GRANDPA JIM'S REJUVENATION

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CAVALIER ENTERPRISES
( FATHER KNOWS BEST )

FINAL DRAFT
MAR. 26, 1954
GRANDPA JIM'S REJUVENATION

Screenplay by
Phil Davis
FINAL DRAFT
March 25, 1954
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FADE IN:

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

1 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ON OPEN CLOSET DOOR ANGLED so we do not see interior. Jim's voice is heard singing from within the closet. It is "Boola Boola" or some other obvious college song. There is a clatter mingled with the song as JIM rummages inside the closet. Every so often an object comes flying out, such as: one old snowshoe, a La Cross stick, catcher's mask, old-fashioned tennis racket --

2 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT DOORWAY OF BEDROOM MARGARET enters. There is a puzzled look on her face as she exclaims:

MARGARET
Jim - what in the world --

A boxing glove comes flying out. Fortunately, Margaret ducks and it goes sailing over her head. CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE Jim, who emerges from the closet dusting off two tennis shoes.

JIM
(singing)
Boola boola --
(sees Margaret; holds shoes aloft triumphantly)
Found them!

MARGARET
What's that for?

JIM
We're playing badminton at the Phillips' tonight. Better get out your gym bloomers.

MARGARET
My what????

JIM
(swings imaginary racket; goes through imaginary trick shots)
I haven't done anything like this since I won all those athletic trophies at college.
CONTINUED:

MARGARET
Athletic trophies! You won a loving cup in a poetry contest. That's all.

JIM
(lamely)
Well, it was an athletic poem, Margaret -- I think it was called 'Benny At The Bat' or something.

(then)
Anyway, the Phillips said eight o'clock. Boy, I'm just rarin' to go!

(makes a real tough shot)
Whammm!

MARGARET
Dear, you're not serious about this, are you?

JIM
About what?

MARGARET
Playing badminton -- after all these years.

CAMERA MOVES IN for TIGHT TWO SHOT as Jim goes over to Margaret.

JIM
Now, Margaret. You talk as though we're a couple of old fuddy-duddies. Remember, you're as old as you feel.

(takes her into his arms viciously; then with feigned passion)
Why, you look just as young as the day I married you.

He kisses her hard, then releases her and waits triumphantly for a reaction.

MARGARET
(matter-of-factly)
Nothing.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Margaret goes to the door leaving Jim gaping. She pauses at the door and looks back at him.
MARGARET
What a shame to waste such
talent at badminton!

She wiggles her eyebrows at him and leaves. Jim watches her
go, astonished for a moment, then, singing his "Boola Boola,"
he proceeds to don an old turtle-neck sweater. There is a
large letter "M" across the front. BUD pokes his head in the
door.

BUD
Dad, can I --
("takes" when
he sees sweater)
Criminey! What's that?

JIM
What's what, Bud?

BUD
(walking in slowly)
That thing you're wearing.

TWO SHOT JIM BUD

JIM
This thing happens to be my alma
mater sweater, and I'll thank
you to treat it with more respect.
(caresses the
letter tenderly)
You know, Bud, you had to be a
great athlete to get this letter.

BUD
I thought you won it in a poetry
contest.

Jim looks disconcerted for a moment, then:

JIM
If you and Betty expect to get
to Evelyn Brickert's wedding on
time, you'd better get a move on.

BUD
Yeah -- Can I borrow your razor,
dad?

JIM
Certainly. It's in --
(take)
My what?
CONTINUED:

BUD
Your razor -- and brush --
shaving cream -- after-shave
lotion --

JIM
(overwhelmed)
Oh, no!

BUD
-- band-aid.

JIM
(looking at
him closely)
You're not serious!

BUD
Still think I'm a kid, eh, dad?

JIM
(examining his
face from all
angles)
I do think you're rushing the
season a little.

BUD
Look, dad, I'm gonna be an usher
tonight, and there's nothing more
icky than a fuzzy-faced usher.

JIM
Except maybe a scarfaced one?

BUD
I've got a steady hand, dad.

JIM
Look, Bud, I want to give you a
tip.
(corny)
Cling to youth! Time has a habit
of moving forward - never back-
ward - never motionless.
sadly
Stay with it as long as you can.
Okay?

BUD
Okay. Now can I?
CONTINUED: (2)

JIM
Can you what?

