"Harold and Maude" by Colin HigginsHarold and Maude

FADE IN:

1 INT. THE CHASEN'S DEN - DAY

The CAMERA is at floor level. A young man enters but we see only his shoes and the cuffs of his pants. We TRACK with him as he walks across the room and stops at a record player. Pause. We HEAR a record drop and begin playing a light classical melody. The SUPERIMPOSED TITLES BEGIN. After a moment the feet move off and we TRACK with them, past a low table, and around a couch to the window curtains. The feet pause there for a moment. A piece of heavy window cord drops INTO FRAME. We FOLLOW as it is dragged along to the low table. Then the feet move over to a large ornate desk. The cord is pulled up OUT OF FRAME. Pause. The feet walk over to a chair by the wall. It is picked up, carried to the center of the room, and carefully placed. Pause. The feet get up onto the chair and the CAMERA RISES to their level. They shuffle about for a moment. At an appropriate musical break the CREDITS STOP. Suddenly the feet knock over the chair and drop into space. They kick about for a bit, then go slack and still. The FINAL CREDITS are SUPERED OVER the suspended appendages while the music comes to a lilting conclusion. As we HEAR the record player turn itself off, the CAMERA BEGINS a half circle tour around the hanging feet and stops at the heels. Pause. Outside we HEAR a woman's footsteps approaching and we change focus as the door to the den opens. Through the blurred hanging feet we see a tall, middle-aged, fashionably dressed woman enter and we PAN with her as she walks to the desk. This is MRS. CHASEN. She seems rather tired and preoccupied as she begins to remove her long white gloves. Slowly the CAMERA BEGINS a vertical rise up the side of the hanging corpse until we are watching Mrs. Chasen over his left shoulder. The rope and his stretched neck frame the right side of the SCREEN. We hold. Mrs. Chasen puts down her gloves and looks up. (NOTE: THE ABOVE IS ALL ONE CONTINUOUS SHOT.)

CUT TO:

2 INT. DEN - DAY

CLOSEUP of Mrs. Chasen as she first sees the body. She is slightly startled.

3 INT. DEN - MRS. CHASEN'S POV - DAY

A long shot of the room where HAROLD, a young man of about twenty, hangs suspended from the ceiling with the curtain rope tied about his grotesquely broken neck.

4 INT. DEN - MEDIUM SHOT - MRS. CHASEN - DAY

She stares at the body for several beats and then with weary exasperation sits down at the desk and dials the telephone. As she waits for an answer, she looks up at the hanging body.

MRS. CHASEN
I suppose you think this is very funny, Harold.

5 CLOSEUP HAROLD

The rope chokes his throat; his eyes bulge; his tongue hangs out.

6 MED. SHOT - MRS. CHASEN

Her party answers and she speaks into the phone.

MRS. CHASEN
Hello. Fay, darling. Be a dear and cancel my appointment with Rene this afternoon. Yes, I know he'll be furious, but I've had the most trying day, and with guests coming this evening... Would you? Oh, that's sweet. Tell him I promise to be in Tuesday... for a rinse. Thank you, Fay. You're a darling. Yes. Yes. Bye.

She replaces the receiver, stands up, takes her purse and gloves, and leaves the room, saying:

MRS. CHASEN
Dinner at eight, Harold...

At the door she stops and turns.

MRS. CHASEN
... And try to be a little more vivacious.

7 CLOSEUP HAROLD

Quick cut of his ashen face as we HEAR the door close.

8 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Chasen is seated at the head of the table entertaining eight to ten guests.

They are all in evening clothes and are laughing as Mrs. Chasen in a dress of white ostrich feathers continues a witty story.

MRS. CHASEN
Needless to say, the first time it happened I was absolutely abashed. I was so shook I needed three tranquilizers to calm me down. Well, you can imagine. Suicide notes all over the house - "Goodbye," "Farewell," "Arrivederci." Other children pretend to run away from home, but Harold - he's so dramatic.

Everyone laughs. The CAMERA BEGINS PULLING BACK and PANNING past the guests till we come to Harold sitting morosely at the other end of the table. He listlessly toys with his food as his mother continues.

MRS. CHASEN
Of course, Harold's father had a similar sense of the absurd. I remember once in Paris he stepped out for cigarettes and the next I hear he's arrested for floating nude down the Seine - experimenting in river currents with a pair of yellow rubber water wings. Well, that cost quite a little bit of "enfluence" and "d'argent" to hush up, I can tell you. Harold, dear, stop playing with your food. Don't you feel well?

HAROLD
(looks up and pauses)
I have a sore throat.

MRS. CHASEN
Well, I want you to go to bed directly after dinner. You know how susceptible you are to colds. Harold has always been a delicate child. Even as a baby he seemed to be abnormally prone to illness - Harold, dear, eat up your beets...

9 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

He begins eating as his mother goes on.

MRS. CHASEN (o.s.)
I remember when we were in Tokyo

I had to call my brother Victor
at the embassy for a doctor. He
was serving there as Army attaché...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

10 INT. MRS. CHASEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Chasen sitting before her vanity table, humming to herself as she readies herself for bed. She wears a night-gown, a cover for her hair, and she has just finished putting on several different face creams. She gets up, walks over to the bathroom, and opens the door. Blood is everywhere -- on the walls, the floor, the mirror - and in the tub is Harold, his throat slit and his wrists dripping blood onto the razor on the tile floor. The effect is one of instant shock. Mrs. Chasen screams and backs up in horror. Sobbing hysterically, she clutches her robe about her and rushes from the room crying.

MRS. CHASEN
Oh! No! Oh! No! I can't stand
it. My God! This is too much.
This is too much to bear!...

The CAMERA WATCHES Mrs. Chasen run off and then swings back to Harold in the tub.

11 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

We hold on his wretched face as his mother's hysterical cries are heard in the background. Harold moves his head and listens. He breaks into a sly, satisfied grin.

12 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Harold is lying on a couch, perfectly relaxed. The PSYCHIATRIST, less so, is seated by him.

PSYCHIATRIST
Tell me, Harold, how many of
these, eh, suicides have you
performed?

HAROLD
(pause)
An accurate number would be
difficult to gauge.

PSYCHIATRIST
And why is that?

HAROLD
Well, some worked out better than others - some had to be abandoned in the planning stages - do you include the first time? - then there's the question of maiming...

PSYCHIATRIST
Just give me a rough estimate.

HAROLD
Well, a rough estimate... I'd say fifteen.

PSYCHIATRIST
Fifteen.

HAROLD
A rough estimate.

PSYCHIATRIST
And were they all done for your mother's benefit?

HAROLD
(thoughtful pause)
I wouldn't say "benefit."

PSYCHIATRIST
No, I suppose not. How do you feel about your mother?

13 INSERT - STOCK

A giant steel ball on a demolition crane crashes into a brick wall collapsing it with much noise and dust.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. THE CHASEN POOLSIDE - DAY

Mrs. Chasen decked out in a fashionable black bikini, crazy glasses, and an enormous sun hat, walks down the garden steps to the pool. Over this and the end of the above we HEAR her voice.

MRS. CHASEN (v.o.)
Hello, Fay, darling. Be an absolute dear and cancel my appointment with Rene this afternoon. Oh, I know, but Wednesday morning would be so much more convenient. Oh, you are an angel. Yes. Yes. Bye.

Mrs. Chasen has now reached the poolside. As she walks around it we PAN with her and discover Harold, fully clothed, floating face downward on the still surface. Mrs. Chasen does not see him and walks into the pool house.

15 INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Chasen walks down the steps of the pool house and over to the bar. Behind the bar is an underwater viewing window into the pool. She stops and looks up through the window.

16 MRS. CHASEN'S POV

Through the window we see Harold, drowned and bug-eyed, floating on the surface.

17 MED. SHOT - MRS. CHASEN

Mrs. Chasen sighs, yanks a cord, and the venetian blinds come noisily down cutting off Harold from view.

18 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Harold is lying on the couch.

HAROLD
(a reasoned assessment)
I don't think I'm getting through to Mother like I used to.

PSYCHIATRIST
Does that worry you?

HAROLD
(pause)
Yes. It does.

PSYCHIATRIST
Why?

HAROLD
I put a lot of effort into these things.

PSYCHIATRIST
Ah, yes.

HAROLD
And a lot of time.

PSYCHIATRIST
I'm sure. But what else do you do with your time? Do you go to school?

HAROLD
No.

PSYCHIATRIST
What about the draft?

HAROLD
My mother spoke to my Uncle Victor. He's in the Army and he fixed it up.

PSYCHIATRIST
Oh. Well, how do you spend your day?

HAROLD
You mean when I'm not working on a...

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes. What kind of things do you do?

19 EXT. AUTOMOBILE JUNKYARD - DAY

Cranes, auto smashers, bulldozers, and mountains of rusting cars and other junk. Very noisy and very fast cut. A little essay on destructive machinery at work with Harold looking on in rapture.

20 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

PSYCHIATRIST
I see. Junkyards. What is the fascination there?

HAROLD
I don't know.

PSYCHIATRIST
Is it the machines? The noise? The people?

HAROLD
No. It's the junk. I like to look at junk.

PSYCHIATRIST
What else do you like?

Harold pauses.

21 INSERT - STOCK

A giant steel ball crashes into a building. We watch it fall noisily into dust and rubble.

22 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

PSYCHIATRIST
That's very interesting, Harold, and I think very illuminative. There seems to be a definite pattern emerging.
(taking copious notes)
Your fondness for useless machines and demolitions seems indicative of your present emotional state, your self-destructive urges and your alienation from the regular social interaction. What do you think? And of course this pattern once isolated can be coped with. Recognize the problem and you are half way on the road to its solution. But tell me, what do you do for fun? What activity gives you a different sense of enjoyment than the others? What do you find fulfilling? What gives you that certain satisfaction?

HAROLD
I go to funerals.

23 EXT. CEMETERY - LONG SHOT - DAY

showing a small group of mourners around a grave. A nearby bench by a tree is empty. The coffin is slowly being lowered into the ground.

24 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

CLOSER SHOTS of the mourners sobbing and the priest praying. We come to Harold who has a look of gentle fascination. The service is concluding. Harold looks up across the grave. A hundred yards away on the cemetery bench sits an old woman eating a tangerine. This is MAUDE. Harold stares at her. She seems to be having some kind of happy picnic. She looks over towards him. He quickly returns his attention to the burial.

25 EXT. CHASEN HOME - DAY

Mrs. Chasen opens the front door and is saying farewell to

two lady friends, the same kind of chic sophisticates as she is. Just then a hearse pulls into the driveway, passes them, and parks by the garage. The two women are somewhat stunned. Harold gets out of the hearse and goes into the backyard. The two women look to Mrs. Chasen for some explanation. Mrs. Chasen smiles lamely.

26 INT. CHASEN'S DEN - DAY

Mrs. Chasen is addressing a seated and mute Harold.

MRS. CHASEN
Why you purchased that monstrous thing is totally beyond me. You can have any car you want - a Porsche, a Jaguar, a nice little MG roadster - but that ugly, black horror is an eyesore and an embarrassment. Really, Harold, you are no longer a child. It's time for you to settle down and stop flitting away your talents on these amateur theatrics - your little "divertissements" - no matter how psychologically purging they may be. I don't know what to do.

27 INSERT - CLOSEUP OF UNCLE VICTOR - LEFT PROFILE

UNCLE VICTOR
I'd put him in the Army, Helen.

28 INT. CHASEN'S DEN - DAY

Mrs. Chasen continues.

MRS. CHASEN
Go have a talk with your Uncle Victor. Perhaps he can fathom you. After all, he was General Bradley's right hand man.

29 INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

UNCLE VICTOR, a bluff, hearty, totally military man, is a one star general with an amputated right arm. Harold sits before him.

UNCLE VICTOR
Harold, your mother has briefed me on your situation and there is no doubt in my mind of the requisite necessary action. If it was up to

me I'd process your file and ship
you off to boot camp tomorrow.
Your mother, however, is adamant.
She does not want you in the Army
and insists on my holding on to
your draft records. But what do
you say, Harold?
(he begins a
selling job)
It's a great life. Action! Adventure!
Advising. See war - firsthand! Plenty
of slant-eyed girls. It will make a
man out of you, Harold. You'll travel
the world. Put on the uniform and
take on a man's job. Walk tall! -
with a glint in your eye, a spring
in your step, and the knowledge in
your heart that you are -
(he gestures to a
poster of bullet-
blazing Marines)
- working for peace, and - are
serving your country.

He stops before a poster of Nathan Hale with a noose about his neck.

UNCLE VICTOR
(continuing)
Like Nathan Hale. That's what this
country needs - more Nathan Hales.

He pulls his lanyard, activating some weird mechanism which snaps up his empty sleeve into a natty salute. A pause. The sleeve smartly refolds and he turns to Harold.

UNCLE VICTOR
(softly)
And, Harold, I think I can see a
little Nathan Hale in you.

30 INT. CHASEN'S DEN - DAY

Mrs. Chasen is going out, but she comes in to talk to Harold.

MRS. CHASEN
I only have a few minutes, Harold,
but I do want to inform you of my
decision. There is no doubt that
it is time for you to settle down
and begin thinking about your
future. You have led a very
carefree, idle, happy life up to
the present - the life of a child.
But it is time now to put away
childish things and take on adult

responsibilities. We would all like to sail through life with no thought of tomorrow. But that cannot be. We have our duty. Our obligations. Our principles. In short, Harold, I think it is time you got married.

31 INT. CHURCH - DAY

PAN DOWN from the stained glass window of a church. The organ is playing softly. The PRIEST, a silver haired man rapidly approaching dotage, is in the pulpit.

PRIEST
And so dear brethren, let us pray to the Lord, King of Glory, that He may bless and deliver all souls of the faithful departed from the pains of hell and the bottomless pit, deliver them from the lion's mouth and the darkness therein, but rather bring them to the bliss of heaven, the holy light, and eternal rest.

During the above we PULL BACK to reveal an open coffin and a church spreckled with a few mourners in black. Conspicuous in an empty pew is Harold.

The priest goes to the altar and mumbles the dull ritual. The small congregation responds. Harold sits quietly enjoying it all.

VOICE (o.s.)
Psst!

Harold, startled, looks over to his left.

32 HAROLD'S POV

A pixiesque old woman, somewhat eccentrically dressed, is smiling at him. It is Maude again.

