

Loving Frank

by

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Based on the novel by Nancy Horan

Escape Artists
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OVER A BLACK SCREEN: THE SOUND OF HAMMERING.

EXT. NEW YORK, GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - DAY (1958)

A long, still WIDE SHOT of the museum's facade: a temple of sculptural perfection.

A checker CAB rolls down Fifth Avenue. Then a 1957 CADILLAC, followed by a late 1950's New York City BUS.

TWO MEN in fedoras and suits stroll through frame, stopping briefly to stare up at the building.

We PRESS FORWARD into the space where the men just were, closer to the building, CLOSER, passing through the walls...

INT. GUGGENHEIM, ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

Inside. WORKMEN and islands of SCAFFOLDING punctuate the vast open atrium. Ethereal light pours down from the huge skylight above.

The building is still unfinished.

SUPER: 1958.

The HAMMERING continues, louder now, mixed with other sounds of CONSTRUCTION.

One by one, the workmen stop hammering, doff their caps and stand at respectful attention.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, 91 and still arrogantly handsome, dressed in a black broad-brimmed hat and dark suit, stands in the center of the atrium, surveying the space and light. Pleased, but not satisfied. Seeing something that we are not seeing.

He nods perfunctorily at the workmen and begins to walk slowly up the long, spiralling RAMP.

The workmen stare after him -- the greatest architect of their time -- then return to work.

INT. GUGGENHEIM, RAMP - CONTINUOUS

Alone, slowly, Frank ascends the ramp. Looking critically at things -- the quality of plasterwork, cavities in the walls and ceilings where lights will be -- but also, the higher he goes, the more he seems to be entering another state of mind, a place of his own.

Three stories up, he stops walking. Suddenly, inexplicably, he looks sad, and mortal.

He becomes aware of FOOTSTEPS approaching up the ramp behind him. Annoyed at being followed, he turns.

TOM WOODFORD, 78, mild and decent in manner, stops a few paces away.

Frank stares at him.

TOM

Don't you remember me, Mr. Wright?

Tom pulls off the tweed cap he's wearing, removes his spectacles.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's been a long time.

Frank stares at him, recognition stirring.

FRANK

Tom Woodford?

(thrown)

I'll be damned... Must be forty years. What are you doing here?

TOM

I came to see you.

Tom puts his spectacles back on. Looks out into the space and light of the atrium below, absorbing the magisterial beauty.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's a masterpiece.

FRANK

It's the most beautiful museum ever designed by Man.

TOM

(small smile)

I'm glad to see you haven't lost your confidence.

Frank starts walking slowly up the ramp. Tom falls in beside him.

Frank looks at Tom -- an honest look, showing a vulnerability we haven't yet seen. The facade is cracking.

FRANK

Haven't made a building in fifty years that I don't walk through and wonder what Mamah would think about it.

TOM

(nods)
She loved you.

FRANK

She was the only one who ever loved me enough to always tell me the truth.

TOM

You know, Mr. Wright, I don't suppose I ever got over the two of you.

Frank stops walking. A long pause. Slowly, tears -- seemingly out of nowhere -- brim to the surface of his face.

FRANK

One doesn't.

CUT TO:

INT. OAK PARK ILLINOIS, WRIGHT STUDIO - DAY (1904)

A spacious, high-ceilinged, light-filled octagonal studio with numerous drafting tables.

SUPER: OAK PARK, ILLINOIS, 1904.

Slowly the CAMERA INVESTIGATES the room, its eccentricities and brilliance.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Children?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Just one. His name is John. He's three and very brave.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Why brave?

MAMAH BORTHWICK CHENEY, beautiful, is sitting on an architect's stool.

MAMAH

I don't know... It's just how I see him.

The ANGLE WIDENS, taking in the questioner. It's FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, handsome and charismatic. An interview.

FRANK

Do you entertain?

MAMAH

My husband is president of Wagner Electric, Mr. Wright, so there is a certain amount of socializing we're expected to do.

FRANK

Dinner parties?

MAMAH

I'm not really much use in the kitchen. Thankfully, my sister lives with us and does most of the cooking.

FRANK

What hobbies or activities do you enjoy?

MAMAH

In college, I studied art history and German.

(beat)

But gardening is what means the most to me.

Abruptly, a SECOND MALE VOICE intrudes on what has seemed a private conversation:

SECOND MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mamah designed our garden herself.

Sitting on a stool beside Mamah is her husband EDWIN CHENEY, the respectable president of an electric company.

FRANK

(to Mamah)

Really?

His interest is like a laser.

MAMAH

Yes.

EDWIN

I tried to get her to join the
Woman's Gardening League like the
other wives, but she wouldn't.

Every time Edwin speaks, it's as if he's interrupting a
private meeting.

MAMAH

(to Frank)

It's the solitude of it I like.

EDWIN

I'm always finding her with her
nose in some plant dictionary,
making little doodles and mumbling
to herself in Greek.

MAMAH

(to Frank)

Latin.

EDWIN

Well, it's all Greek to me.

FRANK

(to Mamah)

Tell me about this garden you
designed.

MAMAH

It's nothing. I'm an amateur, with
an amateur's blind enthusiasm for
landscape.

FRANK

I detest false modesty. What did
you plant?

MAMAH

You'll have to see for yourself. I
suppose what I mean is that no
matter where any of us live, we're
still part of the land we come
from.

FRANK

The prairie, you mean?

MAMAH

(smiles)

Exactly. The prairie.

Frank smiles back at her.

FRANK

And that awareness comforts you?

MAMAH

More... It inspires me.
Of course, there are hazards.

She displays her hands for inspection.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

Fingernails not becoming to an Oak
Park matron, for instance. The
society ladies in town--

EDWIN

Now dear, I'm sure that's not the
case.

MAMAH

(to Frank)

I didn't grow up here. I'll always
be an outsider.

FRANK

Well, that makes two of us. And a
little dirt on the hands is
something to be proud of. My
grandfather used to say, "Dirty
hands, beautiful spirit."

MAMAH

(smiles)

I think I'll borrow that.

A pause, Frank taking her in.

FRANK

I trust you wouldn't mind helping
me design your new garden?

Mamah stares at him, too shocked to reply. Edwin stares at
Frank too, mildly annoyed.

MAMAH

Thank you -- sincerely. But I
couldn't.

FRANK

Why not?

MAMAH

I'm not properly trained.

FRANK
 "Proper" training has destroyed
 more talents than I can count. And
 if I told you I wouldn't consider
 the job without your help?

Silence. Edwin's annoyance is growing.

MAMAH
 (can't hide her pleasure)
 Then I guess I'd have no choice.

FRANK
 It's settled, then.

They continue to stare at each other -- until Frank forces himself to turn to Edwin.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Mr. Cheney, what kind of music do
 you listen to?

EDWIN
 My wife tends to the music, Mr.
 Wright. I take care of the car.

FRANK
 (to Mamah)
 Beethoven.

Mamah nods, no longer surprised that he seems able to read her mind.

EDWIN
 Personally, I like marching bands.
 Something with a purpose and a
 tune, if you know what I mean.

MAMAH
 (to Frank)
 Our son calls it "oom-pah" music.

Frank hides a smile.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
 Mind telling what sort of house our
 tastes in music leads to?

FRANK
 A Frank Lloyd Wright House.

Now it's Mamah who hides a smile.

Frank looks over to where TOM WOODFORD, a humble, fresh-faced young man of 23, stands at a drafting table, listening.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tom, why don't you take the Cheneys into the house for some refreshment while I get down to work.

TOM

Sure, Mr. Wright.

FRANK

(to the Cheneys)
My assistant, Tom Woodford.

MAMAH

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Woodford.

FRANK

I should warn you that Tom's a strict Mormon, so his idea of refreshment is a little tamer than mine. There's some whiskey in the cabinet over there.

EDWIN

Liquor won't be necessary, thank you.

Tom walks out of the studio first, followed by Edwin.

At the door, Mamah hesitates, reluctant to leave the room.

FRANK

(low)
Mrs. Cheney?

Mamah turns quickly.

MAMAH

Yes?

FRANK

This studio is my sanctuary. From the rest of my life.

MAMAH

I understand. I think I'd give up everything I have for a room like this. A place just to be oneself and do the work one loves.

Frank smiles at her -- a tender, intimate smile.

FRANK

We're the same, you and I.

Their eyes lock: AN ELECTRIC MOMENT.

Then Mamah turns and leaves the room.

Frank sits staring at the place where she just was.

He notices that Mamah has forgotten her SCARF on the chair where she was sitting. He picks it up. Runs the silk between his fingers.

He takes up his pencil and begins to DRAW.

INT. WRIGHT HOUSE, LIVING AREA - MINUTES LATER

A wide open, eccentric and brilliant space: there's a TREE growing up through the middle of the house. Every single window, lamp and piece of furniture has been designed by Frank. Nothing but a door separates the house from the studio.

Mamah stands at the center of the large room, mesmerized by everything she sees. No detail is too small for her to notice, or less than thrilling.

She glances across to where Edwin sits oblivious, reading a pile of BUSINESS REPORTS that he's pulled from his briefcase.

The front door OPENS and a stream of FIVE YOUNG CHILDREN pour into the house, followed by a harried, slightly disheveled CATHERINE WRIGHT, 32, BABY in her arms.

CATHERINE

Children, no running in the house!

Mamah gets to her feet.

MAMAH

Mrs. Wright, I'm Mamah Borthwick Cheney. This is my husband, Edwin. Please excuse us for invading your home like this.

CATHERINE

There's no need to apologize, Mrs. Cheney. As you can see, our home is his office. We're all one thing here, for better or worse. Lloyd, go and wash your hands.

The eldest boy leaves the room. Catherine gives Mamah a second look.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Aren't we in the Home and Arts
Society together?

MAMAH
I'm afraid I rarely attend.

The baby starts to FUSS.

CATHERINE
If you'll excuse me...

MAMAH
Of course.

Catherine leaves the room.

Edwin goes back to his business reports.

Unsettled, Mamah stands looking at the door that leads to Frank's studio.

INT. WRIGHT STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Frank, in feverish concentration, works on his SKETCH OF THE CHENEY HOUSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHENEY HOUSE - DAY (1907)

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER.

It's the CHENEY HOUSE -- built now, real. A prairie house, all horizontal planes and large windows, one or two made of stained glass. A STUDEBAKER is parked on the street out front.

The front door OPENS. Mamah hurries out, still putting on her gloves. She's wearing a simple but elegant dress and no hat.

She hurries off down Chicago Avenue on foot, avoiding piles of horse MANURE.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Is there a woman among us who is not confronted -- almost daily -- by some choice regarding how to ornament her home? Or, dare I say, herself?

EXT. OAK PARK AVENUE - MINUTES LATER

Mamah turns a corner, steps in a PUDDLE...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Our guest speaker this evening needs no introduction...

The sound of APPLAUSE.

Mamah is ALMOST RUN DOWN by a passing car, hurries onwards...

FRANK (O.S.)

Thank you, Madam President, ladies of the Nineteenth Century Woman's Club.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - MINUTES LATER

Mamah RUNS up the steps and into the building...

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Stops at the door to the lecture hall, catches her breath...

INT. LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Enters the hall -- where FRANK stands at the podium, dressed in a black suit and a tie of his own design. A black hat and cape lie on a chair behind him.

FRANK

We are living today encrusted with dead things. Forms from which the soul is gone.

Lecturing the assembled OAK PARK LADIES about their bad taste, Frank's HANDS crisply frame both his ideas and geometric space; his hands are mesmerizing, as is his VOICE, the sheer command and confidence of his physical presence.

He pauses as Mamah takes her seat. Their eyes meet.

Now we see TOM WOODFORD sitting in the front row -- the only man in the audience. He notices Mamah's arrival too -- and the LOOK that passes between her and Frank.

After a few moments, Frank regains his composure and continues.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And we are devoted to them, aren't we, trying to get joy out of them, trying to believe them still potent.

He stares critically at the audience. Many of the women are wearing plumed HATS with birds and flowers on them.

FRANK (CONT'D)

For God's sake, ladies: birds and flowers on hats?

(beat)

Here now -- right here in this hall today is genuine evidence that real beauty need not gussy itself up beyond recognition.

He is staring, unmistakably, at Mamah.

INT. LIBRARY, HALLWAY - LATER

Mamah follows the crowd toward the stairway.

FRANK (O.S.)

Mamah!

She turns. Frank, now wearing his hat and cape, is briskly maneuvering his way through a throng of FEMALE ADMIRERS to get to her. Mamah meets him halfway, slightly apart from the crowd.

MAMAH

Hello, Frank.

FRANK

First you arrive late, now I catch you trying to sneak out without so much as a hello?

MAMAH

Let's just say I'm certainly glad I left my bird-and-flowers hat at home.

FRANK
Hogwash. You've always had taste.

MAMAH
And what makes you think you know so much about me and my taste, Mr. Wright?

FRANK
You once had the courage to show me your dirty fingernails, remember?
(beat)
I've missed our talks, Mamah.

MAMAH
It's your own fault. You made such a beautiful house, I never go out anymore. I do nothing but stare at the perfect light all day. Since the last time you came by-- Hello, Tom, good to see you.

Tom Woodford joins them.

TOM
And you, Mrs. Cheney.

MAMAH
(teasing)
Now it's "Mrs. Cheney" again?
After all the time we spent together in dirty clothes, building our dream house?

TOM
(embarrassed)
Mamah.

MAMAH
That's better.

FRANK
(fondly)
Take it easy on poor old Tom -- been in Oak Park three years and he's still shocked at our heathen ways.

MAMAH,
(off the ladies again)
So, apparently, are the heathens.

FRANK

In this town, it's considered
heresy to have an original thought.

MAMAH

Or an honest feeling.

FRANK

Oh, they'll burn you at the stake
for those.

They stand in the crowded room looking at each other -- a
private conversation without words.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So what do you say?

MAMAH

About what?

FRANK

Time we finally built your garage?

Mamah hesitates.

MAMAH

I'd have to talk to Edwin about it.

FRANK

Will you be at home tomorrow? Say
around eleven?

MAMAH

I will, but Edwin will be at work.

FRANK

You and I can discuss it then.

He takes her hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tomorrow.

Flushed, Mamah nods at Tom, then walks away. Frank stares
after her.

INT. CHENEY HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Mamah lies in bed, thinking. After several moments, the
bathroom door opens and Edwin comes out, buttoning the collar
of his shirt.

Mamah sits up, watching him choose his tie. She's been preparing what she's going to say.

MAMAH

I went to hear Frank Wright lecture yesterday. He asked whether we'd like to finally build the garage.

EDWIN

(tying his tie)
And? Would we?

MAMAH

I don't see why not. We meant to build it the first time, remember?

The knot finished, Edwin puts on his suit jacket.

EDWIN

As I recall, we didn't build it the first time because the genius over-ran the budget and left us short of money.

MAMAH

Well, we have the money now. Don't we?

EDWIN

We have the money.

MAMAH

Then what do you say, Edwin? Can we go ahead?

Edwin gives a sigh.

EDWIN

Yes, all right. But I just hope you won't get so involved this time. It's not as though you're the architect.

MAMAH

But I'm interested--

EDWIN

And as your husband, Mamah, I am interested -- quite understandably, I think -- in having a proper dinner on the table at the right hour once in a while.

MAMAH

I'll order a roast, then. Lizzie can cook it. We can have dinner whenever you like.

EDWIN

Lizzie is not my wife, Mamah.

He leaves the room. Mamah catches sight of herself in the Frank Lloyd Wright MIRROR.

INT. CHENEY HOUSE, DINING AREA - LATER

Mamah, dressed now and standing at the dining table, studies Frank's original SKETCH of the Cheney House.

Her sister LIZZIE, late 30s, and JOHN, 6, are at the table too, finishing breakfast; MARTHA, 2, is in a highchair.

LIZZIE

(reading the newspaper)

Big sale at Field's today. We need new sheets for Martha's bed.

Lost in Frank's drawing, Mamah doesn't respond.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Mamah.

She looks up.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Sale at Fields.

MAMAH

Sorry, I can't go. Frank Wright's coming over to talk about building the garage.

Lizzie's expression says what she thinks of Frank Wright.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

Edwin's given his approval.

LIZZIE

(cool)

Oh, I'm sure it will be another work of artistic genius.

(to John)

How about a trip to town, John-o?

JOHN

Can we go in the car?

LIZZIE
 I don't see why not.
 (pointed)
 Your mother's not using it.

*
 *
 *
 *

INT. CHENEY HOUSE - LATER

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Mamah, alone, walks slowly through her house. SEEING the house, all the design DETAILS that Frank put into it that make it so extraordinary.

*
 *
 *

INT. LIVING AREA - LATER

*

She sits on the window seat, leafing through a BOOK ON THE PRAIRIE-STYLE LANDSCAPE DESIGN OF JENS JENSEN.

From outside, the sound of a CAR. She glances out the window, gets to her feet.

EXT. CHENEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frank climbs out of his YELLOW STODDARD-DAYTON, a roll of DRAWINGS under his arm.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Mamah lets Frank into the house. He hands her the drawings and looks around.

FRANK
 Where's the tribe?

MAMAH
 My sister took the children down to Field's.

FRANK
 We're alone, then?

Mamah doesn't answer. As she takes his coat, their hands brush and their eyes meet. She turns away, hangs up his coat.

Turning back, she finds Frank critically assessing a vase of pink carnations on the sideboard -- he can't help himself.

MAMAH
 (amused)
 I know you'd rather see some old dead branch.

FRANK
No, no, they're fine.

MAMAH
Don't patronize me, Frank Wright.
I'm not some client's wife who lets
you dress her.

Frank turns to her, deeply serious.

FRANK
I've never thought of you as some
client's wife. Not for a minute.

They stand looking at each other, so much unsaid. Then Mamah
walks farther into the house.

MAMAH
I'll get you a glass of lemonade.

He follows her.

