

"SAM I AM"

by

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and
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FADE IN:

EXT. FLORENCE - DAY

Italian theme music plays over opening credit sequence consisting of a series of images from Florence. Each shot covers the locations the characters shall stroll through. The last shot is the imposing facade of Santa Croce Church.

SUPER: "Florence, 1904."

INT. SANTA CROCE CHURCH - DAY

Walks a TOUR GUIDE before Michelangelo's Grave near the Crucifixion and Dante's Cenotaph.

In tow is a large group of AMERICAN TOURISTS.

TOUR GUIDE
Form an orderly line. We will all
get a chance to see the Old
Masters.

TWO-WHITE-HAIRED MEN in fashionable suits slice through the long line of tourists.

A COUPLE at the end gawks.

WIFE
Was that Mark Twain?

Husband stares at the back of the white, bushy haired man as he heads toward the restroom.

HUSBAND
Nah. What would he be doing here?

INT. SANTA CROCE CHURCH - RESTROOM - SAME

Stands SAM CLEMENS, 67, America's foremost author and humorist. Under his pen name of MARK TWAIN, he's one of the world's most prominent celebrities.

Before him now is a long porcelain trove.

He PISSES.

SAM
Ahhhhh!

Yellow urine hits the white porcelain trove.

Sam's eyes shift from the trove to the CAMERA. A sly, little smile crawls across his hairy lips.

SAM (CONT'D)
Fame is a vapor, popularity an
accident, the only earthly
certainty is oblivion.

Sam finishes up and gives the CAMERA a wink.

REVEREND JOSEPH TWICHELL, 65, Sam's lifelong friend stands at another trove. He has yet to start.

Sam looks over at him.

SAM (CONT'D)
Anything more than two shakes,
Joe, means your just playing with
it?

JOE
Huh. Mark, my bladder has it's own
mind.

SAM
Joys of advanced age.

Sam moves to the sink to wash his hands.

SAM (CONT'D)
I find singing helps.

Sam starts to sing, Battle Hymn Of The Republic.

SAM (CONT'D)
Mine eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord.

SAM/JOE
He's trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are
stored.

Joe PISSES.

JOE
Ahhhh. Hallelujah!

SAM/JOE
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory!
Glory! Hallelujah!

Joe joins Sam by the sink and mirror.

SAM
His truth is marching on.

JOE
Whew. Thanks.

Sam messes with his mustache. He leans closer to the mirror's reflection of his famous face.

SAM
I've become decrepit.

JOE
Me too. But it beats the alternative.

Joe washes his hands.

SAM
Ah! Life would be infinitely happier if we could only be born old and gradually approach youth.

JOE
Youth. Your favorite subject.

SAM
Why shouldn't it be?

Joe dries his hands and smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)
I wrote Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn for adults exclusively. The mind that becomes soiled in youth can never again be washed clean.

JOE
Grit. Dirt. Subjects you know about.

Joe laughs as he looks at Sam in the mirror.

SAM
Who in their right mind handed you a church.

Joe points towards the ceiling with his forefinger.

JOE
Complain to my boss.

Sam shakes his head.

SAM
I doubt that will do a lick of
good.

JOE
More sight seeing?

SAM
If we must.

They leave the restroom and emerge in...

THE NAVE

Together they start walking through it.

A long line of tourists passes Michelangelo's Tomb.

Sam motions.

SAM (CONT'D)
Religious relics to our left.
Religious relics to our right.

JOE
It is a six-hundred year old
Church. What did you expect?

SAM
These Italians worship the dead.

JOE
No. They worship life.

SAM
You know, I despise optimists,
Joe.

Joe smiles.

JOE
And I disdain from those who whine
and wallow.

SAM
Less judgement, Joe. It suits ya.

JOE
I shall leave judgement to our
Maker.

SAM
Our? You know, I detest theology.

JOE
For one that thinks so little of
God, He appears to be seldom
absent in your works.

They continue walking through the Church to the...

CLOISTER

SAM
I have perfect love for the
approving spirit of God.

JOE
What if He's not so approving?

Sam sighs.

SAM
I suppose I will find out one way
or the other, in the end.

JOE
Have you ever believed?

SAM
Almost, but it immediately drifts
away from me again.

JOE
And the Bible?

SAM
I don't believe a word of it was
inspired by God any more than any
other book.

JOE
Really?

SAM
Really. It's entirely the work of
man from beginning to end,
atonement and all.

Joe laughs awkwardly.

JOE
What should we do with you?

SAM
Stone me.

The continue walking through the...

SQUARE

As hundreds of pigeons take flight into the sky.

SAM (CONT'D)
Life is a tragedy. Count the
graves of those no longer here.
Gone. Where?

JOE
What of hope? What of Heaven?

SAM
The after-life? I have seen no
proof.

JOE
That's why it's called Faith,
Mark. The Lord grant us free will.
To follow Him, or turn our backs.

Sam and Joe exits the Square and walks down towards the...

RIVER ARNO

Al Duomo looms in the background.

SAM
I'm leaning toward the later.

Sam stops and removes a cigar from his suit's pocket.

JOE
Heaven is what we make of it.

SAM
My heaven...

Sam lights his stogie.

SAM (CONT'D)
(exhales a cloud of blue
smoke)
Is home.

EXT. RIVER ARNO EMBANKMENT - SAME

Their walk continues toward the Holy Trinity Bridge.

JOE
How's your writing?

SAM

Good. God is my new meat.

Joe stops.

JOE

Fascinating subject.

SAM

Supposing it is.

JOE

What to you hold sacred?

SAM

My mind.

Joe shakes his head.

JOE

Trust in the LORD with all thine
heart and lean not unto thine own
understanding.

They cross the...

HOLY TRINITY BRIDGE

SAM

Ah! The simplicity of the unknown.

JOE

It's called Faith.

SAM

Faith. Yes, I know the word. God's
faith grants angels eternal
happiness unearned, yet requires
his children to earn it.

JOE

The joys of free will.

SAM

There's nothing free about it.

JOE

Perhaps it's in the journey.

SAM

Religion is only delusion and
hypocrisy. Created when the first
con man met the first fool.

JOE
That's harsh.

SAM
What man touches...

JOE
So does sin.

They move into Florence's...

ARTIST DISTRICT

SAM
Joe, is that the best you can offer?

JOE
Mr. Twain, you think of yourself as an Atheist.

SAM
It's a popular movement. So, enlighten me, Reverend Twichell.

JOE
Actually, you're an Agnostic.

SAM
An Agnostic?

JOE
An atheist believes there's no God. An agnostic doesn't know if God exists. So there's...

They approach the a door in the city's walls at...

FORT BELVEDERE

SAM
Doubt. Doubt, indeed.

JOE
You see, I believe what my eyes don't. That's where we're different.

SAM
Blind faith. Sounds divine.

EXT. BOBOLI GARDENS - SAME

Sam and Joe enters the gardens full of blooming flowers.

SAM

Look there.

(points to the boldest)

In my nostrils still lives the
breath of flowers that perished
twenty years ago.

JOE

They're beautiful.

SAM

Your Maker has no part in this
spectacle. The lord does not
intervene.

JOE

The Lord is the Maker of Heaven
and Earth.

SAM

Say... Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Sam rushes ahead and sings.

SAM (CONT'D)

Evolution! And Nature's
regeneration!

Joe hurries after him.

JOE

Nature's?

SAM

Darwin said it, Socrates endorsed
it, Cuvier proved it in his paper
on The Survival of the Fittest.

JOE

These are illustrious names, but
mere men. The Lord is the
beginning of wisdom.

SAM

Joe, your argument is weak.

JOE

Weak?!?

Joe shakes his fist at Mark.

Sam nods as he enjoys his stogie.

SAM

Let's move to another subject.

JOE
Yeah. Before this turns into a
fist fight.

Their path takes them down...

AN ALLEY OF TREES

Sam and Joe travels a few steps in silence.

JOE (CONT'D)
How's your autobiography coming?

SAM
Not enough auto or biography.

JOE
You lost for words?

SAM
Ah! Funny, isn't it?

JOE
Indeed. You being your favorite
subject.

SAM
I thought this next book would be
a breeze. Yet I wish to play with
the structure.

JOE
Why?

SAM
A typical biography starts you at
the cradle and drives you straight
for the grave.

JOE
Life is linear.

SAM
Well, a straight arrow shot from A
to B allows no side excursions.

JOE
Your's will be different?

SAM
I wish to start my tale at no
particular time of my life. Wander
a bit about the thing that
interests me for the moment.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
Then drop it at the moment my
interest starts to pale.

Sam pulls out his timepiece.

SAM (CONT'D)
It's already three.

JOE
So, we done frolicking around
Florence?

SAM
Seems that way.

Joe looks out over the city's landscape.

JOE
I see why you came here. It's
lovely.

SAM
We came here for Livy. The climate
doctors claimed would be
beneficial to her health.

JOE
And?

Sam peers out into the distance.

SAM
She has her good days and bad.

EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO, ITALY - DAY

Establishing: a beautiful 15th Century Villa with lush
Tuscan gardens, low-cut bushes, and sprawling green grounds
lies at the bottom of Monte Morello.

EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO - GROUNDS - DAY

This surrounds a yellow box-shaped building with green
window shutters: dense groves, red roses, mossy walls, and
gravel walks shut in by tall laurel hedges.

SUPER: "Villa Di Quarto, 3 miles outside Florence."

EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO, ITALY - DAY

Sam and Joe's car carries them along the gravel drive leading to the 15th century palatial villa.

SAM
So Joe, what do you think of it?

JOE
It's rather comfortable as
European comfort goes.

SAM
Though god himself could get lost
in it.

JOE
Sam.

Sam laughs as the car stops.

The two enter the villa.

SAM
Okay, I made my point.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO, ITALY - FOYER - DAY

Sam and Joe cross the tiled foyer and head into...

THE PARLOR

There, OLIVIA CLEMENS, 58, rests in her wheelchair. Livy's frame is petite and her face is flawless, near angel-like in appearance. She wears a silk dress and her hair is plain, combed down and done in a coil.

Sam eyes his wife. Concern covers his face.

SAM
How are you dear?

OLIVIA
Drained as usual.

Livy's breath is laborious.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
So, what did you think of
Florence, Joe?

JOE
As I remember it, grand and old.

OLIVIA
Sounds a lot like us.

She states to cough as she laughs.

SAM
You mustn't get all wound up, my
love.

Livy looks up at Sam.

OLIVIA
Take me out to the gardens.

SAM
Now? It's rather warm.

OLIVIA
I wish to see more of the world
than this odd monstrosity of a
house.

Joe moves to her and gives her a peek on the cheek.

JOE
I will let you two be alone. I
need to catch up on my
correspondence.

Olivia grabs Joe's hand.

OLIVIA
You're a good man, Joe.

Joe smiles down.

JOE
Enjoy the gardens.

OLIVIA
They beckon me.

Joe heads out of the parlor. As he does.

JOE
There's a sense of age and
innocence about this place.

OLIVIA
(to husband)
How was it?

SAM
Fine.

OLIVIA

And Joe?

SAM

There's no man on this green earth
I prefer to be with.

OLIVIA

I'm glad he came.

SAM

Me too. He cares. Yet there's such
hypocrisy surrounding his desired
subject.

OLIVIA

But there's no inconsistency in
him.

SAM

No. He walks and talks what he
believes is the truth.

OLIVIA

I've always liked him.

Sam pushes Olivia in her wheelchair through the French
doors leading to the...

TERRACE

SAM

May I interest you in a stroll,
Mrs. Clemens?

Olivia smiles up at her husband of thirty-four years.

OLIVIA

Sam, you always know the wrong
thing to say.

Sam hums an old Southern tune as he and Olivia heads down a
gravel path deeper into the gardens.

EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO - GARDENS - DAY

Sam parks Livy's wheelchair by the fountains.

OLIVIA

These are magnificent.

SAM

Heavenly.

OLIVIA
Have you seen the girls today?

SAM
Not yet. I think Isabel as taken
them to the city to shop.

OLIVIA
That's good.

Appears KATY LEARY, 50, stout and Irish, she's the Clemens
long-time servant. She carries a wool shawl.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Uh, oh. Here comes Mother.

KATY
Mrs. Clemens, there's a nip in the
evening air.

SAM
It's nearly eighty degrees out.