33 CLOSEUP HAROLD

Frowning slightly, Harold turns back front.

MAUDE
Psst.

Harold looks back.

34 HAROLD'S POV

Maude gives him a coquettish wink.

35 CLOSEUP HAROLD

Harold is slightly shocked. He returns his attention to the altar.

36 MED. SHOT - PRIEST

The priest moans on.

37 MED. SHOT - HAROLD

Harold sits attentively.

VOICE (o.s.)
Psst!

Harold, startled, looks over his right shoulder and sees Maude kneeling in the pew behind him. She speaks with a slight British/European accent.

MAUDE
Like some licorice?

She offers some.

HAROLD
Eh, no. Thank you.

MAUDE
You're welcome.
(gesturing to the deceased)
Did you know him?

HAROLD
Eh, no.

MAUDE
Me neither. I heard he was eighty years old. I'll be eighty next week. A good time to move on, don't you think?

HAROLD
(trying to ignore her)
I don't know.

MAUDE
I mean, seventy-five is too early,

but at eighty-five, well, you're just marking time and you may as well look over the horizon.

38 MED. SHOT - ALTAR

The priest finishes the prayers and exits. The casket is closed and the pallbearers take it out the side door. The few mourners follow.

Maude is now sitting next to Harold.

MAUDE
I'll never understand this mania for black. I mean no one sends black flowers, do they? Black flowers are dead flowers and who would send black flowers to a funeral? It's change!
(fluttery laugh)
How absurd.

Her eye catches a dour portrait of the Blessed Virgin and Child on a pillar. With one swoop she takes a felt pen from Harold's breast pocket and draws on the painting a bright and cheery smile.

Harold is stunned.

MAUDE
There, that's better. They never give the poor thing a chance to laugh. Heaven knows she has a lot to be happy about. In fact...
(she looks thought-fully around the church)
- they all have a lot to be happy about. Excuse me.

40 INSERTS

The faces of four somber statue saints.

MAUDE (v.o.)
An unhappy saint is a contradiction in terms.

41 INT. AT THE CHURCH DOOR

An anxious Harold stands while Maude puts the top back on his pen. Maude smiles and gestures at a crucifix.

MAUDE

And why do they keep on about
that? You'd think no one ever
read the end of the story.

She exits grandly with Harold's pen. Harold follows.

42 INSERTS

FOUR QUICK CUTS of the saints' faces. They all have delightfully ridiculous smiles drawn on their faces.

43 CLOSEUP - PRIEST

In the same rhythm we have a FIFTH CUT - the returning priest who is dropped dead by what he sees.

44 EXT. CHURCH STEPS - DAY

MAUDE
It's a question of emphasis, you
might say. Accentuate the positive,
so to speak.

HAROLD
Eh, could I have my pen back now,
please?

MAUDE
Oh, of course. What is your name?

HAROLD
Harold Chasen.

MAUDE
How do you do? I am Dame Marjorie
Chardin, but you may call me Maude.

HAROLD
Nice to meet you.

MAUDE
Oh, thank you. I think we shall
be great friends, don't you?

Maude takes a great ring of keys from her purse, selects one of them, and opens the door of the car at the curb.

MAUDE
Can I drop you anywhere, Harold?

HAROLD
(quickly)
No, thank you. I have my car.

MAUDE

Well then, I must be off.
(she gets in)
We shall have to meet again.

She revs up the motor and looks over at Harold.

MAUDE
Do you dance?

HAROLD
What?

MAUDE
Do you sing and dance?

HAROLD
Eh, no.

MAUDE
No.
(she smiles)
I thought not.

With a great screech of burning rubber Maude drives down the street just as the priest comes up to Harold. They both watch her squeal around the corner.

PRIEST
(totally mystified)
That woman... She took my car.

45 INT. CHASEN DEN - DAY

Harold is sitting in a chair. His mother enters and sits down at the desk.

MRS. CHASEN
I have here, Harold, the forms sent out by the National Computer Dating Service. It seems to me that as you do not get along with the daughters of my friends this is the best way for you to find a prospective wife.

Harold starts to say something.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing)
Please, Harold, we have a lot to do and I have to be at the hairdresser's at three.
(she looks over the papers)
The Computer Dating Service offers you at least three dates

on the initial investment. They screen out the fat and ugly so it is obviously a firm of high standards. I'm sure they can find you at least one girl who is compatible. Now first, here is the personality interview which you are to fill out and return. There are fifty questions with five possible responses to check... "A - Absolutely Yes, B - Yes, C - Not sure, D - No, E - Absolutely No." Are you ready, Harold?

The first question is "Are you uncomfortable meeting new people?" Well, I think that's a "yes." Don't you agree, Harold? Even an "Absolutely yes." We'll put down "A" on that. Now, number two. "Do you believe it is acceptable for women to initiate dates with men?" Well, absolutely. Mark "A" on that. "Three - Should sex education be taught outside the home?" I would say no, wouldn't you, Harold? Give a "D" there.

Mrs. Chasen continues filling out Harold's questionnaire without hardly ever even looking over for his reaction. He sits there, watching.

MRS. CHASEN

"Four - Do you often invite friends to your home?" Now, you never do, Harold. Absolutely no. "Five - Do you enjoy participating in clubs and social organizations?" You don't, do you? Absolutely no. "Six - Do you enjoy spending a lot of time by yourself?" Absolutely yes. Mark "A." "Seven - Should women run for President of the United States?" I don't see why not. Absolutely yes. "Eight - Do you have ups and downs without obvious reason?" You do, don't you, Harold? Absolutely yes. "Nine - Do you remember jokes and take pleasure in relating them to others?" You don't, do you, Harold? Absolutely no. "Ten - Do you often get the feeling that perhaps life isn't worth living?" Hmm. What do you think, Harold?

Harold looks blankly back at his mother.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing)
"A"? "B"? We'll put down "C" - "Not sure." "Eleven - Is the subject of sex being over-exploited by our mass media?" That would have to be "Yes," wouldn't it? "Twelve - Do you think judges favor some lawyers?" Yes, I suppose they do. "Thirteen - ....

Harold sits passively in his chair. Slowly he draws a revolver from his pocket. As his mother rattles on he very deliberately loads the bullets one by one into the chamber.

MRS. CHASEN
... Is it difficult for you to accept criticism?" Nooo. We'll mark "D." "Fourteen - Do you sometimes have headaches or back aches after a difficult day?" Yes, I do indeed. "Fifteen - Do you go to sleep easily?" I'd say so. "Sixteen - Do you believe in capital punishment for murder?" Oh, yes. "Seventeen - Do you believe churches have a strong influence to upgrade the general morality?" - yes, again. "Eighteen - In your opinion are social affairs usually a waste of time?" Heavens, no! "Nineteen - Can God influence our lives?" Yes. Absolutely yes. "Twenty - Have you ever crossed the street to avoid meeting someone?" Well, I'm sure you have, haven't you, Harold? "Twenty-one - Would you prefer to be with a group of people rather than alone?" That's you, Harold. "Twenty-two - Is it acceptable for a schoolteacher to smoke or drink in public?" Well, with reservation. Mark "B." "Twenty-three..."

Having finished loading the gun, Harold cocks it and, looking at his mother, slowly lifts it up.

MRS. CHASEN
... Does your personal religion or philosophy include a life after death?" Oh, yes, indeed. That's "Absolutely." "Twenty-four - Did you enjoy life when you were a child?" Oh, yes. You were a wonderful baby, Harold. "Twenty-

five..."

The gun is pointing at his mother. Slowly Harold turns it till it is pointing directly into his face. He pulls the trigger. A burst of blood and a loud EXPLOSION.

He and the chair are blown over backward OUT OF FRAME. SOUNDS of crashing furniture and breaking china. Mrs. Chasen remains impervious to it all.

MRS. CHASEN
... "Do you think the sexual revolution has gone too far?" It certainly seems to have. "Twenty-six...

The last crash - a tottering lamp falls. Mrs. Chasen looks up peeved.

MRS. CHASEN
Harold! Please!
(beat)
"Should evolution be taught in our public schools?!"

46 EXT. GRAVEYARD DRIVE - DAY

A long line of black limousines follow a hearse in a funeral procession. At the tag of the line is another hearse -- Harold's.

47 EXT. AT THE GRAVESITE - DAY

PAN around the sorrowing faces. STOP at Harold. CONTINUE past him 180 degrees and STOP at Maude. She is directly across the open grave from Harold. She tries to get his attention.

MAUDE
Psst! Psst!

Harold looks up. Maude gives him a friendly wink, and a kind of "How do you do?" smile. Harold is horrified. The priest looks up from his praying. It is the same priest as before. He looks over at Maude. Maude suddenly overcome by sorrow backs away from the people.

DISSOLVE TO:

48 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Harold is walking by the road. The funeral in the background is over but we see the priest coming toward him.

PRIEST
Eh, my boy. A moment, please. Who was that old lady waving to you earlier?

Just then Maude drives up in Harold's hearse. She stops.

MAUDE
Hello, Harold. Can I give you a lift?

Harold is surprised. He goes over to the hearse.

PRIEST
Ah! There you are, madam. Were not you the lady who drove my car off yesterday?

MAUDE
Was that the one with the St. Christopher medal on the dashboard?

PRIEST
Yes.

MAUDE
Then I suppose it was me. Get in, Harold.

Harold decides not to argue. He gets in.

PRIEST
Were you also the one who painted the statues?

MAUDE
(brightly)
Oh, yes. How did you like that?

PRIEST
Well, I didn't.

MAUDE
Oh, don't be too discouraged. For aesthetic appreciation - always a little time.

PRIEST
But wait...

Maude waves and drives off with her usual screeching start.

49 INT. HAROLD'S HEARSE - DAY

Harold is sitting in the front seat, wanting to say some-thing but also trying to hold on. Maude drives like a

racing car driver, fast and risky, but with complete self-assurance.

MAUDE
What a delight it is, Harold, to bump into you again. I knew we were going to be good friends the moment I saw you. You go to funerals often, don't you?

Harold is more intent on Maude's maneuvering of his car than on conversation.

HAROLD
Yes.

MAUDE
Oh, so do I. They're such fun, aren't they? It's all change. All revolving. Burials and births. The end to the beginning and the beginning to the end -
(she makes a screeching left-hand turn)
- the great circle of life. My, this old thing handles well. Ever drive a hearse, Harold?

HAROLD
(petrified)
Yes.

MAUDE
Well, it's a new experience for me.
(she makes a screech-ing right-hand turn)
Good on curves. Shall I take you home, Harold?

HAROLD
(managing to speak)
But this is my car.

MAUDE
Your hearse?

HAROLD
Yearse!

MAUDE
Oh.

50 EXT. ROADSIDE - LONG SHOT - DAY

of the car coming to a screeching halt.

51 INT. CAR - DAY

MAUDE
(brightly)
Then you shall take me home.

52 INT. CAR - DAY

SAME ANGLE as 49 but this time Harold is driving and Maude sits beside him.

MAUDE
And so just before he left for the monastery in Tibet, Big Sweeney gave me his keys.

She is showing Harold her ring of car keys.

MAUDE
(continuing)
Of course, I've had to make some additions for the new models, but not as many as you might think. Once you have your basic set it's then only a question of variation.

HAROLD
And you get into any car you want and just drive off?

MAUDE
Not any car. I like to keep a variety. I'm always looking for the new experience, like this one. I liked it.

HAROLD
Thank you. But when you take these cars don't you think you are wronging the owners?

MAUDE
What owners, Harold? We don't own anything. It's a transitory world. We come on the earth with nothing, and we go out with nothing, so isn't "ownership" a little absurd?

HAROLD
Still, I think you'd upset people and I'm not sure that's right.

MAUDE

Well, if some people are upset because they feel they have a hold on some things, then I'm merely acting as a gentle reminder - I'm sort of breaking it easy -- Here today, gone tomorrow, so don't get attached to things. Now, with that in mind, I'm not against collecting stuff...

53 INT. MAUDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Maude and Harold enter.

MAUDE
... I've collected quite a lot of stuff in my time.

We see Maude's main room filled with all kinds of eccentric memorabilia, from a mounted swordfish to an ivory Buddha. It is dominated by a large canopied bed like something from a Wagnerian opera. Other features are a large fireplace, a baby grand piano, expensive paintings on the walls, a tall wooden sculpture, and a Japanese type eating area with satin cushions.

MAUDE
It's all memorabilia, but incidental and not integral, if you know what I mean.

HAROLD
(looks around amazed)
It's very interesting.

MAUDE
Oh, look! The birds.

She goes to the window and works a unique pulley device that delivers seed to the bird table in the back yard.

MAUDE
This is my daily ritual. I love them so much. The only wild life I see anymore. Free as a bird!
(fluttery laugh)
You know, at one time I used to break into pet shops and liberate the canaries, but I gave it up as an idea before its time. The zoos are full and the prisons overflowing.

My, my. How the world so dearly loves a cage.
(she looks out

(another window)
And there's Madame Arouet, cultivating her garden.

She waves at the black dressed old woman diligently hoeing vegetables in the backyard. The old woman does not notice Maude.

MAUDE
(sighs)
She's very sweet, but so old-fashioned. Please sit down, Harold. I'll put on the kettle and we'll have a nice hot cup of tea.

HAROLD
Thank you, but I really have to go.

MAUDE
But it's oat straw tea. You've never had oat straw tea, have you?

HAROLD
No.

MAUDE
Well then.

The argument is over.

HAROLD
Thank you, but it's an appointment. I really shouldn't miss it.

MAUDE
Oh, at the dentist's?

HAROLD
Sort of.

MAUDE
Well, then, you must come back and visit.

HAROLD
All right.

MAUDE
My door is always open.

HAROLD
All right.

MAUDE
Promise?

He turns at the door and half smiles.

HAROLD
Promise.

54 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Harold is on the couch. The psychiatrist sits behind him.

PSYCHIATRIST
Harold?

Harold is day dreaming.

PSYCHIATRIST
Harold?

HAROLD
(comes to)
Huh?

PSYCHIATRIST
You don't seem to be listening.
I asked do you have any friends?

HAROLD
No.

PSYCHIATRIST
None at all?

HAROLD
Well, maybe one.

PSYCHIATRIST
Would you care to talk about
this friend?

HAROLD
No.

PSYCHIATRIST
Is this a friend you had when
you were away at school?

HAROLD
No.

PSYCHIATRIST
(things are
getting difficult)
I see.
(he tries a new
attack)
Were you happy at school, Harold?