INT. LIVING AREA - A MINUTE LATER

Frank stands alone in the living area. A chair appears out
of place to him, and he fastidiously adjusts it to the
correct position. Then he adjusts the position of a side
table. When he's satisfied that all is as he designed it to
be, he looks around the rest of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mamah is too nervous and jittery to pour a glass of lemonade
without spilling. She gives up trying and sets the pitcher
down on the counter.

INT. LIVING AREA - A MINUTE LATER

Frank notices a PHOTOGRAPH of Mamah at her college graduation
standing on a shelf. He picks it up.

INT. LIVING AREA - A MINUTE LATER

Mamah comes out of the kitchen, her hands empty.

MAMAH
I'm sorry, there's no more
lemonade. The children must have
drunk it.

Frank is sitting on the window seat with the photograph of her in his hands. He looks up from it to her, an expression of passionate intensity on his face.

FRANK

Tell me everything.

It's as if he's just asked her to take off her dress. Slowly, Mamah approaches the window seat and sits beside him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(off the photograph)

I wonder what my life would have been like if I'd run into this young woman twenty years ago. To find someone so...

(beat)

I was a boy when I married Catherine -- just twenty-one. She was eighteen. The marriage never should have happened, really. Now...

He looks away in despair. When he looks back at Mamah, his face is filled with tenderness. He takes her hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You are the loveliest woman I have ever known.

He kisses her softly on the cheek.

She lets his lips linger on her cheek longer than she knows she should.

She pulls away and gets to her feet.

MAMAH

We should go outside.

EXT. CHENEY HOUSE - LATER

Frank stands SKETCHING the space where the garage will go.

Mamah stands watching him work.

MAMAH

Was it always houses with you?

FRANK

I couldn't think of anything more noble than making a beautiful home. Still can't.

Frank tucks the sketchbook under his arm and turns to her. As he speaks about architecture, his HANDS move gracefully, forming right angles with thumb and forefinger or mimicking planes with the flat of his palm.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I walked out into the prairie one day. I don't know how old I was, a boy. And the horizon just hit me between the eyes. It was so damn simple: a huge block of blue on top of a block of gold prairie, and the quiet line between heaven and earth stretching endlessly. Freedom itself...in a home.

MAMAH

Where I grew up in Iowa, the prairie was all around us. My father used to put me on his shoulders so I could get the big view. He'd tell me about the wildflowers and grasses and clouds. He had a name for the bottom of the sky -- "the hem of heaven".

FRANK

(smiles)

The hem of heaven...I like that. I like that very much.

They fall silent, looking at each other. Finally Frank goes back to sketching.

Mamah turns and looks to where a REDBUD TREE is blooming a gorgeous purple. A small smile appears on her face.

MAMAH

Remember when we planted that redbud?

Frank looks over, smiles a little, shakes his head at the memory.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

You refused to have anything in the garden that wasn't green.

FRANK

I was after purity.

MAMAH

You said that vivid color was -- what did you call it?

FRANK

Frippery.

MAMAH

(laughs)

That's it! Frillery! My goodness, you were stubborn.

FRANK

And you weren't? Remember telling me I was "mistaking the window shade for the window"? I still don't know what the hell that means.

(laughs heartily)

My God, what a woman you are!

He turns and looks over at the TREE and its gorgeous purple flowers, and shakes his head again in admiration of her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Best idea I never had.

He goes back to sketching.

Mamah steps up beside him and studies the sketch over his shoulder.

A long moment, bodies touching.

MAMAH

(softly)

Do you always fall in love with your clients?

FRANK

(softly)

Only once. Only one.

EXT. WRIGHT HOUSE - EVENING (SIX MONTHS LATER)

Late autumn darkness, leaves on the ground. The windows of Frank's house aglow.

INT. WRIGHT HOUSE, LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Frank is sitting with a drink in front of the hearth, studying the words carved into the stone: "LIFE IS TRUTH".

He looks up, finds Catherine studying *him*.

CATHERINE
The children are in bed.

Frank looks again at the words.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I heard you were over at the
Cheneys again today. That garage
is certainly taking a long time.

FRANK
It has to be right, Catherine, or
there is no point doing it.

CATHERINE
Of course it has to be right. It's
a Frank Lloyd Wright building. But
still, for a garage, it's taking a
long time. If you ask me, you've
been spending entirely too much of
your time there.

Frank is silent. He wants to escape: he gets up, starts
moving toward the door to his studio.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
When was your last new commission,
Frank?

FRANK
People have begun to imitate me,
Catherine.

CATHERINE
(to his back, harsh)
Your architecture, or your
questionable behavior?

INT. WRIGHT STUDIO - A MINUTE LATER

Tom sits in the studio, working late on a drawing.

Frank comes in.

Behind Frank, Tom sees CATHERINE and the hard, KNOWING LOOK
on her face. She stops at the threshold of the studio; this
is her husband's domain and sanctuary.

Frank sits down and begins to work, trying to block her out.

A long moment of tension -- then Frank explodes.

FRANK
I can't think!

With Tom and Catherine watching, he storms out a side door, slamming it behind him.

EXT. CHENEY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Frank leans against his car, staring at Mamah's darkened house across the street. He's forgotten his coat and is shivering with cold, but he can't stop looking.

EXT. PRAIRIE ROAD - DAY (SUMMER)

A WIDE SHOT of the yellow Stoddard-Dayton driving at high speed over a rutted dirt road, Mamah holding onto Frank in the front seat to keep from being bounced out of the car. *

EXT. PRAIRIE ROAD - LATER

The car parked beside a FARM STAND, Frank and Mamah buying strawberries, cantaloupe. *

EXT. PRAIRIE - LATER

A breeze RIPPLES the sea of high grass. *

The car stopped, the middle of nowhere. Frank gets a blanket out of the trunk, spreads it on the ground. He hands Mamah a pocket knife and she cuts the MELON in half and scrapes the seeds out on the ground. *

Frank, meanwhile, is taking off his shoes and socks. He wiggles his toes in the dirt. *

FRANK
God, that feels good.

Mamah smiles at him, hands him a quarter of melon and keeps one for herself. No spoons, so they eat the fruit like kids, slurping, the juice running down their chins. *

Suddenly, Frank leans over and kisses her on the mouth. *

A moment: they look at each other, knowing what this means -- the first time they will make love -- both wanting it more than anything. *

And then they kiss again, passionately, and don't stop. *

INT. CHENEY HOUSE, NURSERY - EARLY EVENING

Mamah stands at the side of Martha's bed, watching her sleep.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walking down the hallway, Mamah looks into JOHN'S BEDROOM. He is reading in bed. He doesn't look up, and she continues by.

JOHN (O.S.)
I love you, Mama.

His voice stops Mamah in her tracks in the hallway. She closes her eyes, love and guilt pressing on her.

MAMAH
I love you, too.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Lizzie is standing at the counter holding a cup of tea, when Mamah enters.

LIZZIE
(cool)
Tea?

MAMAH
No, thank you.

A strained silence.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
You and I are different, Lizzie.
We always have been.

LIZZIE
You're not going to try to tell me
that Edwin is not a good and decent
man?

MAMAH
He is good and decent. Everyone
knows that.

LIZZIE
He loves you.

MAMAH
I know. The best he can.

LIZZIE *
And the children? *

MAMAH *
For God's sake, Lizzie, they're my *
children. Of course I love them. *

LIZZIE *
And all this is not enough to keep *
you rooted? *

MAMAH *
Rooted? I'm so rooted I am buried. *

LIZZIE *
That is just plain selfishness. *

MAMAH *
It is also the truth. *

LIZZIE *
The truth is that Frank Wright is *
nothing but a flagrant egoist, and *
you know it. *

MAMAH *
He's different with me. We're *
different together -- from everyone *
else here. *

The sisters regard each other, a painful gulf between them. *

MAMAH (CONT'D) *
Are you going to say anything to *
Edwin? *

LIZZIE *
Of course not. I would never do *
that to him. It would destroy him. *

MAMAH *
Thank you, Lizzie. *

LIZZIE *
It's not for you. It's for him -- *
and the children. *
(beat) *
What are you going to do? *

MAMAH *
(anguished) *
I don't know. *

Lizzie starts to walk out of the kitchen. Mamah's words stop her. *

MAMAH (CONT'D) *

Tell me -- what is so wrong with being a woman that we must not under any circumstance be allowed to pursue full, satisfying lives as men do? We're supposed to keep our true desires locked away and out of sight, where they will pose no risk to society. Well, I'll tell you, Lizzie, from experience -- where there's no risk, there can be no real love. *

Lizzie stares at her sister in silence. *

INT. CHICAGO, GARFIELD PARK CONSERVATORY - DAY (SPRING) *

Designed by Jens Jensen in the Prairie Style, the Garfield Park Conservatory is stunning "landscape art inside glass." *

Frank and Mamah stroll together, intimate but careful not to touch in public. *

EXT. OAK PARK, UNITY TEMPLE - DUSK (SUMMER) *

The STODDARD-DAYTON sits empty outside the church. *

INT. UNITY TEMPLE - DUSK *

Frank and Mamah sit holding each other -- the only people in the church Frank designed. *

FRANK

You can't believe it's wrong, can you?

MAMAH

Don't ask me that. Ask me if I'm happy.

FRANK

I know the answer to that already.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY (AUTUMN)

A mostly empty, dark theater flickering with light: a TOM MIX MOVIE is being shown.

Mamah enters, looks around, and takes a seat.

A BIG LAUGH from a man two rows ahead: it's Frank.

ON SCREEN: A drunk COWBOY is having trouble getting on his horse.

MORE LAUGHTER from Frank. Sitting behind him, Mamah laughs with him.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

The movie is ending. Frank stands and, without looking back at Mamah, leaves the theater.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER, DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - MINUTES LATER

Mamah comes out of the theater. A COWBOY HAT VENDOR has set up shop on the sidewalk in front. Impulsively, she goes up to him and picks out a wide-brimmed HAT.

VENDOR

That's your B.O.P. Stetson, ma'am.
The best. Stands for "Boss of the
Plains".

MAMAH

(laughs)
Perfect. I'll take it.

EXT. STREET CORNER -- A MINUTE LATER

Mamah waits on the corner, holding the hat.

Frank swoops up in his yellow car and Mamah gets in. She sticks the hat on his head, above his DRIVING GOGGLES. He adjusts it in the mirror and lets out a huge grin.

FRANK

I love it.

MAMAH

Let's go, Boss.

Frank gives it the gas and they drive off. *

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY *

From a small top-floor window next door to the Cheney House, two BOYS, 10 and 12, huddle watching... *

INT. CHENEY HOUSE, LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Mamah make intense, uninhibited love on the window seat in the empty Cheney house.

INT. CHENEY HOUSE, LIVING AREA - MINUTES LATER

Frank and Mamah lie in each other's arms.

Beyond them, through the large window, we can see THE ALMOST-COMPLETED GARAGE.

EDWIN (O.S.)
Happy 1909, dear.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING (NEW YEAR'S, 1909)

Mamah WAKES in bed to find Edwin holding a breakfast tray with flowers. The children are with him.

The sound of HAMMERING from outside...

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

A CARPENTER NAILS BOARDS over the small top-floor window.

INT. CHENEY HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

Mamah and Edwin stand watching the carpenter covering the window.

Edwin, perplexed, looks at Mamah.

Mamah, not perplexed. Suddenly, she looks as if she might cry.

MAMAH
Excuse me.

She hurries away.

EXT. CHENEY HOUSE - DAY (SPRING)

The GARAGE, finally finished.

INT. WRIGHT STUDIO - NIGHT

Frank at his drafting table - not working, just glancing warily at the DOOR connecting to the house. He looks worn down, as if he's been drinking.

Then, from the adjoining house, the sound of POTTERY BEING SMASHED. Then again. Each time the SOUND comes, Frank winces.

Miserable, he looks over at Tom, who sits at his drafting table, trying to act as if he's working.

SMASH.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

A MOONLIT night on the prairie. The sound of CICADAS. The Stoddard-Dayton parked by the side of the field of swaying high grass, HEADLIGHTS pointing toward the road.

Inside Frank sits waiting, agitated.

In the distance, another set of HEADLIGHTS appears, coming toward him.

EXT. PRAIRIE - LATER

Frank and Mamah stand at the edge of the field in the moonlight. Frank pacing.

FRANK

You know what'll be built in this field someday? Little boxes with stucco frosting that some horse's ass will call "prairie houses", complete with "Frank Lloyd Wright windows" bought for nothing from some cheap glass company in Chicago. Do you see the irony of it? I've been a pariah in this town since I moved here, and now I've got imitators! They think it's just a matter of stripping the frills off. The sons of bitches don't have the intelligence to steal the right ideas.

MAMAH

Clients who understand will pay.

FRANK

It's no use. I've hit some kind of wall. Just spitting out the same houses over and over.

He stops moving and focuses on Mamah -- suddenly, intensely emotional.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Catherine won't hear about a divorce.

(angry)

We haven't shared a bedroom for over a year, but she will not hear a word about divorce!

MAMAH

That's her right. There's nothing we can do.

He starts to pace again.

FRANK

Everything's falling apart. Henry Ford was in the studio this week. It was a goddamn disaster.

MAMAH

What happened?

FRANK

He showed up and... Damnit, I couldn't gin up an ounce of enthusiasm. And that's not the only commission I've lost lately.

MAMAH

This town is fickle and narrow-minded. You've always said so.

He takes her face in his hands.

FRANK

I need *you*, Mame. Next to me. I want to go out into the world and look at things with you, without people whispering around us like buzzards.

Mamah pulls away -- more out of despair than anything else.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Listen to me. There's a printer in Berlin -- Wasmuth.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

He says there's good money to be made publishing a monograph of my work. A statement of what I've done. It could bring me an international audience and generate commissions. It's a huge job. Just getting the drawings ready could take six months or a year.

(beat)

I'll need to live there.

MAMAH

(shocked)

In *Berlin*?

FRANK

Come with me.

Mamah stares at him. Then slowly she shakes her head.

MAMAH

I can't do that.

FRANK

You could study like you've said you want to -- I'll get you apprenticed to Karl Fischer. He's doing some of the best landscape design in Germany right now.

MAMAH

I have a husband and two children and no profession. I can't just pick up and leave the country.

Frank takes her by the shoulders.

FRANK

Do you love me?

MAMAH

You know I do.

He stares hard at her, making his decision.

FRANK

I'm taking the train to New York tomorrow.

The news hits her like a slap.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The boat sails in five days. A first-class steamer ticket will be waiting for you at the Plaza Hotel. The cabin will be registered under Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright. If you aren't on board, I'll know you're not coming. I'll be broken-hearted, but I will leave anyway.

He lets this sink in, and when she remains silent (speechless, in fact), he turns and walks toward his car.

Mamah stays where she is, a lone figure out on the prairie, watching the HEADLIGHTS of Frank's car disappear into the darkness.

INT. CHENEY HOUSE, LIVING AREA - DAY

Mamah, watchful and emotionally stunned, sits at breakfast with Edwin, John, Martha and Lizzie.

EDWIN

On my day off, I thought we might all go to the zoo. Any takers?

JOHN

Me!

EDWIN

That's the spirit, John.

LIZZIE

I'll bring the pram in case Martha gets tired.

EDWIN

Good idea, Lizzie.
(to Mamah)
Mamah? What do you say?

CLOSE ON MAMAH. SOUND CUTS OUT: deep in her head, she doesn't seem to hear him.

EXT. CHICAGO ZOO - DAY

At the ZOO, Mamah trails behind her family, among other PARENTS and their CHILDREN.

Finally, Edwin drops behind until Mamah catches up.

EDWIN

What on earth is the matter with
you today?

INT. CHENEY HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Edwin is shell-shocked. Mamah, too, is shaken.

EDWIN

I don't understand. How can you do
this to us?

MAMAH

Please, Ed, I need some time. I'm
sorry...

EDWIN

You're *sorry*? Sorry's not much, is
it?

There's nothing Mamah can say.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

He has a wife and children, Mamah.
Just as you do.

MAMAH

I love him.

Edwin is thrown buy her quiet certainty.

EDWIN

But he's a fraud.

MAMAH

No, Ed, that's what he's not.

Edwin turns away.

EDWIN

Goddamn him!

With a sweep of his arm, he sends a china tea set flying off
the counter and CRASHING to the floor.

Silence: they are both a little stunned. Mamah bends down,
starts gathering up the shards of china.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

(fierce)
Leave it.

Slowly, Mamah rises to her feet.

EDWIN (CONT'D) *
 He's brainwashed you. That's what *
 he's done. You don't know what *
 you're doing. *

MAMAH *
 Yes, I do, Ed. As much as I'm ever *
 going to. *

Tears come to her eyes; she struggles to continue. *

MAMAH (CONT'D) *
 If I don't go now, I'll disappear. *
 I'll become a kind of walking *
 ghost. You won't have the wife you *
 want. And the children won't have *
 the mother they need. It will be *
 worse than if I go now. *

EDWIN *
 I don't believe you. *

MAMAH *
 (tender) *
 That's because you don't really *
 know me. *

Edwin begins to cry. Watching him is wrenching for Mamah. *
 She goes to him and, in a sisterly way, puts her arms around *
 him and tries to comfort him. *

EDWIN *
 For Christ's sake, Mamah, come to *
 your senses. *

MAMAH *
 I have. *

Edwin pulls back from her. He wipes away his tears and *
 gathers himself. *

EDWIN *
 But what will people say? *

Mamah looks at him: the old Edwin -- her husband -- has just *
 re-emerged into view. *

MAMAH *
 I don't care what people will say, *
 Ed. *

A pause. An unbridgeable gulf between them. Ed's face *
 hardens. *

EDWIN

No, I don't suppose you do.
 (beat)
 So, you're going to go through with
 this?

MAMAH

Yes.

EDWIN

(bitter)
 Well, don't think for a minute that
 you could ever get custody of the
 children.