Katy wraps Olivia with the shawl.

KATY
There. This will make me feel
better.

SAM
Ms. Leary, where would we be
without you?

KATY
More importantly Mr. Clemens,
where would you be without this
wonderful, wonderful woman?

OLIVIA
Katy, you baby me so.

Katy eyes Sam.

KATY
Someone has to.

Katy returns to the home.

KATY (CONT'D)
I've cleaning to do.

SAM
(sarcastically)
She's a godsend.

OLIVIA
She knows us too well.

SAM
Hmph. You may be right.

Olivia rests in a wheelchair. Sam sits in a chair beside her.

In the pink rays of twilight, Olivia's face looks white and her lips look blue.

Olivia speaks with her eyes shut.

OLIVIA
When I'm gone. I want you to...

SAM
Livvy... I can't imagine it. You're my gravity.

OLIVIA
Even so. That day is coming.
(coughs)
Soon.

SAM
But.

OLIVIA
I don't have the energy for this Sam.

SAM
Hmm. You're the only one left that calls me, Sam.

OLIVIA
It's your name idiot. Samuel.

SAM
Says so on our marriage certificate.

OLIVIA
It sure does.

SAM
Smartest decision of my life.

OLIVIA
Mine too.

SAM
How has it all gone by so quickly?

Sam snaps his fingers.

SAM (CONT'D)
What happened to our quiet days in
Hartford?

OLIVIA
The big front porch. Watching our
children grow.

SAM
Time. I have wasted so much of it.
Away from you and the girls.

OLIVIA
Wasted? You created different
worlds Sam. Hmm, through your
stories you lived countless lives.

SAM
So have you.

OLIVIA
I gave your career a push when I
had to.

SAM
You know, this was a partnership.

OLIVIA
Was it?

Olivia starts to wheeze. Then she turns away.

SAM
Why did you pick me? You had so
many better suitors.

OLIVIA
The truth?

SAM
We're too old for lies.

OLIVIA
In you... I saw a man who
desperately needed to be loved.

SAM
And that's what you have done. You
made me better.

OLIVIA
We made each other better.

SAM
Thank you.

OLIVIA
For what?

SAM
This. Our lives. Our family.
Helping me write my stories.

OLIVIA
Don't be silly.

SAM
I'm such a blundering, outspoken
fool.

OLIVIA
Sometimes. After too much drink.
But I love all of you.

SAM
I...

OLIVIA
Hush. I'm tired Sam. Wheel me back
to my bed.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO - OLIVIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Enters Sam and Olivia's surviving children, JEAN, 24, homely, awkward girl, uncomfortable in her own skin, and CLARA, 29, the opposite of her sister. Clara is dazzling and overconfident to the point of rudeness. Together, they come in with several shopping bags in their hands.

Their arrival startles Sam as he rests in a chair beside his wife's bed.

Sam looks at his children disapprovingly. Then he notices ISABEL LYONS, 41, his secretary, standing in the doorway.

SAM
Good evening, Ms. Lyons.

Isabel nods and smiles. She looks tan and pretty in her white summer dress and her dark hair rolled up in a bun.

Clara drops her bags at her Mother's feet. Her dark and flawless features and movements radiate sophistication.

Olivia wakes.

CLARA
 Mother, you would not believe how
 beautiful the stores are. I found
 a great scarf for my performance.
 And this...

With flair, Clara removes a second scarf from her bag.

CLARA (CONT'D)
 Will give you some much needed
 color.

Clara holds up the scarf. Then she wraps it around her
 Mother's neck.

CLARA (CONT'D)
 There. Perfect.

SAM
 How much did this shopping
 excursion cost?

OLIVIA
 Sam, hush. Thank you, dear.

Jean sheepishly stands in the background. She is beautiful
 too. Yet, lacks the confidence her older sister possesses.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 Jean, what did you find?

JEAN
 Nothing. These bags are Clara's. I
 have everything I need.

OLIVIA
 Contentment is natural wealth...

Sam pulls out a stogie and smells it.

SAM
 Ahh!

JEAN
 Not in here Dad.

SAM
 Of course not.

Sam bends down and gives his wife a peck on the cheek.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Excuse me, dear.

OLIVIA
You smoke that thing outside.

SAM
Girls, watch over Mother. As I
exercise my lungs.

Sam heads back out to the gardens to enjoy his cigar.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO - LIVY'S ROOM - SAME

Clara is gone. Jean and her Mother remains.

Olivia is propped up in her bed.

Jean stands with her back to her Mother by the windows.

JEAN
I am not well Mother.

OLIVIA
Neither am I dear.

Jean turns.

JEAN
Not in body, but in mind.

OLIVIA
You must not overexert yourself
with worry.

JEAN
Are you dying Momma?

OLIVIA
We're all dying dear. Just some
faster than others.

Jean crawls up into bed with her Mother.

JEAN
I miss Susy, Momma.

OLIVIA
I do too.

Tears form down Olivia's cheeks.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I think I'm going to get a chance
to see her soon.

EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO - GARDENS - NIGHT

Sam strolls the gardens as a rich cloud of smoke follows him. This is when he sees Joe sitting on a stone bench. He smokes his pipe.

Sam deeply inhales.

SAM
Ahhhhh, tobacco. The greatest
smell on earth.

JOE
How's Livy?

SAM
As good as expected.

JOE
I hate the fact that I must leave
tomorrow.

SAM
You all packed up?

JOE
Harmony is the packer. Though, I
do take pride in the fact that I
didn't forget my toothbrush.

Joe smiles up at Sam. It's contagious.

SAM
Give Harmony my love.

JOE
I shall.

SAM
What time is your train?

JOE
Three.

SAM
Good. There's one more place I
would like you to visit.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO - LIVY'S ROOM - DAY

Joe gently knocks on her door.

Olivia awakens.

OLIVIA
Come in.

JOE
I wanted to say good-bye.

OLIVIA
This maybe the last one, Joe.

Joe sits on a corner of her bed.

JOE
May I say a prayer for you?

OLIVIA
If that makes you more comfortable
with leaving, yes.

Joe grasps her hand and closes his eyes.

JOE
Livvy, what are you clinging to?

OLIVIA
(coughs)
Family.

JOE
Yes. Lay down your burdens.

OLIVIA
I'm not a believer, Joe.

JOE
Yet, there's goodness and wonder
in you.

OLIVIA
He promises eternal life?

JOE
True.

OLIVIA
Hmm.

JOE
Lord, be with my friend. Calm her
in her time of need.

Joe opens eyes and kisses her hand.

OLIVIA
Do you feel better?

JOE
I shall miss you.

OLIVIA
My worries are for Sam.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO - LIVY'S ROOM - DAY

Clara speaks with her Mother.

CLARA
Mother. I am so sorry.

OLIVIA
Hush, child. You're Father, is a
difficult, depressive man.

CLARA
But.

OLIVIA
We all have regrets. I've had
printer's ink on my fingers every
since I met that man. Yet, my name
won't be remembered.

CLARA
He's utterly self-absorbed.

OLIVIA
He's a lot like you.

CLARA
Mother!

OLIVIA
I'm sorry. I'm tired.

Clara gets up and wanders to the door.

CLARA
I know. I wish I was more like
you.

OLIVIA
You're perfect the way you are.

As the door closes, Olivia whispers to herself.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
This burden will soon be yours.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO - LIVY'S ROOM - LATER

Sam wanders in.

Olivia is in her bed.

SAM

What do you think of my magazine article?

Olivia coughs.

OLIVIA

Quaint. Who's going to edit your work when I'm gone.

SAM

Darling, don't say such things.

Olivia looks out the window.

OLIVIA

Exhaustion and shortness of breath seems to be my life these days.

SAM

This afternoon, I must go with Joe.

OLIVIA

I know. Have fun.

INT. CAR - DAY

Joe eyes the villa one last time as he leaves with Sam.

JOE

I hate that I must go.

SAM

It was kind you came.

JOE

Still.

Sam gazes out of the car.

SAM

I'm scared too.

ECU: Sam's face and bushy hair.

MATCH CUT:

Apennine Colossus' OLD MAN

EXT. APENNINE COLOSSUS' OLD MAN - DAY

ECU: of the statue's face.

Joe and Sam gazes upon greatness.

JOE
It's gorgeous. Imagine,
three-hundred years old.

SAM
I feel as old.

JOE
It's breath-taking.

SAM
Giambologna regretted making it
here. One of the greatest
masterpieces sculpture has ever
offered the world... though few
stumble upon in the middle of
these woods.

JOE
It's one with nature.

SAM
Hmm. Still an artist requires an
audience to survive.

Sam frolics around, dances about. Hums the Battle Hymn Of
The Republic.

SAM (CONT'D)
I wish to write one true line
again before I die.

JOE
You have written thousands. You're
the Lincoln of our Literature.

SAM
Hmm. I don't feel it. My readers
want boys with straw hats,
corn-cob pipes, fishing.

JOE
Playing hooky.

SAM
Watching steamboats ply the
Mississippi River.

JOE
It's your gift.

Sam stares up at the statue's face.

SAM
Joe, I think my next book will be
darker.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Joe and Sam walk side by side through the woods as they
return from their visit to the statue.

JOE
Why Joan of Arc?

SAM
Why not?

JOE
You're an Anti-Catholic. You hate
the French. Yet.

SAM
I write a book about a
French-Catholic-martyr?

JOE
Yes.

SAM
Joan's different. By far, the most
extraordinary person the human
race has ever produced.

Joe turns to face Sam.

JOE
Dark stuff.

SAM
My new stuff is even darker.

JOE
Do you have a title for it?

SAM
A Mysterious Stranger. Livy is
editing the beginning of it.

JOE
What's it about?

SAM
I've grievances towards your boss.

JOE
Oh. That again.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO - LIVY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Olivia looks over Sam's papers. She has a pencil in hand.

OLIVIA
How many times must I scold you
about structure, Sam?

SAM
Details.

OLIVIA
Sam.

SAM
You're the machine that spins my
stories. My observations enhanced
by your direction.

Olivia starts to coughs and wheeze. Tiny blood drops land
on Sam's manuscript. She takes her palm and smears them
off.

SAM (CONT'D)
I shouldn't go.

OLIVIA
The new villa sounds perfect.
Plus, our agent is expecting you
tomorrow.

SAM
Yet.

OLIVIA
Take the girls. Make it an
excursion.

SAM
Okay. I will be back by dinner.

Olivia closes her eyes.

OLIVIA
See you then.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO - KITCHEN - DAY

As Clara and Jean have breakfast, Sam strolls in.

SAM
Who's up for a picnic?

His children look up and smile.

EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Sam, Clara, and Jean sit within an open carriage as it travels through gorgeous green countryside.

The DRIVER gives the team of white horses a CRACK from his whip.

DRIVER
(in Italian)
Faster now.

Besides the driver sits ALFONSO, Sam's Real Estate Agent, a bookish forty-something with glasses. The man clenches onto his briefcase with dear life as the coach accelerates.

Sheepishly, the agent looks back at the Clemens.

SAM
Steady, Alfonso.

Sam laughs. His forearm rests on a wicker Picnic basket.

SAM (CONT'D)
There's commissions to be had.

The coach jostles.

SAM (CONT'D)
This is the land of Raphael,
Titian, Michelangelo, and Da
Vinci.

The coach hits a big bump.

Everyone jumps up a bit.

SAM (CONT'D)
Why no paved roads?

CLARA
Those were all artists Father. You
know how they despise real work.

Sam laughs as he eyes Clara.

SAM
I suppose you're right. Hmm.

JEAN
Why don't we celebrate Susy's birthday anymore?

SAM
That would've been two months ago dear.

CLARA
Three. But we mustn't speak of such things. Susy is gone.

JEAN
Where?

SAM
She's with Henry and Grandpa I suppose. Hmm. Though, it is utter blasphemy not to celebrate her memory and sheer innocence. Jean, what do you remember of your sister?

JEAN
Her beauty.

Jean eyes Clara.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Her unselfish ways.

SAM
And Clara, what do you recall of your sister?

CLARA
She was your favorite.

SAM
I love you all... equally.

CLARA
Father? Susy is watching.

SAM
Well if she is, let's recall and share a pleasant memory of her.

JEAN
Oh, I know. The dress-up and acting in one of her plays.

SAM

Yes!

