

EXT. BOLOTOMY BAY. 1950S.

In the style of a newsreel or promotional film from the 1950s, shots of GLAMOROUS CELEBRITIES in runabouts.

ANNOUNCER

The Babbington Clam Council brings you a Memory Moment, a glimpse of bygone days in Old Babbington, Clam Capital of America.

In the distance is a small island, just large enough to hold a small hotel and its grounds, and a dock.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

The time: 1955. Broadway discovers Babbington! Yes, here in the middle of the Fabulous Fifties, the brightest lights of the Broadway stage can be found summering in Babbington. Here we see the great and near-great flocking to Small's Hotel and beautiful Bolotomy Bay.

Stars and starlets are seen on the porch at Small's, on the dock, wading in the water, and waterskiing. The hotel is in good shape, not glamorous, but an attractive getaway. The building has grown and changed over the decades since it was built around 1910, and it has recently had a facelift to make it up to date. The central part of the building rises three or four stories. Along the front there is a porch. Extending to one side is a single-story addition, new, that holds the cocktail lounge and dining room. This is the most modern part of the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO SHOT.

Against a blank, seamless background, a clam and an egg fall, in very slow motion -

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D, V.O.)

This has been a Memory Moment, brought to you by the Babbington Clam Council.

The clam and egg strike the horizontal surface. The egg breaks but the clam bounces and comes to rest unbroken.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D., V.O.)
Clams – the chewy snack in the
sturdy pack.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL'S HOTEL KITCHEN. 1994 ("THE PRESENT").

SUKI, the hotel cook, the only employee, 28, Asian, breaks eggs into a frying pan and begins preparing breakfast for herself and ALBERTINE. Albertine, 49, gorgeous, fit, looking younger than her age, puts toast in a toaster and pushes the handle down.

ALBERTINE
(enthusiastic)
We've got two families arriving
Saturday. How about making something
special – something kids like?

SUKI
Tripe? Clam bellies? Cod cheeks?

ALBERTINE
Hmmm. That's a toughie. How about
macaroni and cheese?

The toast is stuck in the toaster, burning. It finally pops up black and smoking. Albertine extracts it gingerly and begins scraping it.

SUKI
(serving the eggs)
Maybe with smoked eel?

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL'S HOTEL LOBBY. A SHORT WHILE LATER.

The lobby is little more than an entrance hall. Albertine carries a mug of coffee to the reception desk. PETER LEROY, 49, an earnest screwball, is trying to fix a handsome Art Deco alarm clock that's not working.

ALBERTINE
Oh, you darling. You don't have to
bother about that.

PETER
I hate seeing you struggle with it,
shaking it to try to get it going –

(MORE)

The phone rings.

ALBERTINE
(brightly)
Good morning. Small's Hotel.

She listens for a moment, then flips a page of the reservation book and says . . .

ALBERTINE (CONT'D.)
Yes, I have you down for four rooms
for two weeks, beginning Saturday -

The alarm clock rings. Peter silences it.

ALBERTINE (CONT'D.)
What? - Oh? - I'm sorry to hear
that. Is there - oh - I see.

The alarm clock rings again. Peter can't silence it. He takes it outside.

ALBERTINE (CONT'D.)
We like to think of it as "broken
in," not "broken down" - like
comfortable old clothes. - Right -
well. - Of course. Of course.

She smiles a brokenhearted smile and tears a page from the reservation book. Peter returns, sheepishly, with the clock.

ALBERTINE (CONT'D.)
She "heard" that we're "broken-
down." Where did she hear a thing
like that?

Peter puts a comforting arm around her.

PETER
Don't worry. Business will pick up.

He shakes the clock and holds it to his ear. It's not running.

CUT TO:

(MORE)

EXT. SMALL'S ISLAND. THAT EVENING.

Peter and Albertine are sitting on the dock, watching the sun set, Albertine with her head on Peter's shoulder. The hotel is behind them, some distance away. It's not in great shape. The facelift from the 50s now looks faded and out of date. The roof of the single-story addition that holds the cocktail lounge and dining room is visibly sagging.

Peter pours a drink for them from an Art Deco cocktail shaker into classic inverted-cone glasses.

PETER

What was that – what we had for dinner?

ALBERTINE

Suki and I have decided to call it maccheroni con formaggio e l'anguilla affumicata – so it doesn't scare the kids – who aren't coming anyway. You'll be having it tomorrow, too. We've got plenty.
(tasting her drink)
And what is this?

PETER

The dregs. The new Small's Hotel signature cocktail.

ALBERTINE

It'll never replace the martini.

PETER

I'll drink to that.

ALBERTINE

Peter –

PETER

Yes, my darling?

ALBERTINE

We're on a downward slide.

PETER

What do you mean?

(MORE)

ALBERTINE

The joint is falling apart.

PETER

Developing character.

ALBERTINE

We have no guests.

PETER

That makes us the perfect spot for a
getaway. Total privacy.

ALBERTINE

I'm sorry to have to say this, my
love, but we're going broke.

PETER

(serious now,
hugging her)

I guess - I guess it was a mistake.

He looks back at the hotel, longingly. He takes Albertine's
hand, kisses it, holds it to his cheek.

PETER (CONTINUED)

I thought people would love the idea
of staying here.

ALBERTINE

They've got a lot of other choices.

PETER

I know - but I thought -

ALBERTINE

We haven't got a gimmick.

PETER

Peace and quiet -

ALBERTINE

Nobody's buying it.

PETER

No, they're not. - I'm sorry I got
you - us - into this -

(MORE)

ALBERTINE

(hugging him)

But for tonight forget it. I'm in
the mood for - one of your stories.

PETER

(just what he likes
to be asked)

All right. Let's see - have I told
you about Mr. Yummy?

ALBERTINE

(like a girl
anticipating a
bedtime story)

Mr. Yummy? No. Who was Mr. Yummy?

PETER

He was the delivery man for the
Yummy Good Baked Goods company when
I was a kid in Babbington.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE LEROY HOUSE. 1950S. DAY.

A Yummy Good Baked Goods delivery truck, a Studebaker,
comes along the street and stops at the Leroy house.
Handsome young MR. YUMMY leaps from the van, full of vim
and vigor, takes a tray of baked goods from the back,
and starts up the clamshell driveway to the side door of
the Leroy house, whistling.

PETER (CONTINUED, V. O.)

His customers called him Mr.
McDougal, but the kids all called
him Mr. Yummy. His route took him
all over town - and because he
worked at his own pace no one could
predict when he would arrive -

Mr. Yummy reaches the steps to the side door, almost
leaps up the steps, and raps a jazzy syncopated knock.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LEROY KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

ELLA LEROY, Peter's mother, is cleaning or cooking. She
looks up when she hears Mr. Yummy's knock. Recognizing
it, she giggles girlishly.

(MORE)