Mamah stares at him, emotionally torn apart, the reality of
 his threat sinking in.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - LATER

Mamah, on her knees, her hands on John's shoulders.

MAMAH

I will always love you children.
 Always. That will never change.

JOHN

Mama, please don't go.

Mamah begins to cry. She hugs him desperately.

MAMAH

I'm sorry, Johnny. I love you so
 much.

EXT. UNION STATION, CHICAGO - DAY

A TRAIN waits beside the platform, ready to depart. On the
 platform a CROWD of people, and PORTERS hauling trunks. The
 TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS.

Mamah, Edwin and the children move through the crowd. Mamah
 carries Martha, Edwin utterly despondent -- his ordered,
 controlled world undone.

Near the steps to the train Mamah turns around. She kisses
 Martha then hands her to Edwin. John stands behind his
 father's legs.

EDWIN
 (to Mamah)
 I gave you the wrong things, didn't
 I?

MAMAH
 It just happened, Ed. It's not
 your fault.
 (beat)
 John, darling, will you give me a
 kiss?

John, trying to be brave, comes forward. Mamah crouches down
 and embraces him.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
 Remember what I told you. Always.

JOHN
 Always, Mama.

MAMAH
 I'll write constantly.

She kisses him a last time and rises.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
 (to Ed)
 Please, take good, good care of the
 children.

The TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS again.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
 I'm so very sorry, Ed.

Mamah turns and climbs aboard the train.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

She is entering her compartment when the train begins to
 MOVE. She hurries to the window and waves.

John and Martha wave back, but not Edwin.

Then they're out of view. Mamah sinks slowly onto her seat --
 as if only now fully realizing the enormity of what she's
 doing.

INT. TRAIN, DINING CAR - LATER

Alone at a table with a cup of coffee, Mamah stares out at the passing countryside: the PRAIRIE, as far as the eye can see.

EXT. STEAMER, SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - DAY

Frank stands at the rail of the STEAMSHIP, staring out across the harbor to the STATUE OF LIBERTY. He has the posture of a crushed man.

The HORN SOUNDS: the ship is about to leave port.

CLOSE ON MAMAH'S HAND TOUCHING FRANK'S SHOULDER.

He turns. Disbelief -- then a huge, grateful SMILE blooms on his face.

MAMAH

Nothing is ever going to be easy
with you, is it?

FRANK

Easy isn't worth living.

She smiles. He lifts her in his arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN, UNTER DEN LINDEN - DAY

A TAXI bearing Frank and Mamah drives down Berlin's great boulevard.

EXT. HOTEL ADLON - DAY

The taxi pulls up in front of Berlin's newest, most opulent hotel. A DOORMAN opens the door for Frank and Mamah, while a PORTER gathers their luggage.

INT. HOTEL ADLON, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Frank, upbeat and at ease, signs the guest register for the DESK CLERK.

DESK CLERK

Mr. Wright, sir, the Hotel Adlon
welcomes you and Mrs. Wright to
Berlin.

FRANK

Thank you.

Behind Frank, Mamah stares in awe at the OPULENCE around her: a red-carpeted marble staircase to the gallery above; clutches of STYLISH MEN AND WOMEN smoking on green mohair banquettes; the murmur of foreign languages.

She notices a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN wearing layers of filmy silk, with A PARROT on her shoulder. Here in Berlin, no one but Mamah seems to find the scene out of the ordinary.

Mamah smiles at the woman.

INT. LOBBY - LATER

The porter escorts Frank and Mamah to the elevator.

PORTER

The entire hotel was designed by Herr Adlon. Everything -- even the face towels. Even this...

(touches the design on his cuff)

He cares about all the little details.

FRANK

A man of character.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

The porter opens the door and Mamah walks in. More opulence: gilded furniture and floor-to-ceiling Palladian windows.

Frank follows, looks around.

FRANK

(grins)

Headquarters!

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Mamah investigates the over-the-top bathroom.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

She comes out of the bathroom to find the porter gone and Frank standing on the back of the sofa.

MAMAH

What are you doing?

FRANK

Making this place habitable.

He takes down the large PORTRAIT of Marie Antoinette from the wall. He sticks the painting out in the hallway. Comes back and stands critically assessing the floor-to-ceiling CURTAINS.

He ties the curtains into knots and LOBS them up onto the valance above the window. Now the room is filled with light. He opens the WINDOWS to let the air in.

He removes all the FLOWERS from the vases, leaving only the bare branches. The flowers he DROPS OUT THE OPEN WINDOW.

Mamah smiles with delight. Amused - and more. He's performing for her and his audacity is erotic.

Frank smiles at her. He drags the SOFA over so it faces the windows.

He goes to her and leads her to the spot in front of the sofa where the light is best. He places her like a model in the light. He stands very close to her without touching. The erotic tension building.

Finally, he begins to undress her.

Only when she's completely naked does he remove his own clothes. She studies his body enthralled, more alive and attracted than she's ever been.

Now they come together, kissing. Slowly, joined, they lower themselves onto the sofa as he begins to make love to her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We're free, goddamnit.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Next morning, Mamah WAKES in bed to find Frank naked and studying her. She smiles.

Taking her time, she begins to kiss him all over his body.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Frank, putting on his hat.

FRANK

Off to see Wasmuth. Could be all day. Why don't you go see the Tiergarten?

He kisses her and leaves.

She turns and looks out through the large window at BERLIN.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - LATER

Mamah, seated alone at a table, studies a menu. A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

May I recommend the bouillabaisse, madam? You won't find it anywhere else in Berlin.

MAMAH

Bouillabaisse?

WAITER

A seafood soup our chef invented for the kaiser.

(lowers his voice)

Over there. Kaiser Wilhelm himself.

Across the room: a table of MILITARY OFFICERS, all listening to THE KAISER holding forth in German.

WAITER (CONT'D)

They say he changes uniforms five or six times a day.

Mamah can't think how to respond, the waiter departs.

She notices other WOMEN eating alone at tables around the dining room. Then her eye catches on a LARGE POTTED PLANT very near her table -- too near.

When no one's looking, she moves the plant further away with her foot. Rearranges it just as Frank would. Now it looks better.

The waiter brings the bouillabaisse.

She takes a spoonful of the broth. Delicious.

EXT. TIERGARTEN, PATH - LATER

Red BAEDEKER guide in hand, Mamah strolls along a tree-lined path in the park.

MAMAH (V.O.)

Dear Johnny, I promised I would write often, and here's the first. I miss you and Martha very much.

EXT. TIERGARTEN, SIEGESSAULE - LATER

And near the famous monument.

MAMAH (V.O.)

Berlin is beautiful, and full of history. I saw the kaiser today. He was eating soup. He's a little like our president, but he has a lot more clothes.

EXT. TIERGARTEN, POND - LATER

And alongside a pond surrounded by flowering shrubs.

Lost in thought, she stops walking.

MAMAH (V.O.)

Don't sit counting the hours, Johnny. There's too much to learn. Just know that eventually we'll be together again. Every day, I tell myself to be as brave as you are. I love you, Mama.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - EVENING

Mamah lies in the bath, studying a BOOK BY KARL FISCHER on landscape design.

From the next room, the sound of the DOOR opening and closing. Frank comes in. He smiles when he sees her, takes off his hat and FLINGS it out of the bathroom, then sits down on a chair by the tub.

FRANK

(off the book)

Getting a leg up before you start?

She sets the book on the floor.

MAMAH

I have a lot to learn.

FRANK

Your instincts are creative -- don't learn too much. Tell me about your day.

MAMAH

The Tiergarten was beautiful. And I ate bouillabaisse with the kaiser.

FRANK

The *kaiser*!

MAMAH

Well, *near* the kaiser.

FRANK

He's tall, is he?

MAMAH

Couldn't tell. He was sitting.

FRANK

In your presence, by God, he should've been standing.

MAMAH

He's probably tired, poor man. All those proclamations. How about your day? Many Germans?

FRANK

Too many.

MAMAH

Is it going to be good with Wasmuth?

FRANK

It better be. A lot riding on this. Anyway, you can see for yourself. He and his wife have invited us to dinner at Kempinski's in an hour.

MAMAH

An hour! But I have nothing to wear.

FRANK

I thought as much. Don't move.

He gets up and leaves the bathroom.

MAMAH
What are you up to now?

Frank returns holding an expensively wrapped BOX.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
What's this?

FRANK
Open it.

MAMAH
It'll get wet. You do it.

Frank opens the box. Holds up an EXQUISITE DRESS.

FRANK
I saw it in a shop window on my way home. I had to see you in it.

Mamah's pleasure in the dress is shadowed by concern.

MAMAH
It's exquisite, Frank. Thank you. But you shouldn't be spending this kind of money on me.

FRANK
Why not?

MAMAH
Maybe when you get some new commissions...

FRANK
To hell with commissions. You're a beautiful woman and should be dressed like one.

This bold spirit is exactly what Mamah loves about Frank. She decides not to pursue the argument.

MAMAH
(smiles)
So you want to dress me, do you?

Mamah STANDS UP in the tub, water running down her naked body.

Frank can't take his eyes off her.

FRANK
 Maybe not just yet.

INT. KEMPINSKI'S - NIGHT

A TRACKING SHOT: Mamah and Frank enter the restaurant and make their way between tables of GLAMOROUS BERLINERS drinking champagne and eating oysters.

ERNST AND FRAU WASMUTH, 50s, exceedingly German, await them at a table near the back.

INT. KEMPINSKI'S - LATER

Food has not been served yet. A WAITER pours more champagne.

FRAU WASMUTH
 Mr. Wright, allow me to say on my husband's behalf that he considers it a privilege to work with a man of your genius.

ERNST WASMUTH
 Very true, very true.

Frank bows graciously to Wasmuth and leans back, considering.

FRANK
 Genius is merely the man who sees nature, and has the boldness to follow it.

ERNST WASMUTH
 Well expressed, sir.

FRAU WASMUTH
 And you, Mrs. Wright?

MAMAH
 Mrs. Wright?

Mamah, just now REALIZING that Frank has not yet told the Wasmuths who she is, glances pointedly at him. He looks sheepish.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
 What is it like to be married to an astonishing genius like Mr. Wright?

FRAU WASMUTH
 Precisely.

With a pleasant smile, Mamah leans over and WHISPERS something in Frau Wasmuth's ear. The German woman goes rigid and begins to blush -- she STANDS UP, says something in her husband's ear, and walks toward the exit.

Perturbed, Wasmuth gets to his feet.

ERNST WASMUTH

I am sorry, Mr. Wright, but we must go. My wife is suddenly ill. I will see to the bill at the door. Until tomorrow, then.

FRANK

(bemused)

Tomorrow.

Wasmuth leaves, Frank looks at Mamah.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's the matter with these people? Are they upset because I didn't return their damn compliment?

MAMAH

I told her that I'm not Mrs. Wright.

Frank stares at her, shocked. Then he bursts out LAUGHING.

EXT. KU'DAMM - CAFE DES WESTENS - DAY

Mamah sits writing at a table behind the front window of the Cafe des Westens.

INT. CAFE DES WESTENS - CONTINUOUS

She thinks over the LETTER she's writing. Also on her table: a PHOTOGRAPH OF HERSELF STANDING WITH JOHN AND MARTHA IN FRONT OF THE STUDEBAKER, and a cup of coffee.

She picks up the photograph, studies it.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - LATER

Mamah walking through the city on her way to meet Frank.

MAMAH (V.O.)

Aunt Lizzie writes that you washed the Studebaker the other week and left it very shiny and clean. She also said that you're being a wonderful big brother to your sister. I'm so proud of you, Johnny.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - LATER

Mamah stands waiting on a sun-filled street. A PLAQUE on the door of the building behind her says, in German, "KARL FISCHER STUDIO".

MAMAH (V.O.)

Today I'm going to meet a famous German landscape architect I hope to study with. Don't tell anyone but I'm nervous. Have you ever wanted something so much you felt like jumping out of your shoes?

Frank approaches along the sidewalk. She watches him with love: his grand, eccentric clothing; the way, as he walks, he visually drinks in the city around him; his irrepressible appetite for life.

INT. KARL FISCHER STUDIO - DAY

KARL FISCHER, 60, Frank and Mamah meet at one end of Fischer's large design studio. Behind them, several other ARCHITECTS sit working at drafting tables.

FRANK

I can tell you, Herr Fischer, that Mrs. Cheney here, though not formally trained, has a sensibility for landscape design that I think you might appreciate. She worked with me on the gardens for her own house in Oak Park, outside Chicago.

MAMAH

I merely offered a suggestion or two.

FRANK

They were original ideas. And better than mine.

Mamah looks at Frank, startled and grateful.

FISCHER

Coming from you, Mr. Wright, this recommendation is certainly intriguing. Unfortunately, as you can see, my studio at present is rather full.

MAMAH

(to Fischer)

I thought your article on cold hardy Japanese Chrysanthemums for dry gardens was brilliant.

This is unexpected. Fischer stares at her.

FISCHER

You read German, Mrs. Cheney?

MAMAH

I do my best. In my opinion, Herr Fischer, no one has equaled your work on perennials. You did your early studies with Ludwig Winter, I believe?

FISCHER

Correct.

MAMAH

Was he an influence for your sense of a well-structured informality?

Fischer is now as impressed as he is surprised by her.

FISCHER

You could say so.

Frank is staring at Mamah too -- he had no idea she knew any of this.

FISCHER (CONT'D)

Well... Mrs. Cheney, for an apprentice of your obvious qualities, room can always be made. It will be demanding work, you understand. Long hours for little money. This does not deter you?

MAMAH

On the contrary, Herr Fischer.

FISCHER

Then I will expect you the day
after tomorrow, precisely at nine
o'clock. Please wear clothes you
will not be sorry to get soiled.
One never knows when one may go out
into the field.

Mamah glances excitedly at Frank, who smiles proudly at her.

EXT. TIERGARTEN - LATER

Frank and Mamah strolling through the park, Mamah glowing
with excitement.

MAMAH

Remember trying to explain to Edwin
why you put stained glass in that
window in our house? You said,
"Mr. Cheney, the colors will make
this window seem always open to the
world." Frank, that's how I feel
right now.

Smiling, he stops and takes her hands.

FRANK

Just don't forget to get these
hands dirty.

Mamah suddenly notices his WATCH, angles his wrist to get a
better view.

MAMAH

Tom's train!

Frank looks around: it's a good distance to the nearest exit.

FRANK

Can you run in those shoes?

Mamah shoots him a cocky grin and begins to RUN. After a
moment's surprise, Frank STARTS AFTER HER. Soon they're both
laughing, trying to outrun the other, SPRINTING across the
grass toward the exit as PASSERSBY turn to gawk.

EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION - LATER

Tom sits on his suitcases in the station, idly twirling his
hat.

He looks up, drops his hat.

Frank and Mamah haven't spotted him yet; he has a few moments just to absorb them: the BEAUTIFUL, DASHING COUPLE making their way across the crowded hall of the station.

Tom stands, an unconscious smile of awe and adoration on his face.

Then they see him and break into smiles and waves.

INTRO as a they approach him: a blast of RAUCOUS CABARET SINGING...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BAR JEDER VERNUNFT - THAT NIGHT

On stage under the Art Nouveau-style mirrored tent, a full-blown hard-core Berlin CABARET ACT in high gear. The SINGING and MUSIC loud, the costumes bawdy, the CROWD drunkenly raucous.

Frank, Mamah and Tom are sitting at a table up front. Tom drinking fruit juice, stunned by the whole scene. Frank beaming with an arm around Mamah, the two of them drinking champagne.

A burst of APPLAUSE AND SHOUTS.

On stage, the female SINGERS are taking their bows. Caught up in the moment, Mamah SHOUTS "BRAVO!" Frank gets to his feet and tosses the ROSE from the vase on the table up onto the stage, where it lands at one of the girls' feet.

He grins at Tom, who shakes his head and smiles, half appalled and half thrilled.

TOM
(over the noise)
Long way from Oak Park!

CUT TO:

INT. CLARCHEN'S BALLHAUS - LATER

The huge Berlin ballroom bedecked with streamers. A LIVE ORCHESTRA playing while dozens of COUPLES dance to a Strauss WALTZ. But the scene isn't staid -- everyone's drunk, switching partners, shouting at each other, a tuxedoed MAN is banging a WAITRESS in the coat-check room.

Tom, exhausted, sits on a chair along the wall, watching Frank and Mamah out on the floor: they are drunk, happy, glorious.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

The living room of Frank and Mamah's suite a disaster area.

Tom asleep in his clothes on the sofa. SUNLIGHT hits his face and he puts out a hand to block it.

Frank, hungover and still in his clothes, comes out of the bedroom. He covers his face when the sunlight hits him.

Mamah follows him out. Also in her clothes. Also covers her face when the sunlight hits her.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

The three of them slumped around the low table as a WAITER sets down a tray of coffee and pastries.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Drinking coffee, awake enough now to speak.

MAMAH

(to Tom)

Any Oak Park news?

TOM

The day before I left, I saw your son and daughter downtown with your sister.

Suddenly, Mamah is fully sober and awake.

MAMAH

How did they look?

TOM

They were eating ice cream. Martha laughed at something your sister said.

Mamah is silent, starting to brood.

TOM (CONT'D)

(gently)

They seemed fine, Mamah. They're doing fine.

FRANK

Why wouldn't they be fine? It's only been six weeks.

MAMAH

(to Tom)

Have people around town...?

TOM

Not to me, they haven't.

FRANK

(to Mamah)

Why don't you take Tom on a tour of Fischer's garden today?

EXT. KARL FISCHER SHRUB GARDEN - LATER

Mamah leads Tom through the loosely landscaped sections of Fischer's Shrub Garden.

MAMAH

You see the heath garden there...
Over there the open woodland
fringe... And notice how that part
of the rockery is semi-shaded...

(beat)

Tom, is there anything else you can
tell me about my children?

Tom looks at her with sympathy, shakes his head.

TOM

I'm sorry, Mamah, but I really told
you all I know. The time I saw
them they looked happy.