HAROLD
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST
You liked your teachers?

HAROLD
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST
Your classmates?

HAROLD
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST
Your studies?

HAROLD
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST
Then why did you leave?

HAROLD
I burnt down the Chemistry building.

The psychiatrist gets up and rather anxiously paces about.

PSYCHIATRIST
We are not relating today, Harold. I sense a definite resistance. A lack of true and helpful communication. I find you a very interesting case, Harold, but this reluctance of yours is detrimental to the psycho-analytical process, and can only hinder the possibility of effective treatment. Do you understand?

HAROLD
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST
Very well.
(he sits)
Now your mother tells me she is arranging several dates for you with some young ladies. How do you feel about that?

55 STOCK INSERT

A giant steel ball crashes into a brick wall, demolishing it.

56 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

PSYCHIATRIST
I see. Tell me, Harold, do you remember your father at all?

HAROLD
No.
(pause)
I'd have liked to.

PSYCHIATRIST
Why?

HAROLD
I'd have liked to talk to him.

PSYCHIATRIST
What would you say?

HAROLD
(pause)
I'd show him my hearse. And my room, and stuff.

PSYCHIATRIST
What kind of stuff?

57 OMITTED

58 OMITTED

59 INT. HAROLD'S ROOM - NIGHT

All the lights are on showing a room cluttered with books, guns and swords on the walls, small bits of odd machinery, a chemistry workbench, a school pennant, some trophies, some models, a chess set, etc.

HAROLD (v.o.)
Oh, all my things - incidental but not integral, if you know what I mean.

We PAN over individual items - the chemistry set, pool floats, a small oxygen cylinder, the rope and body harness he used to hang himself in the first scene, a large bottle of Max Factor blood, a portrait of Lon Chaney as "The Phantom of the Opera."

We come to a silver serving dish with a large silver cover over it. A hand comes into frame and removes the cover. On the dish is Harold's severed head. The hands pick up

the head. We TILT UP and see it is Harold. He takes the dummy head over to his dresser, combs the hair and picks off the latex blood, and then takes it to the center of the room, where a headless dummy sits in a chair. Harold screws the head onto the dummy. It doesn't fit very well. He fiddles with it a moment but he is not satisfied. He goes to his closet and looks into a box of tools and things. He takes a meat cleaver out but he is still looking for something else. There is a knock on the door and Mrs. Chasen in evening clothes enters. Harold turns to come out of the closet but he hears his mother addressing the dummy.

MRS. CHASEN
Now listen, Harold, I have here the three girls sent out by the Computer Dating Service.

She shuffles through three IBM cards in her hand.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing)
I've phoned them up and invited each of them to have lunch with us before you take them out. The first one is coming tomorrow at one. Luncheon at two.

Harold stands with the meat cleaver in his hand behind the closet door. He listens blankly.

MRS. CHASEN
(still talking to the dummy)
Now I want you to act like a gentleman and make this girl feel at home.

Well, I'm off to the ballet with the Fergusons. I only hope they can maneuver round that great black thing in the driveway.
(she pauses)
You look a little pale, Harold.
(she opens the door)
You get a good night's sleep. After all you want to look your best for tomorrow.
(she exits)

Harold hears the door shut. He ponders his fate for a moment. He leans around the door and looks at the dummy. He thinks. He gives it up. He goes back in the closet to find whatever he was looking for.

60 INT. CHASEN'S FRONT LOBBY - DAY

Mrs. Chasen opens the front door, revealing a cute, blond, typical American co-ed. This is CANDY GULF.

CANDY
Hello, I'm Candy Gulf.

MRS. CHASEN
How do you do. I'm Mrs. Chasen. Come in.

Candy comes in and Mrs. Chasen closes the door.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing)
Harold is out in the garden. He'll be in in a moment. Let's go into the den.

61 INT. CHASEN'S DEN - DAY

Candy and Mrs. Chasen enter.

MRS. CHASEN
You are at the University, Candy?

CANDY
Yes, I am.

MRS. CHASEN
And what are you studying?

CANDY
Poli. Sci. With a home ec minor.

MRS. CHASEN
Eh, Poli Sci?

CANDY
Political Science. It's all about what's going on.

They walk to the window.

MRS. CHASEN
Oh, there's Harold now.

Candy and Mrs. Chasen look out the French window. They wave. Harold waves back and leaves. Candy and Mrs. Chasen sit down. Candy faces the window; Mrs. Chasen has her back to it.

CANDY
He seems very nice. Is Harold interested in, eh, what's going on? I think it's such a super thing to study. And then, of

course, I can always fall back
on home ec.

MRS. CHASEN
Yes, that's good planning. Tell
me, are you a regular, Candy, in
this computer club?

We see out the window that Harold has come back. He carries a large can marked Kerosene. Candy sees him but returns her attention to answering Mrs. Chasen.

CANDY
Heavens no. I don't have to
worry about dates. You see,
the other girls in my sorority,
well, we decided that somebody
should try it, so we drew
straws and I lost.
(little giggle)
But I am looking forward to
meeting Harold.

She looks beyond Mrs. Chasen, out the window. She is a little nonplussed. Harold is pouring the kerosene all over himself.

MRS. CHASEN
I think I should mention, Candy,
that Harold does have his eccentric
moments.

CANDY
(never let it be
said that she
isn't a good sport)
Oh, yes? Well, that's all right.
I've got a brother who's a real
cut-up, too. I'll never forget the
time we had this old TV set with
no parts in it. Well, Tommy stuck
his head behind it and started
giving a newscast before the whole
family. We were all hysterical.
And here's little Tommy pretending
to be Walter Cronkite.

She looks back at Harold out the window. He is ablaze. Her mouth falls open.

MRS. CHASEN
Yes. I'm sure it must have been
very funny.

Candy jumps up, pointing out the window behind Mrs. Chasen.

CANDY

Har -- Haro -- Haroldddd!!!

Mrs. Chasen rises, slightly disturbed but used to odd behavior.

MRS. CHASEN
Yes, dear. Here is Harold now.

Harold enters from the side door.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing)
Candy, this is Harold.

Candy is momentarily stunned. Harold nods his greetings.

MRS. CHASEN
Candy was just telling a funny story about Walter Cronkite.

Candy begins hysterical babbling and collapses.

62 INT. MAUDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The front door opens slowly and Harold enters.

HAROLD
Maude. Maude. Anybody home?

He gets no answer and steps into the room. He looks over the fireplace, where a furled umbrella is hung up like a rifle. Nearby he sees a glass cabinet full of sea shells and glass work. He walks over to a large table and is puzzled by the odd-shaped, machine-like boxes on top. He looks over at the wood sculpture, a highly polished work with very smooth curves and holes. Instinctively he puts out his hand to touch it, but decides he shouldn't. He walks over to the piano and examines the silver frames standing on it. They have no photographs in them and this interests him. He goes to the window. Over his shoulder we see MADAME AROUET hoeing in her vegetable patch.

63 EXT. THE BACK YARD - DAY

A MEDIUM SHOT of Madame Arouet. She is dressed in the black peasant's dress of Southern France. She is thin and wrinkled and wears a large straw sun hat. She is continually working. Harold comes up to her.

HAROLD
Excuse me, have you seen Maude?

Madame Arouet looks up. She doesn't comprehend.

HAROLD

Maude. Do you know where she is?

Still no understanding.

HAROLD
Maude?

MADAME AROUET
Ah! Maude.

She points to the building next door.

HAROLD
(nodding)
Oh, thank you. Thank you very much. Merci.

He goes off toward the building. Madame Arouet continues hoeing.

64 CLOSEUP - MADAME AROUET

She looks up from her work and watches Harold. There is a strange sadness in her old weathered face - time lost, pleasures past over, the resignation to a lifetime of work. She turns back to her garden.

65 INT. GLAUCUS'S STUDIO - DAY

Harold comes through the door, sees where he is at, and becomes embarrassed.

HAROLD
Oh. Excuse me.

66 HAROLD'S POV - AN ARTIST'S STUDIO

The first thing we notice is the large block of ice in the center of the room - seven to eight feet tall - and through it, as if looking through the glass on a shower door, we can see a naked female body posing as Venus. The sculptor, GLAUCUS, a frail, little, white-haired old man, dressed in winter clothing, turns from the ice with a chisel and hammer in his gloved hand.

GLAUCUS
What do you want?

HAROLD
I'm sorry. I was looking for Maude.

The nude figure behind the ice moves and we see her head over the top. It is Maude.

MAUDE
Harold?

HAROLD
Maude???!

67 INT. MAUDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harold sits in a chair, brooding. Maude is in her kitchen alcove.

MAUDE
How about some ginger pie?

HAROLD
Eh, fine.

MAUDE
I'll heat some up. My, it's nice to see you again, Harold. How's your hearse?

HAROLD
Oh, it's fine. Fine.

MAUDE
She seemed yare to me.

Maude lays out the table. Harold gets up. He has something on his mind.

HAROLD
(nonchalantly)
Do you often model for Glaucus?

MAUDE
Heavens no! I don't have the time. But I like to keep in practice and poor Glaucus occasionally needs his memory refreshed as to the contours of the female form.
(she stops)
Do you disapprove?

HAROLD
Me! No. Of course not.

MAUDE
(she wants the truth)
Really. Do you think it's wrong?

HAROLD
(thinks, decides, and reports his

conclusion)

No.

(he smiles)

MAUDE

Oh, I'm so happy you said that because I wanted to show you my paintings. This is the "Rape of Rome" and, of course, there in the corner is quite a graphic depiction of Leda and the Swan.

Harold looks at the corner of the painting and then back at Maude.

MAUDE

(coquettishly)

A self-portrait.

(she walks on)

But over here is my favorite. It's titled "Rainbow with Egg Underneath and an Elephant." Do you like it?

HAROLD

Yes. Very much.

MAUDE

It was my last. I then became infatuated with these -- my "Odorifics."

She points to the odd-shaped boxes with the tubes and handles attached to them.

MAUDE

Give the nose a treat, I thought. Have a kind of olfactory banquet! So I began first on the easiest - roast beef, old books, mown grass, then I went on to these -

(she reads the labels on the boxes)

"An Evening at Maxim's." "Mexican Farmyard." Here's one you'd like. "Snowfall on 42nd Street." Put it on.

She helps him put on the oxygen-type mask.

MAUDE

(continuing)

Now I'll pump it up...

(she does so)

... and you just turn the handles.

(he does)

Okay. What do you smell?

HAROLD
Subways... Perfume... Cigarette...
(gradually becoming more excited)
... Cologne... Carpet... Chestnuts!
... Snow!

MAUDE
It goes on and on.

HAROLD
That's really great.

He takes it off.

MAUDE
Thank you. I thought of continuing - graduating to the abstract and free-smelling - but then I decided to switch to the tactile.

She gestures at the wood sculpture.

MAUDE
What do you think?

HAROLD
Oh. Eh, I like it.

MAUDE
No, you have to touch it.
(she demonstrates)
You have to run your hands over it, get close to it, really reach out and feel. You try it.

Harold tries. He gingerly moves his hand over a rather sensuous curve.

MAUDE
That's right. How's the sensation?

A low RISING WHISTLE is heard.

MAUDE
Oh, that's the kettle.
(she goes to kitchen)
Go ahead, Harold. Stroke, palm, caress, explore.

Harold watches Maude leave the room. He hears her invitation and looks at the sculpture. A battle is going on inside him. ("Go ahead touch it! - Better not!") Maude begins humming in the kitchen. She won't be out for a while. Harold begins moving his hand over the polished wood. His

face is expressionless, but he moves his body closer and his hand becomes more daring. He brings his other hand onto the sculpture. He is enjoying the sensations. He looks at the large hole before him. His hand moves around it. ("Go ahead - Better not!") His eyes scan the room. Suddenly he sticks his head in the hole, pulls it out, steps back quickly, and looks over to the kitchen. Maude is still out there humming. Harold relaxes, straightens his suit, looks at the sculpture, and braves a short smile.

Maude enters with the tea.

MAUDE
Here we are, Harold. Oat straw tea and ginger pie.

HAROLD
Certainly a new experience for me.

MAUDE
Wonderful! Try something new each day. After all, we're given life to find it out. It doesn't last forever.

They sit down at the table.

HAROLD
You look as if you could.

MAUDE
Me. Ha! Did I tell you I'll be eighty on Saturday?

HAROLD
You don't look eighty.

MAUDE
That's the influence of the right food, the right exercise, and the right breathing.
(she gestures)
Greet the dawn with the Breath of Fire!
(the demonstration leaves her a little winded)
Of course, there's no doubt the body is giving out. I'm well into autumn. I'll have to be giving it all up after Saturday. Sweeten the tea with honey, Harold. It's delicious.

HAROLD
That's a nice teapot.

MAUDE
Sterling silver. It was my dear mother-in-law's, part of a dinner set of fifty pieces. It's one of the few things that survived.
(pause)
Oh, but I do rattle on so. Tell me about yourself, Harold.
(she settles back with her tea)
What do you do when you aren't visiting funerals?

68 EXT. DEMOLITIONS - DAY

Shots of falling buildings. The giant demolition ball swings left and right knocking mighty holes in brick walls and sending them crumbling to earth with deafening noise.

69 EXT. DEMOLITION - ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

Harold and Maude watch, in the background, an old building collapse into rubble. After the noise abates Maude turns to Harold.

MAUDE
Yes. There is definitely a certain attraction.

70 EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

A giant crane comes crashing into the hood of a car. The car is picked up and dropped on a conveyor belt which hauls it up to the crusher. Despite the terrible din Harold and Maude watch with rapt attention.

71 EXT. JUNKYARD DISTRICT - LONG SHOT - DAY

Harold and Maude are sitting on a hill picnicking. They are looking at the junkyard operation in the distance. They chew for a while then Maude offers Harold a raw carrot. She chews on one herself.

MAUDE
Well, it's all very thrilling, of course, but I ask you, Harold... Is it enough?

HAROLD
What do you mean?

Maude smiles.

72 EXT. A LARGE VEGETABLE FIELD - DAY

The CAMERA is at a LOW LEVEL. We see long rows of young plants that stretch into the distance. We PAN across the field into two giant CLOSEUPS of Harold and Maude. They are lying on the ground looking intently at one little plant. Maude looks over to Harold.

MAUDE
I love to watch things grow.

