

THE FATAL ERROR

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. 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 door knob.

RICHARD

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

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

HARRY'S BEDROOM

A large room, dozens of 8 x 10 photos strewn across 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, fresh stitches split his right eyebrow, kneels in broken glass and smashes a glass picture frame to the floor with bloody hands.

He separates the photo from the glass, hugs the photo to his chest and sets it facedown in the case.

YOUNG HARRY

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

He slings the 35mm camera on a strap around his neck and grips the case 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 as he sniffles:

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, removes his
gym shoe and slips a red-key from under the insole.

O.S. DESCENDING FOOTSTEPS FROM THE BACK STAIRS ECHO CLOSER.

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's empty.

O.S. THE GYM SHOE THUMPS, ECHOING DOWN THE LONG STAIRWAY.

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 photographs, fluttering around him.

HARRY'S ROOM - LATER

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

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 DOOR.

He twists Young Harry's chin and 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 onto 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?

YOUNG HARRY

I can't remember. My head hurts.
They tell me my mother drowned, but
she's still with me.

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 in 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 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.

He peers at a lamp on a dresser as he drifts off:

YOUNG HARRY
Good night, Mother.

The lamp flips off the dresser and the bulb POPS as it hits the floor.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lightning flashes through thick glasses onto the scar split right eyebrow of HARRY TOWNSEND (22) asleep on a couch. He's a paranoid cynic for good reason, his survival depends on it.

SUPER: 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 Error" across the bow dips in the choppy Lake Michigan water.

END INSERT

O.S. THUNDER CRACKLES. As lightning flashes through the patio door to a lanai.

The lava lamp flips off the end table. CRASHES to the floor.

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

HARRY
Shit, that damn patio 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
I may be damned.

Lightning flashes the room. The TV screen blacks-out and casts the room into darkness.

HARRY

But I'm not gonna be electrocuted.

The broken lava lamp sparks on the wet floor and distracts him as he grabs the patio door handle.

HARRY

Not my lava lamp, man...

A ghostly white scaly hand reaches in the patio door and touches his hand.

He jerks his back hand.

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 foamy lake water spills out.

HARRY

Mother?

He jumps backward, slips and as he CRASHES on his back his glasses fly off.

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 rising sun over Lake Michigan through the lanai 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. LANAI - 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 yellow 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 yellow scarf from him and lands on the ledge a few feet away.

HARRY

I must insist!

He dives on the ledge. Grabs the yellow scarf from the gull.

The gull pecks his hand. Harry swings and misses the bird.

The gull flies at his face.

He plants his face on the ledge as the gull flies past his head and steals the yellow scarf.

HARRY

Shit!

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

Harry, take my hand, man, please.

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

HARRY

I'm okay, Franklin, really.

He waves him away.

HARRY

I'm coming back, Franklin.

Franklin steps onto the lanai and helps Harry over the rail.

FRANKLIN

What were you doing out there,
Harry?

HARRY

My Harold Lloyd impression.

They shoulder bump 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 anymore pieces to the
puzzle?

HARRY

I had my Mother's yellow scarf in
my hand, but 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. PENTHOUSE FOYER - NIGHT

Harry closes the door, steps through the foyer with five DVD
cases under his arm and walks under an archway into the --

DINING ROOM

Undulating light dances on the walls and ceiling.

HARRY

Satan's found me.

He sets the DVDs by a knife, fork, dirty dish, napkin, wine
bottle, half glass of wine on the table and walks into the --

LIVING ROOM

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

RICHARD

Fine place you have here, son. I often wondered what became of this chair. I'm happy it stayed in the family.

Harry walks back into the --

DINING ROOM

He lifts the wine glass from the table, uses the napkin and rubs and rubs a smudge off the rim.

HARRY

I'll never get drunk enough for this.

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

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 shared history of loss.

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 bloody 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 their supposed to
be. Our actions define who we are,
Harry. 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 *me* happy birthday, 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

Harry, how can you say such a thing?