MAMAH

(sad smile)

Well...

She forces herself to change the subject.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

I can hardly wait to start work
tomorrow. It all seems almost
unreal.

TOM

I know what you mean. I still
can't believe I'm finally in
Europe. When I wrote to my family
about my plans...

He smiles and shrugs.

MAMAH

Not so happy for you?

TOM

They couldn't care less about Frank Lloyd Wright, organic architecture, any of it. They believe in the Book of Mormon.

MAMAH

And what do you believe in, Tom?

TOM

Mr. Wright's as close to a prophet as we have, Mamah. People just think "prairie house" when they hear his name. But if you really listen to what he says, you can go build natural houses anywhere in the world. People don't understand that now, but they will someday. He's going to change the way houses are designed. After that, to be honest, it's a matter of surviving the journey. With Mr. Wright, you just kind of grab hold of the tail of the kite. If you can hang on, you're going to go places you never thought possible.

Mamah hears him exactly.

MAMAH

I love him so much, there are times I can barely breathe.

Tom looks down, surprised at the sudden intimacy of the confession, both wanting and not wanting to hear more.

TOM

Sounds kind of scary.

MAMAH

It is. And wonderful.

INT. WASMUTH PUBLISHERS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Wasmuth's conference room has been turned into a temporary architectural studio. Frank and Tom sit over their drafting tables. They are TRACING THE DRAWINGS OF ALL OF FRANK'S BUILDINGS, page by page.

BOXES and PORTFOLIOS are all over the room. In between the clutter are little displays of BEAUTIFUL OBJECTS -- vases and the like -- of a kind which Frank surrounds himself with wherever he lives or works.

Finally, Frank looks up.

FRANK

Repetition and risk, Tom.

TOM

I beg your pardon?

FRANK

Not repetition really -- that's just how it looks to the untrained eye. The use of geometric patterning allows the artist to explore certain variations, transforming them into innovations no one's ever imagined. Magic, pulled from the hat of nature's own principles. You see? In the variation lies the risk. No variation, no risk. No risk, no innovation. No innovation, no truth. No truth, damn it, no beauty. No beauty -- death. Do you see?

TOM

Yes.

FRANK

Good man.

EXT. POTSDAM-BORNIM, KARL-FISCHER-GARTEN - DAY (AUTUMN)

Mamah walks with Karl Fischer and two of his ARCHITECTS over the unfinished garden.

There are leaves on the ground; THE SEASON HAS CHANGED.

Fischer stops, kneels down, DIGS A TROWEL into the ground. He waves Mamah over, she kneels beside him. He says something, she nods. He pours SOIL into her cupped hands.

CLOSE ON MAMAH, feeling the soil in her hands.

EXT. KARL-FISCHER-GARTEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Mamah stands alone in a hidden corner of the unfinished garden. In her hand she holds a long STICK.

With the stick she begins to block out different areas in the soil for different shrubs and plants. Filling the garden in her mind. She writes the Latin name of each prospective plant in the dirt as she goes.

Frank stands a short distance behind her, watching her work and dream. She doesn't know he's there.

Finally, he walks up beside her. She isn't surprised to see him.

MAMAH

Fischer said to think about this little corner of the garden as if it were my own. So that's what I'm doing. Welcome to my garden, Mr. Wright.

Mamah takes Frank's hand and puts it on the stick. Places her hand over his. He gives himself up to her. Together -- her leading, him following -- they continue to draw her corner of the garden.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dim light, the living room empty. Signs of a room service meal, a killed bottle of champagne.

We TRACK THROUGH...

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Into the bedroom. The blankets have been stripped off the bed and heaped on the floor.

Shirtless, holding an OIL PENCIL, Frank stands staring down at Mamah, who lies on her back lengthwise across the bed, her head raised on pillows. Her slip has been pushed down so her stomach and breasts are bare.

FRANK

Are you sure?

She nods.

He begins to DRAW on her. First, under her breasts, a curving line with some rectangles pressed into it.

The pen sensual against her skin. Then more curving lines --
 spilling off her body and onto the sheet. Trees and roads
 and gardens.

Mamah cranes her neck so she can see.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Lie back.

MAMAH

What's that?

FRANK

The Wisconsin River. This hill --

A small smile -- realizing he's indicating her breasts.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I mean *these* hills were a magical
 place for me when I was boy. I'd
 go there and just sit and look down
 at the treetops. Like I was God.

MAMAH

(teasing)

So that's where it comes from?

FRANK

I saw you out there today, dreaming
 your garden. Well, this is my
 dream. These wings embrace the
 hillside. The limestone
 everything's made of in Wisconsin,
 you can't go ten feet without
 seeing some sign of it. This
 courtyard's like the one at Villa
 Medici. And gardens all around.
 You walk from indoor room to
 outdoor room and can't ever tell
 where the house ends and nature
 begins. It's still very rough, but
 this is the essence of it.

MAMAH

I see it.

(beat)

How do we get there?

FRANK

That's what I'm trying to figure
 out.

Mamah looks up at him, madly in love with him and the vision
 he's made her a part of.

She wraps her legs around his waist and draws him into her. Their bodies come together, smudging and blurring the lines of the house.

INT. WASMUTH PUBLISHERS - DAY

Tom loiters outside WASMUTH'S OFFICE, anxiously watching Frank and Wasmuth through the open door.

WASMUTH

I am sorry, Mr. Wright, but the changes you request would be prohibitively expensive.

FRANK

(frustrated)

Then I'll just have to pay for them myself.

WASMUTH

If you insist.

Tom looks down: he's seen this kind of scene before.

INT. WASMUTH PUBLISHERS, RECEPTION AREA - LATER

The receptionist copies a letter behind the desk. Mamah sits waiting, still in her work clothes.

Frank comes out of the main office.

FRANK

(smiles)

Hello.

MAMAH

We came back from the site early.

(beat, softly)

I missed you.

FRANK

You must be a mind-reader.

Frank takes her hands, studies her fingers.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(pleased)

Dirty nails.

He notices the receptionist EAVESDROPPING, walks over to the desk.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Any mail?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, Mr. Wright.

She hands him a small stack of LETTERS.

MAMAH

Do you have mail for a Mrs. Cheney,
Mamah Cheney?

RECEPTIONIST

(confused)

It may have been sent back... I
will look.

The receptionist walks into the mailroom.

FRANK

I forgot to explain the situation
to her. I'll take care of it.

He follows the receptionist into the mailroom.

Alone, Mamah looks at the stack of Frank's mail. On top is a
POSTCARD OF UNITY TEMPLE. She turns it over.

CLOSE ON THE POSTCARD: *"My Dear: The children miss you, as
do I. We hope your health is good and your work is going
well. Your loving wife, Catherine L. Wright."*

Mamah flips the postcard again. Frank returns alone,
extremely agitated.

MAMAH

Anything?

FRANK

Go straight back to the hotel.
Don't talk to anyone. I'll be
there as soon as I can.

MAMAH

Why? What's happened?

FRANK

An American reporter was here
yesterday asking after us. Go.

He turns and hurries through the door into the main office.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tom!

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Mamah stands at the window, anxious, staring out through her reflection at the ghost-lit city. She turns quickly when she hears Frank come in.

He goes to the armoire and starts throwing CLOTHES into a pile. Mamah is too stunned to move.

EXT. STREET - LATER

A TAXI pulls up in front of a small, shabby HOTEL on a street far from the city center. A SIGN in the window says in English and German, "*Rooms Rented By the Night*".

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Frank is about to open the door, when he spots a MAN smoking a cigarette on the other side of the street. Frank freezes, draws back.

FRANK

Wait.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Several moments pass. The man checks his watch, tosses his cigarette, and strolls off.

Frank gets out of the taxi, followed by Mamah.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tom stands waiting in the lobby.

Frank and Mamah enter, hauling their luggage by themselves. Tom steps forward to help.

TOM

Welcome to the other side of the tracks.

No one smiles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Frank hauls in the last of the bags and shuts the door. He lowers himself heavily onto a chair. Mamah falls onto the bed, still dressed in her coat, and stares at the ceiling.

Frank pulls some MAIL out of his coat pocket, slits open an envelope with his fingernail. He slides out a letter, and FOLDED PIECES OF NEWSPAPER fall onto his lap.

He picks one up, unfolds it: It's A PAGE OF THE *CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE*. He scans it quickly -- then SLAMS IT DOWN on the table.

FRANK
Goddamnit to hell!!

He stands and KICKS A HOLE IN THE NEAREST WALL.

Mamah is on her feet.

MAMAH
What is it?

He doesn't answer. She goes to the table -- and GASPS when she sees the newspaper page. Shaken, she reads the HEADLINES aloud.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
"Leave families; elope to Europe.
Architect Frank Lloyd Wright and
Mrs. Edwin Cheney of Oak Park
betray friends and family.
(beat)
Abandoned wife loyal. Spouse
victim of a... a vampire, she says,
and will return when he can;
other's husband silent."

She drops the paper on the table -- and now we see that A PHOTO OF HER covers half the page, above the caption, "*MRS. E.H. CHENEY*".

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT EVENING

The table is covered with CLIPPINGS from the Oak Park, Chicago, and Wisconsin newspapers. Mamah's eyes are swollen from crying. She picks up some clippings and reads the HEADLINES for the tenth time:

-- "*MRS. WRIGHT'S FAITH UNSHAKEN*"

-- "*SIMPLY A CASE OF A VAMPIRE*"

-- "*CHILDREN ABANDONED ON BOTH SIDES*"

Behind her, Frank lets himself into the room...

He pulls the clippings out of her hands.

FRANK

Don't do this to yourself.

MAMAH

They'll take my children away.

He crumples the clippings and throws them in a wastebasket.

FRANK

Listen to me. My family was persecuted for their beliefs where they lived in Wales. Because they were different from other people. They developed a motto, long before they came to America: "Truth against the world."

MAMAH

Don't look now, but the world would appear to be winning.

FRANK

That's an illusion, not the truth. I count on you of all people to be able to tell the difference. Now get dressed, I'm taking you to dinner.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Frank and Mamah sit eating in a small unfashionable restaurant. An air of grim stoicism lingers over the table. Finally, Frank lays down his silverware. Raises his glass.

FRANK

Truth against the world.

Mamah raises her glass with grim irony. Frank touches her glass with his.

MAMAH

Handy motto, isn't it?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

They climb the stairs to the second floor landing.

Tom sits on the hallway floor, his back against the door to their room. Morosely drunk. A half-empty BOTTLE OF SCHNAPPS on his lap.

FRANK

Looks like somebody's been making a night of it.

TOM

Mormons don't drink, you know.

He takes a swig of schnapps from the bottle.

TOM (CONT'D)

Got a letter from old Papa Woodford today. King of the Morman Woodfords.

FRANK

What sort of letter?

TOM

Either I cut off all contact with "you people" and return home immediately...or he's going to disinherit me.

MAMAH

No.

TOM

Oh yes.

He takes another swig of schnapps.

FRANK

(challenging him)

So you're going home, then? You're quitting?

TOM

No, Mr. Wright. I'm staying with you...with both of you. If you'll have me.

MAMAH

Are you sure, Tom?

TOM

It's the only thing I'm sure of.

Mamah looks at Frank, who's looking at Tom. Moved, Frank sits down on the floor next to him. After a few moments, Tom hands him the schnapps bottle. Frank pulls the cork, takes a swig. He hands the bottle to Mamah.

Mamah sits down on the floor beside him and takes a swig of schnapps. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. WASMUTH PUBLISHERS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (WINTER)

Frank and Tom sit at the table going over PAGE PROOFS of the monograph. There's stubble on Frank's normally clean-shaven cheeks. MORE PROOFS are piled everywhere.

EXT. POTSDAM, KARL-FISCHER-GARTEN - DAY

Mamah and Karl Fischer stand looking out over the frozen, SNOW-COVERED site of the still-unfinished Karl-Fischer-Garten.

MAMAH

What does one do now?

FISCHER

One does what gardens do, Mrs. Cheney. One waits. Spring will come.

INT. WASMUTH'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank, looking grim, stands writing out a CHECK as Wasmuth looks on. Around Wasmuth's desk are CRATES OF THE FINISHED MONOGRAPH. Frank signs the check and hands it to Wasmuth.

FRANK

The five hundred copies are mine outright?

WASMUTH

I'm sure you will have no trouble selling them back in the States.

FRANK

It's not enough to sell them. They have to get me work.

INT. CAFE DES WESTENS - LATER

Mamah sits at her usual table, looking at a CHILD'S DRAWING of a HOUSE, John's name written at the bottom.

She glances up and finds Frank standing there, holding a PACKAGE wrapped in paper.

With a smile of false bluster and cheer, he pulls off the paper: it's a copy of his just-printed MONOGRAPH.

FRANK

This calls for a celebration,
wouldn't you say?

INT. KEMPINSKI'S - NIGHT

A half-eaten sacher torte on the table, and lots of champagne.

Mamah raises her glass to Frank.

MAMAH

I am very proud. And very happy.

Tears suddenly threaten Frank's eyes. He takes her hand.

INT. KEMPINSKI'S - LATER

More champagne. Frank, well-lubricated, pours another glass for himself.

FRANK

You're a young man, Tom. No obligations. You can do what you want.

His tone is just shy of bitter.

TOM

You're not exactly old, Mr. Wright.

FRANK

No, but I'm not young anymore. And too many people now are afraid of someone with grown-up ideas. I suppose I make them nervous. But my point is, if we're ever going to achieve an architecture of our own in America -- a democratic architecture that expresses the spirit of the place -- then we have to change the way people think. Especially young minds. But to do so one needs work. More and more, the work seems to be going to lemmings and fools. Is there a university-trained architect in our country today whose head hasn't been filled with Beaux Arts crap?

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
 They're all decorators, for
 Christ's sake! And yet these are
 the architects who are getting all
 the commissions. We need to show
 young people there's more to design
 than the Greek column!

He's LOUD, passionate, angry; some HEADS TURN to stare from
 nearby tables. Frank stares back at them imperiously.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (back to Tom)
 I could change all that. Just give
 me work to do and a handful of
 young unschooled minds. Forget
 classrooms and blackboards -- *my*
 drafting table would be the
 classroom. We could change the way
 the world lives.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, SITTING ROOM - LATER

Mamah and Frank stand holding each other in dim light. Mamah
 in the moment, but Frank lost in his own worries.

MAMAH
 (softly)
 Come to bed.

FRANK
 In a moment.

Mamah kisses him.

MAMAH
 Don't be long.

INT. SITTING ROOM - LATER

Still in his dinner clothes, Frank sits on a chair in the
 darkness, head in his hands. A sense in the room of failure,
 a kind of fatal hangover. *

Mamah appears in the doorway in her nightgown. Stands
 looking at him. *

FRANK
 I'm broke. *

She stares at him, shock turning to surprise -- then to the
 realization that she's somehow known all along. *

Still, she fights it. *

MAMAH *

You've got the monograph now. That
was the goal. All your work laid
out for people to see. It's just a
matter of time-- *

FRANK *

Nobody wants it! Know how many
orders Wasmuth's taken in Europe?
Three. What the hell have I been
doing all these months? *

(comes out with it) *

Damn it, Mamah, I have to have
commissions! *

The outburst causes Mamah to study him carefully. *

Under her gaze Frank suddenly looks uncomfortable -- there's
something he's not saying. *

And Mamah realizes with a shock that he's ALREADY MADE UP HIS
MIND TO GO BACK. Her face hardens with anger. *

MAMAH *

You've already decided, haven't
you? *

FRANK *

We'd be leaving here in a few
months anyway. I'll get you a
little apartment in Chicago. *

MAMAH *

What about our plan, Frank? *Your*
plan. No compromises, remember?
Just the truth. *

FRANK *

(in denial) *

And I bet Jensen will make a spot
for you in his landscape studio-- *

MAMAH *

You're not listening. We had a
plan. Built around the truth, in
your own words. Why are you giving
in like this? *

FRANK *

I told you. I'm broke and I need
work. *

MAMAH

No, you're not broke -- that's just money. If you go back now, you're broken. A hypocrite.

FRANK

It's just a temporary solution till my practice picks up.

MAMAH

Well, I have another solution for you: I'm going to stay here.

The thought has never occurred to Frank. He's stunned.

FRANK

What? You can't.

MAMAH

Who says I can't? What authority could a hypocrite like you have over me? Fischer's paying me enough to get by on. I'll move to a boardinghouse. I'll follow my own plans.

Frank stares at her, totally thrown.

FRANK

This isn't about us. It's about my work.

MAMAH

You're wrong, and you don't even know it.

FRANK

I love you.

MAMAH

And yet you're ready to trade that love in for a few tin cups and some false security, so you can be taken up again by people who don't give a damn about you or what you used to believe in. Well, go ahead, be my guest. Step into those old shoes as if you never took them off. But don't think for a minute that I'm coming with you. Not because you're broke -- I don't care about that.

(MORE)

MAMAH (CONT'D)

But because my children need me to
be somebody worthy of them, and you
obviously have no idea what that
really means.

*
*
*
*

She goes into the bedroom and SLAMS the door.

*

Frank stands there lost, too stunned to try to follow her.

*

EXT. HOTEL ADLON - DAY

Frank and Tom in the back seat of a parked taxi. Frank looks numb. Tom, grief-struck by the end of it all, stares at nothing.

The DRIVER closes Frank's door, then gets in behind the wheel. Frank turns his head to look at...

MAMAH, standing in front of the hotel.

They are still looking at each other helplessly -- as if neither can quite believe what's happening -- as the taxi drives off.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Frank and Tom ride in miserable silence.

EXT. POTSDAM, KARL-FISCHER-GARTEN - DAY (EARLY SPRING)

The huge GARDEN very near completion now. In MAMAH'S CORNER gorgeous, intricate FLOWER BEDS are just beginning to bloom in the spring sunshine.

She directs four WORKMEN as they move a BENCH into its proper place.