73 EXT. FLOWER FARM - DAY

SHOTS of flowers growing, all different varieties, in clusters, in pots, on vines, in greenhouses, in large fields.

Maude and Harold are walking down a row of flowers.

MAUDE
They grow and bloom, and fade, and die, and some change into something else. Ah, life!

They stop by some flowers.

MAUDE
I should like to change into a sunflower most of all. They are so tall and simple. And you, Harold, what flower would you like to be?

HAROLD
I don't know. Just one of those.
(he gestures)

74 HAROLD'S POV

We see a large field of daisies stretching to the hills.

75 EXT. BY THE DAISY FIELD - DAY

Harold and Maude look out at it.

MAUDE
(a little perturbed)
Why do you say that?

HAROLD
(softly)
Because they are all the same.

MAUDE
Oooh, but they are not. Look.

They bend down to see some close ones.

MAUDE
(continuing)
See - some are smaller, some are fatter, some grow to the left, some to the right, some even have some petals missing - all kinds of observable differences, and we haven't even touched the bio-chemical. You see, Harold, they're like the Japanese. At first you think they all look alike, but after you get to know them you see there is not a repeat in the bunch. Each person is different, never existed before and never to exist again. Just like this daisy -
(she picks it)
- an individual.

They stand up.

HAROLD
Well, we may be individuals all right but -
(he looks out at the field)
- we have to grow up together.

Maude looks up. She is very struck by what Harold said. She speaks very softly and we see she has tears in her eyes.

MAUDE
Yes, that's very true. Still I believe much of the world's sorrow comes from people who know they are this -
(she holds the daisy)
- yet let themselves be treated -
(she looks out at the field)
- as that.

76 EXT. THE FIELD - DAY

Thousands and thousands of daisies wave gently in the breeze.

77 EXT. ROAD BY THE FLOWER FARM - DAY

A large black Continental apparently out of control crashes through the flower farm fence, swerves onto the road, and zigzags away at top speed before finally straightening out.

78 INT. CONTINENTAL - DAY

Harold is petrified. Maude is driving. She looks over at him and explains.

MAUDE
Ha! Power steering.

79 EXT. ROAD IN TOWN - DAY

The Continental speeds by.

80 INT. CONTINENTAL - DAY

Harold has somewhat recovered.

HAROLD
Boy, Maude. The way you handle cars. I'd never handle a car like that.

MAUDE
Oh, it's only a machine, Harold. It's not as if it were alive, like a horse or a camel. We may live in a machine age, but I simply can't treat them as equals.
(she looks over at the radio)
Of course, the age has its advantages.

She turns it on. Music plays softly.

MAUDE
(continuing)
The universal language of mankind.
(she begins humming along with the tune)
What music do you like, Harold?

HAROLD
Well...

Harold is suddenly thrown against the door as Maude makes a fast U-turn.

81 EXT. BEFORE THE COURTHOUSE PARK - DAY

We see the Continental turn across the street, drive up onto the sidewalk, and stop as it bumps into a telegraph pole.

82 MED. SHOT OF THE CAR

Maude gets out, walks around the car, and opens Harold's door. Harold, very shaken, gets out.

HAROLD
What happened?

MAUDE
(she points)
Look.

HAROLD
What?

MAUDE
Over there by the courthouse.

HAROLD
What is it?

MAUDE
That little tree. It's in trouble. Come on.

Maude walks over to the courthouse. Harold, not wanting to be left with the crashed car, quickly follows.

83 EXT. BY THE COURTHOUSE - DAY

They come to a little tree growing in the garden.

MAUDE
Look at it, Harold. It's suffocating. It's the smog. People can live with it, but it gives trees asthma. They can't breathe. See the leaves are all brown. Harold, we've got to do something about this life.

HAROLD
But what?

MAUDE
We'll transplant it. To the forest.

HAROLD
But we can't just dig it up!

MAUDE
Why not?

HAROLD
But this is public property.

MAUDE
Exactly.

She's ready to dig.

HAROLD
Don't you think we should get some tools, maybe?

MAUDE
Yes, you're right. We'll go see Glaucus. Come on.

HAROLD
Oh, wait, Maude. Look!

Harold points and we see that two COPS have stopped and are checking out the Continental on the sidewalk.

MAUDE
(nonchalantly)
Oh, the police. Come on.

84 EXT. BY THE CONTINENTAL - DAY

The police are looking around. Maude boldly walks by. Harold tags reluctantly along.

MAUDE
Good afternoon, Officer. Bit of trouble here?

OFFICER
(tips his hat)
Yes, ma'am. Somebody had some trouble parking.

MAUDE
Well, it's a tricky turn.

OFFICER
(not understanding but amiable)
Eh, yes, ma'm.

MAUDE
Tell me --

(points to car
in front)
-- is that car parked all right?

OFFICER
Oh yes. That's fine.

MAUDE
Well, thank you. Eh, officer,
you might turn off the radio.
Saves the battery.

Maude and Harold walk off to the car in front. The officer turns off the radio. He looks up. Maude has opened the door of the car in front with her ring of keys. She waves to him.

85 CLOSEUP - THE OFFICER

He tips his hat and waves back. He is smiling as we hear the engine start. The smile drops as we hear Maude's screeching start.

86 INT. GLAUCUS'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Maude and Harold enter. The block of ice in the center of the room is now five to six feet tall and melting rapidly into the large trough in which it stands. Around the studio on the walls and benches are every conceivable hand tool - sculpting tools, gardening tools, construction tools, etc. On a raised platform in one corner covered with rugs and cushions and skins, lies Glaucus, bundled up in a parka and snoring horribly. In his gloved hands he holds a hammer and an ice pick.

MAUDE
Oh, my. We're too late.

HAROLD
Is he all right?

MAUDE
He's fallen asleep, as usual.

She covers him with a rug.

MAUDE
(continuing)
We'll come back in the morning.

HAROLD
What is that he's working on?

MAUDE
An ice sculpture. It's Venus -

the Goddess of Love, the completion of which is his unfulfilled dream.

HAROLD
It is kind of rough.

MAUDE
He's never finished one yet. He has around him every kind of hand tool known to man, but the poor dear has difficulty staying awake.

HAROLD
Look, the ice is melting.

MAUDE
Yes.

They both stand and stare.

MAUDE
That's one of the drawbacks of the medium.

87 INT. MAUDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harold and Maude sit before the fire. They have just finished dinner.

MAUDE
A little after-dinner liqueur, Harold?

HAROLD
Well, I really don't drink...

MAUDE
Oh, it's all right. It's organic.

She pours.

HAROLD
Thank you.

MAUDE
(offering)
Some nuts? Some licorice? It has no nutritional value but then consistency is not really a human trait.

HAROLD
Thank you.

He chews the licorice. He gestures above the fireplace.

HAROLD
(continuing)
What's that?

MAUDE
My umbrella?
(fluttery laugh)
Oh, that's just a relic. I found it when I was packing to come to America. It used to be my defense on picket lines and rallies and political meetings - being dragged off by police or attacked by thugs of the opposition.
(fluttery laugh as she remembers)
A long time ago.

HAROLD
What were you fighting for?

MAUDE
Oh, Big Issues. Liberty. Rights. Justice. Kings died and kingdoms fell. I don't regret the kingdoms - what sense in borders and nations and patriotism - but I do miss the kings. When I was a little girl I was taken to the palace in Vienna, to a garden party. I can still see the sunshine, the parasols, and the flashing uniforms of the young officers. I thought then I would marry a soldier.
(fluttery laugh)
Later, Frederick would chide me about it.
(with a twinkle)
He was so serious. A doctor at the University. And in the government.

Suddenly she gets quiet.

MAUDE
But, that was all... before...

Maude stares into the fire. She suddenly seems very small and fragile. Harold notices the change that has come over her and is not sure what to say.

HAROLD
So you don't use the umbrella any more?

She looks at him and says softly:

MAUDE
No.

HAROLD
No more revolts.

MAUDE
(sparks back to her old self)
Oh, yes! Every day. But I don't need a defense anymore. I embrace! Still fighting for the Big Issues but now in my small, individual way. Shall we have a song?

HAROLD
Well, I don't...

MAUDE
Oh come on. I'll teach you.

She goes to the piano, sits down, and plays. It is a fast, delightful song and she sings it with zest.

MAUDE
Come on, Harold, join in the chorus.

Beside her Harold hesitatingly sings along. The o.s. orchestra has joined in, enabling Maude to leave the piano and get up and dance. She capers in true old vaudeville fashion. As the song continues we go into a MONTAGE and see Maude dance as she sings in various locales - the beach, the forest, the fields, the hills, finally returning to her room to join up with Harold for a socko finish.

MAUDE
Oh, that was fun. Let's play something together.

HAROLD
But I don't play anything.

MAUDE
(a bombshell!)
Don't play anything! Dear me. Everyone should be able to make some music. Why, it's life! - Rhythm and harmony - That's the cosmic dance. Come with me.

She goes over to a large cupboard and opens both doors. It is full of all kinds of musical instruments. She ferrets about for a while and pulls out a banjo.

MAUDE

Here we are. Just the thing.

She shows him a chord and how to strum. - "Your fingers here... etc." He does it a few times.

MAUDE
That's right. But be impulsive! Be fanciful! Let the music flow out of you as freely as though you were talking. Okay?
(she sits)
From the top -- Let's jam!

She swings into the chorus and Harold strums along. At the end she looks over at him beaming.

HAROLD
Okay?

MAUDE
Superb.

88 EXT. THE CHASEN'S BACKYARD - DAY

Harold sits practicing his banjo. We barely recognize that he is playing Maude's Song. He hears his mother calling him and he quickly hides his banjo in a nearby flower pot. His mother enters.

MRS. CHASEN
Harold! Harold! Ah, there you are. I have a little present for you. A surprise. Come with me.

They both go off toward the garage.

89 EXT. THE GARAGE AREA - DAY

They both come around the corner and Mrs. Chasen gestures dramatically in front of her.

MRS. CHASEN
There!

90 EXT. THE GARAGE AREA - THEIR POV - DAY

We see a little green MG roadster. Harold comes up to it, suspecting something funny. He looks around for his hearse.

MRS. CHASEN
Isn't that darling? I had them tow off that black monstrous thing of

yours and had them send this around instead. It's so much more appropriate for you, don't you think?

Harold starts to say something.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing)
One more thing, Harold. I've talked on the phone with your second computer date and she seems a very nice, quiet girl. Not at all hysterical like the first one. Nevertheless I want you to be on your best behavior when she comes tomorrow and make her feel at home.
(she looks at the car before leaving)
Cute little thing, isn't it? I like it very much.
(she exits)

Harold stands for a moment looking at the MG. He makes a decision.

91 QUICK SHOT

Harold takes off his jacket.

92 QUICK SHOT

Harold wheels to the car a large acetylene torch.

93 QUICK SHOT

Harold pulls down a great welding mask over his head.

94 INT. GLAUCUS' STUDIO - DAY

A brand new block of ice - eight to nine feet tall - stands in the trough in the center of the studio. Glaucus, spryly dressed for autumn, is chipping merrily away.

GLAUCUS
Come in. Come in.

Maude enters.

MAUDE
Have you seen Harold?

GLAUCUS

One moment.

He makes a chip on the ice and stands back to examine it. He is satisfied. He turns to Maude, full of pep.

GLAUCUS
Ah, Dame Marjorie. Greetings.
(he kisses her hand)
As Odysseus said to Penelope...

Harold enters a little out of breath.

HAROLD
Sorry I'm late.

GLAUCUS
A rather free translation but nonetheless correct. Greetings to you too, my little one.
(he gestures at the ice)
Tell me, what do you see?

HAROLD
A block of ice.

GLAUCUS
Exactly! Now, ask me what I see.

HAROLD
What do you see?

GLAUCUS
I see the eternal goddess of beauty and love. I see Aphrodite. The consummate woman.

Full of warmth and fire. Frozen.
(to the ice)
And it is I who shall set you free.

He takes a small pneumatic drill and attacks the ice. He makes a little incision, puts it down, and steps back to observe. He wipes his brow.

GLAUCUS
Each morning I am delivered of a new block of ice. Each evening my eyes grow weary, my hands hang heavy, and I am swept down Lethe to slumber -
(slowly with feeling)
- while my goddess, half-born, drips away - unseen, unsung, and unknown.

MAUDE
May we borrow a shovel?

GLAUCUS
Wait! Let me think. Do I need a shovel today? No! I need a blowtorch.
(he gets a blowtorch)
Take any shovel. You are welcome.

Harold picks up a shovel.

MAUDE
Thank you, Glaucus. We'll see you later. Come on, Harold.

Harold and Maude exit.

GLAUCUS
Farewell, my friends.
(he fires the blowtorch)
"Where'er he moved, the goddess shone before" - Homer!

He approaches the ice.

95 EXT. HIGHWAY - LONG SHOT - DAY

We PAN with a brown pick-up truck as it drives along. A small tree stands swaying in the back.

96 INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - ANGLE FROM SIDE - MED. SHOT - DAY

Maude is driving. Harold sits beside her. The car is traveling from SCREEN LEFT to SCREEN RIGHT. Harold looks at Maude. She smiles. He smiles.

97 EXT. HIGHWAY - LONG SHOT - DAY

Cop on a motorcycle watches Maude go by. He follows her and flags her down. She pulls the truck over to the side of the road.

98 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The cop gets off his motorcycle and comes over to the truck door.

COP
Lady, you were going 70 miles an hour in a 45-mile zone. Could

I see your license, please?

MAUDE
Yes. Those little pieces of paper with your picture on it?

COP
Yes.

MAUDE
Oh, I don't have one.

COP
Come again.

MAUDE
I don't have one. I don't believe in them.

COP
How long have you been driving?

MAUDE
About forty-five minutes, wouldn't you say, Harold? We were hoping to start sooner but, you see, it's rather hard to find a truck.

COP
Could I see your registration?

MAUDE
I just don't think we have one, unless it's in the glove compartment. Could you look, Harold?

COP
Isn't this your vehicle?

MAUDE
No, no. I just took it.

COP
Took it?

MAUDE
Yes. You see I have to plant my tree.

COP
Your tree.

MAUDE
Well, it's not really mine. I dug it up in front of the courthouse. We're transplanting it. Letting

it breathe, you know. But, of course, we would like to get it into soil, as soon as possible.

COP
Lady, let me get this straight.