JEAN

Or us playing hide and seek in the old house.

Sam looks out into the passing fields of gold lit splendor.

SAM

Yes, Jean. I see her know. Look!

JEAN

I see her too, Papa. Running. Catching fireflies! In a new summer's dress.

SAM

Splendid, Jean. Splendid. How about you Clara?

CLARA

What?

SAM

Do you see anything?

CLARA

I see a field. Barren of people.

SAM

Look harder, child. Remember her.

Clara looks out and smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)

What is it? You must tell us.

CLARA

We are all young again. Chasing soap bubbles.

JEAN

No doubt produced from your old pipe, Papa.

SAM

Clara, tell us more about these magnificent soap bubbles.

CLARA

We're at the Farm.

SAM

Yes?

CLARA
Chasing after soap bubbles of
every imaginable size.

JEAN
Is Susy there?

Clara looks to her Sister.

CLARA
Yes. She is. So pretty. So
perfect.

JEAN
She was.

Clara starts to tear up.

CLARA
Susy is about to catch her
bubble... pop!

Clara leans back.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Hmm, she's gone now.

SAM
Yes. But the memory of her will
remain.

Sam points to daughters' heads.

SAM (CONT'D)
As long we live, dear ones, Susy
shall be with us.

JEAN
Sure. But it's not the same.

SAM
No. I would much rather have her
here, in the flesh. Sandwiched
between the two of you.

The carriage hits another big bump.

SAM (CONT'D)
Susy missed out on getting her
innings jostled about on this god
awful road.

Sam looks to the driver.

SAM (CONT'D)
Can this road get any worse!

AGENT
We're almost there, Mister Twain.
See. Villa de No Ombra.

The agent points up to the hill's crest.

AGENT (CONT'D)
Holds a breathtaking view of
Florence.

Sam looks back to Florence.

SAM
Ah. Breathtaking indeed.

EXT. ITALIAN VILLA - DAY

Sam, Clara, and Jean walk the grounds. Their picnic blanket and basket is seen in the background.

Jean sprints ahead. She has a camera in her hands and its case drapes her neck.

JEAN
It has a swimming pool.

SAM
Great.

CLARA
And your own private chapel.

SAM
Funny.

Sam eyes span the grounds. Then his attention rests upon his eldest daughter face.

Clara nods her approval for the property.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO - FOYER - NIGHT

SAM
Livvy, I think we found it!

Sam crosses floor and pokes about.

Jean and Clara follow him. There's no one in sight.

They approach...

STAIRWELL

Sam climbs the stairs with Clara and Jean in tow.

SAM (CONT'D)
Where is everyone?

EXT./INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - SAME

ISABEL
It's not working!

Katy holds an oxygen mask against Olivia's face. The two have her propped up though she appears lifeless and paler than ever.

KATY
Ms. Clemens, breathe! Please.

Sam rushes to her.

SAM
No!

Katy and Isabel step back.

Sam reaches his dead wife and holds her dearly. He caresses her hair and stares into lifeless eyes. This is when he weeps.

SAM (CONT'D)
My gravity is gone. Now, I'm weightless and a drift.

From behind, Jean pulls out her camera and snaps off a picture.

EXT. MANHATTAN, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the city's skyline.

SUPER: "New York City. 1905."

EXT. CHELSEA HOTEL - NIGHT

Panning down from the top floor, we pass rows of rectangles of golden light until we reach the lobby's wide windows.

INT. CHELSEA HOTEL - LOBBY - SAME

Near the window, Jean stares down at a crumbled photograph of her frail Mother in her deathbed. She sits beside her Father who is smoking a cigar.

JEAN
I am not well, Father.

SAM
I know. But must you look at that?

JEAN
Seeing her, comforts me.

Sam fatherly takes the photograph from Jean.

SAM
Dear child, every photograph of
Mother is better than this one.

JEAN
Why can't I be like everyone else?

SAM
Common?

Sam straightens his daughter's hair.

SAM (CONT'D)
No, dear. You're special.

JEAN
You mean, epileptic.

SAM
Hush, now.

Jean turns toward the windows capturing the city street at night.

JEAN
Why does God take those we love
the most?

Sam's eyes shift from Jean to the CAMERA.

SAM
Because he's cruel.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. ALDINE CLUB — FOYER — NIGHT

CHATTER and LAUGHTER pours out from the club's dining room.

A long banner on wall reads, "THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS CELEBRATES MARK TWAIN."

INT. ALDINE CLUB — FRONT — NIGHT

Vast dark paneled banquet room. Here we drift down through the reams of chalky white smoke of the dark paneled room. Below the smoke we see lines of tuxedoed men. They sit at white draped tables. Their food untouched before them.

SUPER: "December 21, 1905."

Clad in formal wear of long-tailed black coat and white vest, is Sam. He sits at the head table.

Beside him is ANDREW CARNEGIE. He stands and introduces Mark Twain.

CARNEGIE

It has been a quarter of a century since his classic The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, but the man next to me remains the country's most famous and beloved writer.

Much applause.

CARNEGIE (CONT'D)

The slouching, white-suited.

Andrew looks down and smiles broadly at his dear old friend.

CARNEGIE (CONT'D)

Frizzy-haired storyteller. He is why we're here. To celebrate his life, and his works.

SAM

Frizzy-haired. At least I have hair, you old robber...

Suddenly, the back doors of the room loudly bursts open.

The room turns at once. Stunned and awed at the intruder's rudeness.

Then they see the costumed spectacle of a young woman dressed as the Miracle of Orleans, JOAN OF ARC.

Joan wears underneath a ceremonial white robe, the armor of a 15th-century French soldier. Her hair dark and cut short. Her face's figures pure and angelic.

A small boy follows her. A banner bellows over her head.

Joan's eyes are fixed on the author, as she glides up the aisle between the tables. She carries a laurel wreath atop a satin pillow. As she passes, the stunned on-lookers watch on.

Sam's smile fades. He is startled. He accepts the wreath of bay quietly, awkwardly. He has every appearance of a man who had seen a ghost.

SAM (CONT'D)

Susy?

Joan nods no.

JOAN

Guess again.

Sam's voice is broken, and his words come slowly.

SAM

Who are you?

JOAN

You know who I am?

Sam looks toward her, then the crowd. There's absolute silence - puzzling silence.

The surrounding audience doesn't know whether it is time to laugh, to keep silent, or to summon the hotel security.

Sam realizes the situation. He opens his mouth to let them off the hook as he studies Joan's attire.

SAM

There's an illustration, gentlemen
- a real illustration.

JOAN

They can't hear you.

SAM

What?

JOAN

We're no longer of this world.

SAM

I'm dead? Now that's reassuring.

JOAN

Is it?

SAM

I was done with it. To succeed in this life, you need two things. Ignorance and confidence. One of which I lack.

JOAN

Then come. Be done with them. They're so self-absorbed.

Sam stares at the frozen faces.

SAM

But.

Joan snaps her fingers and the room of tuxedoed guests and the boy disappears.

JOAN

Ah. Better. Now come.

SAM

How?

JOAN

Time and space are irrelevant. Mere labels to justify the unknown. Let's go.

SAM

Where to?

JOAN

To a time when you weren't so cynical.

SAM

Good l-u-c-k there.

JOAN

Luck has nothing to do with it, Sam.

SAM

Where are we going?

JOAN

Only to the places you have been.

SAM

Okay. I prefer the past.

Joan smiles.

JOAN
Come. There's nothing left for you
here.

SAM
Am I dreaming?

JOAN
Awake. Asleep. Alive or dead. You
shall soon witness... The difference
is razor thin.

Sam's formal wear is gone. Now he wears his customary white
three piece suit.

JOAN (CONT'D)
I prefer you dressed in white.

SAM
So am I your pawn?

JOAN
We're all pawns in a game we never
asked to play.

TRANSITION: the room is morphs into nature. The drawing
room turns into woods. The red-carpet changes into a dirt
path.

DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER — DAY

Before them is a crooked bend of the Mississippi in the
daylight.

SAM
Ah. I know these waters.

JOAN
You should. You described them so
wonderfully in your books.

Time moves by. It is only seconds for them but the scenery
and the day changes to night like time lapse photography.

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER — NIGHT

The time lapse photography ceases with the sound of a
WHISTLE HORN. Around the bend a steamboat lit up like a
tall birthday cake.

The paddle wheel SMACKS! as it hits the water.

SAM

When I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades. That was, to be a steamboat pilot.

JOAN

I know.

SAM

Am I dead?

JOAN

Not yet.

SAM

Then what is this?

JOAN

Your race never knows good fortune from ill. They're always mistaking the one for the other.

SAM

Are you not human?

JOAN

Human? Don't be vulgar.

SAM

No.

JOAN

I witnessed your lot born from the clay. I am not limited like you.

SAM

You seem so real. So, human.

JOAN

I told you... I am not. I am more.

SAM

So, what's the difference in you and me?

Joan doesn't seem to understand how he could ask such a strange question.

JOAN

The difference between man and me?
Man, is a museum of diseases, a
home of impurities. He begins as
dirt and departs as stench.

SAM

I don't understand.

JOAN

One can't compare things which by
their nature and by the interval
between them are not comparable.

Sam remains still and quiet.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You seem puzzled Sam. So I will
expand it. Man, is made of dirt. I
saw him made. I am not made of
dirt. He comes to-day and is gone
to-morrow. I am of the aristocracy
of the Imperishable. I last.

EXT. HANNIBAL, MISSOURI — MAIN STREET — DAY

The small village of Sam's youth nestled along the west
bank of the Mississippi River.

SAM

This is my home.

JOAN

Why, yes it is. Miss it?

SAM

More than I like to share.

JOAN

I know. So look around.

From a storefront on Main Street...

PRINT SHOP

EMERGES a small boy. It is YOUNG SAM. A Tom Sawyer-look
alike makes his way home.

JOAN

Ah. There you are.

SAM

That's me?

JOAN
Of course it is. Minus a life's
worth of grief. So young. So full
of hope.

A piece of paper rises from the dirt. As it does, the wind captures it. Gives the page. It twists and turns in the air.

This spectacle earns young Sam's attention.

The wayward page blows across his path. Sam studies it. Then he feels compelled to snatch the loose paper from the air. He chases after it. Though the wind prevails and travels over a high, white-washed fence.

Sam nods. Unwilling to continue the chase, he turns and heads towards home.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Why did you stop?

SAM
I lost interest.

JOAN
Ever wonder what was on it?

SAM
No. Yes.

JOAN
Perhaps one day I shall tell you.

She snaps her fingers.

SAM
Who are you really?

JOAN
I told you.

SAM
You are not Joan.

JOAN
True. I can take any shape I
please. Do you have a preference?

SAM
No. But why did you choose to be
her?

JOAN
Misery enjoys company. Come. Let's
see Paris again. One last time.

EXT. FRENCH PALACE — DAY

Heavy sheets of rain. Beyond the imposing yet ornate closed wrought iron gate stands a pastel palace.

SUPER: "Paris, 1867."

INT. FRENCH PALACE — DAY

A younger Sam stands at a window as beads of water hit and stream down the pane.

A FRENCH WOMAN, Joan of Arc inspiration, elegant and stylish approaches Sam.

FRENCH WOMAN
You picked the wrong time to see
Paris, Monsieur Clem'ONS.

She pauses, then she stares out at the rainy day.

FRENCH WOMAN (CONT'D)
Last year was so much better.

SAM
Why is that?

Sam laughs.

SAM (CONT'D)
The last sighting of the sun?

FRENCH WOMAN
No, Exposition Universelle. The
fair was so magnificent.

SAM
Was it?

FRENCH WOMAN
It was.

SAM
Well events drew me here now.

FRENCH WOMAN
Like what?

SAM

Poor-dom.

FRENCH WOMAN

You Americans think too much of money. And not enough of travel.

SAM

The lack of money is the root of all evil.

FRENCH WOMAN

Oui.

She looks hard at her much older husband in mid-conservation across the room.

SAM

Your husband?

FRENCH WOMAN

Oui.

SAM

He's high up?

FRENCH WOMAN

Oui. In the foreign ministry. He's always traveling here or there, without me.

SAM

I see. Hmm. Old Travelers. How we love to hear them prate and drivel and lie.

FRENCH WOMAN

You do know him.

