

A Life
by
Charles McEnerney

Charles McEnerney
59 Forest Hills St
Jamaica Plain MA 02130
617.233.6613
Charlie@wellroundedradio.net

FADE IN:

INT. A PAINTER'S STUDIO - DAY

Scanning across a canvas, deep blue and green hues are seen at close range.

The color scheme shifts to yellow and brown as other paintings are shown.

GARRETT (O.S.)

Looking back, I would say it was worth it. Maybe there were days or weeks when I questioned that, but I came to feel more assured, taking it all together rather than trying to separate it out.

A thick, paint-encrusted brush crosses the canvas of one in progress.

PULL BACK TO:

GARRETT stands before a large canvas in a high-ceilinged studio cluttered with them.

In his early seventies, Garrett is bearded and heavy, working on a piece with a brilliant, dark red scrawl.

From a distance, we see it's a painting of a sinewy woman against a dark, threatening sky.

Standing nearby is ADDIE. We don't see her face, only her back as she watches Garrett work.

He stops working, turns to her and waves the brush as talks with his hands.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Though maybe the goal isn't to feel one hundred percent sure. Perhaps it's better to keep questioning it...keep yourself filled with questions you can never answer.

(a beat)

And, in that case, we've already reached our goal, haven't we?

Addie smiles. In her mid-thirties, she's pretty and dressed with meticulous care.

Revealed in her hand is a tape recorder. She reaches her thumb forward, clicking it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie pushes back her shoulder-length, curly hair, taking a deep breath as Garrett smiles.

She's tall, but moves with self-assurance and grace.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Do you have enough?

Addie nods.

ADDIE

If I need more, I'll call.

Garrett nods, placing the paint brush onto a palette.

GARRETT

Can you stay for lunch?

Addie puts the tape recorder into her briefcase, glancing at her watch.

ADDIE

I'm afraid I don't have time. My flight's in about an hour.

Garrett nods, walking with Addie across the room to an open door.

GARRETT

Well, it's been a pleasure spending this time with you, Addie. I can't wait to read the book so I can see how my life ends up.

Garrett laughs, shaking Addie's hand. She smiles.

ADDIE

You know I can't predict the future, Garrett. I only reveal the past.

EXT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - DAY

In the middle of the Santa Fe desert, Addie waves to Garrett, climbing into her car.

Steering around cacti and tumbleweeds in the front yard, Addie heads down the road and kicks up dust.

INT. ADDIE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Addie speeds along the highway, passing signs for the Albuquerque airport.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

Planes descend on the tarmac, the Manhattan skyline appearing in the background after the jet passes.

INT. CAB - DAY

Addie sits in the back seat of a taxi on the L.I.E., inching forward in her seat to eye the Manhattan skyline grows larger by the second through the windshield.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is filled with steam as water beats down behind the curtain.

Passing it, we see no one's in the shower. Across the room, Addie and RUSSELL make love on the counter.

In his mid-thirties, Russell is short and muscular. Dirty blonde hair thins on his head.

We can barely see them through the steam, only their interlocked bodies. In between groans, they speak.

ADDIE

Miss me?

Russell smiles.

RUSSELL

No.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Addie rapidly flips through a book on wedding planning.

Not far from the wedding section, a WOMAN in her forties sits at a table with a display for her new book.

A long line of CUSTOMERS stand in formation, eagerly waiting for theirs to be signed.

Addie pays no attention to the clamor and SECURITY GUARDS surrounding the writer. From behind Addie, LIZBETH appears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In her mid-forties with hair tied back tight, Lizbeth's nails extend far off her fingertips. A heavy dose of make-up covers a dark, suntanned face.

Lizbeth smirks at the line of waiting customers.

LIZBETH

Oh, please. She writes the same book over and over again.

Addie looks up, turning to the signing before smiling.

ADDIE

People like to know what they're getting, I guess.

Lizbeth rolls her eyes, moving around Addie to get a closer look, but still hiding behind a display.

LIZBETH

If they only knew what a bitch she really is, they wouldn't be so hungry to get her autograph.

Addie doesn't look up, continuing to scan the book.

ADDIE

Just because she didn't re-sign with you, it's no reason to hate her. It wasn't personal, Lizbeth.

Addie looks up.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

And I thought you wanted to come here to say hello, anyway?

Lizbeth turns to Addie.

LIZBETH

No. I was just hoping I'd be the only one to show.

Lizbeth waves to Addie to leave. Addie takes the book she's been reading as well a few others she's stacked on a shelf.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Will you stop worrying? Everything will be fine.

Lizbeth shoves the books back onto the shelf and waves Addie toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

And besides, you don't have any time to read these.

ADDIE

Relax. I'll have Garrett's bio done within the week.

Addie and Lizbeth head to the door, weaving past the writer's fans in line.

Lizbeth shoots ahead as Addie turns back, carefully watching the women writer for a moment as she chats with her fans, smiling and signing away all the while.

LIZABETH

Addie, let's go!

EXT. MID-TOWN STREET - DAY

Addie and Lizbeth hurry down congested sidewalks in Midtown Manhattan.

LIZBETH

You're not really still nervous, are you?

ADDIE

Sorry. I don't have as much practice at this as you.

Lizbeth feigns a laugh.

LIZBETH

Ouch, but really, you should relax. Everything's going to be fine. You and Russell are going to be very happy.

(a beat)

Unless, of course, he's like the rest of the male population and is terrified of settling down with one woman for the rest of his long, monogamous life.

Addie smiles sarcastically.

ADDIE

Thank goodness. For a minute there, I thought you were actually being supportive.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Addie and Lizbeth stand in the back of a crowded elevator, everyone near squirming.

LIZABETH

I have some other open assignments
if you're interested.

ADDIE

I can't start anything new,
Lizbeth.

LIZBETH

Okay. It's your choice. I just
thought you'd want to keep busy so
you don't have time to think
yourself into a frenzy.

ADDIE

I have plenty to keep me busy.
(a beat)
And I'll find the time to get
worked into a frenzy, all the same.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Sentences are typed at a rapid pace. The words don't make any
literal sense; they're just letters, words, and punctuation
poured out onto a LCD screen.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. ADDIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Addie sits in a cramped, dark space, leaning back to look at
the words she's typed on the screen.

Beside her, a tape recorder sits. She hits the play button.

GARRETT (V.O.)

For me, I had to decide between my
art and what everyone expected of
it. Those are very different
things. It wasn't easy to separate,
to make people look at each without
some sort of preconception.

(a beat)

What I did and who I was had become
indistinguishable.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARRETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I lost many friends because they
 couldn't accept who I really was.
 They wanted to believe I was a
 certain type of person because it
 was easier for them, but that
 wouldn't do.

(a beat)

We all must take those chances and
 find out who we truly are.

Addie taps the stop button, returning to the laptop to type
 the words.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Addie stands at the mirror as Russell enters, trying to hug
 her as she puts on make-up.

GARRETT
 Nervous?

ADDIE
 Should I be?

Russell shakes his head.

RUSSELL
 Just don't let my family get to
 you. They'll just be in town this
 weekend and then they're gone for
 another month.

Addie laughs.

ADDIE
 Russell, I like your family.

Russell eyes her in the mirror. She catches his smirk as she
 puts on eye liner.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
 I do.

He shrugs, heading into the shower.

RUSSELL
 Just keep saying that.

ADDIE
 I'll have no problem saying it. And
 your family has nothing to do with
 it, in any case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Russell pulls the shower curtain across, turning on the water and shouting above it.

RUSSELL

Just don't let them get you all riled up. Cheryl has a habit of doing that.

ADDIE

Don't worry. I don't take Cheryl seriously anyway.

Russell laughs.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Addie's wedding shower takes place in an Italian restaurant with a ROOM FULL OF WOMEN, each dressed up, talking, eating and laughing.

A pile of opened gifts sits near the window, a variety of appliances, cooking paraphernalia, bedding, etc.

Addie speaks with Dana and a group of older women as CHERYL pulls her aside, far from the fray.

Addie smiles at Cheryl, waiting for her to speak. Cheryl purses her lips as Addie laughs nervously.

ADDIE

What?

CHERYL

Any butterflies?

ADDIE

A few. They'll go away.

CHERYL

I'm sure. I know how much you love Russ and I just wanted to say you have no reason to worry. Everything will work out fine.

ADDIE

I'm sure it will, Cheryl.

Cheryl waves her hands, spilling her drink.

CHERYL

What happened back then...it wasn't his fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie shakes her head as Cheryl picks chunks of fruit from a tray. She hesitates, then lets out a fake response, anyway.

ADDIE

I know.

CHERYL

I mean, he never would have done that to Genie if she'd been honest in the first place.

(a beat)

You know what a good person Russell is. He never thought he'd stand a woman up at the altar, but considering the way she acted, I'm sure you agree she deserved it.

Addie smiles nervously, unable to really respond as Cheryl shakes her head to herself.

ADDIE

Yeah, I suppose she did.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Small and cramped, Russell's bachelor apartment is hip deep in cardboard boxes.

Addie unloads a bookcase as Russell enters.

RUSSELL

Want to get some lunch?

ADDIE

I'm not hungry.

RUSSELL

Okay. We'll go later.

Russell turns, beginning to clean out a bureau.

ADDIE

Why don't you get something? I'll be fine 'til dinner.

Russell shrugs, then drops the clothing in his hands back into the bureau.

RUSSELL

Okay. Be right back.

Russell gives Addie a quick kiss, then flies out the door. The door's barely slammed when Addie heads across the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pulls tape off a cardboard box, grabbing a shoe box to rifle through a stack of letters and photographs.

She digs deep quickly, coming upon a group of photographs in a separate envelope.

Addie looks at them quickly; they're of a younger Russell and Genie, smiling or laughing, but always holding hands.

Addie's erratic breathing stops.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Addie sits at the desk in near darkness, the laptop illuminating her tired face. A printer hums and churns out page after page.

She sits back, staring at a photograph of herself and Russell on the beach.

Both of them are smiling wildly, the antithesis of her expression now.

INT. LIZBETH'S OFFICE - DAY

Addie sits in an office overlooking Central Park, eyeing a wall covered with photos of Lizbeth with literary figures like Gore Vidal, Norman Mailer, Jackie Collins, et al.

Lizbeth flips through a manuscript with a byline from Addie Watkins on its cover.

LIZBETH

Thanks for getting this in early.
Saved my ass again.

She stops, looking up at Addie's sullen expression.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Addie perks up slightly, but she's still listless. She shakes her head as she stands, heading for the door.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

I thought we were having lunch?

ADDIE

Can we do it another day?

Lizbeth nods, standing up as Addie heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Call me if you need changes.

Lizbeth opens her mouth to speak, but stops herself. She nods quickly, smiling as Addie makes her way out the door quickly.

INT. ADDIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Addie sits before the laptop, but she's not typing.

The text on the screen is different. It's fiction and the names, description and dialogue make more linear sense than the text we've previously seen.

In the top of the window, the title, "Face Down in the Wishing Well" is shown.

Addie stares at it for a moment, moves her hands toward the keyboard, then suddenly returns them to her lap.

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

Addie and Russell hustle through the Farmer's Market, swerving to pass its many CUSTOMERS.

ADDIE
I'm not saying I don't want to buy it. I've always wanted a brownstone.

RUSSELL
Then what is it?

Addie stops, chewing on her lip as she looks away from Russell.

ADDIE
I just feel like everything isn't on the table.

Russell steps forward, reaching out to hold her.

RUSSELL
What's not on the table? I love you. You love me. It's all right there.

Addie turns.

ADDIE
Is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL

Of course.

ADDIE

You're telling me you've been completely honest with me about everything? I know everything there is to know about you?

Russell shrugs, smiling.

RUSSELL

Everything that matters.

ADDIE

Really?

Russell steps forward, kissing Addie softly.

RUSSELL

Really.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Addie and Russell stand in the lawyer's office overlooking Union Square.

Besides the TWO LAWYERS and the FORMER OWNERS, a SECRETARY organizes the paperwork.

The pen in her hand, Addie leans over to sign the agreement.

Nearly touching the paper, she looks up to Russell.

ADDIE

Really?

Russell looks around with confusion, leaning toward Addie.

Her voice rises. The lawyers and former owners eye each other with embarrassment.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

Do I really know everything I should know about you?

Russell blushes, cringing as he looks around the room.

RUSSELL

Yes, Addie. Now sign on the dotted line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie looks back the agreement, her fingers shaking with the pen just above the paper.

She sets it down.

ADDIE
What about Genie?

The red in Russell's cheeks drains.

Addie stands erect. Russell shakes his head, attempting to laugh it off.

RUSSELL
Addie, it's not what you think.

Russell attempts another laugh, but it can't cover the uneasy silence in the room.

He takes Addie by the arm, leading her to the door.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Would you excuse us a second?

EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

Addie rushes away from Russell, eluding each of his grasps.

RUSSELL
Addie, can we just talk about this?

ADDIE
You had four years to talk.

RUSSELL
You know it doesn't do any good to bring up stories about old girlfriends.

ADDIE
There's a little difference between old flames and old fiances, Russell.

RUSSELL
But I didn't know what you meant! I don't know what Cheryl told you, but I couldn't go through with the marriage. If I had, I would have resented the hell out of her and Joshua for the rest of my life.

Addie stops, turning to Russell with crossed arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE
Who's Joshua?

Russell speaks between gasps, trying to catch his breath.

RUSSELL
Cheryl didn't mention him?

Addie shakes her head. Russell exhales.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
This is a very long story. We need
to sit down, have some coffee and
talk it out, okay?

ADDIE
No. If you were going to tell me,
you'd have done it already.
(a beat)
And I don't know why you didn't,
but right now, it doesn't really
matter.

