

THE FATAL HEIR

Written by

Nicholas R. Zingarelli

U.S. COPYRIGHT/WGA-WEST 2016 "Formerly titled 'FATAL ERR' in previous drafts."

nickzing55@gmail.com

312.504.5057

FADE IN:

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

A palatial foyer, curved stairways converge on a landing.

RICHARD TOWNSEND (50) tall, perfect hair and suit, Ivy League psychopath with a silver spoon up his ass, always looks like he smells something rotten, climbs the steps and enters the --

HALLWAY

Richard is immediately confronted by his disheveled butler CHARLES (55) messy gray haired sycophant, shirt askew under a torn vest, pleads his case:

CHARLES

I'm sorry, sir. I tried to follow your orders, but... Sir, it's young Harry, he's gone stark raving mad.

RICHARD

When did this start, Charles?

CHARLES

He attacked me as I was taking down his photos drying in the basement.

RICHARD

Hand me his door key, Charles.

Charles hands him a key and leads him to a closed door.

PATTON, a German Sheppard, sits by the door and barks at Richard.

CHARLES

Sir, every time I try to enter, he smashes glass against the door.

RICHARD

Where did he get the glass?

CHARLES

He's gathered all the picture frames of Lady Gwendolyn from around the house. He's been in there talking to himself.

RICHARD

Charles, I want his room cleaned and every picture you find buried inside that brown case of his.

Richard turns the key and the doorknob.

RICHARD

Harry, it's me. I'm coming in, son.

O.S. GLASS SHATTERS AGAINST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

HARRY'S BEDROOM

Dozens of 8 x 10 black & white photos and a thick worn-out "Complete Works of Shakespeare" book on a king-size bed.

A 35mm camera and an open brown case with more photos inside, on the floor.

YOUNG HARRY TOWNSEND (14) wiry, frantic, thick glasses, freshly stitched split right eyebrow, kneels in broken glass and smashes a picture frame to the floor with bloody cut hands.

He shakes the fragmented mosaic of glass over a b & w photo of a beautiful woman. Tosses the frame. Presses the photo over a Robert Smith The Cure Band T-shirt he is wearing.

YOUNG HARRY

These pictures belong to me! You have no right to them!

He slings the 35mm camera on a strap around his neck. Clasps the case shut and grabs it by the handle.

RICHARD (O.S.)

I'm coming in, son.

Young Harry dives on the bed, slips a plastic film roll container from under a pillow and wraps his fist around it.

YOUNG HARRY

I won't let you take her, Father.

Richard enters, steps over broken glass toward Young Harry.

RICHARD

Harry, we must let her go.

Young Harry sobs and trembles:

YOUNG HARRY

Why can't I have her in my room?
Why does she have to disappear?

RICHARD

Harry, we mustn't torture ourselves over this.

YOUNG HARRY
They're all I have left of her.

RICHARD
I'll hold them until you're more
stable. Then I'll give them back.

YOUNG HARRY
That's a lie. I heard what you said
to Charles about burying them.

RICHARD
Harry, stop this now, you don't
want to *make me angry!*

He scowls as he grabs for Young Harry. Young Harry dodges him
and runs into the --

HALLWAY

Patton barks and Charles struggles to restrain him as Young
Harry races to the rear of the hallway and down a stairway.

KITCHEN

Young Harry sprints through the room to a door. He removes
his gym shoe and slips a red-key from under the insole.

He turns the red-key in the lock and pockets it. As he opens
the door onto the red-lit basement, a mouse jumps off the top
step and runs down a long stairway.

Richard grabs Harry from behind, turns him from the door and
opens the back of the camera. It is empty.

RICHARD
Where's the film you shot on the
boat?

YOUNG HARRY
I'm gonna use that to bury you,
Father.

RICHARD
This ends here, Harry.

He shoves Young Harry backward through the door into the --

BASEMENT

The case bangs off the door frame, bursting open as Young
Harry falls into the red-lit basement.

His camera flashes as he topples down the steps, illuminating a cloud of the photos, fluttering around him.

HARRY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Young Harry lies in bed and cries, bruises swell around the stitches through his eyebrow.

Richard sits next to Young Harry and grips his bruised chin.

RICHARD

I want that film from the boat.

O.S. SOMEONE KNOCKS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

He twists Young Harry's chin. He shudders in pain, but takes it tight-lipped. Richard lets it go.

RICHARD

Come in, Dr. Doyle.

DR. DOYLE (35) bookish, psycho-pathetic psychiatrist, pointy goatee, not so sharp otherwise, leather bag, and his muscular ambiguously gay sadistic partner, nurse DERRICK (23) enter.

YOUNG HARRY

My father's responsible for my mother's death. I just know it.

Richard squeezes Young Harry's arm. He shrugs out of Richard's grasp.

RICHARD

I'm afraid my son has imagined all the blame on to me, Dr. Doyle.

YOUNG HARRY

That's not true. I'm not imagining anything. I can't explain. I just know it's all *his* fault she's dead!

DR. DOYLE

Why do you think that about your father, Harry? I mean, what can you tell me about the accident?

Rain blows in an open window and drips off the sill. As lightning flashes outside. O.S. THUNDERCLAPS.

YOUNG HARRY

I can't remember. My head hurts. They say Mother drowned in the lake. She's still out there. She's in the water.

RICHARD

My son's emotional imbalance has been a constant torment to this family and it has to stop, now.

Young Harry points at him.

YOUNG HARRY

You left her to drown. And you can punish me all you want, but I'm going to prove it.

Dr. Doyle pats Young Harry's leg.

DR. DOYLE

Harry, would you like to come visit me at the institute? We can talk about all this and hopefully put it to some kind of end?

YOUNG HARRY

Why do I have to go anywhere?

RICHARD

Harry, I understand you wanting to jump into the lake to save your mother. Thank God I saved you. But throwing yourself down the basement stairs. I won't stand for that kind of mischief.

Young Harry grabs Richard by the lapels and sobs:

YOUNG HARRY

Why didn't you save her?! Mother, don't leave me with him, Mother!

RICHARD

Dr. Doyle, will you please see to this?

DR. DOYLE

Shall we end this, Derrick?

He takes an ampule out of his bag and draws a narcotic from it into a syringe.

DERRICK

My pleasure, Dr. Doyle.

He pries Young Harry's hands from Richard's lapels, wrestles him into bed and grins in his face. As he holds him down.

Dr. Doyle injects the narcotic in Young Harry's arm.

Young Harry peers at a lamp on a dresser near the window. As he drifts off:

YOUNG HARRY
Hello, Mother.

The lamp flies off the dresser. The bulb pops as it slams into the wall.

INT. TOWNSEND PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lightning flashes through thick glasses onto the scar split right eyebrow of HARRY TOWNSEND (22) asleep on a couch. In his old, tight, worn-out, Cure Band T-shirt. He is a paranoid cynic now, his survival depends on it.

SUPER BLINKS: 8 YEARS LATER

Blankets covering the custom furniture in the room flutter.

Sheets of rain blow in the open sliding patio door and puddle around a TV on the floor.

The TV screen and a lava lamp on an end table the only light.

INSERT TV SCREEN

A world-class forty foot schooner sails through a hellish rainstorm at night as "Fatal Heir" across the bow dips in the choppy Lake Michigan water.

END INSERT

Lightning flashes through the sliding glass door to a balcony.

The lava lamp flips off the end table onto the floor.

Harry shivers awake and widens his eyes as his glasses fog.

HARRY
Shit, the balcony door's open.

He jumps up, hops over a soggy pizza box on the floor and kicks three empty wines bottles next to it over.

He slinks along the wall to the patio door, avoiding puddles.

HARRY
They never found Mother's body in
the lake. She comes in the water.

Lightning flashes the room. The TV screen blacks-out.

The lava lamp cracks and goes out with a spark. It distracts him as he grabs the patio door handle.

HARRY

Not my lava lamp, man...

A ghostly white scaly hand reaches in the sliding door to the balcony and touches his hand.

He jerks his hand back.

HARRY

What in hell?

Lightning strobes as the rain-soaked GHOST of LADY GWENDOLYN YORK TOWNSEND (33) lean, red hair, floral dress, yellow scarf, enters. Her wide brim hat droops over her face.

She opens her mouth and green algae filed water spills out.

HARRY

Mother?

He jumps backward and his glasses fly off. As he crashes on his back.

PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Harry lies unconscious on the floor, without his glasses.

O.S. A WOMAN'S SCREAM MORPHS INTO A GULL'S SHRIEKING.

Harry sits-up, peers out the open patio door at the sun rising over Lake Michigan through the balcony railing.

He crawls to his glasses and puts them on.

He gets to his feet and trips over the wrinkly pizza box stuck to the floor. "Chronic Pizza" on the lid.

HARRY

No more psychedelic mushroom pizza
for me.

He steps out the patio door onto the --

EXT. TOWNSEND PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He looks over the rail at Gwendolyn's yellow scarf stuck in the bricks near the corner of the ledge, waving in a breeze.

HARRY

I see the north-northwest wind's
not done with me yet.

He climbs over the rail, creeps sideways along the ledge and yanks the scarf out of the bricks.

A gull screeches as it swoops down at him.

Harry leans back against the wall.

HARRY

The harbinger of ill winds.

The gull snatches the scarf from him and lands on the ledge a few feet away.

HARRY

I must insist!

He snatches the scarf from the gull and teeters away from the building.

He faces the specks of pedestrians on the downtown Chicago sidewalk below, folds his knees and sits against the wall.

HARRY

Never a doubt.

The gull pecks his hand. Harry rises in defense. The gull attacks his face. He stumbles sideways and falls.

He grabs the bottom of the railing, his legs dangle in midair as he watches the scarf flutter away.

FRANKLIN (22) African American, doorman, eases one foot over the rail onto the ledge and keeps his fearful eyes on Harry.

FRANKLIN

Harry, take my hand, man, please.

HARRY

I'm okay, Franklin, really.

He waves him away and climbs the railing.

HARRY

I'm coming back, Franklin.

Franklin hops onto the balcony and helps Harry over the rail.

FRANKLIN

What were you doing out there, Harry?

HARRY

My Harold Lloyd impression.

They bump shoulders and go through an elaborate set of handshakes and fist bumps.

FRANKLIN

Let's not do anymore Harold Lloyd shit, okay, Harry?

HARRY

You're right. The ledge is for the birds.

FRANKLIN

You all right?

HARRY

I wasn't going to jump, Franklin. I wouldn't want to land on anyone, especially you.

FRANKLIN

I believe ya, Harry.

HARRY

I had another one of those visits last night.

FRANKLIN

Did you get any more pieces to the puzzle?

HARRY

I had my Mother's scarf in my hand. I lost it in a fight with a gull.

Franklin squints sideways at him.

HARRY

He's probably still flying around here with it.

Franklin leans over the rail, looks around, then faces Harry.

FRANKLIN

Yellow, right?

Harry nods. Franklin shakes his head. They laugh.

HARRY

Thanks for indulging me, anyway.

FRANKLIN

Is it important?

HARRY

It's the same yellow scarf she had on last night when she came here.

Franklin shrugs his shoulders, shivers and grits his teeth.

FRANKLIN

Whoa, man, a chill just bolted up my spine, right to my fillings.

HARRY

She wants me to expose my father and the men he used to kill her.

He extends his hand toward Franklin.

HARRY

She touched this hand.

Franklin jumps back, raises his arms and shakes his head.

FRANKLIN

I'm into this, man, but that's some scary shit, tell me more.

HARRY

My Father gave me the only clue I have. He demanded I give him a roll of film I shot onboard the boat the day she drowned.

FRANKLIN

You gotta find that shit, man.

HARRY

Thing is, I don't remember being on the boat. Either way, I'm more like a Keystone Kop than a detective.

FRANKLIN

Man, that ghost and murder stuff. I feel like I just had a double espresso enema after giving blood. What else happened last night?

HARRY

I jumped back, slipped and fell. I've fallen an awful lot in my life. I wonder just how far I am from the bottom of all this.

FRANKLIN

You do realize you turn everything into a joke, my man?

HARRY

It's a defense mechanism. I grew up without any real friends. Reading Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett kept me sane. I blame my drinking on Hemingway.

FRANKLIN

You know, I'm your man, Harry, anytime you need me.

Harry wraps one hand around Franklin's back, imitates a pistol with his fingers and points it at his own temple.

HARRY

You know going out on a ledge with a certifiable nut case is dangerously insane.

FRANKLIN

I trust you.

Harry furrows his brow, aims his finger pistol in Franklin's gut and silently mouths the word "pow".

HARRY

Never trust anyone this far up.

INT. TOWNSEND PENTHOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Harry closes the door and carries five DVD cases under his arm as he walks into the --

DINING ROOM

He yanks earbuds out of his ears and stares at undulating light as it dances on the walls and ceiling.

HARRY

Satan's found me.