HARRY

If such is the thing?

RICHARD

After all I've done for you, Harry.

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)
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.

The glass tumbles from the mantle and SHATTERS to the floor.

Harry falls toward the fire. Dutton grabs him.

RICHARD

Put him on the couch, please.

Dutton sits Harry on the couch.

RICHARD

You can leave now, he's in oblivion
again. He won't be anymore 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, spiting 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 --

DARK 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.

A laptop on a desk opens. Water drips down the screen as it WHIRS to life, booting up.

He sees her invisible feet splash in puddles as she runs out.

The laptop screen lights up.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

A security camera in the ceiling view of Richard as he drags an unconscious Harry to the fireplace and picks up the jagged stem of the broken wine glass.

He slits Harry's wrists with the jagged stem and smashes it under his heel on the floor.

He sits in the chair and sips brandy with a Cheshire Cat smile.

END INSERT

Dutton shuts the laptop and dashes from the dark room.

EXT. AMBULANCE - 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. ESTATE BATHROOM - NIGHT

O.S. A CLASSICAL OVERTURE RECORD PLAY 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 and covers 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 the door.

The toilet FLUSHES behind him.

RICHARD

Shit!

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

INT. HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE - 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, wrists bandaged, sleeping on 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 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.

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. HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE - 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 once.
He used to sit on the windowsill
when he wanted out.

Thunder CLAPS. 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

What ever 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 on 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 wrists.

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

Harry, 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

Harry, your cynicism is sealing
your fate.

Harry THUMPS his forehead hard against the glass and cries.

HARRY

Please help me get outta here, doc.

DR. REVENANT

Then trust me.

HARRY

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

INT. 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.

He palms a foil packet, two loose pills hidden 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.

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. HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE (FLASHBACK ENDS) - NIGHT

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

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

HARRY

I don't remember much else. 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 his penthouse couch. Gwendolyn's Ghost leans
over him, moves her mouth and foamy water pours on him as
O.S. A WOMAN'S SCREAM MORPHS INTO A GULL'S SHRIEKING.

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

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, his long hair floats around his hook nose and pot-marked face.

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

INT. 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 in two cups with tea-bags on the table.

SARAH FOSTER (23) small, anorexic, angelic face/devilish smile, long black hair, ouroboros tattoo round her neck, multi-pierced ears, sits at the table, scratching her elbows raw with bitten down nails, watching a CCTV on the table.

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.

INSERT ENDS

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 now, while he's
remembering the love he's lost.

Derrick enters as she removes her earrings.

SARAH
You mean tonight?

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

SARAH
I'm not even sure I want to do
this.

DR. DOYLE
Then I'll have to speak to your
parole board and recommend more
electroconvulsive therapy for you,
my dear, Sarah.

Sarah sees sparks flitter on the dark CCTV screen,
illuminating her on screen, strapped to a gurney, convulsing
as Dr. Doyle applies electroconvulsive paddles to her head.

The screen blacks-out as Derrick pokes the point of a
scissors to her throat and screams:

DERRICK
Buzz-zap!

SARAH
Let me go, you prick! I'll do
anything you want, Dr. Doyle, as
long as it gets me out of here.

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

DR. DOYLE

First, my dear, you must become someone Harry will love. A flawed beauty on the outside, clawing beast within. Another injured soul, punishing herself. We give him something to lose and we'll have leverage to get what we want.

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

DR. DOYLE

I have already diluted Harry's medications. I'll spike the bedtime round with some Ecstasy. He should be primed and ready for love.

He cuts her bangs, pockets the scissors and tears a small plastic envelope open.

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 hair off her clothes and calls back, exiting:

SARAH

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

Dr. Doyle and Derrick CLINK cups and tongue their tea-bags.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE - 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 yourself?

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. REC-ROOM INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Four 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.

