

CATHEDRAL

Written by

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Based on CATHEDRAL by Raymond Carver

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INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The year is 1963.

A man stands over a small box of tapes and papers that has been set on a bedside cabinet. He has been looking through them for quite some time but the articles that have been removed are in organized piles so he can put them back exactly the way they were.

The man (43) is tall and slim, he wears glasses to distract from his messy head of hair and dresses casually with jeans and a white t-shirt. He always has on the same jacket as he doesn't want to be seen without it. He's often silent in groups larger than two, giving off the impression that he's not listening but he's always doing just the opposite.

The man picks up one tape and slides it into a nearby cassette player. He gives a quick look around to check if the door is closed and he preemptively turns the volume down on the player. As soon as he hits play he fast forwards in the tape, counting down from 5 to start where he last left off. He plays the tape from there.

From the tape we hear:

VOICE ON THE TAPE

From all you've said about him, I
can only conclude-

A phone call rings from downstairs and the man immediately pauses the tape and puts everything back where he found it, careful to not make any noise. We hear someone walk over and pick up the phone.

WIFE

Hello?

(beat)

Oh hi Robert how're you?

The man shifts his attention towards the door listening into the conversation. He gives a solemn look back at the box full of tapes.

WIFE (CONT'D)

So how long until you arrive?

(beat)

4 hours? That long? Hopefully it
doesn't get too lonely for you.

The man stands up and exits the room, walking on the balls of his feet as to not make any noise.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The man walks down the stairs into the living room area. He can see his wife through the large entry way into the kitchen.

His wife (35) wears a casual 60s dress and has a neat head of hair. She sits on a kitchen chair close to the phone.

WIFE

Ok, well I'll be waiting for you when you get there.

(beat)

Great, I'll see you then Robert.

(beat)

Bye now.

His wife hangs up the phone and starts to walk back to an area set to prepare an nice dinner of scalloped potatoes, steak, bread, and green beans. She starts to finish her work cutting the potatoes. The man (HUSBAND) startles her.

HUSBAND

Maybe I could take him bowling.

The WIFE jumps and exhales slightly. She didn't hear him come in. She goes back to cutting the potatoes.

WIFE

If you love me, you can do this for me. If you don't love me, okay. But if you had a friend, any friend, and the friend came to visit, I'd make him feel comfortable.

The WIFE turns around, cleaning her hands with a nearby dish towel.

HUSBAND

I don't have any blind friends.

WIFE

You don't have any friends, period. Besides, goddamn it, his wife's just died! Don't you understand that? The man's lost his wife!

The HUSBAND sighs and looks away and starts to walk towards a mini bar off to the side of the kitchen.

WIFE (CONT'D)

From what I heard she was a very caring and tender person. To lose someone like that. I-

(MORE)

WIFE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I can't even imagine. Her name was
Beulah.

The HUSBAND pours himself a glass of scotch starts to walk back into the kitchen. A potato rolls off the cutting board and rolls under the stove. The WIFE squats down to pick it up.

HUSBAND

(muttering)

Beulah... that's a name for a
colored woman. Was his wife a-

The WIFE stands back up, having picked up the potato from under the stove. She turns back and gives him a disgusted look.

WIFE

Are you crazy? Have you just
flipped or something? What's wrong
with you? Are you drunk?

HUSBAND

I'm just asking.

The HUSBAND takes a drink from his glass. The WIFE goes back to cutting the potatoes.

WIFE

I don't know if she was colored or
not... although I don't believe
that really matters.

The HUSBAND listens to her speak, but his eyes are fixed on the swirling of the spirit in his glass. The words that come out of the WIFE's mouth seem to have never existed as soon as they cross his ears.

HUSBAND

When did they meet?

WIFE

They met the summer after I stopped
working for him. She was there to
take after my job. Y'know, reading
letters and repots, case studies,
that sort of thing.

HUSBAND

How long ago was that?

WIFE

When I worked for him or when they met?

HUSBAND

Both... I guess.

WIFE

The summer I worked for him was ten years ago I believe...

(beat)

Meaning they met nine years ago.

HUSBAND

Huh...

(beat)

What'd she die from?

WIFE

Cancer... From what I hear she must have had it in her glands from when they got married.

HUSBAND

That's unfortunate.

WIFE

Yeah I would say so.

(beat)

Poor Robert.