He sets the DVDs, earbuds, an MP3 player playing The Cure on a table with a knife, fork, dirty dish, napkin, wine bottle, half glass of wine and steps into the --

LIVING ROOM

Harry walks to a fire in a fireplace, passing Richard, seated in a winged-back chair, sniffing brandy from a snifter.

RICHARD

I've often wondered what became of this chair. I'm happy it stayed in the family.

Harry walks back into the --

DINING ROOM

He empties the bottle in the glass, sets the bottle down and grabs the glass.

HARRY

I'll never get drunk enough for
this.

He sips the wine as he strolls into the --

FOYER

Two huge imaginary bulls snort in the doorway, scratch their hoofs on the floor and rear back.

Harry tips his glass toward them and bows.

HARRY

Two bulls against one tripping-
balls matador. This will no doubt
make me the greatest penthouse
bullfighter in the world.

He drapes the napkin in front of him and stamps his heels.

HARRY

Hey bulls, hey, hey toro, hey...
fuck it.

He drops the napkin as the bulls chase him into the --

HALLWAY

He runs into DUTTON (30) British African, ex-Royal Marine, catches Harry, stands him upright, straightens his collar and looks tearfully at him.

Harry's eyes tear-up in response to Dutton's.

HARRY

No use trying to get away from you
or our history of love lost. She
haunts you too. You'll see her. She
appears to everyone she loves. Woe
to those she loved who had a hand
in her demise. Vengeance is coming.

He looks at the front door. No bulls. They wipe their eyes before turning to each other.

DUTTON

Harry, I've told you. I know what you're going to do before you do.

Harry raises the glass of wine to his lips.

HARRY

Then you know I'll drink to that.

DUTTON

How the hell are you, Harry?

He laughs as he slaps Harry's back.

Harry raises the glass, preventing the wine from spilling.

DUTTON

I missed you. Did you get a chance to read that book I gave you?

HARRY

Dahlgren's a great book. I read it twice, but I still haven't figured out who the Kid was supposed to be.

DUTTON

Nobody knows what they're supposed to be. Our actions define who we are. It's all a matter of time.

HARRY

How would you define me?

DUTTON

Too young to be cynical.

HARRY

How's the pay?

DUTTON

I'm here for you, Harry. Let's go back to the fire, your father's waiting to speak to you.

HARRY

The fire will be the only warmth in his regards.

LIVING ROOM

Harry steps short of the fire and gulps his wine down.

Dutton stands at ease between the two rooms looking away.

Richard relaxes in the winged-back chair and sips brandy through a Cheshire Cat smile.

HARRY

You should sing happy birthday to me, Father. In a week, when I take control of the York Trust, you'll sing a different tune.

RICHARD

I'm here out of concern, Harry, you're all I've got.

HARRY

Have you spent all my mother's money?

RICHARD

How can you say such a thing?

HARRY

If such is the thing?

RICHARD

After all, that I've done for you.

HARRY

Thank you for finding places as far away from you as you could find to put me all of my life, Father.

RICHARD

Only the best for you, son.

HARRY

Well, turnabout is fair play, Father. Perhaps I'll put you away some day.

RICHARD

Harry, Dr. Doyle tells me you've stopped seeing him.

Harry tilts his glass to drink, peers at the empty glass and sets it on the mantle.

HARRY

I'm done listening to that sycophant witch Dr. Doyle of yours. You think I don't know the York Trust supports his loony bin?

RICHARD

It seems your delusions and
paranoia have returned.

HARRY

And now you're here. Bad things
always travel in threes.

RICHARD

Son, you and I both know where all
this is leading.

Harry peers at the wine glass and slurs his words:

HARRY

(sotto)
Tastes like Rohypnol...

He squints sideways at Richard.

HARRY

I'm *not* going back!

RICHARD

That's been decided for you.

Harry stumbles on a circular route toward Dutton.

Harry falls toward the fire. Dutton grabs him. Harry drifts
into sleep as he sings:

HARRY

Happy birthday to me. Happy
birthday to Harry...

RICHARD

Put him on the couch, please.

Dutton sits Harry, unconscious now, on the couch.

RICHARD

You can leave now, he's in oblivion
again. He won't cause any more
trouble.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dutton washes the plate and utensils in the sink.

He runs water in the wine bottle and shakes it. It slips from
his hand. Busts on the floor, spewing water and glass shards.

He squats and gathers the pieces of glass.

Footprints from invisible feet splash in puddles on the floor past him as Gwendolyn's Ghost forms from her feet to her hat.

She kicks a door across the room open and enters a dark room.

He follows her through the puddles into the --

SMALL UNLIT ROOM

He enters, a blade of light across his face shows his teary eyes as Gwendolyn's Ghost turns away from him and vanishes:

GWENDOLYN'S GHOST

Don't look at me...

Dampness in the shape of a kiss wets his lips.

He sees her invisible feet splash in puddles and he follows her out.

LIVING ROOM

Richard busts his brandy snifter on the mantle. Slits Harry's wrist.

Harry's goblet flies off the mantle and shatters upside Richard's head.

Dutton dashes in and wraps Harry's bloody wrist in the sheet off the chair.

Richard sits in the chair, sips brandy and presses a bloody handkerchief to a wound on the side of his head.

O.S. AN AMBULANCE WAILS IN THE DISTANCE.

EXT. AMBULANCE (MOVING) - NIGHT

An ambulance approaches an ornamental iron gate opening onto a service road between two eight foot brick columns.

The ambulance passes under "BATES PERKINS INSTITUTE" on a sign over the gate.

The ambulance continues toward a four-story brick chateau.

A crackling thunderbolt zaps a lightning-rod on the roof.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

O.S. A CLASSICAL OVERTURE RECORD PLAYS ON A STEREO.

A plastic shower curtain blurs the image of the room outside.

Richard showers in steaming water and mimics the sounds of the music with his voice.

He bends to pick-up a shampoo bottle.

Gwendolyn's ghostly outline forms in the bathroom doorway.

He shuts his eyes, shampoos, and jerks his head to the music.

Gwendolyn's Ghost pokes her nose to the curtain, smiles with black teeth as she waves her arms, conducting the orchestra.

RICHARD

Fucking soap in my eye!

He splashes his face and blinks one eye open.

O.S. THE STEREO NEEDLE SCREECHES ACROSS THE CLASSICAL RECORD.

RICHARD

Who's there?!

He bulges his eyes at her blurry image as she rips the curtains open. The hooks hiss across the rod as she shrieks:

GWENDOLYN'S GHOST

I won't let you get away with
thiissssssss!

Richard cowers with his hands over his eyes.

RICHARD

This, can't, be!

He parts his hands, pries one eye open at a time and surveys the empty bathroom.

He steps out of the tub and looks outside of the door.

The toilet flushes behind him.

RICHARD

Shit!

He shudders startled, slips off his feet and thumps on his ass.

INT. INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Four white painted cold brick walls with a lonely plastic chair in front of a large thick window.

A sun shower streaks the glass and wets a grassy ballfield surrounded by a tall chain link fence with woods beyond it.

The sun shines through the glass onto Harry, in scrubs, wrist bandaged, sleeping in a bed, without his glasses.

DR. REVENANT (33) bespectacled female, lean, red hair, porcelain skin, white smock, stares out the window.

Harry sits-up and squints at her.

HARRY

Oh, I-ah, I didn't hear anyone come in.

She steps alongside the bed.

DR. REVENANT

Harry, I'm Dr. Revenant.

HARRY

They took my glasses, as usual, and I'm blind. But I see red. I'm partial to redheads, doc.

DR. REVENANT

You sound well today, Harry.

HARRY

Well hell, doc, ain't we making progress?

DR. REVENANT

It's all up to you, Harry.

HARRY

Hey, doc, a word to the wise. I'm wise too. I've been in nut-houses most of my life.

DR. REVENANT

What are you wise to?

HARRY

You noodle docs, you're all the same. You gain the lonesome patient's trust, attach strings, and voilà, Pinocchio.

DR. REVENANT

Harry, you walk yourself to that chair by the window and I'll cut you loose, tonight.

HARRY

No shit. That's all. No strings?

DR. REVENANT
Once again, "It's up to you."

HARRY
Well then, better get your keys
out, doc, and call me a cab.

He steps on the floor and collapses.

HARRY
You duped me.

DR. REVENANT
We can try for the chair tomorrow.

HARRY
Hey, aren't you going to help me
back into bed, doc?

She steps to the door.

DR. REVENANT
I'm sorry, Harry, I don't do
Pinocchio.

Harry climbs onto the bed and smiles.

HARRY
Hey, doc...

He turns to the doorway and drops his smile, she's gone.

INT. INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry sits in the chair, chin on the windowsill and gazes at
the rain as lightning blinks over the trees beyond the fence.

DR. REVENANT (O.S.)
You remind me of a cat I had. He
used to sit on the windowsill when
he wanted out.

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. Harry sits up, sees her reflection in the
glass as she stands in front the closed door behind him.

HARRY
Hey doc, what was the name of that
cat you had?

DR. REVENANT
Felix.

HARRY
Whatever happened to Felix the cat?

DR. REVENANT
I let him out. He never came back.

HARRY
I'd like that.

DR. REVENANT
Harry, why don't we start talking,
so we can get you out of here.

HARRY
You mean psychoanalysis?

She sits at the foot of the bed.

DR. REVENANT
Let's just talk, Harry.

HARRY
You know the first time I saw you,
doc, I thought you were a ghost.

DR. REVENANT
Do you normally see ghosts?

HARRY
Just one. As a matter of fact, I've
finally decided I'm going to do
some detective work for her.

DR. REVENANT
Was she someone special?

HARRY
She meant everything in the world
to me, doc.

DR. REVENANT
Why don't you tell me about her,
Harry?

HARRY
She was buried and even the mention
of her name brought me punishment.

Harry pulls his sleeves up and shows her his bandaged wrist.

DR. REVENANT
Why do you think you are being
punished?

HARRY
I don't even remember.

DR. REVENANT

Harry, you have to trust me,
please?

HARRY

Why should I?

DR. REVENANT

In order for this to work, you'll
have to trust someone. Do you want
to remember?

HARRY

I need to remember, so *he* can be
punished.

DR. REVENANT

Then trust *me*, Harry.

HARRY

I trust none but the dead. What
they've done is done and can't be
undone and so not be my undoing.

DR. REVENANT

Your cynicism is sealing your fate.

Harry thumps his forehead hard against the glass and cries.

HARRY

Please help me get out of here,
doc.

DR. REVENANT

Then trust me.

HARRY

I overheard them from the hallway,
as they were arguing that day.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - HALLWAY (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Young Harry backs against the wall, slides down onto his butt
and sobs, facing a half-open door across the hall.

Tears drip off his face onto the 35mm camera on a neck-strap.

HARRY (O.S.)

My father and mother were rarely
home, and when they were, they
fought constantly. Whatever they
were arguing about was always more
important than me.

Young Harry focuses the zoom lens through the half-open door into a mirror image of a --

MASTER BEDROOM

An opulent room fit for a queen.

Gwendolyn stands at a picture window in a robe and sips tea from a cup. Her face hidden between slightly parted curtains.

Patton lies at her side. Her face off camera the whole scene.

Richard paces back and forth behind her.

GWENDOLYN

I'm leaving you to your gambling
and your gangsters.

RICHARD

At least allow me to bring you and
Harry out on the lake today. Surely
you won't deny us this last outing.

GWENDOLYN

I told you, you can have Harry. I'm
leaving him here with you, for now.

RICHARD

It'll give Harry such a thrill to
try out his new vintage camera on
his one and only favorite subject.

He stops behind her and smiles into the mirror.

Patton sits up and barks at him.

RICHARD

Please, something for us all to
remember?

GWENDOLYN

Richard, what are you on and on
about?

RICHARD

Nothing, it's just...

He leans close to her. Patton snarls at him.

RICHARD

Can you do something with that dog?
He doesn't listen to anyone but
you. All he ever does is bark at
me.

She raises her voice but doesn't turn:

GWENDOLYN
Patton, sit and be quiet.

Patton obeys.

RICHARD
It's just, I've already taken the day off. I don't know when I'll have another chance.

GWENDOLYN
Richard, my father left me the newspaper. I put you in charge. That is until I find someone to replace you. So take off anytime.

RICHARD
Not with this strike costing the paper millions. Our negotiations with the union start next week. It's now or never.

GWENDOLYN
Won't you be short-handed on the boat without Dutton, now that you've sent him away to take that surveillance course?

RICHARD
Do you miss Dutton, my dear?

GWENDOLYN
What are you getting at now, Richard?

She stares out the window at a stone path leading between twin berms, guarding a pond beyond with green stagnant water.

Richard sheepishly creeps wide of Patton along the curtains.

RICHARD
My God, Gwen, you've fucked the help?

GWENDOLYN
Unequivocally, no. That isn't true. He's too loyal to the family. But, I am in love with him. And I know he loves me. But he won't do anything about it.

Richard backs off, clenches his fists and smiles at her.

RICHARD

You see, I'm just trying to salvage some time for us. As a family, that is. Harry's downstairs collecting his camera equipment. He'll be devastated if you don't go, Gwen.

