

HOMER

"Three: Please--even if you are very hot--do not go up to the roof to sleep."

HERO

What do they think? They must think we're crazy!

MUDDY

They think we're dumb niggers so we need dumb rules--that's what they think.

HOMER

This is the last one.

The men groan, in mock disappointment.

HOMER

"Four: There should be no going up on the roof at night."

PEACHES

Why don't they just say, "Stay off the roof!"?

HERO

Yeah, they don't want us up there *at all*!

Homer crumples the list and throws it into the wood stove.

ROSE ROSE

(to Homer)

That's *it*?

HOMER

That's it.

ROSE ROSE

It means nothin' at all! And all this time I been *wonderin'* about it!

PEACHES

They're *outrageous*, them rules!

MR. ROSE

Who *live* here in this cider house, Peaches? Who grind them apples, who press that cider, who clean up the mess, and who just plain *live* here... just breathin' in the vinegar?

(he pauses)

Somebody who *don't* live here made them rules. Them rules ain't for *us*. *We* the ones who make up them rules. We makin' our *own* rules, every day. Ain't that right, Homer?

HOMER

Right.

Camera closes on Candy.

INT./EXT. WALLY'S CAR - DRIVE-IN THEATRE - EVENING

don't
the
Homer and Candy sit and stare at the blank screen; they look at each other. Candy grips the steering wheel of parked car.

CANDY

Please don't make me say it again.

HOMER

No, that's not it--I just want to be sure I understand you.

wheel.
Candy slumps forward with her forehead on the steering

HOMER

I *helped* you not to think about Wally. You were so upset--you couldn't stand worrying about him, about his being killed and not coming back--but when you were with me, you could stop worrying... well, for a while,

anyway. This is how I helped you,
right?

CANDY

Please... that's enough. I *loved*
you, too--you know I did.

HOMER

"...did." Well, okay.

CANDY

Please don't...

HOMER

(sarcastically)

And now that Wally's coming back,
and because he'll certainly *need*
you...

CANDY

You say that as though it's some
awful thing!

(angrily)

I never stopped loving Wally!

Homer lets that sink in.

HOMER

(still sarcastic)

At least there's no more waiting and
seeing. At least I got to see the
ocean.

Candy covers her face in her hands and cries
uncontrollably,
tears--
unstoppably. Homer's anger keeps him impervious to her
an
another "first" for him. He turns and looks at her with
at
almost clinical curiosity; then he goes back to staring
the blank screen.

EXT. ORCHARD - IN FRONT OF THE APPLE MART - DAWN

Homer
Homer,
The rain has stopped but the grass is wet, the trees
glistening in the dawn light as Wally's car stops and
gets out. The car exits the frame in one direction;
walking, exits the frame in another.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE - DAWN

and
As he walks toward the cider house, Homer sees Muddy
Peaches and Hero waving to him from the roof.

MUDDY

Rose Rose has runned away!

PEACHES

She took off in the night!

MUDDY

She took off on the bicycle, man.

house.
Homer starts jogging, then running toward the cider
Muddy comes down the ladder to meet him.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

open; her
fetal
expression
Rose Rose's bed is exposed. The curtains are flung
bed is empty. Mr. Rose is still in his bed, in the
position we have seen before. Mr. Rose's trancelike
doesn't change as Homer and Muddy enter.

MR. ROSE

Ain't nobody gonna find her, Homer--
she's long gone.

(pause)

I swear, I didn't try and stop her--
I just wanna touch her hand before
she go. That's all I wanna do, I
swear.

(pause)

Where'd she get that knife, Muddy?
That looked like *your* knife--what
I seen of it.

Muddy is scared; he looks to Homer for advice.

MR. ROSE

If that was your knife, Muddy, I
wanna thank you for givin' it to her--
no girl should be goin' *hitch-hikin'*
if she don't got a good knife with
her.

HOMER

(seeing the blood)
Where'd she get you?

MR. ROSE

She just plan misunderstand me--I was tryin' to give her my knife, I was just reachin' to touch her hand. But I understand if she misunderstand me--it's all my fault, ain't that right?

tries to
Homer takes the blanket off him; Muddy gasps. Homer examine Mr. Rose's wound. Mr. Rose smiles at him.

MR. ROSE

It's too late for the doctor now, Homer--ain't that right?

Homer doesn't answer; he knows Mr. Rose is a goner.