MAUDE
(agreeing)
All right, then, and we'll be off.
(she revs up the motor)
Nice chatting with you.

Maude zooms off down the highway. The cop is left flabbergasted. He races for his motorcycle. With SIRENS blazing he drives of to catch her.

99 INT. THE TRUCK - DAY

Harold looks uneasily out the back window.

HAROLD
I think he's following us.

MAUDE
Is he? Ah, the police. Always wanting to play games. Well, here goes.

Maude accelerates and zooms off.

100 EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Maude careens down the highway dodging cars. The cop follows in hot pursuit. Suddenly Maude does a full left turn making a screeching half-circle and charging off down the highway in the opposite direction. Cars pull over out of her way. The cop does a similar U-turn and follows her. Maude immediately makes another U-turn and flies off down the highway in her original direction. The cop is taken unawares. Traffic around him is in total confusion. He dodges zigzagging cars, runs up onto the embankment, and stops.

101 INT. THE TRUCK - DAY

HAROLD
(turns around
badly shaken)
He's stopped.

MAUDE
(brightly)
The old double U-turn. Gets

them every time.

102 EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DAY

The truck continues on its merry way.

103 EXT. A PLEASANT GLADE IN THE FOREST - DAY

Maude and Harold have just finished planting the tree; Maude is putting the finishing touches around the trunk. She stands up.

MAUDE
There. Oh, I like the feel of soil, don't you? And the smell. It's the earth. "The earth is my body. My head is in the stars."
(little laugh)
Who said that?

HAROLD
I don't know.

MAUDE
I suppose I did.
(laughs)
Well, farewell little tree. Grow up tall, and change, and fall to replenish the earth. Isn't it wonderful, Harold? All around us. Living things.

104 EXT. THE FOREST - DAY

Harold and Maude are sitting in a tree.

MAUDE
I come here as often as I can. It's exhilarating. What do you call it? Nature! Life! Soul! God! At any rate, it's here, and...

We PULL BACK on the ZOOM and see they are sitting in the top branches of a very tall tree.

MAUDE
... we are part of it.

105 INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

SAME SIDE ANGLE AS SHOT 96, except now the truck is traveling from screen right to screen left. Maude is driving; Harold sits beside her. Maude looks at Harold.

He smiles. She smiles.

106 EXT. THE HIGHWAY - LONG SHOT - DAY

We see the truck, now without the tree, go driving down the road. We see the cop on the motorbike. It is the same one as before. He sees the truck, grits his teeth, and speeds on after it. With SIRENS blazing he signals Maude to pull well off the road, and around so that it is facing the fields. The cop gets of his bike and goes over to them.

COP
Okay, lady. Out.

MAUDE
Hello.

She doesn't quite recognize him.

MAUDE
Haven't we met before?

COP
None of that, lady.

MAUDE
(genuinely)
Oh, well. Must have been your brother.

COP
Out!

Maude gets out.

MAUDE
But there is a family resemblance.

COP
(to Harold)
You too, Buster. Stand over here. Lady, you're in a heap of trouble. I have you down here for several violations; speeding, resisting arrest, driving without a license, driving a stolen vehicle, possession of a stolen tree... Where's the tree?

MAUDE
We planted it.

COP
Is this your shovel?

MAUDE

No.

COP
Possession of a stolen shovel.

MAUDE
Officer, I can explain.

COP
Lady, resisting arrest is a serious criminal offense. Under the state criminal code, section 545, paragraph 10-B...

MAUDE
Oh, don't get officious. You're not yourself when you're officious. That's the curse of a government job.

COP
(patiently)
Lady, is it true you're driving without a license?

MAUDE
(equally as patient)
Check.

COP
And that truck - is it registered in your name?

MAUDE
Oh no! Not in my name.

COP
Then whose name is it registered in?

MAUDE
Well, I don't know. Do you know, Harold?

COP
Where are the papers?

MAUDE
I suppose they are in the truck. Are you going to take a lot of time with this?

COP
Wait here.

MAUDE

Because if you are...

COP
Lady! Be quiet.

The cop goes over to the truck. We FOLLOW him as he sits in the front seat, opens the glove compartment, and begins looking through some papers. Suddenly he hears the start of an engine. He looks up. Maude is on the motorcycle, revving it up, and motioning Harold to get on board.

MAUDE
Grab the shovel, Harold.

Harold hesitates. He looks over at the cop, who begins to get out of the truck. He makes up his mind, grabs the shovel, jumps on the seat behind Maude, and they both go careening off down the road. The cop takes out his gun.

COP
Stop! Or I'll shoot!

He fires several times.

107 CLOSEUP - MAUDE ON THE BIKE

She hears the shots.

MAUDE
Oh! It's just like the Resistance.

She begins maneuvering the bike in defensive zigzag patterns.

108 LONG SHOT - THE HIGHWAY

The cop, helpless, watches them disappear over the hill.

109 INT. GLAUCUS' STUDIO - NIGHT

The ice block is as we saw it the first night - unfinished and melting. Glaucus, bundled up in his winter clothes, falters towards it with a heavy hammer and chisel. He is fighting off sleep as only a very old man can. He manages a blow on the ice and then shuffles back to see its effect. He mumbles all the time.

GLAUCUS
The bitter dregs of Fortune's
cup to drain - The Iliad...
Almost finished... Gotta make
it... Going to make it...
Liberate Love... Set her free.

He staggers to the statue and back again.

Harold and Maude enter, laughing.

MAUDE
Oh, those motorcycles are awfully chilly.

HAROLD
Yeah. And it is cold in here. Hello, Glaucus.

GLAUCUS
Cold... Yes... Yes... Gotta turn up the heat... Excuse me...

He turns up the heat.

HAROLD
Here's your shovel.

GLAUCUS
What?... Oh yes... Shovel... Create ... Verily these issues lie in the lap of the gods... Iliad... Just sit down for a minute.

Glaucus wanders over to his couch and sits, still mumbling.

GLAUCUS
Not giving up... Just for a minute ... Then once more up the hill...

Harold walks over to the ice sculpture.

HAROLD
I think I see it.

MAUDE
Yes. It's almost there.

Glaucus, his eyes barely open, gets up and shuffles in place as if he is walking over to the statue. He works his tools in the air and then shuffles in place as if he is walking back. He examines his work. He sits.

GLAUCUS
Yes... almost done... have a little rest. Not long... Just a little rest... then once more up the hill...

He falls back slowly asleep.

HAROLD
I think he's asleep.

Glaucus pops up.

GLAUCUS
Aha! Morpheus. I'll...

He mumbles and makes an effort to raise his tools. His eyes close, but he is still fighting.

GLAUCUS
Gonna make it... Gonna make it...
Make it...

He drifts back against the cushions still holding the tools in his hand. He is finally asleep.

Harold and Maude have been watching Glaucus's gallant battle. Maude smiles and turns to go. Harold looks at the sculpture.

HAROLD
The ice is melting.

MAUDE
Yes.

HAROLD
Don't you think we should turn off the heat?

MAUDE
(brightly)
Why? There'll be a new block of ice in the morning.

110 INT. MAUDE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Maude and Harold are dressed in bright Japanese kimonos. They are relaxing on cushions in the Japanese nook after having just finished supper. Maude puffs pleasantly on a hookah.

HAROLD
I like Glaucus.

MAUDE
Yes, so do I. But I think he is a little... old-fashioned. Like a puff, Harold?

HAROLD
Well, I really don't smoke.

MAUDE
It's all right.
(she offers him the hose)
It's organic.

HAROLD
(smokes)
I'm sure picking up on vices.

MAUDE
Vice? Virtue? It's best not to be too moral. You cheat yourself out of too much life. Aim above morality. As Confucius says, "Don't simply be good. Make good things happen."

HAROLD
Did Confucius say that?

MAUDE
Well --
(she smiles)
- they say he was very wise, so I'm sure he must have.

HAROLD
You are the wisest person I know.

MAUDE
Me!
(she laughs and shakes her head)
When I look around me I know I know nothing. I remember though, once long ago in Persia, we met a wise man in the bazaar. He was a professional and used to sell his wisdom to anyone willing to pay. His specialty for tourists was a maxim engraved on the head of a pin. "The wisest," he said, "the truest, the most instructive words for all men at all times." Frederick bought one for me and back at the hotel I peered through a magnifying glass to read the words - "And this too shall pass away."
(fluttery laugh)
Well, the wise man was right - if you remember that, you can't help but live life fully.

HAROLD
Yes. I haven't lived.
(he suddenly giggles)
I've died a few times.

MAUDE

What was that?

HAROLD
(he is getting a little high)
Died! Seventeen times - not counting maiming.
(he laughs)
Shot myself in the face once with a popgun and a pellet of blood.

MAUDE
(laughing with him)
How ingenious! Tell me about them.

HAROLD
Well, it's a question of timing, and the right equipment, and plenty of patience... You really want to hear about this?

MAUDE
Of course.

HAROLD
(he smiles)
Okay.

Partly because of the pot, but mostly because he has found a friend, Harold opens up for the first time in his life. As he gets into the story he tells it with such animation and delight that we are amazed at all the fun and zest he has kept locked up inside him.

HAROLD
Well, the first time it wasn't even planned. It was when I was at boarding school and they were getting ready for the school Centennial Celebration and they put all the fireworks and food and stuff in this room in the West Wing. Well, on the floor above they had the Chemistry Lab and I had to stay in and clean it up. So I thought I'd do a little experimenting. I got all this stuff out and began mixing it up. It was very scientific. I was measuring the amounts. Well, suddenly there was this big fizzing sound and this white kind of porridge stuff began erupting out of the beaker, and moving along the desk and falling onto the floor. It was making an awful mess. So I got the hose to try to spray it

into the sink. I turned on the water and - POW! There was this massive explosion. Knocked me down. Blew out the floor. Boards and brick and flames leaping up. Singed my hair. Smoke everywhere. I got up, then this sound like bombs going off. It was the fireworks in the room below. And all this stuff came flying out the hole. PACHAU! Skyrockets and pinwheels. And fire balls all whizzing and bouncing. And I was just standing there stunned - I couldn't believe it - just watching - being pelted by all these little pellets - turns out to be the goddamn popcorn spewed up from below. The whole place was a crazy inferno with the rockets and everything, and I couldn't get to the door. But behind me was this old laundry chute, so I hopped in that and slid down that to the basement. When I got outside I saw that the whole top of the building was on fire and, of course, it was pandemonium with people running around and fire alarms ringing. So I decided to go home. When I get there my mother is having this big party so I creep up the back stairs to my room. Then there is this ring on the doorbell. It's the police. I creep over to the banister to see what they say, and they tell my mother that I had been killed in a fire at school. Well, everyone got very quiet.

Harold has calmed down and speaks in a matter of fact way.

HAROLD
(continuing)
People were whispering and looking at my mother.

I tried leaning forward to see her face but I couldn't.
(slowly)
She began to sway. She put one hand to her forehead. With the other she reached out, as if groping for support. Two men rushed to her side and then - with a long, low sigh - she collapsed in their arms.
(pause)
I decided then I enjoyed being

dead.

Maude doesn't say anything for a moment. Then she speaks softly.

MAUDE
Yes. I understand. A lot of people enjoy being dead. But they are not dead really. They're just backing away from life.
(with a twinkle)
They're players - but they sit on the bench. The game goes on before them. At any moment they can join in.
(she jumps up and shouts)
Reach out! Take a chance! Get hurt maybe. But play as well as you can.
(she leads a cheer before the stands)
Go team, go! Give me an "L." Give me an "I." Give me a "V." Give me an "E." LIVE!!!!!
(she sits down by Harold, quietly composed)
Otherwise you'll have nothing to talk about in the locker room.

HAROLD
(smiles)
I like you, Maude.

MAUDE
(smiles)
I like you, Harold.
(pause)
Come, I'll teach you to waltz.

Music comes in from nowhere. Harold joins Maude and, though they both realize how ridiculous they look waltzing in kimonos, they begin to dance, and thoroughly enjoy it.

We go into a MONTAGE as they dance together, similar to the one Maude danced alone. They dance on the beach, the forest, the fields, the hills, and end up back in her apartment for the courtly finale.

111 EXT. THE CHASEN'S BACK YARD - DAY

Mrs. Chasen and EDITH FERN come out of the house and walk toward the garage area. Edith, the second computer date, is short, mousy, and looks like a female Don Knotts.

MRS. CHASEN
This way, Edith. Harold is out by the garage. He has a new car and he has been tuning it up. He's very mechanical.

EDITH
What kind of a car is it?

112 EXT. THE GARAGE AREA - DAY

They come around the corner.

MRS. CHASEN
It's a little MG roadster...

She stops dead in her tracks at what she sees.

113 MRS. CHASEN POV

Harold is putting the final polish on the car. The car, however, has changed. It is now black, with a squared-off top, a long back, black velvet curtains, and silver trim. As Edith says...

EDITH
Oh. It looks like a hearse.
(a pause)
Very nice. Compact.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing despite the blow)
Edith, I'd like you to meet my son, Harold. Harold, this is Edith... eh?

EDITH
Fern. I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance.

Harold nods a greeting and they shake hands.

MRS. CHASEN
Harold, I think you should go and wash up and meet us in the den. And remember what I said to you. Let's make Edith feel at home.

114 INT. CHASEN'S DEN - DAY

Edith and Mrs. Chasen are seated having coffee.

MRS. CHASEN
And what do you do, my dear?

EDITH
I'm a file clerk - Harrison Feed and Grain.

MRS. CHASEN
How interesting.

EDITH
Not very.

MRS. CHASEN
Oh. Well, what is it exactly that you do?

EDITH
I'm in charge of all the invoices for the southwest. We supply, for example, most of the egg farmers in Southern California. So you can imagine.

She sips her coffee.

MRS. CHASEN
Yes.

She sips hers. Harold enters.

MRS. CHASEN
Here's Harold now. No, don't get up.

Edith sits. Harold sits. A pause.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing)
Edith was just telling me about her job.

EDITH
I'm a file clerk.

MRS. CHASEN
Yes. Henderson Feed and Grain.

EDITH
(corrects her)
Harrison. Harrison Feed and Grain... At Hamilton and Fourth... I'm in charge of the invoices... And I type up the schedule for the trucking fleet...

MRS. CHASEN

She supplies the whole southwest
with chicken feed.

EDITH
(modestly)
Well, not all the southwest.
Although we do have a large
business... Barley was very big
last week... Fifteen hundred...