SAM

Yes. I imagine I do. Throwing out feelers. Never casting themselves adrift till they're certain.

FRENCH WOMAN

Then they open their throttle valves and brag.

SAM

And blaspheme the sacred name of Truth!

FRENCH WOMAN
 Their aim is to subjugate you,
 keep you down, and make you feel
 insignificant.

SAM
 They laugh. Unfeelingly at your
 treasured dreams. They deride and
 demolish.

Joan leans against Sam and cries.

FRENCH WOMAN
 I hate him.

Sam uses his forefinger to lift-up her chiseled chin.

SAM
 No you don't.

FRENCH WOMAN
 Why?

SAM
 We love the Old Travelers. Their
 witless platitudes, their
 supernatural ability to bore.

FRENCH WOMAN
 Their sheer vanity.

SAM
 And for their luxuriant fertility
 of imagination.

Joan draws closer to Sam.

FRENCH WOMAN
 You in Paris long?

SAM
 At least until I see the Sun.

FRENCH WOMAN
 You're witty, Monsieur. Thank you.

SAM
 For what?

FRENCH WOMAN
 I needed a laugh.

She wipes away her tears.

SAM

Hmm. Humor and wit can cloak much.

The diplomats wife gives Sam a peck on cheek.

FRENCH WOMAN

Merci, beaucoup.

She leaves.

Sam feels Joan's presence.

SAM

She opened my heart to the French.
Without her, there would have been
no book on Joan of Arc.

Joan's appearance is older now. Her hair is pure white.

JOAN

I know. Her vulnerability changed
you.

SAM

You've aged.

JOAN

I thought you might like a change.
Joan never had a chance to age.
Come. Paris awaits.

SERIES OF CUTS: PARIS AT NIGHT

A. Joan and Sam ride in fast carriage.

B. They pass sign that reads, "Rue de Rivoli."

C. They pass by the Column of July.

SAM

On this site once stood the grim
Bastille.

JOAN

That grave of human hopes and
happiness.

SAM

That dismal prison house within
whose dungeons so many young faces
put on the wrinkles of age.

JOAN

So many proud spirits grew humble.

SAM
So many brave hearts broke. Hmm.

The carriage stops at the steps of The Trocadéro Palace.

EXT. THE TROCADÉRO PALACE — SAME

The palace's form is that of a large concert hall with two wings and two towers. Its style is a mixture of exotic and historical references, generally called "Moorish" but with some Byzantine elements. The space between the Palais and the Seine is set with gardens, and an array of fountains.

JOAN
The old Trocadéro Palace was built
during the Exposition Universelle.

Sam steps out of carriage. Sees the opposite bank of Paris.
The city is aglow. Illuminates the night.

SAM
Beautiful.

JOAN
Paris is more than a destination.

SAM
It's a state of mind.

JOAN
Music, maestro?

INT. TROCADÉRO — CONCERT HALL — NIGHT

Sam and Joan walks side up side toward the stage. The candle lit hall contains a monstrous pipe organ with piping lining the wall.

JOAN
Man, thinks he is the Creator's
pet. Believes the Creator loves
him and listens.

SAM
It's a quaint notion.

Joan sits before it. She stretches her fingertips like some concert pianist, then she starts to play a part of Chopin's, Funeral March.

JOAN
What too dreary? Perhaps you
prefer Toccata and Fugue in D
Minor.

SAM
Who died?

Joan looks up at Sam.

JOAN
You, old boy. You.

She continues to play.

Sam wanders out of shot.

SAM
I was dead before I was born and
it never inconvenienced me a bit.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. STORMFIELD — DAY

The mansion's name derives from a short story of his
Captain Stormfield's, Visit to Heaven.

SUPER: "April, 1910. Mark Twain's last residence."

SERIES OF CUTS: HOME TOUR

- A. Stormfield Mansion.
- B. The interior ground floor.
- C. French doors open to garden terraces and fountain.
- D. Drawing room opens to an outdoor seating area.
- E. Billiards room decorated with caricatures of Sam.
- F. End with Sam's study.

INT. SAM'S STUDY — DESK — SAME

Sam's desk is, as if, he just left it.

POV is inside empty room the various objects of interest.

Long line of leather bound books fill rows of bookshelves.
The last book, standing on its spine, is Carlyle's French
Revolution.

A woman HUMS a melody from the hallway.

We watch her pass by the door's opening.

INT. HALLWAY — SAME

We see Clara, now 35. She is Sam's only surviving daughter. She walks down the corridor. She turns into...

BEDROOM

Inside, Sam's doctor, late 50s, hovers over his bed. He removes a Stethoscope from his leather bag.

Sam, now 75, rests. His white-unruly hair still defiant, yet he lies frail in his bed.

Clara's belly shows that she is with child. She stares down at her Father.

The doctor examines Sam's lungs and heart with his Stethoscope. He steps back and frowns.

DOCTOR
His lungs are ruined and his heart
beats slow.

CLARA
Tobacco.

DOCTOR
He doesn't have much longer.

The doctor looks at nurse.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Nurse Baker. Call me when you see
the signs.

Nurse Baker nods.

CLARA
So, there's nothing left for us to
do.

The doctor puts his Stethoscope back in his case.

DOCTOR
Make him comfortable. That's all.

CLARA
Thank you, doctor. May I have a
moment alone with my Father?

DOCTOR
Of course.

Everyone but Clara clears the room.

CLARA
Hi Papa. I'm here. The last of us.
She draws closer.

CLARA (CONT'D)
To remember the wonderful
childhood you had provided us. The
interesting people that passed in
and out of our home in Hartford.
She gets up.

CLARA (CONT'D)
But I will not be the last one
long. You see, a child grows
inside of me.

KNOCK on door.

ALBERT PAINE, 48, arrives. He is Sam's handpicked
biographer. Bookish, big-eared who wears his hair parted
down the middle.

PAINE
Are you okay?

CLARA
Yes.

PAINE
How's your father?

CLARA
Not well.

Paine walks up to the bed, peers down at Sam, long and
hard.

Sam laboriously takes a breathe.

PAINE
I see.

CLARA
Mr. Paine.

Albert turns.

PAINE

Yes?

CLARA

It is very important to me that
the world remembers Mark Twain.
Not Sam Clemens.

Albert attention returns to Sam.

PAINE

I see.

EXT. STORMFIELD - ENTRANCE - DAY

Joe arrives. As he hums a tune, he grabs the door's
knocker. CLANG! CLANG!

Joe looks around and waits with his hat in his hands.

JOE

This is going to be hard.

INT. STORMFIELD - FOYER - SAME

From down the hall, Katy appears. Slowly, she approaches
the main door.

Mr. Paine is behind her.

PAINE

No reporters, Katy.

Katy nods and then she opens to door.

KATY

Reverend Twichell. Welcome.

JOE

I wish it was under better
circumstances.

Katy escorts him in.

PAINE

Thank you for coming.

JOE

He's been my best friend for forty
years. How could I not?

PAINE

True.

JOE
Upstairs?

PAINE
Yes.

Joe heads to the...

STAIRWELL

PAINE (CONT'D)
Reverend Twichell?

Joe turns back to the foyer.

JOE
Yes.

PAINE
May I have a word with you after?

JOE
Of course.

Joe climbs the stairs.

EXT. SAM'S BEDROOM — SAME

As Joe opens, Sam's bedroom door.

JOE
Mark, you lazy old... man.

Joe wanders in.

Sam stirs and opens-up his eyes.

SAM
Susy?

JOE
No, Mark. It's Joe.

SAM
Joe.

Sam brightens.

Joe plops down next to him.

JOE
What do you wish to talk about?

SAM
Nothing.

JOE
Nothing?

SAM
I don't want you to see me like
this, Joe.

JOE
Like what?

SAM
Weak. Near death.

JOE
I understand.

SAM
Go.

JOE
You rest. I will be back.

Joe heads to the door.

SAM
Joe?

Joe turns.

JOE
Yes.

SAM
You're a good man.

JOE
So are you.

Sam falls back asleep.

Joe head down the stairs to...

FIRST FLOOR

Katy approaches him.

KATY
Reverend Twichell. Mr. Paine is
waiting for you in the study.

JOE
Thank you, Katy.

Joe takes a few steps toward the study. He turns back to Katy.

JOE (CONT'D)
The house seems so quiet.

KATY
I know. I half expect him to come storming down those stairs. All in a huff.

INT. SAM'S STUDY — DAY

Joe enters Sam's study.

JOE
When is A Mysterious Stranger being published?

PAINE
Never.

JOE
What? The story is brilliant.

PAINE
I agree.

JOE
Then why?

PAINE
Mrs. Clemens feels his work is slipping. Intellectually.

JOE
Slipping? Impossible.

PAINE
She wishes me to focus on his autobiography.

Joe grabs a book from the shelf.

JOE
Mr. Paine, to the living we owe respect. But to the dead we owe only...

PAINE
The truth.

JOE
Correct.

PAINE
Voltaire?

Joe nods and returns the book to the shelf.

JOE
When you borrow a line.

PAINE
Take from the best. Hmm. Wise
advise.

Joe looks out a window to the spring day and the sprawling
green grass.

JOE
Poor Sam. Poor Jean.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. STORMFIELD — DAY

Jean and Sam walks along the same grounds now white with
snow.

It is two days before Christmas.

SUPER: "December 23, 1909."

SAM
I am sorry Jean.

JEAN
About what?

SAM
The past.

JEAN
Oh, that. It is forgotten.

SAM
Dear child, how can it be?

JEAN
History, Papa. Isabel is gone.

SAM
History? Okay, then. Let's discuss
the future. When, I am gone.

JEAN
You shall never leave me.

SAM
I wish that was true. But my end
will come. Just like Mother's.

They both grow quiet.

JEAN
I miss her.

SAM
So, do I child. So, do I.

JEAN
I never realized how much I relied
on her. Until she was gone.

SAM
Yeah. I wasted so many of my days,
recreating the past. Not enjoying
the present.

JEAN
The present. It's such a tiny
thing.

Sam stops walking and looks at Jean.

SAM
Sandwiched between regret and
fear.

JEAN
Be here now. With me.

SAM
I am.

JEAN
Good. Then close your eyes, Papa.
Breathe.

Sam does so. Then he raises his hands over his head, and
twirls a bit.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Breathe!

Sam laughs.

SAM
I'm trying.

INT. STORMFIELD — DAY

Christmas music plays.

SERIES OF CUTS: HOME FOR HOLIDAYS

A. Folded over newspaper reads, "December 23, 1909."

B. Nice fire in fireplace.

C. Pan over STORMFIELD decorated for the holidays.

D. Sam and Jean trims a Christmas Tree.

E. Sam asleep in chair near fire.

F. Jean cover's Sam with a blanket.

INT. STORMFIELD — SAME NIGHT

Sam wakes as Jean attempts to cover him.

SAM
You're wearing yourself out dear.

JEAN
This Christmas must be perfect.

SAM
Why?

JEAN
It just must.

SAM
Are you afraid it may be my last?

JEAN
Remember.

SAM
What?

JEAN
The present.

SAM
You're my present.

JEAN
See you in the morning, Papa.

SAM
Merry Christmas, my little angel.
Sleep tight.

EXT. STORMFIELD — CHRISTMAS EVE EVE — NIGHT

POV from road.

Snowflakes flutters about the grounds.

EXT. STORMFIELD — CHRISTMAS EVE MORNING

SUPER: "Stormfield, 6:30 a.m."

SERIES OF SHOTS: HOME TOUR

- A. Home heavily decorated for the holidays.
- B. Big red bows on greens.
- C. Poinsettias litter our journey.
- D. Christmas trees are everywhere.
- E. We travel through the formal living room.
- F. To the foyer.
- G. The stairs.
- H. Then we climb the steps.

The bathtub faucet RUNS. The sound of the water draws us in. When we reach the second floor, it stops. We continue down the long hall.

Katy raps on Jean's door.

KATY
You ready to dress?

JEAN
No, Katy, you can wait an hour,
for I am going to lie in bed and
read.

Katy goes away. Walks down the long hallway, and stops. She ponders a bit. Then she moves on with her day.

INT. JEAN'S BATHROOM — SAME

Jean baths in the tub. Steam is everywhere. She smiles at us through it. She is welcoming.

Hold on her smiling face.

Then suddenly and violently she is seized by an epileptic seizure attack. We witness this. This is nothing for us to do but painfully watch, wait, and hope.