MR. ROSE

(proudly)
She's *good* with that knife! She's real fast. She's a lot better with that knife than *you* is, Muddy! And who do you suppose taught her?

MUDDY

You taught her, I suppose...

MR. ROSE

That's right! A girl's gotta know how to defend herself, don't she?

He winces in pain at Homer's examination.

HOMER

(surprised)
There's more than one laceration, more than one cut.

MR. ROSE

That's 'cause I sticked my *own* knife in the wound--after she go, I sticked my *own* knife in there. I poked it all around, I just tryin' to find the same place she got me.

Homer finds Mr. Rose's knife. There's blood everywhere.

MR. ROSE

You listen to me: you tell them police how this happen, you tell it *this* way, you hear? My daughter, she runned off--and I so sad about it that I stabbed myself. I so unhappy that she gone, I killed myself--that what you say, you hear? That the true story--ain't that right?

blood- Homer and Muddy exchange a glance. Mr. Rose, with his soaked hand, suddenly grabs Homer by the throat.

MR. ROSE

Let me hear you say that! I so unhappy she runned away that I killed myself--that what happen here, ain't that right?

HOMER

Right?

MUDDY

That what happen--you lost you only daughter so's you killed yourself! That's what we say, all right.

MR. ROSE

That's right. I know you understand how I feel, Homer--you is breakin' them rules, too. Ain't that right?

Rose's Mr. Rose dies. Muddy turns away. Homer closes Mr. eyes.

EXT. CIDER HOUSE, ROOF - MORNING

on the Muddy and Hero and Peaches are sitting close together perspective roof, like banished children. It is from their carrying that we see the police car and the ambulance--two men talking to the body out of the cider house, and a cop or two Homer and Olive, and Homer talking to them. We hear no dialogue.

EXT. APPLE MART - DUSK

truck.
drives
work
him.
silence.

Homer and the men load crates of apple jelly onto a
The mood is solemn; they work with tired focus. Candy
up. The men are evasive with her; they find a reason to
across the mart. Candy walks to Homer, stands next to
They say nothing for a moment, until Candy breaks the

CANDY

Do you think she'll be all right?

HOMER

She knows how to take care of herself.

shoves
she

Candy looks away; she can't think of what to say. She
her hands into her pockets, finds a letter there, which
hands to Homer.

CANDY

This came for you a couple of days
ago. Olive asked me to bring it.
With everything happening, I guess
she forgot.

HOMER

Sure. Thanks.

can't

Homer looks at the letter from St. Cloud's; he puts it
unopened in his pocket without a second thought. Candy
let things end there.

CANDY

I know you don't think much of being
needed, or of me for that matter...

HOMER

I'm sorry for what I said about Wally
needing you. It was... unnecessary.

CANDY

No, I'm the one who should be sorry.
You have every right to be angry.

HOMER

No. You warned me. I didn't listen,
but you warned me.

Candy looks surprised.

HOMER

You told me you weren't any good at
being alone.

(pause)

You told Wally, too. Right?

Candy can only stare straight ahead.

HOMER

(relenting)

He's going to be fine, Wally's going
to be fine. I know he is.

A tear rolls down Candy's cheek, Homer wipes it away;
then
he stops touching her and looks off into the quiet
orchards.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

The pickers lie in their beds, smoking. Homer is
undressing.
He pulls the letter out of his pocket and sits down on
his
bed. Homer opens the letter without enthusiasm and
begins to
read.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Dear Homer, I am writing to tell you
about Wilbur.

INT. DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Music is playing on the old phonograph as an exhausted
Larch
gives himself ether.

INT. GIRLS' DIVISION - NIGHT

Edna is getting the girls ready for bed. Music
continues
Over.

INT. DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Larch has twisted himself on the narrow bed so that his
face

ether
trails
against

is unusually close to the windowsill, and when the
cone starts to fall off his face--and his slack hand
down, off the side of the bed--the cone becomes caught
the windowsill.

presses
cone
to
bottle
spreads,
or

He tries to turn his face away from the cone, but he
his face into the sill--thus holding the ether-soaked
over his mouth and nose. His hands twitch, he's trying
wake up; the hand that holds the ether bottle lets the
fall. The bottle shatters against the sill; the ether
running red with blood from a cut on Dr. Larch's hand
finger. Music continues Over. It's a funeral.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Buster
dispensary,

Buster is bringing in the wood as the music plays Over.
smells the spilled ether. He heads toward the
sniffing. Camera follows him into the dispensary.
In the dispensary: Buster approaches Larch's ether-bed.

