

Thank you. Well, when you come to see me in the after years, as I hope some of you will, and you're all very grand and grown up, I may well not recognize you. And you'll say: "Poor old boy, his memory's gone." But, you see, I will remember you all perfectly well, because I'll remember you as you are now. That's the point. In my mind you never grow up at all. I get older and so do all of them.

(He points to the masters behind him.)

But you always stay the same, and you always will, and in that I shall find great comfort in days to come. So you see, this isn't really goodbye at all. Simply an *au revoir*.

Five Easy Pieces

Columbia Pictures (Produced by Bert Schneider), 1970

Screenplay by Adrien Joyce

Directed by Bob Rafelson

Time: 1970

Place: Puget Sound, Washington—a house on an island
Bobby Dupea, a young oil-rig worker, has dropped most of his ties with his music-loving family. Bobby was a serious pianist, but he's since bucked the family's expectations and taken off on the road.

Bobby travels back to his family's comfortable summer house on an island in the Pacific Northwest to see his father, who is gravely ill. In tow is Bobby's current fling, Rayette, a waitress whom Bobby stows in a motel on the mainland before going across the sound to meet his family.

Cultivated and surrounded by books and musical instruments, Bobby's family looks askance at his way of life and rebellious behavior. Bobby's sister demands that he talk to their father, who is paralyzed by a stroke, confined to a

wheelchair, and unable to speak. Bobby obliges and, having wheeled his father out to a windblown field, finally attempts to communicate.

BOBBY

START

I don't know if you'd be particularly interested in hearing anything about me, my life. Most of it doesn't add up to much that I could relate as a way of life that you'd approve of. I move around a lot. Not because I'm looking for anything really, but 'cause I'm getting away from things that get bad if I stay. Auspicious beginnings, you know what I mean?

(pause)

I'm trying to imagine your half of this conversation. My feeling is, I don't know, that if you could talk we wouldn't be talking. It's pretty much the way that it got to be before I left. Are you all right? I don't know what to say.

(breaks down, crying)

Kate has suggested that we try to, but I don't know . . . I think that she feels that we've got some understanding to reach. She totally denies the fact that we weren't ever that comfortable with one another to begin with.

(pause)

The best that I can do is apologize. But we both know that I was never really that good at it anyway.

(pause)

Sorry it didn't work out.

END
