GROUNDHOG DAY

by

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Second Revision by
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FADE IN

HIBERNATING GROUNDHOGS

A family of groundhogs is nestled together in their burrow sleeping off the end of a long winter.

ROLL CREDITS AND THEME MUSIC

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A FOREST CLEARING - EARLY MORNING

The crust of an old snowfall still covers the frozen ground, and the bare, icy branches of the trees glisten dully in the early morning light.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - SAME TIME

PHIL CONNORS is standing in front of a blank green wall gesticulating animatedly at some invisible images on the wall, talking a mile a minute (MOS) . He looks completely crazy as he points at nothing and winks to an unseen audience.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA - SAME TIME

CREDITS CONTINUE as we streak across the winter landscape, flying over fields and farms, small towns and hamlets, railroad lines and interstates, coalyards and factories, until we cross the Allegheny River and follow it to the southwest.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - SAME TIME

Phil continues pointing out features on the blank wall , but from a new angle we can see that he ' s looking at a monitor out of the corner of his eye which shows the chromakey insert he's pointing to — a national weather map.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR PITTSBURGH - SAME TIME

The country towns turn to suburbs, traffic on the roads gets heavier and finally we see the skyline of Pittsburgh and the confluence of the Allegheny with the Monongahela and the Ohio.

We zoom into a tall building in the downtown area and

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PHIL CONNORS' OFFICE - MORNING

We don't see anyone at first but the office itself speaks volumes about it's inhabitant— team pictures of the Steelers from the Franco Harris-Terry Bradshaw glory years, a framed memorial portrait of Roberto Clemente, a local Emmy award statue, an erasable weather map and mountains of personal junk on the desk, ^windowsill, and every other available surface.

As the CREDITS END, we notice a sleeping figure on the small sofa, buried deep under a pile of coats and a stolen airline blanket.

GIL HAWLEY, Executive Producer of the Action News, sticks his head in the door.

HAWLEY
Christ, what a pit. Phil"

The sleeping figure rouses himself and looks out at Hawley. It's Phil, the .Channel 9 Action News weatherman.

PHIL
(sleepy)
What?

HAWLEY
It's February first, Phil. You know what tomorrow is?

Phil sits up and.thinks hard. He's in his mid-thirties, smart rugged-looking, perhaps a little too full of himself, but clearly a guy with a lot of personality.

PHIL
(catching on)
Oh, no! Not again.

He jumps up and exits the office with Hawley right behind him.

PHIL
Forget it! I'm not going.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Hawley pursues Phil through the office suite of the Channel 9 Action News, from the look of it a typical, big city, local news operation. A logo on the wall identifies the station as WPGH - Pittsburgh.

Phil ducks into the studio.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Hawley follows him in and catches up with him at the weather corner of the Action News set. Phil starts putting weather stats up on a chart.

PHIL
Get away from me. I'm working.

HAWLEY
So what's the outlook? We gonna get that blizzard?

Phil shakes his head and points to the chart which is headed "Phil's Phorecast" with a cute caricature of himself drawn nex to the title.

PHIL
No way. All that moisture coming up from the Gulf is going to miss us completely and take a dump on Harrisburg.

HAWLEY
(with authority)
Good, 'cause you're going up to Punxsutawney to cover the groundhog story tomorrow morning and I want you back here in time to do the five.

PHIL
Jesus, Gil, give me a break, will you! I covered the goddamn groundhog last year and the year before that.

HAWLEY
And you'll do it :next year and the year after, too. When I worked in San Diego, I covered the swallows coming back to Capistrano for ten years in a row.

PHIL
You should've killed the guy who made you do that.

HAWLEY
I <u>wanted</u> to do it.

PHIL
Then you should've killed yourself. I don't want to get stuck with the groundhog for the rest of my life.

HAWLEY
It's a cute story. He comes out, he looks around, he wrinkles up his little nose, he sniffs around a little, he sees his shadow, he doesn't see his shadow— it's nice. People like it.

PHIL
Many people are morons.

HAWLEY
Just do it.

PHIL
What'11 you give me?

Hawley looks across the studio and sees RITA HANSON enter, a very attractive segment producer in her late twenties.

HAWLEY
(to Phil)
I'll give you Rita.
(calls her over)
Rita, could you come here for a second? I got a little job for you.

Rita is relatively new to the station, but very competent, personable, humorous, self-assured and very pretty— in short, a genuine princess, though Phil is too self-absorbed at this point to realize it.

PHIL
(teasing)
You can't send Rita out on a story like this. She's just a cub, a pup, still wet behind the ears. Look at her. Her ears are sopping wet. This needs a Woodward or a Bernstein. It's a big story. People need to know.

RITA
(intrigued)
What's the story?

HAWLEY
The Punxsutawney Groundhog Festival.

RITA
Gil, if it's all right with you I'd rather follow-up on the nurses' strike.

HAWLEY
You can do the nurses when you get back. Just take the squeaky wheel here up to Punxsutawney and get him back in one piece. Okay?

RITA
Yeah, okay.

Hawley exits leaving Phil and Rita alone in the studio. She knows Phil mainly by his reputation and it isn't good. Still, she finds him appealing in an odd way.

PHIL
(pleasantly)
You know, this could be extremely interesting.

RITA
I've never done a weather story before. What's Punxsutawney like?

PHIL
Oh, it's an enchanted place. A magical world. It's the Constantinople of the whole Western Appalachian-Susquehanna Drainage system.

RITA
Do you always joke?

PHIL
About 70 to 80% of the time. Inside I'm actually a very shy and sensitive person.

RITA
A lot of people around here think you're not very sincere.

PHIL
Tell me the names of these people.

RITA
I'll line up a crew and transportation. If you don't feel like driving, we can all go up in the van together.

PHIL
I think I'll take my own car. I'm not that fond of my fellow man.

RITA
(exiting)
Nice attitude.

PHIL
Nice face.
(calls after her)
Why don't you ride up with me?

RITA
No, thanks.

STEPHANIE DECASTRO , an attractive, dark-eyed, dark-haired correspondent, glares at Phil from across the studio.

INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - LATER

Phil is in his cluttered cubicle talking on a headset phone while he reviews cassettes of his groundhog spots from the past two years on a small monitor. As he talks, he stuffs a number of personal items in an overnight bag, all the time watching himself on the TV monitor.

PHIL
(on the phone)
They don't really think of me as a weatherman around here. More of a "personality," but with the credibility of a first-class broadcast journalist. Once you look at my tape I think you'll see what they mean.

Stephanie enters and stands in the doorway looking at Phil for a long moment. There is something vaguely off-center about this woman, not quite FATAL ATTRACTION but still a little scary.

STEPHANIE
(bitterly)
I just want to know one thing: did I do something wrong or are you just tired of me or what? I have to know.

Phil sighs.

PHIL
(on the phone)
Dan, can I call you back? I've just been handed something and I better get on it...
(he picks up some papers and rustles them for effect)
...Okay, thanks.

He takes off the headset, gets up and closes the door for privacy.

PHIL
(kindly)
You didn't do anything wrong, Stephanie, and I'm not tired of you. It's just that I don't have time for a real relationship right now. I told you that the first time we went out.

STEPHANIE
(getting close)
Everybody says that at the beginning of a relationship.

PHIL
(gently pushing her away)
I'm different. I really meant it! Things are really starting to move for me now. I'm not going to be doing the weather for the rest of my life. I was just talking to the CBS guy about a network job. I want that. This is just the beginning for me. I can't waste any more time.

STEPHANIE
Are you saying our relationship was a waste of time?

PHIL
Our relationship? We went out a total of four times! And only twice did anything happen. It was fun but I don't see that as a big commitment.

STEPHANIE
(closing in again)
I had our charts done. My astrologer says we're extremely compatible. There may even be some past lives involvement here.

PHIL
See? So we've already done this. Let's move on. Next case.

STEPHANIE
You know what's wrong with you, Phil? You're selfish. You don't have time for anyone but yourself.

PHIL
That's what I'm trying to tell you. You don't want to be with me. You can do better. Look, Stephanie, if I ever said or did anything to mislead you I'm sorry for that, but right now I have to do this groundhog thing and I don't have a handle on it yet.

He throws some papers and his datebook into a briefcase and puts on his jacket.

PHIL (CONT.)
I'll tell you what. I'm going to do some serious thinking while I'm in Punxsutawney, okay?

He pats her on the shoulder and brushes past her, leaving her standing there with a malevolent look on her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. A HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

A VAN marked ".Channel 9 Action News" speeds along a two-lane highway through the winter landscape of West Central Pennsylvania. Mounted atop the van is a microwave transmitter Rita is riding up front with LARRY, the union cameraman and techie. Phil is following close behind the van in a new Lexus coupe. His car has a bumper-sticker that reads "Weathermen Like it Wet."

PHIL (V.O.)
(on his earphone)
I'm on my way to Punxsutawney...
(forced to repeat it, a little embarrassed)
Punx^su-taw-ney....Work or fun? I think that all depends on you.

INT. THE LEXUS - CONTINUOUS

Phil is talking to one of his girlfriends, sorting through a stack of CD's, as usual, grabbing at the good life with both hands.

PHIL
. . . . I thought maybe you could meet me up there tonight and let me vulgarize you for about seven hours....So I'm supposed to spend the night in Punxsutawney all alone? Thanks.

Phil loads a CD and a great, driving song kicks in.

CUT TO:

A SIGN

"Welcome to Punxsutawney - The Original Weather Capitol of the World Since 1887." Depicted on the sign is a large cartoon GROUNDHOG wearing a top hat and clutching an umbrella under his arm.

The mini-convoy passes some fast food places on the outskirts of town.

EXT. MAIN STREET - PUNXSUTAWNEY - LATER

The van drives along , the small-town main drag. There are cartoon groundhogs everywhere you look and the whole town has been gaily festooned with banners and bunting.

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

The van pulls into the parking lot at a Quality Inn. The announcement billboard in ;front of the motel reads: "Groundhog Day Breakfast Special - Feb.2 - All You Can Eat - $5.99." The parking area is already crowded with cars including a number of other news vans. The Lexus pulls in behind the van and everybody gets out.

Phil takes one look at the motel and shakes his head.

PHIL
(calls out)
Rita! I can't stay here.

Rita is already helping Larry unload equipment from the van.

LARRY
(muttering)
Prima donnas.

RITA
It's okay. I'll handle it.

She crosses to the Lexus where Phil is trying to make another call on his earphone.

RITA
What's the problem, Phil?

PHIL
I hate this place. I stayed here two years ago and I was miserable. It's like a minimum security prison. I'm not staying here.

RITA
You're not staying here.

PHIL
(brightening)
I'm not?

RITA
No, Larry and I don't care but I thought you might, so I booked you at a very nice bed and breakfast on Cherry Street. Here's the address.

She hands him a card.

PHIL
(pleased)
Great. That's great. That's the mark of a really good producer. Making the talent happy.

RITA
Whatever I can do.

PHIL
Really? Will you be my love slave?

RITA
Whatever I can do within reason. Would you like to have dinner with Larry and me?

PHIL
No thanks, I've seen Larry eat. Why don't you ditch Larry and let me take you someplace nice?

RITA
You mean like a date?

PHIL
Yeah.

RITA
Oh, no.

PHIL
Okay. I get it. You're a little intimidated by me, you're all excited about the shoot tomorrow, you want everything to go just perfect. I understand. You just get some sleep. Tomorrow will be great.

RITA
Well, that's something to look forward to. I'll see you in the morning.

He drives off, leaving her standing there shaking her head.

LARRY
Did he actually call himself "the talent?"

Larry snorts and continues unloading their gear.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHERRY STREET - DAWN

The first light of morning colors the sky behind the Cherry Street Inn, a rambling, white Victorian bed and breakfast.

CLOSE UP - CLOCK

A digital clock-radio changes from 5:59 to 6:00 AM. The radio comes on, playing the end of the Sonny and Cher hit, "I Got You, Babe."

SUPER: FEBRUARY 2

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - DAWN

Phil sits up in bed and looks around the room. The decor is typical bed and breakfast, flocked wallpaper, framed prints, and an odd assortment of mismatched furniture. His suit is hanging neatly on the back of the closet door and his suitcase is open on a stand at the foot of the bed, still neatly packed.

A iradio, DEEJAY and his SIDEKICK come on with hyped-up, drivetime Chappy talk." Phil stares at the radio and listens to them.

DEEJAY
Okay, campers, rise and shine, and don't forget your booties because it's COOOLD out there today1

Phil grimaces and swings out of bed.

SIDEKICK
It's cold out there everyday. What is this— Miami Beach?

The deejay laughs. Phil shakes his head at the cheesy reparte as he crosses to the sink and starts brushing his teeth.

DEEJAY
Not hardly. And you can expect hazardous travel later today with that, you know, blizzard thing—

SIDEKICK
That "blizzard thing?"

Phil splashes some water on his face and prepares to shave.

SIDEKICK (CONT.)
Oh, here's the report: the National Weather Service is calling for a big blizzard thing.

DEEJAY
Yes they are, but there's another reason today is very special—

SIDEKICK
Especially cold—

DEEJAY
Especially cold, okay, but the big question on everybody's lips—

SIDEKICK
Chapped lips—

DEEJAY
:—on their chapped lips, right—
Do you think Phil's going to come out and see his shadow?

SIDEKICK
Punxsutawney Phil.

Phil looks up at himself in the mirror, admiring his own face

DEEJAY
That's right, rodent lovers!
It's—

BOTH DEEJAYS
Groundhog Day1

SOUND EFFECT of GRUNTING GROUNDHOGS.

Phil grunts at his reflection in the mirror.

PHIL
(to himself)
Never again.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAWN

Phil heads for the breakfast room of the inn, now well-dressed in a suit and tie, a nice overcoat slung over his arm. A CHUBBY MAN passes.

CHUBBY MAN
Morning .

PHIL
Morning .

CHUBBY MAN
Think it'll be an early Spring?

PHIL
I'm predicting March 21st.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil enters the old library of the house now set up with a breakfast buffet. An old spinet piano stands in the corner. One wall is lined with .bookcases filled with books. A handful of guests are seated around the room, eating.

The matron of the house, MRS. LANCASTER, spots Phil as she comes out of the kitchen with a fresh pot of coffee.

MRS. LANCASTER
Did you sleep well, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
(with mock civility)
Like a Roumanian orphan, Mrs. Lancaster.

MRS. LANCASTER
Would you like some coffee?

PHIL
I don't suppose it[1] d be possible to get an espresso or a capuccino around here.

MRS. LANCASTER
(blankly)
I don't really know —

PHIL
Forget it. This '11 be fine.

MRS. LANCASTER
(as she pours)
I wonder what the weather's going to be like for all the festivities.

PHIL
My guess is it'11 be cold and overcast, high today in the low 30's, dropping to the low 20's tonight, but I'm predicting that all that moisture coming up from the Gulf is going to miss us and dump some locally heavy snow, possibly blizzard conditions with travel advisories in the Harrisburg area and maybe as far east as .Philadelphia.
(off her surprised look)
You want to talk weather, you asked the right guy.

He heads for the door.

;MRS. LANCASTER
Oh, will you be checking out today, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
Unfortunately yes.