MAMAH

(in German)

More to the left...No,
right...Okay, there.

The men set the bench down.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

(in German)

Thank you.

The men nod at her respectfully and leave.

Mamah stands by herself, looking at her garden.

INT. KEMPINSKI'S - EVENING

The usual festive scene at Kempinski's -- except for MAMAH'S TABLE in the corner. The only woman dining alone.

She raises a glass to herself.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - LATER

She approaches her BOARDINGHOUSE.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

She lies in the BATH reading a LETTER from her sister.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Dear Mamah, I write to you today with a hopeful heart that what I have to say will help you see the truth. Frank Wright is back in Oak Park and making the usual spectacle of himself.

EXT. OAK PARK, CHICAGO AVENUE - DAY

Frank drives the yellow Stoddard-Dayton down Chicago Avenue.

Now and then he politely waves or doffs his hat to PASSERS-BY.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

He has been often spotted driving that car of his down Chicago Avenue, waving his hat and calling out to passersby on the street. It would almost be amusing were our family not part of the humiliating attention that has been stirred up by his return.

Frank's car leaves the busy part of town, turns onto a side street, where there are no people.

His mask falls away, replaced by a caged despair.

EXT. UNITY TEMPLE - DAY

The end of Sunday service. Frank, Catherine and the children file out of the church and mingle with the CROWD outside.

Catherine's expression is martyred. The looks directed at Frank are daggers.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

People who never spoke to me in the past about your situation have come forward recently to complain about him. They say he's desperate for clients and incapable of shame. He has even started attending church to try to attract clients.

INT. CHENEY HOUSE - EVENING

Lizzie, Ed, John and Martha having dinner together. Lizzie helps Martha feed herself.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

As for Edwin and the children and myself, it is you that we care about. We are still trying to understand why you have done what you have done.

(beat)

Faithfully, Lizzie.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL - BATHROOM - EVENING

Finished, Mamah sets the letter down on the floor.

She SUBMERGES herself in the bath.

*

INT. WRIGHT STUDIO - LATER

Alone at his drafting table, Frank sits staring miserably at a blank sheet of drawing paper...

INT. KARL FISCHER STUDIO - DAY

While in BERLIN: Mamah sits at her drafting table at the back of Fischer's studio, staring at a blank sheet of drawing paper...

INT. WOODFORD HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

While in SALT LAKE CITY: Tom sits at a long dining table surrounded by his large FAMILY. Heads are bent; his FATHER is saying grace.

INT. KARL FISCHER STUDIO - EVENING

Back in BERLIN: Mamah straightens the things on her drafting table, puts on her coat.

INT. BOARDINGHOUSE - LATER

Mamah enters her room. There's an ENVELOPE on the floor. Thinking it might be from Frank, she tears it open.

She reads. Sits down as if winded, the letter dangling from her fingers.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Mamah leaves her hotel and crosses the street to a RESTAURANT on the other side.

EDWIN (V.O.)

Dear Mamah, My legal representatives will be contacting you shortly. I've decided to grant you a divorce, if that is still your wish.

She enters the restaurant...

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Steps through the hanging velvet curtain and is met by a MAITRE D'. The restaurant is almost empty. She is led to a table in the corner. WE SEE HER FROM BEHIND. A WAITER brings her a glass of champagne. She takes a sip.

EDWIN (V.O.)

I would of course prefer, for John and Martha's sake, that we keep things cordial between us. I am sure that you feel the same. It is no fault of theirs that our marriage has not been what either of us had hoped.

The waiter reappears at her side, a look of concern on his face.

WAITER

Madam, the champagne is not to your liking?

MAMAH

It's delicious, thank you.

After a moment, the waiter walks away.

Now THE ANGLE CHANGES, and we see the TEARS on Mamah's face.

EXT. ILLINOIS PRAIRIE - DAY

A LONG WIDE SHOT of Frank's Stoddard-Dayton parked at the edge of the sea of high grass running across the north prairie.

Frank leans against the hood, looking out at the horizon. Its beauty gone without Mamah there to share it with.

INT. WRIGHT STUDIO - NIGHT

Frank in his studio alone, working intently now: a HOUSE growing under his pencil -- a house quite like the house that he once drew on Mamah's body. At the top of the page he's written a name: "TALIESIN".

A SOUND, and he looks up.

Tom stands at the door, carrying a valise.

TOM

Hello, Mr. Wright.

FRANK

Welcome back, Tom.

Tom walks to his old drafting table, sets down his valise, takes off his coat. Carefully he lays out his pencils, all his drafting materials.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How was Salt Lake?

TOM

I tried to make it work. But I guess I've become too different.

*
*
*
*
*

FRANK
That's a good thing.

Tom gives him a skeptical look, and Frank's bluff confidence falters.

He goes to the cabinet for the bottle of whiskey, pours two glasses. One of them he sets on Tom's table. They raise glasses, drink; Tom grimaces. A silence follows, an unasked question in the air.

Finally:

TOM
How is she?

FRANK
She won't communicate with me.

How much Frank misses her is on his face. He finishes what's in his glass and pours himself another.

Tom doesn't attempt to hide his disappointment.

Frank moves to his drafting table.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I've found lately, Tom, that one of the advantages to being broke and publicly despised is that it gives you plenty of time to think.

Frank carries his drawing of Taliesin over to Tom's table and spreads it out for him to see.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Look at this. It's genius.

INT. KARL FISCHER STUDIO - EVENING

The last one in the office, Mamah sits at her drafting table, tracing one of her own drawings.

The night JANITOR enters, carrying a mop and a leather drawing TUBE.

JANITOR
Excuse me, madam. A gentleman came to the door. He asked me to give you this with his compliments.

He hands her the tube.

MAMAH

Who's the gentleman?

JANITOR

He wouldn't give his name. He said
he preferred to wait outside.

The janitor leaves.

Mamah unties the end of the tube and slides out a ROLL OF PAPER. She moves aside her own work and unfurls the new drawing over the table, using implements from her desk to weight down the corners.

It's FRANK'S DRAWING OF TALIESIN.

Mamah studies it -- at first with an almost professional air, then with growing emotional intensity.

CLOSE ON THE DRAWING: around the main buildings, in the spaces where the gardens and landscaping will be, Frank has written: "MAMAH".

EXT. KARL FISCHER STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Mamah comes out of the building. Frank is pacing nervously on the sidewalk. He goes right up to her as if he's going to embrace her -- but at the last second, unsure, he stops a couple of feet away and studies her face for a sign. The desire, excitement and wariness between them is palpable.

MAMAH

Ta-lye-isin?

FRANK

Tal-ee-ehsin. In Welsh, it means
"Shining Brow". On the side of the
hill, not the top.

MAMAH

Which hill?

FRANK

Thirty acres near my grandfather's
farm in Wisconsin. My mother
bought it in her name. I've got a
loan to start building this summer.
(beat)
The gardens and orchards are up to
you.

This last gift cuts through some of Mamah's defenses. Frank sees this and steps closer to her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's time, Mamah. Once it's built,
we can be self-sufficient. Grow
our own food, whatever it takes. I
can practice from there, maybe keep
a small office in Chicago. But
Taliesin will be our kingdom.
Sure, some of the neighbors around
there will roast us on a spit like
everybody else. But we'll protect
each other. In our own place.
Everything where it belongs,
nothing separate. Damn it, Mamah,
this is the only way for us. You
know it is. We go there together
and build it like we want. Build
it true and live true.

MAMAH

I've heard this before.

FRANK

Not like this, you haven't.

MAMAH

You compromised. I showed up here
and stayed and you didn't. You
hurt me, Frank. How do I know you
won't do it again?

FRANK

Because I'm different now.
Taliesin is different -- not like
anything that's ever been seen or
done. We're turning our backs on
them for good, Mame. Truth against
the world.

MAMAH

I don't know if I can trust you
again.

FRANK

Just give me the chance, that's all
I'm asking. Come back with me and
let me show you the land, at least.
You'll fall in love with it the
same as I did, I know you will.

She stands studying him with every ounce of her feeling,
trying to gauge the future. He's holding his breath, waiting
for her decision.

MAMAH

I want my children to be a part of
my life. They'd have to be welcome
there, too.

*
*
*
*

For a moment, Frank is too overcome with gratitude to speak.

FRANK

Of course. They can come live with
us.

*
*
*

MAMAH

Don't you ever do this to me again.

*
*

FRANK

I promise you.

*
*

She takes his hand.

*

EXT. OAK PARK, CHICAGO AVENUE - DAY (EARLY SUMMER)

A WOMAN, her face hidden by a PARASOL, walks along Chicago
Avenue on a summer day...

She passes other WOMEN walking the opposite way; they try to
peer under the parasol to see who it is, but to no avail.

EXT. CHENEY HOUSE - LATER

At the Cheney house, she stops, tilts up the front of the
parasol...

It's MAMAH. Glancing around anxiously, she walks to the
front door and RINGS the bell.

After a few moments, the door opens. Lizzie stares at her
sister, stunned.

MAMAH

Hello, Lizzie.

Lizzie continues to stare. Warily Mamah glances back at the
street.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

May I come in?

LIZZIE

Of course... Forgive me...

She lets Mamah in. Then, awkwardly, they embrace.

MAMAH
I've missed you, Lizzie.

LIZZIE
Have you?

MAMAH
Of course I have. You look well.
Happy. Where are the children?

LIZZIE
Martha's having her nap. And
John's at a friend's house up the
street.

MAMAH
Which friend?

LIZZIE
You wouldn't know him.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Mamah watches Martha sleep. The crib has been exchanged for a bed since she left. It's all Mamah can do not to wake her daughter with caresses.

EXT. CHENEY HOUSE, GARDEN - LATER

Mamah walks slowly around the garden she and Frank made. She stops before their REDBUD TREE, its flowers in gorgeous bloom.

The sound of a GATE opening, and she turns.

It's John. He stands there frozen, staring at his mother.

Overcome with emotion, Mamah kneels down, arms open.

MAMAH
Johnny.

John doesn't move or speak. Lizzie emerges from the house, carrying a glass of lemonade.

LIZZIE
John, your mother's come for a
visit.

JOHN
(to Mamah)
How long?

MAMAH

What?

JOHN

The visit.

Mamah can't bring herself to answer.

John doesn't come forward. After a moment, Lizzie moves toward him.

LIZZIE

Your father will be home soon. Why don't you go wash your hands for dinner.

A last glance at his mother, then John goes inside. Mamah's still on her knees, crushed.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Mamah, what did you expect?

INT. CHENEY HOUSE, LIVING AREA - EVENING

At the dining table in the BACKGROUND, Lizzie gives dinner to John and Martha. As if she's their mother now.

FOREGROUND, Edwin and Mamah stand talking in low tones by the hearth.

EDWIN

They will live with me.

MAMAH

I need to see them, too.

EDWIN

You can see them at appropriate intervals.

MAMAH

How often is that?

EDWIN

A couple of weeks in the summer.

MAMAH

Why not a couple of months?

EDWIN

We'll have to see how it works out.
I don't know what they'll be
willing to do. They're both afraid
of things.

MAMAH

Of me, you mean.

Edwin is silent.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

I'm still their mother, Edwin.
They'll need time to know me again.

EDWIN

You should have thought of that
before you left.

Emotion overtakes him. Mamah touches his arm.

MAMAH

I'm sorry.

EDWIN

For which part?

She doesn't answer.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

What's your plan now?

MAMAH

I have a room in Chicago at the
moment.

EDWIN

With him?

MAMAH

I may move to the country. I'd
love to see them at Christmas, too.
Would you think about it?

EDWIN

I think about a lot of things,
Mamah.

She looks away to the dining table. John stares glumly back at her, not eating. Martha pulls Lizzie's ear and makes her laugh.

EXT. WISCONSIN, HIGHWAY 14 - LATE AFTERNOON

The Stoddard-Dayton ROARS AND BUMPS along Highway 14 towards Spring Green. Frank at the wheel, his arm around Mamah in the passenger seat.

On either side: HILLS receding in the distance; HORSES roaming miles of open pasture broken by the occasional huge formation of sedimentary ROCK.

They ride in silence, looking at the countryside, their excitement and wonder and passion and hope palpable.

A HERD of horses runs across open pasture land.

EXT. HIGHWAY 14 - LATER

The car ROARS along the narrow road, passing small FARMHOUSES.

It slows to a stop at the foot of a long rough DRIVEWAY climbing a hill. Frank jumps out, goes around and opens Mamah's door for her. Together they stand in the tall grass, staring up the hill. To them, it's already Mount Olympus.

Nestled into the hill just below the rounded crown, glowing in the golden light, is the land that will soon become Taliesin.

Mamah looks at Frank: he's never appeared so ALIVE to her.

FRANK
(already walking)
Come with me.

EXT. TALIESIN - MINUTES LATER

The driveway has run out and they are standing on the grassy hill where, as yet, THERE'S NOTHING BUT LAND, no building has begun -- IT'S ALL STILL IN FRANK'S IMAGINATION. And now, pacing and gesticulating, he gives Mamah her first TOUR of the place, straight from his head to her heart.

FRANK
Imagine, Mame, shelter and nature -- fused! The way I drew it for you, remember? Three horizontal, single-story rectangles joined together into one U-shaped form wrapping its arms around the hill. An embrace! One arm a wing of bedrooms.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

The arm opposite for garage and animals. In between, social and working space, a string of rooms with windows and glass doors facing out over the valley down there, the whole beautiful valley where the Lloyd-Joneses have been for generations. We'll go fishing in the Wisconsin River, by God, just the way I did when I was a boy! Come, let me show you. Come in here. Here's the entryway, see? Walk under the low ceiling...

Frank ushers her into the invisible "entryway" -- but so passionate and precise is his imagination, his HANDS cutting and framing space, that she can see and feel it all with him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Feel the compressed space? Pushing down on you. Exquisite tension right down to your toes -- and then suddenly, physically, you're through. The ceiling lifts and the living room expands -- huge wide-open vistas, sky and green land far as you can see. Beautiful, goddamn beautiful! The tension lifts in your bones. And there's this joy, Mame, just a joy you never thought possible. Because you're standing -- living! -- in a space, and a place, that's as timeless as the earth but as new as the best idea you never dreamed you'd have.

He finishes: they're standing in the glorious living room that's not real yet but no longer invisible. Standing in it together, products of Frank's genius.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's all for you.

EXT. TALIESIN - MINUTES LATER

As the sun sets over the valley, Frank and Mamah walk hand in hand back down to the car.

EXT. TALIESIN - MINUTES LATER

They stand by the car, leaning into each other, taking a last moment to look back up the hill at the vision of Taliesin that Frank has just created for her.

The image of the beautiful, bare green hill...

DISSOLVES INTO:

EXT. TALIESIN - DAY (LATE SUMMER)

The image of Taliesin itself, now HALF-BUILT on the brow of the hill.

EXT. HIGHWAY 14 - CONTINUOUS

Frank, Mamah and Tom standing by the roadside looking up the hill in wonder at the half-built structure. Behind them, the Stoddard-Dayton is loaded with SUITCASES AND BOXES.

EXT. TALIESIN - MINUTES LATER

The car, driven by Frank, slowly carries the three of them under an unfinished PORTE-COCHERE and along the last few feet of rough driveway to the edge of a COURTYARD, where a dozen WORKMEN are hard at work, HAMMERING and mortaring. The three horizontal rectangles of the main building (forming a U around the courtyard) are all standing but unfinished -- plaster and paint not done, holes for doors and windows, struts and laths exposed. And yet, it is still possible to see how extraordinary it all is.

Frank jumps out of the car first and waves over one of the men.

FRANK

Billy!

BILLY WESTON, 35, the weathered foreman, sets down his tools and comes over.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is the lady of the house. And my assistant, Tom Woodford.

Billy, clearly surprised, looks at Mamah.

BILLY

(mumbled)

How d'ya do, ma'am. Mr. Woodford.

FRANK

Mrs. Borthwick will be the person
to go to when I'm not here.

Billy's glance turns a little suspicious.

BILLY

Yessir.

FRANK

You two should know each other well
by the time this place is done.

BILLY

(grins)

Done? Nothin's ever really done
with you, Mr. Wright.

Frank laughs. Billy heads back to work.

FRANK

Billy's as good a carpenter as they
come.

MAMAH

You didn't warn him about me?
Frank, you always do this.

FRANK

Billy's like me -- happy as long as
the work gets done right.

INT. TALIESIN - LATER

Frank, carrying a satchel, tours Mamah and Tom through the UNFINISHED ROOMS of the house. Bare studs and lath board, holes for doors and windows, vats for mixing plaster, sawhorses, tons of dust...but extraordinary SPACE at once modern and timeless, and breathtaking VIEWS.

FRANK

When the detail's in, we'll almost
feel ourselves made of stone and
wood. We'll be the hill, and the
hill will be us.

They step into an empty, smallish BEDROOM.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This will be John's room.

They walk out and into another empty small BEDROOM.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And Martha's.

Mamah expresses her gratitude with a long look.

They come out of the hallway into the LIVING ROOM, where a young PLASTERER is at work spreading an undercoat of plaster onto a stretch of wall.

Mamah stands looking out an opening in the opposite wall at the LANDSCAPE.

MAMAH
Just as you described it. Nature
and shelter are one.

Frank removes his jacket, rolls up his sleeves. He POURS some of the plaster in the plasterer's bucket into two other empty buckets sitting nearby. Then, from his satchel, he pulls out jars of different PIGMENTS and starts POURING them in small amounts into the second and third buckets, testing various shades of ocher and amber.

They all watch him work.

PLASTERER
How will you get the same color
again if you don't measure and
write it down? You got maybe six
formulas goin' there.

Frank smiles confidently at the plasterer.

EXT. COURTYARD - LATER

Frank and Tom dust-covered in the courtyard, looking over some drawings with Billy. Near them MEN stir sand, lime and water into a "mud" mix for mortar.

Frank points out something on the drawing and Billy nods; Billy says something and Frank and Tom laugh.