Jean's body slams into the sides of the tub, again and again. Bath water splashes out and about. She looks at us in agony. Her eyes scream help me. Help me.

We can do nothing but watch. We see her body freeze up. Then the top half of her body slips down into underneath the water.

Her alarmed face inches below the water: big bubbles. She struggles but she can't move. She drowns.

Her face now appears angelic and at peace.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY — DAY — LATER

SUPER: "Stormfield, 7:30 a.m."

Katy returns to the bedroom. It is empty. Miss Clemens was not there.

Katy sees the bathroom door ajar. Slowly, she pushes it wide open.

KATY

Jean?

She sees Jean's lifeless body beneath the water and screams.

KATY (CONT'D)

No!!!

INT. BATHROOM — SAME

Sam appears in his pajamas. He sees Jean.

SAM

Dear god, no.

He yanks here out of the water.

SAM (CONT'D)
Jean. Dear Jean. Breathe.

Jean's unresponsive face rests on his shoulder. Water trickles out and down her lips and cheek.

Sam turns here over. He then performs mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, again and again. Nothing.

Sam checks her vital signs.

SAM (CONT'D)
She has joined the others.

Katy, still in the doorway, weeps.

Sam turns to her.

SAM (CONT'D)
Help me get her to her bed.

Katy does.

INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Jean looks at peace in her bed, covered with blankets. Her hair still wet. She looks asleep.

Sam looks to Katy.

SAM
Please call Joe Twichell. Tell him what happened.

Katy leaves to do so.

Sam sits on the side of the bed. He bends down. Rubs his fingertips through her wet hair. His face moves closer to her face.

SAM (CONT'D)
I fear. I regret.

He clears throat.

SAM (CONT'D)
Come then, my love!

Sam runs fingers through hair.

SAM (CONT'D)
O' come along.

He starts to tear up, barely gets out.

SAM (CONT'D)
And feed me with your charms. A
flame like yours. Shall never die.

Joan appears in the background.

JOAN
Jean had a kind heart.

Sam looks to Jean then to Joan.

SAM
She did.

JOAN
You have experienced such
cruelness. Outliving your family.

SAM
Clara is the only one left.

JOAN
She's a lot like you.

END OF FLASHBACK:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY — DAY

Outside bathroom, Joe stands beside the door. It is ajar.
In sight, he sees a bright white porcelain bathtub empty of
water.

Katy approaches.

KATY
That bathroom scares me too.

JOE
Scares you?

KATY
Jean.

JOE
She finally found peace.

KATY
How much pain and suffering can
this family take?

JOE
Job suffered. But his faith was
strong.

KATY
I can't imagine a modern world
without him in it.

JOE
Me either.

Joe continues down the hall.

Katy nods her agreement and then she walks in the opposite direction. A few strides down she begins to hum on his way to Sam's study.

INT. SAM'S STUDY - SAME

Joe wanders in. He sees Paine and Clara.

Clara looks up from the manuscript.

CLARA
Hi, Joe. I heard you were here.
She rises from the desk to greet him.
Joe sees her belly.

JOE
I believe congratulations are in order.
Joe and Clara hug.

CLARA
They are.

JOE
I wish he would be here to see it.

CLARA
Me too.

Clara looks at Mr. Paine.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Albert. May I have a word alone
with my spiritual advisor.

PAINE
Of course.

JOE
Spiritual advisor? You're as bad
as him.

CLARA

I know.

INT. SAM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Clara and Joe enjoys some tea.

Joe eyes the manuscript Clara was reading.

JOE

His latest work?

Clara nods yes.

CLARA

It's brilliant. And bitter. Full of such pain.

JOE

Well, it was completed after your Mother's death.

CLARA

Yes. But his reader's want Twain.

JOE

Lazy days spent by the river?

CLARA

Exactly.

JOE

He's outgrown the persona he created in his youth.

CLARA

Well, if this story is published, it will ruin him.

JOE

How is that?

CLARA

It's anti-god?

JOE

Not surprising. Yet, is it a worthy read?

Excitement enters Clara's voice.

CLARA

It is. So, different from his previous work.

JOE
You should let his reader's decide
then.

CLARA
Joe. He uses the Devil as a
narrator who betters God.

JOE
Once again. Sounds like him. Hmm.
It appears your Father no longer
wishes to be Mark Twain.

CLARA
The world wants more Mark Twain.
Not Sam Clemens. His book on Joan
of Arc proved that. What a
colossal failure that was.

JOE
Some stories take time until
they're appreciated.

CLARA
Time. He doesn't have much left.

JOE
No. He doesn't.

Darkness fills Sam's study.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. DARKENED STAGE - NIGHT

Within the darkness we hear Joan. Her tone is both angelic
and articulate. She whispers at first. Then her voice grows
and echoes.

JOAN
Sam. Sam. Sam.

SAM
What?

JOAN
Let's travel some more?

SAM
Where?

JOAN
Everywhere.

EXT. OUTDOOR PAVILION - DAY

A mass of humanity dressed in dark colored clothes separates as Sam in his white suit slices through them. He and Joan at his side are heading towards a large stage.

SAM

Are all these men and women here
for me?

JOAN

You showed them a world bigger
than themselves.

SAM

This is incomparable. All a praise
hungry author could desire.

JOAN

This is just the past Sam.

SAM

My past.

JOAN

True. So, take your time.

Sam reaches the stairs, stops, and turns. Everyone is gone. The pavilion is deserted except for Joan.

SAM

What happened?

JOAN

Fickle lot. They grew bored and
moved on.

SAM

Oh.

JOAN

Well, you're the only audience I
care about.

She climbs up the stairs and moves across the stage.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You wish to see a performance?
Then you shall see a performance!
The trick is to hold their
attention.

She removes a small piece of fluff resting on her shoulder.

JOAN (CONT'D)

But, after all, it is ridiculous to ask. When one remembers how childish their pomps, and what shadows they are!

Joan's cloths changes into a Circus Clown.

Spheres appear from nowhere. Each holds a familiar face to Sam: literary colleagues, lifelong friends, and family members.

Joan tosses the balls up one after another.

Then she adds another and another. She sets them up and whirls them in a slender bright oval in the air.

JOAN (CONT'D)

So, come forward Sam Clemens.
Let's see your life.

More spheres appear. Traps more alarmed faces.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Little by little these little darlings steal from you. A spoonful at a time.

The oval lengthens. Joan's hands move so swiftly that they are just a blur and not distinguishable as hands, and hundreds of balls travel through the air.

The spinning oval reaches up twenty feet in the air and shines and glistens.

SAM

Oh, Spirit, how can you do these things?

JOAN

Man's mind clumsily and tediously and laboriously patches little trivialities together and gets a result--such as it is.

SAM

And your mind is different?

JOAN

My mind creates! Do you get the force of that? Creates anything it desires--and in a moment. Creates without material. Creates fluids, solids, colors.

SAM
What can you create?

JOAN
Anything, everything.

The spheres cease in mid-air. Each sphere possesses a loved one of Sam's whose face is in dread.

Sam looks at Joan as if to beg him please.

SAM
No.

Joan winks at Sam and at that very instant the spheres drop, CRASH! down hard to the stage's hard wood floor. Each burst into in shards of broken glass. One by one, it erases the tiny faces within them.

SAM (CONT'D)
No!!!! Susy! Henry! Livy!! Jean!!!

Joan still in costume brushes off imaginary dirt from her hands. Then, from under her sleeve, another sphere appears.

JOAN
But wait. There's more.

SAM
Clara!

JOAN
Last one. Came quite unglued when her Mother died.

SAM
She blamed herself.

JOAN
We both know who's the true culprit.

The sphere slips out of her hands.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Oops.

Clara's sphere falls to the ground, CRASH!

JOAN (CONT'D)
Gravity.

SAM
You bitch!

Joan walks ahead.

JOAN
They returned from where is that
they came.

SAM
Why?

JOAN
Out of necessity, of course. Each
stole too much of you. You're a
self-absorbed artist. Are you
not?!? Don't you wish to be
America's Shakespeare?

Sam is on his knees now scoops up the broken glass.

SAM
When Shakespeare died in Stratford
it was not an event. It made no
more stir in England than the
death of any other forgotten
theatre-actor would have made.

JOAN
Forgotten.

SAM
Nobody came down from London.

JOAN
Nobody?

SAM
There were no lamenting poems, no
eulogies, no national tears, there
was merely silence, and nothing
more.

JOAN
Exactly Sam. You getting what I'm
preaching?

SAM
What?

JOAN
Bon voyage.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP — NIGHT

Trans-Atlantic Crossing we see waves crashing atop the
ship's sloped decks of a small vessel in a vast ocean.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

In the rough seas, Sam's deck pitches up and door. Everything that's not bolted down moves, includes a cigar smoking Sam. He blows huge smoke rings and throws wadded up paper balls through them. He just makes one through.

SAM

Now Spirit. Show yourself. I don't wish to die at sea. No merit to it. I prefer your death march to this.

Joan emerges through a closed cabin door.

JOAN

And you call yourself a traveler. This is traveling. Making the best out of a bad situation. I see your enjoying yourself. And your cigar.

She waves at smoke with her hand.

SAM

Yes. To once again enjoy the sweet sensation of tobacco smoke touching my nose. Licking my lips. But...

JOAN

But what?!?

SAM

I'm all alone.

JOAN

Oh. That's bad?

SAM

Well.

JOAN

I can fix that.

INT. MELBOURNE ATHENAEUM, AUSTRALIA - NIGHT

During his Following the Equator Tour, we see Mark Twain lecture and tell tales before a thousand-seat theater palace of red velvet and polished wood. He can't hear a word he is saying. We just see his mouth move and laughter.

Sam sits within the masses. Sees what the others see. To his right, a man buckles over in laughter.

Big laughing Aussie turns towards Sam. His face controls the screen.

AUSSIE
Oy. If YOU get any funnier, I'm
going mess myself.

He smiles devilishly. His face transports into Joan's.
Sam reels back in his seat.

JOAN
What? Too blue collar for you?

EXT. HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK CITY — NIGHT

Underneath the gaslights carriages travel up and down the narrow dirt street.

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - BALLROOM — NIGHT

Black Tie Affair: elegant men and women linger about.

JOAN
You prefer sophistication?

SAM
I remember this?

JOAN
You raised money for the
Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome.

SAM
Yes.

He masterfully grabs a flute of Champagne from a passing waiter carrying a tray.

SAM (CONT'D)
Near the Piazza di Spagna at the
base of the Spanish Steps. Stands
a beautiful museum built to pay
homage to words.
(downs glass)
Ahh! I shall miss alcohol.

He looks around, and waves at a pretty woman.

JOAN
You're too comfortable here.

EXT. RIVERBEND - DAY

Sam and Joan stands at a bend of the Mississippi River.

SAM
Majestic. Isn't it?

JOAN
The River?

SAM
Of, course.

JOAN
What does it mean?

SAM
Freedom.

JOAN
Freedom?

EXT. MIDDLE OF MISSISSIPPI RIVER - NIGHT

On raft. Ghostly human faces look up at them from the depths of the murky waters. Like Frodo and Sam as they pass through The Dead Marshes.

JOAN
(oar in hand)
Freedom?

She bends down.

JOAN (CONT'D)
There's much more blood attached
to this river.

The images in water appears. The passing faces of Native Indians, Negro Slaves, Spanish Conquistadors, French Traders, and American Settlers.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Than freedom.

SAM
True. Though Huck wouldn't have
had much of an adventure without
it.

JOAN
When you decided to put Huck and
Jim in a raft to escape?

SAM

To me, the river represents,
freedom.

JOAN

Jim aims at reaching the Free
States.

SAM

The river carries us away, from
society. And their restrictive
ways. From what we know, and for
what we don't.

JOAN

Escapism.

SAM

I prefer. Intellectual freedom. I
became a slave to my reputation.
White cashmere suit. White hair
and mustache. A humorist. That's
what the masses want.

JOAN

What do you want?

SAM

More freedom.

JOAN

How did you come to think of
writing Letters from the Earth?

SAM

The thought came after I lost
Livy.

JOAN

And what was that?

SAM

F' god.

JOAN

F' god. Oh! Feels good doesn't it.
Though you hope he has a sense of
humor.