Phil exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sipping at the steaming coffee, Phil manages to put on his coat and gloves as he descends the front steps of the house and joins the flow of pedestrian traffic on the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET -KPUNXSUTAWNEY - CONTINUOUS

There are a lot of people on the street for this hour. Traffic is so heavy in fact, the pedestrians are moving faster than the cars. Everyone seems to be going in the same direction, making the annual trek to see the groundhog.

An OLD BUM is sitting on the sidewalk leaning against a storefront. Someone throws him a coin. Phil walks by without taking any notice.

MAN (O.C.)
Hey, Phil!

A big pie-faced man, NED RYERSON, comes huffing and puffing right up to him. There is something about this guy that makes us dislike him on sight.

NED
Phil! Phil Connors! I thought that was you!

Phil looks at him vaguely.

PHIL
(at a loss)
I'm sorry. Have we— uh—

NED
My oh my! Phil Connors. Don't say you don't remember me, 'cause I sure as heckrfire remember you. Well?

Phil stares, trying to remember.

NED
Ned Ryerson? Needlenose Ned? Ned the Head. Come on, buddy. Case Western High?

PHIL
Ned?

NED
I see you clicking through that brain of yours. Click-click, click-click, click-click—Bing! Ned Ryerson, did the whistling trick with my belly button in the talent show. Bing! Ned Ryerson, got the shingles real bad senior ^year^ almost didn't graduate. Bing again! Ned Ryerson, went out with your sister Mary Pat a couple of times— 'til you told me not to anymore. Well?

PHIL
(resigned)
Ned Ryerson.

NED
Bing!

PHIL
So what're you doing with yourself, Ned?

NED
Phil, I sell insurance.

PHIL
(sorry he asked)
No kidding.

NED
Do you have life insurance, Phil? 'Cause if you do, I bet you could use more— who couldn't?—but I got a feeling you don't have any. Am I right?

PHIL
You know, Ned, I'd love to talk to you but I really have to—

Phil starts to walk away,,but Ned won't take the hint.

NED
That's okay. I'll walk with you. When I see an opportunity, I charge it, like a bull. Ned the Bull, that's me now. Some of my friends live and die by actuarial tables, but I think it's all just a crap shoot anyhoo. Ever heard of single .premium life? That could be the ticket for you, buddy. God, it's good to see you! Hey, what're you doing for dinner?

PHIL
Dinner? Umm, I don't think that's going to work for me.

As they continue walking, Phil steps into what looks like a shallow puddle and ends up ankle deep in wet slush. Ned laughs like a donkey.

NED
Hey, look out for that first step! It's a doozy!

Phil looks at him with murderous contempt.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - DAWN

A big crowd is standing in a park-like clearing off a residential street. They are gathered around a large mound of dirt enclosed by a rail fence, waiting for the big moment. Fo a cold gray dawn, there is the atmosphere of a festival here.

An area close to the mound is roped off for news reporters and cameras. Rita stands there, a pocket of genuine beauty in this sea of potbellied old union guys and blow-dried reporters.

Stomping her feet against the cold, Rita looks at her watch and glances around. Larry, the cameraman, just looks bored.

RITA
How could he be late?

LARRY
Prima donnas.

RITA
It's just so— inconsiderate.

LARRY
What happens to some people? They're born nice. They grow up nice. You put 'em on TV and - bam! Prima donnas.

Rita spots Phil heading into the crowd.

RITA
Here he comes. Phil! Hey, Phil. Over here!

Phil joins them in the press area. Rita pulls him to his mark near the rail fence.

RITA
Where've you been?

PHIL
I got hung up with some jerk I went to high school with. So, did you sleep okay without me? You tossed and turned, didn't you?

Rita holds up a slate for Larry to ID the tape.

RITA
You're incredible.

PHIL
Who told you?

RITA
Ready when you are.

Phil takes the microphone from Rita and positions himself against the fence.

The Groundhog Club Officials in top hats, striped trousers and cutaway coats parade out to the burrow that houses Punxsutawney Phil.

RITA
Looks like they're starting. Roll tape.

LARRY
Rolling.

Rita silently counts down from five and cues Phil who instantly snaps into announce mode.

PHIL
(to camera)
Once a year, the eyes of the nation turn here, to this tiny hamlet in Pennsylvania, to watch a master at work. The master? Punxsutawney Phil, the world's most famous weatherman, the groundhog, who, as legend has it, can predict the coming of an early spring.

Rita turns to Larry. This is impressive— so far, so good.

A Groundhog Club Official kneels at the burrow and ceremoniously knocks on the small wooden door, then opens it and retreats.

PHIL
And here's the big moment we've all been waiting for. Let's just see what Mr. Groundhog has to say.

The groundhog sticks his head out, looks around, steps out of the hole, and runs over to the other side of the mound, about as far away from the cameras as he can get.

PHIL
Hey! Over here, you little weasel!

Larry zooms in as far as he can but the best he can manage is a close-up of the groundhog's back. The groundhog stands there a moment, his body casting a long shadow, then he lets out a squeak and runs back into the hole.

PHIL
Great shot, huh, folks? Well, that was certainly worth the trip. Now we'll be hearing from Mr. Buster Greene, President of the Punxsutawney Groundhog Club, the so-called Seer of Seers who will interpret for us.

BUSTER GREENE, dressed up in his top hat and cutaway coat, walks onto the mound and hushes the crowd.

BUSTER
He came out, and he saw his shadow. Sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but it looks like it's going to be a long winter.

The crowd lets out a good-natured "Awwwwww" in disappointment.

PHIL
(sarcastic, to camera)
Well, that's it. Sorry you couldn't be here in person to share the electric moment. This is one event where televison really fails to capture the excitement of thousands of people gathered to watch a large squirrel predict the weather, and I for one am deeply grateful to have been a part of it. Reporting for Channel 9, this is Phil Connors.

Larry cuts the camera.

RITA
(to Phil)
You want to try one that's a little sweeter?

PHIL
(to Rita)
That's as sweet as I get. I'm outa here.

As he exits, Phil tosses the mike to Larry, who isn't expectin the throw and bobbles it, dropping the mike on the ground.

LARRY
(mutters)
Prima donnas.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - LATER

Phil is sitting alone having a cup of coffee in a busy, loud and lively cafe. Rita enters, sees him sitting there, crosses to his table and sits down across from him.

RITA
That was really lousy.

PHIL
Is it my fault the little rat went south on us?

RITA
A real professional would have handled it. You acted like it was a personal insult. Who do you think you are — Wolf Blitzer?

PHIL
God, you really take this stuff seriously, don't you.

RITA
Yes, I do. As far as I'm concerned there are no little stories, Phil. Only little reporters with big egos who think they're too good for the job they have to do.

PHIL
(trying to look hurt)
You really don't know me very well, do you. 'Cause if you did you could never say something like that about me. I care! Call me a cockeyed optimist but I happen to think there's more to this job than just getting my ugly mug on the boob tube every night.

RITA
Is that so.

PHIL
Yes, that is so.

Rita is so irritated by him she can't even respond.

Phil looks at her evenly for a long moment.

PHIL
So as far as us getting together, would you say the glass is half empty or half full?

Larry pokes his head in the doorway, looks around, spots Rita and makes his way over to their table.

LARRY
(to Rita)
You ready? We better get going if we ' re going to stay ahead of the weather.

PHIL
You don't have to rush off, you know. That storm is 'going to miss us completely.

RITA
Nice working with you, Phil. See you around.

Rita walks away, leaving him sitting alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Phil's Lexus is driving down the highway. Light snow is just starting to fall.

PHIL(V.O)
(on the earphone)
I'll call you after I see the network guy. I should be back there in a couple of hours...What?...1 can't hear you— you're breaking up...Hello? Sabrina?

INT. THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Phil is getting annoyed as the phone connection deteriorates. The snow is getting heavier. Phil switches on the windshield wipers.

PHIL
Sabrina? Can you hear me? Shit!

He slams the phone back into it's cradle, then looks up and notices slow traffic up ahead. He honks his horn as the traffic comes to a complete stop. He keeps honking but nothing moves.

He rolls down the window and looks up ahead. The highway is a parking lot.

PHIL
No. No!

EXT. THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Phil jumps out and begins to walk down the highway, past the parked cars, shivering in his light sweater and silk sport shirt. The snowfall is getting heavier and the wind is pickin up. The snow comes down unnaturally hard and fast. He walks on, slipping and sliding in his expensive loafers until he comes to a police roadblock up ahead, manned by TWO HIGHWAY PATROLMEN.

PHIL
What's going on, Officer?

PATROLMAN
Nothin's goin' on. We're closin' the road. Big accident up ahead. Blizzard movin' in.

PHIL
What blizzard? A couple of flakes! An isolated phenomenon of nature.

PATROLMAN
Are you nuts? We got a major storm movin' in.

PHIL
No, no. All that moisture is going to miss us and hit Harrisburg.

PATROLMAN
Pal, you got that moisture on your head.

PHIL
But I have to get to Pittsburgh today!

PATROLMAN
Mister, the only place anybody's goin' on this road is back to Punxsutawney.

Phil glowers at him and shivers.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - LATER

Phil is on a pay phone. Snow is falling heavily outside. GAS STATION ATTENDANT is shovelling around the pumps.

PHIL
So all the long distance lines are down? What about the satellite? Is it snowing in space?...But I have to call Pittsburgh...Isn't there some special line you keep open for emergencies or for celebrities?...Well, I'm both really. I'm a celebrity in an emergency. Can you patch me through on that line?

The door opens and Phil is blasted with frigid Arctic wind and blowing snow. The GAS STATION ATTENDANT enters the tiny office and in trying to squeeze past Phil accidentally bangs him on the head with his snow shovel.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - EVENING

Phil is at the bar in Punxsutawney ' s oldest and best hotel , the Pennsylvanian. He looks very bored, drinking a beer, unsuccessfully hustling an attractive local girl named NANCY.

PHIL
You never saw me on TV-- on the news?

NANCY
I don't think so. What part of the news do you do?

PHIL
I ' m the White House correspondent for NBC news.

NANCY
Oh , I ' m so sure .

PHIL
Ask me anything?

NANCY
Okay, how big is the White House?

PHIL
Three bedrooms, two and a half baths. Looks much bigger than it , is.

Nancy just stares at him, clearly not into his sense of humor.

Suddenly, a BRIDE in full white wedding gown and veil rushes into the bar, crying and shouting. A gaggle of BRIDESMAIDS flutters around her trying to coax her back to her own wedding but she won't budge. Then the GROOM, wearing a bad rented tux, comes storming in and tries to drag her back, until the BEST MAN restrains him and the bridesmaids hustle the bride away.

Phil watches the whole drama play out, then turns back to Nancy .

PHIL
Good start. I'm sure they'll be very happy. So what do you say? You want to play doggie obedience school with me?

NANCY
Thanks. I'll pass.

She gets up to leave.

PHIL
Sit! Stay!

He watches her go, then tosses a tip on the bar and exits somewhat unsteadily.

CUT TO:

INSERT - A THICK BOOK

The cover reads "101 Curses, Spells and Enchantments You Can Do at Home." A well-manicured feminine hand opens the book to a marked page .

INT. CHERRY STREET INN - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Phil enters his room and drunkenly tosses his overcoat, scarf and gloves on the floor in a heap.

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie Decastro, Phil ' s disaffected ex-lover, is sitting cross-legged on the floor with the book of curses open in front of her. Her hair is down, she's wearing a caftan with a Zodiac print, there are candles everywhere and other vaguely occult decorating touches.

INSERT

Phil's business card is dropped into a dish. Then the Tarot card of the Hanged Man, a chicken bone, and a feather are placed on top of it .

PHIL

He stands at the sink, looking at himself in the mirror, flexing his muscles .

STEPHANIE

Reading from the book> she mutters incantations in a secret language, then she sprinkles some powder on the plate, then a few drops of oil. Then she makes a few passes over it with her hands and, much to her surprise, the contents of the plate spontaneously combust.

PHIL

As he crosses to the bed, he accidentally knocks over the suitcase stand, spilling his clothes out onto the floor.

He contemplates picking them up for a moment, decides to leave them there, and flops down on the bed. He lies there looking u up at the ceiling until the room starts to spin around, then he closes his eyes and quickly drops off to sleep, still fully clothed.

STEPHANIE

To complete the spell, she picks up a broken wristwatch and drops it into the fire.

INSERT

Phil's business card, the Hanged Man and the broken watch in flames. The watch crystal is cracked and the hands are frozen at 5:59.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP - CLOCK

The digital clock-radio changes from 5:59 to 6:00 AM. The radio comes on, playing the end of the Sonny and Cher hit, "I Got You, Babe," just as it did the day before.

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - DAWN

Phil sits up in bed, quickly alert, and looks around the room. Something is wrong. He's wearing pajamas, his suit is once again hanging neatly on the closet door and his suitcase is back on its stand at the foot of the bed, again neatly packed.

The song ends and the same radio deejay and his sidekick come on with the same manic energy. Phil stares at the radio and listens to them. A look of astonishment comes over his face as they banter.

DEEJAY
Okay, campers, rise and shine, and don't forget your booties because it's COOOLD out there today!

SIDEKICK
It's cold out there everyday. What is this— Miami Beach?

The deejay laughs. Phil "mock" laughs at exactly the same time, recognizing the repartee from the previous morning.

PHIL
(to himself)
Nice going guys. That's yesterday's tape.

Phil crosses to the sink and gets a towel off the rack, only half-listening to the radio.

DEEJAY
Not hardly. Expect hazardous travel later today with that, you know, blizzard thing —

SIDEKICK
That "blizzard thing?"

Phil turns on the water and splashes some on his face as if trying to wake himself up, vaguely disturbed by the repetition of the broadcast.

SIDEKICK (CONT.)
Oh, here's the report: the National Weather Service is calling for a big blizzard thing."

DEEJAY
Yes they are, but there's another reason today is very special —

SIDEKICK
Especially cold —

DEEJAY
Especially cold, okay, but the big question on everybody's lips —

Phil supplies the next line in unison with the radio.

SIDEKICK AND PHIL
Chapped lips —

DEEJAY
— on their chapped lips, right —
Do you think Phil's going to come out and see his shadow?

SIDEKICK
Punxsutawney Phil.

Some vague doubt causes Phil to go to the window.

DEEJAY
That's right, rodent lovers!
It's—

BOTH DEEJAYS
Groundhog Day!

SOUND EFFECT of GRUNTING GROUNDHOGS as Phil pulls back the curtains and looks out.

HIS POV

The street is full of people heading toward Gobbler's Knob, exactly as they did the day before.

PHIL
(aghast)
What the hell?

CUT TO:

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - DAWN

Phil rushes out into the corridor, hastily tying his tie, his suit jacket and overcoat over his arm. As he heads for the breakfast room, the same Chubby Man passes.

CHUBBY MAN
Morning.

PHIL
Morning.

CHUBBY MAN
Think it'll be an early Spring?

PHIL
(stops, irritated)
Didn't we do this yesterday?

CHUBBY MAN
(intimidated)
I don't know what you mean.

Phil grabs him by the front of his shirt and looks deep into his eyes.