HARRY

I'm not disturbing you, am I, miss?

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

SARAH

Being disturbed is sort of a prerequisite around here.

HARRY
My prerequisite disturbs me all the
time.

SARAH
Ha ha.

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 blow jobs, and they get me
anything I want.

She shows Harry a pill, pops it in her mouth and chases it
with a sip of hot 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 turn out to 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 crushes the cup 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 went 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 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 bumps his knees into her 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

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

Sarah pours her coffee down his back.

DERRICK

Aghh!

Derrick grimaces, 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!

A NURSE and two ORDERLIES hurry over.

NURSE

Take them back to their rooms.

She sits Derrick on the couch.

The Orderlies escort Sarah and Harry away.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE - 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.

He rolls her on her back and kisses her breasts.

HARRY

How did you get in here?

SARAH

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

Harry kisses his way down to her pubic hairs.

SARAH

Harry, you started without me.

Harry kisses his way back to her face.

They taste each others 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 sees sopping wet red hair creep over Sarah's shoulders.

Sarah moans unaware as Gwendolyn's Ghost kisses the nape of 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.

HARRY'S ROOM INSTITUTE - LATER

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

O.S. THE DOOR UNLOCKS.

Harry steps over and 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 as Derrick puts his 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 and wipes 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's 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 behind the couch.

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

He keys the remote, turns the TV on and tosses the remote 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 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 the
 day.

Designer dressed bodyguards FEDELE (30) slick hair, athletic,
 Italian accent, and SERAFINO (25) short, bald, soul patch,
 Chicago accent, 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 stands accused of money
 laundering, tax fraud and
 racketeering charges.

Don sticks a stogy in his mouth.

Fedele and Serafino lead Don down the stairs.

The Reporter stays ahead of them.

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

Don lights the stogy 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 hardworking 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 private
 piggy bank?

He jams the stogy 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 a morons!

The tape freezes on Jojo staring into the camera lights making his green eyes glow as his comb-over stands against 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 --

REAR OF INSTITUTE (BEGIN INFRARED IMAGES)

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

Harry runs out the rear doors past the garbage truck to the --
 BALLFIELD (INFRARED IMAGES END)

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, CRUNCHING leaves.

Suddenly, he somersaults, silently airborne for a split
 second, then THUMP, he tumbles down an embankment into a --

PARKING LOT

Harry rolls into the front bumper of an idling red pickup.

INT. RED PICKUP (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

NASTY (25) tall, football jersey, mullet, knee brace, sits
 behind the wheel, flicks the headlights on and off.

NASTY
 Dude just fucking hit my truck,
 Crystal!

CRYSTAL (23) buxom blonde, busting out of her cheerleader uniform, kneels on the shotgun seat and pops gum.

CRYSTAL
Freaking unbelievable, Nasty.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Harry sits, chin on the bumper, squinting at the flashing headlights.

The pickup tires SQUEAL backward.

The bumper slides from under his chin and the pickup halts.

Nasty eases out of the car onto crutches and shakes his head as he hobbles toward Harry.

NASTY
Dude, what the fuck's your story?

He inspects the bumper and sits on it.

Crystal pops her 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
Hey retard, what the hell were you thinking? Oh shit, he don't think.

A dark SUV with fully tinted windows 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 truck and the Security Guards hop out as 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 and the Security Guards hit the ground as the pickup SLAMS backward into the SUV grill.

Coolant HISSES from the busted grill as Harry fishtails away.

EMBANKMENT

Dutton lies behind the infrared camera and films the --

PARKING LOT (BEGIN INFRARED IMAGES)

Nasty, Crystal and the Security Guards get up.

Derrick exits the SUV and shakes everyone's hands.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE REAR SEAT (INFRARED IMAGES END) - 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 thing?

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 no laurel. All I know
is no matter how much I fuckin'
itch it don't stop scratchin' 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 fuckin' rug and that laurel
bitch, can both wait till I'm
president.