At the edge of the courtyard, Mamah is on her knees pulling up clumps of weed and ragged shrubs, already starting to clear the way for a garden. Hearing the men laugh, she looks up and smiles to herself. Then she wipes her face with a dirty hand and gets back to work.

EXT. TALIESIN, ENTRANCE ROAD - DAY (AUTUMN)

Mamah, carrying a BUSHEL OF APPLES, walks up the road leading to Taliesin from the south. She pauses, looks ahead.

A LONG, WIDE SHOT: in the distance, to the right, we can see the BEDROOM WING and the LIVING ROOM; to the left, all visibly UNDER CONSTRUCTION, we can see the MILK ROOM AND TOWER.

THE sound of HAMMERING reaches down the hill to where she stands...

She carries the apples up past a STREAM THAT IS IN THE PROCESS OF BEING DAMMED by half a dozen MEN...

She enters the courtyard, where MORE MEN are busy building a high platform of stacked limestone for a white-plaster SCULPTURE of a nude woman ("FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL") that waits nearby...

She passes the HORSE AND CARRIAGE STALLS and the WORKSPACE, which have LADDERS up against their sides and MEN on the roofs...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters the living room. The walls are plastered now, the windows have large clear panes, and rough-cut oak beams thrust out from interior walls of stacked limestone. A fire burns in the hearth.

A CARPENTER is sawing a section off a thick beam, while Billy Weston, shirt drenched with sweat, works a lathe over the complex structure of shelves and benches that juts out into the large room...

Billy and Mamah nod to each other respectfully as Mamah passes through...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

To the kitchen, which, though finished, still has a roughness to it. She sets the crate down beside a SECOND BUSHEL, of vegetables. She pauses to gulp a glass of water, then picks up a knife and a couple of onions and begins chopping.

EXT. TALIESIN - NIGHT

The area outside the buildings empty and silent.

Then: the distant sound of a CAR ENGINE.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank's Dayton-Stoddard pulls to a stop under the portecochere. The HEADLIGHTS go out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EMBERS glitter in the hearth. Frank circles the room, closely inspecting the work that's been done in his absence. He rearranges several pieces of furniture, back to their original places.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He sits on the bed beside Mamah. She's asleep; his caress wakes her.

MAMAH

How'd the meeting go?

Frank lets out a sigh of exhaustion and defeat.

FRANK

I'd rather hear what you cooked for supper.

Mamah makes room for him on the bed.

MAMAH

Lamb stew and apple pie. Your sister gave us a bushel.

With a soft groan, Frank lies down beside her.

FRANK

Did the men like it?

MAMAH

They all had seconds. They don't seem to have figured out that I can't cook.

He chuckles softly. Nestles against her, eyes closed. Breathes her in.

FRANK

Mm... You smell like apples.

MAMAH

And you smell like...pencils.

He nestles deeper.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

The men were having some trouble with the dam. And Billy has a question about drainage on the terrace off the dining room.

FRANK

Mm...

MAMAH

I got a letter from Edwin today. I think he might be willing to let the children come for a visit in the spring.

Silence.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

It would mean so much.

Silence.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

Frank?

He's ASLEEP. Mamah slips out of bed, goes round and lovingly begins to undress him.

Frank stirs and she pauses.

FRANK

(eyes closed, softly)
Don't stop.

She continues to undress him. Frank, eyes closed, shifts his body slightly to help her.

When she's finished, she lies on top of him, body to body, sensually, so that they're one.

Frank, still half-asleep, strokes her back with his hands.

EXT. TALIESIN - MORNING

Mamah stands watching Frank's car departing down the dirt road. As the car passes a ditch full of cattails, a startled flock of BIRDS flies up into the sky.

EXT. TALIESIN - DAY (LATE AUTUMN)

Mamah stands on the terrace off the dining room, surveying the property.

Here and there, MEN can be seen working, though noticeably fewer than before. She studies the trees and landscape. SOME OF THE AREAS THAT WERE BARREN HAVE NOW BEEN PLANTED ACCORDING TO HER DESIGN.

INT. TALIESIN, WORKROOM - DAY

A limestone fireplace with built-in shelves; benches and rows of drafting tables. Alone in the room, Mamah sits at one of the tables BEGINNING TO SKETCH A GARDEN FOR TALIESIN.

EXT. CHICAGO, MIDWAY GARDENS SITE - DAY

Sketching the air with his hands to sell his grand ideas, Frank walks with a DEVELOPER across the site of what will eventually become MIDWAY GARDENS -- a large beer garden/entertainment center, and what Frank hopes will be his first public commission in Chicago.

EXT. TALIESIN - DAY

Frank, Mamah, Tom, Billy Weston and some other MEN stand by the NOW-COMPLETED DAM: on one side the water tumbling over into run-off; on the other side, formed by the dam, a beautiful new POND.

Delighted, Frank picks up a flat stone and SKIMS it across the surface of the pond.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank and Mamah make passionate love. Frank keeps pausing to gaze at her -- as if he can't believe his good fortune.

EXT. TALIESIN - SUNRISE

The SCULPTURE of the nude woman -- now on its finished platform of stacked limestone -- glows at sunrise.

Frank gathers logs from the woodpile, his breath steaming the cold air.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He watches the fire catch in the kitchen stove.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

He holds out Mamah's clothes for her while, just out of bed, she hurriedly pulls them on in the freezing room.

EXT. TALIESIN - LATER

Mamah waves as Frank drives off to the train station.

INT. SPRING GREEN GENERAL STORE - LATER

Mamah stands at the counter. The SHOPKEEPER comes out of the back with a bag of nails and some lengths of pipe.

SHOPKEEPER
Will that be cash, ma'am?

MAMAH
Put it on the account of Frank
Lloyd Wright, please.

A few of the other PEOPLE in the store turn to stare at her.

SHOPKEEPER
(shakes his head)
I'm sorry, Ma'am.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

Billy Weston sits behind the wheel of a waiting CAR.

Mamah, her face burning, comes out of the general store and climbs into the passenger seat beside Billy.

BILLY
You forgot the supplies, Mrs.
Borthwick.

MAMAH
Let's just get back to Taliesin,
Billy.

EXT. TALIESIN, DRIVEWAY - LATER

Billy and Mamah come up the driveway in the car. To Mamah's consternation, a large delivery TRUCK is parked behind the main building. Piled around the truck is FURNITURE that's been removed from the house. Billy pulls up nearby and Mamah jumps out -- just as a MOVER is hoisting a NEW CHAIR out of the truck.

MAMAH
Hello...? Excuse me...!

The mover doesn't seem to hear her, carries the chair into the house.

Mamah FOLLOWS him...

INT. TALIESIN - CONTINUOUS

Into the foyer, and around to the living room where...

To her shock, all of the OLD FURNITURE HAS BEEN REPLACED with beautiful, expensive NEW FURNITURE AND RUGS, including a new grand PIANO.

Tom is there, waiting for her. He shakes his head.

INT. MAMAH'S STUDY - LATER

Tight-lipped, Mamah stands beside her worktable, which is covered with Frank's UNPAID BILLS. A KNOCK at the door, and Billy Weston enters.

BILLY
You asked to see me, Mrs.
Borthwick?

MAMAH
Billy, in light of what's happened here, I've spent the afternoon going over Mr. Wright's accounts. I should have done it sooner.
(beat)
Billy, has Mr. Wright been paying you and the other men on time for your work?

A pause.

BILLY
Not that I know of, ma'am.

MAMAH
How long has this been going on?

BILLY
Never really been any different.

MAMAH
Those beautiful shelves you built a couple of months ago...

BILLY

Not yet, ma'am. Understand, I'm not complaining about Mr. Wright. It's an honor to work for him, you know that.

MAMAH

I will see to it that you and the other men are paid what you're owed straight away.

BILLY

Thank you, ma'am.

Billy leaves. Mamah picks up an unpaid bill from the table. The paper trembles with her anger.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

Mamah watches the movers LOADING THE NEW FURNITURE BACK INTO THE TRUCK. Two of the men, carrying a new RUG, slow down in front of her, as if asking her to reconsider.

MAMAH

All of it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mamah sits alone in the living room, all of the old furniture and rugs restored to their original places.

Eventually, she hears the sound of a CAR pulling up outside.

Frank enters in high spirits, expecting to find a house full of beautiful new things. Instead he finds the old furniture, and Mamah.

FRANK

Where is everything?

MAMAH

I sent it back. I sent it all back.

FRANK

You what?

MAMAH

If you can't pay for it, then you don't own it. You don't really own this house -- not if you haven't paid the men who built it.

FRANK
I've paid them.

MAMAH
No, you haven't! I *know*, Frank. I know everything.

FRANK
Just wait and see -- there'll be money. Midway Gardens looks as if it might come through. My first public commission in Chicago.

MAMAH
That's not what I'm talking about! It wouldn't matter if you had ten commissions. It's a matter of your dignity and honor.

Frank shakes his head -- surprised that she's so upset, and fundamentally resistant to understanding her. Instead of answering, he looks round the room and notices that some of the furniture isn't where it should be. He starts adjusting the position of a chair.

Mamah watches him incredulously.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
My God, you just don't see it, do you?

He looks at her.

FRANK
I see this space, Mamah, and everything in it. I want it to be perfect. As it should be. As only I can make it. If that's a crime, then so help me, I'm guilty.

MAMAH
I need to know exactly how much money you owe and to whom. From now on I'll write the checks.

She turns and leaves the room.

Frank stares after her, frustrated and uncomprehending. After a moment, he finishes adjusting the position of the chair.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

The lights are out. Frank enters and undresses in the dark. Lies down on his side of the bed. On her side, separate, Mamah lies awake.

Silence.

EXT. TALIESIN - DAY (EARLY SPRING)

GREEN SHOOTS poking up through the mud on Taliesin's hillside.

INT. MAMAH'S STUDY - DAY

In her study Mamah plants SEEDS in coffee tins and arranges them in rows along the window sill.

Tacked to the walls are her SKETCHES of Taliesin's gardens.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE, CHICAGO - DAY

Frank bent over his drafting table, working on a drawing for MIDWAY GARDENS. His pencil slips. He stops and looks at the mark. Then, instead of simply erasing the mistake, he RIPS UP THE DRAWING.

EXT. TALIESIN - DAY

Mamah oversees Billy and his CREW as they unload dozens of saplings from a large delivery truck.

EXT. ORCHARD - LATER

In the ORCHARD with the men, Mamah helps plant the saplings.

INT. SPRING GREEN, GENERAL STORE - MORNING

Mamah stands facing the shopkeeper across the counter, on which SUPPLIES are laid out.

She pulls some BILLS out of her pocket, lays them on the counter.

MAMAH
That will be cash.

The shopkeeper picks up the money, nods, and begins packing up the supplies.

EXT. TALIESIN - MORNING

Mamah rides a CHESTNUT HORSE up the driveway toward the house, her saddle bags filled with the SUPPLIES from town.

Getting closer, she sees SIGNS OF A LARGE GATHERING -- parked CARS and tied-up HORSES. She urges the horse into a canter.

INT. TALIESIN, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

As she enters the house she's met by Tom.

TOM
Don't go in there, Mamah.

MAMAH
Why not? What's going on?

TOM
Reporters.

MAMAH
What?! How?

TOM
He invited them. He didn't tell you?

MAMAH
No.

TOM
He thinks if people see the place, business will start pouring in.

MAMAH
I've got to stop him.

TOM
If I were you, I'd keep your distance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room thick with CIGAR SMOKE. A dozen skeptical REPORTERS face Frank, who's pacing the other side of the room lecturing them about his latest masterpiece.

FRANK

Gentlemen, I see Taliesin as a living entity. Sui generis, yet based on the timeless principles of an underlying unity without which beauty cannot exist. As we make our tour today, I urge you to put aside the easy skepticism of your trade and enter fully into the spirit of a place where form and function are one unified thing. A work of art. Do please keep in mind that Taliesin is still in its infancy. I have only just begun.

At this moment MAMAH BARGES IN, followed by Tom. At the sight of her, the reporters jump to their feet, smelling blood.

REPORTER #1

There she is!

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Mrs. Cheney, over here!

Stunned, Mamah glances at the voices and a camera FLASH! explodes in the room, disorienting her.

REPORTER #2

Mrs. Cheney, question!

Frank tries to restore order.

FRANK

Gentlemen!

REPORTER #2

Mrs. Cheney, how can you justify leaving your children?

Mamah stands frozen and appalled at the edge of the room.

REPORTER #1

Are you saying, Mrs. Cheney, that you feel no guilt over what you've done?

FRANK

I'll answer that -- leave her out of this. There has been nothing clandestine about our affair. We have been trying to live honestly.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I regard it as a tragedy that things should have come about as they have. But I could not act differently if I had it to do all over again. Mrs. Borthwick and I share the belief that we can do better for our children by leading an honest life rather than a false one.

REPORTER #3

An "honest" life built on lies? Is that what you're saying?

Frank turns on the reporter in a fury.

FRANK

Lies, you say?! What's your name there?! I'll rip your goddamn head off!

Mamah glances at Tom in desperation -- and he suddenly steps forward.

TOM

(over the commotion)
Gentlemen, this press conference is over!

FRANK

(turning on him)
Nothing's over. Shut your mouth, Tom.

TOM

Mr. Wright--

FRANK

I will have my say, damnit! If these baboons wish to hang me, so be it.

Tom looks at the floor.

Unable to bring herself to watch any more, Mamah walks out of the room.

Frank notices her leave but is too consumed by pride and indignation to control himself.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to the reporters)

As for the general aspect of the thing, I want to say this: Laws and rules are made for the average man. It is infinitely more difficult to live *without* rules, but that is what the honest, sincere, thinking man is compelled to do.

Tom watches grimly as the reporters WRITE Frank's disastrous words down in their notebooks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The creative life is an act of risk. It may appear to some as folly or arrogance, but I tell you that without such visions the world will remain but half-made. It is we who will be the poorer for it. That's all I have to say to you, gentlemen.

Having gotten what they came for, many of the reporters are now beginning to LEAVE.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now if you want to see what I have done here, what I have made, I will take you around Taliesin. Otherwise, good day to you, and get the hell off my property.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A boy's room, still uninhabited after all these months. The bed perfectly made, waiting for the boy who won't be coming. Mamah sits rigidly on the bed, staring out the window in anger and sadness.

THROUGH THE WINDOW she watches the REPORTERS getting into their cars and climbing on to their horses and riding away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Frank and Tom cleaning up after the press conference, putting chairs back in their places. Ashamed but still indignant, Frank keeps glancing at Tom, but Tom won't look at him.

Mamah enters. She's got her coat on. Frank stands still, taken aback by the VALISE in her hand.

FRANK
Where are you going?

MAMAH
(to Tom)
Will you drive me to the station,
Tom?

TOM
Of course.

Frank glares at Tom like a Judas but Tom stares back at him until Frank has to look away.

Mamah strides up to Frank.

MAMAH
(low and furious)
You've gone too far this time.
Edwin will never let the children
come now. You've made a mockery of
every sacrifice I've ever made to
be with you. I thought you were
better than that. I've been a
fool.

She holds out her hand.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
I want keys to your office in
Chicago. Until I decide where to
go.

FRANK
Mamah, don't do this.

MAMAH
Keys.

He reaches into his pocket, hands her the keys.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Frank.

She walks out.

He stares after her.

INT. STODDARD-DAYTON - MINUTES LATER

Tom drives, now and then glancing over at Mamah.

She sits in the passenger seat, TEARS sliding down her face.

INT. TALIESIN, LIVING ROOM - LATER

The living room back in order -- but then Frank decides that one of the chairs isn't in the exact right place. As he starts to adjust it, he catches a hateful glimpse of himself in the wall MIRROR -- and instead violently KICKS the chair across the room.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Mamah enters, switches on the light and sets down the valise. She stands looking at the drafting tables and stools.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE, BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER

She lies down on the cot in the back room, still in her clothes, and covers herself with her coat. She curls up, her eyes open.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Frank sits, utterly desolate and sleepless, on the perfectly made, never-slept-in bed.

EXT. OAK PARK, SCHOOL - DAY

Mamah stands across the street, at an angled distance, watching CHILDREN emerge from school after the end of classes.

She spots JOHN, schoolbooks in his arms. He waits out front, then MARTHA joins him. They don't see Mamah and she doesn't call out. Together, her children begin walking in the other direction, towards their home.

Mamah doesn't follow.

INT. UNITY TEMPLE - LATER

The church almost empty. Just Mamah and two strangers in the pews, each lost in her own prayers.

EXT. TALIESIN - DUSK

In pained reflection, Frank walks through MAMAH'S GARDEN, still only partially planted.

INT. TRAIN - EARLY MORNING

Several BUSINESSMEN on the early train to Chicago, all reading the *Chicago Tribune*. HEAD SHOTS OF FRANK AND MAMAH stare out scandalously from the front pages.

One of the men lowers his paper in order to look at...

FRANK. Who sits deep in thought, showing a humble determination we've never seen in him before, the arrogance burned away.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE, BACK ROOM - MORNING

Mamah curled asleep on the cot.

It's as if she's dreaming; then she opens her eyes and sees Frank kneeling on the floor near her. He looks ragged, hasn't slept all night.

FRANK

I've never been a good friend to anybody. I don't know how to be. I'm stunted like that. I've always thought I could take what I wanted because I deserved it. I thought it was my reward.

He lowers his head, presses his fingers to his eyes. When he pulls his hand away, his eyes are watery.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I haven't been able to sleep. I am so sorry I failed you, of all people. I believe in you more than I believe in myself.

Slowly Mamah sits up. She stares at him without responding. Frank gets to his feet.

FRANK (CONT'D)

If you never wanted to see me again, I would understand. I can't tell you how much I regret that I pushed you to this point.

MAMAH

Pull me up.

FRANK

What?

She holds out her arms.