PHIL
Don't mess with me, pork chop.
What day is this?

CHUBBY MAN
(terrified)
February second—Groundhog Day!

Phil can see he's telling the truth and relaxes his grip on the poor man.

PHIL
Okay. Sorry. I'm having a bad day.

Phil walks on, leaving the chubby man baffled and insulted.

CHUBBY MAN
(to himself)
I'll say.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil enters the old library of the house and finds everything exactly as it was the day before. Mrs. Lancaster spots Phil as she comes out of the kitchen with the fresh pot of coffee.

MRS. LANCASTER
Did you sleep well, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
(completely confused)
Did I? I don't know—

MRS. LANCASTER
Would you like some coffee?

PHIL
Yes, thank you. I'm feeling a little strange.

MRS. LANCASTER
(as she pours)
I wonder what the weather's going to be like for all the festivities.

PHIL
Did you ever have deja vu, Mrs. Lancaster?

MRS. LANCASTER
Is that the Italian dessert with the brandy and the chocolate mousse?

PHIL
No, that's spaghetti. Never mind.

He heads for the door, still in a daze.

MRS. LANCASTER
Oh, will you be checking out today, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
(vaguely)
I don't know. I don't think so. I'll tell you after I wake up.

Phil exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Phil gulps down the steaming coffee, still trying to wake up from what he assumes is a dream, and descends the front steps of the house. He accosts a PASSERBY.

PHIL
Ma'am? Excuse me. Where's everybody going?

PASSERBY
To Gobbler's Knob. It's Groundhog Day!

The coffee cup drops from Phil's hand as he stands there open-mouthed. Then he slaps his own face and shakes his head as if trying to clear it and starts off down the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET - PUNXSUTAWNEY - CONTINUOUS

Phil rushes down the street, again failing to notice the OLD BUM sitting on the sidewalk leaning against a storefront.

NED RYERSON (O.C.)
Hey, Phil!

Ned Ryerson approaches with the same obnoxious attitude.

NED
Phil! Phil Connors! I thought that was you!

Phil just stares at him and keeps walking.

NED
My oh my! Phil Connors. Don't say you don't remember me, 'cause I sure as heck-fire remember you. Well?

PHIL
Ned Ryerson?

NED
Bing! First shot right out of the box. So how's it going, ol' buddy?

PHIL
To tell you the truth, Neddy, I'm not feeling real well. Could you excuse me?

NED
Now it's funny you should mention your health 'cause you'll never guess what I do.

PHIL
(very distressed and desperate to get away from this guy)
Do you sell insurance, Ned?

NED
Bing again! You're sharp as a tack today. Do you have life insurance, Phil? 'Cause if you do, I bet you could use more — who couldn't?" — but I got a feeling you don't have any. Am I right?

PHIL
(really annoyed now)
Did I say "fuck off, " Ned? I can't talk to you right now.

He backs away from Ned and steps right into the same deep, slushy puddle he stepped in the day before.

NED
(braying)
Hey, look .out for that first step. It's a doozyi

Phil looks down at his wet shoes and cuffs and stumbles off toward Gobbler's Knob.

CUT TO:

EXT . GOBBLER ' S KNOB - DAWN

The crowd is gathered as before for the big moment.

In the press area, Rita is having the same dialogue with Larry, when she spots Phil heading into the crowd.

RITA
Here he comes. Phill Hey, Phil! Over here!

Phil waves to her and heads straight for an obscure corner of the Knob, gesturing for her to follow.

Larry shakes his head as Rita charges through the crowd toward Phil. She catches up to him just as he is scratching a mark i the snow with his foot. She notices immediately that he is uncharacteristically dishevelled, his tie askew, his hair mussed.

RITA
Where ' ve you been?

PHIL
(nervous, sweat ing)
I've got to talk to you. I think I'm losing my mind.

. RITA
I know you're losing it. What are you doing over here? The camera's over there.

PHIL
Slap me, Rita.

RITA
What is this?

PHIL
(insistent)
Just slap me— hard.

She gives up and taps him lightly on the cheek.

PHIL
I said hardl

. . . . .RITA .
I can't!

PHIL
Do it!

Rita shrugs and slaps him very hard.

PHIL
(his cheek smarting)
Better. Almost too hard, Rita.

RITA
Are you drunk?

PHIL
No, drunk is more fun. Can I be serious with you for a minute?

RITA
I don't know. Can you?

PHIL
Yes. I'm <u>being</u> serious. I'm having a problem— no, I <u>may</u> be having a problem.

RITA
What are you trying to say?

PHIL
I'm trying to say that if I was having a problem, just hypothetical ly, I'd like to know that you're someone I could count on in a crisis.

RITA
(worried)
What did you do last night?

The crowd begins to hush.

LARRY
We better get started. We're going to miss it.

PHIL
Were not going to miss it.
(indicating the other reporters)
They're going to miss it.

RITA
(emphatic)
Phil. We've been out here for an hour. We're cold and tired. Let's just get this and get out of here.

PHIL
Okay, put it here.

RITA
What?

PHIL
Put the camera here .

Rita takes a forlorn glance towards the press area, where all of the other cameras are set up .

RITA
Phil , there is no tomorrow on this one. It's Groundhog Day.

PHIL
We were in the wrong spot yesterday .

RITA
(irked)
What? Yesterday? What are you talking about?

PHIL
Just trust me. Put the camera here .

Rita looks at him like he's crazy, then looks at her watch and gives up.

RITA
Larry!

She charges off toward the cameras.

In the Press Area, several reporters are already talking to their cameras, dribbling on about how "He could appear any second now." Rita and Larry grab their gear and rush back to Phil.

Larry hurriedly sets up the camera.

LARRY
You want me to roll tape?

RITA
(to Phil)
Are you going to get on your mark?

PHIL
No hurry.

Larry glances over at the other news reporters, all talking to their cameras and pointing towards the mound.

LARRY
(desperately)
Everyone else is rolling!

Rita looks helplessly at Phil.

RITA
I'm begging you, all right? Gould we please just do this?

Phil glances down at his watch.

PHIL
Okay, let's do it.

He crosses over to Larry and taps him on the shoulder.

PHIL
Roll tape.

LARRY
(mumbling)
Prima donnas.

Phil takes the microphone from Rita and positions himself against the fence.

LARRY
Rolling.

Phil does a similar intro to the one he did before, though this time it's a bit tentative.

PHIL
(to camera)
Well, it's Groundhog Day— again— and you know what that means. Everybody's here on Gobbler's Knob waiting in the cold for the appearance of the most famous groundhog in the world, Punxsutawney Phil, who's going to tell us just how much more of this we can expect.

The Groundhog Club Official knocks on the groundhog's door, then opens it and retreats.

Phil takes a deep breath and makes his first experimental prediction, recalling the previous day.

PHIL
My forecast is we're going to see the groundhog peek its head out of its hole, look around a little bit, then he's going to come out, scamper over to this general area, look at the crowd for a second, make a little burping noise and run back into the ground.

RITA
(whispers to Larry)
That's it. I'm going to kill him.

Phil looks at his watch.

PHIL
Okay? And here we go—

Phil points to the hole and Larry zooms in.

The groundhog sticks his head out, looks left, looks right, steps out of the hole, and runs away from the press pool, directly over to Larry's camera. As he stands there, his body casts a long shadow. The groundhog looks right into the camera, lets out a squeak, and runs back into the hole.

Rita and Larry are completely amazed as the crowd cheers the brief appearance of the groundhog. Larry pans back to Phil.

Phil just stands there speechless, staring at the groundhog burrow.

RITA
(hisses)
Phil!

Buster Greene, the Groundhog club official, walks onto the mound and hushes the crowd, exactly as before.

BUSTER
He came out, and he saw his shadow. Sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but it looks like it's going to be a long winter.

Again the crowd lets out a good-natured "Awwwwww" in disappointment.

Larry pans back to Phil just in time to see him walking away i a fog, without signing off. Then he pans back to Rita.

RITA
(at a loss)
For Channel 9 News, this is Rita Hanson in Punxsutawney.

She holds for a moment then makes the cut sign, drawing her finger across her throat.

CUT TO:

INT; PHIL'S ROOM - LATER

Phil is on the phone desperately trying to make a call.

PHIL
(on the phone)
I know there's a blizzard, but I have to get a call through to my doctor in Pittsburgh. It's a medical emergency. . . .No, don't give me the Punxsutawney Fire Department. When do you think the long distance lines will be working again?. . . But what if we don't have a tomorrow? We didn't have one today, my friend... Hello...Hello?

He hangs up and shakes his head which is now really starting to ache, then he pops a handful of Tylenol, lies down and pulls the covers up over his head. A moment later, he sits up, takes a pencil from the nightstand, breaks it in half and puts the pieces back on the nightstand. Then he lies back down and retreats back under the covers.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - CLOCK

The digital clock-radio changes from 5:59 to 6:00 AM. The radio comes on, playing the end of the Sonny and Cher hit, "I Got You, Babe," just as it did the day before.

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - DAWN

Phil sits up in bed fearing the worst and looks on the nightstand. The pencil is whole again. Completely stunned by the phenomenon, he jumps out of bed and starts dressing hurriedly as the morning Deejays begin their now familiar rap.

DEEJAY
Okay, campers, rise and shine, and don't forget your booties because it's COOOLD out there today!

SIDEKICK
It's cold out there everyday. What is this— Miami Beach?

Phil rushes out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHERRY STREET - LATER

Phil hurries toward the bed and breakfast carrying two gallon buckets of paint, and a couple of big bags from a hardware store.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - CONTINUOUS

Phil enters and passes Mrs. Lancaster in the breakfast room.

MRS. LANCASTER
Painting something, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
I'm conducting an experiment.

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - LATER

Phil enters and dumps the bags on the bed. Out fall a couple of big paintbrushes, a small sledgehammer, a handsaw, a crowbar, plastic goggles and assorted other tools. He puts on the goggles, grabs a hammer and some nails and starts nailing the door shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Mrs. Lancaster and several other guests are gathered in the hall outside Phil's room, listening at the door and looking very worried. Loud music is playing inside the room.

From inside the room, they hear the sound of loud hammering, wood splintering and glass breaking.

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil, has demolished just about all the furniture and woodwork in the room. He rips off the last of the wooden moldings with the crowbar, then crosses to the mirror over the demolished sink.

Phil stands there, staring at his image in the mirror, trying to figure out what's happening to him. He starts breathing heavier, as if gathering courage, then, just when we think he's going to cut off his ear or something, he raises an electric barber clipper and shaves a bald stripe up the middle of his head. He studies his new look for a moment then smashes the mirror with his sledgehammer.

Then he opens the cans of paint, dips the two big brushes into the cans and starts slapping bright red paint onto the walls, madly, feverishly, splashing himself and everything else in the room with it.

As a final touch he grabs the bed pillows and rips them open, then shakes them all around the room creating a storm of feathers.

Finally, Phil falls exhausted on the bed. From outside we can hear outraged hotel employees pounding on the door.

We pan over to the clock radio, the only undamaged object in the room. Feathers drift down past the face of the clock which reads 5:59 AM. The time changes to 6:00, the radio clicks on and "I Got You, Babe" starts playing as we pan back to Phil sleeping on the bed.

He opens his eyes, jumps out of bed and looks around. No paint, no feathers, no damage. Everything is as clean and tidy as the day he checked in.

He races over to the unbroken mirror and looks at himself. His hair is completely restored, as if it had never been shaved.

The song ends and the deejays come on. Phil says every word right along with them, shocked into a state of complete wonderment.

PHIL AND DEEJAY
Okay, campers, rise and shine, and don't forget your booties because it's COOOLD out there today.

PHIL AND SIDEKICK
It's cold out there everyday. What is this — Miami Beach?

The deejay laughs. Phil laughs insanely along with him.

CUT TO:

EXT . GOBBLER ' S KNOB - EARLY MORNING

Phil is wrapping up another groundhog report, trying to be completely professional despite the circumstances.

PHIL
(with forced good humor)
. . . So according to Mr. Groundhog I guess we can expect six more weeks of winter. It's not very scientific, but it sure is fun. Hey, wait a second. If he's right, I could be out of a job!
(mock laugh)
For Channel 9 News, this is Phil Connors in Punxsutawney .

He holds until Larry stops tape, then approaches Rita.

PHIL
How was that?

RITA
(pleased)
It was good. A little smarmy for my taste, but I guess that's what sells.

PHIL
Could I talk to you about a matter that is not work related?

RITA
You never talk about work.

PHIL
Do you know what I did last night?

RITA
Do *I* want to know?

PHIL
I destroyed my hotel room.

RITA
You whatl This is not some kind of rock and roll tour. We don't have the budget for that—

PHIL
No, it's okay. This morning it was all right again. That's what I have to talk to you about.

RITA
Phil, what are you doing?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - A BIT LATER

Phil and Rita cross the street and walk past a crowd of concerned citizens gathered around what looks like a car accident. As an ambulance arrives, Phil and Rita enter the cozy looking diner on the corner.

INT. DINER.- CONTINUOUS

Phil and Rita sit together at the same table they had previously. The WAITER approaches.

RITA
(to waiter)
Could I have some coffee, please?

The waiter pours her a cup.

WAITER
(exiting)
I'll be back to take your order.

RITA
Thanks.
(to Phil)
Okay, so tell me. How'd you know where to put the camera?

PHIL
Because I've done it before.

RITA
I know, but the groundhog doesn't do exactly the same thing every year, does he?

PHIL
I'm not talking about last year. I'm talking about today. *I* lived it before.

RITA
You're having deja vu?

PHIL
Big time. Rita, I know it's nuts but I keep reliving the same day over and over— Groundhog Day— today. This is the third time.

RITA
(completely skeptical)
Uh-huh. I'm waiting for the punchline.

PHIL
No, really. It's like today never happened. I shaved my head last night, today its all grown back. I could probably cut off my limbs, one by one, and - pop! They'd grow back. Just like a starfish. I probably don't even have to floss?

RITA
I'm wracking my brain, but I can't even begin to imagine why you'd make up something like this.

PHIL
'Cause I'm not making it up. I'm asking for your help.

Rita looks at him for a long moment.

RITA
Okay, I'll bite. What do you want me to do?

PHIL
The truth? I'd 1ike you to spend the next 24 hours with me and don't leave my side for a second.

RITA
I see. You know, Phil, you can charm all the little P.A.'s at the station, all the secretaries, and even some of the weekend anchors, but not me— not in a thousand years.

PHIL
Wait a second—

RITA
Not if I was dying and your breath was the only cure; not if having your child was the only way to preserve the human race. Just get it out of your head because it is NOT GOING TO HAPPEN!

PHIL
So much for the truth.

Larry pokes his head in the doorway, looks around, spots Rita and makes his way over to their table.

LARRY
(to Rita)
You ready? We better get going if we're going to stay ahead of the weather.

RITA
Yeah, , I'm . ready, Larry.
(exiting)
Good luck, Phil.

CUT TO:

INSERT

X-rays of Phil's skull are slapped up onto a light box.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY

Phil is having his head examined by a NEUROLOGIST.

NEUROLOGIST
No spots, no tumors, no lesions, no clots, no aneurisms. Everything looks fine and dandy to me, Mr. Connors. Have you considered psychiatric help?