Harold pulls out a meat cleaver. His left hand rests on the table. With one great swoop he cuts it of at the wrist. Calmly he puts his amputated arm in his lap as Edith pauses in her story. Mrs. Chasen rolls her eyes and sighs. Edith loOkS at the bloody hand on the table and cannot continue.

EDITH
... bushels.

She begins violent retchings and tumbles forward to the floor.

Harold looks over at Mrs. Chasen.

Mrs. Chasen looks over at Harold.

115 INSERT CLOSEUP - UNCLE VICTOR - SAME AS IN SHOT 27 EXCEPT RIGHT PROFILE

UNCLE VICTOR
I'd put him in the Army, Helen.

116 EXT. LONG SHOT - THE MEADOW - DAY

Harold and Maude have just finished having a picnic.

117 MEDIUM SHOT - THE MEADOW - DAY

Maude is putting the things away. Harold lies on his back and looks at the sky.

HAROLD
Look at that sky.
(pause)
It's so big.

MAUDE
It's so blue.

HAROLD
And beyond the blue is the blackness
of the cosmos.

MAUDE
Spreckled with uncountable stars. The stars are shining right now. We just can't see them. Just another instance of all that's going on that is beyond human perception.

HAROLD
(he sits up)
Maude, do you pray?

MAUDE
Pray? No.
(pause)
I communicate.
(she smiles)

HAROLD
(smiling)
With God?

MAUDE
With Life.

They look at each other and smile.

HAROLD
This is really nice. Makes me feel like a kid. I want to do somersaults .

MAUDE
Well, why don't you?

HAROLD
No. I'd feel stupid.

MAUDE
Harold, everyone has the right to make an ass out of themselves. You just can't let the world judge you too much.

Harold shrugs "Okay." He does a somersault in the grass. He laughs.

HAROLD
Want to join me in some cartwheels?

MAUDE
No. I feel more like - yodeling.

HAROLD
Yodeling?

Maude YODELS. Loud and long. Harold joins in. Their

combined voices ECHO across the valley and FADE OUT as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

118 EXT. THE BEACH AT SUNSET

The sun sits on the horizon. We PULL BACK to include Harold and Maude sitting on a rock and looking out at the reddening clouds and sea.

MAUDE
(poetically)
It's sinking, Harold. Going over the horizon - where we are all going to go. It's getting dark. "Let each man hold on to his candle and get a light where'er he can."

HAROLD
Where's that?

MAUDE
(breaking the mood)
From the guys who got the matches, of course.
(she laughs)

HAROLD
(smiling)
Boy! It sure has been a wonderful day. And you - you are beautiful.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

MAUDE
Oh, Harold. You make me feel like a schoolgirl.

HAROLD
Shall I drop by tomorrow?
(remembers)
Oh, I have a luncheon date. With this girl.

MAUDE
Oh.

HAROLD
I've never met her. My mother set it up.

MAUDE
Well, be kind. I've lived a long time, Harold, seen evil as well as

good, and it has been my experience
that kindness...

As Maude is talking and looking out to sea, Harold looks down at her hand in his. She is not wearing a long-sleeved dress and we see a number tattooed on her skin: P-876954. Maude doesn't notice but Harold is visibly shocked.

MAUDE
(continuing)
... is what the world sorely lacks.
Oh, look!

Maude points and Harold looks out to sea.

119 THEIR POV

A sea gull flies across the reddening sky.

120 TWO SHOT

Harold still holds Maude's hand.

MAUDE
Dreyfus once wrote that on
Devil's Island he would see the
most glorious birds. Many
years later in Britanny he
realized they had only been sea
gulls.

She smiles at Harold and looks back out to sea.

MAUDE
(continuing)
To me they will always be -
glorious birds.

Harold keeps looking at Maude. The sun on the horizon begins slowly to sink.

121 INT. CHASEN'S DEN - DAY

Mrs. Chasen is talking to Harold.

MRS. CHASEN
Harold, I cannot impress upon
you too strongly the importance
of this meeting. She is the
last girl. The Computer Dating
Company was reluctant to send
anyone in view of what they've
heard. Fortunately, I was able
to demand they stand by their

original agreement. But kindly
remember this is your third
and final chance.

The doorbell rings.

MRS. CHASEN
Here she is, now. Please try
to take this seriously, if not
for your sake, at least for hers.

Mrs. Chasen leaves. Harold grits his teeth, and breathes deeply. He is going to try. He goes to a mirror and straightens his tie. He hears approaching voices and he turns to greet them.

Mrs. Chasen enters with SUNSHINE DORE, a stringy, long-haired actress. Harold goes up to meet her.

MRS. CHASEN.
Harold, I'd like you to meet
eh, Sunshine Dore. Sunshine's
an actress.

SUNSHINE
I like to think so.

HAROLD
How do you do?

SUNSHINE
Can't complain.

MRS. CHASEN
Well, I'll leave you two alone
for a moment. I have to call
my hairdresser. I'll bring back
some drinks. Harold, perhaps
Starlight would like a cigarette.

SUNSHINE
Eh, Sunshine.

MRS. CHASEN.
Oh, yes, of course.

She exits.

HAROLD
Would you like a cigarette?

SUNSHINE
No, thank you. They stain my
fingers.

Pause.

HAROLD
Is Sunshine your real name?

SUNSHINE
Well, actually, it was the name of my drama teacher - Louis Sunshine. Perhaps you've heard of him. He was such an influence on the development of my instrument. That means my body - in theatre talk. Well, when I came to Hollywood I felt the need to express the emerging me in a new form, so I took on "Sunshine." Dore is my real name... Well, Dore, actually. My, what a lovely place you have here.

She goes to the piano.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
Do you play?

HAROLD
No. I'm learning the banjo. Do you?

SUNSHINE
Oh, I studied the guitar. I had to give it up. Gave me calluses on my fingers. As an actress I can't afford to have a tarnished instrument.

She picks up a photograph.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
Oh, is this your father?

HAROLD
No. My uncle.

SUNSHINE
Oh, he's in the Army. I do so like the military, don't you? Those uniforms make men look so virile. I did "What Price Glory?" in summer stock. I played Charmaine - with a French accent.

She goes over to the mantelpiece.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
Oh, what a wonderful collection

of knives. May I see them?

Harold gives up trying.

HAROLD
Certainly.

He takes one off the wall.

HAROLD
(continuing)
This one is particularly interesting. It's a hari-kari blade.

SUNSHINE
Ohhh. What's hari-kari?

HAROLD
An ancient Japanese ceremony.

SUNSHINE
Like a tea ceremony?

HAROLD
No. Like this.

With gusto he plunges the knife into his belly. He drops to his knees bleeding profusely. He continues the upper-cut and sidecut gouging with appropriate Oriental screams. He stops and tumbles forward - lifeless.

Sunshine stands in awe. She slowly bends down.

SUNSHINE
Oh, that was marvelous, Harold. It had the ring of truth. Harold... Who did you study with? ... Oh, I'm sorry. I don't want to break into your private moment. I know how exhausting true emotion can be. I played Juliet at the Sunshine Playhouse. Louie thought it was my best performance.

She goes into Juliet.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand? Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end. Oh churl! Drink all, and left no friendly drop to help me after? I will kiss thy lips.

Harold opens his eyes. He can't believe this.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
Happily some poison yet doth
hang on them - to make me die
with a restorative .

She kisses Harold, who immediately kneels up.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
Thy lips are warm!

Harold, startled, knocks over an ashtray.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief.
Oh happy dagger!...

She takes stunned Harold's dagger, pressing the blade back and forth in the handle to see how it operates.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
... Oh happy dagger! This is
thy sheath.

She stabs herself between the breasts.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
There rest--

She staggers to the couch, clutching the dagger.

SUNSHINE
(continuing)
- and let me die.

She collapses and expires.

Harold gets up. He has never seen anything like it. He wanders around the couch as if he was looking at an idiot.

Mrs. Chasen enters with a tray full of drinks, sees Sunshine dead on the couch, and drops them all with a loud crash. She looks over at a bewildered Harold. Summing up the situation, she flings out an accusing arm.

MRS. CHASEN
Harold! That was your last date!

122 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

He doesn't know what to make of it.

123 CLOSEUP - MRS. CHASEN

She is thoroughly steamed up. She makes a decision.

124 INSERT CLOSEUP UNCLE VICTOR - SAME FRAMING AS SHOT 27 BUT LOOKING STRAIGHT ON

UNCLE VICTOR
I'd put him in the Army, Helen.

125 INT. MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT - CLOSEUP - DAY

Military file cabinet opened and hand removes a file.

126 INT. A MILITARY CORRIDOR - CLOSEUP - DAY

The file is being carried by someone and then dropped into an "IN" box.

127 INT. A MILITARY OFFICE - CLOSEUP - DAY

The file is taken out of the "IN" box, carried through a door, and placed on a desk.

127A INT. UNCLE VICTOR'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - DAY

The file is opened by a pair of hands. We TILT UP to see whose hands they are. It is Uncle Victor who is studying the file with obvious pleasure.

127B INT. THE CHASEN DEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Chasen stands before a seated Harold looking like a queen about to proclaim banishment. (As we DOLLY into her during her speech, we hear the hint of a DRUM ROLL.)

MRS. CHASEN
In view of your recent actions, Harold, I find you have left me with no recourse but to listen to the solution proposed by your uncle. Consequently, I have instructed him to take the necessary measures for you to be forthwith inducted into the service, and, for your own good, to take up active duty with the United States Army.

Harold is thunderstruck - and scared.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing)
I hope they will have more luck with you than I.

127C EXT. BACK YARD BEHIND MAUDE'S - DAY

Maude is hoeing weeds in Madame Arouet's garden. Madame Arouet is working in the back. Harold comes up to Maude.

HAROLD
Maude, I must speak to you.

MAUDE
What is it, Harold?

HAROLD
They're going to draft me. In the Army. I'm going to be sent away.

MAUDE
But they can't do that. You haven't even got the vote.

HAROLD
But they have.

MAUDE
Well, don't go.

She obviously is not perturbed about Harold's plight and seems more interested in gathering weeds.

MAUDE
(continuing)
Perhaps war is part of the human condition. But it shouldn't be encouraged. Bring over that wheelbarrow, will you please?

Harold goes to get the wheelbarrow.

HAROLD
But they'll put me in jail.

MAUDE
Really. Just put it there, Harold.

Harold puts down the wheelbarrow and Maude starts forking the weeds into it.

MAUDE
(continuing)
They'd put you in jail, eh? Well, historically you'd be in very good company.
(she laughs)
That's what my husband used to say when we were in the French Underground dealing with the Gestapo. Would you like to do a little raking?
(she wipes her brow)
Work, I'm told, done with no selfish interest, purifies the mind. You sink your separate self and become one with the universal self. On the other hand, senseless labor is a bloody bore and should be scrupulously avoided.

HAROLD
(very concerned)
Maude, do you think you can help me?

MAUDE
What? With your skill and my experience... I think we can come up with something.

127D INT. UNCLE VICTOR'S CAR - DAY

Uncle Victor and Harold are seated in the back of the General's military limousine. As they ride along, Uncle Victor is being very expansive. Harold is being unusually attentive.

UNCLE VICTOR
Harold, I want you to look at me like your father in this matter. We'll spend the day just getting to know each other. Now, I know that you have no great desire to join the Army. Hell, I felt the same way myself when I started out. But believe me, Harold, once you get to know it, you'll love it. It's a great life. Look at me. A chauffeur. Respect. Money in the bank.
(he looks at his empty sleeve)
It has its drawbacks. Like anything else, I suppose. But

the Army takes care of you. You join up, and you've got a buddy for life.

127E EXT. A LARGE CITY PARK - DAY

The General and Harold have left the car and are walking along the path. There are not many people about, mostly mothers with small children.

UNCLE VICTOR
Good idea of yours to come out here, Harold. It's a lovely spot.

HAROLD
Thank you, Uncle.

UNCLE VICTOR
Call me "sir," Harold. First thing you learn in the Army - an officer deserves your respect.

HAROLD
Yes, sir.

UNCLE VICTOR
Perfectly lovely. You know, this is what we're defending. Everything that's good and beautiful in the American way of life. Oh, there's some nut peace petitioner over there. Let's go off this way. Those crazy Commie bastards. I don't know why we tolerate 'em. Parasites.

Harold looks over toward the peace petitioner.

HAROLD
Yes, sir.

127F EXT. A TRAIL IN THE PARK - DAY

UNCLE VICTOR
Let's examine the facts on it. I say this country has been too harsh in its outright condemnation of war. I say you can point to many material advantages brought about by a crisis and conflict policy. Hell, World War II gave us the ballpoint pen. That's common knowledge.

HAROLD
During wartime the national suicide rate goes down.

UNCLE VICTOR
Is that a fact? Well, that fits in right along with everything I've been saying. War is not all black.

HAROLD
War is not all black.

The trail splits in a fork. Harold, it seems, subtly leads the General to take the right. They walk on.

127G EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE PARK - DAY

The General and Harold sit on a bench overlooking a reservoir.

UNCLE VICTOR
And so I ask you - why the hell did we give up on the Germans? Those damn politicians in Washington chalked them up on our side and the wars ever since have been a national disgrace. Hell, look at history. The two best wars this country has fought were against the Jerries. Now I say, get the Krauts on the other side of the fence where they belong, and let's get back to the kind of enemy worth killing and the kind of war this whole country can support.

HAROLD
(admiringly)
Jeez, sir. That's pretty strong stuff.

They get up to go.

UNCLE VICTOR
Well, Harold, I've always been a man who speaks his mind. It's hurt me. I'm not liked in Washington. I know that. But I do have friends in high places.

They walk off toward the reservoir.

127H EXT. BY THE RESERVOIR - DAY

They are seated under a tree, close to the dam.

UNCLE VICTOR
They came at me from all sides, hundreds of 'em. We kept firing -

Zat-Tat-Tat-Tat! "Throw the grenades," I shouted. "Mac, throw the grenades!" "He's dead," Joe said, and kept right on feeding me bullets. Zat-Tat-Tat-Tat! They kept falling, but they kept coming. Bullets whizzing all around me. Zot! Joe falls back with a neat red hole in his head. I thought I was done for. But I kept firing. Zat-Tat-Tat! Only one thought kept me going. Kill! Kill! For Mac, and Joe, and the rest of the guys. Kill! - a blinding flash. I wake up on a stretcher. "Did we hold?" I asked the medic. "Yes, sir," he said, and I slipped into unconsciousness.