MAMAH

Pull me up. I need some fresh air.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - LATER

Frank and Mamah stroll north along the lake.

FRANK

A long time ago, you and I promised to keep each other honest. If you come back to Taliesin, I can change. But I can't do it without you, Mame. I need you there every single day, to tell me the truth.

MAMAH

The children are what matters now. There's some major mending to do, if they'll allow it.

FRANK

I want what you want.

Mamah stops walking.

MAMAH

I want a home, Frank. Not just a beautiful building -- an honest home for my children. That's what I want.

FRANK

It will be their home, too. I promise you that. And we'll get some help around the house, so when they come to visit you'll be able to spend all your time with them.

He takes her hand, and she lets him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're the love of my life.

MAMAH

And I love you too much.

They kiss deeply.

INT. TALIESIN, WORKROOM - DAY (LATE SPRING)

Frank at work at his drafting table, when from outside he hears MAMAH'S VOICE:

MAMAH (O.S.)

Okay now, set it down gently.

He gets up and goes out to the terrace. From there, he can see Mamah in her garden, directing two MEN as they lower a young REDBUD TREE into a hole in the earth.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

Good, just like that.

She's on her knees, piling SOIL over the roots with her hands. She looks up, sees Frank watching, and smiles at him.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

It's a redbud.

FRANK

(smiles)

I know.

EXT. OAK PARK, CHENEY HOUSE - DAY (SUMMER)

The REDBUD TREE outside the Cheney House in full bloom.

Mamah stands in front of her old front door, looking back at the tree, gathering her courage. Finally, she RINGS the bell.

INT. CHENEY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mamah sits nervously on the edge of a chair. Edwin and Lizzie sit on opposite ends of the sofa. Lizzie looks older now, spinsterish, unhappy.

EDWIN

With all that's been written in the press, I'm sure you can understand my reluctance.

MAMAH

That's over now. It's been done.

EDWIN

It's *indelible*, Mamah. These things do not get forgotten. Especially around here.

MAMAH

I'm not asking you to forget anything.

(MORE)

MAMAH (CONT'D)

I'm simply saying that it would be good for the children -- more than good -- to spend the summer in the countryside, in nature...

EDWIN

With you and *him*.

MAMAH

Yes. That's my life now, Edwin. And I want to share it with my children.

A long silence. Finally, Edwin turns to Lizzie.

EDWIN

What do you think?

LIZZIE

I think it would be very wrong of you not to let them go.

Looking miserable, Lizzie gets up and leaves the room.

Mamah looks at Edwin.

EXT. CHENEY HOUSE - LATER

Mamah and Lizzie stand outside on the sidewalk.

LIZZIE

Did he tell you that he's getting married in the fall?

Mamah nods sympathetically.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

I don't know why I should still be shocked. I'm a fool, I suppose. It's just that...

Fighting back tears, she can't finish.

Mamah hugs her.

MAMAH

Oh Lizzie. And you who've done so much to help everybody else. I'll always be grateful to you.

The sisters hold each other.

EXT. SPRING GREEN TRAIN STATION - DAY

The TRAIN from Chicago pulls into Spring Green station.

Frank and Mamah wait on the platform. Mamah anxious and eager in equal measures. Frank squeezes her a nervous smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Frank sits awkwardly in the living room with Mamah's two children. It's funny, he's so nervous. He opens his mouth as if to say something, then closes it again.

Sounds of BANGING POTS come from the kitchen...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mamah cooking dinner, stressed and overwhelmed. A pot BOILS OVER.

Frank appears in the doorway. Stands there awkwardly.

MAMAH
(anxious)
Everything all right?

FRANK
(doubtful)
Sure...fine. No worries.

MAMAH
It'll be ready in fifteen minutes.

Frank nods: fifteen minutes is an eternity. He's in no rush to go back in with the children.

FRANK
I'm working on getting you that help in the kitchen. Should be any day now.

MAMAH
Frank, go.

She gives him a gentle shove and like a good soldier he turns and trudges back out to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And finds that John and Martha are no longer there.

INT. WORKROOM - DAY

Frank, Tom, and two DRAFTSMEN sit at the drafting tables, working intensely. The Taliesin workroom has been transformed: signs of the MIDWAY GARDENS job, and the pressure it has brought, are everywhere.

Tom sits back, rubs his eyes.

TOM

Any chance we can push back the opening?

FRANK

Not a chance in hell. They ran the date in the papers to put the screws on us. We can't afford to be late.

Tom stares at the DRAWING he's been working on. After a moment, in a fit of frustration, he RIPS it in half.

He gets a new piece of paper, starts again.

Frank hears MAMAH'S VOICE THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW, turns to look:

EXT. TALIESIN - CONTINUOUS

Mamah is holding the reins of her GRAY HORSE on the sloping field. John, still wearing city clothes, stands about ten feet away, clearly afraid of the horse and reluctant to come closer. Martha stands nearby, keeping her distance.

MAMAH

He's calm as can be, Johnny.
Wouldn't hurt a fly. I ride him myself.

John shakes his head.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

John...

JOHN

Leave me alone!

Hurt, Mamah starts to lead the horse away.

Just then FRANK appears, takes the reins from her with a look of understanding, and LEADS THE HORSE BACK.

FRANK

I used to be afraid of horses too,
John.

The boy stares tensely at the horse approaching again -- and at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And being a Wisconsin farm boy,
that was a tough one, I can tell
you. Horses are part of the
landscape here. You can't go
around being afraid of the land.
That would be like being afraid of
the sky.

Slowly, foot by foot, Frank leads the horse CLOSER to John. The boy doesn't move away. The horse's MUZZLE comes within reach of John's hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So you know what I did?

John shakes his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I learned to imagine that the horse
was like me. He was *amazed* by the
place he lived in. Wanted to see
everything, and everywhere he
looked there was beauty. He was
just waiting for someone to show it
all to.

(beat)

That someone was me.

Frank inches the horse forward. John's HAND slowly comes out to meet it. John strokes the horse's muzzle. Then Martha comes up and begins to pet the horse.

Frank and Mamah's eyes meet over the horse's back. A deep, private look of love.

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

Frank, carrying a bouquet of fresh-picked flowers, is passing down the hallway when he hears MAMAH'S VOICE coming from JOHN'S ROOM.

MAMAH (O.C.)

Bedtime, my loves.

Frank LOOKS IN, sees:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

John and Martha sitting on John's bed in their pajamas.
Mamah kneeling on the floor facing them, speaking softly.

MAMAH

I was away from you too long. It
was my doing, and I must earn your
forgiveness. Now that we're
together again, I hope you can be
as happy with me as I am with you.
I love you both so much.

She kisses them both goodnight.

Frank slips away down the hallway.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Mamah enters the bedroom. Laid out on the bed, surrounded by
flowers, is a gorgeous new DRESS. She goes to it, holds it
up. She can't keep the smile off her face.

The sound of the DOOR CLOSING softly.

Frank appears behind her, wraps her in an embrace.

FRANK

Midway Gardens opens to the public
the evening of the twenty-seventh.
All of Chicago will be there. I'd
be honored if you'd wear this dress
and accompany me.

She kisses him. Turns around in his arms, dropping the
dress, and they begin to kiss harder. They move to the bed.
It's as if they haven't touched each other in months.

INT. MIDWAY GARDENS, TAVERN ROOM - DAY

The tavern room finished but still empty; no bottles line the
bar. There is one table, at which Frank, Tom, and TWO
ENGINEERS stand arguing over architectural DRAWINGS.

FRANK

This tower has to be higher. I
want another full level. The other
tower, too. Another level for
each.

ENGINEER #1

Not enough time.

ENGINEER #2

Too expensive.

TOM

Which is it?

FRANK

Build them up anyway. They have to be right.

(beat)

Now, gentlemen.

As the engineers leave, JOHN VOGELSANG, head of the Midway Gardens restaurant, pokes his head in.

VOGELSANG

Frank, I think I may have found a cook for you.

EXT. TALIESIN - DAY

Mamah happily walks the property of Taliesin with John and Martha, both now dressed in their overalls and boots.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Stoddard-Dayton comes up the driveway, Frank BEEPING the horn. In the backseat are JULIAN and GERTRUDE CARLTON, early 30s, black, from Barbados.

Mamah and the children come out of the house to see what the fuss is about.

FRANK

Cavalry's arrived! I promised help and here it is. Come and meet the new additions to the household.

Frank turns off the engine and gets out, followed by the Carltons. Gertrude open-faced, anxious to please, her voice lilting with an island accent. Julian the opposite: serious, almost severely formal, his voice clipped, British.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mamah, John, Martha, these are the Carltons. Gertrude here will run the kitchen. Word is she's a fantastic cook. Julian here will be in charge of the rest of the house. Used to be a Pullman porter -- knows the right way to do everything.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to the Carltons)
Mrs. Borthwick is the lady of the
house.

MAMAH
Welcome to Taliesin.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

A uniformed Gertrude oversees a bustle of professional cooking activity in the transformed kitchen: pots simmering on the stove, bread dough rolled out on the counter.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the dining room, Julian, wearing his Pullman uniform, puts the finishing touches on a formal silver setting for the TABLE.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Frank, Mamah, Tom and the children sit at the table, being served by Julian, who is expertly professional, though cold.

Mamah takes a bite of her fish.

MAMAH
(to Julian)
The fish is marvelous.
Where did Gertrude get it?

JULIAN
(proud and severe)
Caught it myself this afternoon,
ma'am.

His manner silences Mamah.

Julian bows his head and walks into the kitchen.

FRANK
I told you, there's nothing these
Pullman fellows don't know how to
do.

MAMAH
Except smile, apparently.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Mamah comes into the kitchen, where Gertrude is washing dishes.

MAMAH

That was an excellent dinner,
Gertrude.

GERTRUDE

Thanks, madam. Mr. Wright, he like
it too?

MAMAH

He did, very much.

She turns to leave -- just as Julian enters with a tray of dishes. He brushes against Mamah as he passes her.

She turns around, not sure whether he did it on purpose.

He has his back to her, unloading the tray. Mamah looks at Gertrude, who suddenly appears nervous.

GERTRUDE

Good night, madam.

MAMAH

Good night, Gertrude.

Mamah walks out.

INT. WORKROOM - LATER

After dinner, exhausted, Frank and Tom are back at work. Frank staring at a MODEL OF MIDWAY GARDENS. Then he steps back, rubbing his eyes.

INT. MARTHA'S ROOM

Mamah lies on the bed between John and Martha, reading aloud from "The Jungle Book".

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Mamah stands with the children to see the men off. Tom puts his and Frank's valises into the trunk of the car.

Frank bends down in front of Martha.

FRANK

Missy, when I get back, I'm going to teach you to ride just the way I did your brother.

He turns to John with a wink.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And you, young man, I'm going to teach to jump some fences.

John tries to hide his pleasure.

Frank rises, stands before Mamah.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll see you day after tomorrow.
Don't forget that dress.

They kiss. Frank starts to walk away, then impulsively goes back and kisses her again.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(smiles)
For good luck.

EXT. TALIESIN - LATER

Mamah works in the VEGETABLE GARDEN with John and Martha, who are both wearing overalls and boots.

INT. TALIESIN, DINING ROOM - EVENING

Mamah, John and Martha eat dinner at the table. Mamah glances over and sees JULIAN in his uniform, standing stiffly against the wall, staring at the floor.

EXT. MIDWAY GARDENS, BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

The beer garden nearing completion but still unfinished. Lamps light the site, where MEN continue working into the night. A PAINTER is coloring in an enormous MURAL.

In one corner, Frank and Tom lie ASLEEP on beds of SANDBAGS.

INT. TALIESIN, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mamah lies in her bed, in between John and Martha, all of them asleep.

EXT. MIDWAY GARDENS, BEER GARDEN - MORNING

Frank is woken by the sound of HAMMERING and sits up, completely alert. Around him MEN are still working round-the-clock.

The first thing he notices is two WORKMEN lowering a "SPRITE" SCULPTURE into place. Frank jumps to his feet.

FRANK

You men, there! Stop what you're doing!

The men turn to look. Tom, meanwhile, has woken at the sound of Frank's voice, and is now peering up at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Take that sculpture down! Do you hear me?! It doesn't look right -- something's wrong with it. Take it down!

INT. TALIESIN, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

As John and Martha look on, Mamah carefully packs the DRESS that Frank gave her into her valise.

She stands looking at it with pleasure.

When she turns around, she has a start: Julian is standing outside the open doorway.

MAMAH

Julian! You gave me a start.

JULIAN

Madam, I wish to speak with you.

MAMAH

Yes?

JULIAN

The other men are treating me disrespectfully.

MAMAH

What do you mean?

JULIAN

They call me George.

MAMAH
 (a confused smile)
 George? But I don't--

JULIAN
 I won't take it, understand!

His sudden burst of rage throws Mamah; she stares at him for a long moment.

MAMAH
 You have been here two days. Mr. Wright and I know the other men to be decent and hard-working.
 (beat)
 This morning, I am going to Chicago to help Mr. Wright celebrate a very important occasion. I will return tomorrow. Please see to it that things are peaceful during my absence. That will be all.

Julian's eyes appear dead. He walks away slowly.

Mamah takes a deep breath to calm herself. She closes her valise.

EXT. CHICAGO, UNION STATION - AFTERNOON

The TRAIN from Spring Green pulls into the station.

Mamah steps off with her valise.

INT. PALMER HOUSE, HAIR SALON - LATER

Mamah sits in a barber's chair. A HAIRDRESSER stands before her, holding an ILLUSTRATION of a model with short hair cropped at the jawline.

HAIRDRESSER
 It's called the Curtain, madam.
 It's very new. Are you sure?

Mamah glances at herself in the mirror, smiles.

MAMAH
 Why not?

INT. MIDWAY GARDENS, WINTER GARDEN - EVENING

Opening night. Big glamorous CROWD, ORCHESTRA playing, a huge space like no other, magical, candle-lit balconies rising into more balconies, up and up, a checkerboard dance floor in the middle of the vast room, around it light globes hanging like bunched balloons. Frank, in evening clothes, the magnetic center of it all, receiving congratulations, shaking hands.

Then a STIRRING in the crowd around him, almost a parting of the waters, and Frank looks up to see...

Mamah. In the dress he gave her, with her new haircut. Owning the room. She has never looked more beautiful. Frank can't take his eyes off her. With all of Chicago watching, he strides over to meet her. Takes her hand and kisses it.

Some in the crowd are WHISPERING gossip about her. Others -- the first time we've seen this -- are SMILING at her.

MAMAH

(low)

Everyone's watching.

FRANK

It's because you're the most beautiful woman in the whole place.

MAMAH

No, Frank. It's because you've done something extraordinary and everyone can see it. It's a fairyland -- pure, brilliant magic. You did it. I'm so proud of you.

He smiles at her, deeply moved and excited.

The ORCHESTRA starts up a slow dance tune. Someone SHOUTS "Bravo, Wright!", and about half the crowd breaks into APPLAUSE.

Frank raises his hand in the air, acknowledging the praise.

He leads Mamah through the staring, smiling, gossiping, applauding crowd to the center of the empty dance floor, and they begin to DANCE. Soon other COUPLES join in, the dance floor fills -- a symbolic acceptance of Mamah and Frank, at least for the night.

Dancing, Frank and Mamah radiate happiness.

The tune ends, they come off the floor.

FRANK

I'll get you a drink.

He strolls off. Moments later, Tom appears with a handsome YOUNG MAN of about 20.

TOM

Mamah, you remember John Wright,
Frank's son?

Mamah is caught off guard, suddenly nervous.

MAMAH

Of course... Hello, John. I'm
afraid it's been many years.
You're all grown up.

She holds out her hand. To her surprise, he takes it warmly
in both of his.

JOHN WRIGHT

My father is finally happy. I
wanted you to know that.

There eyes meet -- an understanding.

MAMAH

(deeply moved)
Thank you.

Frank, returning through the crowd with two drinks, sees
Mamah with his son and stops to observe them. A look of
profound satisfaction comes over his face; this is what he's
dreamed of.

EXT. TALIESIN - DAY (TWO DAYS LATER)

John and Martha stand FISHING on the bank of the WISCONSIN
RIVER. The landscape breathtakingly beautiful.

Mamah watches them from a blanket nearby.

EXT. TALIESIN - LATER

Mamah and the children walk up the hill to the house.

From a distance, Mamah notices Julian and DAVID LINDBLOM, the
gardener, exchanging angry words in the garden. She can't
hear what they're saying, but she can see the body language.

Julian storms off, goes into the house.

MAMAH
 (disturbed)
 Children, go inside and wash up.
 I'll be there shortly.

The children go inside the house.

Mamah approaches David.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
 David, what was that about? *

DAVID
 (reluctant)
 Nothing serious, Mrs. Borthwick.
 Just a small difference of opinion.

MAMAH
 It didn't look small to me.

A moment.

DAVID
 Forgive me, Mrs. Borthwick, but I
 don't want that man helping in the
 garden anymore. He's got a crazy
 temper. I can't work with him, and
 I don't want to.

MAMAH
 What does he do?

DAVID
 He says he only takes orders from
 Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright this, Mr.
 Wright that. Whenever I ask him to
 do anything -- anything at all,
 practically -- he turns belligerent
 and threatens me.

MAMAH
 Have you spoken to Mr. Wright about
 this?

DAVID
 I planned to, but he's been in
 Chicago. Emil and Billy've had
 problems, too.

MAMAH
 All right. I'll speak to Julian.

DAVID
 Yes, ma'am.

INT. MAMAH'S STUDY - MINUTES LATER

Julian, his face covered in tiny beads of SWEAT, stands stiffly in front of Mamah.

JULIAN

They order me around. I told you. Call me George. I'm no goddamn George. I am a man. I don't have to take that from anybody. Do I work for them, or for Mr. Wright?

MAMAH

You work for Mr. Wright -- and for me.

JULIAN

It was Mr. Wright who hired me.