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Punxsutawney's only PSYCHOLOGIST is a marriage and family counselor at the local Lutheran church. His appearance and manner indicate he may have some serious problems of his own.

PSYCHOLOGIST
(not too confident)
That's kind of an unusual problem, Mr. Connors. Most of my work is with couples and families.

Phil is lying on a couch. His head is completely shaved.

PHIL
Yeah, but you're still a psychologist. You must have had some course in school that covered this kind of thing.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Sort of, I guess. Abnormal Psychology.

PHIL
So based on that what would you say?

PSYCHOLOGIST
(hesitant)
I'd say that maybe you're — I don't know* — a little delusional.

PHIL
You're saying this thing is not really happening to me?

PSYCHOLOGIST
Uh-huh.

PHIL
Then how do I know this conversation is really happening?

PSYCHOLOGIST
I guess you don't.

PHIL
Then forget about me paying you.

A discreet little alarm sounds.

PSYCHOLOGIST
(relieved)
I'm afraid that's all the time we have, Mr. Connors.

PHIL
Wait! Are you saying I'm crazy?

PSYCHOLOGIST
(humoring him)
Not necessarily. If it concerns you we should schedule our next session as soon as possible. How's tomorrow for you?

Phil glowers at him.

CUT TO:

INSERT - A MODEL OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

A SCIENTIST in a white lab coat is holding up the model. Phil looks on with interest.

SCIENTIST
(authoritatively)
Now if the moon exerts a gravitational pull strong enough to cause the tides, .then it may be theoretically possible for a Black Hole or a Singularity of sufficient magnitude to actually bend time enough to cause it to fold back ,on itself.

PHIL
You think that's a realistic possibility?

A paper airplane sails past his head, accompanied by a noisy outburst of juvenile laughter. We pull back to REVEAL:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Twenty-five eighth-graders running amok.

SCIENTIST
(sternly)
All right! I think someone may just need a little visit to the Assistant Principal's office! Get back in your seats. The bell has not rung yet.

The kids sit back down, but keep up their noisy chatter.

SCIENTIST
(to Phil)
Well, I'm speaking purely hypothetically.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - LATER

Phil is walking toward the exit when he passes a first grade classroom. The door is open and the TEACHER is discussing a story with the class.

TEACHER
So the princess picked up the frog and kissed him.

Phil stops outside the door to listen.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

TEACHER
Now who can tell me what happened when the princess kissed the frog.

LITTLE BOY
Her lips got slimed!

The whole class erupts in giggles and shrieks.

TEACHER
Okay, come on now. What happened when she kissed the frog?

LITTLE GIRL
The princess kissed the frog and the spell got broke and he turned into a handsome prince and they got married and lived happily ever after.

TEACHER
That's right.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Phil is leaning against the wall listening. There is something very arresting about the fairy tale, but finally he just shakes his head and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. DEW DROP INN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Phil is at a bar getting drunk with two local blue-collar workers, GUS and PHIL.

PHIL
Gus, what would you do if there was no tomorrow?

GUS
You mean like if the world was gonna end?

PHIL
No, I mean like if it was never going to end. If everyday was the same and you were stuck here and you couldn't get out and nothing you did mattered?

GUS
You're right. Everyday is the same, I can't get out of here and nothin' I do matters.

V RALPH
No, he's askin' you a question, ya idiot.

GUS
What was the question?

RALPH
What if nothing mattered?! Jeez, I know what I'd do. I ' d j ust spend all my time drivin' fast, gettin' loaded and gettin' laid. That's it.

PHIL
That's it. It just doesn't get any better than this, does it? Good friends, good conversation and quality brew. Drink up, boys.

They salute each other and drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET - LATER

Phil, Gus and Ralph approach Ralph's big, black, old Buick convertible parked outside the bar. They are even drunker than they were before.

RALPH
(fumbling with his carkeys)
Where you stayin', Phil? We'll drop you off.

PHIL
Hey, friends don't let friends drive drunk. Give me your keys.

He's as wasted as they are, but Ralph hands over his keys without a fight.

RALPH
Thanks , man .

PHIL
It's nothing. Get in.

They all pile into the front seat with Phil at the wheel.

PHIL
(starting the ear)
Seatbelts.

Ralph and Gus give him the thumbs up sign and start digging around in the seat cracks for their seatbelts. Suddenly, Phil floors the accelerator and peels away, sideswiping a parked car as he screeches around the corner.

INT. THE BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Phil is having a great time. Gus and Ralph are whooping it up like kids on a roller coaster.

PHIL
This is great, Ralph!

RALPH
Oh, hey, take a left!

Phil passes the intersection.

RALPH
You missed it!

PHIL
No problem —

EXT . MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Phil throws the car into a high-speed, skidding U-turn, goes up on the curb, across a couple of lawns, takes out a mailbox and a STOP sign and bounces back onto the street.

A POLICE CAR parked in front of the hardware store pulls out and takes off after him.

INT. THE BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Phil swerves in and out of oncoming traffic. Gus is starting to look a little green.

PHIL
So many rules —

RALPH
You can say that again.

PHIL
"Don't do this—"

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Buick demolishes a parked car.

PHIL (V.O.)
"Don't do that — "

He mows down a row of parking meters.

POLICE CAR

It comes screaming around a corner in hot pursuit of the Buick

INT. THE BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Ralph hears the siren and looks back at the police car.

All right! Try and stop us, you mothers !

PHIL
No more rules!

RALPH
No more rules!

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A second police car joins the chase.

RALPH
(looking back)
That's two!

PHIL
Having a good time?

RALPH
I'm having a great time!

Phil speeds up to a hundred miles and hour. Gus is looking even worse from the liquor and the motion of the car.

GUS
Hey, uh —

PHIL
Phil.

GUS
Yeah, Phil— like the groundhog.

PHIL
Right.

GUS
Hey, Phil? How're we going to get out of this?

THEIR POV - THE INTERSECTION AHEAD

Two police cars with lights flashing are parked sideways, completely blocking the road. Officers stand in the roadway, motioning for Phil to stop.

PHIL
(calmly)
Gus, you're just going to have to trust me on this one.

He tromps the gas pedal to the floor. Gus's eyes go wide with terror.

The police dive out of the way.

PHIL AND RALPH
Yahooooo!

THEIR POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The Buick crashes head on into one of the police cars.

BLACK OUT:

CLOSE UP - CLOCK

The time changes from 5:59 to 6:00. The radio starts playing "I Got You, Babe."

Phil sits up suddenly and looks around, completely amazed. He is in his room at the bed and breakfast, everything exactly the same as before. He hops out of bed and quickly examines himself for signs of physical injury. Nothing. The music ends and the two deej ays come on.

DEEJAY
Okay, campers, rise and shine, and don't forget your booties because it's COOOLD out there today.

Phil talks out loud along with them.

PHIL AND SIDEKICK
It's cold out there everyday. What is this— Miami Beach?

The deejays laughs. Phil laughs, too, exhilirated at having survived the car wreck, still very confused and perplexed, bu just beginning to see the possibilities of his unique situation. He starts dressing in a hurry.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil rushes into the breakfast room just as Mrs. Lancaster comes out of the kitchen with the coffee. Everything is exactly the same as before.

MRS. LANCASTER
Would you—

Phil interrupts, answering all her questions before she even asks them.

PHIL
(urgently)
Yes, I would like some coffee; the weather is going to be cold and overcast with blizzard conditions moving in later today; and yes, I will be staying an extra day.

MRS. LANCASTER
(baffled)
Why thank you.

PHIL
Mrs. Lancaster, has anyone been around here looking for me this morning? Maybe a state official, blue coat, hat, gun, nightstick, badge, driving a late-model Ford br Chevy, black and white with bubble lights on top—

MRS. LANCASTER
(shocked)
No, no one like that-- I .don't—
Will they be?

PHIL
(greatly relieved)
Apparently not.

Phil gooses her, grabs a sweet roll, and heads for the door, starting to believe now that he can truly do anything he want to.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAWN

Phil stops on the steps, puts on his coat and gloves and agai joins the traffic heading toward Gobbler's Knob.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Phil passes the old bum, ignoring him as usual.

NED (O.C.)
Hey, Phil!

Phil slips off his glove as Ned Ryerson lumbers toward him.

NED
Phil! Phil Connors!

PHIL
Ned! Ned Ryerson! Ned the Head!

Before Ned can say another word, Phil SLUGS HIM. Ned goes down, Phil puts his glove back on and keeps walking.

Phil deftly avoids the slushy pothole he stepped in before. A PEDESTRIAN walking behind him steps right into it.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - LATER

Phil is passing through the crowd on his way to the press are when he notices NANCY, the girl he met at the hotel bar, and stops to talk to her.

PHIL
You here to see the groundhog?

She gives him a look. It's obvious she's never seen him before.

NANCY
Can you think of another reason anybody'd be out here at dawn on a freezing day?

PHIL
What's your name?

NANCY
Nancy Taylor. And you are—

PHIL
Where'd you go to high school?

NANCY
What is this?

PHIL
(playful)
High school?

She really doesn't know what to make of Phil but she decides t play along.

NANCY
Lincoln High school. In Pittsburgh. Who <u>are</u> you?

PHIL
Who was your twelfth grade English teacher?

NANCY
Are you kidding?

PHIL
I'm waiting.

NANCY
.Mrs. Walsh.

PHIL
Walsh. Nancy, Lincoln, Walsh.

NANCY
Is this some kind of come-on?

PHIL
I'm not really sure. We'll have to see.

Phil walks off and joins Rita at their camera position.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - LATER THAT MORNING

Phil is sitting at his usual table, which is covered with an incredible variety of rich foods— eggs, bacon, sausage, pancakes, pies, cakes, eclairs, ice cream, puddings, etc.

Rita sits across from him, watching in amazement as he stuffs himself with pastry.

RITA
Is this some new fad diet? Don't you worry about cholesterol?

Phil scrapes a plate and takes a final bite of a chocolate eclair.

PHIL
I don't worry about anything anymore.

RITA
What makes you so special? Everybody worries about something.

PHIL
That's exactly what makes me so special.

He takes a big bite of cake. Rita shakes her head.

PHIL
(with his mouth full)
What?

RITA
"The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down to the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Sir Walter Scott.

PHIL
(stares at her for a long moment)
"There was a young man from Nantucket—"

RITA
That's really funny. When are you going to grow up, Phil?

PHIL
At this rate-- never.
(he pulls out a pack of cigarettes)
Okay if I smoke?

Rita shrugs. Phil lights up a cigarette.

RITA
You really do have a death wish, don't you?

PHIL
Just the opposite, Rita. I have a life wish. I'm just trying to enjoy it. Taking pleasure in the little things. Don't you ever just want to cut loose and go wild?

RITA
I wouldn't even know what it means to go wild.

PHIL
Yeah, well, that's where I come in. Going wild is one of my specialties. Last night I got completely loaded and drove head-on into a police car.

RITA
(disbelieving)
Oh, really? You look pretty good this morning.

PHIL
That's my point. I know you won't believe me, but we could do anything we want today and it wouldn't matter one bit. Absolutely no consequences. Complete and total freedom.

RITA
And how. . , do we manage that?

PHIL
You leave that to me. Why don't you send Larry back and hang out with me for the rest of the day? You never make it through that blizzard anyway.

Larry enters the diner and spots them.

RITA
I'll take my chances with the -weather. But you have a good time.

PHIL
Don't worry. I plan to.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - NEXT MORNING

Phil comes through the crowd and finds Nancy in the same spo she was in the day before.

PHIL
Nancy?

Nancy turns and looks at him quizzically.

PHIL
Nancy, right?

NANCY
I'm sorry, I—

PHIL
Nancy Taylor? Lincoln High? I sat next to you in Mrs. Walsh's English class.

NANCY
That—

PHIL
Phil Connors.

NANCY
--is amazing!

PHIL
You don't remember me, do you?

NANCY
I don't— sure, I think—

PHIL
We used to shoot spit balls—

NANCY
Yeah, oh, God—

PHIL
I even asked you to the prom.

NANCY
Phil Connors.

PHIL
Yeah.

NANCY
How ARE you?!

PHIL
I'm great. Wow, you look terrific. Hey, listen, I gotta do this report—

NANCY
You're a reporter?

PHIL
Weatherman. Channel 9, Pittsburgh.

NANCY
Right, I should've known—

PHIL
But maybe after we could —

NANCY
Yeah, yeah, I'd like that —

RITA (O.C.)
Phil!

Rita is calling from across the crowd. She looks at him with disapproval .

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Phil is making passionate love to a WOMAN in the dark.

WOMAN
(moans)
Oh, Phil.

PHIL
Oh , Rita .

The woman suddenly freezes. There is a moment of silence, then she snaps on the light. It's Nancy, not Rita. Phil is as surprised as she is by his slip of the tongue.

NANCY
(cold)
Who's Rita?

PHIL
(caught)
No one. It's just something I say when I make love. You know — "Orita", "Orighta"-- it's like "Oh, baby" or something.

NANCY
(not entirely convinced)
Oh.

PHIL
(corrects her)
O-rita.

Nancy laughs uncertainly. Phil switches off the light, thinking now about Rita.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

Some elderly GUESTS are sipping coffee and eating breakfast, staring uncomfortably at something on the other side of the room.

THEIR POV

Phil is standing at the bookcase, wearing only pajamas, absently munching on a Danish as he reads from one of the books.

Mrs. Lancaster approaches him.

MRS. LANCASTER
Isn't it a wonderful collection?

PHIL
(not looking up)
Yes, it is. You don't usually find this many trashy novels in one place.

MRS. LANCASTER
You can take a book up to your room if you like.

PHIL
No, thank you. I've actually read them all. I was just rereading some of the dirty parts.

He finishes and puts the book back on the shelf.

MRS. LANCASTER
(worried)
How long will you be staying with us, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
Indefinitely. I've already been here for 211 days.

MRS. LANCASTER
(humoring him)
Really? That's quite a long time, isn't it. I hope you're finding things to do in our little town.

PHIL
(casually)
Yes, well, I'm getting a little tired of casual sex so today I thought I'd rob a bank and buy myself a really expensive car.

Phil kisses her on the lips and walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENN BANK AND TRUST - DAY

Two harmless-looking old GUARDS are calmly loading bags of cash into an armored car parked in front of a local bank. Suddenly Phil appears, wielding a shotgun, wearing a Batman style cape, his face completely hidden by a ski mask.

PHIL
(shouts)
All right, freeze!! Drop your guns J!

The guards stand there frozen with terror.

PHIL
You guys ever been held up before?
(they shake their heads)
It's kind of exciting, isn't it?

FIRST GUARD
(frightened)
I guess so. Something to tell the kids about.

PHIL
Yeah. By the way, I'm Phil.

He raises the mask and shows his face.

FIRST GUARD
Herman.

SECOND GUARD
Felix.

PHIL
(shaking their hands)
Herman and Felix. Okay. Take it easy, boys. And thanks.

The frightened guards watch as Phil makes off with two large satchels of cash.

CUT TO:

INT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Phil pats the hood of a used BMW 850 sports car as a SALESMAN stands by beaming. Phil is wearing a full Steelers football uniform complete with shoulder pads.