BUD
Use your razor?

JIM
(martyrishly)
You'll find it in the medicine
cabinet --

BUD
Thanks, governor!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT as he starts to leave, but pauses at the door.

BUD
(continuing)
Is it true you're playing bad-
minton tonight, dad?

JIM
Yep. The old athlete relives
the triumphs of his youth...

BUD
(worriedly)
Take it easy, dad. Remember,
you're my only father.

He leaves. Jim looks irritated for a moment, then shrugs and
goes into "Boola boola" but with a little less enthusiasm.
He kicks off his shoes and proceeds to put on his tennis
shoes. BETTY comes heeling in with fire in her eye. Her
hair is up in curlers - she wears a robe.

BETTY
Father, if you don't tell that
lamebrain son of yours to --
(stops at the
sight of the
sweater)
What's that?

JIM
(looking around
him)
What's what?

BETTY
(pointing to sweater)
That!
CONTINUED: (3)

She walks over to Jim to take a good look at the sweater.

TWO SHOT JIM BETTY

JIM
My alma mater sweater?

BETTY
Mother told me about it, but I didn't know it looked like that.

JIM
(defensively)
Like what?

BETTY
Like what they wore in the oldentimes.

JIM
It was only twenty years ago, Betty.

BETTY
(consolingly)
Well, they use the same letters today, anyway.

JIM
(looking at it proudly)
Did I tell you how I got this letter, Princess?

BETTY
Uh-uh.

JIM
Squash.

BETTY
(looks at him disbelievingly; then)
I thought squash was a vegetable.

JIM
They don't play squash like they used to anymore.
(a sigh)
They don't do a lot of things like they used to.
BETTY
They don't give letters for poetry, either.

JIM
Betty, for poetry I got a loving cup -- this I got for squash... Get going, Princess, you and Bud will be late for the wedding.

BETTY
Of course I'll be late. I can't get under the shower because your son is in the bathroom shaving. Of all the ridiculous things!

JIM
Your brother is growing up. He is no longer a beardless youth.

BETTY
Oh, father! I've seen even more fuzz on peaches!

JIM
(sadly)
It's no joking matter, Betty. Time has a habit of...
(catches himself repeating)
... Run along, Princess. He'll be out of there in a jiffy.

BETTY
(leaving)
This house stifles me! When I get married I'm going to have three bathrooms.

JIM
Three? Just for the two of you?

BETTY
(looking back)
There won't always be just two of us, father.

She leaves. CAMERA MOVES IN for CLOSE SHOT of Jim as he is left with worrisome thoughts of TIME on the march.
CONTINUED: (2)

BETTY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mother told me you're going to
play badminton.

Jim's look goes to the door.

CLOSE SHOT BETTY

BETTY
You've got to be kidding!

CLOSE SHOT JIM

JIM
Kidding? I was never more
serious in my life. What's
wrong with playing badminton?

CLOSE SHOT BETTY

BETTY
(shaking her
head sadly)
Nothing, father... But I've grown
so fond of you I wouldn't want
anything to happen.

She leaves. CAMERA PANS to Jim and MOVES IN to CLOSE HEAD
SHOT. His stream of consciousness takes over, and we hear
his thoughts:

JIM'S VOICE (O.S.)
Why do they keep saying that?
-- I'm as young as I have a mind
to be -- If badminton comes, can
squash be far behind? I'm the
same man I was twenty years ago --
only keener - quicker - wiser --
Wiser? Then why am I playing
badminton at my age???

CLOSE SHOT BEDROOM DOOR
Kathy stands there staring up at Jim lost in thought.

KATHY
Where did you get the crazy
sweater?
MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ROOM
Jim comes down to earth with a thud.

JIM
Kathy! I didn't hear you come in, Kitten.

KATHY
Does a space helmet go with that?

JIM
You, too, Kathy?

KATHY
What are you supposed to be, daddy?

JIM
A dottering, antiquated shadow of my former self.

KATHY
Huh?

JIM
Never mind, Kitten. I understand you're sleeping over at Patty's house tonight. My little girl is sure growing up!

KATHY
I know it.

JIM
But you're still daddy's little girl, aren't you?

KATHY
Right now I am. But you know how kids are, they grow like weeds.

JIM
I know, Kitten. Just remember, no matter how big you are, you'll always be daddy's little girl.