Addie turns, hurrying across the park and leaving Russell to
stare after her, unable to move.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RUSSELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Overlooking Hudson Bay, Russell sits behind his desk in a
posh, corner office.

In a sharp dress shirt and tie, he leans back, punching in
the last number on a telephone.

RUSSELL
Judith? Hi, it's Russell again.
(a beat)
You haven't? Shit. That's weird.
(a beat)
No, it's okay. Just tell her that I
called if you see her.

Russell nods.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
I know. Well, all the same...

Russell holds the phone as the dial tone replaces Judith's
murmuring voice. He hangs up, leans back and groans.

INT. LIZBETH'S OFFICE - DAY

Lizbeth enters, calling out orders to an unseen assistant behind her.

LIZBETH

And tell Tom to get me the new draft. Have him fax it, e-mail it, whatever he has to do. I want it in my hands this afternoon!

Lizbeth closes the door. All at once, her tone changes from ferocious to caring.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Sure you're not overreacting?

Addie sits.

ADDIE

How would you react?

Lizbeth scurries across the room, biting her lip in consideration.

LIZBETH

I don't know, but what if it was too hard for him? What if he was afraid he'd jinx things with you guys?

Addie shakes her head, holding up her hand to stop Lizbeth.

ADDIE

I've considered every possibility. I'm sure he had his reasons, but that's not what I have a problem with. I want to know how could he never let it slip! He's never referred to this Genie woman in the four years we've dated, not once!

Addie shakes her head, standing to pace as Lizbeth watches.

LIZBETH

So, what are you going to do?

ADDIE

What is there to do? I'm calling it off and getting on with my life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE (CONT'D)

I'll go see my Mom or spend some time with my sister. She's always bugging me to come to Montana.

Lizbeth cringes, shaking her head.

LIZBETH

You shouldn't have that much time on your hands. Stay busy, really busy.

Addie smirks.

ADDIE

The 90's mantra for the working woman, huh?

LIZBETH

Trust me. You don't need spare time to think this into a frenzy. Get back to work. Stay hip deep in it until you're ready to make some decisions.

Lizbeth raises her eyebrows, sitting back in her ergonomically-correct chair. Addie laughs.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

And I might be able to help keep you that busy.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Addie and Lizbeth sit in a booth in an upscale restaurant packed with BUSINESS WOMEN and MEN at lunch hour.

Lizbeth drops a copy of the New York Times' Book Review in front of Addie. It's opened to the best-sellers list.

LIZBETH

Tell me, what do you see?

Addie hesitates, then looks at the list. She shrugs.

ADDIE

I don't know. Some mysteries, romances, a few self-help books. The Road Less Traveled, of course.

Lizbeth waves Addie's words away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZBETH

Let me rephrase. What don't you see?

Addie hesitates longer, looking at the list again. After a moment, she looks up, more annoyed.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Any titles by Douksa?

Addie looks back at the list, quickly skimming it before shaking her head.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Exactly.

ADDIE

Exactly what? Douksa hasn't had a best-seller in years.

Lizbeth purses her lips, leaning across the table to whisper. She takes her time speaking, but her tone is always urgent.

LIZBETH

You know as well as I that Burt Douksa is one of the world's greatest living novelists, yet we have a warehouse full of his last title! There's too many Clanceys and Kings and Grishams on the shelves. Their pabulum is crowding out true literary talent.

Lizbeth shakes her head, sipping mineral water as she catches her breath.

ADDIE

Douksa's books have changed over the years. In a lot of ways they've gotten better, but maybe his old readers don't think so.

LIZBETH

Maybe, but we're doing everything we can to figure out what will bring them back...focus groups, telephone surveys, man on the street interviews...

Lizbeth waves her hands, overly animated as she speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

The only thing we're sure of is that the public doesn't know the whole story.

(a beat)

Burt survived the Nazi control of Poland as a child, lived in the jungles of Africa in his teens and traveled around the world twice. He moves to America at thirty and can barely speak the language, but ends up writing some of the greatest literature -- and you know I don't throw that word around lightly -- of our time.

Lizbeth catches her breath.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

His life is the thing epic films are made about. What better way to clue the public in than with a real tell-all? With one on the shelves, sales for his fiction are sure to revive -- and it certainly won't hurt his book coming out next year, either.

Addie closes the newspaper.

ADDIE

Douksa's more than just a recluse, Lizbeth. After Shattering Walls he dropped off the face of the earth. I'm guessing he lives that way for a reason.

LIZBETH

Of course, but Burt's as concerned about his sales as we are. He wants to see his books be read. What's the point of writing them otherwise?

ADDIE

So he's agreed to a tell-all?

LIZBETH

More than agreed. He's positively anxious. And I want you to write it.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

I can see it. "Burt Douksa: A Life"
by Addie Watkins.

Addie smirks as she shakes her head.

ADDIE

I can't believe you've been holding
out on a Douksa bio from me!

Lizbeth waves her hand.

LIZBETH

You were busy...there were
conflicts with his schedule. It
just didn't work out.

(a beat)

But, considering the state of
things, you probably won't mind
spending a few weeks in the
Martha's Vineyard sun.

Addie's eyebrows raise. She smiles.

ADDIE

Now that I know where he lives, do
you have to kill me after I write
the bio?

Lizbeth takes the Book Review back.

LIZBETH

No, but I only tell you because I
knew you'd want to do it. I know
how dedicated you are to getting to
the heart of your subjects, but I
need someone who will really stick
to their guns on this one. Think
you can do that?

ADDIE

Lizbeth, I've been doing this for
twelve years. I've interviewed
Nobel prize-winning troglodyte
metaphysicists and Bulgarian ballet
dancers with egos the size of
Saturn.

(a beat)

When would you want me to go?

Lizbeth pulls an envelope from her briefcase. She hands it to
Addie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LIZBETH

You're booked on the 2:30 ferry
from Falmouth tomorrow.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Addie steps into darkness, feeling around for the light switch.

Getting the lights on, she looks around at the boxes scattered throughout the halls. Her face sags.

INT. ADDIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Addie stands at the refrigerator, pulling out a bottle of water.

The door closes and she spots a old, wrinkled note from Russell on the door.

She removes it from under a magnet, staring at his scrawl for a long moment before dropping it into the garbage can.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - DAY

Addie pulls out of an underground parking garage in a Pathfinder. She screeches out and speeds down the block to the West Side Highway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FALMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS FERRY DOCK - DAY

Addie sits in her car in line, watching impatiently as the cars drive off.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Sitting inside the ferry, Addie watches as they cross Nantucket Sound and approach Martha's Vineyard.

The wind in her hair and the sun on her face do little to relax her.

Addie looks down at a manila envelope, pulling out a stack of articles about Burt Douksa.

The clippings start out with paparazzi photos of Douksa and his wife at book release parties.

The headlines read "Douksa Delivers Another Chart Topper" and "Douksa's Latest Remains on Top of Best-Seller List."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Addie continues through the pile, the headlines change to "Prize-winning Novelist Vanishes from Celeb Scene," "Where is Burt Douksa Now?" and "Reclusive Novelist Spotted in Manila."

Addie scans the following stories quickly, noticing that the number of articles quickly dwindles.

She sits back, staring at an article entitled, "Salinger, Douksa & Pynchon: Disappearing Acts."

She looks up, eyeing the island with wide eyes as the ferry pulls to its port.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD FERRY DOCK - DAY

Addie pulls off the ferry, following the directions of a TRAFFIC COP.

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - DAY

Addie pulls up at an old Victorian house, a B&B shingle on its lawn. She double checks the address and shuts off the engine.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - DAY

Addie follows WILL, 19 and in a wrinkled shirt and tie, toward the check-in desk as he carries her luggage and box of mail.

Small in size, Will's gestures and constant motion more than make up for it.

To the left, a tiny dining room is busy and noisy with other B&B GUESTS. Working the room, Will's parents take orders, serve meals and make polite small talk.

WILL

Good trip?

Addie nods. Will sets her things down, working feverishly to get the paperwork together, speaking all the while.

WILL (CONT'D)

Where'd you come in from?

ADDIE

New York.

WILL

City? Ah, you're making me homesick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE
From The Big Apple, are you?

Will nods.

WILL
It used to be my home.

ADDIE
Miss the energy?

WILL
No, my friends. I only see them a couple times a year now. They can't afford to come here, but I get down whenever my slave-holder parents think I deserve a week off.

Will motions toward the dining room and Addie glances in.

WILL (CONT'D)
There aren't too many people my age up here to make friends with and even if there were, they'd all be gone at the end of the summer, so what's the point. You know what I mean?

Addie nods, not really absorbing all this information. Will checks the register.

WILL (CONT'D)
Oh. It says you're booked here indefinitely.

ADDIE
I won't be staying forever, just a month. Maybe a little longer.

WILL
Nice vacation. You must make a lot of money doing whatever it is you do.

Addie laughs.

ADDIE
Not usually. I'm a writer.

WILL
I bet it's a lot, though. My Uncle Jeff used to write. Some newspaper...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Will stops hustling and thinks; Addie gets impatient.

WILL (CONT'D)

I forget which, but it was a big one. He worked there twenty years and ended up quitting to write these mystery novels, but they all bombed. Now he lives out in the desert in Nevada somewhere. My parents say he cracked.

Will shrugs as he grabs keys from a rack.

ADDIE

Or maybe he just wised up.

Addie reaches forward to take the key, but Will doesn't get the hint.

WILL

Have you written any best-sellers?

Addie's shoulders sag a bit.

ADDIE

No. Not yet, anyway. Mostly I write biographies.

WILL

I read them sometimes. Sports ones. Ever write any of those?

ADDIE

A couple.

WILL

What? Baseball, basketball, football?

Addie shakes her head.

ADDIE

Dancers, gymnasts, golfers...those kinds of sports.

Will waves his hand at Addie, laughing.

WILL

Those aren't sports.

Addie smiles at Will's smug honesty.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

The sun beating down and waves crashing at the shore, Addie drives along a beach front road.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Addie pulls down a sandy road to a one-level, ramshackle cape. Coming from the shore, the sounds of waves and sea gulls is ever present.

Listening to the classical music playing from inside, Addie knocks on the door, looking at the house in desperate need of repair.

Suddenly, the music shuts off.

Turning back to knock again, Addie is startled to see BURT in the doorway.

In his mid-sixties, big and burly, Burt is dressed in sweat shorts and a Red Sox T-shirt. He scowls. In his voice, there's a trace of an Eastern European accent.

BURT

Yes?

Addie smiles, nervousness shaking her speech. She extends her hand.

ADDIE

Mr. Douksa? I'm Addie Watkins. I believe Lizbeth Hammersted told you I was coming.

Burt closes his eyes, groaning as he exhales. He doesn't shake her hand and Addie slowly retrieves hers.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

Does that name ring any bells?

BURT

Yes, but I thought I'd finally talked her out of this notion.

Addie smiles, stepping toward Burt. He moves up, blocking her view into the house.

ADDIE

Lizbeth told me you were looking forward to speaking with me so I could write your biography.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURT

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Addie's eyes widen.

ADDIE

Okay, well...

(a beat)

What do you say you just give it a try? We can talk for a little bit and see how...

BURT

What do you say you get back on that ferry and return to Boston or wherever it is you came from?

ADDIE

New York, actually.

BURT

I'm sorry you had to travel so far.

Burt starts to close the door, startling Addie. She finally laughs out loud.

ADDIE

I'm sorry. There must be some kind of confusion.

BURT

No. My publisher wants to have my biography written. I don't. It's very simple.

Addie nods, trying to absorb what's going on.

BURT (CONT'D)

Listen, if you're so interested in writing biographies, why don't you write one about your own life?

ADDIE

Frankly, it wouldn't be much of a page-turner.

BURT

Now you know how I feel.

Inside the house, a tea kettle begins to whistle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT (CONT'D)
Please, excuse me.

Burt doesn't even wait for a response. He closes the door, turning several locks as Addie stands at the doorway.

She steps back, mumbling.

ADDIE
Thanks so much for your time.

Addie lets the screen door close, walking to her car in a daze.

She gets in and sits there for a long moment, her face in a knot. After a moment, the music starts back up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ADDIE'S CAR - DAY

Addie sits in line for the ferry, her hands on the wheel and an uneasy expression on her face.

The ferry back to Falmouth pulls up to the dock, a new batch of VACATIONERS arriving.

All of a sudden, Addie begins to cry. Her hands fall to her lap and tears roll down her face; she's wracked with emotion.

It keeps coming as the traffic cop directs the cars coming off.

She looks around, realizing she's boxed in by other cars. She jumps out of hers just as the others begin boarding.

The cop sees Addie is out of her car, shouting over to her.

TRAFFIC COP
Something wrong?

Addie shouts over the roar of the cars.

ADDIE
I forgot something at my hotel. Can you hold them up so I can turn around?

The traffic cop gives Addie the thumbs up.

Addie jumps in her car, pulling a u-turn around the traffic and heading back into Edgartown.

INT. ADDIE'S CAR - DAY

The tears are still flowing, but Addie fights them off, wiping her face as she speeds along the beach front road.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Addie pulls up, drying her face with the cuff of her shirt. She heads to the front door.

Banging on it several times, she gets no answer.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Sunshine beats down on the serene beach, white clouds billowing above and VACATIONERS dotting the sand in the distance.

Burt swims laps several yards off shore as Addie rushes across the sand to him.

Far back from the water, she begins yelling toward Burt.

ADDIE

You know, you didn't have to...be such an asshole! It's not my fault Lizbeth didn't tell me what was going on.