GWENDOLYN

The weather seems a bit stormy for sailing on the lake today.

RICHARD

This happens every time. You begin to worry and get yourself all worked up.

O.S. THE CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS AS IT ZOOMS TIGHTLY ONTO...

A foil packet in Richard's palm, two loose pills under it.

RICHARD

Here's your Dramamine. I'm not taking no for an answer.

He tears the packet and drops it in a garbage bin, without removing the pills in it.

She reaches back without turning from the window.

He puts the two loose pills into her hand.

GWENDOLYN

Oh all right, but they won't stop me from worrying.

She pops the pills and sips tea.

O.S. THE CAMERA SHUTTER STOPS CLICKING.

RICHARD

Once we get out there everything will clear up, we'll sail off, and leave all our worries behind us.

GWENDOLYN

Are you predicting our future or the weather?

RICHARD

This is the last time you'll have to put up with me or my sailing, Gwen.

HARRY (O.S.)

She was going to leave without me,
doc, and all the witch doctors,
with all their shrunken heads, will
never put me back together again.

INT. INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM (END FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Harry sits with his chin on the windowsill, stares at the rain outside and mumbles inaudibly.

HARRY

Their fighting pushed me toward the
darkness. My Mother's face kept me
from going over. When I heard she
was leaving. Darkness swallowed my
heart. I kept thinking, you should
of loved me more, Mother...

Dr. Revenant leans against the door, turns from him and wipes tears from her eyes.

HARRY

But I found a cure in Robert
Smith's music. Sorry, doc, I got
off track. I don't remember much
else about that day. Only the
dream, but it doesn't make sense.

DR. REVENANT

Why don't you tell me about it?

He steps toward the light switch.

HARRY

I'm going to turn out the lights.
It helps me to concentrate.

He flips the lights off.

INT./EXT. NIGHTMARE MONTAGE - NIGHT

Harry sits-up on the penthouse couch. Gwendolyn's Ghost leans over him. Moves her mouth and green algae water pours on him.

O.S. A WOMAN'S SCREAM MORPHS INTO A GULL SHRIEKING.

Gwendolyn slaps a red gym shoe in his hand and a blinding flash of white light fills the room.

Suddenly, Harry falls out of a storm cloud into a blizzard of large blurry white snowflakes.

He splashes into a bubbling lake and sinks into the dark silent waters of an abyss.

He twists around, drops the gym shoe and swims after it.

He stabs at the shoe and just misses it as it drops into a small hole in the concrete bottom.

He retrieves the shoe and swims, nearing the bubbling surface as someone explodes out of the bubbles on top of him.

Suddenly, he's in the clutches of a demon with glowing green eyes, hook-nose, pot-marked face. The few long hairs of his extreme comb-over float, waving in the water.

Harry jerks around, screams bubbles, but can't get out of the Demon's grip as they plunge into the dark abyss.

INT. INSTITUTE - DR. DOYLE'S OFFICE (MONTAGE ENDS) - NIGHT

O.S. JUNGLE ANIMAL AND INSECT SOUNDS PLAY IN THE BACKGROUND.

Photos of African Shamans in ceremonial dress surround shelves of files. Shrunken-heads as paper-weights on a desk.

A life-like pygmy statue in a grass skirt guards the door.

Dr. Doyle grabs the tea kettle and pours the water into two cups with tea-bags on the table.

SARAH FOSTER (23) small, anorexic, angelic face, devilish smile, beautiful long black hair, sits at a table. Harry's Shakespeare book, MP3 and Cure Band T-shirt next to her.

She scratches her elbows raw as she watches a CCTV.

INSERT - CCTV SCREEN

The security camera in the ceiling view of Harry as he stands alone in his institute room at the light switch.

HARRY (ON CCTV)
I'm going to turn out the lights.
It helps me to concentrate.

The tape fast-forwards to later that night, stops and plays.

Harry jerks around and thrashes his arms as he dreams in bed.

HARRY (ON CCTV)
Let go of me, Father!

He sits up, widens his tearful eyes and screams:

HARRY (ON CCTV)
She's gone overboard!

The tape freezes on his screaming face.

END INSERT

Dr. Doyle reaches over Sarah and shuts the CCTV off.

DR. DOYLE
He's right where we want him. It's
time for you to get into character.

SARAH
How long would I get to set this
loser up?

DR. DOYLE
We need to do this quickly, while
he's remembering the love he's
lost. Three days.

Derrick enters.

SARAH
Give me a fourth night.

DR. DOYLE
The third night from tonight.
Friday night.

DERRICK
Plenty of time for a whoring little
slut like you, Sarah.

SARAH
Not enough time. I'm not gonna do
this. I hate the fucking Cure.

DR. DOYLE
Then perhaps this will persuade
you, my dear, Sarah.

Derrick zaps her with a stun gun and she hits the floor.

INT. INSTITUTE - THERAPY ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is strapped to a gurney, convulsing as Dr. Doyle
applies electroconvulsive paddles to her head.

INT. INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarah shakes, strapped to the gurney. Hair up in a wool cap.

Harry is strapped to a gurney as it rolls to stop next to Sarah. She stutters and trembles as she sings:

SARAH

"Dropping through sky, Through the
glass of the roof, Through the roof
of your mouth, Through the..."

She grabs Harry's hand. He smiles at her as he sings:

HARRY

"The mouth of your eye, Through the
eye of the needle, It's easier for
me to get closer to Heaven, Than
ever feel whole again."

INT. INSTITUTE - DR. DOYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah slouches in the chair and sleeps with her face down between the pages of Harry's Shakespeare book on the table.

Derrick pokes the point of a pair of scissors to her throat.

DERRICK

Buzz-zap!

He tosses the scissors to Dr. Doyle and clamps his hands over her shoulders as Dr. Doyle grabs a handful of her hair.

SARAH

Let me go, you prick.

DR. DOYLE

You must look the part. Someone
Harry will truly love. Flawed
beauty on the outside. Clawing
beast within. Another injured soul.
Punishing herself. Give him someone
to lose, then we'll have the
leverage to get what we want.

He chops the handful of her hair off, grabs more and chops it shoulder length around her head. She bites her lip. Cries.

DR. DOYLE

I have already spiked Harry's
medications with LSD. In three
nights I'll load the bedtime round
with Ecstasy and Viagra. He should
be primed and ready for love.

He cuts her bangs. Pockets the scissors. Tears a small plastic envelope open. Her mascara runs down her cheeks.

DR. DOYLE
Let me see your hand.

Derrick seizes her wrist. Dr. Doyle pricks her finger.

SARAH
Another prick!

A dot of blood leaks out, she jumps up and kicks Derrick.

DR. DOYLE
A prick for motivation and we're
all in character.

He and Derrick sip tea and laugh.

DR. DOYLE
Derrick will be with you shortly,
my damsel in distress.

DERRICK
It's time for *my prick*.

Sarah brushes her hair off her clothes. Calls back as she exits:

SARAH
I can't wait to get away from you
tea-baggers.

Dr. Doyle and Derrick clink cups and lick their tea-bags.

INT. INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry stands at the window, stares out and taps on the glass.

The sprinklers outside splash across the glass.

He shudders and turns to Dr. Revenant next to his bed.

HARRY
Can you bring me back to the boat
that night with hypnosis?

She speaks as she strides toward the door:

DR. REVENANT
Get some rest. Then we'll talk.

Derrick opens the door. She exits past him without a word or a gesture between them.

HARRY

I'll let you know if I see Felix
out the window, doc.

Dr. Doyle enters with his head buried in an open file.

HARRY

Now, look what just the mention of
a cat drags in. Doctor do little.

Derrick turns the lights on and shuts the door.

DR. DOYLE

Still up to your self-amusing ways,
Harry?

Harry flips his chair over.

HARRY

Still at the end of all good
things, doc?

DR. DOYLE

If you will promise to stop
disturbing the furniture, and or
any of my staff, I'll let you--

HARRY

-What about the patients?

He hangs his chin over the files and tries to read them. As
he raises and lowers his eyebrows:

HARRY

Or are we already disturbed?

Dr. Doyle draws the file to his chest.

DR. DOYLE

You may join our evening session in
the rec-room, but I won't tolerate
any of your mischief, Harry.

Derrick opens the door.

HARRY

(to Dr. Doyle)
Where do you hide?

DR. DOYLE

I'm always around, Harry. If you
need to see me.

Harry stares at the ceiling vent, a surveillance camera aims down from the shadows inside with its red light ablaze.

HARRY

Oh, I see you just fine.

Dr. Doyle glances at the vent and speaks as he steps out:

DR. DOYLE

Yes, observation is an integral part of what we do here, Harry.

Harry waves goodbye with his middle finger at the vent.

INT. INSTITUTE - REC-ROOM - NIGHT

Several PATIENTS dance around to a slow melody on the PA.

Six PATIENTS play games at card tables along the perimeter.

Harry drops onto a leather couch in front of a wall mounted TV playing old classic cartoons.

Sarah sits on the floor in front of him and stirs a paper cup of coffee next to her, several stacked cups between her legs.

HARRY

Hello again. I'm not disturbing you am I?

SARAH

Being disturbed is sort of a prerequisite around here.

HARRY

My prerequisite disturbs me all the time.

SARAH

Ha-ha. Thanks for comforting me last night.

HARRY

I couldn't resist a damsel in distress singing my favorite band.

She squeezes blood from her pricked finger into the top cup:

SARAH

"He loves me? He loves me not?"

HARRY

I think you mean "to be or not to be." Isn't that the question?

SARAH

That's all you suicidal schizos think about. You're so convoluted. Some of us just enjoy the pain.

She pulls her sleeves up and shows him crisscrossing scabs and scars covering both her arms.

HARRY

Then you're just a self-mutilating masochist.

SARAH

Can you believe they actually treat us like there's something wrong with that?

HARRY

How the hell did you get all at that coffee? I thought we weren't allowed stimulants?

SARAH

I give all the orderlies around here blowjobs, and they get me anything I want.

She shows Harry a pill, pops it in her mouth and chases it with a sip coffee.

HARRY

I can believe that.

Sarah cocks her head and smiles.

SARAH

You better. It always works. As a matter of fact, it's gotten me anything I've ever wanted since I was thirteen.

Harry scrunches his eyebrows and exhales through pursed lips.

HARRY

That's disgusting.

SARAH

My father's disgusting. I'm manipulative. The orderlies around here are horny. What are you?

HARRY

I don't know. Let's see... How about an enamored, enigmatic, paranoid schizo, that travels with the ghost of his dead mother.

SARAH

Hmm...

She uprights her index finger across her pursed lips and shifts her eyes side-to-side, then points to him.

SARAH

Interesting you should forget suicidal.

Harry covers his heart with his hands.

HARRY

Doesn't love conquer all?

SARAH

I don't know about that, but I do know it can make life seem fleetingly worth living. Tell me more about this ghost, without the depressing facts.

HARRY

My mother drowned. Her ghost comes to me. I going to expose my father and his minions as the killers.

SARAH

I was hoping you'd be my Romeo. Now I realize you're just a twenty-first-century melancholy, Dane.

HARRY

You'd make a kick-ass Ophelia.

SARAH

I thought I was disgusting.

HARRY

No, you're manipulative.

They laugh.

SARAH

My name's Sarah Foster.

She offers her hand. They shake.

HARRY
Harry Townsend.

SARAH
Who's your shrink?

HARRY
Got two, Doyle and Revenant.

SARAH
Don't know Revenant. Doyle hates my
guts.

HARRY
How did you squeeze emotion out of
that shrink-wrapped heart?

She blows on the coffee and motions her hand like a hand-job.

SARAH
I've escaped twice.

He shakes his head and chuckles.

HARRY
Return customers are important to
any establishment.

She leans toward him and whispers:

SARAH
There's a parking lot behind home
plate, just through the woods. It's
a lover's lane. Follow the road
from there, it leads to a hamlet.
It's small, but it should seem
infinite to you.

HARRY
You've gone from manipulative to
Ophelia, then into GPS mode. Now
you're back to Ophelia just in time
to steal my lines.

SARAH
I never agreed to be Ophelia.

HARRY
Now I'm the one that's falling.

SARAH
Then I'll join you in "outrageous
fortune".

HARRY

We're getting our "to be or not to be" all mixed up.

Derrick gets behind Sarah and knees her in the head.

DERRICK

You got me in trouble with Dr. Doyle for the last time, whore.

Sarah stares ahead and shouts:

SARAH

Fuck you, Derrick!

Harry stands.

Derrick steps around Sarah and gets in Harry's face.

DERRICK

What do you think you're gonna do?

HARRY

I'm gonna dance with the lady.

DERRICK

Sit down, Harry, before I pull the floor out from under you.

Sarah pours her coffee down his back.

DERRICK

Aghh!

He grimaces in pain, straightens up and turns to her.

DERRICK

You little fucking--

Sarah knees him in the balls.

