

# Liza 3

58.

~~Liza smiles. Not sure whether to take it as a dig. Claire pulls an index card from her purse.~~

~~CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
My mother's pie crust recipe. A  
hundred percent foolproof.~~

~~LIZA  
(accepts card)  
You shouldn't have.~~

~~CLAIRE  
Liza, I think you and I got off on  
the wrong foot. Now that Frank is  
going to be working for Reed, I'd  
really like to be friends.~~

An awkward beat as it dawns on Claire:

~~CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Frank didn't say anything?  
(embarrassed)  
Well I'm sure he was waiting for an  
opportune moment.  
(abruptly, re buffet)  
Would you look at that beautiful  
aspic!~~

~~Claire regards the buffet as Liza gathers her dignity...~~

INT. WINTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Liza stands at the sink. Hiding out. We hear the front door SLAM and Frank stalks in, moves to the cupboard.

**Start →**

LIZA  
Where have you been? Half the PhDs  
in America are eating canapes in  
our back yard.

FRANK  
Get rid of them.

LIZA  
What?

FRANK  
Cancel the party.

LIZA  
Did something happen at work?  
(dead air)  
Frank --

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As he pours a drink, struggles to maintain a veneer.

FRANK

Work is fine.

LIZA

We made a deal when we came here.  
I wouldn't ask questions unless I  
absolutely needed the answers. And  
you would never lie to me.

FRANK

And I haven't.

LIZA

No, you'd have to talk to me to  
lie. You disappear in the middle  
of the night. When you're here,  
you're a thousand miles away.  
(fighting emotion)  
We used to lie in the dark and tell  
each other everything.

FRANK

I can't do that anymore. You know  
I can't.

Liza gathers herself.

LIZA

You remember that paper I presented  
on the purple orchid? *Orchis*  
*mascula*?

FRANK

When the war is over we'll go back  
to Princeton. There will be other  
papers.

LIZA

(pressing on)  
*Orchis mascula* -- it lives on three  
continents, sun and shade, from  
Spain to Siberia. It can survive  
almost anywhere.

FRANK

Listen --

LIZA

But it can't survive alone. It's  
got a partner.

(MORE)

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LIZA (CONT'D)

It's called a mycorrhiza -- a spore that attaches to the orchid's roots. They make up their own little ecosystem. Cut off that communication and the orchid just... shuts down.

(then)

We were an ecosystem. The two of us.

FRANK

You're not a flower. You'll survive.

LIZA

We're not talking about me, Frank.

Frank takes her in.

FRANK

I'm protecting our family.

LIZA

From what?

Silence. The weight of secrets bearing down.

LIZA (CONT'D)

You're all alone. And you don't even see it.

A long fraught moment. Then -- the DOORBELL. /End

~~EXT. WINTER HOUSE BACK YARD NIGHT~~

~~Teeming with SCIENTISTS, bubbly WIVES, some SOLDIERS. Sprung from the lab they're like sailors on shore leave. Charlie and Abby edge through the scrum, kids in tow.~~

CHARLIE

~~I'll be right back.~~

ABBY

~~Where are you going?~~

CHARLIE

~~To find out where I stand.~~

~~He leaves Abby in a sea of strange faces.~~

~~ANGLE ON: Crosley, Meeks, Fritz and Helen drinking in a corner, holding slips of paper: their new assignments.~~