The HUSBAND takes a drink of his scotch. He'll need to refill it soon.

HUSBAND

You could probably say the same for Beulah.

WIFE

What is that supposed to mean?

HUSBAND

I don't know... just dying knowing your loved one never saw you.

The WIFE gives off a small laugh, trying to look directly in her HUSBAND's eyes, but he's focused on other miniscule details around the room. He got bored of the conversation a long time ago.

WIFE

Just be ready to introduce yourself when I bring him here.

HUSBAND

Ok.

The HUSBAND stands up and moves around to the sofa in the living room. He turns on the tv and sits down on the sofa.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - LATER

The HUSBAND sits in the living room watching TV and drinking yet another glass of whiskey. It is golden hour outside, causing a pleasant beam of orange light to come in through the blinds. We hear the car pull into the driveway. The HUSBAND notices this and stands up. The HUSBAND walks to the window, pulling back the blinds to catch a peek of this man.

The WIFE has a smile on her face as she finishes parking the car and she continues to have one as she moves around to assist Robert, the blind man, out of the car. He's already getting out by the time she gets to his side of the car.

Robert (47) is heavy set with stooped shoulder's and a balding head of hair. He wears brown slacks, brown shoes, a light-brown shirt, a tie, and a sports coat. He has a full beard that covers the bottom half of his face. He has no cane or dark glasses to speak of.

Robert pulls a suitcase out of the backseat and the WIFE shuts to door for him. She then takes his arm and leads him up the driveway on the way to the front door. They are still laughing together, in the middle of a warm reunion.

The HUSBAND turns off the TV and finishes of his drink, rinsing it in the kitchen sink. He rinses his hands and makes his way over to the front door just in time.

The WIFE opens the front door not expecting to see her HUSBAND standing right in front of it. She gestures towards Robert.

WIFE

I want you to meet Robert.

(Gestures towards her
HUSBAND)

Robert, this is my husband. I've
told you all about him.

Robert lets go of his suitcase and raises up his hand. The HUSBAND takes it and Robert gives him a firm, if not uncomfortable handshake.

ROBERT
I feel like we've already met.

It's the same powerful voice that was on the tape...

HUSBAND
Likewise.
(beat)
Welcome. I've heard a lot about
you.

All three of them begin to move slowly throughout the living room, the WIFE still holding onto ROBERT, guiding him to the sofa.

WIFE
To your left here, Robert. That's
right.

They come up against a chair, ROBERT almost bumps into it.

WIFE (CONT'D)
Now watch it, there's a chair.
That's it. Sit down right here.

The WIFE helps ROBERT onto the right side of the sofa. He sets his suitcase up against the arm on the floor.

WIFE (CONT'D)
This is the sofa, we just bought it
two weeks ago.

The HUSBAND opens his mouth to say something, but decides against it. After a little pause he let's out:

HUSBAND
Did you have a good train ride?
(beat)
Which side of the train did you sit
on, by the way?

WIFE
What a question, which side! What's
it matter which side?

HUSBAND
I just asked...

ROBERT
Right side.
(beat)
I hadn't been on a train in nearly
forty years. Not since I was a kid.
(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
With my folks. I'd nearly forgotten
the sensation. I have winter in my
beard now... so I've been told.

ROBERT turns in the direction of the WIFE.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Do I look distinguished, my dear?

WIFE
You look distinguished, Robert.

The WIFE moves around the sofa and sits down to the left of
ROBERT.

WIFE (CONT'D)
Robert, it's just so good to see
you.

She turns to her HUSBAND and catches him looking into
ROBERT's eyes, which you couldn't tell were any different at
first glance. However, the iris had too much white in it and
his left eye was ever so slightly turned towards his nose.

The HUSBAND notices his WIFE looking at him. He shrugs and
curls his lips ever so slightly, like a child listening to
their parents chat with someone out in public.

HUSBAND
Let me get you a drink.

The HUSBAND begins to walk over to the mini bar set up in the
kitchen.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
What's your pleasure? We have a
little of bit of everything. It's
one of our pastimes.

ROBERT
Bub, I'm a Scotch man myself.

HUSBAND
Sure you are. I knew it.

The HUSBAND turns back to the bar, mouthing "bub" with a
confused face once he's out of eyeline of his WIFE.

ROBERT reaches for the suitcase sitting next to the sofa,
trying to collect his bearings.