SALESMAN
A real beauty, huh. We picked it up at a—

PHIL
I'll take it. How much?

SALESMAN
Well, the sticker says $62,999 but if you want—

PHIL
I'll tell you what. I'll give you $70,000 if you just knock off the car salesman stuff and let me get out of here with my car.

The Salesman gawks as Phil opens his briefcase and starts counting out stacks of bills.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUNXSUTAWNEY - DAY

From a high angle, we see the BMW tearing around the streets of the town as if running a Grand Prix road race.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The BMW comes screeching to a stop right in front of the movie theater and the door opens.

A pair of really elaborate cowboy boots complete with silver spurs hits the pavement first; then we PAN UP to see Phil emerge from the car wearing a really gaudy; full cowboy outfit with real six-guns on his hips. A very trashy-looking girl, LARAINE, gets out on the passenger side, dressed like a French maid.

LARAINE
(very self-conscious)
I thought we were going to a costume party.

PHIL
Yeah, we are, we are. But first I have this movie theater fantasy I want to talk to you about.

He escorts her into the theater.

CUT TO:

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - ANOTHER DAY

Phil is lying on the table, getting elaborately tattooed.

Rita walks by, looks in the window and is shocked to see Phil there.

Phil waves at her and points to the colorful new heart pierced by a bloody dagger being tattooed on his arm.

CUT TO:

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

We pan down the line of ROUGH TRADE PATRONS to. Phil, dressed all in black leathers, both arms heavily tattooed, looking lik Sid Viscious on crack. He takes off his hat to reveal red, white and blue hair shaved almost down to his skull. A slut named ANGIE and another overweight, not very pretty MADONNA WANNA-BE, both in too-tight jeans and bullet bras are coming o to him, practically licking his ears. Angie pops a couple of mystery pills into his mouth. Phil washes them down with a shot and a beer.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - NIGHT

It looks like ;outtakes from Fellini's "Satyricon." Heavy metal is blaring from the radio, as several unsavory looking men and women are partying down, a few already passed out, sleeping of whatever hit them. Someone is knocking loudly on the door, shouting complaints about the music. A beer bottle smashes against the door.

Phil is sitting up on the bed with Angie. He has his arm around her shoulder and a fifth of Wild Turkey in his hand.

PHIL
(more to himself than to Angie)
Yeah, but eventually you' d just get tired of screwing around and then you'd want a real relationship, wouldn't you?

ANGIE
I don't know.

A big German Shepherd tries to jump up on the bed with them.

PHIL
Get down, Brunoi
(continuing)
Someone decent, someone who you respected, who respects you.

ANGIE
I guess so.

The dog jumps up again.

PHIL
Down , Bruno !
(still musing)
It's tough to find a relationship like that, especially if your time is kind of limited. But you still have to try, don't you?
(the dog again)
Bruno! I told you! Off the bed!

Phil looks over at Angle who's passed out with her mouth open

PHIL
There ' s got to be more to it than this.

CUT TO :

EXT. A SIDE STREET - THE NEXT MORNING

Rita is in the news van reviewing the tape of Phil's report Phil hovers at the open side door.

RITA
You look good. I mean, it came out all right. How'd you know where to put the camera?

PHIL
Psychic. So did you have a nice evening?

RITA
(guarded)
I just had a sandwich, watched some TV and went to bed.

PHIL
I got my whole body tattooed and part ied all night with some nymphomaniac biker chicks.

RITA
(skeptical)
Sounds wholesome. Were those the new 24-hour disappearing tattoos or can I see them?

PHIL
No, they're gone. Rita, if you only had one day to live, what would you do with it?

She switches off the videotape and steps out of the van.

RITA
I don't know, Phil. What are you dying of?

PHIL
No, I mean like what if the entire world was about to explode?

RITA
I'd just want to know where to put the camera. What are you looking for, Phil— a date for the weekend?

She starts walking toward the center of town. Phil sticks right with her.

PHIL
No, I just want to know you better. What do you like, what do you want, what do you think about, what kind of men are you interested in, what do you do for fun?

RITA
(she stops)
Is this real or are you just going to make me feel like a fool?

PHIL
I'm just trying to talk to you like a normal person. Isn't this how normal people talk?

RITA
Close.

PHIL
Okay, so talk to me. C'mon, I'll buy you a cup of coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - A LITTLE LATER

Phil and Rita are at their usual table, drinking coffee.

RITA
I guess I want what everybody wants— you know, career, love, marriage, children. So far I don't have any of it.

PHIL
You have a career.

RITA
I have a job. Doing stories on the Punxsutawney groundhog is not my ultimate goal. No offense.

PHIL
How about the other stuff? You seeing anybody?

RITA
This is getting too personal. I don't think I'm ready to discuss these things with you. What about you? What do you want?

PHIL
What I really want is someone like you.

RITA
Oh, please—

PHIL
Why not?

RITA
Phil, you know, you have so much talent and ability. If you'd just drop the attitude and act like a decent human being, then maybe I'd—
(she hesitates)

PHIL
You'd what?

RITA
I don't know what.

PHIL
Then maybe you'd like me?

She stares hard at him.

RITA
I don't know. It's sort of like the way I feel about UFO's. I'd have to see it to believe it.

Larry pokes his head in the doorway, looks around, spots Rita and makes his way over to their table.

LARRY
(to Rita)
You ready? We better get going if we're going to stay ahead of the weather.

RITA
Yeah, I'll be right out, Larry.

Larry scowls at Phil and exits.

PHIL
(to Rita)
Why don't you stay for a while? The road's going to be closed anyway. Do you really want to be stuck in the van with Larry for three hours?

RITA
I've got to get back. I'll see you later.

Phil watches Rita exit.

PHIL'S POV

Rita gets in the news van and drives off with Larry.

Phil stares out the window, more" determined than ever to wi her over.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER•S KNOB - ANOTHER DAY

Phil is wrapping up his groundhog report.

PHIL
Well, you heard it right from the groundhog's mouth. Bundle up good, 'cause it's going to be a long winter— at least in Punxsutawney. Reporting for Channel 9, this is Phil Connors.

Larry stops tape.

RITA
That was great. How did you know the—

PHIL
(preoccupied)
I have to go now. There's something I have to do.

Phil runs off without another word of explanation.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEWS VAN - LATER

Phil has the hood open and is doing something to the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BERGHOF RESTAURANT - LATER

Rita is sitting at the bar in the town's best restaurant, *a* good chophouse with Black Forest decor and waitresses dressed in dirndl skirts and aprons. Phil enters and sits down next to her.

PHIL
(acting surprised)
Oh, hi, Rita. You still here?

RITA
(glum)
The van won't start. Larry's working on it.

PHIL
(innocent)
Wouldn't you know it. Buy you a drink?

RITA
Okay.

PHIL
(to the bartender)
Jack Daniels.

BARTENDER
For you, miss?

RITA
Tequila,with lime. Gold, if you've got it.

Phil nods to himself.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - ANOTHER DAY

Phil walks in and sits next to Rita.

PHIL
(acting surprised)
Oh, hi, Rita. You still here?

RITA
(glum)
The van won't start. Larry's working on it.

PHIL
Wouldn't you know it. Buy you a drink?

RITA
Okay.

PHIL
(to the bartender)
Tequila with lime, gold if you've got it.

Rita looks at Phil, surprised.

BARTENDER
For you miss?

RITA
Same for me, please.

The BARTENDER pours.

PHIL
(to Rita)
What should we toast to?

RITA
Your call.

PHIL
To the groundhog!

Rita stares for a moment.

RITA
I always drink to world peace.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - ANOTHER DAY

BARTENDER
Take your order?

PHIL
Tequila with lime, gold if you've got it.

Rita looks at Phil.

,
BARTENDER
For vou, miss?

RITA
Same for me, please.

The BARTENDER pours.

Phil lifts his glass.

PHIL
To world peace.

Rita smiles, reevaluating him.

RITA
To world peace.

They clink glasses.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAR - LATER

Rita and Phil are now sitting together at a table, a plate of cheese and crackers and a bottle of white wine between them.

PHIL
You like your job?

RITA
It's okay. *I* think it could be really challenging. Of course it's about a million miles from where I started out in college.

PHIL
You weren't in broadcasting?

RITA
At Bryn Mawr? No, uh-uh. "Believe it or not, I studied Nineteenth Century French Poetry.

PHIL
(laughs good-naturedly)
Really? What a waste of time.

Rita looks offended. Phil knows he made a mistake.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - ANOTHER DAY

PHIL
You weren't in broadcasting?

RITA
At Bryn Mawr? No, uh-uh. Believe it or not, I studied Nineteenth Century French Poetry.

Phil leans in closer to her.

PHIL
La fille qui j'aimera
Sera comme bon vin
Qui se bonifiera
Un peut chaque matin.

Rita smiles, entranced.

CUT TO:

INT. FUDGE SHOP - DAY

Phil and Rita are sitting at a table in a small confectionery, tasting chunks of different flavored fudge. Rita takes a bite

RITA
This is terrific.

PHIL
Best fudge in town.

RITA
How do you know so much about Punxsutawney?

PHIL
I like small towns. I think they engender real community more than big cities.

RITA
That is so true! I've always thought that, too.

PHIL
No kidding. Here— try the white chocolate.

RITA
Oh, yuk, don't make me sick.

PHIL
(making mental note)
No white chocolate.

RITA
There's something so familiar about this. Do you ever have deja vu?

Phil smiles. Then Larry enters.

LARRY
(irate, to Rita)
I don't believe it. Someone bought every distributor cap in this town. We're going to be stuck here all night1

Over Phil's sympathetic look we hear the song, "I Can't Get Started With You".

CUT TO:

INT. THE BERGHOF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The music continues over Rita and Phil on the small dance floor. They dance, close, dreamy, romantic.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

There is a light snow falling. Phil and Rita are making a little snowman. Somehow the town looks magical tonight— old fashioned, wholesome.

A snowball hits Phil in the back. He and Rita turn around to see a giggling KID. Phil packs a snowball and tosses it. The kid throws one back. Rita and Phil both get into it, packing snowballs and getting into a war with this kid and his little gang of friends.

A snowball catches Rita unaware, she slips and goes down in a snowbank. Phil bends down to help her and slips. They are no together, lying in the snow, laughing. Their eyes lock for a long sweet moment, then Rita gets embarrassed and stands up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHERRY STREET INN - NIGHT

Phil and Rita are walking slowly, very close.

PHIL
What?

RITA
I'm just amazed. And I'm not easily amazed.

PHIL
About what?

RITA
How you can start a day with one kind of expectation and end up so completely different.

PHIL
Do you like how this day is turning out?

RITA
Yes. I like it very much.

They stop dn front of Phil's hotel. She turns to him.

RITA
You could never have planned a day like this, but it couldn't have been more perfect.

PHIL
You're wrong. I've been planning this day for weeks.

Rita ignores the remark and hugs him. Phil tries to kiss her but she gently puts her fingers to his lips, stopping him.
\ They enter the bed and breakfast inn.

INT. VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Rita hugs him again and starts to exit.

RITA
Thanks. See you tomorrow.

PHIL
Tomorrow? Wait, aren't you going to come up to my room for a while?

RITA
(very reluctant)
I don't know, Phil—

PHIL
No•reason to end a perfect day.

RITA
(deciding)
Well— we better not.

PHIL
No, you should. The, uh, the poetry! I've got some books, Rimbaud, Beaudelaire, we could light a fire—

RITA
Thanks, but —

PHIL
(seeing it all slip away)
Please come, Rita. It'll be —

RITA
(definite)
Phil, I'm tired. We can be together tomorrow.

PHIL
(getting desperate)
But there is no tomorrow for me!

RITA
(adamant)
Let's not ruin it, Phil. There's no way I'm sleeping with you tonight.

PHIL
Why not? Rita, I love you!

RITA
You don't even know me!

PHIL
(grabs her hand)
Please! You have to!

Rita shakes loose from his grasp.

RITA
What's wrong with you!

There is a long moment of silent tension, then all her old doubts about Phil come rushing back.

RITA
(shaking her head)
Oh, no. I can't believe I fell for it. This whole day was just one long set-up. And I ate fudge. Yucchh! I hate fudge.

PHIL
No, it was real. I love you.

RITA
Stop saying that! Do you really expect me to trust you? The whole secretarial pool is a Phil Connors recovery group.

PHIL
But I can change! I really can—

Rita slaps him hard on the cheek.

RITA
That's for making me care about you.

She turns and stomps off, leaving Phil standing there hurting.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - ANOTHER NIGHT

The snowball fight with the kids is going on as before. Phil falls into the snowbank with Rita and they almost kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. QUALITY INN MOTEL - LATER

Phil is trying (MOS) to talk his way into Rita's room. She ^pushes him away and slams the door in his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The streets are deserted except for Phil, staring up at Rita's window in the Quality Inn.

Rita comes to her window and looks out. She sees Phil looking up at her and draws the curtains.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - DAWN

"I Got You, Babe" is playing. Phil hits the clock radio to turn it off. He lies there for a moment, then hefts himself heavily out of bed, not eager to repeat the day yet another time. With the radio off, Phil does the deejays' morning routine himself, seemingly for the millionth time.

PHIL
(dully)
Okay, campers, rise and shine, and don't forget your booties because it's cooooold out there today.

Phil continues the radio report at his own pace, obviously fatigued.

PHIL
It's cold out there everyday. What is this — Miami Beach? Haw. Not hardly. And you can expect hazardous travel later today with that, you know, blizzard thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - DAWN

Phil is walking through the crowd. He spots Nancy, walks up to her and greets her half-heartedly .

PHIL
Hi, Nancy.

NANCY
(pleasantly)
Hi. Do I know you?

Phil can't manage enough enthusiasm to pursue her yet again.

PHIL
No, I guess not. I thought you were someone else.

Phil wanders over to where Rita and Larry are setting up the camera. Rita comes over to him.

RITA
Are you all right, Phil? You look terrible.

Phil looks at her sadly, then turns away.

PHIL
(vacantly)
I'm fine.

CUT TO:

INT . BIKER BAR - NIGHT

The balls CRACK as the cue ball breaks the rack.

Phil is walking around the table, cue in hand, sinking ball after ball, while several admiring HUSTLERS look on.

FIRST HUSTLER
Who is this guy?

SECOND HUSTLER
I don't know. Hey, mister—
(Phil doesn't stop shooting)
Who are you, anyway?

Phil shoots, sinks a tough one.

PHIL
You don't know me? I've been playing here every day for two months.

FIRST HUSTLER
Oh, yeah? So how come I ain't seen you?

PHIL
I don't know. I seen you.

SECOND HUSTLER
So what's your name?

PHIL
They call me— Punxsutawney Phil.

SECOND HUSTLER
Punxsutawney Phil? Like the groundhog.

PHIL
Yeah, like the groundhog.

Phil sinks another one.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - DAWN

The crowd is waiting expectantly for the groundhog to appear Phil is a wreck, squatting unprofessionally in front of the camera.

PHIL
(cynically)
This is one of the most pitiful spectacles known to civilization. With one nod from a filthy rodent best known to pest control agencies, a moribund old coal mining hamlet turns magically into the Lourdes of Pennsylvania, Mecca to thousands of people who, if they hated the winter so damned much, why don't they move to Florida, anyway?