Derrick grabs his crotch and hunches over, groaning:

DERRICK

Shh-it!

He sits on the couch.

A NURSE and two ORDERLIES hurry over.

NURSE

Take them back to their rooms.

One Orderly grabs Harry. The other grabs Sarah. Derrick gets up.

DERRICK

I got her!

Sarah fights Derrick as he drags her to the door.

Harry shrugs from the Orderly's grip. Runs toward Sarah.

HARRY

Don't you hurt her!

Derrick stops at the doors. Bear-hugging Sarah. She kicks and screams. As Harry closes on them. The Orderlies tackle him.

INT. INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Derrick drags Sarah around a corner into the hallway...

Harry slides on his knees and takes Derrick's feet out. He slams face down.

INT. INSTITUTE - REC ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Harry run in the doors, laughing. They dance the tango as the other Patients slow dance to a big band crooner.

The Orderlies and Derrick surround Sarah and Harry.

INT. INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry masturbates under his bed covers.

O.S. THE DOOR OPENS THEN SHUTS.

Harry turns to the door.

Sarah locks the door, slips out of her scrubs and her wet hair drips down her breasts.

HARRY

Sarah, I've never done this. I'm still a...

She presses her hand over his mouth and whispers:

SARAH

Shhh!

She slips under the covers, climbs on top and kisses him.

HARRY

How did you get in here?

SARAH

An orderly let me in. Don't worry,
he won't be coming back until dawn.

She kisses his way down to his pubic hairs.

SARAH

Harry, you started without me.

She kisses her way back to his face.

They taste each other's tongues.

Harry pushes her off him, gets out of bed and stares out the window.

HARRY

I don't know how to feel, trust
is... a stranger to me. I want so
much to be overwhelmed, but I'm
unsure and afraid.

Sarah steps behind him.

SARAH

You think I'm any different? I
can't even remember the last time I
cared about anything.

HARRY

Then we're two different sides of
the same jaded coin. Heads or tails
a loser.

Sarah reaches for him and hesitates.

SARAH

I refuse to accept that.

Harry turns, grabs her wrists and looks at the crisscrossing
scabs and scars covering both her arms.

HARRY

Your veneer is cracking.

Sarah yanks free.

SARAH

At least I haven't given up yet.

HARRY

You've got punishment confused with
salvation?

SARAH

I must have the wrong room.

She collects her scrubs.

HARRY

Sarah...

He spins her around and locks eyes with hers.

HARRY

Right now I'm afraid of losing the
love of my life.

SARAH

The door is locked from outside.

They fall to the bed and laugh through tears.

HARRY

Aren't we a match made in the crazy
house?

They make out and Sarah mounts Harry. She shuts her eyes and
finger-combs her wet hair back as they screw.

Water drips from her hair over her tits and as he squeezes
them, Gwendolyn's Ghost's white scaly hands slide under his.

He orgasms with a loud grunt as he sees sopping wet red hair
creep over Sarah's shoulders.

Sarah coos, eyes shut, unaware as Gwendolyn's Ghost kisses
her neck, face hidden under her drooping wide brim hat.

Harry dives out of the bed and hits the floor. Sarah sneers
at him from the bed. Gwendolyn's Ghost is gone.

The door bursts open. Derrick and Dr. Doyle rush in.

DR. DOYLE

Take her back to her room and get
her things together.

HARRY

Dr. Doyle, this is all my fault. I
snuck her in here.

DR. DOYLE

Harry, it's no use trying to
protect her. Not after that fiasco
in the rec-room today. Sarah, you
were warned, you're being released.

Derrick grabs her.

SARAH

I don't have anywhere to go.

DR. DOYLE

You knew the rules well enough. Now learn the consequences of breaking every one of them.

He escorts her to the door.

Harry jumps up and rushes to her.

DR. DOYLE

It's okay.

He nods to Derrick. He releases her.

Harry and Sarah hold each other as he whispers:

HARRY

Sarah, 66 South Michigan Avenue. The doorman's my friend, his name is Franklin. Tell him, Harold Lloyd says to show you to his ledge.

He kisses her and she whispers to him:

SARAH

Remember, behind home plate. Your door will be unlocked at midnight.

DR. DOYLE

That's enough.

INSTITUTE - HARRY'S ROOM - LATER

Harry stands at the window and looks out into the night.

O.S. THE DOOR UNLOCKS.

Harry hesitantly opens the door.

Derrick yanks him into the --

HALLWAY

He slams Harry against the wall.

DERRICK

Got something for ya.

Harry raises his fists. Derrick puts Harry's glasses on him.

DERRICK
You should see your sorry face.

HARRY
I thought you were Dr. Doyle's boy.

DERRICK
Hey, a bee jay's a--

Harry socks him in the jaw and knocks him down.

HARRY
That's eight years of IOU.

Derrick gets up, wipes some blood off his mouth and sneers:

DERRICK
I am gonna fuck you.

He comes at Harry and cocks his fist.

Harry stands his ground in a fighter's stance.

O.S. ONCOMING FOOTSTEPS ECHO FROM AROUND THE NEXT CORNER.

DERRICK
The rec-room is open.

They run down the hall through double doors into the --
REC-ROOM

They skid to a halt as the doors close.

DERRICK
Security Guards are coming in, get
behind the couch.

Harry jumps over the back of the couch.

DERRICK
I'll lead them away. Go past your
room, turn right to the exit door.

He turns the TV on with the remote, tosses it on the couch.

"ACTION NEWS (rebroadcast) muted" appears on the screen.

Two SECURITY GUARDS, retired cops like any other cops always
expecting free shit, enter.

SECURITY GUARD ONE
Hey, Derrick, sorry to disturb your
evening news rerun.

DERRICK

No problem. What's the rub?

Security Guard Two steps in front of the couch.

SECURITY GUARD TWO

The cafeteria's out-a-java. Can you hook us up?

DERRICK

Oh, hell yeah. I'm your man. Come on, I'll hook ya's up.

He steps toward the doors.

Security Guard One yanks him back.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Who's behind the couch, Derrick?

SECURITY GUARD TWO

I sure hope it ain't a resident. That would make this a hairy situation.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Say it ain't so, Derrick.

SECURITY GUARD TWO

'Cause, well, there just ain't enough coffee in South America.

DERRICK

How about a case of Doctor Doyle's private stock of fresh Kona?

Security Guard Two turns to Security Guard One:

SECURITY GUARD TWO

That's Hawaiian.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Throw in a case of that non-dairy creamer and it's a deal.

DERRICK

Let's get you two hooked up.

SECURITY GUARD TWO

That is a girl you got behind there, isn't it, Derrick?

They escort him out through the door and laugh.

SECURITY GUARD ONE
Derrick ain't half-a-fag, are ya?

The doors close.

Harry jumps over the couch onto the remote. The volume goes up. He slips the remote from under him and aims it at the TV.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

REPORTER (30) in a long overcoat, stands on the stairs in front the black curtain wall steel Dirksen Building.

REPORTER (ON TV)
I'm outside the federal courts
where the government's case against
Don Tomasso has recessed for today.

Designer dressed bodyguards FEDELE (30) slick hair, athletic, Italian accent, and SERAFINO (25) short, bald, soul patch, Chicago accent. They step out and hold the doors open.

DON TOMASSO (65) wrinkled overcoat, cauliflower face, hearing aids, exits. The ex-heavyweight champ's still a heavy hitter.

REPORTER (ON TV)
Don Tomasso is accused of money
laundering, tax fraud, and
racketeering charges.

Don sticks a cigar in his mouth. As Fedele and Serafino lead him down the stairs.

The Reporter stays ahead of them.

REPORTER (ON TV)
Mr. Tomasso, will you answer a
couple of questions?

Don lights the cigar and blows smoke through his words:

DON (ON TV)
Shoot.

RAVENOUS REPORTERS and CAMERA OPERATORS surround Don.

REPORTER (ON TV)
Are you a gangster, Mr. Tomasso?

He twists his head and straightens his tie.

DON (ON TV)

I'm just a hard working stiff, got a little too big for his shoes as far as this government sees it.

REPORTER (ON TV)

What did you say to the government's allegations that you're using your union local's credit union as your own personal piggy bank?

He jams the cigar back in his mouth and scoffs:

DON (ON TV)

Prove it.

He stops next to a luxury sedan idling at the curb as frenzied news people swarm around the car.

TOMMY GUN (48) big lug, a submachine gun slung under his coat, salutes Don over the roof and gets behind the wheel.

JOJO ADELITO (40) lanky, pot-marked face, hook nose, green eyes, fedora, nice suit, a dim-witted fool that's dangerously persistent about being king, opens the rear door for Don.

DON (ON TV)

Freak-show, huh, Jojo?

A TV cameraman's lens knocks the hat off Jojo and the few long hairs of his extreme comb-over dance in the wind.

JOJO (ON TV)

Bunch of morons!

The tape freezes on Jojo staring into the camera lights making his green eyes glow. His comb-over stands in the wind.

END INSERT

Harry stares into Jojo's glowing green eyes as his few long hairs stand on end, freeze-framed on the TV screen.

He drops the remote and sprints into the --

HALLWAY

Harry runs by his room and goes through another door into a --

STAIRWAY

Harry races down past a window overlooking a garbage truck backing toward the building.

HARRY
Smells like freedom.

EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dutton lies in the grass and trains an infrared camera on a tripod toward the --

EXT. BACK OF INSTITUTE (BEGIN INFRARED VIDEO) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The garbage truck backs into a dumpster by the rear doors.

Harry runs out the rear doors past the garbage truck to the --

EXT. BALLFIELD (END INFRARED VIDEO) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Harry crosses the ballfield and goes around a backstop.

SARAH (O.S.)
Harry, over here!

She holds a cut section of fence open from the other side.

Harry crawls through and embraces her.

HARRY
What are you doing out here?

Sarah kisses him.

SARAH
I missed you.

SECURITY GUARD ONE (O.S.)
We'll split up along the fence!

SARAH
You go on. I'll lead them away. See you at your condo.

She shoves him into the woods, hops sideways and scrapes a bolt-cutters against the fence in the other direction.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Harry runs down a dirt path and sings:

HARRY
"I don't care if Monday's blue,
Tuesday's gray, And Wednesday's
too, Thursday's I don't care about
you, It's Friday, I'm in love..."

Suddenly, he is silently airborne, falling for a second. Then thump, he tumbles down an embankment into a --

PARKING LOT

He rolls across the wet pavement onto his ass.

Oncoming headlights glare in his face as a red pickup truck races toward him.

Harry raises his arms in defense.

The pickup squeals to a halt inches from Harry's face.

He lays his chin on the bumper and whistles.

The tires screech in reverse and the bumper slides from under his chin.

The pickup races back, skids to a halt and idles.

NASTY (22) stocky, mullet hair, knee brace, college football jersey, climbs out of the pickup.

CRYSTAL (20) dumber than normal cheerleader type, in uniform, chews a wad of bubble-gum as she exits the passenger door.

She helps Nasty hobble over to Harry.

NASTY

Dude, what the fuck's your story?

He inspects the bumper for scratches and sits on it.

Crystal pops a large bubble of gum as she steps around Harry.

CRYSTAL

Looks like we got an escapee from a pajama party, Nasty.

NASTY

I think he's one of those crazies from the Bates Motel, Crystal.

CRYSTAL

Hey, sleepwalker, are you okay?

NASTY

What the hell were you thinking, retard? Oh shit, he can't think.

Nasty and Crystal overreact to an SUV with tinted windows as it roars into the parking lot from the other end toward them.

Harry jumps in the idling pickup.

The SUV screeches to a halt behind the pickup. The Security Guards hop out. Nasty and Crystal turn toward the pickup.

NASTY

Not my truck, dude!

Harry reverses the pickup and as Nasty gets his ass off the bumper, it backs out from under him.

Nasty falls. Knocks Crystal over. The Security Guards hit the ground. The pickup slams back into the SUV grill.

Coolant hisses from the busted grill as Harry fishtails away.

EXT. EMBANKMENT ABOVE PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dutton lies behind the infrared camera and films the --

EXT. PARKING LOT (BEGIN INFRARED IMAGES) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Nasty, Crystal and the Security Guards get up.

Derrick exits the SUV and hands everyone money.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE REAR SEAT (END INFRARED VIDEO) - DAY

Richard sits, reading a "Chicago Tribunal" story under a "UNION FUND LAUNDERING SCHEME EXPOSED" headline.

Jojo sits next to him in a toupee.

He uses a pen to draw a mustache on a super-model in the fashion section of the newspaper.

He scratches himself under his hairpiece with the pen and leaves ink marks on his forehead.

JOJO

Why do I gotta wear this rug?

RICHARD

Perception, Jojo, perception.
You're going to be the union
president. You'll have to look the
part. Consider that your laurel.

JOJO

I don't know any laurel. All I know
is no matter how much I fucking
itch it doesn't stop scratching
back.

RICHARD

You have ink on your head. Take these and use the vanity mirror.

He throws a tissue box in Jojo's chest. Jojo tosses the rug.