KATHY
Okay, if that's the way you want it.

JIM
(sighing)
Yeah... that's the way I want it.
CONTINUED:

MARGARET'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, Jim!

JIM

(_answering_

Yes, Margaret.

INT. FOYER

MARGARET

(calling)

Here's a special delivery letter for you.

JIM'S VOICE (O.S.)

Be right down.

Margaret turns away, takes several steps toward the living room. CAMERA MOVES WITH her. She stops in her tracks when an awful clatter is heard coming from the staircase area. She whirls.

ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE STAIRCASE

Jim comes flying down the stairs taking the steps three at a time. When he reaches the bottom, his knees buckle but he manages to remain on his feet. He grabs his back.

MARGARET

Jim! What are you trying --

JIM

Funny thing. The old legs aren't what they used to be.

MARGARET

I could have told you that.

JIM

What do you know about old legs?

MARGARET

I have a pair of them myself. They cave in on me at the end of a day.

(hands him letter)

It's from Eddie Gilbert.
CONTINUED:

JIM
(pleasantly surprised)
Old Eddie Gilbert! I haven't seen Eddie since high school.
(opening letter)
I wonder what he's up to these days.

They start to move toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT
as they enter.

JIM
What a guy! I remember he had more energy than sense.

Jim drops into a chair and reads letter. Margaret sits and watches him closely for some reaction. CAMERA MOVES IN for TWO SHOT. Periodically, he looks up to tell Margaret what is in the letter.

JIM
He expects to be in Springfield tomorrow -- says he'll stop in.
(then)
He's having a little trouble with rheumatism lately. -- I can't imagine anything like that catching up with an active guy like Eddie.

MARGARET
Well, of course, he's not as young as he used to be.

JIM
(a little panicky)
What do you mean? -- He's no older than I am. In fact, he's a year younger.

MARGARET
(amazed)
Younger? And rheumatism?

JIM
Well, that's what happens when those years start to come up on you.
CONTINUED:

MARGARET

(Shaking head
sadly)
What a shame.

JIM

(nodding in
agreement)
Poor Eddie. And here we are
talking about badminton.

MARGARET

Which reminds me — I'd better
get ready.

Margaret gets up. CAMERA PULLS BACK to MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

JIM

(restraining her)
Uh -- you're sure you feel up to
this?

MARGARET

(doubtfully)
Well, yes -- I think so --
Don't you?

JIM

(doubtfully)
Sure -- I think so. -- But...
I'm thinking of you, Margaret.

MARGARET

Don't worry about me, Jim. I'll
manage.

JIM

(disappointedly)
Oh.

MARGARET

A sweater and skirt should be
all right, shouldn't it?

JIM

(pulls her down
again; floundering)
Don't you want to hear the rest
of the letter?

MARGARET

Well, all right.
JIM
(smiling self-consciously)
Been a long time since I've seen old Eddie.
(then back to reading letter; then looks up in amazement)
He's a grandfather!

MARGARET
Eddie is??

JIM
_reads; then_
He's got three grandchildren!
(looking up)
Why that just can't be!

MARGARET
Why not? You once told me that he had a daughter a year or two older than Betty.

JIM
(dazedly looking at the letter)
He says the kids call him 'Gramps'...
(looking up)
This I just can't believe!

BETTY
Mother, will you snap me up in the back, please.

JIM
Gramps! Margaret, he's a year younger than I am.

MARGARET
(working on the dress)
Yes, that's what you said.

BETTY
Who is, mother?
MARGARET
Oh, a high school chum of your father's.

JIM
(dazedly)
Gramps.

ANOTHER ANGLE
as Bud enters wearing his tuxedo. He looks stiff and uncomfortable. His tie is tied vertically.

BUD
How do I look, mom?

MARGARET
Well, you look fine, Bud...
Real nice.

BUD
(sees Jim staring into space)
What's the matter with dad?

MARGARET
Nothing much... a slight attack of time!...
(finishes buttoning Betty's dress)
Here, let me fix your tie.

BETTY
Thanks, mother.

Kathy enters carrying a small overnight bag.

KATHY
I'm ready.
(then)
What's the matter with daddy?

MARGARET
Daddy's thinking, darling.

BETTY
(anxiously)
Father, are you all right?