He doesn't notice her at first, but once he does he makes his way for the shore.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

I personally don't care all that much about your life story, Mr. Douksa. I mean, I love your writing, but this is just another job to me.

Burt reaches her as Addie starts fighting back the tears. It's a losing battle.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

And the sad thing is now all I want to do is go back to New York and throw all your books out my window.

Burt moves closer to her as Addie covers her face. She moves backwards, heading away from the water as she catches her breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE (CONT'D)

So all I have to say is...

(a beat)

Don't be such a creep if some other
writer comes up here to get your
life story.

Addie fights to get the words out.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

If you don't want it to be known,
so be it.

Burt reaches down, picking up an oversized beach towel and
hands it to Addie. His voice is suddenly much warmer.

BURT

Miss, would you like some tea?

Addie stops moving backward, turning with quivering lips.

EXT. BURT'S DECK - DAY

Addie sits at a picnic table, sipping the tea and
occasionally wiping her eyes. Burt sits in the lounge chair,
staring off at the sea with the Boston Globe in his lap.

They sit in awkward silence, each eyeing the other
sporadically.

ADDIE

Sorry 'bout that. It's not you,
really.

Addie looks to Burt. He lifts his sunglasses off his face.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

But you already knew that.

BURT

You have the look of someone in
great pain. I'm sorry if I made it
worse.

Burt replaces his sunglasses. Addie shrugs, finishing the
tea. She shakes her head.

ADDIE

I'm supposed to be married in a few
weeks and I just found out my
fiance was once engaged to another
woman.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE (CONT'D)

He left her high and dry at the altar and never said a word about it, never even mentioned being engaged before.

(a beat)

And then...

Addie's voice trails off as she looks up to Burt. He wears a smug grin on his lips.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

What?

BURT

You think if you tell me all about your sorry life, I'll open up and give you something to write about, don't you?

Addie's face contorts.

ADDIE

You're unbelievable.

She rises, rushing off the deck. Burt jumps to his feet.

BURT

As if the thought never crossed your mind. Trust me, everyone has their bag of tricks. I see them coming a mile off.

Addie stops.

ADDIE

I'm not making this up. Do you actually think I would just so you'd talk?

Burt holds his hand up, shaking his head.

BURT

I'm sorry. It was wrong of me to assume.

Addie turns, heading back to her car.

ADDIE

Damn straight.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Addie gets in her car, just as Burt approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her window open, he stands nearby for a moment without saying a word. Addie grips the steering wheel, looking down.

ADDIE

I don't know what I was thinking taking this job. I should be lying under the covers somewhere.

BURT

But you obviously don't want to be in New York.

Addie looks up to Burt.

BURT (CONT'D)

So stay.

Addie raises her eyebrows.

BURT (CONT'D)

I mean, stay and have a vacation on Lizbeth's nickel. Don't stay because you think I'll talk to you.

(a beat)

Because I won't.

Addie suddenly lightens up, snorting a short laugh.

ADDIE

It's your choice.

BURT

Of course, but Lizbeth won't accept that. She thinks every soul who likes my books needs to know all the sordid particulars.

(a beat)

The world is glutted with people's stories. I don't need mine on the page to make sense of it for me.

Addie smiles.

ADDIE

She said you'd do it because your books aren't selling like they used to.

BURT

And nothing could make me happier. Look at what's on the best-seller list. A bunch of crap.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT (CONT'D)

Why would I want to be associated
with that rubbish?

Addie laughs.

BURT (CONT'D)

And why must everything revolve
around the almighty dollar to my
publisher? I had my run, we all
made a few dollars. What do I need
it for now? I've got the sunsets
and sunrises.

(a beat)

I'm not on this planet to keep my
publisher in fine clothes and
penthouse apartments, eating at the
Four Seasons and vacationing in St.
Bart's. All they want from me now
is a book they can sell to
Hollywood and mangle into an action
adventure debacle.

(a beat)

I'll pass on that option.

Addie smiles, letting Burt catch his breath.

ADDIE

I see you've thought this all out.

BURT

I've had time to.

Addie nods, turning the car on.

ADDIE

I'm sorry I bothered you. If I'd
known...

Burt waves his hand; there's no need to explain.

BURT

I hope you and your fiance can
resolve your problems. It's
certainly worth the effort.

Burt looks back toward the house. He steps away from the car.

BURT (CONT'D)

Good-bye.

Burt enters the house, shutting the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Addie sits for a minute, listening to the waves hitting the shore before the classical music resumes.

After a moment, the sound of manual typewriter also flows from inside the house.

She listens for a long moment.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - DAY

Addie opens the door as Will hangs up the phone. He looks up.

WILL
Hey, I knew you'd be back.

ADDIE
Oh, really?

Will nods. Addie looks at him with confusion as he pulls her keys from a hook.

WILL
Burt's not cooperating, huh?

Addie looks up with surprise.

ADDIE
I thought no one knew he was here?

WILL
No one's supposed to, but...

Will shakes his head and laughs.

WILL (CONT'D)
You might as well make the best of it. Most of Manhattan would kill to spend a weekend here.

Addie shrugs, following him as he lugs her bags upstairs.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm just surprised they're giving it another shot.

Addie shakes her head.

ADDIE
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

Writing a book about Burt, I mean.
You're the eleventh person to come
up here since Memorial Day.

Addie stops in her tracks.

INTERCUT:

INT. EDGARTOWN INN / INT. LIZBETH'S OFFICE - DAY

Addie sits on the bed, her laptop humming beside her.

Lizbeth sits behind her desk, an ASSISTANT showing her cover designs which she nods at or dismisses throughout the conversation.

LIZBETH

Addie, got your message. How's it going?

Addie sighs, sitting on the bed and shoving the manuscript and letters back into the box.

ADDIE

Really well. We're making a lot of progress.

LIZBETH

Why aren't you with Burt now?

ADDIE

He needed to work. We talked all day, though.

Lizbeth doesn't speak, letting a long break linger over the static-filled line.

LIZBETH

He's not going for it, is he?

Addie loses the sarcasm in her voice, turning angry.

ADDIE

Not one bit! Douksa has no interest in cooperating and knew that!

LIZBETH

Dammit!

Addie exhales hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE

Why didn't you tell me what was going on, Lizbeth? I could have gone somewhere and actually kept myself busy.

LIZBETH

That's what I was trying to do! I thought this would help you get over Russell.

ADDIE

Don't act like you're doing me a favor, okay? I know I was your last resort.

LIZBETH

You were not. There's plenty of people after you.

ADDIE

Well, start dialing. Burt Douksa isn't giving me any tell-all interview.

LIZBETH

You're not giving up, are you? I said I needed someone to hang tough!

ADDIE

There's nothing to hang tough on. You've had a dozen writers up here pestering him, but he doesn't care how his books sell. You have no leverage and frankly, I agree with his logic.

LIZBETH

Addie, I didn't send you there to become his best friend. I sent you because you're a strong woman and aggressive and...

Addie holds the phone away from her ear, Lizbeth's voice turning to a tinny stream of flattery.

ADDIE

Okay, okay, I'll give it another shot. Maybe, if I have a chance to speak with him, he'll warm up to the idea and we can...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZBETH

No, no, no, no, no! We've got a deadline, Addie, a deadline. We can't let this slide again. I've promised my C.E.O. a Douksa biography for the fourth quarter and I will deliver a Douksa biography.

(a beat)

My future is relying on this.

ADDIE

Let's not get crazy. It's just a book.

LIZBETH

No, it's not. It's my career!

Addie groans. The line stays silent for a moment.

ADDIE

Has Russell called?

Lizbeth lifts a stack of messages from her desk.

LIZBETH

Five times since lunch. Forget about him, Addie. He's a leech. All men are leeches. They'll bleed you dry one way or the other. Now, about Burt's bio...

ADDIE

Maybe I could write an unauthorized one.

LIZBETH

That's tabloid. No, it's time to get tough.

ADDIE

I'm open to suggestions.

LIZBETH

I'll get back to you.

Lizbeth hangs up, the dial tone in her ear only somewhat surprising Addie.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - FRONT FOYER - DAY

Addie descends the stairs to see Will at the window, staring through lace curtains.

Will doesn't hear her approach and she follows his line of sight to The Lighthouse Cafe, a restaurant across the street.

MIRA, 21, tall and with short brown hair, waits on the handful of tables at the busy cafe.

Addie eyes Will as his follow the girl's movements.

ADDIE

What's her name?

Startled, Will turns.

Addie points out the window. Will shrugs.

WILL

I don't know. She just got here.

(a beat)

Her parents are from Newport. They visit all the time. She just started working there a few weeks back. I heard she finished college in New York. Probably just here for the summer.

Addie smiles.

ADDIE

Have you talked to her yet?

Will bites the inside of his lip, shaking his head.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

Why don't you ask her out?

WILL

Well, that's not a good idea.

ADDIE

Why don't we get something to eat?

You can see her up close.

Will starts to blush, shaking his head. Addie steps around him to exit.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Will. It's always hard asking the first time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie exits, not noticing the annoyed expression on Will's face.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

Strolling along a strip of clothing and tourist stores, Addie passes a drug store, looking in cautiously before entering.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Walking through the aisles, Addie fills a basket with toothpaste, a toothbrush, shampoo and skin lotion.

As she studies the back of suntan lotion bottles, Burt walks past her. He almost doesn't stop.

BURT

You're going to miss the 3:30
ferry.

Addie turns, somewhat surprised.

ADDIE

I'm not going back yet. I'm taking
your advice.

Burt smirks, staring down as he heads for the register.

BURT

Going to take another crack at
getting through to me, huh?

Addie takes a bottle of lotion, walking along with Burt.

ADDIE

No. I mean, that's what I told
Lizbeth, but I'm just planning on
spending a few days...relaxing,
getting some sun.

Addie places her basket on the counter as a cashier rings it up. She turns, blocking Burt's view of her items.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

Of course, if you've changed your
mind, I can run and get some
batteries for my tape recorder.

Addie smiles as she hands a credit card to the cashier. Burt smiles.

BURT

That won't be necessary.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD STREET - DAY

Addie and Burt walk along the tiny sidewalks busy with vacationers.

BURT

Addie, Addie. Where did that come from?

ADDIE

Madeleine. I was named after an aunt. She was a nurse in Korea and died in a helicopter crash when her unit was under fire. My mother always wanted a daughter to name after her favorite sister.

(a beat)

My Dad used to call me Maddie. Somewhere in high school, the M fell off.

Addie laughs, but Burt doesn't react. They walk in silence for a moment.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

I wanted to apologize again for yesterday. I shouldn't have taken that all out on you. It wasn't very professional.

Burt scoffs.

BURT

When did being human take a back seat to being professional? I would wipe that word from the language if I could.

Addie smiles, twisting the bag from the drug store under her hand.

ADDIE

Still, I shouldn't be bothering you with my life's woes. You've got your own, I'm sure.

Burt nods halfheartedly, opening the door to a bait and tackle store; he's ending the conversation.

BURT

Lizbeth chose well. You're the most genuine thus far.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURT (CONT'D)
She must have realized the search
and destroy method wasn't working.

ADDIE
I'm going to take that as a
compliment, Mr. Douksa.

BURT
Please, it's Burt.

Burt smiles slightly, stopping in front of a fishing store.
Addie stops a few feet past him, turning back when she
realizes he's not beside her.

BURT (CONT'D)
Tell me, what's yours called?

Addie wrinkles her forehead.

BURT (CONT'D)
Your novel.

Addie laughs, shaking her head.

ADDIE
You're too much.

BURT
No one grows up aspiring to be a
biographer, do they?

Addie hesitates, then shakes her head.

ADDIE
There's several, actually.

BURT
There usually is.

Addie nods, looking past Burt.

ADDIE
And someday, maybe I'll actually
finish one of them.

BURT
I'm sure you will.

Burt offers a small smile, then disappears into the fishing
store.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - ADDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Addie lies on the bed reading Burt's novel, *You Think So Much of Yourself, Why Do I Need To?*

The phone rings, but Addie lets it ring a while before picking up.

ADDIE

Hello?

No answer comes from the other side of the line. After a moment, Addie hangs up and resumes reading.

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - DAY

Addie and Will walk through the backyard of the B&B, a patio with lounges and beach chairs near a flower-filled garden.

WILL

I don't know if it still works.
Nowadays people always want the
ones with two hundred gears.

ADDIE

I really appreciate it, Will.

Will unlocks an old shed, pulling out a woman's ancient bicycle.

Rusted and faded, a tattered wicker basket is strapped to its handle bars. Will places it down, giving it a look over.

WILL

I could wash it down for you, maybe
oil up the chains.

ADDIE

No, it looks fine.

Will begins wheeling the bike toward the B&B. It squeaks and Addie gets to see how filthy it is in the sunlight.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

Hmm, on second thought...

Will laughs, trying not to get grease from the bike on his leg.

He props the bike against the wall, grabbing a nearby garden hose and washing the bike. Addie joins in, using a rag to wipe it clean as they speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

My sister owns a bike shop up in Burlington. She went to UVM for philosophy and never left. Keeps promising my parents she'll move here, but I doubt it'll ever happen.

ADDIE

Is she older than you?

Will nods.

WILL

Twenty six. She was the reason my parents' got married.

ADDIE

I'm surprised they told you.

WILL

They didn't. We did the math.

Addie nods, smiling.

WILL (CONT'D)

She's a good person, Kate, but a bit too granola-friendly for me. I like people who are down to earth, but not too down to earth.

ADDIE

Any other brothers or sisters?

WILL

A brother in Houston that no one talks to and my other sister stayed in New York. She's got this chi-chi job on Seventh Avenue. Comes up once in a while, but doesn't stay here.