She picks up a rock at her feet and pauses for effect.

JOAN (CONT'D)

He doesn't by the way. Learned
that one the hard way.

She skips rock across the muddy waters.

SAM
I'm sure you did.

Joan nods her agreement. She wraps her arm around Sam.

JOAN
Oh, well. Heaven and hell... I have
friends in both places.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

From a deep sleep Sam awakes in his bed. Still drowsy he slowly gauges where he is.

His bedroom night table is crammed with medicine bottles and books.

A nurse rises from a chair beside his bed.

NURSE BAKER
Well, look who's awake. How are
you today, Sam?

SAM
(wheezes)
Joe. I need Joe.

NURSE BAKER
Of course.

The nurse leaves.

Sam drifts back off.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. WOODEN STAGE - DAY

A YOUNGER SAM on a darken stage. His face and his body stand within a bright white light coming from above. Beyond the light is utter darkness. Though laughter warms this space.

Sam delivers his stand up.

SAM

When your friends begin to flatter
you on how young you look, it's a
sure sign you're getting old... Man
was made at the end of the week's
work when God was tired.

The laughter stops.

Sam chuckles a bit. As he does, the stage lights up.
Reveals a Grand Theater of plush red seats. All lay empty
except for one, Joan's.

JOAN

See. It feels good to perform
doesn't it?

SAM

Yes. I forgot.

JOAN

Words. Combined with laughter can
be powerful. Words combined with
ingenious imagination... Well,
they're lethal. Come. I want to
hear some more of your words.

SAM

Why?

JOAN

Because they made people think.

She snaps fingers.

JOAN (CONT'D)

White-washed fence.

EXT. GOTHIC MANSION — NIGHT

Thunder strikes behind the tall stone walls of the
fortress-like home. We wander up the drive to the massive
entranceway guarded by a forbidding door.

The doors open. Joan and Sam enter.

INT. MANSION — HUGE FOYER- CONTINUOUS

Joan and Sam stops and stands at the base of a grand
winding stair.

Sam gains his bearings.

SAM
I have been here before.

JOAN
Yes. Not so long ago.

A muffled voices comes from the second floor.

SAM
That's Harry. But he's dead.
He rushes up the steps, pulled by the voice.

SAM (CONT'D)
Come.

Sam climbs steps like a child. He reaches a dim long hallway. Golden light pours out of bedroom door left ajar.

INT. BEDROOM — CONTINUOUS

Children in nightgowns huddled around their well-suited Grandfather.

SAM
Harry. My biggest supporter. Hmm.
Reading my words to his grand
kids.

JOAN
Your words are your legacy.

Harry, white-haired gentleman, reads from a book. Sam's book. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. The children look enthralled as their Grandfather starts the tale.

HARRY
Saturday morning was come. And all
the summer world was bright and
fresh, and brimming with life.

EXT. HANNIBAL — DAY

SAM (V.O.)
There was a song in every heart. A
delectable land, dreamy,
reposeful, and inviting.

EXT. WHITE PICKET FENCE — DAY

Tom Sawyer inspiration appears as on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed

the fence. And all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit.

SAM (V.O.)
 Thirty yards of board fence nine
 feet high. Life to him seemed
 hollow, and existence but a
 burden.

Tom sighs. Dips his brush and passes it along the topmost plank. He repeats the operation. And does it again. Then he stops. He stares down the unwhitewashed fence.

Enters JIM, a Hannibal boy.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

SMALL CHILD
 I know. I know.

HARRY
 Me too, Julia. But let's enjoy the
 tale. With tin pail, and singing
 Buffalo Gals.

The kids' laugh as Grandfather acts out the story. In the back of the room, Joan and Sam listen.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Jim. That's the way she always
 talks. Gimme the bucket — I won't
 be gone only a minute.

JOAN
 Your words moved people Sam. Moved
 them from hate, to the path of a
 better understanding.

SAM
 Hmm. No one likes to read my words
 anymore.

JOAN
 That's not true.

SAM
 Why did you bring me here?

JOAN
 To show you that your life
 mattered.

SAM
 Did it? To whom?

JOAN
It did to Harry.

SAM
He saved me.

JOAN
How?

SAM
Restored my fortune.

JOAN
And why did he do that? He only
knew you through your words.

SAM
True. But the best of me is hidden
there.

JOAN
That's why we're here. To prepare
you for your journey.

She turns.

JOAN (CONT'D)
We have intruded long enough.

Sam stands quiet.

SAM
Must we go?

JOAN
Yes.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. STORMFIELD — PARLOR — NIGHT

Clara and Joe sits near the fireplace.

CLARA
I loved my Mother. Everyone did.
She was perfect. Until she grew
ill.

JOE
Her heart condition was not your
fault.

CLARA
True.

EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO, ITALY — DAY

We traverse the tranquil grounds by air. We pass the lush green lawn, the colorful gardens, then follow a gravel path that leads to two open French doors.

SUPER: "Florence, 1904."

CLARA (V.O.)
But I aided in her decline.

INT. VILLA DI QUARTO, ITALY — SAME DAY

CLARA (V.O.)
I was responsible for her care.
But one day, I snapped.

Sam enters the room in an excited state.

SAM
How's your Mother today?

CLARA
She seems better.

SAM
Better. Good. I have a mountain of pages she can edit.

CLARA
The pages can wait.

SAM
What? Nonsense. Mental nourishment, is what she needs.

CLARA
Your words. Aren't going to fix her heart.

SAM
What!?! Blasphemy.

Livy enters the room, wheeled in by a nurse.

LIVY
What's with all this fuss?

Clara turns.

CLARA
Mother.

Sam turns.

SAM

Dear.

CLARA (V.O.)

I don't know why. Hearing my
Father say dear. And the look on
my Mother's face, as if she was
addressing her child. I became
seized by rage.

Clara eyes Sam.

CLARA

She is not your Mother! She is
your wife. Grow up.

SAM

What? How dear you tell me
anything, child.

CLARA

You, selfish bastard!

LIVY

Now. Now. Don't fight.

SAM

Look what state you placed your
Mother.

CLARA

Me? You, Sam, have used her all
up.

Sam rushes at his daughter.

SAM

You, ungrateful bitch!

LIVY

Sam, no!

Sam slabs Clara hard against her face.

CLARA

Thank you. You finally found the
courage to do something, yourself.

She grabs the end of a table and flips it over.

Sam and Livy react.

CLARA (CONT'D)

It feels good. Doesn't it.

Sam eyes her hard. Then he looks at his wife.
Clara leaves the room. As she does, she says.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Stop enabling him, Momma.

LIVY
Dear.

Livy starts to breath heavy, grabs her chest.

SAM
Livy!

CLARA (V.O.)
She recovered.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. SAM'S STUDY — DAY

Joe listens to Clara.

JOE
She was already sick, Clara. You
can't do this to yourself.

CLARA
Oh, yes I can. So, the emotionless
person you see before you. Takes
great effort. Great control.

JOE
Will you miss him? When he's gone?

CLARA
I can't imagine a life without
him.

Clara pops up from her chair. She walks toward a framed
picture of her family: Sam, Olivia, Susy, Jean and Clara.
and their dog Flash outside the Hartford House.

CLARA (CONT'D)
I've outlived them all.

She stares hard at it. Two in the photo remain, Sam and
her. And her Father was not long for this world.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

EXT. HARTFORD HOUSE — DAY

Our vantage point is the green grass.

INT. HARTFORD HOUSE CLARA'S ROOM — DAY

The two wear fancy Little House on the Prairie attire.

A big dog lies in Clara's bed with the sheets built up.

CLARA
Why did you put him in my bed?

SUSY
He desires best.

CLARA
Does he? Animals have no feelings.

SUSY
Yes, Flash does. Take that back.

CLARA
You dirtied my sheets.

SUSY
I have never known a cleaner dog
than Flash.

CLARA
It's a dog. Mom!

We see Flash's head in bed. The rest of him is all covered up.

SUSY
Shh, Clara. You're disturbing him.

Clara storms out of the room.

Their Mom walks in.

OLIVIA
What's going on here?

SUSY
Flash, isn't feeling well.

OLIVIA
He's been sick, dear.

We see Flash, in bed, underneath the covers with his massive head pokes out. He looks tired and sad.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Has he eating anything today?

SUSY
He hasn't touched his ball in two days.

OLIVIA
You better get your Father.

END OF FLASHBACK:

INT. STORMFIELD — PRESENT DAY

Sam lies in his death bed and dreams.

SAM
Flash.

Joe walks by his room hears him and goes in.

JOE
Sam. You awake?

SAM
Flash.

JOE
Oh.

He sits beside the author he adores.

JOE (CONT'D)
I want more time with you Sam. One more excursion.

Sam stirs in bed.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'm reading Letters from Earth now. The story fascinates me. Noble poetry. And a wealth of obscenities.

Sam mumbles from his dreams.

SAM
Susy. It's okay. Flash feels no pain.

Joe gets up.

JOE
Clever fables of men. And their
endless stupidity.

Joe stands at the door.

JOE (CONT'D)
Nothing is ever routine with you.
Is it? Even death. Sleep well, my
friend. Sleep well, Mark. I mean,
Sam.

Joe closes the door.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. HARTFORD HOUSE - CLARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Flash is still in Clara's bed. He breaths laboriously. His
eyes look duller.

SAM
We all have to say goodbye to this
world someday, dear.

SUSY
Even you, Papa?

SAM
Yes, dear one. Even me. Though, I
would be lucky to have such an
attentive nurse like you by my
side. As I end.

Flash stops breathing. Then he grasps.

SUSY
No!

Flash is gone. What remains is a lifeless shell of a dog in
blanket. To us, he looks smaller.

Susy weeps now.

SUSY (CONT'D)
I will miss our walks Flash.
Honest I will.

SAM
He's just walking ahead. Looking
for mischief.

SUSY

Yeah.

SAM

He was a good dog.

SUSY

Can we bury him in the backyard? I don't want him to miss us.

SAM

Yes. I shall dig his bed tonight.

SUSY

Thank you, Father.

SAM

How did I create such a wonderful little being?

SUSY

Well, Mom helped.

SAM

Yes. She did indeed.

Susy leaves the room.

Sam looks down at Flash.

SAM (CONT'D)

Good-bye, Flash. You were a good dog.

EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO, ITALY — DAY

In the Gardens, Olivia rests in a wheelchair. Sam sits in a chair beside her.

In the pink rays of twilight, Olivia's face looks white and her lips look blue.

OLIVIA

When I'm gone. I want you to...

SAM

Livy... I can't imagine it.

OLIVIA

Even so. That day is coming.

(coughs)

Soon.

SAM

But.

OLIVIA

I don't have the energy for this Sam.

SAM

Hmm. I miss our quiet days in Hartford?

OLIVIA

The big front porch. Watching our children grow up.

Sam wheels through garden. As he does, he begins to cry.

Olivia looks up.

OLIVIA

We will be together again soon.

EXT. HARTFORD HOUSE — DAY

Joan and Sam stand silently before the Hartford House.

SAM (V.O.)

I can't look upon that house yet.
I keep upon my feet, and that is something... restless and unsettled.

SERIES OF SHOTS: HOME TOUR

A. Empty Foyer.

B. Empty Parlor Room.

C. Empty Kitchen.

D. Empty Study.

E. Empty Bedrooms.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Eighteen years of my daughter's life were spent in there.

JOAN

Are you afraid to enter your very own home?

Sam looks at the second story windows. Then he peers at Joan.

SAM
Susy died under this roof.

JOAN
So?

SAM
The best of my life was
experienced within those hallowed
halls.

JOAN
The best?

SAM
To us, our house... had a heart. A
soul. And eyes to see us with.

JOAN
Impossible.

SAM
Yet true.

JOAN
Go on.

SAM
It was of us, and we were of its
confidence and lived in its grace
and in the peace of its
benediction.

Second story window opens. Then a younger version of Susy pops out of window.

SUSY
Papa!

Sam waves up, whispers.

SAM
She's not real.

JOAN
What is reality? But a common
belief.

SAM
She died because of me.

JOAN

That's not true, Sam. You were not responsible for her spinal meningitis.

SAM

The child was taken away when her Mother was within three days of her. She would have given three decades of her life for the sight of her, one last time. Hmm. The unassuageable misery.

JOAN

The circumstances of her death were sad. Pathetic. The same with Livy and Jean.