The family inches forward, peering anxiously at Jim, who continues to stare into space. They watch him for a moment, then slowly Jim's lips form a word and it is barely audible.
CONTINUED:

JIM
Gramps.
(them brought
back)
Hm? -- What are you staring at?

MARGARET
We were going to ask you that
question.

BETTY
Creepers - look what time it's
getting to be!

MARGARET
Hurry - you'll be late.

KATHY
You gotta drop me off at Patty's
house first.

MARGARET
Good-bye -- Have a wonderful time!

They ad lib their good-byes and turn to leave, then Jim's
voice halts them.

JIM
Wait! --

CAMERA MOVES IN for CLOSE SHOT of Jim. He surveys his family
with a moist, sentimental look in his eyes. His voice
quivers a little as he says:

JIM
My little brood -- My family. --
It's so nice to see you all
leaving together this way.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT MARGARET BETTY BUD KATHY
as they listen to Jim.

JIM'S VOICE (O.S.)
Some day soon you'll go your
separate ways -- and we'll only
get together on important holi-
days.
(a little
sniffle)
Margaret -- our children are
growing up.
CONTINUED:

BUD
Criminey! I should hope so.

BETTY
Father, we're excruciatingly late!

KATHY
Patty is waiting.

MARGARET
Run along, children.

CLOSE SHOT JIM

JIM
(grandly)
Good-bye -- good-bye!

Again they ad lib their "good-byes" and now they are gone.

TWO SHOT MARGARET JIM
Margaret, smiling, looks at Jim, who avoids her gaze.

MARGARET
Now what brought that on?

JIM
(floundering)
Nothing -- I -- it isn't easy to watch your children growing up.

MARGARET
It isn't easy -- but it's nice.

JIM
It's sad.

MARGARET
It is not.

JIM
Yes, it is. Any day now Betty'll be getting married -- flying away. Bud'll be married before we know it -- he'll fly away. Next it'll be Kathy -- she'll be flying away. And who's left?
CONTINUED:

MARGARET
Just us old buzzards.
(looking at watch)
Heavens! It's nearly eight o'clock. I'm not dressed and you haven't shaved.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY as Margaret gets to her feet.

MARGARET
(continuing)
What should I wear?

JIM
For what?

MARGARET
Jim! Badminton, remember?

JIM
Oh. Do you think we should -- at our age?

MARGARET
I certainly do. Now you go upstairs and get shaved.

JIM
Wait - Margaret --

MARGARET
Jim - it's late.

JIM
Look at me. Do I look like a man upon whom Time has taken its toll?

MARGARET
(kisses him lightly)
You look just as young as the man I knew who won a poetry contest twenty years ago.

JIM
Margaret - I have a confession to make.

MARGARET
(mock horror)
You cheated in the poetry contest!
18 CONTINUED: (2)

JIM
No... It's just that I wasn't really good at squash --

MARGARET
(smiling)
I knew it... You never fooled me.

JIM
Maybe you'd better call the Phillips and -- tell them -- something came up -- and we can't make it.

MARGARET
Can't make it?

JIM
My fire is burning low, Margaret.

MARGARET
Not Jumpin' Jim the Badminton Boy!

JIM
(puts arm around her shoulders and walks toward foyer)
I'm a little tired, Margaret. I think I'll go to bed.

MARGARET
At eight o'clock? Oh, Jim, for heaven's sake, what --

INT. FOYER

19 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT as they come through and go toward the stairs.

JIM
Margaret, will you please get me a hot water bottle?

Margaret shakes her head sadly as she leads him gently up the stairs.

FADE OUT.

(INsert Commercial)
FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

20  CLOSE SHOT  JIM'S FEET AND HOT WATER BOTTLE ON BED  
CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING Margaret asleep in one of the 
twin beds. Jim is asleep in the other. CAMERA MOVES IN on 
Jim as he sleeps restlessly. Jim moans and groans, and from 
the frown on his face we gather he is in pain or a victim of 
bad dreams or both. CAMERA HOLDS a CLOSE HEAD SHOT, then: 

SHIMMERING DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WROUGHT IRON GATE - DAY

21  CLOSE SHOT ON PLAQUE 
which reads: "HOME FOR THE EXTREMELY AGED."

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORNER IN LOBBY -

21A  TWO SHOT  JIM AND OLD MAN 
They sit in rockers. There is no change in Jim's appearance, 
The old man is a caricature. His beard is way down to here. 
They rock in silence for a moment, then:

OLD MAN
When did you get in?