WIFE
I'll move that up to your room.

ROBERT

No, that's fine. It can go up when
I go up.

The HUSBAND turns towards the two sitting on the couch.

HUSBAND

A little water with the Scotch?

ROBERT

Very little

HUSBAND

I knew it.

ROBERT

Just a tad. The Irish Actor, Barry
Fitzgerald? I'm like that fellow.
When I drink water, Fitzgerald
said, I drink water. When I drink
whiskey, I drink whiskey.

The WIFE gives off a laugh. ROBERT puts his hand up under his beard, lifting it slowly and letting it drop. He turns back towards the direction of the WIFE.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I smoke?

WIFE

No, go right on ahead.

(beat)

Let me get you an ash tray.

The WIFE leaves the sofa and walks into the kitchen, picking up a well used ash tray from the kitchen table. She quickly dumps the remaining ash into the trashcan. The HUSBAND gives her a confused look.

By the time she returns ROBERT has already lit his cigarette. He lets the smoke dribble out of his mouth like a thin pillow, he's very delicate as if he's putting on a show. The WIFE sets the ash tray on the couch arm next to ROBERT.

WIFE (CONT'D)

The ash tray is to your right, on
the arm of the sofa.

ROBERT

Thank you very much.

The HUSBAND takes notice as how it's almost effortless for ROBERT to continue a conversation and smoke at the same time.

The HUSBAND walks up to ROBERT and offers him the glass of Scotch.

HUSBAND
Here's your Scotch, Mr. Fitzgerald.

ROBERT gives off a chuckle and finds the glass in the air.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The HUSBAND refills both his drink and ROBERT's. The WIFE is setting ROBERT's plate, first with cube meat, then scalloped potatoes, a finally a platter of green beans. The Husband finishes buttering up two slices of dinner bread.

HUSBAND
Here's bread and butter for you.

The HUSBAND takes a swig of his drink.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
Now let's pray.

ROBERT lowers his head, but the WIFE looks at the HUSBAND her mouth agape.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
Pray the phone won't ring and the
food doesn't get cold.

The three of them begin to eat in silence, the HUSBAND paying closer attention to how ROBERT eats than his own food. The HUSBAND often sits stopped in motion as if a teacher had just told a grade school student to pay attention.

He takes notice how ROBERT pushes the meat onto his fork using his knife, or balance scalloped potatoes on his fork, or break apart bread and place it into his mouth. Eventually the HUSBAND focuses on his own food, but he always finds his eyes wandering to how ROBERT was doing with his meal.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The meal has passed along with ease, as dishes have been left in there place dirty. Half a strawberry pie has been consumed and most of the feast is gone.

The WIFE and ROBERT sit on the couch, talking of old times and new developments in life. The HUSBAND stands next to the mini bar. He takes notice of how much Scotch has been used up. He shrugs and pours another glass.

He begins walking back to the living room. The WIFE's and ROBERT's conversation has come to a natural close leaving a comfortable silence. As the HUSBAND passes in front of the TV he turns it on. A news program plays. He sits down at the big chair in the living room.

The WIFE shoots him an annoyed look, it's clear he hasn't contributed much to conversation this night. She turns towards ROBERT.

WIFE

Robert, do you have a TV?

ROBERT

My dear, I have two TVs. I have a color set and a black-and-white thing, an old relic. It's funny, but if I turn the TV on, and I'm always turning it on, I turn on the color set. It's funny don't you think?

There's a silence in the room. The HUSBAND gives off a light chuckle but focuses his attention back onto the TV.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

This is a color TV. Don't ask me how, but I can tell.

HUSBAND

We traded up a while ago.

The HUSBAND nods slowly giving ROBERT a quick look. He hasn't gotten accustomed to the fact that ROBERT is blind yet.

ROBERT takes a taste of his Scotch and lifts up his beard, sniffing it, and then letting it fall back down. He lights another cigarette over the ashtray, the time opting to set it on the coffee table in front of him. He leans back, crossing his legs at the ankles.

The Wife yawns and covers her mouth, stretching.

WIFE

I think I'll go upstairs and put on my robe. I think I'll change into something else. Robert, you make yourself comfortable.

ROBERT
I'm comfortable.

WIFE
I want you to feel comfortable in
this house.

ROBERT
I am comfortable.

The WIFE stands up and makes her way upstairs, leaving the two men alone downstairs.