MAMAH

And who placed me in charge, let me remind you. I'm losing my patience with you, Julian. In the garden, David's your boss. And in the barn, it's Emil. We can't have people getting into arguments all the time. Have I made myself perfectly clear?

Julian doesn't answer, walks out.

INT. BARN - LATER

Carrying a handful of carrots, Mamah enters one end of the barn. John and Martha are already there, crouched down in the dark aisle between the rows of stalls, peering through a gate.

MAMAH

(whispering)
How is she?

JOHN

(whispering)
Taking a nap.

Mamah crouches down beside them and looks through the gate, where a recently born FOAL is curled up beside its mother.

MAMAH

(whispering)
There's nothing more beautiful...

She's interrupted by SHOUTING at the other end of the barn.

EMIL (O.S.)
Saddle him!

JULIAN (O.S.)
I don't work for you, white man!

Mamah looks through the dimness and sees the farmhand EMIL on one side of a HORSE, and Julian on the other, about to come to blows.

EMIL
I said saddle him, you black son of a bitch!

JULIAN
I'll send you and your goddamn horse straight to hell!

Julian ATTACKS Emil, throwing wild punches. Emil starts punching him back -- but Julian's insane rage is too strong until...

MAMAH
(screams)
Stop it!

Mamah voice is so fierce the two men separate.

Mamah glances at the children: Martha has covered her ears and is cowering next to her brother. Mamah goes to comfort her daughter.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Gertrude is doing the dishes, Julian is unloading a tray. When Mamah enters, both of them stop what they're doing and stare at her.

A moment of silence as Mamah steels herself.

MAMAH
I'm not putting all the blame on you for the trouble we've had here, Julian. Your work, and Gertrude's, has been very good. But you seem to have too many personal differences with the rest of the men. It may look big, but this is really a small place, and when people don't get along, we all feel the strain.

(MORE)

MAMAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but I think it's best if you and Gertrude go back to Chicago.

Gertrude's head is down. Julian has gone utterly still. *

JULIAN

Does Mr. Wright know this?

MAMAH

I speak for Mr. Wright.

JULIAN

(under his breath)

Are you his whore?

Mamah stares at him.

MAMAH

What did you say?

Julian is silent.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

You will leave this house tomorrow. Someone will drive you to Spring Green to catch the train.

Gertrude glances fearfully at Julian. Mamah catches the look and thinks she understands the woman's suffering.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for you, Gertrude.

She turns and leaves the kitchen.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

In darkness, Mamah lies worrying in bed, unable to sleep.

INT. MARTHA'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Now Mamah, still awake, lies next to her sleeping daughter for comfort.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE, CHICAGO -- NIGHT

We TRACK THROUGH the empty, dark office into the back room. Asleep on the cot is Frank. Beside the cot, propped up on a stool, is a PHOTOGRAPH OF MAMAH.

EXT. TALIESIN - DAYBREAK

The buildings and land beautiful and peaceful under the first soft rays of sun.

INT. TALIESIN, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Dressed, Mamah takes a breath to collect herself, then opens the bedroom door.

INT. DINING ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

She enters the dining room, where Julian is putting out plates for breakfast. It takes all her strength to face him.

MAMAH

Good morning.

He doesn't answer, just stares directly into her face with an arrogant coolness. Then she notices that beneath his white jacket, HE'S WEARING A PAIR OF FRANK'S LINEN PANTS.

She freezes. Then walks outside into the courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

She circles the house looking for the men, but no one's around.

Re-entering the house, she calls into the kitchen:

MAMAH

The children and I will be gone for breakfast!

There's no answer.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Sitting on John's bed, she rouses him awake.

MAMAH

(low and urgent)

Johnny, time to get up. I'm taking you and Martha into town.

John sits up.

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Mamah on the chestnut horse, John and Martha on the gray, come to a halt in front of the post office.

MAMAH

You both wait here. I won't be long.

She dismounts.

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is empty except for CHARLEY, the telegraph operator, behind the counter.

CHARLEY

Morning, Mrs. Borthwick.

MAMAH

Charley, I need to get a message to Frank right away. He's at Midway Gardens in Chicago.

CHARLEY

Righty-o. What do you want to say?

MAMAH

Say, "Come as quickly as you can. You are needed at Taliesin immediately."

CHARLEY

All right, Mrs. Borthwick.
(looks at her soberly)
Is there some way I can help?

MAMAH

No -- thank you. Just some strange doings. I have a houseful of men. We're safe. But wire him right now, will you?

CHARLEY

He should get it around two this afternoon.

Feeling a little better, Mamah walks out.

INT. TALIESIN - LATER

Mamah and the children enter the main house from the courtyard. Julian is standing there waiting, his face expressionless. He has changed out of Frank's pants and now wears his proper uniform. Mamah stops when she sees him.

MAMAH
Go on, children.

The children continue through the family dining room to the screened porch, where the lunch table has been set. They sit down.

MAMAH (CONT'D)
(to Julian, tense)
Are the men already seated in the other room?

JULIAN
They are.

MAMAH
Tell Billy I'd like to see him now. He'll be driving you to the station. What's that smell?

JULIAN
Gasoline. Some stains in the carpet needed removing.

MAMAH
I can seat myself.

Julian looks her full in the face.

JULIAN
This is the last time I will talk to you.

Unnerved, Mamah doesn't reply.

INT. SCREENED PORCH - A MINUTE LATER

Mamah sits with John and Martha at the table.

JOHN
What's threshing?

From another room somewhere in the house, a sound like a LOCK BEING BOLTED. Mamah glances nervously toward the sound, but doesn't know what it is.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Mama.

MAMAH

(anxious)

What?

JOHN

What's threshing?

MAMAH

Threshing...

Another LOCK BEING BOLTED, somewhere else in the house. Mamah flinches. Then another.

JOHN

What's that noise?

MAMAH

...Removes the grain...

Julian is approaching fast through the dark dining room with a tray held high in one hand. In the other he carries a BUCKET. The front of his pants are soaked as if he's pissed himself, his white jacket's unbuttoned. His expression is feral, insane.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

...From the stalks.

Mamah looks up with a start as Julian sets down the tray, lifts something.

It's an AX.

At that instant, FLAMES WHOOSH in a line around the walls of the porch outside. SMOKE pours through the screens.

Mamah is on her feet.

MAMAH (CONT'D)

Run, children!

John and Martha jump to their feet.

Julian rushes forward. Mamah tries to block him, protect her children. He grips her by the throat, and forces her to make eye contact.

JULIAN

(low)

Whore...

Mamah grabs for the ax but he's too strong. He throws her back into the chair. GASOLINE from the bucket SPLASHES over her head.

Julian raises the ax above his head with both hands.

JOHN

No!

John hurls himself at Julian. Mamah leaps up again, reaching out to shield her son with her arms.

The ax comes glinting down with a horrible THUD.

CUT TO BLACK:

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mama!

Then just the sound of CRACKLING WOOD.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDWAY GARDENS, TAVERN ROOM - DAY

FRANK

Okay, Tom. Come on down.

Frank is looking up at Tom, who's kneeling on scaffolding, painting in the circles of the new mural.

TOM

Can you see the lines well enough to tell?

FRANK

I can tell. This is the right design.

A YOUNG MAN from the developer's office appears in the doorway.

YOUNG MAN

Telephone, Mr. Wright.

EXT. WINTER GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Frank and the young man walk through the winter garden, then down a set of stairs.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Frank enters, picks up the telephone receiver.

FRANK

Wright here.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Wright, it's Cruthers from the Chicago Tribune.

FRANK

What do you want?

REPORTER (O.S.)

There's a fire going over at your house.

FRANK

What? What's happening?

REPORTER (O.S.)

I think it's big. I've only just heard about it on the wire. Have you not had a telegram?

FRANK

No! Where's Mamah? Was anybody inside?

REPORTER

That's all I know.

Frank hangs up and tries to dial Mamah. Waits but gets only CLICKING sounds. He HURLS the receiver and runs through the building.

EXT. WINTER GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Tom meets him halfway.

TOM

What is it?

FRANK

Taliesin is burning.

EXT. UNION STATION, GATE 5 - 45 MINUTES LATER

A train sits at the platform. The station CLOCK reads almost 2:00.

Frank and Tom hurry toward the CROWD gathered to board.

A MAN in the crowd steps out toward Frank.

It's EDWIN CHENEY, pale and sweating.

FRANK
Cheney. They called you too?

EDWIN
What have you heard?

FRANK
Just that there's a big fire.
Mamah's there.

EDWIN
And my children.
(trying to convince
himself)
They would have been outside.
Right?

Frank can't bring himself to answer.

Suddenly the CONDUCTOR calls out:

CONDUCTOR
All aboard the Spring Green Local!

Ed bends over as if he's about to be sick.

EDWIN
Oh, Christ.

FRANK
(tough)
Pull yourself together.

EXT. SPRING GREEN, HIGHWAY 14 - DUSK

The Stoddard-Dayton. Tom driving fast, Frank and Edwin beside him, their faces full of dread still mixed with hope.

They round a bend and see:

SMOKE clouds above a black scar in the hillside. HALF OF TALIESIN IS MISSING. Frank stares in disbelief and shock.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MINUTES LATER

MEN with rifles and DOGS are walking down the driveway, heading away from Taliesin. The men's faces are smudged with soot.

Passing them, the car slows. At the sight of Frank, the men remove their hats.

EXT. TALIESIN - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls up to Taliesin. The main house has been reduced to a CHARRED, SMOKING RUIN, the side buildings still standing. WORKMEN are dousing the rubble with water.

The car stops, Frank and Edwin, in shock, stumble out.

Waiting there is CHARLEY, the Spring Green telegraph operator.

Frank grabs him.

FRANK

Charley, where's Mamah?

Charley looks sick, his face streaked with soot. Can't bring himself to answer.

Frank practically shakes him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where is she?!

CHARLEY

She's gone, Mr. Wright.

Frank's knees buckle. Charley reaches out and holds him up. Frank is weeping.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

EDWIN

And my son? Where's my son?

CHARLEY

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry.

The news almost caves Edwin in.

EDWIN

My daughter.

Charley shakes his head. Edwin begins to sob.

CHARLEY
I'm deeply sorry.

TOM
Who else, Charley?

CHARLEY
(halting)
Billy Weston's boy, Ernest. He was helping in the garden. Billy's injured but alive. David Lindblom, Tom Bruncker and Emil Brodelle didn't make it.

Frank can't speak. Finally:

FRANK
The bodies.

CHARLEY
(gently)
Mr. Wright, the man who did this, your butler, he had an ax. He was insane, Mr. Wright. He just went crazy. You don't want to see.

Frank turns away. His grief is more than he can bear.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
(to Tom, quietly)
Mr. Wright's sister's house is down the road.

Tom nods.

INT. FRANK'S SISTER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

Sunlight on Frank's ravaged, sleeping face. He comes awake in a strange bed.

A blessed moment of forgetfulness before he remembers that Mamah is dead. He closes his eyes in anguish.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Dressed, Frank enters the kitchen. Edwin, looking ten years older, and Tom sit in silence at the table.

TOM
 (to Frank, gently)
 I made a pot of coffee.

Frank shakes his head. He stands looking out the window at the valley.

EDWIN
 I'm going to bury my children in
 Oak Park.

Frank turns, looks at him, and nods.

TOM
 (to Frank)
 We could have a service for Mamah
 here in the house.

FRANK
 No. I will bury her today in the
 family plot.

TOM
 I'll go into town and get some
 wood. What kind do you want?

A long pause.

FRANK
 Pine. Clean white pine.

He looks at Edwin, and Edwin nods.

EXT. TALIESIN - DAY

WORKMEN at the site are still dousing the rubble with water. One by one, they nod to Frank in sympathy, and continue with their work.

EDWIN
 (to Frank)
 Where was the porch? I want to see
 where my children were when it
 happened.

FRANK
 This way.

He leads Edwin to where the porch was -- now just a sunken hole, with plumes of smoke still rising out of it.

After a few moments, Edwin gets on his knees and begins digging through the rubble.

Out of respect, Frank turns away and bows his head.

EXT. FRANK'S SISTER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A CAR waiting, with Charley behind the wheel. Frank and Edwin emerge from the house carrying a SMALL COFFIN -- all that's left of John and Martha -- and together load it into the back of the car.

Frank turns to Edwin and extends his hand. Edwin grasps it with both of his. The two men stand like that for a long moment, tears in their eyes.

EDWIN
Goodbye, Frank.

FRANK
Goodbye, Ed. I am so terribly
sorry.

A last, long look between them. Then Edwin gets in the car, and it starts moving slowly down the hill.

EXT. TALIESIN, MAMAH'S GARDEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Miraculously, the fire never touched Mamah's garden. It is in full bloom.

Alone in the garden, swinging a SCYTHE, his anguish expressed with every stroke, Frank cuts down the flowers that she loved.

EXT. FRANK'S SISTER'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Mamah's pine COFFIN lies on a spring wagon attached to two horses. Tom holds the lid open while Frank places flowers from her garden over her body. (We do not see the corpse.)

Then the casket is closed. Frank begins hammering it shut.

FRANK (V.O.)
To My Neighbors:

INT. TALIESIN, FRANK'S STUDIO - DAY

The windows of Frank's free-standing Taliesin studio are covered with strips of dark cloth. The room and the desk at which he sits are crammed with blackened things salvaged from the fire.

Frank, unwashed and unshaved, a week of beard on his cheeks, sits feverishly writing a public LETTER to his neighbors, pressing the pen so hard that it nearly tears the paper.

FRANK (V.O.)

I am thankful to all of you who showed her kindness or courtesy, and that means many. This she won for herself by her innate dignity and gentleness of character but another -- perhaps any other community -- would have seen her through the eyes of the press that even now insists upon decorating her death with the fact that she was another man's wife, a "wife who left her children." That must not be forgotten in this man-made world. A wife is still "property". The birds of prey were loosed upon her in death as well as in life.

Frank looks up from the paper. He sees the signs of death and grief and darkness in the room around him. And he seems to want to move past them somehow, to find her again as she truly was.

He resumes writing.

FRANK (V.O.)

But this noble woman had a soul that belonged to her alone. A woman with a capacity for love and life made by a finer courage. We had our struggles, our differences, our moments of jealous fear for our ideals of each other. But they served only to bind us more closely together.

INT. OAK PARK PUBLIC LIBRARY, LECTURE HALL - DAY

Lizzie Borthwick, dressed in black, her voice trembling with pride and anger and grief, stands on the stage where Frank once lectured, in front of a sign announcing the "*NINETEENTH CENTURY WOMAN'S CLUB*", reading aloud Frank's public letter to a packed audience of OAK PARK SOCIETY WOMEN -- and, sitting in the first row, TOM.

LIZZIE

You wives with your certificates for loving -- pray that you may love as much or be loved as well as was Mamah Borthwick! You mothers and fathers and daughters -- be satisfied if what life you have invested in them works itself out upon as high a plane as it did in the life of this lovely woman. She was struck down by a tragedy that hangs by the slender thread of reason over the lives of all, a thread which may snap at any time in any home with consequences as disastrous...

Lizzie pauses to wipe tears from her face. The room is utterly silent, except for the sound of SNIFFLES AND TEARS from many of the women in the audience -- the same women, with the same bird-and-flower hats, who used to glare and gawk at Mamah and Frank.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

She is dead. I have buried her in the little chapel burying ground of my people. And while the place where she lived with me is a charred and blackened ruin, the little things of our daily life gone, I shall rebuild it all little by little as nearly as it may be done.

The camera PANS THE AUDIENCE, seeing many familiar faces from Mamah's time in Oak Park...

LIZZIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I shall set it all up again for the spirit of the woman who lived in it and loved it -- will live in it still.

The camera reaches the back of the hall, where EDWIN stands alone.

LIZZIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Frank Lloyd Wright.
Taliesin. August 20, 1914.

EXT. TALIESIN - DAY (SPRING, 1916)

A long, wide shot of Taliesin from across the lush green valley.

Even from this distance, we can see that THE MAIN HOUSE HAS BEEN COMPLETELY REBUILT.

We TRACK CLOSER, closer, across the Wisconsin River and up the hill. We ENTER THE HOUSE, taking in everything, and slowly pass through, out the other side.

Outside, in the full bloom of spring, we find Frank Lloyd Wright strolling through MAMAH'S GARDEN.

The last we see of him, he has stopped in front of the REDBUD TREE, and is staring up at its beautiful purple blossoms, his face filled with love and sadness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - LATE AFTERNOON (1958)

FRANK, 91, his face filled with the same love and sadness as 44 years earlier, stands at the top of the unfinished Guggenheim, looking down through the space and light to the floor of the museum he has created. Down below, the workmen have all left; the scaffolding is empty.

Beside Frank stands Tom.

FRANK

I'm going to die soon, Tom. I want to be buried with Mamah in Taliesin. I want to come home to her.

Frank looks at Tom -- an understanding between the two men. This is goodbye.

Filled with the emotions of the one great love of his life, Frank starts to walk down the long circular ramp. Tom does not follow him, but watches him go.

An AERIAL SHOT, looking down from the skylight: Frank Lloyd Wright, six months before his death, slowly descending the ramp of his final masterpiece.

SCROLL:

IN HIS LIFETIME FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT BECAME THE MOST FAMOUS AND INFLUENTIAL ARCHITECT IN THE WORLD. HE DESIGNED MORE THAN 1,000 PROJECTS, WHICH RESULTED IN MORE THAN 500 COMPLETED WORKS, INCLUDING THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM IN NEW YORK CITY, WHOSE OPENING IN 1959 CAME JUST MONTHS AFTER HIS DEATH. IN 1991, THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS RECOGNIZED WRIGHT AS "THE GREATEST AMERICAN ARCHITECT OF ALL TIME."

MAMAH BORTHWICK WAS BURIED AMONG FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT'S FAMILY MEMBERS, AND FRANK WAS LAID TO REST BESIDE HER WHEN HE DIED 45 YEARS LATER.