Larry and Rita look on, incredulous.

. CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - TV SET

The program JEOPARDY! is playing.

ALEX TREBECK
(on TV)
Nobel prize-winning co-discoverers of the DNA molecule.

PHIL (O.C.)
Who are Watson and Crick.

CONTESTANT
(on TV)
Who are Watson and Crick?

ALEX
(on TV)
Correct.

There is a cheering from a small group of people off-screen.

INT. PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Phil is sitting in his bathrobe in a big lounge chair in the parlor of his hotel. Mrs. Lancaster, and other guests watch his performance, awed by his "intellect."

ALEX
(on TV)
Twin brother and sister Sebastian and Olivia create confusion in this Shakespearean comedy.

PHIL
What is "Twelfth Night."

CONTESTANT
(on TV)
What is "Twelfth Night?"

ALEX
(on TV)
Correct.

More cheering from the small group.

CONTESTANT
(on TV)
I'll take New Jersey for eight hundred, Alex.

ALEX
(on TV)
And the answer is— an audio daily double.

PHIL
Count Basie.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Phil is walking through town, still dressed only in his pajamas and overcoat, counting the sidewalk cracks, taking giants steps from one to the next. He looks crazy.

PHIL
Two thousand six hundred and seventy-one—
(takes another step)
two thousand six hundred and seventy-two—
(another step)
two thousand six hundred and seventy-thr-ee-^-

A woman passes walking her dog.

PHIL
Hey, pick up after your dog!

DOG WALKER
He hasn't done anything.

PHIL
He's going to!
(pointing)
There and there. And there!

Phil continues walking, counting the sidewalk cracks. THREE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS notice Phil and walk along, matching him step for step.

iPHIL
Two thousand six hundred and seventy-four, two thousand six hundred and seventy-five, two thousand'—

JOEY
Five million eight hundred—

PHIL
Six hundred—

MIKE AND SUE
Ninety, twenty, four, six, fifty—

PHIL
Two thousand, four hundred—

JOEY, MIKE AND SUE
Two, eight, nine, forty-six—

Phil stops. He has lost count. His lip curls up like an animal as he turns slowly, growling at the kids. They run away screaming with glee. Phil starts after them but runs right into a COP.

COP
You got a problem, buddy?

PHIL
(out of control)
Yeah, I got a problem, buddy! I can't stand this place anymore! I can't stand this street and *I* can't stand the fourteen bars and the five banks and the one star food and the bad weather and the "quaint" little shops and most of all, I can't stand anything— ANYTHING— with a groundhog on it.

He rips a groundhog patch off the cop's jacket sleeve.

COP
(calmly)
Okay. Then let's see what we can do about getting you out of here. You got a name?

PHIL
(eyes downcast)
Phil.

COP
Phil. Like the groundhog!

Phil turns to the cop like a rabid dog, ready to strike.

PHIL
Yeah, like the—
(he stops as if struck)
—groundhog.

Some big new idea has formed in his mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - EARLY MORNING

Rita is looking at Phil as Larry videotapes his report.

LARRY
(turning to Rita)
The guy's nuts. He's out of his gourd.

RITA
Let him finish, then I'll call the station.

They turn back to watch Phil's wrap-up.

Phil is completely unkempt, still wearing only pajama bottoms and his overcoat, looking even more demented.

PHIL
(to camera)
There is no way this winter is ever going to end as long as that groundhog keeps seeing his shadow everyday. I don't see any other way out. He's got to be stopped and I've got to stop him. For Channel 9 news, this is Phil Connors.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - NIGHT

Phil is walking around the mound, casing it out. He takes a rifle out from under his coat and sneaks up to the burrow. He pulls a smoke bomb from his pocket, lights it, and throws it into the hole, then scurries for the edge of the knob and hits the deck. He lifts his rifle and aims it.

Smoke is now pouring from the mound. Lots of it.

Phil waits, his trigger finger twitching.

A WOMAN casually walks by, stops. She surveys the situation.

WOMAN
He ain't there.

Phil doesn't move. He-doesn't care that she sees him.

WOMAN
You can wait all night, but he ain't coming out. He don't live there. They keep him in the library.

Phil's gun droops. The woman begins to walk off, then stops.

WOMAN
Plug him once for me.

She leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - DAY

Phil passes a pedestal bearing a life-size bronze statue of the groundhog and enters the public library.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Phil walks past the front desk looking very haggard and dangerous, and enters the children's section. No one is present except the CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN, a young woman, reshelving books in the stacks. He looks around quickly and sees a window in the wall and over it a large sign which reads: "Punxsutawney Phil - The Great Prognosticates"

Phil heads right for it.

The groundhog scurries around his little temperature-controlled habitat, oblivious to the approaching danger.

As Phil approaches the groundhog display, he reaches into his overcoat and pulls out a pump shotgun with a short pistol grip.

The children's librarian sees the gun and freezes.

Phil pumps a shell into the chamber as he walks right up to the case.

PHIL'S POV

The groundhog looks right into his sights.

Philsqueezes the trigger. LOUD GUNSHOT.

The glass window is still intact, not a scratch on it. The groundhog looks up playfully.

Phil fires off four more rounds but, again, no results. Phil can't believe it. He charges the glass and pounds it with the rifle butt. He can't even chip it. Suddenly he is seized from behind by TWO STRONG MEN who take the rifle from him and wrestle him to floor.

The librarian comes running up and looks at the groundhog.

BYSTANDER
Is he all right?

LIBRARIAN
He's just fine. That's two inches of bullet-proof glass there. You can't be too careful in this day and age.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - DAWN

The groundhog is just poking his head out of the hole. He stands full height and looks around.

Phil looks directly at the groundhog with hate and scheming madness.

Suddenly, Phil whips out a big kitchen knife from under his icoat and dives at the groundhog. Town officials and police throw themselves on Phil as the groundhog scampers safely back into his hole.

Rita and Larry videotape the incident, aghast at Phil's insane attack.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - ANOTHER DAY

Larry and Rita are loading their equipment back into the van. Rita spots Phil standing on the other side of the crowd, staring at her. She marches straight over to him, furious.

RITA
Where were you this morning? How could you possibly miss the shoot?

PHIL
(at the end of his rope)
I've come to the end of me, Rita. There's only one way out now. Just remember/we had a wonderful day together once.

Phil kisses her gently on the cheek and walks off toward the back of the knob. Rita watches him, then follows at a discreet distance, very worried.

In a small clearing behind the man-made groundhog burrow, Buster Greene and TWO other GROUNDHOG CLUB OFFICIALS are lifting a cage into the front seat of Buster's pickup.

BUSTER
(to the groundhog)
There you go, ol' buddy. Good job. Hey! He smiled at me. See that?

FIRST OFFICIAL
Right.

BUSTER
(securing the cage)
There, little fella.

The other official looks up and sees Phil walking toward them like a zombie.

OTHER OFFICIAL
Hi, there, mister. Something I can do you for?

Without a word, Phil jumps quickly into the cab of the pickup and starts it up .

FIRST OFFICIAL
Hey! What 're you — !

Phil drives off in Buster's truck.

Rita witnesses the groundhog-napping and runs back toward the knob.

RITA
(shouts)
Larry!

Buster and his aides race for another car parked nearby.

BUSTER
Jake! Call the police, and get the word out. Somebody kidnapped Phil. We're going after him. Come on, Tommy!

They jump into a car, Buster guns the engine and takes off after the pickup.

Rita runs up to Larry and grabs the camera on the fly.

RITA
Let's go! Phil just snatched the groundhog!

Larry does a slow take and starts gathering up the rest of the gear.

LARRY
(mutters)
Probably some kind of gerbil deal. Pervert.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Phil comes tearing around a slippery curve, followed by Buster in his car, and close behind him, a contingent of police cars and the Channel 9 news van.

INT. PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Phil looks at the groundhog on the seat next to him, then punches the gas as he turns up a mountain drive.

PHIL
Coming to the end of the trail, Phil. Then we're going out in a blaze of glory.

INT. BUSTER'S CAR - SAME TIME

Buster pursues Phil with relentless determination.

BUSTER
Nobody takes my groundhog and gets away with it.

INT. THE NEWS VAN - SAME TIME

Rita is driving. Larry is hooking up the camera.

RITA
(very upset)
What is he doing? What can he be thinking? He must've just — snapped.

Larry squeezes into the passenger seat with the camera mounted on his shoulder .

LARRY
This oughta be good.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The cars chase the pickup to the top of the mountain.

INT. BUSTER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

BUSTER
Okay! I know this road. There's no way off ' cept the way we come up.

FIRST OFFICIAL
All right! We got him now.

EXT. LOGGER'S LEAP - CONTINUOUS

The pickup is losing its lead over the pursuers as it nears the sharp mountain cliff.

INT. THE PICKUP - SAME TIME

Phil looks in his rearview mirror at the cars chasing him. He glances down at the groundhog. He takes a breath.

PHIL
Okay, pal. It's showtime.

Phil hits the gas.

INT. THE NEWS VAN - SAME TIME

Larry is taping as Rita comes around the curve just in time to see the pickup truck speeding toward the cliff. Rita hits the brakes and watches in horror.

RITA
PHIL! NO!

EXT. LOGGER'S LEAP - CONTINUOUS

The pickup bursts through a retaining fence and rockets over the edge of the cliff.

The pickup seems to hang in the air for a long time, then it begins its SLOW MOTION descent, falling ever so gracefully until it impacts on the granite rock face far below.

BIG EXPLOSION. BIG FIREBALL. FLAMING WRECKAGE. Then a small click, followed by "I Got You, Babe."

DISSOLVE TO:

PHIL

He slowly opens his eyes and blinks. He looks around and realizes he's back in his room at the bed and breakfast.

PHIL
Ah, nuts!

Phil throws off the covers and hurls himself out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. NED RYERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ned and a client are huddled over his desk, looking at some papers. A BODY DROPS quickly past the window behind them. It's Phil.

They rush to the window and look down at the sidewalk three stories below. Phil is sprawled there like a broken puppet, lifeless.

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - DAWN

"I Got You, Babe" is playing. Phil wakes up and smashes th radio.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rita and Larry are walking down the street when a GREYHOUND BU pulls out of the bus station and accelerates down Main Street. Suddenly, Phil, dressed in pajamas and overcoat, leaps out in front of the speeding bus. Rita witnesses the whole incident.

DRIVERS' POV

He sees Phil through the windshield but doesn't even have time to hit the brakes before he runs right over Phil.

CUT TO:

A TV SCREEN

A woman in some horror movie is screaming.

REVEAL

Mrs. Lancaster is watching TV in the parlor of the hotel. In the corridor behind her, Phil walks by, dressed in a robe, carrying an electric toaster and a towel, heading for the bathroom.

A few moments pass.

We hear the zap of an electrocution, the lights and TV flicker and dim for a moment, then come back on again.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BANK - DAY

The building is surrounded by police, all crouched behind thei cars with guns and rifles trained on the doors.

Suddenly, the doors burst open and Phil comes running out of the bank screaming, dressed in camouflage fatigues and armed to the teeth with an assault rifle in one hand, an Uzi in the other and a couple of handguns stuck in his belt. He doesn't get three feet before he is shot down in an incredible hail of gunfire.

Rita stands beside the camera gaping in horror while Larry records the grisly massacre.

INT. CORONER'S - DAY

Rita stands by weeping while Phil's body is covered with a sheet.

In the shadowy darkness under the sheet, a CLICK is heard and Phil's eyes pop open. "I Got You, Babe" plays.

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil pulls the sheet off his face and finds himself back in his bed in his room. A tear falls from his eye.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Phil and Rita are sitting in the diner at their regular table.

RITA
I'm sorry. What was that again?

PHIL
I'm a god.

RITA
You're God?

PHIL
No, I'm A god. Not THE God— at least I don't think I am.

RITA
That's reassuring. For a mintute there I thought you might be crazy.

PHIL
No, it's true. It's the only possible explanation. I'm a supernatural being.

RITA
Because you survived a car wreck?

The waiter comes to the table.

WAITER
Are you ready to order?

PHIL
(to Rita, ignoring the waiter)
Not just the car wreck! I didn't just blow up yesterday, you know. I've been run over, drowned, crushed, stabbed, shot, electrocuted, poisoned, frozen, burned, and asphyxiated—

RITA
Really?

The waiter looks at him like he's nuts.

PHIL
—but I always wake up the next day without a scratch, without even a headache. I'm telling you, I'm immortal.

WAITER
The special today is blueberry waffles.

RITA
Why are you telling me this?

WAITER
(shrugs)
Because some people like blueberry waffles.

RITA
(to the waiter)
Not you— him.

PHIL
Because I want you to believe in me.

RITA
You're not a god, Phil. Take my word for it. This is twelve years of Catholic school talking.

WAITER
I could come back if you're not ready.

PHIL
How do you know I'm not a god?

RITA
Please.

PHIL
How do you know?

RITA
Because it's not possible.

WAITER
I'll come back.

The /waiter turns to leave.

PHIL
Hey, Billy!

The waiter turns back.

PHIL
This is Bill. He's been a waiter for three years because he left Penn State and had to find work. He likes the town, he paints toy soldiers, and he's gay.

WAITER
I am notl

Phil grabs an astonished Rita and pulls her over to the nex table.

RITA
What are you doing?

PHIL
This *is* Doris Kleiser and her fiance Fred.

DORIS
Do I know you?

PHIL
They're supposed to get married tonight but Doris is having second thoughts.

FRED
What!

Doris touces her engagement ring, dumbfounded. Rita is a little embarrassed.

RITA
Lovely ring.

DORIS
Thanks.

Phil drags Rita to the counter.

PHIL
This is Ralph. Say "Hi," Rita.

Rita flashes a quick smile.

RALPH
Don't believe I've had the—

PHIL
Ralph hates his life here and wants to drive around town smashing into policemen.

RALPH
Well, who don't?

RITA
This is some kind of trick.

PHIL
Yes, it's a trick. But maybe the real God cheats, too. Maybe God isn't omnipotent— he's just had a lot of practice.

RITA
How about that guy?

PHIL
Tom. Worked in the coal mine •til they shut it down.

RITA
Her?

PHIL
Nancy. Went to Lincoln High School in Pittsburgh. Takes herself out to lunch once a week.

Rita is getting very bewildered. From their reactions she ca see that Phil is right about each and every one of them.

RITA
How do you know these people!

PHIL
I told you the truth. In five seconds there's going to be a grease fire in the kitchen. Five, four—

RITA
This is nuts.

PHIL
—three, two, one.

Phil points to the kitchen as smoke starts pouring from the service window. Everyone in the diner is now staring at them

RITA
(trying to puzzle it out)
Okay, enough. Let's just sit down and think for a second.
(they sit)
What do you know about me, Phil? Do you know me, too?

Phil takes a long pause.

PHIL
I know all about you, Rita. I know you like producing, but hope for better than Channel 9, Pittsburgh.

RITA
Everyone knows that.