(laughs)

Says this place isn't nice enough for her.

ADDIE

Your parents must love that.

WILL

Ah, it doesn't seem to bother them much. She's more trouble than she's worth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Addie laughs.

WILL (CONT'D)

But we still love her. You know,
you kind of have to when they're
family.

EXT. BEACH FRONT - DAY

On the newly cleaned bicycle, Addie steers along a trail near the beach.

Addie's adopted a uniform of a sun dress, sunglasses, sneakers and a straw hat. She looks like something between a camera-shy celebrity and a flamboyant fairy tale character.

Coming to a stop, Addie watches as the sun sets.

The ocean waves and smells of the sea clearly have brought Addie back to a calm.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Wheeling through streets lined by Victorian homes, Addie comes upon a cemetery filled with aged headstones.

Looking in, she spots Burt standing in the distance.

She brakes the bike, watching him plant flowers in the ground before a headstone.

Burt remains still for several moments, down on his knees. He blesses himself, stands and walks out the other end of the cemetery.

Addie continues watching, hiding herself behind a thick elm tree.

Addie walks into the cemetery after Burt drives off, weaving around headstones to reach the one where he left flowers.

Addie looks down at the engraved slab. It reads, "Rose Douksa, 1934-1995. Beloved wife of Burt and mother of Richard, Thomas and Lenora."

Addie leans down, touching the headstone for a moment before backing up, returning to her bicycle.

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - NIGHT

The sun has nearly set as Addie pulls up to the house. She props the bike up against the fence, nearly skipping to the house.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - NIGHT

Addie waves to Will as he talks on the phone. Hanging up, he forces a smile to Addie.

ADDIE
Thanks, Will. This was the best day
I've had in, oh...two years or so.

Will nods, looking over Addie's shoulder as she speaks.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
I can't wait to get out there
tomorrow and see the west end.

Will continues nodding as Addie shakes her hair in ecstasy.

WILL
Uh, Addie, you have a message.

ADDIE
(excited)
Really? From who?

Will looks over Addie's shoulder to a dark figure in the corner.

Addie looks around for a slip of paper.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Where is it, Will?

Addie looks up as Will nods behind her. She turns as Russell steps out of the shadows.

RUSSELL
Hey, beautiful.

In an instant, Addie's excitement is gone, along with her relaxed state.

Quickly, she rushes up the staircase.

WILL
I thought you said you were her
fiancee?

RUSSELL
I am.

WILL
Shouldn't she be glad to see you?
You said it would surprise her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Russell waves off Will and rushes up the stairs after Addie.

RUSSELL
It did, didn't it?

INT. BED & BREAKFAST - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Russell reaches the top landing as Addie's door slams. He hurries to it, knocking softly in the quiet inn.

RUSSELL
Addie, can we talk?

ADDIE (O.S.)
How did you find me?

RUSSELL
Remember that joint credit card you always wanted? I checked the last place you used it.

Addie groans. Russell looks around the hallway, as if a thousand eyes are on him.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Honey, let me in. This is embarrassing.

ADDIE (O.S.)
Really? That must feel terrible for you. Must feel just like it does to call two hundred people to tell them your wedding has been cancelled.

RUSSELL
I'm sorry, Addie. Maybe I should have told you about Genie, but she was a part of my life I wanted to put behind me.

Addie stays quiet. Russell's voice rises.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
But we can still get married. We can still have a lifetime of happiness. I'll get on the phone right now and tell everyone the wedding's back on.

(a beat)
We don't have to let this ruin everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No answer. Russell changes tactics and his tone of voice.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
But if you want to throw it all
away, you can do that. If you don't
want to try working on this, say
the word and I'm gone.

Still no answer. Russell's voice gets loud, booming down the
hall.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Addie, I am not going to stop
talking to you until you open this
door!

In a flash, Addie opens the door, rushing past Russell as the
door slams behind her.

Russell can barely turn his head before she's down the
stairs.

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - NIGHT

Addie hurries away from the building with Russell in pursuit.

RUSSELL
Please just stop and talk. I love
you. I want to be with you.

Addie stops, turning sharply at the gate.

ADDIE
Russell, go home. Get back at that
ferry and go home.

RUSSELL
What, do you want some time to cool
off and we'll talk later?

ADDIE
Oh, let's definitely talk later. We
can talk all about how you kept
your last fiance a secret from me
and I only found out because your
sister has such a big mouth.

Addie forces a bitter laugh.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
That'll make lively conversation
anytime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie hurries off, fighting off tears. Russell throws his hands in the air.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Passing closed stores, Addie hurries along the sidewalk pulling her sweater close.

Behind her, Russell pulls up in a Volvo, honking his horn on the quiet street to get her attention.

Addie doesn't stop, so Russell shoves it into park, rushing after her.

RUSSELL

For Christ sake, Addie, this is why I didn't tell you! I knew you'd act like this.

ADDIE

Don't give me that. You never had any intention of telling me, unless you just planned on not showing up at our wedding, too.

Russell cringes, staying behind Addie as his voice turns to begging.

RUSSELL

All right, fine, but it's on the table now. We don't have to talk about it anymore, but I'd like to know what we're going to do.

Addie stops, her face streaked with the marks of tears.

ADDIE

We're going to get on with our own lives, Russell. The one we had together?

(a beat)

It's over.

RUSSELL

You can't mean that.

ADDIE

How could I not? You get one chance in life to prove trust. After that, it's just a word.

Russell's head bobs and weaves, searching for the words to say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE (CONT'D)
See, you know it's true.

Addie turns, ducking into a alleyway filled with touristy shops and antique dealers.

Russell hesitates then runs after her, but before he can round the corner, he comes face to face with Burt.

A solid foot taller than Russell, Burt stares down at him with an angry stare.

BURT
Do you understand English?

Russell glares back, his cocky attitude growing in his voice.

RUSSELL
Who are you, the Guardian Angel of
Martha's Vineyard?

Behind them, Addie stops and notices Burt standing in front of Russell.

She watches, standing her ground as the two men speak.

BURT
The lady doesn't want to talk to
you.

RUSSELL
The lady happens to be my fiance.
It's for her to decide who she
speaks with.

Burt nods, turning around to Addie. She hesitates, then shakes her head.

BURT
There's your answer.

Russell scoffs, stepping back from Burt's towering frame.

RUSSELL
(to Addie)
Who's this, the old man you're
leaving me for? You run out and get
yourself a father replacement?

Russell laughs nervously as Burt steps forward.

BURT
You're on thin ice, friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Addie steps forward, but keeps some distance between her and the men.

ADDIE

Russell, this is Burt Douksa. You know, the author? I believe you've raved about how he changed your life, insisted everyone read *Waiting For Time*?

(a beat)

Doesn't he look familiar now?

Russell looks back up this time, more shocked than scared.

RUSSELL

Oh, shit.

BURT

Well put.

Russell extends his hand.

RUSSELL

Listen, Mr. Douksa. I'm sorry about what I said. It's just that...

Burt points his finger toward Russell's car.

BURT

Go now.

Russell turns around as Burt takes a step forward, physically moving Russell away from Addie.

Russell eventually takes the hint, backing up and losing the awe he had a moment ago.

RUSSELL

Fine.

(shouts)

But I'm not leaving, Addie. I'm not giving up just because I fucked up!

Burt nods his head, waving the back of his hand toward Russell.

BURT

I said go.

Russell gets in his car, flashing his headlights on Burt as he screeches past them. Addie waits before stepping up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADDIE

Thanks, but you didn't have to do that.

BURT

He'd still be chasing you if I hadn't.

Addie closes her eyes, nods and smiles.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Burt walks with Addie as she eats an ice cream cone.

Around them, boats are tied to docks in every direction, the sounds of buoys and waves crashing on the shore under their speech.

ADDIE

We were set up by some friends of mine, this group of girls I'd gone to Princeton with. After they all got married, they wanted me to join the club.

(laughs)

They thought they knew what type was best for me, sent me out on a ton of dates with med students, aspiring politicians ...all these self-important guys who wanted socialite wives, not a friend and a lover.

(a beat)

Russell was different. Pretty grounded, smart, good looking. We went out a couple of times, but nothing came of it. He'd just moved from Chicago and was always busy at work. We kept missing each other's calls and gave up after a few months.

(a beat)

I ran into him a year later on the uptown R train. My parents loved him. My sister thought I'd be a fool to let him go.

(softly)

I thought I'd finally found a man I could spend the rest of my life with.

Burt nods, his arms crossed and eyes fixed on the moonlight on the waves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURT

Are you going to tell him?

Addie turns, chewing the last of the cone as she speaks. Her forehead furrows.

BURT (CONT'D)

About being pregnant.

Addie jerks her head back, coughing on the cone before she can swallow it.

ADDIE

What gives you any idea I'm...?

BURT

(interrupting)

I saw the test in your basket at the drug store.

Addie looks away, not moving for a moment.

ADDIE

I didn't even use it.

Addie shakes her head.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

The day before I left for New Mexico. It was kind of a wild night.

Addie steps away from Burt, wiping her lips with a napkin.

BURT

Do you want children?

ADDIE

I did.

(a beat)

I do.

BURT

So you'll tell him?

ADDIE

Why, so we can get married because of a child? That hardly seems fair to any of the three of us.

Burt shrugs, looking off at a boat in the sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT
Maybe not, but it might be fate.

ADDIE
Fate that I should be with Russell
even though he lied to me?

BURT
Was it a lie or did he just not
tell the whole truth?

Addie lets out a laugh, walking further down the pier. Burt
doesn't follow.

ADDIE
There's not much difference from
where I'm standing.

BURT
Every relationship must face its
own trials. Sometimes, usually,
it's worth sticking it out.

ADDIE
That's the logic my mother used.
She stayed with my father even
though he'd slept with every woman
in a twenty mile radius of their
bedroom.
(a beat)
She could have done better.

BURT
You could say that about anything.

Addie rolls her eyes, her back to Burt.

They stand on the dock for a long moment, each waiting for
the other to speak.

BURT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
So?

ADDIE
So...

Addie turns and walks past Burt back to the marina.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
I should get going.

BURT
Do you want a ride to the hotel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADDIE

No, I mean to New York. I can't stay here and pretend I can make sense of this. I've got to get on with my life.

Addie reaches the main dock of the marina, her arms folded tightly against the cool breezes.

BURT

Whatever you think is best.

She stops, turning on a dime to him.

ADDIE

What does that mean?

Burt holds up his hands.

BURT

I'm not here to argue. You'll have to find Russell if you want more of that.

Addie tries to stifle a smile, but it rises to her lips anyway. She drops her head down.

ADDIE

You're a real piece of work, Mr. Douksa.

Burt nods, smiling. She walks on, heading for the shopping district as Burt watches after her.

BURT

That's just what my wife used to say.

(a beat)

And I asked you to call me Burt.

Addie is nearly out of hearing range when Burt speaks.

BURT (CONT'D)

Addie, will you let me read your fiction?

Addie stops, laughing under her breath.

ADDIE

I'm afraid that would break my cardinal rule. To date, only my eyes have had the pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Burt moves toward her, astonished.

BURT
You haven't let your fiance read
it...or your agent?

ADDIE
Least of all my fiance or my agent.

BURT
I don't understand.

Addie reluctantly nods.

ADDIE
Frankly, neither do I.

BURT
It's a shame. You're very talented.

ADDIE
Burt, you hardly know me. How can
you assume I'm talented?

BURT
A gut feeling.

ADDIE
Really? Why?

Burt shrugs reaching Addie and walking around her to the end
of the dock.

BURT
I can't explain it. That's why it's
a gut feeling.

Burt keeps walking, disappearing into the night as Addie
watches.

INT. BED & BREAKFAST - NIGHT

Most of the lights off, Addie slips into the building
quietly, stepping toward the stairs silently as Will pokes
his head out from the office.

WILL
Oh, it's you. I thought your fiance
was trying to sneak back in.

Addie stops, her shoulders sagging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE

Has he been causing problems?

WILL

Nah. I threw him out, but he kept coming. He was trying to get a room and we have one open, but I told him we were booked up.

Addie smiles, stepping to Will as he comes to the desk.

WILL (CONT'D)

Except I can only hold him off for so long. If my parents find out I let a room go empty, they'll kill me.

ADDIE

Charge it to my publisher. She deserves to pay for it.

(a beat)

But thanks, Will. It was really sweet of you to put your neck out.

Will smiles, blushing at the compliment.

WILL

So, if you don't mind me asking, what's the story with you two?

ADDIE

It's a long one.

Will nods, waiting for a moment to see if he'll hear any of it.

WILL

The island isn't that big. How long can you avoid him?

ADDIE

I won't need to. I made a reservation on the 7 A.M. ferry.

Will nods, walking around the desk to lock the front door.

WILL

Burt isn't spilling his guts, huh?

ADDIE

In a way, but not for public consumption.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL

Don't feel bad. You tried. Besides,
I think he likes the uninvited
guests. Keeps him company every
once in a while.

Addie smiles as she tiptoes up the stairs.

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - DAY

The sun rises over the island, breaking apart the fog as the sky takes on a blue hue.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - DAY

Will stands at the window, watching Mira set up the restaurant for the morning.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - ADDIE'S ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Addie steps from the shower into the steamed bathroom. Grabbing a towel, she dries herself off, passing over her stomach gently.

She looks down, running her hands over the area that will eventually expand.

As the steam begins to clear, Addie looks at the mirror, her face beginning to become visible; sad and distant.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - ADDIE'S ROOM - DAY

Addie packs her bags, stuffing her luggage with the odds and ends clothing she bought on the island.

Sitting on an antique dresser, the pregnancy detection kit remains wrapped and unused.