JOJO

This fucking rug and that laurel bitch can wait till I'm president.

He pulls a note-pad from his pocket.

Richard taps his finger on the top of a padded side door armrest. There's a stickpin mike pinned under the armrest.

INT. PLAIN SEDAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dutton tails the Rolls, listening to Richard and Jojo talk on a cellphone on speaker-mode rubber banded to the visor:

JOJO (OVER CELLPHONE)

My guys are already on her.

RICHARD (OVER CELLPHONE)

What are you writing?

JOJO (OVER CELLPHONE)

I think I got fucking Alzheimer's, but I don't ever remember to ask my doctor. Don't sweat it, Richard, I'll get rid of the notes when I'm done with 'em.

RICHARD (OVER CELLPHONE)

What if you forget?

JOJO (OVER CELLPHONE)

I'll write that *here*.

RICHARD (OVER CELLPHONE)

I'll take that.

JOJO (OVER CELLPHONE)

What is it you're lookin' for, your name in my note-pad?

RICHARD (OVER CELLPHONE)

You're hungry, right?

O.S. PAPER RIPS AND CRUNCHES WHILE CHEWED OVER THE CELLPHONE.

JOJO (OVER CELLPHONE)

Sure, Mr. Townsend.

Dutton shakes his head and smiles as he turns up the sounds of Jojo chewing his paper notes over the cellphone speaker.

RICHARD (OVER CELLPHONE)
 When you take care of that business
 at the China Spa, make sure you
 don't damage the straight jacket.
 It cost me two thousand dollars.

Dutton fishtails into a U-turn.

INT. VIGO'S OFFICE - DAY

A circular emblem with "Local #999" hangs on a wood paneling.

Don sits behind a desk and chews on a cigar.

Jojo steps up to the desk.

Don picks a newspaper up, steps around the desk and gets in Jojo's face.

DON
 Chooch, where the hell you been?

JOJO
 I was at the club doing my forty
 laps in the pool like every day.

Don blows smoke in his face.

Jojo peers through the smoke and mumbles to himself.

DON
 I'm being reeled in and you're
 still swimming. Must be dumb luck,
 huh, stuned?

He pokes the "Chicago Tribunal" front page under Jojo's nose.

He reads the "UNION FUND LAUNDERING SCHEME EXPOSED" headline.

JOJO
 Hey, Don, come on. They ain't got
 shit on you.

DON
 Where is that fat ape that sold us
 out to the newspaper?

JOJO
 Beni's on ice with the china-men.

DON

Give 'em a call. Have 'em thaw him out. You go there. Get him to tell us exactly what he told the paper.

JOJO

Then what?

Don throws the newspaper in his face.

DON

Wrap his balls in this newspaper and toss him in the lake. Now get over to that China Spa, ASAP.

INT. CHINA SPA - TANNING BOOTH - DAY

BENI BAG-A-DONUTS (44) big fat apish man in a straight jacket, squirms in an ice-water-filled Jacuzzi.

FAN BOY (25) roly-poly, Chinese, nylon jogging suit, shades, sits and reads a comic book.

BOSS (29) small, thin, Chinese, country western suit, cowboy boots, lugs four twenty pound bags of ice in and drops them.

BOSS

Don't bother to get up, Fan Boy.

FAN BOY

You see me moving, Boss?

Boss opens a switch-blade in Fan Boy's face. He doesn't flinch.

BOSS

Keep it up and you'll be in the fucking paper tomorrow.

Fan Boy pulls the cellphone from his pocket and answers it.

FAN BOY

Yes, sir.

Boss kicks Fan Boy.

Fan Boy pockets the phone and reads his comic book.

Boss slashes a bag of ice open and dumps it in the tub.

BOSS

Talk to me, asshole.

FAN BOY

Jojo wants us to thaw Beni out.

BOSS

What the fuck is your problem?

FAN BOY

You said not another fucking word.

BOSS

How much time do we have?

FAN BOY

He's on his way.

INT. CHINA SPA - TANNING BOOTH - DAY

Boss and Fan Boy enter and open the tanning bed. Steam rises from the empty bed as Boss shuts the lid.

BOSS

This is all your fucking fault. I told you to keep an eye--

O.S. CLICK, PSST. A bullet smacks into one side of Fan Boy's head. Erupts out the other side.

BOSS

Mr. Adelito... Jojo!

O.S. CLICK, PSST. A bullet blasts Boss between the eyes. Explodes out of his ear. Both men sit dead together.

Jojo cocks a .44 magnum with a smoking silencer. Opens the lid onto the empty bed.

He slams the lid, fires. O.S. PSST-PSST-PSST. Bullets pop holes in the tanning bed that project blinking light.

EXT. CHINA SPA- STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

A door of a retail store with "CHINA SPA" on it opens.

Jojo steps out, locks the door and jumps in a vintage car.

He reverses around the sidewall toward Two SKATEBOARDERS (19) smoking a joint against a used clothing donation box.

They grab their boards and jump clear.

Jojo backs into the box, boom, and peels-out onto a street under the elevated "L" train tracks.

Dutton races from the other side of the lot in the plain sedan past the parked red pickup and barrels after Jojo.

The Skateboarders sit in front of the box. Light a joint.

The deposit chute opens, Harry slides feet first down the chute, in a pair of bowling shoe rentals and baggy khakis.

Harry lands between them in a red hoodie and worn-out ball-cap with a roach clip on a string of garland attached.

SKATEBOARDER #1

Whoa! Santa's early?

Harry grabs the joint. Attaches the roach clip, takes a hit and lets the smoke out with each word:

HARRY

Ho, ho, ho.

They crack-up and roll on their backs.

SKATEBOARDER #1

That's the spirit.

SKATEBOARDER #2

Blues!

A cop car enters the lot. Shines a spotlight on the red pickup. Then shines on Harry and the Skateboarders.

Harry tosses the joint and throws his hood up.

HARRY

Santa may be wanted, boys.

The cop car stops in front of them.

OFFICER FLYNN (27) steely eyes, vest, gets out.

The Skateboarders look at Harry's shoes. Nod at each other:

SKATEBOARDER #1 AND #2

Bowling!

They throw down their boards and roll around Officer Flynn, who only has eyes for Harry.

Harry runs into the alley. Flynn chases him down. Grabs him.

The Skateboarders converge between Harry and Flynn. They knock Flynn on his ass and he loses his grip on Harry.

Harry stumbles into a sprint and races away down the alley:

HARRY

Merry Christmas to all and to all a
good night!

Flynn chases the Skateboarders.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES - DAY

Harry sits in a cubicle and scrolls through old newspapers on
a computer monitor.

He stops on a "LOCAL 999 OFFICIALS WITH KNOWN MOB TIES"
headline over six mug-shots with their names under each:

"Don Tomasso - Tommy Gun - Guido Fedele - Tutti Serafino -
Jojo Adelito - Beni Bag-A-Donuts".

HARRY

What a bunch of rotten eggs.

He opens an email window in the corner of the screen.

EXT. TOWNSEND PENTHOUSE - HIGH RISE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Harry, hood up, shakes Franklin's hand under "66 S. Michigan
Avenue" in gold letters over the prestigious front doors.

HARRY

Been out on any ledges lately,
Franklin?

FRANKLIN

Hey...

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

Shhh.

FRANKLIN

Right this way, Mister Lloyd.

He pulls Harry down the sidewalk.

FRANKLIN

Sarah's a doll, my friend.

HARRY

Thanks. Is she upstairs?

FRANKLIN

No man, she's gonna meet you at
Fields, State street, the cosmetics
counter, ten o'clock. Ask for Mia.

HARRY

I need to get something upstairs.

FRANKLIN

Not yet. Two detectives went up there thirty minutes ago.

HARRY

I'll cool my gumshoes in the Crown Fountain awhile and come back. You see me coming, pat your chest if they're gone.

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK CROWN FOUNTAIN - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Harry carries his shoes as he sloshes through a CROWD of all ages playing in the shallow reflecting pool water.

To either side of Harry. Water cascades over twin fifty-foot glass block towers framed with LED screens projecting a video of the "Fatal Heir" sailing in the rainstorm on the lake that deadly night.

He follows Gwendolyn's Ghost as she backs into the cascading water over the video of the "Fatal Heir" on one side tower.

She dissolves in the water until only her hand splashes Harry in the face.

The LED screens projecting the video changes into Beni leaning over a rocking cabin cruiser stern ladder toward the choppy lake water in the same night rainstorm.

SOMEONE in Gwendolyn's drooping hat, swims through the chop to the stern ladder, trailing a rope from a shoulder strap.

As an orange floatation device tied to the rope surfaces...

A frisbee splashes into the LED screens and the video changes into a freckled-faced REDHEADED LITTLE GIRL, laughing as she looks through a magnifying glass.

A REDHEADED WOMAN, face hidden under a floppy wet wide brim hat stoops in front of Harry and grabs the Frisbee.

She looks up.

Harry bulges his eyes as he backs away from the pretty Redheaded Woman, smiling from under her hat at him.

EXT. TOWNSEND PENTHOUSE - HIGH RISE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Harry sprints through moving traffic across Michigan Avenue.

Cars honk, skid, and swerve just missing him.

He leaps onto the curb.

Franklin shakes his head and pats his chest as he quickly walks away from the front door toward Harry.

FRANKLIN

(sotto)

Stop, Harry, that's them there now.

Fedele and Serafino exit the front door and disappear into a CROWD of pedestrians on the sidewalk.

Harry and Franklin shake hands and chest bump.

HARRY

I just had the espresso enema myself, Franklin.

FRANKLIN

I can't take any more excitement.

HARRY

Tell me about the detectives.

FRANKLIN

Man, they didn't seem like detectives. Detectives ask questions. They just flashed badges and went up.

HARRY

Franklin, my man, you've watched too many noir movies with me.

Franklin offers him the key.

FRANKLIN

You're the one serving the butter popcorn, my man.

Harry takes the key.

HARRY

Enjoy the show.

Franklin opens the door. Harry pats his arm on the way in.

INT. TOWNSEND PENTHOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Harry pockets the key as he approaches the open door.

HARRY
That's a bit sloppy for pros.

He enters the --

FOYER

Harry follows a trail of DVD cases, books, knickknacks and small household appliances strewn along the hall.

HARRY
These cops must of been trained at
the "Cat In The Hat" Academy?

He steps into a --

LARGE BEDROOM

A beautiful marble tiled room in shambles.

Empty dresser drawers on tossed on a pile of clothes, busted stereo, paintings ripped off their frames and a flipped bed.

HARRY
Why am I not surprised?

He rummages through the pile of clothes.

HARRY
I was always taught slobs rarely
find what they're looking for.

He pulls a gym shoe out of the pile and slips the red-key out from under the insole.

INT. FIELDS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A busy cosmetics counter. Harry looks around.

MIA (21) perky, cute, sales associate, steps behind him.

MIA
You look out of whack here dressed
like that. Can I help you?

HARRY
Where can I find Sarah Foster?

MIA
You're early, Harry.

HARRY
Is she here, Mia?

MIA
I'll go get her for you.

A MALE SALES ASSOCIATE (22) sprays atomized perfume mist over Harry's back.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE
That's better.

Harry turns toward him.

MALE SALES ASSOCIATE
Here, take this and go, before security gets here.

He offers Harry a five dollar bill.

HARRY
No, I'm just...

He takes the five.

HARRY
Bless you.

The Male Sales Associate sprays the atomizer over Harry.

MIA (O.S.)
This is him.

Mia leads Sarah over. Her hair is nicely cut. She shows Mia a pregnancy test-strip and pockets it before she turns to...

SARAH
Harry!

She leaps into his arms and they kiss passionately.

SARAH
Mia fixed my hair, you like it?

HARRY
I love it.

The Male Sales Associate atomizes himself and smiles at Mia.

EXT. THE DONUT HOLE - DAY

Rain falls on a "The Donut Hole" sign on a refurbished railroad dining car under the elevated "L" tracks.

As a MOPED RIDER splashes through puddles on the street Gwendolyn's Ghost appears riding on the back of the seat.

INT. THE DONUT HOLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

O.S. AN "L" TRAIN RUMBLES OVERHEAD.

Two coffee pots rattle behind the counter and spill coffee, hissing on double hot plates under them.

Harry and Sarah sit at the counter having coffee.

Gwendolyn's Ghost appears, finger in the coffee hissing on the hot plates as she reaches out to strangle Sarah.

Sarah turns her head halfway toward Gwendolyn's Ghost.

Harry pulls her to him, kisses her till the hissing stops and Gwendolyn's Ghost disappears.

Sarah glances behind the counter and locks eyes with Harry.

SARAH

What were the detectives looking for in your place?

HARRY

The same thing I am. Only they want to destroy it. I want to use it.

SARAH

Did they find it?

HARRY

No. Do you have somewhere besides my place that's safe to stay?

SARAH

Mia's been begging me to stay over at her apartment.

HARRY

Sarah, I've figured out what my mother is trying to tell me in my dreams.