SAM

My brain is worn to rags rehearsing them. The mere deaths would have been cruelty enough. Without overloading it with wanton details. The last time I saw Susy was at the station waving profusely at our departing train. Never to see her again, that sacred face.

JOAN

Well. Here's your chance.

Joan disappears.

Sam enters his old home. He hears Susy heavy footsteps upstairs, catches a glimpse of her from below. She is now a woman.

INT. HARTFORD HOUSE — DAY

Upstairs, an older Susy dances its floors, room to room.

She stops in her parent's room. Here she pays homage to her Mother when she sees her long white nightgown hanging on a cracked closet door.

Susy runs over and kisses it. Removes her current cloths. She puts on the white nightgown. All the while, she continues to dance and hums.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Sam slowly climbs the steps leading to the second floor.
Susy rushes down and embraces him.

SUSY
Papa! It's so good to see you.

Sam squeezes her tighter.

SAM
You too, dear. My restless spirit.

Susy pulls back and smiles.

SUSY
I am restless today. For I feel I
must forever dance. And look, I
found Momma's dress.

Susy dashes up the remaining steps.

SUSY (CONT'D)
Ah! My feet must move to this
music.

Sam hears no music. He sees the fever has taken her. Yet
adds.

SAM
Dance my dear, dance.

Susy delirious rants as she opens another window.

She peers out.

SUSY
Where is white head? Where have
you gone?

SAM
White head is here.

SUSY
Oh yes, the shadows. You lurk
there.

She turns to us.

SUSY (CONT'D)
Oh!

She stares directly at us.

SUSY (CONT'D)
Hi. I bring no ill will.

Susy dances. Beams of sunshine cut through the room's darkness. She jumps in and out of the light. The fever has completely taken her.

SUSY (CONT'D)
I've been seeking God's light. And
shunning his darkness. My
inheritance is greater darkness.
His vengeance. We can't get away
from. No matter how hard we try.

She stares about the room expecting trouble.

SUSY (CONT'D)
His creations are everywhere.

Susy continues to walk about, gibberish mumblings.

SUSY (CONT'D)
Father!!! Dance with me.

MUSIC PLAYS: Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini

SUSY (CONT'D)
Do you hear it to? Music. Such
wonderful music.

Susy peers into a large mirror as they dance together. She stops, separates from her Father toward the mirror. Closely she examines her own face.

Sam whispers to himself.

SAM
She is mindless and happy.

He shouts.

SAM (CONT'D)
You're such a good dancer. Should
we continue?

SUSY
Daddy. You destroyed all these.
Our hopes. Our dreams. You stole
them through your stupid
speculation.

SAM
I... only wanted what was best for
us.

SUSY
Well... you sure failed.

SAM
My dear child.

He tears up.

Susy stops dancing.

SUSY
I hate you Sam. You have bought
misfortune and sorrow to everyone.
But yourself.

SAM
That's not true, I...

SUSY
Farewell Father.

Susy disappears as the empty white nightgown falls to the floor.

Sam examines it, but she is gone.

SAM
Why Lord?

Joan wanders in shot.

SAM (CONT'D)
Why be so cruel?

JOAN
Lord? I shall never fully
understand your race. Why? He
stopped caring about this
experiment of His, eons ago.

SAM
What?

JOAN
Get over it.

SAM
Spirit. You're an abundant
tormentor, showing me those I hurt
the most.

JOAN
She died mindless, and happy.

SAM
And I was a world away.

JOAN
You can't have it both ways, Sam.
It was to be your family or fame.
Not both. And we all know Mark
Twain's choice.

EXT. OLD SOUTH COTTON FIELD — DAY

There's a worn down wooden shack in the distance.

Sam is there alone. He waves his fingertips over the
cotton. One of his fingers hits a thorn.

SAM
Ouch.

He inspects his finger.

SAM (CONT'D)
I know you're here. Appear.

Joan does.

JOAN
De Camptown ladies sing this song.
DOO-Dah! DOO-Dah!

She picks at the cotton.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Writers aren't normally known for
their work ethic.

SAM
Work? No, Ma'am. Not a day's work
in all my life.

JOAN
Surprising.

SAM
What I have done I have done,
because it has been play. If it
had been work I shouldn't have
done it.

JOAN
Well, the immense labor you went
through to pay the debts of the
publishing house after that firm
went to smash.

SAM

Not at all. All I had to do was write a certain number of books and deliver a few hundred lectures.

JOAN

As for traveling about the country from one place to another for years - the nuisances of getting about and bad hotels and so on - those things are merely the incidents that everyone expects to meet in life? Is that it?

SAM

The people who had to publish my books, the agents who had to arrange my lecture tours, the lawyers who had to draw up the contracts and other legal documents - they were the men who did the real work. My part was merely play.

JOAN

You were never intended for work.

SAM

Blessed is the man...

EXT. MISSISSIPPI DOCK - NIGHT

In the shadow of a vast Riverboat.

Joan jumps on boat.

JOAN

Who has found his real work?

Sam follows.

SAM

Cursed is the man.

JOAN

Who has found some other man's work?

SAM

And can't lose it.

Joan stands on deck and stares up at the stars.

JOAN
Revolt against it. Be Sam.

SAM
Slavery, intellectual or physical,
can never be great. Nor can Sam
Clemens.

JOAN
Sam... you are virile, yet you wish
to remain decrepit. Why? Free thy
self.

SAM
Freedom. What's that?

JOAN
I shall show you.

INT. SAM'S ROOM - DAY

Clara enters the room.

CLARA
You need me Father?

Sam is fast asleep in bed.

She walks in, sits near him, and checks his vital signs.

Clara leans closer and begins to sing.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Come then, my love! O' come along.
And feed me with your charms. A
flame like yours. Shall never die.

She rises. She leans over the bed and switches off the
lamp. Darkness.

EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO, ITALY - DAY

Sam and Joan appears in a sitting room with Olivia, Sam's
deceased wife. She sits in a chair reading over some of her
husband's words. She stops and laughs.

OLIVIA
Oh, Sam. You're too clever for
your own good.

SAM
Ah.

He looks to Joan.

SAM (CONT'D)
Thank you.

OLIVIA
For what?

SAM
She can hear me?

Joan nods then she disappears.

OLIVIA
Of course, I can hear you. I have
not gone deaf yet.

Sam rushes to his wife and covers her with kisses.

SAM
I miss you so, so much.

OLIVIA
Miss me? We had breakfast together
you old fool.

Sam pulls back.

SAM
I am a fool.

OLIVIA
You okay?

SAM
I'm sorry.

OLIVIA
For what now?

SAM
Everything. Anything.

OLIVIA
Sam, you up to something?

SAM
No. No more. I'm sorry about
Paige. The money. About dragging
you on my lecture tours.

Olivia bounces up.

OLIVIA
Don't be.

SAM

But.

OLIVIA

When I said for better, or worse.

Sam clears throat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I was expecting far more... better.
But.

She caresses his chin.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We built something together.
Didn't we?

SAM

A family.

OLIVIA

A good one.

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

SAM

I am unworthy of you.

Olivia yanks the end of his mustache.

SAM (CONT'D)

Ouch!

Olivia wanders out of the room.

OLIVIA

Tell me something I don't know.

Joan reappears.

JOAN

She loved you.

SAM

I owe her everything.

JOAN

She knows.

EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO, ITALY — DAY

SAM

Spirit.

Joan turns.

JOAN
Yes.

SAM
Why all this?

He waves his arms broad and wide.

SAM (CONT'D)
This ornate journey through my
not-so-perfect life.

JOAN
Because. It's almost time to say
your goodbyes.

SAM
I don't comprehend.

JOAN
You soon will.

SAM
And Clara?

JOAN
She is as hard headed as you. But
she still holds love for you.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD — DAY

Old Hollywood. Big colorful cars move up and down the
Strip.

We travel down a boulevard lined with palm trees, big
houses and swimming pools. We stop upon a lush green
estate. Think Sunset Boulevard, in its prime. We enter from
the rear. Cross this vast green ground leading us to a
shimmering bean shaped pool. On the patio, large urns of
blossoming flowers dot our path.

JOAN
She just shows it in an odd way.

INT. CALIFORNIA HOME — DAY

Within this home, a much older Clara paces back and forth
as she enjoys her cigarette.

Enters a white-apron-ed MAID.

MAID

Ms. Samossoud. Mister DeVoto has arrived.

We see her red lips exhaling chalky white smoke. The corners of her mouth are wrinkled.

CLARA

Show him in.

Maid turns and leaves.

INT. CLARA'S HOME — DAY

Sam and Joan enters in the back of the room.

Sam is stunned by Clara's advanced age.

SAM

She's an old woman.

JOAN

Time. No human escapes it.

From the direction of the foyer.

DEVOTO arrives. He enters in a three-piece suit enters. He is now her Father's new executor since Paine's death.

DEVOTO

What a journey here. Traffic here is terrible.

CLARA

Before you attempt to sweep me off my feet with small talk — my answer is still no.

DEVOTO

Why? After all this time.

CLARA

My Father's letters are personal.

DEVOTO

I humbly disagree. Your moral management of him must end.

CLARA

Moral management? Leave my Father's memory be.

DEVOTO

You Father was a great writer... a great man. A great man is not injured by the truth about him — he is injured by its suppression.

Back of room, Joan mouths.

JOAN

Great man? Hmm.

SAM

Shh!

JOAN

Why? They can't hear us.

CLARA

Paine and I decided long ago the world wants more Mark Twain. Not Sam Clemens.

DEVOTO

I believe the world is ready for the truth about Sam.

CLARA

Your hints and actualization of his anti-god stance have done my Father's reputation irremediable damage.

DEVOTO

Damage? Sam Clemens said the difference with choosing the right word, and the wrong is the difference between lightening and a firefly, Ms. Samossoud. So, please. Say YES. If Mark Twain is to go on selling, he must go on being discussed.

CLARA

Have I made a mistake choosing you as executor of my Father's papers, Mr. Devoto?

DEVOTO

No. Not yet.

He quotes more Twain.

DEVOTO (CONT'D)

But truth is stranger than fiction. Isn't it?

CLARA
That's my Father for you.

DEVOTO
What?

CLARA
Even after all these years, Sam
attempts to have the last word.
Good day, Mr. Devoto. You can show
yourself out.

Sam and Joan in the back of room.

SAM
My persona. My stage name of Mark
Twain is an invention of my own.
And I outgrew it.

JOAN
Time changes. People don't.
They wander outside by the shimmering pool.

SAM
Are you the devil?

JOAN
Me? The devil? N-o-o-o.

SAM
You sure?

JOAN
How could I be?

SAM
Are you telling me the truth?

JOAN
Why would I lie?

SAM
Hmm. Lies. I would rather tell
seven. Than make one true
explanation.

JOAN
I like you Sam. You know the human
nature.

SAM
Do I? I have my doubts.

JOAN
Doubts. I don't know what those
are. Though, I do have a question
for you.

SAM
Shoot.

JOAN
You have created so many
characters in your books. In your
mind.

SAM
I suppose I have.

JOAN
Which one is your favorite?

SAM
I never answer that.

JOAN
Humor me.

Sam deeply ponders.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Is it Tom. Or Huck?

She motions to herself.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Maybe Joan?

SAM
It is not Tom. It is not Huck.

JOAN
Then who?

SAM
Jim.

JOAN
The runaway slave?

SAM
Yes. Jim. In Huckleberry Finn.
Only Jim wants Jim free. No one
else. I can relate.

JOAN
Tired of being Mark Twain?

SAM
I created this persona. As a mere marketing ploy. Hmm. Now, I can't escape it.

JOAN
Are you sad?

SAM
Tired. Tired of what an old and decrepit old man I have become.

JOAN
You have done much good.

SAM
No one remembers.

JOAN
You make people smile.

SAM
I can't even recall that.

JOAN
Come on. Let's see a good memory. Soap bubbles.

SAM
Soap bubbles?

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. SAM'S STUDY — DAY

Birds outside the study CHIRP as Joe reads from Sam's journal.

JOE (V.O.)
It is a cozy nest, and just room in it for a sofa, table, and three or four chairs, and when the storm sweeps down the remote valley and the lightning flashes behind the hills beyond, and the rain beats on the roof over my head, imagine the luxury of it!