They sit in silence for a few moments. They listen to the weather report and then the sports roundup. The HUSBAND looks up towards the stairs, wondering where his WIFE could be. He turns towards ROBERT. ROBERT lays comfortably listening to the TV.

HUSBAND
Uh... could I get you another drink
Robert?

ROBERT
Yeah, sure.

The HUSBAND stands up and takes the glass from ROBERT's hands. He makes his way over to the bar and pours a full glass of scotch. The HUSBAND gives off a light chuckle.

HUSBAND
Hey Robert.

ROBERT
Yes.

HUSBAND
Would you want to smoke some dope
with me.

ROBERT
I'll try some with you.

HUSBAND
Damn right! That's the stuff.

The HUSBAND opens a drawer in the kitchen, in which there are cigarette papers and a small bag of marijuana. He takes the two and makes his way over to the couch and sits next to ROBERT, handing him his drink.

ROBERT
Oh... thank you.

The HUSBAND sets the rolling papers on his lap and proceeds to break apart the marijuana and load up two cigarette papers with it. He puts one in his mouth and lights it, taking in a puff. He passes it over to ROBERT, settling it right in between his index and middle finger. He takes a hit and inhales.

HUSBAND

Hold it in as long as you can.

It's clear ROBERT has never smoked marijuana. His face twists a little from the new and harsh taste and he doesn't exhale the smoke with the same confidence he did with his cigarettes.

The WIFE starts to walk down the stairs in a pink robe and slippers.

WIFE

What do I smell?

HUSBAND

We'd thought we'd have us some cannabis.

The WIFE gives a savage look towards her husband. She then turns her attention to ROBERT.

WIFE

Robert, I didn't know you smoked.

ROBERT

I do now, my dear. There's a first time for everything. But I don't feel anything yet.

HUSBAND

This stuff is pretty mellow. This stuff is mild. It's dope you can reason with. It doesn't mess you up.

ROBERT

Not much it doesn't, bub.

Robert gives off a laugh. The WIFE sits in between ROBERT and her HUSBAND. The HUSBAND offers her the joint and she takes a hit and passes it back, noticing ROBERT still has one in his fingers.

WIFE

Which way is this going?

(turns to ROBERT)

I shouldn't be smoking this.

(MORE)

WIFE (CONT'D)

I can hardly keep my eyes open as it is. That dinner did me in. I shouldn't have eaten so much.

ROBERT

It was the strawberry pie. That's what did it.

ROBERT gives off a loud and joyful laugh. He passes the joint to his left.

HUSBAND

There's more strawberry pie.

WIFE

Do you want some more, Robert?

ROBERT

Maybe in a little while.

They focus their attention on the TV. The WIFE yawns again.

WIFE

Your bed is made up when you feel like going to bed, Robert. I know you must have had a long day. When you're ready to go to bed, say so.

ROBERT doesn't respond.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Robert?

ROBERT snaps back.

ROBERT

I've had a real nice time. This beats sending tapes, doesn't it?

HUSBAND

Coming at you, Robert.

The HUSBAND hands the joint to ROBERT. ROBERT has become much more comfortable with the marijuana, exhaling with the same ease he did with the cigarettes.

ROBERT

Thanks, bub but I think this is all for me. I think I'm beginning to feel it.

ROBERT holds the roach out for the WIFE to take.

WIFE

Ditto, me too.

The WIFE passes the roach to her HUSBAND. He takes another hit before putting both of the joints out in the ashtray.

WIFE (CONT'D)

I may just sit here for a while between you two guys with my eyes closed. But don't let me bother you, okay? Either one of you. If it bothers you, say so. Otherwise, I may just sit here with my eyes closed until you're ready to go to bed.

(beat)

Your bed's made up, Robert, when you're ready. It's right next to our room at the top of the stairs. We'll show you up when you're ready.

(beat)

You wake me up now, you guys, if I fall asleep.

The WIFE then closes her eyes and almost immediately fell asleep. The two men sat there in the haze of marijuana and awkwardness. The news program ends and the HUSBAND leaves the couch to change the channel. He sits back on the sofa and his WIFE now lays her head across the back of the sofa and she'd has turned so now a part of the robe has slipped away from her leg, revealing a thigh.

The HUSBAND moves to readjust the robe, but, upon looking at ROBERT, he decides to not do anything. There's another moment of silence.