Addie grabs it, tossing it into the trash.

Turning back, she pulls it from the garbage, shoves it in a pocket on her laptop's bag and looks around to make sure she's got everything.

The phone rings.

INTERCUT:

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - ADDIE'S ROOM / INT. CHARTER PLANE - DAY

Addie picks up the phone to be confronted with static and loud engine noises.

She pulls the phone away from her ear before speaking.

ADDIE

Hello?

Sitting behind the PILOT, Lizbeth hangs on tight to the phone.

Behind sunglasses and under a safari hat, she waves her hands as she speaks and doesn't look down.

Lizbeth shouts throughout, which causes Addie to, also.

LIZBETH

Addie, is that you?

ADDIE

Lizbeth?

LIZBETH

What are you doing?

ADDIE

Packing.

LIZBETH

Don't. I'm landing in two minutes.

Addie looks at the phone as Lizbeth hangs up. She looks down at her bag and unzips it.

INT. CAB - DAY

Addie and Lizbeth sit in the back seat of the ancient cab, bouncing along as they cruise along the coast line.

LIZBETH

Do you think he'll leave you alone now?

ADDIE

I don't know. Half of me's willing to accept his explanation. The other half never wants to see his face again.

Lizbeth grimaces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZBETH

You know I'm the last person to
comment on romantic relationships,
but...

Addie smiles, waiting for Lizbeth to continue.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

It could be much worse. He could be
a coke head and you don't find out
until after you're married. He
could be a necrophiliac or a
pedophile or a shoplifter or
something.

ADDIE

So it's all relative? I should
welcome him with open arms because
his secret wasn't worse?

LIZBETH

No. He's a man. That alone rules
out the open arms option.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Lizbeth and Addie pull up outside Burt's house in a Vineyard
Taxi.

Lizbeth jumps out, banging on Burt's door violently.

LIZBETH

Burt, open this door immediately!
Don't go pretending you're not in
there!

Addie walks from the car, past the house and around the back
to the deck.

Looking down, she sees Burt is on the sand below, doing sit
ups.

ADDIE

He's out there.

Lizbeth comes rushing around, spotting Burt swimming in the
ocean. She rushes down a flight of wooden stairs to the sand.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Swimming, Burt pauses when Lizbeth catches his eye. He stops,
groans and resumes his laps.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Lizbeth arrives at the shore and waits as Burt trudges out of the water.

Addie stays further back from the shore, but close enough to hear their conversation.

LIZBETH
Burt, it's so good to see you.

Lizbeth kisses Burt's sopping cheek. He doesn't even feign a kiss.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)
How long has it been?

BURT
I have no idea.

LIZBETH
Enough small talk. I'm here for business, aren't I?

BURT
I would hope so.

Burt wipes water off himself, reaching down to a towel nearby.

Burt looks to Addie, her arms crossed and behind sunglasses.

BURT (CONT'D)
Hello, Addie.

ADDIE
Hi, Burt.

Lizbeth rustles through her briefcase, pulling out a legal agreement.

LIZBETH
I was hoping I wouldn't have to do this, but...

Lizbeth points at a paragraph.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

"...the contracted party will aid in all promotional and marketing efforts for each release including interviews, press junkets, book signings, biographies, publicity tours and personal appearances."

(to Burt)

It says "biographies."

BURT

Then let's break the contract.

LIZBETH

We're not breaking the contract, Burt. If you want to start legal proceedings, that's up to you.

Burt waves Lizbeth away.

BURT

Then talk to my lawyer.

LIZBETH

You haven't had a lawyer in six years. Don't you remember firing him?

(a beat)

Admit it. You have to do this. It's the only way you're going to sell books. No one's rushing to the register with your tomes anymore.

BURT

And I really don't care.

LIZBETH

Of course you do. Deep down, you want people to read your books just like they used to.

BURT

No, deep down, I really, really don't care. And if you want to drop me from my contract because my books don't sell, that's fine, too. I'm sure I can find another publisher.

Lizbeth opens her mouth to speak as her cellular phone starts ringing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She grunts, searching through her pockets and briefcase before she finds it.

Burt rolls his eyes at her.

LIZBETH

Hello? Who is this? I can't hear you.

Lizbeth starts moving around, circling Burt as she tries to get a better signal.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Mr. Rasmussen! Oh, I'm sorry, sir. Can I call you back? We've got a terrible connection.

(a beat)

No, sir. Martha's Vineyard.

(a beat)

No, not on vacation, I'm here with Burt Douksa.

(a beat)

Yes, yes. Everything's fine. The biography will be on your desk within a few weeks.

Now Burt really rolls his eyes.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, what? You're breaking up.

(a beat)

Okay, I'll call you right back.

Lizbeth hangs up, shoving the phone into her bag. She looks up to Burt.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Can I use your phone?

BURT

No.

LIZBETH

(outraged)

Why not?

BURT

I don't want your kind in my house.

Lizbeth sighs, walking away from Burt angrily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LIZBETH

I've had about enough of you.
Christ! You act like I'm the enemy,
like I'm trying to steal your soul
away from you.

Lizbeth heads back toward the stairs.

BURT

(under his breath)
You are.

LIZBETH

(to Addie)
I'm going to use a pay phone. I'll
be right back.

Addie nods, watching Lizbeth climb the wood stairs before
turning to Burt's scowl.

BURT

You thought she would convince me?

Addie shakes her head adamantly.

ADDIE

I was packing to leave. She showed
up and wanted me to come with her.

Burt turns, walking down the beach away from Addie. Her
forehead furrows and she rushes after him.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

It's true!

BURT

Then why come with her here?

ADDIE

She did send me here. I have to at
least pretend I'm upset that you
won't talk.

Burt stops, turning to Addie.

BURT

But you're not?

ADDIE

Burt, I've got bigger problems than
whether or not you want a
biography. It's way down on my list
of worries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Burt stares at Addie for a moment, a smile slowly creeping to his lips.

He looks off at the burning, summer sun as Addie turns, walking toward the stairs.

BURT
Want to go for a swim?

Addie turns with confusion. She stares at Burt's crooked smile and raised eyebrows.

She shakes her head.

BURT (CONT'D)
Afraid?

Addie rolls her eyes, turning away from Burt.

ADDIE
I'm not afraid of anything.

Burt moves toward her, coming around to her line of sight.

BURT
Don't be so cocky. We're all afraid
of something.

Burt turns and walks away at a leisurely pace.

Addie waits for a long moment, taking turns at watching Lizbeth strut through the sand and Burt sauntering down the shore.

EXT. OCEAN SHORE - DAY

Addie and Burt pass ocean-front homes as they approach a lighthouse and small marina.

ADDIE
My parents used to come up here on
vacations when we were kids. I
think they liked pretending they
were one of the Kennedy's.

Burt laughs. Addie smirks, hesitating before she speaks.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Burt, do you mind if I ask a
personal question, completely off
the record?

Burt hesitates as he looks to Addie. He nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE (CONT'D)

What happened to all your money?
You had a dozen best-sellers in the
70s and 80s, but from the look of
the things, you're not in any lap
of luxury.

Burt laughs, staring at the crashing waves.

BURT

I used to live a different kind of
life. My wife and I had an
apartment on Sutton Place, we owned
the classic cars, summered in the
Hamptons. We lived like socialites,
even though we grew up poor.

(laughs)

Or maybe because we grew up poor.

(a beat)

Money slips through your hands if
you let it, but it's only money.

(long beat)

We'd had enough of all that. We
still had some when Rose suggested
we move here.

(a beat)

That's my wife's name.

ADDIE

I know.

Burt stops walking and looks to her, alarmed.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

The dedication? It's in all your
books.

Burt nods, returning to his stroll.

BURT

Of course. She deserved more credit
than those, I'm afraid.

(a beat)

Anyway, it reached a point of
absurdity. Rose thought if we could
get away from it, I could focus on
my writing again. It was the best
thing I ever did.

ADDIE

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT

It gave me a chance to actually write. I could stop churning out the mediocre pap I was writing then...all those infamous best-sellers you mentioned.

ADDIE

So you wanted off the lists?

BURT

No, I just wanted to be true to my muse again.

(a beat)

I'm sure that sounds pompous, but it's not meant to.

ADDIE

No, I know what you mean. But why drop out of society? Nobody even knows where you live.

BURT

It's better that way.

ADDIE

The allure of the mysterious?

Burt shakes his head violently.

BURT

People worry too much about what others think of them nowadays. I don't care if those who read by books think I'm an eccentric, self-absorbed recluse. Nothing could be further from my mind.

ADDIE

What do you think of, then?

Addie stares at Burt for an answer, but none comes.

After a long, uncomfortable break, Addie clears her throat.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

When did you move here?

BURT

Fifteen years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADDIE
And when did Rose die?

Burt looks at Addie with surprise.

BURT
How do you know she isn't alive?

ADDIE
I happened to see you at the
cemetery a few days ago when I was
biking around.

BURT
You mean when you were following
me, don't you?

Addie takes off her sunglasses.

ADDIE
I was not! I just happened to pass
by and you were there. It was a
coincidence.

Burt looks to her seriously, then breaks into a laugh.

BURT
Addie, I was just kidding.
(a beat)
My dear, you have to learn how to
take a joke.

Burt continues laughing as he leads her down a long pier to a
group of small boats.

Addie's tense expression finally lightens up, though she
shakes her head in disbelief.

ADDIE
So, how have you filled the hours
since she's been gone?

BURT
I write, I read, I sleep.
(a beat)
I think about the good
memories...and the bad. That alone
could fill up years.

ADDIE
But don't you miss being around
other people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BURT

Occasionally, but I've experienced
enough for two lifetimes.

(a beat)

And after the love of your life is
gone, it's difficult to be around
other people. They remind you how
alone you really are.

Addie nods as Burt walks ahead of her down the narrow pier.

EXT. BOAT MARINA - MAGIC HOUR

Burt unties a tiny sail boat from its docking space. Addie
stands nearby, staring at the waves lapping against the dock.

BURT

Addie?

Shaken out of her spell, Addie turns to Burt.

BURT (CONT'D)

I know it's not my business, but
you should give your fiance another
chance.

Addie jerks her head back, stepping toward Burt.

ADDIE

Why?

BURT

He's only human. We're all only
human. And with the child on the
way...

ADDIE

I'll do fine as a single mother. I
make a decent living and I'll be a
great parent.

BURT

But doesn't this child deserve a
father?

ADDIE

I've got plenty of male friends.
This child, boy or girl, won't be
short of any masculine influence,
if that's what you're implying.

BURT

It's hardly the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie shakes her head, walking away from Burt.

ADDIE
You're right, Burt.

Burt unknots the final rope, looking up to Addie.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
It is none of your business.

Addie walks down the dock quickly, leaving Burt to stare after her.

EXT. THE LIGHTHOUSE CAFE - DAY

Addie walks up the street toward the inn, stepping past the fence surrounding the outside tables.

Mira sees her after taking an order from CUSTOMERS. She smiles and cleans off a table as Addie approaches.

MIRA
This okay?

Addie nods, taking a seat as Mira digs up a menu.

MIRA (CONT'D)
Can I get you something to drink?

ADDIE
Just some water.

Mira nods, hurrying to get a menu, utensils, etc. She returns with the water.

MIRA
Enjoying your vacation?

ADDIE
Hmm, not really.

Mira laughs.

MIRA
Where are you staying?

Addie points across the street at the Edgartown Inn.

MIRA (CONT'D)
Oh, the workplace of my secret admirer.

Addie looks up with surprise. Mira notices it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRA (CONT'D)

He was mowing the lawn last week
and kept turning away when I looked
over. It's kind of cute, don't you
think?

Addie raises her eyebrows, then nods.

ADDIE

He's a good kid, just a little shy.

MIRA

Yeah, I've thought about going
over, but guys hate it when you ask
them out.

Mira laughs, hurrying off to take care of other customers.

DISSOLVE TO:

Having finished her meal, Addie sits and reads a local
newspaper.

From behind her, Will suddenly appears, looking around to
make sure Mira doesn't see him.

WILL

What are you doing?

ADDIE

Eating. You want something?

Will shakes his head.

WILL

You didn't say anything to her, did
you?

ADDIE

Of course not.

Will sighs hard as Mira suddenly appears at the table,
putting down Addie's check. She looks at Will, crouched
behind Addie.

MIRA

Hello.

Will stands slowly as Addie watches their interaction.

WILL

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mira extends her hand past Addie to Will.

MIRA

I'm Mira.

Will shakes her hand quickly. Addie smiles at his awkwardness.

WILL

Will.

MIRA

You want to get something to eat?

WILL

I'm not here to eat.

MIRA

No, I mean, my shift is over. If you want, we could go somewhere and get some lunch.

Will looks to Addie nervously. She raises her eyebrows.

WILL

I really have to get back to work.

Mira nods, heading back into the restaurant as Addie pays her bill.

Addie stands, walking around a fence to the sidewalk as Will groans.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

Addie and Will walk across the street back to the Inn.

WILL

I know what you're thinking.

ADDIE

Will, I understand.

WILL

No, you don't. I'm not very good at dating.

ADDIE

It just takes some practice. And even then it's hard to get it right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

It's just...

(a beat)

I don't have a very good record with asking girls out. They always say no.

ADDIE

They can't all have said no.

They stop in front of the bed and breakfast, Will staring at the ground.

WILL

No, but if we did go out, it never lasted.

Addie bites her lip. Now she stares at the ground, too.

ADDIE

It takes time to figure out who you want to be with, Will. There's no rushing it.

(a beat)

But you never know. Maybe you and Mira would be right for each other. It's worth asking, isn't it?