Birds CHIRP.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. QUARRY FARM - HILLTOP - DAY

Atop a lush wood of green foliage stands Sam Clemens' writing cottage on Quarry Farm, the Clemens' summer residence.

Birds SINGS.

EXT. SAM'S OUTDOOR STUDY - DAY

Clemens' outdoor study built to mimic the pilot house of a riverboat: 12 feet across, with eight sides and a large window in each face.

Joan and Sam stand within the hilltop writing cottage.

JOAN

Since we have perched away up here
on top of the hill near heaven I
have the feeling of being a sort
of scrub angel and am more moved
to help shove the clouds around,
and get the stars on deck
promptly, and keep all things trim
and ship-shape in the firmament
than to bother myself with the
humble insect-interests and
occupations of the distant earth.

SAM

My words.

JOAN

Your words.

SAM

Hmm. Fine view.

JOAN

There's more of your words.

SAM

It's as if I just left it.

He sees his handwriting on the table. Then he looks down the hill. Where children are playing near the house.

SAM (CON'T)

Susy!

Sam hurries out the down the hill.

Joan reads from the paper on Sam's desk. It is held down but an ashtray paperweight.

JOAN (V.O.)

Jim and me, we found an empty section of log raft. And we went off down that river together. We'd run nights, and laid up and hid daytimes. We just let that raft float wherever the current wanted it to.

Sam runs down the hill. He sees children and a younger version of himself playing with his pipe. He blows soap bubbles out of it.

The small children, Susy, Clara, and Jean, giggle as they run here to there to pop them.

The scene warms Sam's heart. He did not fail at all things. There were moments when he was an endearing Father.

SAM

Thank you Lord. Thank you. I remember this. I remember this. There's a certain pathos clings about these blowing of soap bubbles.

Joan uses her forefinger to pop a few of these smoke-charged soap-bubbles that escape the children's wrath.

Sam sees Susy.

Susy laughs as she uses her arm to karate chop some bubbles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Susy, with her manifold young charms and her iridescent mind, is as lovely a bubble as any we made that day -- and as transitory.

JOAN

She passed, as they passed, in her youth and beauty, and nothing of her is left.

SAM

But a heartbreak and a memory of that long-vanished day.

JOAN

It is human life.

SAM

We're blown upon the world. We float buoyantly upon the summer air a little while, complacently showing off our grace of form and our dainty iridescent colors. Then we vanish with a little puff.

JOAN

Leaving nothing behind but a memory.

SAM

And sometimes not even that.

JOAN

A soap bubble is the most beautiful, most exquisite thing in nature.

SAM

I wonder how much it would cost to buy a soap bubble, if there was only one in the world.

She pauses. She sees a circling bubble fallen about and sings to him.

JOAN

Moon River, wider than a mile.

SAM

I'm crossing you in style some day.

JOAN AND SAM

Oh... Dream maker.

JOAN

You heart breaker.

SAM AND JOAN

Wherever you're goin', I'm goin' your way. Two drifters, off to see the world.

SAM

There's such a lot of world to see.

JOAN

We're after the same rainbow's end.

SAM
Waitin' 'round the bend.

JOAN
My huckleberry friend.

SAM AND JOAN
Moon River, and me.

Sam watches his girls play.

SAM
Beautiful. I can go now, Joan.
Take me where you may.

JOAN
Sam. I am a soap bubble too. See.
As a proof of it I will show you
something fine to see. Usually
when I go I merely vanish. But now
I will dissolve myself and let you
see me do it.

Joan stands straight up, and thins away and thins away.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Good-Bye.

Joan thins more until she is a soap-bubble, except that she keeps her shape.

We can see through her as clearly as through a soap-bubble, and all over her plays and flashes the delicate iridescent colors of the bubble.

The bubble floats up. Then it slowly lingers down, strikes the green grass two or three times before it bursts. Puff! In her place is vacancy.

JOAN (V.O.)
We're running out of time Sam.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. SAM'S BED - DAY

Blackness. Birds CHIRP back and forth.

Sam's eyelids open. As he hears the birds he sees familiar faces hovers over him. He looks at them one by one and smiles.

The last one is Clara's.

Clara is on the edge of his bed.

CLARA
Father?

SAM
I tried.

He takes her hand. Weakly adds.

SAM (CONT'D)
Honest, I.

He sinks back into a deep sleep.

CLARA
Papa!

She draws closer to him.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Papa!

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. RIVERBED - TWILIGHT

Sam and the Joan stand side by side, holds hands.

SAM
What is next Joan?

JOAN
The truth.

SAM
I thought we were beyond that.

JOAN
Oh, Sam. I wish I held such powers
to stay with you. But I don't.

SAM
You're leaving me again?

JOAN
I must.

SAM
Don't go.

JOAN
I must. And we shall not see each other again.

SAM
In this life, right Joan? We shall meet in another, surely?

JOAN
There's no other, Sam.

Joan drops hand and turns.

SAM
What?

JOAN
Life itself is only a vision, a dream.

Sam looks dumbfounded.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Sam, you know in your heart I speak the truth.

SAM
But -- but -- the paper I chased as a boy?

JOAN
Blank.

SAM
Blank? Impossible...

He ponders it.

SAM (CONT'D)
We have seen the future. Clara's. Seen it in its actuality. It's realness.

JOAN
It was a vision -- it had no existence.

SAM
A vision? -- a vi --

Joan repeats herself.

JOAN
Life itself is only a vision, a dream.

Sam awakens with electric energy.

SAM

By God! I had had that very
thought a thousand times in my
musings!

JOAN

Nothing exists. All is a dream.
God -- man -- the world -- the
sun, the moon, the wilderness of
stars -- a dream, all a dream.
They have no existence.

SAM

A dream?

JOAN

Nothing exists save empty space --
and you!

SAM

Me?

JOAN

And you're not you -- you have no
body, no blood, no bones, you're
but a thought. I, myself have no
existence. I am but a dream --
your dream, creature of your
imagination. In a moment you will
have realized this, then you will
banish me from your visions and I
shall dissolve into the
nothingness out of which you made
me....

Sam ponders all this more.

JOAN (CONT'D)

As you ponder this, I am perishing
already -- I am failing -- I am
passing away. In a little while
you will be alone in shoreless
space, to wander its limitless
solitudes without friend or
comrade forever.

SAM

Forever.

JOAN

For you will remain a thought, the
only existent thought.

Sam's reaction.

JOAN (CONT'D)
And by your nature
inextinguishable, indestructible.

Joan's voice begins to fade as she slowly becomes transparent.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Strange, that you should not have
suspected that your universe and
its contents were only dreams,
visions, fiction!

SAM
Strange, indeed, because they're
so frankly and hysterically insane
-- like all dreams.

A nearly transparent Joan smiles at us one last time.

JOAN
Sanity and happiness are an
impossible combination.

Joan is now gone.

SAM
My words. Funny.

JOAN (V.O.)
Thank you for making me, Sam.

SAM
How can this be?

He falls. Then he looks as his hand as it slowly becomes transparent.

SAM (CONT'D)
Nothing exists but thought --
vagrant, useless thought.

Sam disappears.

JOAN (V.O.)
Dream well, Sam.

SAM V.O.
I shall miss you.

JOAN (V.O.)
Hmm. I shall miss you too, Sam.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. SAM'S ROOM — DAY

Surrounded by friends and family members, a frail Sam draws closer and closer to death.

Sam's breath grows shorter and shorter. His eyes are closed. He is asleep.

Clara comes closer.

CLARA
Papa? I love you.

Sam slightly smiles by instinct. He grasps. Then he stops breathing.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Papa?!? Doctor! Is he gone?

INT. STORMFIELD STAIRWELL — NEXT DAY

The House is in mourning. All wear black.

SERIES OF CUTS: MOURNING

- A. A black veil Clara mourns.
- B. As the household staff withdraw, she walks to Sam.
- C. In the background Sam rests comfortably within a coffin.
- D. Clara enters the room.
- E. Double doors closes before us. THUD!
- F. Inside room, double doors.
- G. Clara locks it: Blot slides in place. CLANG.
- H. Shot of closed double doors.
- I. Sam's open coffin.

INT. STORMFIELD LIVING ROOM — DAY

SERIES OF CUTS: GOOD-BYES

- A. Clara sits in a chair beside Sam's open coffin.
- B. Sam wears his customary white cashmere suit..

C. Morning sun pours in.

D. Lands on the dead authors face.

E. This is when a passing breeze makes the light white curtains bellows up and down.

Clara bends down and kisses her dead Father's cheek. Each time, she says a name.

CLARA

I love you, Papa. I love you,
Mamma. I love you, Susy. I love
you, Jean. Good-bye. For now.

She closes the casket's lid.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE: THE MIND LIVES
ON.

INT. WHITE BLANK SPACE - DAY

Bright light surrounds Joan and Sam. Silently, they stand in a white void blank space. Each turns and embraces one another.

JOAN

I must go.

SAM

I shall dream better dreams. Ones
with you still in them dear.

JOAN

It doesn't work that way, Sam. I
wished it did.

She embraces him.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Good-bye. It was a unique journey.

SAM

Yes, it was. For Life is short.

JOAN

So, break the rules.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. STORMFIELD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door opens.

Clara comes out. She adjusts her veil as she nods to the awaiting men to prepare her Father's coffin.

Joe is in the background.

INT./EXT. STORMFIELD - THE PROCESSION - DAY

A song plays like, Pearl Jam's, Just Breathe.

Opens Stormfield's front door.

EXT. STORMFIELD - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Makeshift pallbearers carry Sam's coffin out of his home in silence. House staff stands in the background with fresh tears in their eyes.

Joe wanders out.

Slowly, the coffin is placed in the back of village's hearse. Drawn by white horses.

Halo effect on hearse pings. Bright beams of sunshine bounce of its shiny black polished exterior.

A horse NEIGHS.

We see the snouts of the team of white horses.

EXT. STORMFIELD - FRONT GROUNDS - SAME

The little procession of three carriages starts.

We see them pass us. One by one, down the long driveway. They're leaving us. The horse drawn carriages moves further and further away. As if, the story is over.

The closing song continues to play as Eddie-like lyrics sings the line, I'm a Fool you see.

EXT. STORMFIELD - FRONT YARD - SAME

From the far right corner, a lively Sam Clemens re-appears in shot and waves at the departing hearse.

We see the back of his white unruly hair and matching white suit. He looks magnificent almost angelic in white again. Full of life. Reborn.

Sam turns and smiles at the CAMERA. He walks closer and closer, until he brushes by it. As he passes it, he raises his long forefinger to his lips.

SAM

Shh!

EXT. FRONT YARD - SAME

Departs the carriages in a straight single line.

Sam smiles and gives the CAMERA a wink as he passes by. He goes to reenter his home.

The CAMERA faces the departing carriages as Stormfield's big black door closes with a loud BANG! behind us.

The CAMERA turns and frames the door.

EXT. STORMFIELD - SAME

Hold on big black door that centers the front porch.

Then sheepishly it reopens. Sam's big head sticks slowly out. The rest of him soon follows. He walks onto the...

FRONT PORCH

Sam's eyes shift from his feet to the CAMERA. A sly, little smile crawls across his hairy lips. His hands rest on his lapels. He examines us, hard.

SAM

What? Oh, I forgot. Tada!

He gives us a deep low theatrical bow, then bounces up.

SAM (CONT'D)

I pray you enjoyed yourselves.

Sam smiles and removes a long, brown cigar from his suit pocket. He plops it in his big mouth. Then, he gives the CAMERA a quick wink.

In the shadow of the doorway is his entire family.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now get.

Sam nods a good-bye. This time, he closes the door for good.

A long bout of silence follows, no less than twenty seconds. Hold on the door until it becomes awkward for the audience.

Then we hear a CREAK, CREAK, CREAK of one of the patio's rocking chairs. Pan slow right.

Here sits Joe. He smiles at the CAMERA as he hums, Battle Hymn Of The Republic.

JOE
Mine eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord.

Then, he looks around the lush grounds of Twain's palatial Stormfield estate.

JOE (CONT'D)
Heaven is what you make of it.

Joe's face morphs into Joan's.

JOAN
Sam's mind chose... Home.

Joan smiles at us one last time. Then, she disappears.

The abandoned rocking chair slows.

SOUND: CREAK. CREAK. CREAK.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END