

Sally

70.
119

118 CONTINUED:

His face turns instantly tense. He lets his art gear drop to the floor.



BEGIN INTERCUT:

Sc. 1

119 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

119

SALLY. Blonde, tanned and all legs, everything shown to advantage in a casual, little, black dress, accented with tasteful and very expensive gold jewelry.

She looks just fine, but her voice is sad, vulnerable.

SALLY

It's been awful. I'm very tired. The strain is exhausting.

(beat)

Thank you. I've decided to sell the business. Do things differently. It's time to stop and smell the roses.

(hesitates, then:)

Matt, would you hate very much having dinner with me tomorrow? I don't want anything from you. I just want to bury the hatchet.

Matt also hesitates. He's considering it, but, no:

MATT

It's a little bit late for that. We don't really have anything to say to each other.

SALLY

How about I'm sorry?

MATT

It's behind us now. Let's leave it there.

SALLY

I just want to see you. We were married for fifteen years. We have a child. Can't we be friends now?

Matt looks much more vulnerable than he sounds.

MATT

Is it too rude to remind you that you left me for one of my best friends, moved thousands of miles away with my only daughter and made her believe I had abandoned her?

(CONTINUED)

115 cont

Safe Harbour

SALLY

It wasn't so sinister as that.

(one beat of sincerity)

And, believe me, I have felt her wrath.

(beat)

Matt, losing Hamish has changed the way I look at things. If it's any consolation, we were never happy. We had no sex life.

MATT

Sally, please...for chrissake.

SALLY

I miss you, Matt..

MATT

Why don't we just stop here. There's no point in this. You can't run the film backward. It's done. End of story.

SALLY

It's not done, Matt, and it never was. Not for me, and not for you, either.

END INTERCUT

120 INT. MATT'S COTTAGE - A LITTLE LATER

120

Matt stows his art gear. No painting today. He paces a bit. Pours a goblet of wine, but in his distraction leaves it on the table, settling into a chair, gazing through the window into the middle distance, his thoughts uneasy.

121 INT. CITY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

121

Ophelia pours coffee for Matt and herself.

MATT

Then she said, "Don't have dinner. Have a drink. Just see me, for God's sake."

OPHELIE

(delicately)

She sounds like she has an agenda. Getting back together.

MATT

She's just bored and doesn't know what to do with herself.

OPHELIE

I know how women can operate.

(CONTINUED)

215

122 CONTINUED:

73.
122

ANDREW
You have only yourself to blame, Miss
Grieving Widow.

Opholie knows, and it's killing her.

123 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

123

Matt talks to Sally on the hotel phone.

MATT
You said drinks.
(beat)
At the bar.
(beat)
Can't you come down?

124 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

124

Sally rises gracefully from a chair, smiling warmly, moving
sinuously to the open door: to Matt.

SALLY
Matt, it's so good to see you.

He stands stiffly as she kisses his cheek. She leads him in.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You don't look a day older.

MATT
I feel it, but thanks.
(admiring her legs)
You don't, either.

She hands him a martini. He takes a strong pull, and settles
into the sofa, opposite her. Her legs are crossed and her
skirt is deliberately short. He takes another pull.

SALLY
Why didn't you ever remarry?

MATT
You cured me. I'm a recluse.

SALLY
Do you ever think about going back to New
York?

Matt's answers are short, minimal, like, 'are we done yet?'

MATT
Never.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY
What about Paris, then? Or London?

MATT
Maybe.

SALLY
I know it's crazy, but I've been wondering if...

Her eyes bore deeply into his; she lets them draw him out.

MATT
If I'd like to go with you? If we could turn back the clock, fall in love all over again? God, that would be something, wouldn't it?

She nods and smiles.

MATT (CONT'D)
That's all I wanted, for six years. And the funny thing is...now I realize I couldn't do it. You're beautiful. Just as beautiful as you always were. Another couple of martinis, I'd fall into bed with you and figure I'd died and gone to heaven. But then what?

SALLY
Then we see what happens.

MATT
You're still you and I'm still me. All the reasons it blew to bits before are still there.

She sits beside him on the sofa, puts a hand on his thigh.

SALLY
Don't say that.

He's tempted to kiss her.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Matt...

When he doesn't give in, she kisses him. He doesn't respond, and she pulls away.

SALLY (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

415 cont

124 CONTINUED: (2)

MATT

I want to be with a woman who loves me.
I'm not sure you ever did. Love is a
gift; I want to give it and receive it.

SALLY

You were always such a romantic.

MATT

And you weren't.

SALLY

What about an affair, then?

MATT

That would be foolish, and confusing,
don't you think?

SALLY

So, now what?

MATT

Now we do what you said we would.
Declare ourselves friends, wish each
other good luck, and say good-bye.

SALLY

What about you, Matt? You rot at the
beach forever?

MATT

Sometimes a quiet life is a good thing.

SALLY

Is there someone else?

MATT

Yeah, there is. Some part of me will
always love you, Sally - but not enough
to try again.

He goes to her, bends down and kisses the top of her head.

MATT (CONT'D)

Good luck.

SALLY

(a little tipsy)

I hate you.

As he exits, she throws her drink and it smashes against the
closed door.

515 End