

m/m

BART POLLOCK
FRANK

REVOLUTIONARY ROAD

"A Fine Memorial" 54.

EXT. WHEELER HOUSE - DAY

The small, attractive house bathed in sunlight.

START

INT. MIDTOWN HOTEL RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON.

Frank follows Bart Pollock as he cuts a swathe through an impressive midtown eatery. A small MAITRE D' scuttles in front of them. Bart nods, points at well-wishers, and makes a politician's show of knowing the staff.

BART POLLOCK

Tell you something, Frank. I'm a little sore at Bandy for the way he's kept you under a bushel all these years. This place okay, for you?

Frank smirks at the performance.

FRANK

This is just fine, sir. Fine.

INT. MIDTOWN HOTEL RESTAURANT - LATER.

Bart Pollock sits across an expanse of white tablecloth gripping a martini glass in one of his enormous paws.

BART POLLOCK

One thing interests me, Frank, and one thing only: selling the electronic computer to the American businessman...

BART POLLOCK (CONT'D)

That's why I'm assembling a team. Men like you, not your average salesmen... It'll mean more money, and I got to be honest, maybe more of a time commitment. But you'll be part of something exciting, Wheeler... *Computers.*

FRANK

Well, sir, it sounds exciting.

BART POLLOCK

Bart!

FRANK

Bart...

Frank looks down at his plate. He can't help himself.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do you happen to remember an Earl
Wheeler?

Bart looks at him blankly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Out of Yonkers?

BART POLLOCK

Can't say that I do. Relation of
yours?

FRANK

My father. He worked at Knox
almost twenty years.

BART POLLOCK

(thinking)

Earl Wheeler... Earl Wheeler...

FRANK

No reason you would have heard of
him.

BART POLLOCK

Well, I'm sure he was a good man.

Frank smiles. Looks down.

FRANK

There's something I should have
mentioned earlier... I'm leaving
the firm. In the fall.

BART POLLOCK

Another outfit?

FRANK

No, it's not another outfit --

Bart holds up his hands.

BART POLLOCK

Now look, Frank. Is it a question of money? Because if it is, there's no reason we can't get together on a satisfactory -

FRANK

I appreciate that, but it's not money. It's more of a personal thing.

BART POLLOCK

A *personal* thing? I see.

(looks down, clearly disapproving)

Frank... Let me tell you something *my* father told me... A man only gets a couple chances in life. If he doesn't grab 'em by the *balls*, it won't be long before he finds himself sitting around wondering how he got to be second rate.

Frank's face.

FRANK

I guess so.

Bart lets it hang.

BART POLLOCK

So, do me a favor... Sleep on it. Discuss it with your *wife*. Because let's face it: where the hell would any of us be without our wives, anyway?

On Frank's face.

BART POLLOCK (CONT'D)

And Frank, in all sincerity, if you do decide to join us, I believe it'll be a thing you'll never regret.

(MORE)

BART POLLOCK (CONT'D)

And I believe something else, too.
I believe it'd be a fine memorial
to your Dad.

Frank finds himself surprised by his welling up of emotion.

END

INT. KNOX BUILDING - EVENING.

It's late. Frank is sitting in his cubicle over his
Dictaphone. Jack is long gone.

FRANK

Knowing what you've got, comma,
knowing what you need, comma,
Knowing what you can do without,
dash. That's inventory control.

He stubs out a cigarette in an overflowing ashtray.

Close on his face.

Maureen stops by Frank's cubicle. She pretends to be
surprised to see him.

MAUREEN

Oh, hi Frank. Working late?

FRANK

I got to dig myself out here.

MAUREEN

I heard you were getting promoted.

Frank shrugs, no big deal.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Big shot. I guess your Dad would
have been real proud, huh?

FRANK

(surprised she remembered)
Huh. Yeah, I guess so...

MAUREEN

(smiles sweetly)
So...

(MORE)