HUSBAND

You say when you want some strawberry pie.

ROBERT

I will.

HUSBAND

Are you tired? Do you want me to take you up to your bed. Are you ready to hit the hay?

ROBERT

Not yet.

(beat)

No, I'll stay up with you, bub if that's all right.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'll stay up until you're ready to turn in. We haven't had a chance to talk. Know what I mean? I feel like me and her monopolized the evening.

ROBERT lifts his beard and lets it fall. He picks up his cigarettes and lighter, sparking up another one.

HUSBAND

That's all right.

(beat)

I'm glad for the company.

On the TV now there was a program about the church and the middle ages.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Would you want me to change the channel.

ROBERT

Bub, it's all right. It's fine with me. Whatever you want to watch is okay. I'm always learning something. Learning never ends. It won't hurt me to learn something tonight. I got ears.

The HUSBAND gives off a comfortable nod and turns his attention back to the TV. ROBERT leans forward and turns his right ear towards the TV. The HUSBAND eyes how ROBERT is facing him but he doesn't "see" him there.

The TV now shows a group of men wearing cowls being set upon and tormented by men dressed in skeleton costumes costumes and men dressed as devils. The HUSBAND opens his mouth.

HUSBAND

Um... there's a group of men dressed as skeletons and devils. The devils have devil masks, horns, and long tails.

(beat)

They're uh... attacking and tormenting a group of men wearing cowls, like those a monk would wear.

ROBERT

Skeletons. I know about Skeletons.

ROBERT nodded. The TV changes to elegant and sweeping shots of cathedrals.

HUSBAND

They're showing the outside of this cathedral now. Gargoyles. Little statues carved to look like masters.

The TV cuts to a cathedral in a new location.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Now I guess they're in Italy. Yeah, they're in Italy. There's paintings on the walls of this one church.

ROBERT

Are those fresco paintings, bub?

ROBERT takes a sip of his drink. The HUSBAND reaches for his own but finds it to empty.

HUSBAND

You're asking me are those frescoes.

(looks at screen)

That's a good question... I don't know.

There's a period of silence between the two. The HUSBAND looks back at ROBERT and then back at the TV. He begins to say something, pauses, and then continues.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Something has occurred to me.

ROBERT turns towards the HUSBAND.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what a cathedral is? What they look like that is? Do you follow me? If somebody says cathedral to you, do you have any notion as to what they're talking about. Do you know the difference between that and a Baptist church, say?

ROBERT lets out a pillow of grey smoke with his usual confidence. After fully exhaling he finally lets out:

ROBERT

I know they took hundreds of workers fifty or a hundred years to build. I just heard the man say that, of course.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I know generations of the same families worked on a cathedral. I heard him say that too.

ROBERT takes another draw from his cigarette.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The men who began their life's work on them, they never lived to see the completion of their work. In that wise, bub, they're no different from the rest of us, right?

ROBERT gives off a laugh and his head drops a little. He is clearly tired.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Cathedrals...

ROBERT sits up and rolls his head back and forth.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

If you want the truth, bub, that's about all I know. What I just said. What I heard him say. But maybe you could describe one to me? I'd wish you'd do it. I'd like that. If you want to know, I really don't have a good idea.

The HUSBAND stares at the TV, trying to take all the information in. The shot then changes to one of a countryside. He doesn't have any assistance anymore.

HUSBAND

Uh... To begin with, they're very tall.

The HUSBAND looks around the room for clues.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

They reach way up. Up and up. Toward the sky. They're so big, some of them, they have these supports. To hold them up, so to speak. These supports are called buttresses. The remind of viaducts, for some reason. But maybe you don't know viaducts, either?

(beat)

(MORE)

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
 Sometimes the cathedrals have
 devils and such carved into the
 front. Sometimes lords and ladies.
 Don't ask me why this is.

The HUSBAND chuckles uncomfortably. ROBERT nods with the top half of his body.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
 I'm not doing so good, am I?

ROBERT says nothing. He keeps nodding and tugging his beard.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
 Um...
 (pause)
 They're really big. They're
 massive. They're built of stone.
 Marble, too, sometimes. In those
 olden days, when they built
 cathedrals, men wanted to be close
 to God. In those olden days, God
 was an important part of everyone's
 life. You could tell this from
 their cathedral-building.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry, but it looks like that's
 the best I can do for you. I'm just
 not good at it.