She presses her hand over his mouth.

SARAH

Harry, stop, I'm the one that needs to tell you some things.

HARRY

Why don't we leave our surprises until this is over?

He kisses her hand and puts it to her lips.

O.S. AN "L" TRAIN ROARS OVERHEAD.

Fedele and Serafino enter the front door, wearing gloves.

SARAH

Harry, the police are behind you.

Harry glances back at them.

HARRY

Gucci loafers don't fit flat feet.

FEDELE

Don't cause trouble, kiddo. Tell your girl everything's copacetic.

Harry hugs and kisses Sarah as he whispers:

HARRY

Go to Mia's. I'll see you later.

Serafino opens the front door.

Fedele pries Sarah and Harry apart and drags him outside.

EXT. THE DONUT HOLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Harry stops short of a four-door sedan parked at the curb and shrugs Fedele's hands off of him.

Fedele pins Harry against the car and nods to Sarah watching through The Donut Hole window, scratching her arms nervously.

FEDELE

Don't make me get your blood on my shoes, kiddo. You got a nice girl there, why give her nightmares?

Serafino opens the rear door of the sedan. Fedele stuffs Harry in the car.

EXT./INT. FIELDS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Sarah enters the revolving door from the street side.

Jojo gets behind her. Pokes the .44 silencer in her back.

JOJO

Let's go all the way around.

Sarah and Jojo spin the door past the cosmetic counter.

Mia sees them and turns her teary-eyes away. As Sarah mimes the word "help" to her.

As the Male Sales Associate dodges from behind the counter to help Sarah. Mia sprays cologne in his eyes, stopping him.

INT. FOUR DOOR SEDAN - DAY

Fedele drives under the "L" tracks. Serafino sits shotgun. Harry sits in the back.

HARRY

So, do you guys work for Don Tomasso? Or Jojo?

Serafino eyeball-fucks Harry over the seat.

SERAFINO

Shut the motherfuck up, asshole!

FEDELE

Harry, we don't give answers, we get 'em.

HARRY

Did Don get my email about my father and Jojo's deal to take over the union and hang Don out to dry?

Fedele yanks his ear and skids the car up to a red light.

The car keys jingle against the steering column.

Fedele squeezes his knuckles red around the wheel, glances at Serafino and glares at Harry through the rearview mirror.

HARRY

Fucking rats, huh?

SERAFINO

I'll motherfucking kill you if you don't shut up, asshole.

A dead silence builds. The light turns green. A car behind them honks. Breaking the tension.

Fedele hits the gas.

HARRY

How the hell did you guys find me so...?

Serafino aims a .380 over the seat at him and cocks it.

SERAFINO

That's it, motherfucker!

The car screeches to a halt.

Serafino reels back and fires.

Harry head-butts the backside of the front seat as the bullet rips a hole in the back seat where Harry sat.

SERAFINO
Motherfucker!

Harry stays down and kisses his ass goodbye.

SERAFINO
Not this fucking time.

He stabs the muzzle to the back of Harry's head.

Fedele plugs a pistol into Serafino's ear and fires.

Serafino drops the .380 in the back seat as his brains explode with the other side of his face.

Harry stares at the .380. His hand shaking as he grabs it.

Fedele jams a pistol to the back of Harry's head.

FEDELE
Just me and you, kiddo.

A helmeted BICYCLE COP skids up to the driver side window.

Fedele raises his gun as the Bicycle Cop draws his.

BICYCLE COP
Put your gun down!

FEDELE
No trouble, mister Bicycle Cop!

They both fire. Double-smack. The glass spider-web cracks around two bullets holes as blood sprays the outside and both guys drop, one dead.

HARRY
Fucking hell!

He peeks over the seat, Fedele slumps motionless against the wheel as smoke rises from his chest.

He jiggles the locked door handle as a hot flattened bullet slug lands on the armrest, melting it.

FEDELE (O.S.)
 Bullet-proof vests. Always take a
 head-shot at close range, kiddo.

He rises with his gun ready, but Harry fires his first.

Fedele plants his face in the seat. A bullet-proof vest shows
 under two bullet holes in his ripped open shirt.

The windshield fragments and falls to pieces.

Harry flicks Fedele's ear with the .380 muzzle.

HARRY
 Thanks for the tip, kiddo.

FEDELE
 Don't get too smart, Harry.

HARRY
 You, be smart. Toss the pistol out
 the busted windshield and unlock
 the *fucking door*, now!

Fedele flips his gun out the broken windshield onto the hood.

Harry smiles as his door handle unlocks.

HARRY
 Stay down on the seat. If I see
 you. I take your tip literally.

Fedele stays face down.

Harry opens the right rear door.

FEDELE (O.S.)
 Be seeing ya real soon, Harry.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Bicycle Cop lies dead on his bike in the street, dividing
 a two-way traffic jam.

Harry exits the car. Aims the shaky .380 at the bloody
 window.

Several PEOPLE fight for position at a bus stop across the
 street. Their faces behind their cellphones filming Harry.

HARRY
 The world is a digital stage,
 without humanity.

He shuts the Cop's eyes, straightens his helmet and lifts his leg as he eases the bike out from between his legs.

HARRY

It is with sorrow I embrace my
fortune.

Harry sees Fedele's hand creep over the dashboard.

HARRY

Back to action.

He fires and punches holes in the car's right side tires.

Fedele jerks his hand off the dash.

Harry cycles after a train rumbling down the tracks overhead.

O.S. ONCOMING SIRENS WAIL ECHOING CLOSER.

Fedele retrieves the gun from the hood and runs toward an oncoming BICYCLE MESSENGER, weaving out of the traffic jam.

FEDELE

I got a line for you.

He clotheslines the Messenger with his forearm.

The bike slides from under the Messenger.

Fedele waves the gun at him as he takes the bike:

FEDELE

Everybody hates bike messengers.

He gets on the bike and rides after Harry.

INT. "L" STATION - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Harry runs into COMMUTERS waiting in line at the turnstiles.

HARRY

Damn.

He looks out the door. Sees Fedele drop his bike at the curb.

Harry fires into the ceiling.

The Commuters dive face down.

Harry leaps over and between the fallen Commuters. He drops the .380 as he jumps the turnstile.

The Commuters get up.

Fedele approaches the Commuters and fires into the ceiling.

The Commuters go down.

Fedele grabs the .380, hops the turnstile and climbs the steps toward the --

EXT. "L" PLATFORM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Harry squeezes his way through Commuters toward the edge.

HARRY

Excuse me. Excuse me.

He looks back and pulls his hood up.

HARRY

Come on, come on.

Fedele steps up on a bench in the back of the platform and sees a person in a RED HOOD in front of the crowd.

A train whines to a halt and the doors open.

Fedele shoves his way through the crowd.

INT. "L" TRAIN CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Red Hood enters, downcast face hidden under the hood.

Fedele cuts in front of the Red Hood.

FEDELE

'Little Red Riding Hood' you are
shit out of happily ever afters.

He waves his gun under the hood. Everyone around them backs into others, like a wave through grass, everyone leans back.

A TEENAGE GIRL under the Red Hood smiles sideways at Fedele and cocks a .45 automatic sideways against Fedele's balls.

RED HOOD/TEENAGE GIRL

Big Bad Wolf, you done fucked with
the wrong hood.

The train jerks forward. Rain speckles the outside glass.

Fedele looks out the side windows and sees Harry run across a rooftop adjoined to the platform in the rain and lightning.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rain soaks Harry as he tries but can't budge the roof access cover.

He gives up, steps to the edge and stares over the gutter at the gangway three deadly floors below.

HARRY

Now I know why a cat up a tree
meows.

He backs over the roof lip on his belly.

He hangs from the gutter and swings his toes, barely touching the top railing of a third floor back porch below.

The gutter separates from the roof and his hands slip off.

He falls back, hits a power line and springs forward as sparks flash behind him.

BACK PORCH

Harry flops face down on the wet floorboards.

Sparks flicker around Gwendolyn's Ghost, sitting on the power lines.

Harry shakes his head, jogs down the steps and sings:

HARRY

"He floats through the air, With
the greatest of ease, That daring
young man on, The flying trapeze."

He leaps onto the first-floor porch railing, jumps on a fence along the alley and rolls over the top.

He lands in the alley and squints into a spotlight on a cop car, fishtailing toward him as the tires squeal.

Harry climbs over the fence and jumps into the yard.

The spotlight shines through the fence on Harry's back.

OFFICER FLYNN (O.S.)

Stay right where you are. Hey, I
remember those bowling shoes,
you're from the donation box with
those Skateboarders.

Harry sees security cameras on the building recording everything that happens in the yard, gangway and alley.

Fedele steps from the gangway and aims the .380 at Harry.

Harry turns and watches Flynn aim his revolver through the fence at Harry.

HARRY

Get out of the way!

TWO GUNSHOTS RING-OUT.

The bullets smack Officer Flynn in the vest over his heart.

He flops on his back and squirms around. His vest smoking.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Fedele grips Harry's hood and jabs the .380 in his back as he marches him out of the gangway to an idling cab at the curb.

FEDELE

Who knew you were such a damn good
shot, kiddo?

Harry halts short of the cab.

HARRY

I wish you'd just shoot me and get
this over with before any more
innocent people get hurt.

Fedele twists Harry's hood, choking him as he shoves him into the rear door of the cab.

FEDELE

That's the thanks I get for saving
you.

HARRY

Give me the gun. I'll return the
favor.

Fedele blocks the cabbie's side mirror view of them and cocks the gun to the back of Harry's head.

FEDELE

If only it was up to me, kiddo,
boom!

HARRY

How about if I promise to shoot
myself after I shoot you?

FEDELE

Give me trouble in the cab, and
I'll kill an innocent cab driver.

He opens the door. Harry gets in with Fedele close behind.

INT. INSTITUTE - DR. DOYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Doyle presses a blood-soaked tissue to his nose and fat lip as he shuts the door.

Dutton feeds a DVD into the laptop next to a full cup of tea and the CCTV on the table, then shuts the lights off.

DUTTON

Seeing is believing. This is your
video recording of Harry's room
three nights ago.

INSERT - CCTV SCREEN

The screen lights up, showing the ceiling vent camera view of Harry standing alone in his room at night, watching rain hit the window, whispering:

HARRY (ON CCTV)

Be thou a spirit of health or
goblin damned.

He steps across the room to a light switch.

HARRY (ON CCTV)

I'm going to turn out the lights.
It helps me to concentrate.

He flips the lights out.

END INSERT

Dutton turns the CCTV off, opens the laptop and keys an image on the screen.

DUTTON

This is a digital video without
sound, from my surveillance in the
woods. When the lights go out in
the room, I switched to infrared.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

No longer a ceiling view, this view is from the outside, through the rain-streaked window of Harry, standing alone in his room at night, staring out the glass, lips moving.

He steps over, flips the light switch off, goes back to the window, staring out.

DUTTON (O.S.)
Now I'll show you something you'll
see, but not believe.

The frame freezes and shows the dark room in infrared.

Harry's face glows reddish orange with pure orange around his mouth and eyes.

DUTTON (O.S.)
I noticed this, just behind Harry
at the door.

The camera focus moves left and centers on the brightly glowing yellow light from around the closed door frame.

The dark outline of Gwendolyn's Ghost stands behind Harry in the brightly glowing yellow light around the closed doorway.

END INSERT

Dutton and Dr. Doyle stare at the laptop screen.

DR. DOYLE
Harry's not alone...

DUTTON
Gwendolyn never left him.

Dr. Doyle sits on the table and shuts the laptop.

DR. DOYLE
That's preposterous. It's hocus-
pocus, photo-shop, chicanery!

The cup flips on its side, spills tea across the table onto Dr. Doyle's pants before he jumps up.

DR. DOYLE
This is all such a truckload of
crap.

He shakes his head, brushing his pants off as tea spills from the table and puddles around his shoes, without him noticing.

The CCTV tips forward off the table, the screen smacks the floor and cracks.

The back of the CCTV crackles as it sparks.

Dr. Doyle bugs his eyes out, convulses and kicks the CCTV around the floor, shoes splashing in the spilled tea.

The room lights strobe as Gwendolyn's Ghost appears, strangling Dr. Doyle until...

Dutton yanks the CCTV power cord out of the outlet.

The lights go out.

Dr. Doyle crumbles to the floor and stares bug-eyed dead.

INT. VIGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door swings in and crashes into the wall.

Fedele shoves Harry in.

Don sits at the desk, pours a whiskey and chews on a stogie.

DON

Harry, thanks for the email. I knew Jojo couldn't outsmart me. But with your Dad's help. Anyway, I been waiting for you, so we can start the retirement party.

FEDELE

Hey, Don, this kiddo here's a regular Houdini.

DON

Stick him in the chair. No more magic, Harry.

Fedele plants Harry in a chair.

Don tosses a roll of duct tape to Fedele.

He generously tapes Harry's arms and legs to the chair.

FEDELE

Should have seen this kiddo, Don.