Will shoots a look back across the street. He shakes his head.

WILL

No. It's not going to happen.

Will heads up the path to the bed and breakfast as Addie watches sadly.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Addie sits in a tiny bookstore in the fiction section.

On the shelf sits several dozen novels by Burt, some new and unblemished, other used, their bindings cracked wide.

Half a dozen hard covers off the shelf, Addie flips to the back of each, Burt's photos showing above his small bio.

At first young and smiling, Burt's face slowly ages, the smile devolving into something of a scowl, the lines on his face increasing with every picture as grey hair takes over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The last few books, his most recent, have no picture at all, just a short bio that states the titles of his past books, but nothing about where he lives.

Addie closes it. Standing, she puts the books on the shelf and heads for the door.

Passing the baby care section, Addie glances at the covers with children's smiling faces and semi-naked parents holding them dearly.

She looks closer, the children's eyes all seeming to stare back at her, photos of smiling mothers and fathers with their newborns nearly coming to life.

Addie rushes out quickly, startling the CASHIER.

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - NIGHT

Addie walks up the stairs to the B&B.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - NIGHT

At the desk, Will balances the books as Addie passes.

WILL
Evening, Ms. Watkins.

ADDIE
How're you feeling?

Will shrugs; he won't commit to any particular word.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Any messages?

Will pulls some notes from a mailbox slot.

WILL
Ms. Hammersted went to dinner with Carly Simon. She won't be back until later.

Addie laughs.

ADDIE
My friend the socialite.

WILL
And your fiance hasn't been back for a while. I guess he left the island.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE

Let's hope, but from now on, just call him Russell. He's not my fiance anymore.

Will nods.

WILL

Are you still checking out?

ADDIE

Bright and early tomorrow.

WILL

Want the same wake-up call?

ADDIE

Yeah. Thanks, Will.

Will waves as Addie steps lightly to the second floor.

INT. EDGARTOWN INN - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Addie yawns as she steps down the hallway.

Digging through her pocket for her keys, she looks up as she nears her room to see Russell leaning in the doorway of the room next to hers.

His arms crossed, Russell wears one of the B&B's white robes. Behind him, orange light flickers from a fireplace.

RUSSELL

Evening, beautiful.

Addie groans, stepping back as Russell smiles.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I waited 'til the kid was off-duty. His parents were more than happy to give me a room.

Addie sighs as Russell steps forward.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Addie, I'm not leaving until we make up.

ADDIE

That's okay. I am.

Addie makes her way past Russell and to her door, shoving the key into the lock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL

So, that's it? You don't even want to hear me out? You don't want to know what happened?

Addie opens the door, swinging it shut behind her.

Russell stands in disbelief for a few moments, then turns and walks back into his room, slamming the door hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - SUNRISE

Will carries Addie's bags to her car.

WILL

You have a good trip back, okay?
Kiss the sidewalks of N.Y.C. for me.

ADDIE

How 'bout if I just wave hello?

Will nods, loading her bags into her trunk. Addie jumps into the car, checking to make sure Russell isn't coming after her.

WILL

Don't worry. He asked for a wake-up call twenty minutes before yours, but I recognized his voice.

(smirks)

I won't even call until you're in Connecticut somewhere.

ADDIE

Thanks. You're the best.

Addie starts up the car as Will stands at the car's window.

WILL

Well, I'll see you soon.

ADDIE

Probably not. I'm done here.

WILL

You never know.

Addie shrugs, pulling down the street as Will waves.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD FERRY - DAY

Addie sits in her car waiting in line to board the ferry back to Falmouth.

Ticket in hand, she flips around the radio dial.

From behind her, Burt steps up to the driver's side window, his face close to hers.

When Addie turns, she jumps, startled by Burt's huge mug.

BURT

Sorry.

ADDIE

What are you doing?

Burt stands erect, looking off toward the incoming ferry.

BURT

Come with me.

Addie looks at Burt with confusion.

BURT (CONT'D)

I'm ready.

Burt looks down at Addie, his lips locked. Addie stares at him for a moment, then gets it.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Burt and Addie walk toward the front door.

ADDIE

Sure you want to do this?

Burt turns, giving Addie a once over.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

I mean, let me in your house.

BURT

It's only people like Lizbeth I don't want inside. They bring in bad sentiments.

(a beat)

You're not from the same mold.

Addie smirks.

INT. BURT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The run-down appearance outside belies the feel inside Burt's house. As Addie steps in, she looks around the homey, comfortable room.

Two walls are lined with bookshelves, a couch near the fireplace, a large oak desk set up near the window overlooking the ocean.

At once, Addie is impressed and calmed.

She steps in slowly as Burt walks to the nearby kitchen and puts a pot of water on the stove.

Addie makes a bee line for the desk.

A manual typewriter sits amid sheets of paper, some handwritten with notes, others with typed lines and scribbled notations.

Addie looks over the contents of the desk; a coffee cup filled with pens and pencils, a dictionary, thesaurus and book for expectant parents to name their children.

She touches the book, but doesn't open it.

On the rear ledge sits several photographs of a younger Burt with Rose and others. Two dying plants make bookends for a handful of hardcovers.

Burt returns, watching Addie.

ADDIE

So, this is where it all happens,
huh?

BURT

No, only part of it happens here.

Addie nods, understanding him exactly.

She looks at a box of bound paper. Looking closer she sees the title *Waving From a Passing Train* scribbled on its cover.

Her eyes light up and she looks to Burt before picking it up.

ADDIE

May I?

BURT

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie picks up the manuscript, lifting several others underneath it.

ADDIE
These are...?

BURT
My originals. I like to hold on to them so I can see what atrocities my editor commits.

Addie smiles, looking back at several other bound manuscripts.

She lifts one, then another, looking back to Burt with confusion.

BURT (CONT'D)
Those haven't been published.

Addie eyes them and several others with wonder.

BURT (CONT'D)
There's always a few children that like to be difficult.

ADDIE
I never would have thought you'd have unfinished novels lying around.

Burt shakes his head vigorously.

BURT
None of them are finished. They're always growing, even those on book shelves.

Addie nods, returning the half dozen manuscripts to the box.

Burt sits on a couch and moves aside magazines on the coffee table for Addie to place her tape recorder.

Addie takes a stack of notes and a legal pad from her bag, searching for a pencil.

She hits the tape deck's play and record buttons, sitting across from him and getting comfortable.

Burt looks at the tape recorder, it's wheels whirling and squeaking slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADDIE

Okay. Well, I know you were born in 1935 in Gdansk.

Addie looks up to confirm. Burt nods his head. Addie tilts her head toward the tape recorder. Burt clears his throat.

BURT

Yes. Yes, I was.

ADDIE

How many brothers and sisters did you have?

BURT

Three. Two sisters and a brother. He died.

Addie nods, keeping her lips sealed.

BURT (CONT'D)

He was taken from my family in 1940. He was just two years old.

Addie nods, makes a note and turns the page.

ADDIE

Tell me about your family during those years before then. Your father was a farmer, is that right?

Burt nods.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

How much do you remember of those years?

BURT

Very little. Either I was too young or I blocked it all out. My sister remembers every day, but I cannot.

Addie nods, leaning forward.

ADDIE

Did you meet Rose in Poland?

BURT

No. Her family left before the takeover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADDIE

Her father had taken a job in Morocco, is that correct?

Burt bites his lip.

BURT

I believe so.

ADDIE

And what brought Rose back to Europe after the war?

Burt shrugs, then suddenly jumps up.

BURT

Let me get us some tea.

Burt hurries to the kitchen as Addie shuts the tape recorder off.

BURT (CONT'D)

Do you want sugar or lemon?

ADDIE

Are you sure you want to do this, Burt?

Burt returns, placing a cup before Addie. He nods. Addie turns on the tape recorder.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

I don't understand. Why the change of heart?

BURT

We can't have your little one starving, can we?

Addie looks up, stunned. The tape recorder is clicked off.

ADDIE

You're doing this for my unborn child? It seems awfully selfless, Burt. Why does that make me suspicious?

Burt laughs.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

My having this baby is no reason for you to do this book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BURT

It's not the only reason, but is it such a bad one?

ADDIE

It isn't right. You want to keep your life private. Why shouldn't you be able to?

BURT

Maybe Lizbeth is right. Maybe I do want people to read my books again.

Addie stands, pacing around the coffee table and couch.

ADDIE

And the next thing you know they'll want you to write books that sell at supermarket check-outs!

(a beat)

No. You're right for aiming higher than what the masses want. I'm behind you one hundred percent.

BURT

Keep that opinion from Lizbeth, won't you?

Addie smiles to Burt, walking back to the couch. She sits and they exchange stares for several moments before Addie speaks.

ADDIE

Tell me, why do you write?

Burt shrugs.

BURT

It's my release. I couldn't do without it.

ADDIE

And where do you draw your inspiration, cooped up in here all year round with no contact with the outside world?

BURT

I have contact, limited as it may seem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ADDIE

Right. Every few weeks Lizbeth sends someone up to dig into your soul and write the dreaded biography.

Addie laughs. Burt stifles his.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

Are you sure you just haven't gotten addicted to us biographers? Maybe it's a habit you just can't break.

BURT

I can't deny it's intoxicating. I don't know anyone more boring than me, but for some reason, because I put words on a page, people want to know how I came to be.

ADDIE

And yet you resist it.

Burt shrugs, sitting back and sipping his tea.

BURT

Being overly intoxicated can make you drunk. I'm not ready to buy my own myth just yet.

ADDIE

But maybe later?

BURT

Maybe.

Addie looks to the desk, eyeing a stack of papers lying face down.

ADDIE

And your next book? What's it about?

BURT

Life and love, heartache and triumph.

(a beat)

It's always the same.

ADDIE

So maybe you've just grown bored with the topics.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ADDIE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time to take yourself
out of this insulated existence and
challenge yourself again. Maybe...

BURT

(interrupting)

What? I should move back to New
York and into the world of
observers and wannabes?

(a beat)

I've lived my life already. I've
done everything I wanted to
do...and more.

Addie smirks.

ADDIE

Sounds like a best-seller.

Burt sets his tea down and nods. He takes several moments
before sighing.

BURT

I'm sorry I made you miss your
ferry.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - DECK - DAY

Standing at the railing, Burt runs his hands through his
thinning hair as Addie steps onto the deck.

BURT

You could stay here, you know.

Addie eyes Burt with confusion. He turns, staring with
intense eyes.

BURT (CONT'D)

Stay and finish your book, I mean.
I'm sure you've got it on your
little computer thing, don't you?

Addie purses her lips, then nods.

ADDIE

What about Lizbeth? She's going to
assume I'm getting deep into your
psyche.

BURT

She's easily misled. I've been
doing it for years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie walks forward as Burt turns and looks out into the ocean.

ADDIE

It's a generous offer. Why make it?

BURT

You'll be able to have some time away from Russell, if that's what you want.

ADDIE

Of course I do, but why are you willing to give up your privacy all of a sudden?

Burt shrugs.

BURT

Rose would have wanted it this way.

Burt turns to Addie, nodding to her adamantly. Addie waits, nodding along after a moment.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Burt helps Addie carry her bags into the house, as a montage of their activities begins.

INT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Dusty and filled with cobwebs, Burt cleans out the spare bedroom and places Addie's bags on the second bed.

INT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

The dining room table half cleared off, Addie has set up her laptop and watches as it boots up.

Burt stands behind her, leery of it, but somewhat curious.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Over big mugs of coffee, they talk about writing, Burt gesturing grandly as Addie listens closely.

INT. BURT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Burt types at his desk while Addie sits before her laptop at the dining room table.

Each make their own rattling noise, busily filling up white papers or LCD screens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie stops, looking up to watch Burt slam away at the keyboard.

She moves across the quiet room to him, a smile rising on her lips.

ADDIE

Don't you ever get writer's block?

Burt doesn't stop, finishing the sentence before looking up.

BURT

I don't know what it means.

Addie laughs, moving around Burt's desk and looking at the sheet of paper in his typewriter.

ADDIE

It's just...sometimes I know what I want a character to say, but I just can't get it out right.

(a beat)

I try to get inside them and let them decide what they would do or say.

(a beat)

And they usually end up speechless.

BURT

Sometimes you can't be so gentle with your creations. Sometimes you have to force their hands.

Addie nods, sitting against the couch as Burt rereads his typing.

BURT (CONT'D)

Sometimes you have to get so close it's uncomfortable. Make it so that whatever decision is made, it will effect you as much as them.

Addie laughs.

ADDIE

It's not that easy getting really close...my characters included.

(a beat)

Getting really close means feeling really bad when someone's gone.

Burt stops reading, turning to Addie with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT

Oh, so we're being honest now?
Getting down to the bone of the
matter?

ADDIE

Heart, you mean.

BURT

No, I mean bone. A heart is
resilient. It can mold and adapt to
its surroundings. A bone simply
is...weak or strong. It can break
at any time.

Addie nods and moves to the window.

BURT (CONT'D)

Is that your fear? That you'll get
so close to Russell you couldn't
handle his eventual departure?

ADDIE

Who says I'm not that close
already?

BURT

I suppose you are.

Addie shrugs.

BURT (CONT'D)

In any event, it's a lousy
argument. To miss out on that
feeling, of really being connected
to someone...

(a long beat)

...would be to miss out on life
itself.

Addie smirks.

ADDIE

It's better to have loved and lost
and all that?

BURT

Of course. We humans are meant for
higher things than work and play.
Our purpose is tied in with a much
greater objective than what's on
the surface.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Burt stands, disappearing into the darkness of the living room.

BURT (CONT'D)
Don't let your characters forget
that.