BUSTER

Dr. Larch? Dr. Larch?

He drops the armload of wood and runs for help.

INT. DISPENSARY - NIGHT

dead.
from the

Angela enters. She feels for Larch's pulse; Larch is
Angela opens a window. She pull's Larch's body away
windowsill. Buster joins her on the bed.

ANGELA (V.O.)

I can assure you that the overdose
was entirely accidental.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

gets up,
Homer finishes reading the letter; he puts it down,
and walks to a window. He stares into the night.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Let us be happy for Dr. Larch. Dr.
Larch has found a family.

THE BOYS (V.O.)

Good night, Dr. Larch! Good night,
Dr. Larch! Good night, Dr. Larch!

Homer wipes a tear off his cheek.

EXT. PICKERS' TRUCK - CIDER/PACKING HOUSE - MORNING

by
No one
open
are
other). The
conversation,
He has
The truck is packed for the long trip south; it passes
the packing house, which looks closed for the season.
else is about. Muddy is driving slowly, his arm out the
window. In the back, huddled among their belongings,
Peaches and Hero (on one side) and Homer (on the
pickers are trying to draw Homer into their
while Homer is giving the apple farm a good-bye look.
made up his mind about something.

MUDDY

You ever see a palm tree, Homer?

PEACHES

He ain't never been outta Maine!

HERO

Ain't you sick of pine trees, Homer?

Homer just smiles and shakes his head.

EXT. WORTHINGTON HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - MORNING

of
he
car
As the pickers' truck drives past, Homer is on the side
the truck nearest the Worthington house and driveway;
sees Olive and Candy and Ray helping Wally out of the
and into a wheelchair. A NURSE stands by.

officer's
overlarge
is

Wally is wearing what appears to be an oversized coat or flight jacket, his face looking small in the clothes. He can't move his legs at all, and his mouth drawn into a tight-lipped smile.

PEACHES (O.S.)

Let me tell you somethin' about Florida, Homer.

HERO (O.S.)

The Sunshine State!

PEACHES (O.S.)

It's so nice 'n' warm down there, you can pick them grapefruits and oranges *naked*, if you want to.

kisses
face,
shakes

Olive is dissolved in tears. Candy is sobbing; she Wally, without ceasing, while he haltingly touches her her hair.

In the truck the smile is gone from Homer's face. He his head.

HOMER

Thanks, guys... I'd like to go with you. But I've got to move on.

MUDDY

Yeah, well... you could move on with *us*, man! You could move on somewhere *warm*!

PEACHES

Homer, stayin' in Maine ain't movin' on!

and
disappear

This makes all the pickers laugh, but Homer just smiles shakes his head. He watches the Worthington house from view.

INT. MOVING TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT

better
sober
when
moves
pocket; he

A CONDUCTOR, taking tickets, comes to Homer, who is dressed than we've ever seen him; he is looking at his reflection in the black window-glass of the night train the conductor gets his attention. When the conductor on, Homer takes Angela's letter out of his breast skips ahead to the end.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Dr. Larch often wondered how the world was treating you.

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON

ANGELA (V.O.)

He talked a lot about you, hoping you would be of use, whatever you were up to.

fresh

Angela and Buster and Mary Agnes and Edna carry Larch's coffin; they set it down by the raw hole. The pile of dirt stands out against the new snow; the hole is black against the new white.

EDNA (O.S.)

"Oh, Lord, support us all the day long..."

We see the wheelbarrow with the gravestone.

EDNA (O.S.)

"...until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done."

INT. GIRLS' DIVISION - NIGHT

Agnes,

We see the faces of the girls praying for Larch (Mary too) as Edna finishes her favorite prayer.

EDNA

"Then, in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last."

INT. MOVING TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT

rocking
Camera closes on Homer, sleeping to the sound of the
train. Angela's letter lies in his lap.

THE GIRLS (O.S.)

Amen! Amen! Amen!

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING

train
disapproving
The train stops, blowing snow. Homer steps off the
carrying a suitcase and Dr. Larch's bag. The
stationmaster is still disapproving. Music plays Over,
something triumphant.