DON

Spare me the details. It's all over the TV. Harry, you show your face on the streets of this city and you're as dead as Houdini.

The door opens.

DON

Hey, Jojo, the man of the hour.
Bring the retiree in here so we can
start his bon voyage party.

SAM and PETE (23) big and small, drag Jojo to the desk. His toupee skewed, mouth duct taped, wearing the straight jacket.

Don lights the stogie and blows smoke-rings in Jojo's face.

DON

The fuck you doing with that rug,
stunod, trying to keep that fish
brain of yours warm?

Jojo pulls a 9mm from behind, his long belt sleeves dangling.

JOJO

Sam, Pete!

They grab Fedele and slam his head through the paneling.

Jojo pulls the tape off his mouth.

JOJO

I'm still swimming, bon voyage,
stunod.

He blasts two holes in Vigo's forehead. His forehead thumps to the desktop and blood pools around it.

Sam and Pete drag the unconscious Fedele over.

SAM

What do we do with Fedele here?

JOJO

Tommy, get in here.

Tommy kicks a cutout part of the paneling on hinges open, steps through and aims his submachine gun at everyone.

JOJO

Everything's good, Tommy. You and Sam drag Fedele to the garage. Run him over a couple times and dump him on the Dan Ryan, next to that busted-up motorcycle down there.

Tommy salutes him and slings the gun on a strap to his back.

JOJO

They really should do somethin'
about that helmet law.

He and his goons laugh.

JOJO

You got that safety off, as usual,
Tommy?

TOMMY

I'm always ready, Jojo.

JOJO

Then don't ever laugh at me when
I'm in the room.

Tommy salutes him.

PETE

What about Don?

JOJO

Leave him at his desk. He shot
himself. I'll put the gun in his
hand when we're leaving.

PETE

But he shot himself twice?

JOJO

Yeah, he's a tough guy.

Tommy and Sam drag Fedele out the paneling door.

Jojo removes the straight jacket.

JOJO

Longtime no-see, Harry. You ratted
me out by email to Don here, huh?

HARRY

Why don't you just shoot me now?
Let's say, I just killed Don and
you came in and shot me.

JOJO

That's a good idea, Harry, except,
I need that film ya got hidden. I
don't want it falling into the
wrong hands. Ya see I ain't as dumb
as everyone thinks.

HARRY

They definitely underestimated you.

JOJO

Fuckin' A-right.

HARRY

Only one problem. You got a saint's chance in hell of getting that evidence from me.

JOJO

Who said I'm asking?

HARRY

What are you going to do, torture me?

Jojo aims the 9mm at Harry.

JOJO

Why would I do that, when I can torture her.

Pete drags Sarah in. Her lips, arms, and ankles taped together.

Jojo steps toward her.

Harry slides the chair across the floor and cuts Jojo off.

HARRY

I'm not done with you yet.

Sarah butts her head back into Pete's face.

JOJO

Calm her the fuck down!

Pete throws her against the wall and bangs her head off it.

Jojo presses the 9mm to the tip of Harry's nose and cocks it.

JOJO

You got my attention.

HARRY

Put the gun away. You shoot me, then what? Where are the photos?

JOJO

Fucking-A-right. You make me mad, my ah, my Alzheimer's kicks in.

He lowers his gun, eases the hammer down, and scoffs.

Harry half-smiles.

HARRY

Damn straight, I'm right.

JOJO
 Enough with the clowning.

He whacks his 9mm across Harry's jaw and waistbands the gun.

He pulls a hacksaw blade from his back pocket and approaches Sarah. Pete smiles as he tightens his grip on her.

 HARRY
 Hey, Jojo kind of sounds like a
 clown's name.

 JOJO
 Okay wiseguy, I can be funny too.

He rips the hacksaw across Harry's cheek, flips the chair over and slams him face down to the floor.

 JOJO
 See how funny you think this is,
 Harry. Pete, keep her head still.

Pete squeezes Sarah's face between his hands from behind.

Jojo pinches her chin and the lightly scratches the blade across the tape between her lips.

Harry's torn cheek drips blood as he squirms slowly on his knees toward Jojo.

 JOJO
 Harry, ya ever hear the term, rip
 her a new asshole?

 HARRY
 You scar her face with that and you
 can forget any deals with me.
 You'll have to kill us both.

He rips the hacksaw blade across her lips and tears the duct tape from her mouth.

Pete throws on her down.

She flips on her back and licks a trickle of blood from a slight scrape across one lip.

Harry lays his bloody cheek against her tearful face.

 HARRY
 Sarah, you're all right. It's just
 a slight cut, Sarah.

JOJO

A pretty face ain't no place to put
an asshole. You two stew a bit. I
gotta take a piss.

He leads Pete out the door.

Sarah kisses Harry and shuts her eyes.

HARRY

Did they hurt you much bringing you
here?

SARAH

Just a little man-handling and some
bondage.

HARRY

I'll give them what they want.

She looks him in the eyes. Wipes blood from the cut on his
face.

SARAH

Harry, you don't have to give them
anything. I won't squawk.

HARRY

I've been waiting so long, Sarah. I
don't know how much time we have,
or how much we're going to have. I
need to tell you something.

SARAH

I'm not who or what you think I am.
You don't know what you're getting
yourself into with me.

HARRY

You telling me you're not
manipulative?

They lock tearful eyes.

SARAH

Harry, I've made a living out of
manipulating lonely people, like
you... and me.

HARRY

Then you weren't lying and I know
what I'm getting into.

SARAH

Harry, I've never met anyone like you.

She kisses him lightly and leaves blood on his mouth.

HARRY

Careful of your lips.

SARAH

I've been so lonely, for so long, Harry, and I'm not lonely anymore. I'd rather die than lose this feeling.

HARRY

Thank God, I feel the same.

Pete snatches Sarah off the floor.

Jojo pokes his gun against her temple.

JOJO

Time's up, Harry. Your girl gets it first.

HARRY

Bring me to my father's house. It's hidden there. Now please let her go? And get this tape off of us.

SARAH

I wanna stay with Harry. I'll squawk!

Jojo squeezes her cheeks, kisses her, and licks her blood from his lips.

JOJO

I never said I'd let you go.

INT. VIGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

Dutton stands Beni, in a straight jacket, in a corner and leans over Don. Face down in the pool of blood on his desk, the 9mm in his hand.

DUTTON

I'll be surprised if anyone's left to trade you for.

BENI

Come on, Mr. Dutton, let me outta
this thing. I already told you
everything.

Tommy bursts in through the cutout paneling door and aims the
submachine gun at Dutton.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The luxury sedan halts at the front door in the rain.

Jojo, Pete, and Sam get out.

JOJO

Bring 'em both in.

Sam grabs Sarah out and tears the tape off her.

Pete yanks Harry to the pavement and rips the tape off him.

Jojo leads them to the front door.

Lightning flashes. The lights blink in the house and outside.

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. Everyone except Jojo ducks.

Richard opens the door from inside.

RICHARD

Are you out of your mind? I had to
hurry all of the staff out of the
house. What are you doing?

Jojo pokes his gun in Richard's face.

JOJO

Like father, like son, jokers. Now
get the fuck outta my way or I make
ya eat this gun like ya had me eat
my notes. See, I remember that.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - REAR OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain spills over the gutters onto a roof of a kennel and
spills along the fence below.

Patton claws his way out through a hole under the fence.

He sits and stares at lightning zapping Gwendolyn's Ghost. As
she stands before him and points across the lawn.

Patton takes-off down the path between the berms.

He halts at a spot a few feet from the pond of stagnant green algae-filled water and digs a hole.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jojo shoves Richard into the basement door.

Pete and Sam drag Harry and Sarah over.

JOJO

Open it.

RICHARD

I don't have the key. I never go down there. The butler has it and I sent him away.

Harry unlocks the door with the red-key, opens it and leaves the red-key in the lock.

JOJO

Hold it right there, Harry. Your father goes first.

Richard steps around Harry.

Harry seizes Richard by his lapels. Leans him back through the doorway into the basement.

He bugs his eyes out at Harry.

RICHARD

Harry, stop this insanity, now!

HARRY

I ought to throw you down the stairs this time, Father.

Jojo scoffs.

JOJO

Your son is finally coming to his senses, huh, Richard? Go ahead, Harry. He deserves it.

Sarah reaches for Harry.

SARAH

Harry, please, don't suffer your father's sins.

HARRY

Turnabout is fair play, but it's not my style.

He bangs Richard's head against the door frame.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The lights flicker as Richard leads everyone down the stairs and across a large dark cold stone basement.

Everyone stops in front of the wine rack.

Jojo points the .44 magnum without the silencer at Sarah.

JOJO

Harry, get that fucking film.

Harry kneels and feels under the wine rack.

HARRY

It must be here.

JOJO

Pete, Sam give him a hand.

They step over to Harry.

JOJO

You two grab an end and pull that fucking wine rack down.

RICHARD

But the champagne on that rack is worth a million dollars.

JOJO

You're pitiful, you know that. Even by my standards.

Harry jumps up and pulls Sarah back.

RICHARD

Can't you give me just two minutes to save the champagne?

Jojo aims at Richard and shouts at Pete and Sam:

JOJO

Come-on you's two, pull it the fuck down.

RICHARD

Mongoloids.

Pete and Sam pull the rack away from the wall. It crashes down and exposes a mouse hole along the base of the wall.

Jojo waves the magnum at Harry and Sarah.

JOJO

Well, go on Harry, dig it outta the hole.

HARRY

Get it yourself.

Jojo cocks his gun and sneers down the barrel at Harry.

JOJO

I'm getting real-tired of that big mouth of yours, Harry!

Richard runs up the stairs, hugging six champagne bottles.

Harry winks at Sarah. She nods back.

Pete and Sam run to the stairs after Richard.

JOJO

Sam, Pete, let him go. I'm the king of the castle. Bring me the girl.

He waves them over.

They shove Harry out of the way and drag Sarah to Jojo.

JOJO

I'm done talking to you, Harry.

HARRY

I'll get it. I'll get it.

He kneels and feels inside the mouse hole.

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. The lights flicker.

Harry tosses the film container high to Jojo.

Sarah struggles to break Sam's and Pete's grips, but can't.

As Jojo reaches up and catches the film container, Harry stuffs a squirming mouse into Jojo's mouth.

Jojo spits the mouse out, raises his gun and dry-heaves:

JOJO

That's it for your big mouth.

Harry head-butts him, twists his arms with the gun and blasts Jojo in the stomach.

He follows Jojo to the floor and wrestles him for the magnum.

Pete and Sam throw Sarah down.

She grabs for their ankles.

They kick her to the wall and rush toward Harry.

Harry turns to them with his back against Jojo's bloody belly wound and fires the gun still in Jojo's hand.

A bullet explodes into Sam's throat. He grabs his neck as he falls, bleeding to death through his fingers.

Sarah kicks Pete as he wrestles Harry's arms to his sides.

Jojo dimples Harry's cheek with the muzzle as he pulls the trigger.

Harry twists his head as Jojo fires. The bullet creases Harry's cheek and blasts Pete in the eye.

He dies as his head erupts, spewing blood, skull, and brains.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - REAR OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Richard bursts through a set of glass back-doors. They shatter against the house as he runs across the lawn.

INT. PLAIN SEDAN - NIGHT

Dutton drives on a winding wooded road. The wipers on high against a heavy rain.

Tommy aims the submachine gun at him from the passenger side.

The sky flashes over mansions to either side as the wind thrashes tall trees along the sides of the road.

Dr. Revenant appears in the headlights on the road ahead, waving her arms as she runs toward the sedan.

DUTTON

Jesus, holy Christ!

He undoes his seat-belt.

Tommy raises the submachine gun.

TOMMY

What the fuck are you doing?!

Dutton slams the brakes and spins the wheel...

As the car goes into a tailspin he leaps out of his seat and shoves the submachine gun against Tommy's chest.

Tommy fires, burping a salvo of bullets into the driver seat.

The car spins with Dr. Revenant's face as a hood ornament and slams head-on into a brick column on one side of the gate.

The rear end swings sideways and smashes the rear side panel against the other side column.

The windshield fractures into prisms of intact safety glass.

Dr. Revenant's smile mosaics in the fragments before the air-bags inflate and eclipse her.

Dutton is behind the passenger side air-bag with Tommy.

Tommy slams the butt of his gun into Dutton's ribs as Dutton snaps his neck sideways again and again till it cracks.

Tommy dies and goes limp. Dutton climbs into the back seat.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - POND - NIGHT

Patton digs a hole in the lawn a few feet from the green stagnant pond, uncovers the brown case and bites the handle.

Richard runs down the path between the berms with the champagne bottles clinking under his arms.

He turns from the pond as he sees Patton pull the case from the hole by the handle.

Patton circles Richard and herds him back toward the pond.

Richard trips in the hole and stumbles toward the --

POND

He gets to edge and drops the bottles as he teeters over the edge, arms flailing. He gains his balance without failing in.