PHIL
You like boats but not the ocean. There's a lake you go to in the summer with your family, up in the mountains, with an old wooden dock and a boathouse with boards missing in the roof, and a place you used to crawl underneath to be alone, and at night you'd look up and see the stars. You're a sucker for Rocky Road, Marlon Brando, and French poetry. You're wonderfully generous; you're kind to strangers, and children; and when you stand in the snow, you look like an angel.

RITA
How are you doing this?

PHIL
I told you! I wake up every day right here, right in Punxsutawney, and it's always February second and I can't turn it off. If you still don't believe me, listen—

RITA
But, Phil—

PHIL
Listen! In ten seconds Larry is going to walk through that door and take you away from me.

RITA
Larry?

PHIL
But you can't let him. Please believe me. You've got to believe me.

RITA
I don't —

Larry pokes his head in the doorway, looks around and spots Rita.

PHIL
Look.

As Rita turns around to see Larry, Phil grabs a pen and pad from *a* passing waitress and quickly writes something down as Larry makes his way to their table. Phil finishes writing.

LARRY
(to Rita)
You ready? We better get going if we're going to stay ahead of the weather.

Phil hands the paper to Rita. She reads it.

RITA
(reading)
" . . . stay ahead of the weather. "

Larry looks at the paper.

LARRY
What ' s that?

Rita looks at Phil with new understanding and empathy.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUNXSUTAWNEY - DAY

Phil and Rita are walking down the sidewalk.

PHIL
Afer I got over the shock, it was kind of fun for the first year or two. I had anything I wanted. Except you, of course.

Phil abruptly pulls Rita aside. A big pile of snow slides off a roof and onto the sidewalk where they would have walked. Phil doesn't even look up. Rita looks, as if she's seeing a miracle.

RITA
How did this start?

PHIL
I don't know. I just woke up. Just like always.

NED RY-ERSON approaches.

NED
Hey, Phil! Phil Connors 1

PHIL
Rita, this is Ned Ryerson. He's an asshole.

NED
He remembers me!

Phil and Rita keep walking. Rita looks back at Ned, perplexed

PHIL
Trust me on that one.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUDGE SHOP - DAY

Phil and Rita come out of the shop, sharing pieces of fudge

RITA
This is great.

PHIL
No, it isn't. You hate fudge.

. RITA
Just how well do we know each other?

PHIL
I told you. I know everybody.

Rita stops walking.

RITA
Did we ever...you know?

PHIL
(teasing)
Did we ever! You were an animal.

RITA
Come on.

PHIL
You're European trained, aren't you.

Phil continues walking.

RITA
(blushing)
Phil! It's not funny.

She catches up to him. Phil turns to her.

PHIL
You weren't interested.

RITA
(relieved)
Okay.

She begins walking again.

RITA
Not that it would've been so awful.

PHIL
I understand.

RITA
I just had to know whether to smack you or not.

PHIL
You did.

RITA
Good.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Phil and Rita are sitting on a park bench.

PHIL
So do you believe any of this?

RITA
I don't know. I don't know how else you could know so much. Maybe it is really happening.

PHIL
I used to try to stay up all night sometimes. I thought if I could stay conscious I could figure out what was going on, or at least hang onto something from the day before. But I gave up on that a long time ago.

Rita looks at him with compassion.

RITA
It sounds so— lonely.

PHIL
(trying to shrug it off)
It's not that bad. You get used to it.

Rita comes to a decision.

RITA
Maybe I should spend the rest of the day with you— as an objective witness. Just to see what happens. Okay?

PHIL
Yeah, sure. That'd be okay.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL'S ROOM - NIGHT

A hat is lying on Phil's bed. A playing card flies past. A second playing card sails right into the hat. Another playing card sails past, missing. Another playing card sails right in Phil and Rita are tossing cards. Rita is missing. Phil is hitting.

PHIL
It's not in the wrist so much as the fingers. Be the hat.

RITA
It would take me a year to get good at this.

PHIL
Uh-uh. Six months. Four, five hours a day.

RITA
Is this what you do with eternity?

PHIL
Now you know. It's like waiting for a bus that never comes . You should see me play pool — and bowling, juggling, hacky sack. I can ride a unicycle.

There ' s a knock on the door .

PHIL
I'll get it!

Phil jumps for the door and opens it. The PIZZA GUY is there.

PHIL
Hi, Marty. $11.75 including the delivery charge, right?

PIZZA GUY
Uhhhh—

Phil pays him, takes the pizza and closes the door.

RITA
(opening the pizza box)
MMMM. Pepperoni and olives. My favorite .

PHIL
Of course. I told you, I know everything .

RITA
(taking a bite of pizza)
I don ' t think I ' d want to know everything that ' s going to happen. I like to be surprised.

PHIL
That's not the worst part.

RITA
What's the worst part?

PHIL
The worst part is starting over everyday. Tomorrow you won't remember any of this. You'll go back to treating me like a complete jerk —

RITA
No —

PHIL
It's not your fault. I am a jerk.

RITA
No, you're not.

PHIL
Okay, I'm not. It really doesn't make a lot of difference. I've killed myself so many times, I don't even exist anymore. I'm just completely empty.

RITA
Or completely clean.

PHIL
If you're going to be this positive all the time I may have to rough you up a little.

RITA
Wait! Have we done this before?

PHIL
Which part?

RITA
You getting me up here, the card game, the pizza—

PHIL
No, this is the first time.

RITA
(excited)
Well?

PHIL
Well, what?

RITA
Well how does it feel to be doing something completely new?

Phil looks at her with tremendous affection and gratitude.

PHIL
Good. Really good.

He takes a slice of pizza and starts eating with gusto.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PIZZA BOX - LATER

There's only one slice left.

Phil and Rita are sitting together on the bed, close but not touching. Soft music is playing on the radio.

RITA
Sometimes I wish I had a thousand lifetimes. One to be a great journalist. One to, I don't know, go back to school, study art, or auto mechanics. One just to take care of all the busywork, you know, pay the bills, get my car tuned up. One to be the wild woman of Borneo. One to be Mother Theresa. Maybe it's not a curse, Phil. It all just depends on how you look at it.

Phil stares at her for a long time letting this sink in. Then he belches really loud. Rita stares at him, then burps surprisingly loud herself.

RITA
I want you to know, it's been a really nice day for me.

PHIL
Me, too.

RITA
Maybe, if it's not too boring for you, we could do it again.

PHIL
I hope so.

The clock reads 11:59. Rita grabs Phil's hand. He puts his arm around her.

They look into each others' eyes. Rita gives Phil a reassuring smile. She squeezes his hand. Their eyes turn to the clock.

11:;59 turns to 12:00.

Rita looks up at Phil as if expecting some magical event.

RITA
You're still here!

PHIL
I know.

RITA
I thought you were supposed to disappear— or I was or something.

PHIL
Not 'til six.

RITA
You rat!

She is mad in a playful way.

PHIL
I never said midnight—

RITA
You knew I was waiting for midnight!

PHIL
But I never said it.

RITA
Oh, I can't believe you!
(she slugs him with a pillow)
I didn't know this was going to take all night!

PHIL
Does that mean you're going?

RITA
No.

Phil takes Rita's hand. She doesn't resist.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Rita is now sitting right next to Phil on the bed, her head resting on his shoulder. She nods off then catches herself.

RITA
I'm sorry.

PHIL
It's okay to go to sleep you know. I promise I won't touch you— much.

RITA
No, it's all right. I'm not tired. What were you saying?

Her eyes start to close again.

PHIL
I was saying that the cow was eventually returned to it's rightful owner.

RITA
(drifting off)
Really?

PHIL
That's right.

He looks at her, sees she's truly asleep, and gently maneuvers her into a comfortable reclining position on the bed. Then he carefully puts a pillow under her head and settles down next to her.

PHIL
What I was going to say was, I think you're the kindest, sweetest, prettiest, most wonderful girl I ever met in my life.

She starts to stir but he gently kisses her back to sleep.

PHIL
Shhhh. That's good.
(satisfied she's still asleep)
I could never tell you this, but from the first minute I looked at you I wanted to just hold you close and be with you forever. iEverytime I -saw you around the station, I thought my heart was going to explode. I used to dream about us being together. In my dream you loved me as much as I loved you and we didn't have to say anything but I knew you understood everything.

She stirs again but he kisses her until she returns to deep sleep.

PHIL
I know a guy like me could never deserve to have someone like you, but if I did, I swear I would love you for the rest of my life.

Rita opens her eyes.

RITA
(half-asleep)
Did you say something?

PHIL
Good-night, Rita.

He kisses her gently on the forehead.

RITA
Good-night, Phil.

CLOSE UP - THE CLOCK

The time changes from 5:59 to 6:00. The radio starts playing.

Phil wakes up alone in bed. He lies there for a moment then leaps out of bed like a man reborn and heads straight for the shower.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - DAWN

Rita and Larry are in the packed press area, beginning to set up the equipment.

Phil arrives, carrying two cups of coffee.

PHIL
Rita?

She looks at him without a trace of the rapport they shared the night before.

RITA
Oh, hi, Phil.

PHIL
Thought you might like some—

He hands her the coffee.

RITA
Thanks!

PHIL
Careful, it's hot. Larry?

He hands Larry a cup.

LARRY
(surprised, mutters)
Yeah, great.

RITA
We're just setting up.

PHIL
You know, I bumped into Buster Greene, he kind of runs this thing, and he tipped me off that we might get a better shot over there.

RITA
Really?

PHIL
I mean, maybe we should go for it. What do you think?

RITA
Sounds good to me. Larry?

LARRY
Sure, why not?

RITA
All right. Thanks, Phil. Good work.

She reaches for an equipment case.

PHIL
I'll get that.

Phil helps Larry carry the camera gear.

PHIL
(to Larry)
You and I never talk, Larry. You got kids?

Larry looks suspicious. Rita looks on, reevaluating Phil.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Phil enters the library, approaches the Librarian.

PHIL
Where would I find the Philosophy section?

LIBRARIAN
Down and to the left, 600's.

Phil walks through the stacks, past the groundhog window.

CUT TO:

EXT. A HOUSE - DAY

Phil rings the doorbell. A kindly young woman, MARY, answers

MARY
Yes?

PHIL
I'd like a piano lesson, please.

MARY
Oh. Okay, I'm with a student now, but —

PHIL
I'll give you a thousand dollars.

Mary hesitates only a moment, then ushers Phil into the house and closes the door.

A moment later the door opens and a LITTLE GIRL with an armloa of music books exits as if pushed. The door closes behind her

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAWN

Phil walks happily down the hallway. He passes the chubby man.

CHUBBY MAN
Morning.

PHIL
Buon Giorno, signore.

CHUBBY MAN
Think it ' 11 be an early Spring?

PHIL
"Winter slumbering in the open air wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring."

CHUBBY MAN
Oh.

CUT TO :

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Phil and Mary are sitting together at the piano. Phil i playing, poorly.

MARY
Not bad, Mr. Connors. You say this is your first lesson?

PHIL
Technically, yes.

Phil plays on, definitely improving.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

We see several cuts of Phil studying at the library.

SUPERED over these cuts is a calendar with the pages flipping by. They all read "February 2 . "

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - DAWN

Phil stands in front of the camera, giving his report.

PHIL
In fact, the groundhog's legendary ability to predict the weather may be more than just the German folklore of the region. Higher temperatures trigger hormonal changes in the testosterone levels of male groundhogs, which may in fact wake them from hibernation and send them out to battle with other males ;for mating rights. So, the truth is they're not looking for their shadows, they're looking for groundhog chicks.

Rita looks on, clearly delighted with the report.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Phil is playing the piano with ever increasing skill as more February 2 calendar pages flip by.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - DAWN

Phil is delivering another report.

PHIL
Groundhog Day, February second, also known as Candlemas Day or the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, the day Mary first came to the temple for ritual blessings following the birth of the infant Jesus, and celebrated since the Middle Ages by the sacramental lighting of candles. Hence the old Scottish couplet which long predates the .American groundhog tradition: "If Candlemas dawns bright and clear, there'll be two winters in the year."

Larry whispers an aside to Rita.

LARRY
Is he making this stuff up?

RITA
(riveted)
Shhhhh.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Beyond the graveyard is a work shed with various tombstones scattered about. Old TUCKER, the town stonecarver, is at worl chiseling a name into a gravemarker.

Behind him, Phil is chipping away at a small hunk of marble, sculpting a very lovely cherub.

Rita sits on a stool eating an apple and sipping hot tea watching him with amazed interest.

PHIL
But what if the rules changed? What if none of your actions had consequences?

RITA
There would still be an absolute morality. There has to be an absolute good, regardless of the circumstances.

PHIL
Oh, is that so, Miss Plato? Then let me ask you this. Where does this "absolute good" come from? From the sky?

Rita shrugs.

RITA
I don't know. From my freshman Philosophy course, I guess.

They both laugh. Then she looks at him for a long moment and grins.

PHIL
What?

RITA
Nothing. I just can't believe you're such a fine sculptor.

Phil takes a bite of her apple and gets up.

PHIL
I gotta go.

RITA
Where do you have to go in Punxsutawney?

PHIL
I got piano and then drums.

RITA
Here?

PHIL
Come on, I'll drop you off.

They exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET '••-.. LATER

Phil drops Rita off and watches as she crosses the street to Larry who is waiting on the other side.

Across the street, Rita takes a wistful glance toward Phil, then gets in the news van and drives off.

Phil gets out of the car and starts walking, but finds himself face to face with Ned Ryerson.

NED
Phil! Phil Connors! I thought that was you!

PHIL
Ned? Ned Ryerson! I don't believe it. I've missed you so much.

Phil gives Ned a big hug and keeps holding on for an uncomfortably long time, actually giving Ned a hickey on the neck. Ned goes into homophobic shock.

NED
Uh, I gotta get going. Nice to see you, Phil.

He hurries off.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Phil is sitting on the piano bench with Mary, playing pretty well. Mary is astonished.

MARY
How long have you been studying, Mr. Connors?

PHIL
One day. I'm gifted.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Phil is walking down the street. He glances down the alley as he passes, stops, walks back and enters the alley. The OLD BUM that Phil never noticed before is lying there, huddled against a wall. Phil goes to help him.

PHIL
Hey, mister. Hey. Come on, let's get you somewhere warm.

The old bum turns to look at Phil, then closes his eyes.

PHIL
(helps the old man to his feet)
There you go.

Phil practically carries him out of the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A nurse approaches Phil.

NURSE
You the one brought in the old man?

PHIL
How is he?

NURSE
He passed away just now.

Phil pauses for a long moment.

PHIL
What'd he die of?

NURSE
(shrugs)
He was just old. It was his time.

PHIL
I want to see his chart. Excuse me.

Phil brushes past her and makes for the big double doors leading to triage.

NURSE
Sir, you can't —
(hurrying after him)
Look! Some people just die!

PHIL
Not on my watch.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - MORNING

Phil is propping up the old man at a table, trying to feed him hot soup.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Phil is furiously looking over X-rays, flipping through medical journals and making notes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Phil is in the alley, shaking the old man, trying to rouse him

PHIL
Come on . Hang on . Hang on , there . Breathe .