ROBERT
 That's all right bub.
 (beat)
 Hey, listen. I hope you don't mind
 my asking you. Can I ask you
 something. Let me just ask you a
 simple question, yes or no. I'm
 just curious and there's no
 offense. You're my host. But let me
 ask if you are in any way
 religious. You don't mind my
 asking?

The HUSBAND shakes his head but then stops. He looks at ROBERT in the eyes. He realizes his mistake.

HUSBAND
 Sorry, uh... I guess I don't
 believe in it. In anything.
 Sometimes it's hard. You know what
 I'm saying?

ROBERT
 Sure, I do.

HUSBAND

Right.

The WIFE sighs in her sleep.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

You'll have to forgive me, but I can't tell you what a cathedral looks like. It just isn't in me to do it. I can't do any more than I've done.

ROBERT sits very still, his head down.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

The truth is, cathedrals don't mean anything special to me. Nothing. Cathedrals. They're something to look at on late-night TV. That's all they are.

ROBERT clears his throat.

ROBERT

I get it, bub. It's okay. It happens. Don't worry about it.

(beat)

Hey, listen to me. Will you do me a favor? I got an idea. Why don't you find us some heavy paper? And a pen. We'll do something. We'll draw one together. Get us a pen and some heavy paper. Go on, bub, get the stuff.

HUSBAND

Yeah... sure.

(beat)

I'll be right back.

The HUSBAND stands up and walks up the stairs to...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...the bedroom. He struggles to make it up the stairs. Too much alcohol and marijuana. The HUSBAND looks around the room for pens. He passes by the box of tapes and papers, pausing for a split second. He then continues searching, finding a basket of ballpoints on the table.

The HUSBAND exits the room and descends down the stairs to...

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... The kitchen. He finds a shopping bag. He looks inside to find some loose onion skins. He empties the bag smooths it out.

He walks over to the living room and sits down near the blind man's legs, spreading the bag over the coffee table. ROBERT gets down from the couch and sits next to the man. He runs his fingers over the bag, determining its dimensions.

ROBERT
Alright, let's do her.

ROBERT finds the HUSBAND's hand, closing a fist around it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Go ahead, bub, draw. Draw. You'll see. I'll follow along with you. It'll be okay. Just begin now like I'm telling you. You'll see. Draw.

The HUSBAND begins to draw a cathedral, first with a box that resembles a house. He then draws a roof on it, adding spires to either end of it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Swell. Terrific. You're doing fine.
(beat)
Never thought anything like this could happen in you lifetime, did you, bub? Well, it's a strange life, we all know that. Go on now. Keep it up.

The HUSBAND adds in windows with arches, flying buttresses, great doors. He can't stop, he's enthralled in the work. Neither of them notice the tubes of the TV shut off. ROBERT feels around the paper, noticing the crevasses and indents of the pen. He nods.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Doing fine.

ROBERT takes up his hand again and they continue. The WIFE opens her eyes.

WIFE
What are you doing? Tell me, I want to know.

The HUSBAND doesn't answer, he's absorbed into the drawing.

ROBERT

We're drawing a cathedral. Me and him are working on it.

(turns towards the HUSBAND)

Press hard. That's right. That's good.

(beat)

Sure you got it, bub. I can tell. You didn't think you could. But you can, can't you? You're cooking with gas now. You know what I'm saying? We're going to really have something here in a minute. How's that old arm?

He nudges the HUSBAND but he doesn't even take notice.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Put some people in there now. What's a cathedral without people?

WIFE

What's going on? Robert, what are you doing? What's going on?

ROBERT

It's all right.
(to the HUSBAND)
Close your eyes now.

The HUSBAND closes his eyes. He chuckles, he never would thought he would be doing something like this.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Are they closed? Don't fudge.

HUSBAND

They're closed.

ROBERT

Keep them that way.

The two keep at it for a little bit more, the WIFE looks over their shoulder with interested eyes. ROBERT exhales.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I think that's it. I think you got it. Take a look. What do you think?

The HUSBAND doesn't open his eyes. We see his eyes dart back and forth as he questions what to do. He eventually calms down, his body becoming still.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Well? Are you looking?

The HUSBAND smiles and exhales, his eyes still closed, giving off a sincere chuckle. We focus on his face. There is nothing else in this world to pay attention to.

HUSBAND

It's really something...

CUT TO BLACK.