JIM
Yesterday. I'm a grandfather, 
you know.

OLD MAN
You look it. 
(silence; then) 
Guess how old I am.

JIM
You're a year younger than I.

OLD MAN
Correct. But you look old enough 
to be my father.
21A  CONTINUED:

JIM
Correct.

They rock in silence for a moment. Then:

JIM
Pretty warm in here.

He removes badminton racket from his inside pocket and starts fanning himself with it. Then:

JIM
Ever play squash?

OLD MAN
Played it and ate it. You?

JIM
Never played it, always ate it.

OLD MAN
Did you like it?

JIM
Hate it.
(silence; then)
How's your rheumatism, Eddie?

OLD MAN
(leaping to his feet)
How dare you! Nobody ever accused me of rheumatism and got away with it. I demand satisfaction!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:
INT. A STARK GRAY ROOM

22 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT
The room is completely bare and is divided in half by a bad-
minton net. Jim and the old man stand facing each other hold-
ing badminton rackets, then strike a fencing pose using the
rackets as foils. They circle each other, then proceed to
fence. The old man is getting the better of it when Margaret
appears. She is dressed in gym bloomers and middy.

MARGARET
Stop!

The action ceases. Margaret reprimands the old man.

MARGARET
What do you mean by taking
advantage of an old man?

OLD MAN
He's a year younger than I am.

MARGARET
Don't change the subject!
(to Jim)
How many times have I told you
not to play with him?

23 CLOSEUP JIM

JIM
At my age I can't be choosy.

24 CLOSEUP OLD MAN

OLD MAN
I can beat him at squash, too,
I betcha.

25 CLOSEUP MARGARET

MARGARET
I bet you can't beat him at
poetry.

26 CLOSEUP JIM

JIM
Yeah - I challenge you to
poetry!
27 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT
as Betty appears.

BETTY
Now, grandfather, I don't want you to over-exert yourself.

Bud appears.

BUD
Poetry at your age, gramps?

Kathy appears.

KATHY
Granddaddy, if you're going to recite poetry you'd better have a nap.

MARGARET
They're right, Grandpa Jim.

JIM
Grandpa Jim!

OLD MAN
(chuckling)
He's a year younger than I am.

JIM
Yeah - but you've got rheumatism.

OLD MAN
Don't worry. It won't be long and you'll have it, too.

28 CLOSEUP JIM

JIM
I will not!

29 CLOSEUP OLD MAN

OLD MAN
You will so!

30 CLOSEUP JIM

JIM
I will not!
31 CLOSEUP OLD MAN

OLD MAN

You will so!

32 CLOSEUP JIM

JIM

Margaret!

33 CLOSEUP MARGARET

MARGARET

You will so.

34 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ROOM

JIM

Not if I take good care of myself. I'll keep my feet dry, I'll stay out of drafts -- dress warmly. I'll lick this thing, I will!

OLD MAN

It's inevitable. Old age and rheumatism. They go together like ham and eggs.

JIM

I won't accept it. I won't! I won't! I'll never grow old.

CAMERA MOVES IN for TWO SHOT as Jim grabs Margaret and smothers her with kisses.

JIM

Never! Never!

SHIMMERING DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

35 TWO SHOT

Jim is clutching Margaret around the neck, showering her with kisses. Margaret is fully dressed.
CONTINUED:

JIM
Never! I'll never grow old!
Never.

MARGARET
(laughing)
Please, Jim! -- Please -- wake up!

Jim wakes with a start.

JIM
Huh?

MARGARET
(laughing)
Jim, you should have seen yourself!

JIM
(accusingly)
You called me an old man.

MARGARET
You were dreaming.
(trying to pull him up)
Now get dressed and we'll have some breakfast.

JIM
No, Margaret - please.

MARGARET
(anxiously)
What's the matter?

JIM
I've got to take care of myself, Margaret. Could I have breakfast in bed this morning?

MARGARET
(sternly)
I think this has gone far enough, Jim. You're beginning to sound a little ridiculous.

JIM
Please, Margaret. I need all the sympathy you can muster.
Margaret
To think it was only yesterday
that you were going like a
blast furnace! Badminton-
squash.