HAROLD
Jeez! That's a great story,

UNCLE VICTOR
Well, you'll soon have stories like that to tell of your own.

HAROLD
You think so, sir?

UNCLE VICTOR
Sure. Be able to tell your children. Something for them to look up to. Be proud of.

HAROLD
I hope so, sir. Golly I never knew it could be so exciting.

UNCLE VICTOR
It's the greatest excitement in the world.

HAROLD
(pensively)
To pit your own life against another.

UNCLE VICTOR
That's right.

HAROLD
To kill. The taste of blood in your mouth.

UNCLE VICTOR
The moment of truth.

HAROLD

(holding an
imaginary rifle)
Another man's life in your sights.

UNCLE VICTOR
Yes.

HAROLD
(he fires)
ZAT!

Harold begins going into a state of catatonic excitement.

HAROLD
Will they really teach me to shoot?

UNCLE VICTOR
Oh, sure. A variety of weapons.

HAROLD
And to use the bayonet? PACHOIE!

UNCLE VICTOR
Oh sure.

HAROLD
How about hand-to-hand combat?

UNCLE VICTOR
Yes.

HAROLD
To strangle someone. Choke him.
Squeeze out his life between your
hands.

UNCLE VICTOR
Eh?

HAROLD
How about to slit his throat?

UNCLE VICTOR
Well, I don't...

HAROLD
I'd like that. You could see the
blood squirt out.

UNCLE VICTOR
Harold, I think you're getting
carried away here.

HAROLD
Sir, how about souvenirs?

UNCLE VICTOR

Souvenirs?

HAROLD
Of your kill - ears, nose, scalp, privates.

UNCLE VICTOR
Harold!

HAROLD
What's the chance of getting one of these?

He pulls out a shrunken head.

HAROLD
(continuing)
Boy, to think I could maybe make my own.

UNCLE VICTOR
Harold! That's disgusting!

MAUDE'S VOICE
It certainly is.

They both look up. Maude is standing by the tree with her umbrella and a large peace sign. The General gets up.

UNCLE VICTOR
Who are you?

MAUDE
I am petitioning for peace and I came over here to speak...

HAROLD
(jumping up)
Parasite!

UNCLE VICTOR
Harold!

HAROLD
Crazy parasite! Commie bastard! Get out of here.

MAUDE
Don't you talk to me like that, you little foul mouth degenerate!
(to General)
Really, sir, I thought that you at least...

HAROLD
Traitor! Benedict Arnold! Remember

Nathan Hale, right, sir?

UNCLE VICTOR
Harold, calm down! This is...

HAROLD
She's a Commie pig. We're going to nail every last one...

MAUDE
Don't you advance on me.

HAROLD
... of you. You'll all end up like this.

He holds out the shrunken head at her.

MAUDE
Filth! Filth!

UNCLE VICTOR
Lady, please. Harold...

HAROLD
(shaking the head)
Just like this.

MAUDE
(throwing away her sign)
Give me that.
(she grabs the head)
I'm going to throw it in the sewer where it belongs.

HAROLD
(stunned)
She took my head.

UNCLE VICTOR
Stay where you are, Harold .

HAROLD
She took my head.

MAUDE
Keep away from me, you twisted pervert!

UNCLE VICTOR
Lady, please. Give back the head and let's have no trouble.

Harold makes a grab for the head and Maude conks him with her umbrella. She turns and runs. Harold picks up the peace sign and wielding it like a club follows her.

HAROLD
I'll kill her. I'll kill her.

Maude runs out on the edge of the dam, right past a sign saying "Danger - No Trespassing." The water is churning below, making a deafening racket. Harold follows her. The General runs after him. Maude beats off Harold with her umbrella. The General joins the fray and most of the blows fall on him. Much ad-libbing. Despite only having one arm the General manages to pull the sign away from Harold and throw it over the dam. It is quickly churned up by the treacherous water. Harold is holding Maude's umbrella. Maude is gamely trying to hold on to it and at the same time keep hold of the shrunken head. The General joins the tussle for the umbrella. Furious ad libs as they scuffle. The General finally wrenches it free. A pause. Harold looks at Maude's position, standing next to the General. He reaches over and pulls the General's lanyard. The empty sleeve comes flying up for a salute, knocking Maude over the dam and into almost certain death amid the rushing water below.

A long pause. The two look down but there is no sign of Maude.

The General, his empty sleeve still at salute, looks around him. He can't believe it. Such a tragedy. Over nothing. It all happened so fast. How did it ever get so out of control? He looks over to Harold for some answers. Harold looks up.

HAROLD
I lost my head.

127I CLOSEUP - UNCLE VICTOR

On his face the shocking revelation that his nephew is a mental deficient.

127J QUICK CUT MONTAGE

Very fast shots of - The General's limousine taking off.
- Some hands rubber-stamping a file.
- The file closed and thrown into an "Out" box
- The file being filed in a drawer.
- The drawer being slammed shut.

127K EXT. THE AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

Three dancing skeletons cackle uproariously. They are afixed to dungeon-like doors. Suddenly the doors fly

open and a little cart carrying Harold and Maude comes bursting out. They are laughing.

127L EXT. LONG SHOT OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Harold and Maude get out of the little cart and walk toward the camera.

HAROLD
That wasn't very scary.

MAUDE
No. It had nothing on this afternoon.

HAROLD
Oh, you weren't scared.

MAUDE
Scared? Swimming underwater with that oxygen device of yours. I was petrified.

HAROLD
Come on, you loved it. It was a new experience.

They both laugh.

HAROLD
(continuing)
How about some candy floss?

MAUDE
Right on! It wouldn't be a celebration without it.

128 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

Harold and Maude are walking down the fairway, eating candy floss and obviously enjoying themselves very much.

129 EXT. SHOT OF FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

130 EXT. SHOT OF ROLLER COASTER - NIGHT

131 EXT. SHOT OF MERRY-GO-ROUND - NIGHT

132 INT. PENNY ARCADE ON THE PIER - NIGHT

Harold and Maude are playing the hand-operated "soccer game." Maude puts her whole self into it, cheering

enthusiastically for every goal she makes.

People around her, particularly a STAID BANKER and his SOCIETY WIFE, look on from their rather dull pursuits. In fact, it seems that Harold and Maude are the only ones having any fun.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 TIME LAPSE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Maude and an ITALIAN GROCER have taken on the banker and his wife. The latter pair have really entered into the spirit of fun and are playing the game with joyous zest. A crowd around the table cheers the players on and, as is expected, Maude is the center of their delight.

134 INT. PENNY ARCADE - NIGHT

Back by the wall Harold looks at the group around Maude with open admiration. He turns to the machine by him, drops in a penny, and begins stamping out something in metal.

Maude and the group play and laugh on in the background.

135 EXT. THE END OF THE PIER - NIGHT

Harold and Maude walk slowly to the edge.

HAROLD
You sure have a way with people.

MAUDE
Well, they're my species.

They both laugh and stop at the edge. On the shore - the lights of the amusement park. Out in front of them - the black ocean and the stars.

HAROLD
Look at the stars.

MAUDE
Yes. They're old friends.

HAROLD
Do you think there is any life up there?

MAUDE
I don't know. Perhaps.

HAROLD

Science thinks there isn't.
That we are all alone in the
universe.

MAUDE
We are alone - you and me and
everybody. But we can look at
those stars and maybe someone
down the beach or across the
sea in China is looking at them,
too. Someone we don't know
and most likely will never see
- that someone is breathing
along with us. And the star-
gazers of the past - from
peasant to princes - and the
star-gazers of the future -
all of us breathing and looking
up there. We are alone - but
look at the stars and never
feel lonely.

HAROLD
You should have been a poet.

MAUDE
Oh, no. But I should have
liked to have been an astronaut.
A private astronaut able to
just go out and explore. Like
the men who sailed with Magellan,
I want to see if we really can
fall off the edge of the world.
(fluttery laugh)
What a joke it will be if like
them I -

She makes a circle with her arm.

MAUDE
(continuing)
- end where I began.

HAROLD
Maude.

MAUDE
Yes.

HAROLD
Here.

He gives her the little piece of metal.

MAUDE
Oh, a gift.

She reads it.

MAUDE
(continuing)
"Harold loves Maude."

She looks up. Harold is blushing.

MAUDE
(softly)
And Maude loves Harold.

They both smile at each other.

MAUDE
Ohhhhh! This is the nicest present I've received in years.

She kisses it and tosses it happily into the ocean. She turns back to Harold. His face is one of disbelief. He looks out to the ocean and then back to Maude. He begins to form the word "Why?"

MAUDE
So I'll always know where it is.

Harold accepts that. Women, after all, are strange creatures. Maude smiles.

MAUDE
(continuing)
Come. Give me your arm. Let's go see the fireworks .

Harold offers his arm and they walk off down the pier.

136 EXT. THE NIGHT SKY

The beautiful burst of a skyrocket.

137 INT. MAUDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harold and Maude sit at the piano. They are playing in duet the Love Waltz that they danced to. At the conclusion they congratulate themselves delightedly. Harold gestures to the top of the piano.

HAROLD
Why are there no photographs in these frames?

MAUDE
I took them out.

HAROLD

Why?

MAUDE
They mocked me. They were representations of people I dearly loved yet they knew these people were gradually fading from me, and that in time all I would have left would be vague feelings - but sharp photographs! So I tossed them out. My memory fades, I know. But I prefer pictures made by me with feeling, and not by Kodak with silver nitrate.

HAROLD
I'll never forget you, Maude.
(pause)
But I would like a photo of you.

She laughs.

MAUDE
Well, let me see.

She goes to the end of the bed and from beneath it, pulls out an old box. She opens it and looks about.

MAUDE
I have something somewhere. Let me see.

She takes out some papers.

MAUDE
(continuing)
Oh, yes. Here. Take this.

She pulls a photo from a document and hands it to Harold.

MAUDE
(continuing)
It's off my American visa.

They both sit on the edge of the bed. The fire burns in the fireplace in front of them.

HAROLD
It looks like you. Thanks.

MAUDE
Harold, that picture is almost twenty-five years old.

HAROLD

You haven't changed a bit. I'll put it in my wallet.

He drops a cardboard clipping and hurriedly retrieves it.

HAROLD
Oh, you're not supposed to see that.

He turns away and puts them both in his wallet.

HAROLD
(continuing)
It's part of a surprise I'm planning for tomorrow night. It's going to be really...
(he turns around)
Maude, you're crying.

She holds the visa in her hand.

MAUDE
I was remembering how much this meant to me. It was after the war... I had nothing... except my life. How different I was then - and yet how the same.

HAROLD
You've never cried before. I never thought you would. I thought, despite anything, you could always be happy.

MAUDE
Oh, Harold. You are so young.

She strokes his hair. The tears continue to fall.

MAUDE
(continuing)
What have they taught you? Yes. I cry. I cry for you. I cry for this.
(the visa)
I cry at beauty - a first snow, a rose, a sunset.

As she talks through her tears, Harold is very moved. He takes her hand.

MAUDE
(continuing)
I cry when a man tortures his brother... when he repents and begs forgiveness... when forgiveness is refused... and

when it is granted. To cry is
to laugh. To laugh is to cry
... a uniquely human trait.
And the main thing in life, my
dear Harold, is not to be
afraid to be human.

They sit facing each other on the end of the bed. We see from the bed the fire glowing behind them. Harold brushes the tears from her eyes. He leans forward and kisses her lightly on the lips.

They part for a moment. Then both lean forward and kiss again, break and fall back onto the bed and OUT OF CAMERA. The CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY FORWARD into the fire. HOLD.

DISSOLVE TO:

138 THE NIGHT MONTAGE - WITH MUSIC

A lot of the sequence is soft focus, blurred edges, and supered with colored carnival lights.

The images are not meant to appear overtly sexual but rather - lyrically sensual - and fun!

139 HAROLD AND MAUDE

together in a Ferris Wheel as it begins to rise to the heights.

140 HAROLD AND MAUDE ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND

holding hands across the aisle as their horses alternately go up and down.

141 HAROLD AND MAUDE

on a roller coaster as it speeds around a curve and plunges downhill. As it speeds around another curve we burst into:

142 FIREWORKS

A hundred skyrockets bursting in air, with much NOISE. The noise fades.

143 HAROLD AND MAUDE

lying on the grass, looking up at the fireworks reflected in their faces. Their heads are nestled against each

other's shoulders. They look at each other and smile. Harold lifts his outside arm and lays it around his head. Maude puts her outside hand in his. They hold this position and stare into each other's eyes, as the CAMERA BEGINS A VERTICAL RISE.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

144 THE FIRE IN MAUDE'S APARTMENT

at the same CAMERA POSITION that we went out on. The fire is now out. The grate is cold. It is daylight.

We HEAR a cock crow.

145 INT. MAUDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

TIGHT SHOT of a hand picking cigarette ash into an ash-tray. We PAN over and see that it is Harold sitting up in bed, bare-chested, casually smoking. He takes a deep drag and blows the smoke out in a manner that is decidedly sexual. He smiles and looks down to his left.

We PAN OVER to include Maude lying beside him, the covers demurely pulled up to her chin. She catches Harold's smile and blushes coyly.

146 INT. CHASEN'S DEN - DAY

Mrs. Chasen is on the phone.

MRS. CHASEN
Fay, darling, I know Rene will be furious but if you knew what I've had to put up with in the last couple of days...

Harold enters.

HAROLD
Mother.

MRS. CHASEN
Not now, Harold...
(into the phone)
You can't put me down for Monday?

HAROLD
Mother.

MRS. CHASEN
Harold, please! I'm on the phone.

HAROLD
Mother. I'm going to get married.

MRS. CHASEN
Fay, I'll call you back.
(she hangs up)
What did you say?

HAROLD
I'm getting married.

MRS. CHASEN
(pause)
To whom?

HAROLD
To a girl. Here.

He takes his wallet with the series of photos on it, flips to one, and hands it to Mrs. Chasen. She looks at it for a moment. She looks up.

MRS. CHASEN
I suppose you think this is very funny, Harold.

HAROLD
What?

MRS. CHASEN
A sunflower?

She hands Harold back the wallet. It is indeed the picture of a large sunflower, clipped from a dealer's catalog. Harold, a little ruffled, finds the correct photo of Maude and hands it to his mother.