INT. BURT'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Addie sleeps on the couch under an afghan while Burt sits at his desk.

The sun eases above the edge of the horizon, illuminating Burt's typing fingers and her dormant laptop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Russell pulls up in his car, slamming the door and rushing to the front entrance of Burt's house.

He bangs on it, breathing hard as he waits for an answer. After a moment, Burt's hulking figure appears.

Russell weaves his head around Burt, trying to look into the house.

RUSSELL
Where is she?

Burt hesitates, then steps out onto the front porch, closing the door behind him.

BURT
Why should I tell you?

RUSSELL
I'm her fiance, dammit!

BURT
How sweet.

Russell steps back, taking a deep breath.

RUSSELL
With all due respect, Mr. Douksa,
this is between Addie and I.

BURT
Addie and me, you mean.

Russell groans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL

You can't keep hiding her in here doing God knows what. I mean, are you having an affair with her or something?

Burt steps forward, pointing his thick finger into Russell's chest.

BURT

I can't decide. Should I give your ass a good kicking or hold you down and talk some sense into you?

Burt keeps moving Russell backwards, ever closer to his car.

BURT (CONT'D)

You had a very special woman in your life, but you've compromised the situation. I fear you'll not regain that trust unless you prove you can be depended on again.

At Russell's car door, Burt stops poking Russell, his voice growing soft as he leans down to Russell's face.

BURT (CONT'D)

You aren't going to win her back by nagging. Of that I'm certain.

His neck fixed, Russell looks up from the top of his eyes. They're nearly watering with fear.

RUSSELL

What do you suggest?

Burt opens his mouth to speak, but stops himself. He shrugs. Russell takes another deep breath as Burt steps back.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Is she here?

BURT

No.

Russell nods, opening his car door.

RUSSELL

Can you tell her I came by?

Burt steps back, walking toward his house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT

Perhaps it would be better if I
didn't.

Russell reluctantly nods and gets in his car.

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - DAY

Addie slowly walks up to the B&B, checking around for
Russell's car.

When she doesn't see it, she heads up to the door as Will
comes out.

WILL

Hey, there!

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - DAY

Will pulls the old bicycle out from the storage shed once
again.

ADDIE

I really appreciate this. I'll
bring it back before I leave.

WILL

If you leave, you mean. At this
rate, you're staying here for life.

Addie laughs, wheeling the bicycle out to the street.

ADDIE

Did Russell...?

WILL

He kept on asking where you went,
but I wouldn't tell him. Though I
think my father told him where
Douksa's house was.

Addie grimaces.

WILL (CONT'D)

If you don't mind me asking, what's
going on between you and Russell?

Addie looks to Will, unsure.

ADDIE

It's nothing, Will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

Oh, I get it. I'm just a kid. I wouldn't understand. Blah, blah, blah.

Will walks toward the entrance to the B&B, defeated.

ADDIE

It's not that. It's just kind of personal.

At the stairs, Will turns around.

WILL

You guys having sex problems?

Addie's eyes open wide, then she laughs.

ADDIE

Will!

WILL

If it's not that, what?

Addie opens her mouth to speak, then stops.

Propping the bike up against the fence, she walks to Will.

ADDIE

Russell was engaged to another woman years ago and never told me. To complicate it further, I'm pregnant and I don't know how I can marry him when I don't even trust him.

WILL

So, what do you think? You gonna have it?

ADDIE

Yes, but that's not the last decision to make.

Will nods, sitting down beside Addie.

WILL

Remember I told you my parents moved up here?

Addie nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL (CONT'D)

They only did because they never saw each other in New York. They were both so busy working...and fighting when they did see each other. They thought this would be good for them to get out of the rat race and work together.

ADDIE

And they've succeeded?

WILL

They still fight, but not as much. I think they almost like each other again. That's a big change.

Addie nods, the words hitting her hard.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

Addie bikes up to an upscale grocery store, lowering the bike to the ground before heading in.

INT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD GROCERY STORE - DAY

Addie picks up fruits and vegetables as Lizbeth comes rushing up from behind, surprising Addie.

LIZBETH

My God, Addie, what's going on? The whole island is saying you're Burt's mistress.

Addie laughs, trying to resume her shopping as Lizbeth trails her.

ADDIE

You wanted me to get close to him. That's what I'm doing.

LIZBETH

Is he talking? Do you have enough for a bio yet? We don't have much time, Addie. We're on a deadline.

Addie weaves around Lizbeth, heading for the pasta aisle.

ADDIE

Life doesn't work on a deadline, Lizbeth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE (CONT'D)

His life isn't on a schedule and
this book isn't going to happen
just because you have a deadline.

Lizbeth stops, covering her mouth and beginning to cry.

Addie turns to Lizbeth, only to realize that Lizbeth's eyes
are soaked with tears.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Addie and Lizbeth sit in a coffee shop. Addie's groceries are
beside her and Lizbeth has half a dozen tissues in front of
her.

Lizbeth sips her coffee as Addie watches her lip quiver.

LIZBETH

They waited until I came up here to
make the announcement.

ADDIE

I'm sorry. It's no fun getting
passed over for a promotion.

Lizbeth nods, wiping her nose again.

LIZBETH

Now I don't see any point in going
back. It'll just be humiliating.
Now I'm just an SVP, but I could
have been on the executive floor.

ADDIE

You've still accomplished a lot,
Liz.

LIZBETH

Not enough.

Addie smirks, but Lizbeth doesn't see it.

ADDIE

I'm sure things will work out in
the end.

Lizbeth looks up, reaching across the table and grabbing
Addie's arm.

LIZBETH

But don't you see? Things won't
work out at all unless I deliver
Burt's biography.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

If I can bring it in, they'll be sure to give me a promotion!

ADDIE

Lizbeth, haven't you been paying any attention? Burt does not want me or anyone else to write his biography!

LIZBETH

But you have to!

Addie stands up, shaking Lizbeth's arm loose.

ADDIE

No, I can't. Burt's a solitary man. Just the thought of having his life shoved into neat, little chapters troubles him.

Lizbeth wipes her nose again, looking away from Addie.

LIZBETH

Well, I know you're trying your best.

Addie rubs Lizbeth's arm, picking up her groceries.

ADDIE

I tried my best, but it isn't up to me, is it?

Lizbeth reluctantly shakes her head and returns to her coffee. Addie takes the opportunity and slips out.

INT. BURT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Burt stands at the counter making sandwiches and filling a thermos.

Addie steps in, watching him for a moment before he turns.

ADDIE

What's all this?

BURT

A little dinner on the beach. Care to join me?

Addie hesitates, then nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE

Let me just get my bathing suit on.
I'll need tan lines to show off
when I get back to New York.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Addie and Burt walk near the shore, the sun setting and
setting the sky on fire.

ADDIE

Anyplace we're headed in
particular?

BURT

Just somewhere Rose and I always
liked to eat.

Addie nods, knowing they're in unexplored territory.

ADDIE

Tell me about her, Burt.

Burt hesitates.

BURT

Words wouldn't be enough. Rose was
my life. I never thought I would
find someone to make me that
complete.

(a beat)

And then I threw it all away.

Addie turns, waiting for more. Burt looks to her.

BURT (CONT'D)

It's a long story. And not one I
wish to tell.

Burt continues walking, staring off into the ocean.

BURT (CONT'D)

At least not now.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Burt and Addie make their way down the dock toward Burt's
boat.

ADDIE

Oh, no.

Addie stops walking. Burt turns to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURT
Afraid?

ADDIE
Burt, it's barely a boat.

BURT
It's always served me fine.

ADDIE
I'm not much of the seafaring type.

Burt walks back to Addie, whispering to her.

BURT
I told you, everyone's afraid of something. There's nothing wrong with that. It's resisting it that's a problem.

Addie stands her ground as Burt heads for the boat.

BURT (CONT'D)
And besides, you'll miss dinner.

Addie turns and walks off leaving Burt to watch her. He unties the boat and jumps in.

EXT. SHORE - MAGIC

The sun nearly gone, Addie walks along the shore, though far from the water.

She stops, looking out at seagulls skimming the water and Burt in his sail boat, sailing across Nantucket Sound.

She takes a step forward, nearing the line in the sand where the waves reach.

She watches as the tide comes closer with each wave, finally reaching her toes.

Addie moves her body back, but keeps her feet in place, the water coming up and washing over her feet.

After a few moments of hard breathing, Addie takes a step forward, then another.

EXT. BURT'S BOAT - MAGIC

Burt watches from the boat as Addie moves toward the crashing waves. The smallest of smiles comes to his lips.

EXT. SHORE - MAGIC

Addie pulls off her t-shirt, throwing it back to the sand as she moves further into the ocean. It comes up to her knees, her thighs, her waist.

Before she knows it, Addie is diving into a cresting wave, disappearing from Burt's view for a moment.

Addie swims back and forth for a moment, her expression a mix of excitement and fear.

After a few moments, she makes her way back toward the shore, laughing as she exits the water and shakes the water off her.

DISSOLVE TO:

Addie sits on the sand looking at the last rays of sunlight as Burt pulls his boat onto land.

Walking to her and sitting down, Addie doesn't turn his way. She hesitates before her lips part.

ADDIE

I was eight. My parents took me and my brother to Jones Beach.

(a beat)

We went in the water without my parents and the current starting taking us out.

(a beat)

They had to send a rescue boat to save us and a bunch of other people that got caught. When we got back, I was really shaken up, but my parents acted as if it were my fault, as if I had control of the tide somehow.

BURT

And you haven't been in the water since?

Addie shakes her head.

BURT (CONT'D)

See? Now you can actually say there's nothing you're afraid of.

Addie's calm suddenly disappears. She turns to Burt's arrogant smile with annoyance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADDIE

Like you're so courageous?

Addie stands.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

Hiding up here away from anything that might challenge you? You may have come here to write, but you stayed because it's the only place you have any control. And that terrifies you.

BURT

And I don't even have any control here.

ADDIE

Then do me a favor. Stop acting like you've got it so together, like you've figured it all out. Frankly, it's wearing pretty thin.

Burt's smile is gone now, too.

BURT

I've figured nothing out. My life has been filled with riddles that don't deserve answering.

(a beat)

But the bulk of my life is over, Addie. Yours is just beginning. And there's so much you can still control.

Addie stands, brushing sand from herself before walking off.

ADDIE

That's a crock. That's the answer of someone who's too stubborn to change ...who's unwilling.

(a beat)

It's not the answer of someone who's too old.

Addie heads up to the house as Burt watches after, his mouth open to speak but remaining silent.

EXT. BED & BREAKFAST - MAGIC HOUR

Addie pulls up the inn, a towel wrapped around her waist.

INT. BED & BREAKFAST - MAGIC HOUR

The hall is silent until Addie rushes down it. She stands before Russell's door, banging on it hard.

The door opens and Russell raises his eyebrows at her disheveled appearance, her arms crossed.

ADDIE

So...what happened?

Russell motions into the room, but Addie doesn't budge. He takes a deep breath.

RUSSELL

Genie and I saw each other for five months when I was twenty six or so. We met at this party and ended up moving in together within a week.

Addie nods, leaning back.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

A few months into it, she tells me she's pregnant. It came out of the blue. We were always careful... well, most of the time.

(a beat)

So I proposed. We set up the wedding for a few weeks later so she wouldn't be showing. And then I find out from a friend of hers that it's not mine. It turned out Genie had been seeing her old boyfriend the whole time and admitted to her friend that it was his.

ADDIE

So you just didn't show up at the church?

Russell shrugs his shoulders, then falls back against the wall.

RUSSELL

I found out the night before. I stayed up all night, drunk as can be, and then sent Cheryl to the church to tell everyone.

(a beat)

A few weeks later, Genie got married to her ex and they've been together ever since.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

They have a son, Joshua, the one I thought was mine, and I think she's had a few others since.

Addie nods her head slowly, waiting for more.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I've come so close to telling you a hundred times.

ADDIE

Okay, I'll buy that. Maybe you were right not to tell me, but now all I can think of are the other parts of your life I don't know about. I lay in bed wondering if you've ever been in jail, if you really do have a law degree...if your name really is Russell.

Russell attempts a smile, but it comes up looking sad.

RUSSELL

You have questions? Ask 'em.

Addie inhales and exhales slowly.

ADDIE

Okay. Who was your first love?

RUSSELL

Sharon Kopecknie, junior year at Calumet High. We went to the prom and lost our virginity together on her grandmother's couch.

(a beat)

She was on Mackinac Island for the weekend.

Addie's eyebrows raise.

ADDIE

What did you want to be when you were growing up?

Russell smiles.

RUSSELL

I started out aiming for an astronaut but downgraded that to airplane pilot in high school. I still think about being a race car driver every once in a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADDIE

What's the most important thing in
the world to you?

Russell shrugs, giving Addie one of his patented smiles.

RUSSELL

Your love.

Addie turns, sticking her key into the lock.

ADDIE

See. Now I know your lying.

Russell jumps forward.

RUSSELL

No, I'm not. I can't go another day
thinking the wedding is off! I've
always believed we'd be together
forever.

Addie catches the words in her throat. She looks at Russell,
searching his eyes.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

So I made a bad call. Have you
always been honest with me about
every little thing in your life?

Addie stands perfectly still, staring at the carpet.

ADDIE

No.

RUSSELL

See? It's not easy being truthful!

Addie looks up, her eyes piercing through Russell.

ADDIE

Then let me set the record
straight.

Russell stares at Addie, confused.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

I'm pregnant, Russell. Now you know
everything there is to know about
me.

Russell's face goes ashen, his cocky composure broken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RUSSELL

Are you kidding? That's not very funny considering what I just told you.