Jim
That was yesterday, honey. I'm
considerably older this morning.

Margaret
It must've been a long night.
(then a sigh)
All right. I'll bring you your
breakfast.

Margaret starts to leave.

Jim
What am I going to have?

Margaret
(cooly)
Mush, milk and zwiebach.

She smiles at him sweetly as we,

Dissolve to:

Int. Living Room

Close Shot Margaret

Camera pulls back to medium close shot, as she talks, to
include:
The children, seated, looking up at Margaret solemnly.

Margaret
(explaining the
situation)
You see, children, your father
is at that certain age. They
either want to burn up the world
or find a nice, warm rock to
crawl under. It doesn't take
much to force them either way.
Your father is obsessed with the
ridiculous idea that you're grow-
ing up too quickly. This gives
CONTINUED:

MARGARET (cont'd)

him a feeling of growing old quickly. We've got to get him out from under the rock. Now here's my plan...

She sits and leans toward them confidentially as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM

CLOSE SHOT JIM

He is examining himself in the mirror from all angles. He pulls down his eyelids, sticks out his tongue, examines his hair, etc. He wears a dark business suit, dark tie and looks overly conservative. He reaches into his pocket for his glasses. He puts them on, examines himself in the mirror again, and shakes his head sadly at what he sees. He starts toward the door.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

as Jim enters. At the same time Margaret walks in from the kitchen with some food and places it on the table.

JIM

(as he takes his seat)

Where are the children?

MARGARET

They'll be here.

(then eye-ing him)

My! And at what mortuary are you applying today?

JIM

When a man reaches my age he can't dress like a schoolboy.
CONTINUED:

MARGARET
(sitting down)
I can't recall that you ever
dressed like a schoolboy.

TWO SHOT JIM AND MARGARET

JIM
(longingly)
I did though -- when I went to
school. Those were the days!
Those wonderful, carefree,
youthful days!

MARGARET
Come on, dear -- smile!

JIM
(sickly smile;
then sadly)
No sir, Margaret. I've come
to the realization at last!
It's the kids growing up that
makes us feel old.

MARGARET
Nonsense.

JIM
Don't be blind to the truth,
Margaret. Your son shaved last
night.

MARGARET
That doesn't make me Whistler's
Mother.

JIM
Betty went to a wedding...
Soon -- too soon -- she'll be
going to her own wedding.

MARGARET
Perhaps that's a wishful thought
on your part, Jim.

JIM
Hah! I'd want to keep Betty
with me forever! -- And Kathy --
over night at a friend's house.
That's the first time she's slept
CONTINUED:

JIM (cont'd)
in a bed other than her own.
(swallowing hard)
That's growing up, Margaret.

MARGARET
(smugly)
Oh, I don't know.

JIM
(shaking his
head sadly)
Poor, poor, innocent Margaret --
My child-wife!

MARGARET
(throwing up
her hands)
That's all.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT
as Bud and Betty enter wearing space helmets -- the kind you might get from sending in box tops.

BUD
Calling Kx2J3 -- Calling Kx2J3 --
over.

BETTY
Hello -- KxJ3 reporting to
Captain Sonar! -- Over.

BUD
This is Captain Sonar -- proceed
Kx2J3 to the --

CLOSE SHOT JIM
as he watches them incredulously.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT GROUP

BUD
(continuing)
Wait, Betty, let me see your helmet.

BETTY
(struggling to keep
Bud's hands off it)
Don't take it off. I'll lose
my oxygen pressure.
CONTINUED:

MARGARET
Let her try it, Bud.

BUD
She'll get it stuck on her big old head.

BETTY
I will not. Don't be such a stingy-face.

BUD
It's my space helmet.

BETTY
I'm not gonna hurt it.

They struggle with each other and disappear out of scene.

TWO SHOT MARGARET AND JIM
Jim looks at Margaret amazed while Margaret smiles at him wisely.

BUD'S VOICE (O.S.)
(continuing)
You will too -- quit pulling!...

BETTY'S VOICE (O.S.)
I just want to look at it.

BUD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Dad! She's breaking my arm!

BETTY'S VOICE (O.S.)
I'm not even touching him.