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 stogy.

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 been at the club doing my forty
laps in the pool, like everyday.

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 stunod?

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
I got Beni Bag-A-Donuts 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 don't flinch.

BOSS

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

O.S. A CELLPHONE RINGS.

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 Bag-A-
Donuts 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.

CHINA SPA TANNING BOOTH - HALF HOUR LATER

Boss and Fan Boy enter, open the tanning bed and 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 and ERUPTS from the other side.

BOSS
Mr. Adelito... Jojo!

O.S. CLICK, PSST. A bullet BLASTS Boss between the eyes, EXPLODES out of his ear and both men sit dead together.

Jojo COCKS a .44 magnum with a smoking silencer, opens the bed and backs away.

The tanning tubes flicker as Gwendolyn's Ghost reaches from the bed, spits foamy water and shrieks through black teeth:

GWENDOLYN'S GHOST
Gonna get shh-ah, Jojo!

He slams the lid, CLICKS the trigger, PSST, PSST, PSST, POPPING holes in the tanning bed that project blinking light.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

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

Jojo runs out 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 and relight their 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 illuminates Harry and the Skateboarders.

Harry tosses the joint and throws his hood up.

HARRY

Santa may be wanted?

The cop car halts, ten feet in front of them.

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

The Skateboarders look at Harry's shoes, nod to each other.

SKATEBOARDER #1 AND #2

Bowling!

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

As Harry runs into the alley. Officer Flynn chases him down and grabs him.

The Skateboarders converge between Harry and Officer 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!

Officer Flynn chases the Skateboarders.

INT. LIBRARY NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES - DAY

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

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 yeggs.

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

EXT. HARRY'S HIGH RISE STREET 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. Isn't 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.

Water cascades to either side of Harry over 50 foot glass
block towers framed with LED screens projecting a video image
of the "Fatal Error" sailing in the rainstorm on the lake
that deadly night.

He follows Gwendolyn's Ghost as she backs into the cascading
watery image of the "Fatal Error" on one side tower.

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

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

SOMEONE in Gwendolyn's drooping wet hat, swims through the
chop to the cabin cruiser and climbs the ladder.

A frisbee splashes into the LED screens and the video image
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. HARRY'S HIGH RISE - 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 power walks away from the front door toward Harry.

FRANKLIN

(sotto)

Stop Harry, that's them there now.

Fedele and Serafino walk out the front door and disappear in 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 anymore 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 upstairs.

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. HARRY'S PENTHOUSE 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 across the hall.

HARRY

They must of got their training at the "Cat In The Hat" Academy?

He steps into a --

LARGE BEDROOM

A beautiful marble tiled room in shambles.

Empty dresser drawers strewn atop a pile of clothes, a 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's shorter but done right.

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.

A MOPED RIDER splashes through puddles on the street out front and Gwendolyn's Ghost appears on back of the scooter.

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 for Sarah's neck.

Sarah turns her head halfway toward Gwendolyn's Ghost.

Harry pulls her to him, kisses her until 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. As 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 no trouble, kiddo. Tell
your girlfriend everything's
copacetic, okay?

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 away as Sarah mouths 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 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

Fuckin' rats, huh?

SERAFINO

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

A dead silence builds and as 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 backseat where Harry sat.

SERAFINO
Motherfucker!

Harry stays down and kisses his ass good-bye.

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 backseat 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.)
Fucking ceramic vests. All ways
take the 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 Kevlar vest shows under a burn hole in his torn open shirt.

The windshield fragments, SHATTERS 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 facedown.

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, aiming the shaky .380 at the bloody window.

Several PEOPLE fight for position in a bus shelter across the street, faces hidden 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 BLOWS 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 line of Commuters dive facedown.

Harry leaps over and between the fallen Commuters, dropping the .380 as he jumps the turnstile.

The line of Commuters get up.

Fedele approaches the Commuters and FIRES into the ceiling.