EXT. ST. CLOUD'S - THE HILL - EARLY MORNING

Music
Homer makes his way up the hill toward the orphanage.
Over.

EXT. ORPHANAGE - EARLY MORNING

fighting
pumpkins.
see
runs
turns
Edna is breaking up fights; this time, instead of
over snowballs, the orphans are fighting over their
Suddenly Homer tops the brow of the hill and they all
him. Buster is the first to catch sight of Homer; he
toward him. Mary Agnes also sees Homer; she immediately
away and runs inside. Music FADES OUT Over.

INT. LAVATORY - EARLY MORNING

the
hands.
Mary Agnes crashes into the bathroom and stumbles up to
mirror; she starts to fix herself up with shaking

INT. ORPHANAGE, FRONT HALL - EARLY MORNING

Angela
takes
Everyone has heard the news; they come on the run. The
children flock around Homer, hugging him. Homer takes
and Edna in his arms. Mary Agnes joins the group. Homer

awkwardly

in how changed, how attractive she is. They smile at each other.

INT. BOYS' DIVISION - EVENING

hands as
through

Homer's suitcase is open on the bed; we see Homer's he begins to unpack. Smaller hands reach in and root the clothes.

CURLY (O.S.)

Did you bring something for me?

then
pale-green

Curly continues his search. Homer thinks for a second; reaches into his pocket and pulls out the piece of glass.

HOMER

You know what? I did.

Homer hands the piece of glass to Curly.

HOMER

It's from the ocean. It's for you.

new
out

Curly is duly impressed; he walks away to examine his treasure. Homer continues unpacking. He pulls his X ray and puts it aside.

BUSTER

What are you doing here?

in

Homer turns to see Buster, Mary Agnes, Angela, and Edna the doorway.

MARY AGNES

We made up a room for you.

ANGELA

Wouldn't you be more comfortable by yourself?

Homer smiles; he nods.

in
somber

Angela and Mary Agnes start to put Homer's things back
his bag. Edna picks up the X ray and looks at it with a
expression.

EDNA

Homer, do you know what this is?

HOMER

Sure. It's my heart.

ANGELA

(shakes her head)

Actually, it's Fuzzy's. There's
nothing wrong with your heart.

HOMER

Fuzzy's?!

EDNA

Dr. Larch wanted to keep you out of
the war, Homer--that's why he did
it. That's why he told you it was
yours.

Homer is stunned; he puts his hand to his heart.

ANGELA

I think he worried about his own
heart. He said it would never stand
up to Homer Wells going off to war.

Homer takes that in; he nods. Mary Agnes touches him
sympathetically.

INT. LARCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

and
as if
if

Homer looks at his fake diplomas; they are now framed
hanging on the office wall. Homer surveys the office,
for the first time; he sits down in the desk chair, as
slowly getting used to his new position.

INT. BOYS' DIVISION - NIGHT

his
reassuring

Homer reads to the boys from "David Copperfield". While
voice is strong--positive, optimistic, certainly

misses
two
title of

to the boys--there is in the conclusion of the chapter something that distracts him. He seems to hesitate; he a line or two, and perhaps he purposely skips one or others. (Possibly Homer's eyes wander ahead, to the the next chapter: "I Make Another Beginning.")

HOMER

"Thus I began my new life, in a new name, and with everything new about me... I felt... like one in a dream... The remembrance of that life is fraught with so much... want of hope... Whether it lasted for a year, or more, or less, I do not know. I only know that it was, and ceased to be; and... there I leave it."

Homer stops and looks at the boys' faces.

CURLY

What happens next?

Homer smiles.

HOMER

That's tomorrow, Curly. Let's not give the story away.

familiar
hall
hall,
and
imitation

Homer puts out the lights and leaves the boys in the semi-darkness. Seconds, later, the closed door to the is flung open, flooding the room with light from the and Homer, dressed in his long white laboratory coat looking every inch the doctor, delivers his best of Larch's popular blessing.

HOMER

Good night, you Princes of Maine!
You Kings of New England!

the
again.

On Copperfield and Steerforth and Curly as the door to hall is closed and semi-darkness prevails in the room

the

Copperfield, smiling, shuts his eyes. After a second,
wide-eyed Steerforth shuts his eyes, too. Then Curly.
The last to close his eyes is Buster.

BLACK:

FADE TO

THE END