Phil stops. The body lies, unmoving. Phil sits back, breathing heavily.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOBBLER'S KNOB - DAWN

Phil is delivering his report. Everyone there is silent and listening to Phil. Even the other reporters have turned their cameras on him.

PHIL
...When Chekhov saw the long winter, it was a winter bleak and dark and bereft of hope; and yet, we know winter's only one more step in the cycle. And standing among the people of Punxsutawney —
(Phil looks directly at Rita)
— basking in the warmth of their hearths and hearts, I couldn't imagine a better fate than a long and lustrous winter.

Phil smiles. Rita smiles, too.

PHIL
For Channel 9 news, I'm Phil Connors.

There is much applause. Even Larry brushes away a tear.

Phil hands the microphone to Rita.

RITA
Phil—

PHIL
Sorry. I'm gonna be late.

Phil rushes off.

RITA
Late for what? Phil?
(To Larry)
Could you break it down and wrap out of here by yourself, Larry?

LARRY
Sure.

RITA
Thanks.

Rita rushes off after Phil.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Phil walks briskly toward an intersection, glancing nervously at his watch. Rita follows him at a distance, hurrying to kee up.

MARIE, a little nine-year-old girl, approaches the intersectio shielding her brand new puppy under her winter coat. She isn' paying attention to traffic and fails to notice a big truck bearing down on her.

As she steps off the curb, Phil arrives and, with split-second timing, nonchalantly but firmly grabs her coat to hold her back, just as the big truck rushes past in the street, narrowl missing her.

PHIL
Hey! Did you forget to look both ways? You didn't even look one way.

MARIE
My doggie was cold.

PHIL
Yeah, well, my doggies are freezing, but I'm still gonna watch out for cars. See you around, kid.

Phil looks at his watch and rushes off.

Rita looks on amazed and follows him at a distance.

CUT TO:

INT. BERGHOF RESTAURANT - DAY

Phil enters the crowded restaurant and pushes past all the people waiting to be seated. He walks casually but quickly and purposefully around the tables, squeezing past busy waitresses and seated patrons toward a commotion in the back of the restaurant.

TWO BUSINESSMEN are leaning over a THIRD.

BUSINESSMAN
Oh, my God! He's having a heart attack!

SECOND BUSINESSMAN
Lay him down!

BUSINESSMAN
What do *I* do? He's not breathing1

SECOND BUSINESSMAN
He's turning blue! Help!

Phil walks straight up to the BLUE-FACED MAN, grabs him from behind, gets him in the Heimlich grip and squeezes sharply.

A bolus of food flies across the room. The victim coughs and sputters, then starts breathing again.

FIRST BUSINESSMAN
Jerry, you okay?

SECOND BUSINESSMAN
I think that did it.

Phil lets go of the grateful victim.

PHIL
If you're going to eat steak, get better teeth, will you? Enjoy the rest of your lunch, gents.

He exits.

JERRY
Wow. Who was that guy?

Phil gets to the door and finds Rita standing there, looking at him in awe.

PHIL
Rita!

.RITA
(confronting)
-Okay, hold it right there. I want to know what' s going on and I want to know right now.

PHIL
I'm sorry, I'm really pressed right now. Meet me outside the hospital about 5:00 and we'll talk about it.

RITA
The hospital?

Phil looks at his watch and rushes away.

PHIL
Try the curlycue fries. Killer.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

A gurney bursts through the double doors, paramedics and nurses in attendance. The patient is a teenage girl, JANEY, totally unconscious.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The gurney is wheeled into the surgery.

NURSE
Looks like insulin shock. She's probably diabetic.

Phil enters wearing a doctor's scrub suit and begins barking orders.

PHIL
She's not diabetic. It's an overdose. Let's get her up here and pump her stomach, then I want a complete blood work-up, STAT.

NURSE
Right, Doctor—uh—

She realizes she's never seen him before.

PHIL
Call me Phil.

NURSE
Phil. Like the groundhog?

PHIL
Exactly.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Sick CHILDREN in hospital gowns are gathered around Phil, laughing and squealing. Phil is. making balloon animals.

KID
Make a giraffe!

PHIL
A giraffe? Let's see. It's just like a dog with a biiiiig— what was it?

ALL THE KIDS
Neck!

PHIL
A big tail? Okay, a big tail.

KIDS
Neck! A big neck!

Phil makes an animal really quickly.

Rita watches from the doorway, unseen by Phil.

PHIL
There. A dog with long legs.

KIDS
Nooo ! Long neck !

PHIL
Oh! Right! A dog with a big head.

KIDS
Noooo!

The kids attack Phil. Lots of rolling around on the bed. Rita watches, completely enthralled.

Finally, Phil extricates himself and exits to find Rita waiting.

RITA
All right, now what's going on?

PHIL
(taking her arm)
Come on. We have to hurry.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Phil rushes down the sidewalk with Rita close behind him. He stops under a tree and puts his arms out just as a YOUNG BOY falls out of the tree and into his arms, knocking him to the ground. The kid runs off unhurt as Phil gets back to his fee and brushes himself off.

PHIL
(to Rita)
That little bastard has never thanked me once . I ought to j ust let him fall. Teach him a lesson.

RITA
Phil, this is too — I must be dreaming.

PHIL
Yeah, you and me both. Come on,
We're almost done.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Phil kneels on the cold ground beside the old bum who lies huddled against the wall, immobile.

Rita is standing by at the end of the alley, watching as Phil examines him.

Phil writes something down on a small pad. He finishes, and sets it down by the old man. Then he takes his coat and uses it to cover the man up. A siren is heard.

Phil stands and walks away, as an ambulance pulls into the alley.

RITA
Is he — ?

'PHIL
Yeah. Let's go.

RITA
In a minute.

She waits and watches.

The paramedics, BUD and ANDY, get out of the ambulance and inspect the scene.

BUD
It's ol¹ Really.

ANDY
That's a shame.

BUD
Look here .

Bud picks up the note Phil left.

Rita steps closer.

RITA
May I see that?
(reading aloud)
"Every night, by cold bricks
glow
I watch the shadow rising
from this old man in the snow.
At 8:02 we let it go."

ANDY
(repeating)
"At 8:02 we let it go."

BUD
Wow, that's nice.

Rita hands him the note and quickly walks away.

ANDY
Suppose he wrote it?

BUD
(doubtful)
Are you kidding?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Rita catches up with Phil outside the Pennsylvanian, the town's oldest and best hotel.

RITA
Now what?

PHIL
Come on. You'll see.

They enter.

CUT TO :

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As Phil and Rita enter there is music coming from a side room.

The black velvet announcement board proclaims: KLEISER-SCOTT WEDDING.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil and Rita walk into a banquet room decorated with streamers, balloons and flowers. There is a long buffet table and a punch bowl. Another long table is loaded with wedding gifts. A small band is playing.

People are dancing. The wedding party is dressed in rented tuxedos and appropriately pouffy bridesmaid dresses.

RITA
This is incredible. Who's wedding is this?

Phil grabs two glasses of champagne and hands one to Rita.

PHIL
Just some friends. Dorisi

The bride, DORIS, young and cheery, is on her way to see Phil. She is dragging FRED, her groom, with her.

DORIS
Hi, Mr. Connors! Come ON, Freddy.

FRED
Hi.

DORIS
This is the guy I told you about.

FRED
No way!

PHIL
How's it going, Fred?

FRED
Hey, I'd like to thank you for making Doris go through with this.

PHIL
Are you kidding? Don't buy that playing hard to get stuff. She's crazy about you, you stud.

DORIS
I'm really glad you could come.

PHIL
Congratulations.

Phil reaches into his pocket, pulls out two tickets and hands them to Doris.

DORIS
What is this? Oh, no way! No way! Ahhh!

Doris throws herself on Fred and jumps up and down. Fred grabs the tickets.

FRED
Wrestlemania! No way! No way!

Doris throws herself on Phil.

DORIS
How did you know?

FRED
We're like going to be in Pittsburgh anyway.

PHIL
I don't know. I just thought about you two, tried to picture what you ' d want more than anything in the world and it came to me. Bing! Wrestlemania.

FRED
Thanks, Mr. Connors. You're a real pal.

DORIS
This is the best!

Doris gives Phil a kiss. She and Fred move on.

RITA
I don ' t understand . You rush from one person to the next in a town you only visit once a year, you know everything before it happens , and you — - I don ' t know , you seem to be Punxsutawney ' s leading citizen.

The band finishes a set. The guests stop dancing and head for the refreshments. Phil and Rita are left alone for the moment

PHIL
What do you want to know?

RITA
Who are you?

PHIL
I really don't know.

RITA
No, there's something going on with you.

PHIL
Okay, I wake up in Punxsutawney on February second — every day. It's supernatural. I don't even try to explain it anymore. So, I live each day as if it's the only day I've got.

Rita stares into his eyes for a very long time, but sees only good, true things.

RITA
That's pretty amazing. "

PHIL
You want to know what's really amazing? I've been waiting for you every day for ten thousand years. I dream of you every night of my life. You've been my constant weapon against total despair, and just knowing you exist has kept me alive. How's that?

Rita can't even speak. This is clearly the nicest thing anybody has ever said to anybody.

Mary the piano teacher notices Phil.

MARY
Phil!
(to her friend)
This is the guy.

PHIL
Hello, Mary. Rita, this is one of Punxsey's finest musicians.

•MARY
Give me a break. You should talk. Why don't you play something?

PHIL
No, I—

MARY
Please.

FRED
Hey, Mr. Connors. Go for it.

Phil looks at Rita. She nods and shrugs.

Phil walks up to the platform and sits at the piano. He begins to play a slow, serious, classical piece. Everyone falls silent. It's so beautiful, Rita is almost in tears.

Then, after a pause to let the serious notes sink in, Phil transforms the piece into a fast, lively, upbeat jazz romp. Everyone is delighted, and as the rest of the band kicks in, everyone grabs a partner and begins to dance.

An old coot, UNCLE LEO, grabs Rita and the two of them dance up a storm.

LEO
That's a great guy you've got there. Doctor Connors fixed my back, you know.

RITA
Doctor Connors?

Rita looks over at Phil, joyously playing the piano.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

It is snowing lightly. Phil and Rita are walking slowly, arm in arm, close. They stop and embrace. Phil looks at Rita. She looks like an angel.

PHIL
Wait! Don't move!

Phil scoops up some snow and begins packing it down, furiously, joyously, then rolling it into a large ball.

RITA
Making a snow man? I'll help.

PHIL
No, stay there. Stand right there.

Phil lifts the now larger chunk of packed snow and sets it on a mailbox. Then he looks at her, and starts to sculpt it.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Phil is using a stick and the heat of his bare hands to model a delicate fold in the snow sculpture. Several bystanders look on with interest as Phil stands back from his work.

RITA
Can I look?

PHIL
Okay, look.

It is an excellent likeness of Rita, the snow white as alabaster, pure as marble, a beautiful and delicate homage.

RITA
(overwhelmed)
Nobody's ever done this for me. Not even a drawing. It's beautiful.

PHIL
This is how I see you. When it all gets too much, I just close my eyes and there you are— just like this. Take it home and keep it in the freezer.

Rita embraces Phil. They are about to kiss, looking deep into each others eyes.

PHIL
This one's for the Frog Prince.

RITA
What?

PHIL
Nothing.

They kiss— a long, deep, soul-stirring kiss.

PHIL
Will you come with me?

Rita nods. They continue standing there, embracing, warming each other in the cold night air.

RITA
(looks back at the ice sculpture)
We're just going to leave her?

PHIL
It doesn't matter. Really, it doesn't.

They kiss again.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - THE CLOCK

The digital clock-radio changes from 5:59 to 6:00. Silence. No Sonny and Cher, no deejays— nothing.

Phil sits up in bed. He looks around the room. Things are different, messier. Then he sees the covers move. Wide-eyed now, he looks over and sees Rita waking up, snuggling deep under the covers.

PHIL
(disbelieving)
It's not true. It's not. It can't be true. Rita? Rita!

RITA
(stretching luxuriously)
Mmmm. Morning.

Phil pounces on Rita, showering her with kisses.

PHIL
You're here! My god! I can't believe you're here!

RITA
Glad to see you, too.

PHIL
No! It's happened. Don't you get it? It's tomorrow! It's —

Phil turns on the radio.

DEEJAY
. . . still shoveling put the highways, but if you're walking, it's a beautiful day.

SIDEKICK
Yeah, the snow kind of cleaned everything up—

DEEJAY
—except your mouth.

Phil kisses the radio.

PHIL
I love those guys.

RITA
Are you always this jolly in the morning?

Phil runs to the window and looks out.

HIS POV - THE STREET

The street ;is virtually empty, the town just waking up. Kids are throwing snowballs.

PHIL
No groundhog! Rita! They're all gone!

RITA
You must've had some dream.

Phil stops, thinks.

PHIL
Did I just dream it?

Phil opens the door and runs into the hallway wearing only pajama bottoms.

RITA
Phil? Phil!

Rita sits up in bed and waits. Suddenly, from somewhere else in the inn comes the sound of Phil at the piano expertly playing a difficult classical piece. He stops after a few bars.

PHIL (O.C.)
Yeah!!!!

Phil runs back into the room.

PHIL
It really happened! You're really here!

He pounces on Rita again.

PHIL
You're really actually here.

RITA
(laughing)
I'm here, I'm here!

They kiss, passionately, hungrily.

PHIL
Let's go!

He scoops her up in his arms.

RITA
Where're we going?

PHIL
Anywhere! Everywhere!

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - LATER

Phil and Rita, dressed now, enter and encounter Mrs. Lancaster Phil hugs her.

MRS. LANCASTER
Oh, my!

PHIL
Florence! Say hello to Rita. She loves me.

MRS. LANCASTER
I'm not surprised.

He kisses her on the cheek and rushes out with Rita.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Phil and Rita walk down Main Street hand in hand.

A MAN
Phil! Good morning!

A LADY
Mr. Connors. *I* wanted to thank you.

PHIL
That's all right. I—

A FLORIST steps out of the flower shop with a bouquet.

FLORIST
Phil, here. I want you to have these.

PHIL
Thanks, Carl.

Phil smells the flowers, and hands the bouquet to Rita.

PHIL (V.O.)
And so began my final lifetime, and ended the longest winter on record. I would find myself no longer able to affect the chain of events in this town, but I did learn something about time. You can waste time, you can kill time, you can do time, but if you use it wisely, there's never enough of it. So you'd better make the most of the time you've got.

A car skids on the ice and smashes into a tree. Phil and Rita rush over to help, but the driver waves that he's okay. Rita and Phil continue their walk.

PHIL (V.O.)
Larry never got through the blizzard, so none of my groundhog reports ever made it on the air. But Rita and I— we lived happily ever after.

Phil and Rita walk off together.

Across the street, Larry is trying to get rid of Ned Ryerson who is doggedly trying to sell him insurance.

NED
But Phil told me you were his accountant!

LARRY
Look, I told you! He's nuts!

Larry keeps trying to walk away, but Ned won't leave him alone

NED
Let me just tell you about single premium life—

Finally, Larry slugs Ned and storms off, leaving Ned floundering in a snowbank.

Phil and Rita walk on as we pull up and away from Main Street revealing the whole of Punxsutawney and the snowy countryside that embraces it.

THE END