ADDIE

I am not kidding. I'm pregnant. You're the father. There's no doubt this time around.

Russell steps back. Leaning against the doorway, his eyes stare at the floor and a smile comes over his lips.

RUSSELL

Christ. I'm going to be a father?

Russell jerks his head up, laughing as he walks back into his room. Addie steps in.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I was so worried, but now I don't have to. We're going to have a kid! It's a sign we'll be together forever!

ADDIE

So that's it? I'm supposed to just forget about Genie and get on with our life together?

Russell stops laughing, walking back to Addie's side.

RUSSELL

No, I don't expect you to forget about it, but we can't let it ruin our future, can we?

Russell looks to Addie, waiting for an answer.

ADDIE

I...I'll get back to you on that.

Addie turns and walks down the hall as Russell watches with surprise.

INT. BED & BREAKFAST - NIGHT

Addie stands at the check-in desk with Will.

WILL

I'm sorry. A lot of people come up early for the weekend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie nods, looking into the busy dining room.

ADDIE

And of course one of those rooms is
Russell's.

WILL

Let me make some calls. It'll just
take a second.

Addie smiles, resting against the wall as Will rushes for the
telephone.

EXT. FERRY TICKETING OFFICE - NIGHT

Addie steps away, counting her change and holding a ticket.

TICKETING OFFICER

Just make sure you get here early
so you can get on that first ferry.

ADDIE

Don't worry. I'll be here.

INT. ADDIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Addie pulls on a sweater and shorts outside the car. Getting
back in, she looks over to dig through a pile of papers and
clothing.

She groans, seeing that the case is there, but her laptop
computer is not.

INT. BURT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alone, Burt walks past the dining room table, noticing
Addie's laptop.

He stares at it, then reaches for it, opening the computer as
if it were radioactive.

Burt looks at the screen precariously, eyeing the keyboard
and mouse pad.

It takes him a moment, but he finally finds the power button,
pressing it slightly before the screen lights up.

As the computer boots up, Burt takes a seat, waiting until
the file of Addie's novel appears on the desktop.

EXT. BED & BREAKFAST #2 - NIGHT

Addie pulls up in front of a fancier B&B, finely decorated.

Slamming the car door, Addie turns to see a party going on in a restaurant across the street. She takes a few steps toward it and notices Lizbeth is inside.

INT. BED & BREAKFAST #2 - NIGHT

Addie sits at the bar with Lizbeth. Lizbeth is inebriated on red wine, while Addie sips club soda.

LIZBETH

...then Gregor, he was my third,
left because I wasn't living up to
his expectations of how I should
behave at his social functions.

(a beat)

He gave me a two week trial period
and then told me in the middle of

(a beat)

He didn't even give me cab fare
home.

Addie nods grimly. Lizbeth is too busy drinking to notice.

ADDIE

Do you think you'll ever marry
again?

LIZBETH

I'm sure. You know what a glutton I
am.

Addie smiles, touching Lizbeth's shoulder.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

And you? Think you'll ever tie the
knot?

Addie purses her lips, moving her hand away from Lizbeth.
After a long moment, she shrugs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. B&B #2 - DAY

Addie exits from the inn, getting into her 4x4 before
noticing something under the windshield wiper.

Reaching out, she pulls a rose and a note. It reads, "They
say time heals all wounds. I hope that's true. Love, R."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie looks around, but Russell is nowhere in sight. Her expression changes, now more taken by the rose than annoyed with it.

EXT. EDGARTOWN INN - DAY

Addie pulls up, unloading the bicycle from the back of her car. She wheels it behind the inn.

While she's in back, Will exits the inn and heads across the street to The Lighthouse Cafe. He aims for Mira as she sets up the restaurant.

Will waves, speaking to Mira as Addie comes back to the front yard. She watches Will and Mira speak, a small smile coming to her lips.

After a moment, Will heads back across the street, trying to conceal a big smile. Looking up, he sees Addie and tries to conceal it more.

ADDIE

Good for you.

Will blushes.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

What made you change your mind?

Will shrugs, looking back at Mira.

WILL

Your fiance...I mean, Russell.

Addie looks at Will with shock.

WILL (CONT'D)

He's so determined.

Addie shrugs, looking away.

ADDIE

He just feels guilty.

(a beat)

But I know what you mean.

Addie rubs Will's arm as she heads back to her car.

WILL

He checked out, by the way.

Addie stops, turning around to Will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL (CONT'D)

Early this morning. Just got up and left.

Addie nods, pursing her lips as she backs up to the car.

ADDIE

Good luck with Mira. I hope you guys have a great summer.

Will nods, waving to Addie as she walks away.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Addie pulls up near the house, but stays a distance away, before shutting off the car's engine.

INT. BURT'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Addie slips into the house quietly, closing the door behind her.

Addie reaches the dining room table, the laptop still open. Burt sleeps on the couch behind her, but she doesn't notice him.

She closes the screen, the sound of it clicking shut awakening Burt.

Burt sits up, startled.

Addie spins around to face him.

They eye each other, somewhat disoriented and unsure all at once.

ADDIE

I'm sorry. I...I just needed to pick this up before I go.

BURT

Go? But you're not finished.

Addie looks at Burt with confusion. He points at the laptop.

ADDIE

It'll never be finished. That's the one thing in life I can count on.

Addie picks the computer up, heading for the door.

BURT

But it deserves to be. It's good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie stops, turning around as Burt stands, yawning and stretching.

ADDIE
Don't patronize me.

Addie eyes Burt as he smirks.

BURT
Russell loves you.

ADDIE
How could you possibly know that?

Burt turns, looking out the window at the rising sun.

BURT
Because I loved Rose. And after I
lost her trust, I did everything I
could to win her back, just as
Russell is doing.

Her hand on the knob, Addie turns from the door, then charges toward Burt.

ADDIE
Why would you lie to Rose? You've
told me over and over how she was
the love of your life, the center
of your existence.

BURT
She was, but I was too blind to see
it all the time.
(a beat)
I had an affair several years
before Rose died.

Burt turns from the window and faces Addie's stare.

Addie shakes her head, rubbing her forehead as she backs away from Burt.

ADDIE
Don't tell me this. You've spent
the last two weeks saying how
wonderful she was and now you tell
me you abused the trust you had?
How could you? Why would you?

BURT
I don't know. She lived down the
road from here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT (CONT'D)

Rose was away with the kids. I was alone. She was a friend of Rose's and came by because her power went out.

(a beat)

It simply happened.

ADDIE

Why?

BURT

I don't know. I'm only human, Addie.

Burt turns to Addie, shamefully shaking his head.

ADDIE

That's bullshit! You were married and she deserved your loyalty.

(a beat)

But now it all makes sense. You treat her like a saint because you feel guilty for telling her you cheated.

Burt shakes his head.

BURT

I never told Rose, though she knew all along.

Burt takes a long pause, stepping toward Addie.

BURT (CONT'D)

But she gave me another chance, anyway, and we were able to be happy again. We were happy for many years before she died.

Addie eyes him, then heads for the door again.

ADDIE

This is different. You and Rose already had the foundation built. Russell and I...we're still trying to dig a hole for the supports.

BURT

And what better time to do just that, now that you're having a child?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Addie stops at the door again. This time she's nearly outside.

BURT (CONT'D)

Now do you understand why I
couldn't have a biography written?
I've never told anyone this. How
could I have the story of my life
laid out if it could never be
complete?

(a beat)

I'm not ashamed of many things,
Addie, but this is one. I won't let
Rose's name be tarnished because I
was weak.

Addie shakes her head, not turning around to face Burt.

ADDIE

I'm sorry she had to go though
that, Burt.

Addie turns and attempts a smile.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

And you, too. I'm sorry you had to
go through it too, but...

Addie bites her lip, shrugs and exits.

By the time Burt reaches the door, Addie is inside her car,
backing down the driveway away from the house.

EXT. FERRY DOCK - DAY

Further up on the line this time, Addie sits in her car.

A line of PASSENGERS head toward the ferry, walking on in a
mob.

Turning her head back, Burt opens the passenger's door and
steps into the car, surprising Addie.

In his hand, he holds a stuffed manila envelope.

ADDIE

What do you want?

Burt removes his sunglasses.

BURT

Are you sure you won't stay and
finish your book?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Addie shakes her head adamantly.

BURT (CONT'D)

Okay, but I want you to know I truly believe this novel is good. I stayed up all night reading it.

(a beat)

It consumed me.

Addie fights off a smile, but she can't resist.

ADDIE

Thanks. You have no idea what you're doing for my confidence right about now.

Burt shrugs, handing over the envelope.

BURT

And after I read it, I reread this.

Addie stares at the package in her hands with confusion. She looks to Burt.

Burt urges Addie on with his hands for her to open it.

She does, sliding a stack of papers out from it to eye the cover page. It reads, "Burt Douksa: A Life."

Addie looks to Burt wide-eyed.

BURT (CONT'D)

(laughs)

The title's not very original, but I never could think of a more accurate one.

(a beat)

I wrote it after Rose died. I needed something to keep my fingers busy...and my mind, too, I guess.

(a beat)

I didn't recognize myself in it. Whoever that was...he's gone.

Burt eyes Addie as she flips through the pages with amazement.

BURT (CONT'D)

And that's good.

ADDIE

But what do I...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT

(interrupting)

Publish it. Change all the I's to
he and call it the first true
biography of Burt Douksa.

(smiles)

You'll be the envy of all those
writers who came before you.

Addie shakes her head, just as the ferry arrives from
Falmouth, its passengers driving off and making room for
those departing Martha's Vineyard.

ADDIE

I can't do that, Burt. You should
put your name on it.

BURT

No, I couldn't. How could I build
this enigma and then destroy it all
with some sappy autobiography? No,
it would be better for you to
shatter the myth.

Burt laughs, leaning across the car to give Addie a peck on
the cheek.

BURT (CONT'D)

Thank you, Addie.

Addie looks at him with surprise.

ADDIE

For what?

Burt hesitates, then shrugs, leaning back out of the car. He
walks away and Addie watches in the rearview mirror.

Weaving around the cars, he disappears as she starts up her
engine and follows the other cars onto the ferry.

INT. FERRY - DAY

Walking up on to the deck, Addie carries Burt's biography
with her, looking around before she finds a bench to sit on.

The ferry moves out across Nantucket Sound toward the
mainland.

Starting to read the first page, she suddenly looks up,
staring across the ferry to see Russell sitting beside a
YOUNG BOY who has stepped away from his PARENTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Russell and the boy look out at passing sail boats. Addie watches as Russell puts his hand behind the boy, safeguarding him from falling backward, and talking to him.

She leans forward, watching Russell with a slight smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: FIVE MONTHS LATER

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A full orchestra playing, the ballroom is decorated elaborately for the release party of Burt Douksa: A Life by Addie Watkins.

Lizbeth works the room, kissing and schmoozing every soul she can. She makes her way for Addie, who sits at a banquet table modestly accepting congratulations from PASSERBYS.

LIZBETH

Well, we did it.

Addie laughs.

ADDIE

No, it was just meant to be.

LIZBETH

Don't be so Zen. I got a promotion, you've written this year's hottest biography and, with any luck at all, Burt will be back on the best seller list before long.

ADDIE

I'm not exactly sure that's what he wanted out of all this.

LIZBETH

Trust me. He'll get a taste of fame again and...

Lizbeth spots someone across the room and her eyes light up.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Ooh, is that Tom Wolfe? I'll be right back.

Lizbeth takes off as Addie laughs, turning to see Will and Mira on the dance floor, their bodies pressed close as they whisper and laugh to each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will looks to Addie, throwing her a smile as grins back.

Suddenly, Russell steps into her line of sight.

RUSSELL
How are you holding up?

Addie smiles up at him.

ADDIE
Okay, but I think I've heard enough
congratulations for the rest of the
year.

RUSSELL
You're going to have to get used to
it.

Russell smiles, touching her stomach as he extends his hand.
She takes it, following his lead onto the dance floor.

Beginning to dance, Russell looks at Addie as her smile
fades.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Something wrong?

ADDIE
I don't know. He said he'd try to
make it.

RUSSELL
You know how he is. He probably
just...

Russell cuts himself off as he looks behind Addie. Standing
in the midst of many dancers, and not dancing, is Burt.

BURT
It's good to see you two together.

Addie turns quickly, rushing to Burt with a hug. He turns to
Russell.

BURT (CONT'D)
May I?

Russell holds up Addie's hand, showing off a wedding ring on
her finger. Burt smiles at it.

RUSSELL
What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT
Good choice, Russell.
(a beat)
All the way around.

Addie smiles as Burt takes her hand, beginning to dance as Russell walks off.

ADDIE
How did you get past these people
without being mobbed?

BURT
That's the beauty of being a
recluse. If nobody knows what you
look like for a while, they can't
ask for autographs.

They laugh.

BURT (CONT'D)
But it was worth the risk. I wanted
to thank you in person for the
editing you did.

ADDIE
Someone had to go easy on you,
Burt.

Burt smiles, nodding as he begins to lead Addie across the floor.

BURT
And thanks for sending me your
novel. I loved your ending.

ADDIE
So did Lizbeth. They're publishing
it this spring. I finally got the
nerve up to show it to her.

BURT
Congratulations!

Addie laughs as they move across the room. Addie motions to all the decorations around the ball room.

ADDIE
So, all this finally got you off
the island. Maybe you're ready to
give it a second chance, after all.
(a beat)
Or would this be a third chance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Burt looks at her with confusion.

BURT
What am I giving a second chance?

ADDIE
Life, of course.

Burt hesitates, but finally smiles and shrugs.

She laughs, dancing into the crowd with the less-reclusive Burt Douksa.

FADE OUT.