

Time Flies (When You're Alive)
Alvin Sargent

EXT. ABBOTT BACK YARD - DAY

A cooler, windier day. Francesca is walking through her garden, no longer abloom. She's bundled-up. Paul is moving across the lawn with some tea on a tray. He puts it down on the patio table. She sits down, tired. A paper napkin blows away. She starts to retrieve it, but can't move fast enough.

PAUL
I'll get it.

He captures the napkin. He sits down. She pours the tea.

FRANCESCA
I've decided that what a good life is, is putting up the good fight against all odds. I'm putting up a good fight, aren't I?

PAUL
You're the champ.

FRANCESCA
I didn't get the napkin, but I could've gotten the napkin if you hadn't stopped me.

PAUL
I know that.

Silence. Then.

FRANCESCA
I hate this fucking disease. But I'm stronger than it is. I'm going to beat it, Paul.

PAUL
If anybody can, you can.
(looks at his watch)
I've got to pick up the kids.
I'll be back in ten minutes. You okay?

FRANCESCA
Uh-huh.

He starts away.

FRANCESCA

Paul?

He stops.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

I was talking to Henry Lake. I told him I've been feeling pretty bad. He suggested I go on a juice fast and then a new diet but I don't think that's what I want to do right now.

PAUL

That's good, very wise of you. I'll be right back.

FRANCESCA

Paul.

He stops, turns.

FRANCESCA

We're not ready yet, are we?

PAUL

Not yet.

FRANCESCA

Paul. I want to let my mom take the kids for a few days. Will you take a ride with me? We can bring all the old tapes and drive into the mountains?

PAUL

I'd like that a lot.

FRANCESCA

And Paul.
(he turns)
Nothing.

He looks at her a few moments, then smiles and goes. She sits, her eyes closed. The phone RINGS. She's startled. She gets up, looks for the portable phone somewhere on the patio.

Her body moves slower now. She's more fragile. She picks up the phone, sits on a large rock.

FRANCESCA

Hello... I'm sorry but he's not here... Yes, it is... Oh, I'm afraid I don't need any light

bulbs right now... Five Years?
That's quite a light bulb. Tell
me this isn't a scam, is it? If
it is, please hang up... Disabled
Vets, eh. Five year guarantee, my
God, my oldest boy will be twelve.
Twelve, eight and five. What was
your name again?... Do you have
children, Mr. Shaw?... Oh, my.
You'll have to sell a lot of light
bulbs won't you? Children have
such a strange attitude toward
light, don't you think? Have you
ever noticed how they can read
after the sun fades? And the lights
aren't on? But then again, children
have their own inner light, don't
they? I love my children, Mr. Shaw.

CAMERA BEGINS TO SLOWLY PULL UP AND AWAY.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Tell me, what's the price of this
extraordinary light bulb?...
That's a rather expensive light
bulb, isn't it?... I know, five
years, but what if it burns out in
four, four and a half, where will
I find you?... Won't burn out,
eh? You must have some remarkable
scientists down there. They don't
happen to have anything on the old
drawing board for cancer do they,
just kidding, Mr. Shaw. Just an
old disabled vet's joke.

By now, WE ARE ABOVE FRANCESCA'S HOUSE, her figure grows
smaller as WE CONTINUE UPWARD.

FRANCESCA

Tell you what, you can put me down
for a light bulb, okay?... I have
to buy six? That's thirty years.
My my. Alright, Mr. Shaw, put me
down for thirty years.

WE ARE NOW HIGH ABOVE the entire neighborhood, as WE LOOK
DOWN at the small figure of Francesca, alone.

Excerpt from the screenplay:

"Time Flies (When You're Alive)" by Alvin Sargent

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Based on the play:

"An Evening With Paul Linke: Time Flies When You're Alive"
by Paul Linke

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This scene from *Time Flies (When You're Alive)* was written by **Alvin Sargent**, two-time Oscar winner for his screenplays *Julia* and *Ordinary People* and Oscar® nominee for *Paper Moon*. In 1991, he received the Writers Guild Laurel Award for Screenwriting Achievement. Recent writing credits include *Unfaithful* and *Spider-Man 2* and *3*. More importantly, Alvin dearly loves his children, grandchildren and his wife Laura.