He laughs madly as he turns from the water, Patton plows into him, upper-cuts the case into his chin and it bursts open.

Richard splashes in the pond and a swarm of photos flutter in around him.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - POND UNDERWATER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Richard sinks and leaves a trail of bubbles as he passes through long wavering grasses.

He lands in a thick layer of silt on the bottom and clouds the water.

He shakes the cobwebs from his head as the silt settles.

Suddenly, Gwendolyn's Ghost's decomposed face is upon him.

She clamps her hands to the sides of his face and holds him in her milky-eyed stare.

He screams bubbles, tongue out, and as she sinks her black teeth into his tongue, blood and bubbles expand around them.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sarah and Harry run toward the stairs.

A GUNSHOT RINGS-OUT.

They halt just short the steps.

 JOJO (O.S.)
 Where the fuck do you two think
 you're going?

They turn to Jojo as he slouches against the wall and knocks his toupee cockeyed on his head.

He clenches his bloody shirt in one hand and aims the magnum at them with his other.

 JOJO
 Maybe I ain't smart, but I am
 deadly.

 SARAH
 We believe you.

 HARRY
 What else do you want?

 JOJO
 I want this shit developed.

He waves the film container in his hand at them.

 JOJO
 This time, I'm makin' fucking-A-
 right it's what I want.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The plain sedan's crinkled trunk squeaks open in the rain as Dutton lifts the lid from on his knees inside it.

Dutton rolls Beni away from the crumpled wheel well, sees his dead eyes and hideously twisted neck.

DUTTON

Sorry Beni, no more Bag-A-Donuts.

He hobbles to the front bumper.

Busted bricks and broken car-parts lie scattered.

No Dr. Revenant.

The bent gate squeals halfway open and jerks to a halt.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Red light permeates the room.

Jojo sits on a chair, bleeds from his gut and aims his gun at Sarah.

She sits on the floor to his right before a table with a tub of film processing liquid and a collection of cameras.

Harry clips two dozen wet photos on a clothesline to dry and slips an old Instamatic camera into his hoodie pocket.

The photos show lightning bolts shooting out of the nighttime storm clouds, zapping the choppy lake.

HARRY

All this for nothing, but irony.

JOJO

Harry, I want them pictures burned up, anyway. Use these. And don't be funny.

He tosses a matchbook on the table.

Harry sneers at him and grabs the matches.

HARRY

You never smiled much, did you?

Jojo cocks the magnum at Sarah.

JOJO

I'll smile in the end. Next time ya wise ass me, smart guy, she gets bullets for brains. Now let me see those pictures in your hands.

Harry goes through nine photos in his hands.

One, shows Jojo's cap blow off along the side rail and the few long hairs of his extreme comb-over standing in the wind.

Two, shows Jojo along the stern rail behind Gwendolyn, snatching her hat off her head.

Three, shows her wide-eyed, facing him along the stern rail, reaching for her hat on his head as he grabs her arms.

Four, shows Jojo jump over the stern rail, dragging Gwendolyn overboard by the arms.

Five, six, seven, eight and nine show the foil packet in Richard's palm, two loose pills under it.

Show him tear the packet and drop it in the garbage, without removing the pills in it.

Gwendolyn reaches back without turning from the window. He gives her the loose pills. She takes them with tea.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - FATAL HEIR (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

As Young Harry looks up into the pouring rain and turns aft.

Richard clamps his hands over Young Harry's hands on the wheel.

YOUNG HARRY

What was that?

RICHARD

Harry, you have to keep your eyes forward! We've got to get to deeper waters. You're in control.

Harry sees a CREWMAN's cap blow off as he works his way along the side rail toward the stern. He has a shoulder strap, rope and orange floatation device on his back.

Harry grabs his camera.

He snaps a flash photo of the Crewman, it's Jojo! His extreme comb-over hairs dance in the wind as he peers at Harry with green glowing eyes, reflecting the camera flash.

YOUNG HARRY

Let go of me!

He ducks Richard's grip.

RICHARD

Harry, the wheel!

As Richard tries to grab Harry. His fingertips catch the camera strap, slowing him until the strap slips his grip.

Young Harry scurries aft as lightning flashes mix with the flashes of the camera on his neck, snapping pictures.

Jojo takes Gwendolyn's hat from behind her along the stern rail and puts it on.

She turns her wide-eyes toward him and reaches for her hat.

Jojo grabs her arms, jumps over the stern rail and drags Gwendolyn overboard by the arms.

Lightning blasts the main mast and it falls over Young Harry.

The toppling mast smacks Young Harry to the deck, smashes through the stern rail and sizzles in the frigid waters.

CABIN CRUISER

Someone, face hidden in a drooping wet wide brim hat, swims through the chop to the boat and climbs the ladder.

Beni helps Someone onto the deck.

Someone tosses the hat overboard. It's Jojo!

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - BASEMENT (END FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Harry stuffs the nine photos in his hoodie pocket. Lights the whole matchbook and tosses it toward the tub.

Harry and Sarah dive under the table and scurry out the other side.

Jojo steps toward the table and aims his gun at them.

The fiery matchbook explodes in the tub of liquid.

Jojo turns from the blinding light and flips the table over.

The flaming tub crashes on its side and the blazing fluid spreads flames across the floor and under the wine rack.

Harry chases Sarah up the steps toward the door.

Sarah turns the knob and kicks the door.

SARAH
It's locked.

HARRY

Dear old Dad. We need Jojo's gun.

He goes down the stairs.

She grabs his shoulder and stops him.

SARAH

Harry, no!

He pries her hand into his, kisses it and steps down again.

HARRY

This end's here.

Jojo aims his magnum in one hand and pulls himself up by the railing, a stair at a time with his other hand.

He stops two steps down from Harry, reaches out and wiggles his fingers at him.

JOJO

I'm here for the pictures.

Harry pulls the nine photos from his pocket. Hands them to Jojo.

HARRY

Then smile!

He flashes the Instamatic camera in Jojo's eyes. His other hand shoves Jojo backward and rips the photos from his hand.

Jojo fires at them as he falls and Harry tackles Sarah...

The bullets crack holes in the door over Harry's shoulder, tracking upward to the ceiling, through a cloud of splinters.

Jojo bangs his head on the stairs as he goes down and loses his toupee before he lands in the flames on the floor.

Champagne bottles on the burning wine rack pop their corks.

JOJO (O.S.)

Harry!

Fire and smoke climb the steps.

Harry and Sarah push the bullet-riddled door.

The staircase shudders and throws them off balance.

They lean against the door.

HARRY

The stairs are going.

SARAH

Let's kick the door at the same
time.

They back away from the door. The staircase jerks side to side violently.

Sarah leans over the railing. Vomits. Harry reaches for her. Sees the positive pregnancy test-strip land on the steps.

The railing collapses and she falls over the side with it.

Harry dives on the steps, reaches over the side and grabs her arm.

She dangles in his one-handed grip over the flaming basement and her weight drags him toward the side edge of the steps.

He scrapes his nails across the step, but can't stop his slow slide over the side.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Harry, please let me go. Save
yourself, please, Harry.

HARRY

No way, Sarah. We're in this, "to
be or not to be" together.

He drops halfway over the edge, hooks one foot on the doorway and anchors himself.

He pulls her up, grabs her with his other hand and yanks her over his head onto the shaking steps.

She helps him onto the stairs. They boot the door again and again.

The door cracks along the line of bullet holes as the staircase collapses.

INT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The cracked door bursts in with billowing smoke.

Harry and Sarah crash with a piece of the door on the floor.

O.S. HOUSEHOLD SMOKE DETECTORS SCREECH MORPHING INTO
EMERGENCY VEHICLES SIRENS.

Harry opens the front door and ushers Sarah onto the --

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Fire trucks and ambulances roar up the service road to the house.

Red lights flash across Sarah's and Harry's faces.

They turn from the lights and see Gwendolyn's yellow scarf waving to them in midair at the bottom of the steps.

SARAH

Oh, my God, Harry.

HARRY

Seems my Mother's not done with me yet.

As he leads Sarah down the steps, the scarf flies around the side of the house.

They chase the flying scarf across the lawn, over the path between the berms and left into a --

PATCH OF CATTAILS

Harry catches the scarf in the cattails and backs out.

Sarah steps next to him.

He sniffs the scarf and smiles at Sarah, crying as he whispers:

HARRY

It's my Mother, Sarah. I can smell her.

He hands the scarf to her.

HARRY

And she wants you to have it, Sarah.

SARAH

Thank you, Gwendolyn.

She wraps the scarf around her neck. They kiss softly.

O.S. THE SOUNDS OF SPLASHING AND THRASHING IN THE POND.

They walk around the cattails to the --

POND

Dutton smacks a branch in the water and snags Harold's dead floating body in a rippling sea of photos.

He drags Richard, pearl white, eyes bulged, mouth agape, onto the grass.

Harry knees at Richard's side. Peels green stagnant water algae from Richard's face. Closes his eyes.

HARRY

It's been awhile, Dutton.

DUTTON

You've been doing just fine on your own, Harry.

HARRY

I guess I've become the fatal heir to my parents' horrible lives.

Dutton lifts him to his feet and embraces him.

DUTTON

No, Harry, that's not true. Your mother once told me that you were the only love her and Richard ever had.

Harry feels the algae on his hands. Looks at Dutton:

HARRY

She's in the pond!

EXT. CABIN CRUISER (FLASHBACK) - DAY

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS. Lightning flashes. Rain pours.

The boat rocks in the stormy lake waters.

Beni watches Jojo in Gwendolyn's drooping hat sit on the aft bench and undo the shoulder strap.

HARRY (O.S.)

Richard drugged to get her on board. He couldn't allow any toxicology tests on her body.

Jojo tosses the strap on Gwendolyn's dead body prone on the deck. The orange floatation device loose around her waist.

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE (END FLASHBACK) - POND - NIGHT

He hands Dutton the four photos from his hoodie pocket.

HARRY

Would you be my head of security?

Dutton looks at the photos and shakes his head tearfully.

DUTTON

It'll be my pleasure. I'll speak with the firefighters. Give the police the photos. Tell them to have the marine unit divers sent.

Sarah stares at Richard's corpse.

SARAH

Why would a recent drowning victim look so white?

DUTTON

He bit off his own tongue and bleed-out in the pond.

SARAH

That's horrible.

HARRY

No, it's justice. He drowned in a cesspool of his own lies. It's our actions that define who we are, right, Dutton?

DUTTON

That's right, Harry. And perhaps the way we die.

HARRY

It's all a matter of time, either way.

Dutton fishes a photo out of the water.

He steps over to Harry and Sarah with his eyes on the photo.

HARRY

Some Native American tribe's believed a photograph can capture a person's soul.

DUTTON

I am inclined to believe they were right.

He slaps the photo face-up on Richard's chest.

SARAH
Gwendolyn's finally happy.

INSERT - PHOTO

A face shot of Gwendolyn Townsend and it's also Dr. Revenant's face. They are one and the same.

END INSERT

EXT. TOWNSEND ESTATE - TWIN BERMS - NIGHT

Dutton walks down the path toward the burning house, emergency vehicles, and personnel around it.

Harry leads Sarah by the hand in the opposite direction.

HARRY
When you told me that you'd never met anyone like me, was that a lie?

SARAH
I have never lied about my feelings for you, Harry, and I never will.

HARRY
I want to know the truth about you.

She pulls her sleeves up.

SARAH
My scars are real.

He drops to one knee and kisses her scars.

HARRY
Our love will heal all our wounds, with understanding and patience.

She helps him to his feet.

SARAH
You won't like one bit of it. Are you certain that you want to know?

HARRY
I want to know everything about you, Sarah. I'm tired of all the lies in my life. I don't want anymore of it, and I swear that I will never lie to you either.

SARAH

I promise I will never lie to you,
but seeing the love you have for me
in your eyes, makes me ashamed of
my past.

HARRY

I've stood by doing nothing my
whole life. Seeing you being
dragged from a room kicking and
screaming was my awakening.

SARAH

They were all set-ups, with you as
the fall-guy.

HARRY

I won't be falling any more. Now's
my time to soar. No more lies
that's all I ask.

SARAH

Then I have to admit, I don't
really like The Cure.

HARRY

That's okay. The cure isn't their
music. It's your love, Sarah.

SARAH

Harry, I love you, and I am yours
for the taking.

They embrace and kiss. She grabs the yellow scarf as it
tightens around her neck.

HARRY

Why didn't you tell me you are
pregnant, Sarah?

The scarf loosens around her neck.

SARAH

I want you to love me before you
knew. I wasn't sure you'd--

HARRY

I love you. And I want our baby.

He rips the scarf off her neck. Cocks his arm to toss it.

She grabs his arm. Stops him:

SARAH

Are you sure?

He flings the scarf to the ground. Whistles and leads Sarah down the berm away from the house and the pond.

Patton runs ahead and leads their way.

HARRY

I love you with all my heart.

The scarf slithers along the ground some distance behind them. Following...

FADE OUT.

THE END