JIM
(calling)
All right, you two -- break it up and come to the table.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT
as Kathy comes racing into the room being chased by Betty and Bud. They scamper around the table.

KATHY
Help! Help! They're after me!

BUD
If I get my hands on you, you little squirt!
CONTINUED:

BETTY
I'll teach you to break my space helmet.

Margaret has an amused look mingled with one of alarm, hoping the kids aren't over-doing it.

JIM
(catching Kathy)
Now just a minute! What's going on here? Betty, I'm surprised at you! You're all behaving like a bunch of kids.

They wink at Margaret. Margaret answers with a smile at the corners of her mouth.

JIM
(bewildered)
Margaret, what is it?

MARGARET
What is what?

JIM
Look at them -- they act like two-year-olds.

MARGARET
(mock sigh)
That's children for you -- they never grow up.

The phone rings.

BUD
That's for me - probably Joe.

He scampers out, followed by Betty who shouts:

BETTY
I'll get it. It's probably Ralph.

KATHY
(running out)
I'll get it.

TWO SHOT MARGARET AND JIM
We hear the voices of the children coming from the next room and all the while Margaret looks wisely at Jim, while Jim looks back at Margaret with a smile of relief crossing his face.
CONTINUED:  

I've got it!  

BUD'S VOICE (O.S.)  

I've got it!  

KATHY'S VOICE (O.S.)  

Quit pulling!  

BUD'S VOICE (O.S.)  

I've got it!  

KATHY'S VOICE (O.S.)  

That's for me. Let me have it.  

BUD'S VOICE (O.S.)  

It's for me.  

JIM  
(takes off coat, opens shirt)  

BETTY'S VOICE (O.S.)  

I think I'll have some lunch. Any steak in the freezer?  

MARGARET  

Uh-huh - how many would you like?  

JIM  

Two -- maybe three?  

MARGARET  

Even four, if you wish.  

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT  

as Betty enters.  

BETTY  

It's for you, Father.  

JIM  
(rising)  

Thanks, Princess.  

He picks her up and swings her around, just as Bud and Kathy enter.  

JIM  
(over shoulder)  

Margaret -- Put up a mess of French fries, too.  

He walks out of the room. CAMERA MOVES IN TO HOLD ON Margaret and the kids.
CONTINUED:

MARGARET
(smiling)
Nice work.

INT. FOYER

CLOSE SHOT ON JIM AT PHONE

JIM
Hello? -- Eddie! Eddie Gilbert!
Sure, got your letter yesterday.
(sympathetically)
How are you feeling? -- Good --
Good. Sure we're going to be
home. We'll be glad to see you.
Where are you now? -- Well,
you're just two minutes away.
Tell you what. I'll pick you
up, old fellow -- Are you sure
you can make it?... Fine -- See
you in a little while. Don't
rush now -- sure -- Goodbye.
(hangs up)
Poor old codger!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE Margaret.

MARGARET
Who was it dear?

JIM
That was old Eddie Gilbert.
He'll be here any minute.

MARGARET
I hope you asked him for lunch.

BETTY
(entering)
Who's Eddie Gilbert?

JIM
He's an old school chum of mine,
Princess. Haven't seen him in
years. He's a grandfather now.
(reminiscingly)
He used to be such a life-of-the-
party, poor fellow.

He surveys his family.
CONTINUED:

JIM (cont'd)
I guess he just wasn't lucky to have such young children as I have.

MARGARET
What do you mean, dear?

JIM
Well - his children have grown and -- flown away. He and his wife left alone. That's probably why he's turned into an old man before his time -- nothing left to live for.

MARGARET (pointedly)
Well, maybe he's like you, dear -- old one day and young the next.

JIM (sadly)
No -- when the children are grown, that's the end of the line -- I could tell by the tone of Eddie's letter -- rheumatism -- you know -- Hardening of the arteries --

The door bell is heard.

MARGARET
There he is, dear.

JIM
Come on, honey, we'll meet him together -- poor devil.
(on the move toward the door)
He was such a youthful, bubbling sort of fellow.

Jim opens the front door. He stands there speechless for a moment staring at Eddie Gilbert.

CLOSE SHOT EDDIE
EDDIE looks about the same age as Jim. He's a youthful, bubbling sort of fellow with a broad grin and broad shoulders.
THREE SHOT EDDIE JIM MARGARET

EDDIE
Anderson? -- I'm Gilbert.