Mrs. Chasen examines it. She squints her eyes to clear her vision and looks again.

MRS. CHASEN
(in a strained voice)
You can't be serious?

147 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

He smiles proudly.

148 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Mrs. Chasen is lying on the couch. She turns to the psychiatrist.

MRS. CHASEN

He's serious.

149 INT. UNCLE VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Uncle Victor sits at his desk. A picture of the President of the United States is over his right shoulder. He is addressing the camera as the President addresses the nation.

UNCLE VICTOR
(a painful confrontation)
Harold, your mother has spoken to me about your marriage plan, and though normally I have nothing against marriage, I don't think this is eh... quite normal. Now, I don't want to remind you of the unpleasant incident that occurred the other day. I think it is best if we consider that forgotten. But I do think that it would be wisest for you not to leave the house or indulge in any kind of activity that would be newsworthy. This marriage would attract attention, and, frankly Harold, I don't think you need a wife. You need a nurse.

150 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The psychiatrist sits at his desk. A picture of Sigmund Freud is over his right shoulder. He too seems to be addressing the nation.

PSYCHIATRIST
There's no doubt, Harold, this impending marriage adds another chapter to an already fascinating case. But let us examine it, and I think you'll realize there is a simple Freudian explanation for your romantic attachment to this older woman. It is known as the Oedipus Complex, a very common neurosis, particularly in this society, whereby the male child subconsciously wishes to sleep with his mother.

Of course, what puzzles me, Harold, is that you want to sleep with your grandmother.

151 INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE - DAY

It is the same little old priest we have met earlier. He sits at his desk and addresses the camera like a TV audience. A picture of the Pope is over his right shoulder; a picture of Jesus Christ over his left.

PRIEST
(very reasoned and slow)
Now, Harold, the Church has nothing against the union of the old and the young. Each age has its own beauty. But a marital union is concerned with the conjugal rights. And the procreation of children. I would be remiss in my duties if I did not tell you that the idea of --
(he swallows)
- intercourse - the fact of your young, firm --
(growing disturbed)
-- body commingling with the withered flesh, sagging breasts, and flabby buttocks - makes me --
(falls apart)
- want to vomit.

152 INT. CHASEN'S DEN - CLOSEUP - HAROLD - DAY

HAROLD.
But you didn't ask if I love her.

153 INSERTS - THREE FAST CLOSEUPS

of Uncle Victor, the psychiatrist, and the priest, as they register a chagrined reaction to Harold.

154 INT. CHASEN'S DEN - DAY

The CLOSEUP HAROLD in Shot 152 is PULLED BACK to include Mrs. Chasen.

MRS. CHASEN
Love? Love? What do you know about her? Where does she come from? Where did you meet her?

HAROLD
At a funeral.

MRS. CHASEN
Oh... That's wonderful... I

get an eighty-year-old pallbearer for a daughter-in-law! Be reasonable, Harold! You're dealing with your life! What will people say?!

HAROLD
I don't care what people say.

MRS. CHASEN
You don't care! "Miss Shroud of 1890 Weds the Boy of a Thousand Deaths!" Listen to me...

Harold gets up to go.

MRS. CHASEN
What are you doing, Harold? You can't leave me.

She follows him to the door.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing)
Where are you going?

He turns at the door.

HAROLD
I'm going to marry the woman I love.

MRS. CHASEN
Harold!

A pause.

MRS. CHASEN
(continuing; quietly)
This is insane.

HAROLD
Perhaps it is.

He leaves.

155 INT. MAUDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the hallway Harold and Maude are giggling as Harold finishes putting a blindfold around Maude's eyes.

HAROLD
I hope that isn't too tight. Okay. Here we go.

He opens the door leading her by the hand.

MAUDE
Oh, I love surprises! Makes me feel so - chiffon!

156 INT. MAUDE'S APARTMENT - THE MAIN ROOM

The door opens and Harold leads in Maude. He stands Maude in front of the CAMERA and with theatrical bravado removes the handkerchief. She blinks and looks around. A radiant joy fills her face.

157 MAUDE'S POV

The room is filled with over a hundred sunflowers. Hanging over the fireplace is a banner saying:

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MAUDE"

158 MED. SHOT - HAROLD AND MAUDE

MAUDE
Oh, Harold, it is dazzling. They are all so... so beautiful!

Harold begins humming the Love Waltz.

HAROLD
This way, m'lady.

He dances Maude over to the table.

HAROLD
(continuing)
Supper for two.

MAUDE
Oh, you've thought of everything. And champagne.

HAROLD
(imitating her)
It's all right. It's organic.

MAUDE
Oh, Harold.
(fluttery laugh)

HAROLD
For you.

He hands her a single daisy in a vase. Maude takes out the daisy and smiles.

HAROLD
(continuing)
And after dinner, one more surprise....

He puts a tiny ring box on the table.

HAROLD
(continuing)
... which I hope will make you very happy.

MAUDE
Oh, I am happy, Harold. Ecstatically happy. I couldn't imagine a lovelier farewell.

HAROLD
Farewell?

MAUDE
Why yes. It's my eightieth birthday.

HAROLD
But you're not going anywhere, are you?

MAUDE
Oh yes, dear. I took the pills an hour ago. I should be gone by midnight.

159 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

He can't believe it.

160 CLOSEUP - MAUDE

She smiles.

161 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

He believes it.

QUICK CUT TO:

162 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

With SIRENS WAILING, an ambulance tears around a corner. Cars pull over as it speeds down the street.

163 INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Maude is lying down. She holds the daisy in her hand. She would be perfectly happy but for her concern over Harold, who is highly overwrought and crying desperately.

He is kneeling beside her. The SIRENS WAIL loudly outside.

MAUDE
Oh, Harold! What a fuss this is.
(fluttery laugh)
So unnecessary.

HAROLD
Maude, please. Don't die. I couldn't bear it. Please, don't die.

MAUDE
But, Harold, we begin to die as soon as we are born. What is so strange about death? It's no surprise. It's part of life. It's change.

HAROLD
But why now?

MAUDE
I thought eighty was a good round number.

She giggles.

MAUDE
(continuing)
I feel giddy.

HAROLD
But Maude, you don't understand. I love you. Do you hear me? I've never said that to anyone in my life before. You're the first. Maude. Please don't leave me.

MAUDE
Oh, Harold, don't upset yourself so.

HAROLD
It's true. I can't live without you.

MAUDE
(smiles warmly)

"And this too shall pass away."

HAROLD
Never! Never! I'll never forget you. I wanted to marry you. Don't you understand! I love you. I love you!

MAUDE
Oh! That's wonderful, Harold. Go - and love some more.

164 EXT. THE PARKING LOT OF HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - NIGHT

The ambulance SCREAMS in and stops. The two attendants open up the back. They slide Maude onto a gurney and wheel her toward the door.

HAROLD
Hold on, Maude! Hold on! We'll be there soon. Please, just hold on.

He runs ahead.

MAUDE
Hold on? Hold on?
(fluttery laugh)
Oh, Harold, how absurd.

Harold goes to push open the doors. They open automatically. Maude is wheeled through.

165 INT. AT THE EMERGENCY RECEIVING DESK - NIGHT

A feisty, old, redheaded NURSE is explaining operations to a rather simpleminded STUDENT NURSE.

A GANGLING INTERN with horn-rimmed glasses looks on.

Maude enters on the gurney. The ambulance men move off to the back counter and talk as they fill out their forms.

Harold is almost hysterical.

Maude, on the other hand, is very calm. She holds the daisy and hums to herself Maude's Song.

(NOTE: This scene goes very fast with much of the dialogue dovetailed and ad libs overlapping in the background.)

HAROLD
Please. There's been an

accident, an overdose of pills. We've got to see a doctor. It's an emergency.

HEAD NURSE
All right, now go ahead and get the particulars.

STUDENT NURSE
Eh, what's your name?

HAROLD
It's not me. It's her.

HEAD NURSE
It's better to begin by asking last name first, then first name, then middle name or initial, if any. It saves time.

STUDENT NURSE
What is your last name?

MAUDE
Chardin. Dame Marjorie. But you may call me Maude.

HAROLD
Please! She has got to see a doctor right away.

HEAD NURSE
Young man, perhaps you ought to wait in the waiting room.

STUDENT NURSE
How old are you?

MAUDE
Eighty. It's my birthday.

STUDENT NURSE
Oh, many happy returns.

MAUDE
No. I don't think so.

HAROLD
You don't understand. She's taken an overdose of pills two hours ago. She hasn't got much time.

The intern creeps round from behind.

INTERN

Could I have your signature on this? It's just a formality.

MAUDE
Delighted! I like your hair so much.

She signs.

INTERN
It's in case of damage claims, you know, so we - the hospital - won't be responsible for...

HEAD NURSE
(to student nurse)
Always use a ballpoint pen. It's more efficient.

HAROLD
Please, don't you realize? She is dying.

MAUDE
Well, not dying, actually. I'm changing. You know, like from winter to spring. Of course, it is a big step to take.

INTERN
Not that anything regrettable is going to happen. It's just regulations .

HEAD NURSE
Well, then, perhaps you'd better skip the preliminaries and get to the important section.

STUDENT NURSE
All right. Ah, what is your Social Security number?

INTERN
Purely a legal safeguard. Nothing personal, you understand.

HEAD NURSE
No. Ask about the insurance. The hospital insurance.

STUDENT NURSE
Do you have any insurance? Blue Cross? Blue Shield?

MAUDE

Insurance against what?

STUDENT NURSE
No insurance.

She notes it down.

HAROLD
This is madness.

HEAD NURSE
I'm sorry but there is always a two-hour wait for the psychiatrist.

INTERN
It's nothing personal. It's my job.

A DOCTOR and TWO NURSES enter.

DOCTOR
What's the trouble?

HEAD NURSE
An overdose of drugs .

STUDENT NURSE
Do you have a welfare plan at your place of employment?

MAUDE
I'm retired.

HAROLD
Doctor, please. She has taken these pills. You've got to do something .

DOCTOR
All right. Take her in there.

They start wheeling her away.

INTERN
It's nothing personal.

STUDENT NURSE
And who's the next of kin?

MAUDE
Humanity...

She holds the daisy in her hand. She waves to Harold as they push her through the doors.

MAUDE

Farewell, Harold. It's been
all such fun.

The doors swing shut. She is gone. Harold stands alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

166 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT TO DAY

CAMERA LOCKED DOWN. Harold sits on a couch. To his right is a window, to his left a chair and a lighted lamp. He waits.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

167 SHOT

Harold sits in the chair. He waits.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

168 ANOTHER ANGLE

Harold stands by the window. It is dawn. The lights go out. It is daylight. We HEAR the laughter of a baby.

169 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

He is looking out the window.

170 HAROLD'S POV

Down on the lawn we see a MOTHER playing with her BABY. He is squealing with delight as she lifts him high into the air again and again.

171 EXT. THE HOSPITAL LAWN - CLOSEUP - DAY

of the mother and the laughing baby.

172 THEIR POV

We see Harold standing forlorn at the window.

173 ANOTHER ANGLE

The doctor comes up to speak to him. The doctor shakes his head.

174 THEIR POV

Harold turns back to the window. The doctor leaves. All the time the baby is laughing.

175 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

We see Harold through the window screen. He is crying.

He can HEAR the baby's laughter. He turns and walks away.

176 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Harold is crying. He walks down the hospital corridor.

177 HIS POV - THE MATERNITY WARD

He passes the maternity ward. Laughing parents pointing at screaming infants. Their noise overrides the laughing baby and joins the rising intensity of the MUSIC.

178 BACK TO HAROLD

Harold walks faster. His face is drawn with pain and tears.

We TRACK before him. He looks left and sees:

179 A WOMAN

in a room, delirious with pain.

180 A MAN

in disheveled pajamas walks from his room like a bewildered child, dribbling food down his front.

181 BACK TO HAROLD

He keeps walking fast. He looks right and sees:

182 A FAMILY GROUP

who have just been told of a death. They cry in each other's arms.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY confused, looks up at them, and

begins to sob.

QUICK CUT TO:

183 EXT. A SEA CLIFF ROAD - DAY

Harold's mini hearse swerves around the corner at high speed. Dust rises and tires screech.

On the TRACK the crying has stopped but the MUSIC is building to a new climax.

CUT TO:

184 INT. HAROLD'S HEARSE - DAY

Harold, ignoring the tears rolling down his cheeks, grips the wheel hard and drives like a man with an unrelenting purpose.

185 EXT. THE ROCKS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF

We see them from the car window.

186 ANGLE - THE CAR

dangerously close to the edge.

187 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

He seems possessed.

188 LOW ANGLE SHOT FROM THE FRONT BUMPER OF THE CAR

The road rushes past as we maneuver around treacherous curves.

189 EXT. THE ROCKS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF

190 CLOSEUP - HAROLD

He makes a sudden right-hand turn and drives out on a promontory toward the sea.

191 LOW ANGLE SHOT FROM THE FRONT BUMPER OF THE CAR

We see dirt and grass race beneath us -

We bump over rocks -

192 ANGLE

We see the edge.

193 ANOTHER ANGLE

We reach the edge of the cliff - we plunge off into space....

194 EXT. THE PROMONTORY - EXTREME LONG SHOT - DAY

The little hearse falls from the cliff, crashing at the bottom, and bursting into flame.

195 EXT. ON TOP OF THE CLIFF - DAY

We look down at the burning vehicle. We HOLD and watch it burn.

196 LONG SHOT

Gradually the fire dies down.

Suddenly we hear the fumbled pluckings of Maude's Song on a banjo. It stops.

197 PANNING SHOT

We PAN up left and there is Harold as large as life. He takes a look over the cliff.

198 HIS POV

His hearse is still quietly burning.

199 BACK TO HAROLD

He wipes his nose with the back of his hand and tries again on the banjo.

He barely gets the melody started before he is lost. Summoning up all his concentration, he tries again, and this time he manages to get the fingering right. He continues playing and turns away from the edge.

200 EXT. TRACKING SHOT IN FRONT OF HAROLD - DAY

He started slow but now he is gradually beginning to play the song in its original upbeat tempo. He gets better and better at it. The song is very catching and Harold's tear-stained face registers what could be a smile. He walks by the CAMERA and we turn with him, and HOLD.

A full orchestra joins in the playing and we watch Harold amble down the road, strumming along, until he is only a small figure in the distance.

FADE OUT.

THE END

Screenplay by Colin Higgins
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