JIM
(dazedly)
Not Eddie Gilbert?

EDDIE
Sure, don't you remember me, Jim? You used to call me crazy Eddie!

JIM
Yes but -- I mean -- where's the -- You haven't changed!

EDDIE
Neither have you! You look just like you did when you won the poetry contest.

JIM
I can't believe it! -- Eddie!

EDDIE
Jim!

MARGARET
Excuse me -- I'm Margaret Anderson, Mister Gilbert.

EDDIE
How do you do. I'm delighted to meet you.

JIM
Margaret, this is Eddie.

MARGARET
Yes, dear, we've met.
(to Eddie)
Please come on in.

EDDIE
(entering)
Thank you.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

JIM
Give me your coat, Eddie.
CONTINUED:

EDDIE
(removing coat)
Thanks, Jim. Man you look great!

JIM
So do you. I can't get over it. Can you, Margaret?

MARGARET
Can't get over what, Jim?

JIM
Well from the letter -- you know. I thought you'd be older looking, Eddie.

EDDIE
Why, because I'm a grandfather?

MARGARET
Let's go inside, shall we?

They move into the living room.

JIM
(as they move)
Well I thought --

INT. LIVING ROOM

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT
as they enter.

EDDIE
I don't feel like a grandfather, Jim. I did have a touch of rheumatism but I got that when Gladys and I were ice skating. I fell through the ice and got wet... What do you do to keep yourself looking so fit, Jim?

JIM
Well, we play badminton -- and -- Don't we Margaret?

MARGARET
Oh yes -- Jim's an excellent badminton player.
CONTINUED:

EDDIE
He didn't play squash too well,
I remember.

Eddie laughs it up big.

JIM
No -- I was never good at it. --
Tell me one thing, Eddie. What
do you do now that the kids are
grown up -- and married --

EDDIE
What do we do??? Man, we're living!
Gladys and I are doing all the
things we couldn't do before --
We told the kids -- 'Look, we
love you both and we'll always be
around when you need us. But we're
not going to be baby sitters ...'
We're free, man! We're having the
time of our lives!

JIM
(face breaks into
a broad smile)
See that, Margaret? That's what
I've been telling you.
(to Eddie)
Margaret always worried what she'd
do when Betty went off and got
married.
(to Margaret)
You see, honey? You'll be free.
It doesn't mean you're old if
you're a grandma.

EDDIE
You're as old as you feel, I
always say.

JIM
Of course.

He puts his arm around Margaret, looking at her smilingly,
and kisses the end of her nose.

JIM
(continuing)
You never grow old while the
heart is young, I always say.
CONTINUED:

MARGARET
I always say -- 'What a difference a day makes.'

As all three smile richly at each other, we

FADE OUT.

(INsert COMMERCIAL)

FADE IN:

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

MEDiUM CLOSE SHOT
Margaret, dressed in sweater, skirt and beanie cap, stands
at the foot of the stairs calling:

MARGARET
Jim, are you ready?

JIM'S VOICE (O.S.)
Be right there, honey!

Betty walks into scene.

BETTY
Where you going, Mother?

MARGARET
Your father and I are going over
to the Phillips' for a while.

JIM'S VOICE (O.S.)
Look out below!

Jim, carrying a suitcase and wearing turtle neck sweater,
comes bouncing down the stairs like a two-year-old, followed
by Bud and Kathy.

MARGARET
Jim--- please -- you'll hurt
yourself.

JIM
Me? Jim Anderson the ox????

BETTY
What's in the suitcase, father?
CONTINUED:

JIM
Oh nothing. Ready, Margaret?

BUD
What's in the suitcase, Dad?

MARGARET
I'm ready, dear.

KATHY
What's in the suitcase, Daddy?

MARGARET
Better tell them.

JIM
That's our equipment. We're going over to the Phillips' for badminton -- then we're going horseback riding -- and after that some skiing, and if your mother's still up to it --

MARGARET
Oh, stop!
(winks at the children)
Goodnight, children.

They stand there smiling smugly and returning the wink.

JIM
Come on, girlie!

MARGARET
Let's go, kiddo!

They leave, CAMERA MOVES IN TO HOLD ON the children as they watch them go. The smile remains on their faces as we,

FADE OUT.

THE END