The Commuters go down.

Fedele races over them, 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. TRAIN CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Red Hood enters, his 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

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 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 down.

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 facedown on the wet floor of the porch.

Sparks flitter 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 last
night and 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 Officer Flynn aim his revolver through the fence at Harry.

HARRY

Get out of the way!

O.S. 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 a cab idling 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 anymore
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 and I'll return the favor.

Fedele blocks the cabbie's side mirror view of Harry and COCKS the gun under Harry's hood, to the back of his 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 and Harry gets in with Fedele close behind.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE INSTITUTE - 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 of Harry's room.

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.

INSERT ENDS

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.

Dutton yanks the CCTV power cord out of the outlet.

The lights shut off.

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

INT. VIGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door swings in and CRASHES to the wall.

Fedeleshoves 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, to 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 of 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 a 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 never laugh with me 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

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

Long time no see, Harry. You ratted me out to Don here, by email 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 under estimated 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

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 and wipes blood from his cut 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 to 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

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. ESTATE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Rain spills over the gutters behind the house, hits a roof
over the kennel and spills along the fence below.

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

He sits up and stares at lightning ZAPPING Gwendolyn's Ghost
as she stands before him, pointing across the lawn.

O.S. THUNDERCLAPS.

Patton takes off down the path and runs between the berms.

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

INT. 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 and 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. ESTATE BASEMENT (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

The case BANGS off the door frame, bursting open as Young Harry falls through the doorway into the red lit basement.

His camera flashes as he topples down the steps, illuminating a cloud of photographs, raining down.

He hits the floor, the plastic film container rolls from his hand across the floor and under a wine rack along the wall.

INT. ESTATE BASEMENT (FLASHBACK ENDS) - NIGHT

O.S. THUNDER RUMBLES.

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 fuckin' 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's two grab an end and pull that fuckin' 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. THUNDER CRACKLES.

The lights strobe.

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 and raises his gun as he dry heaves:

JOJO

That's it for you 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 cheek and BLASTS Pete in the eye.

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

EXT. ESTATE GROUNDS - NIGHT

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

INT. PLAIN SEDAN TRUNK - NIGHT

Dutton squirms on the floor and TEARS free of heavy duct tape wrapped around his legs and arms.

Beni Bag-A-Donuts squirms in the straight jacket, lying behind him.

FRONT SEAT

Tommy drives on a winding wooded road with the Submachine gun next to him and the wipers on high against a heavy rain.

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.

TOMMY

Jesus, what the holy Christ?!

He hits the brakes, spins the wheel and tailspins toward her.

The submachine gun flips from the seat to the floor, BURPS a salvo of bullets, BLASTING Tommy full of holes.

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.

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' fuckin'-A-
right it's what I want.

EXT. ESTATE 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 Bag-A-Donuts away from the crumpled wheel well, sees his dead eyes and hideously twisted neck.

DUTTON

Sorry Beni, no more Bag-A-Donuts.

He crawls from the trunk and staggers by Tommy's bullet riddled dead body behind the air bag around the wheel.

Dutton 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. 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, any-ways. 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 the four 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's grabbing her arms.

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

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

Young Harry looks up into the pouring rain and as he turns aft Richard clamps his hands over Young Harry's 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 working his way toward the stern, gripping the side rail and as his cap blows off, Harry grabs his camera.

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

YOUNG HARRY

Let go of me!

He ducks Harold's grip.

RICHARD

Harry, the wheel!

Richard grabs for him, 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 Bag-A-Donuts helps Someone onto the deck.

Someone/Jojo tosses the hat overboard.

INT. ESTATE BASEMENT (FLASHBACK ENDS) - NIGHT

Harry stuffs the four photos in his hoodie pocket, lights the whole matchbook and tosses it at 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.

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 photos from his pocket and hands them to him.

HARRY
Then smile!

He flashes the Instamatic camera in Jojo's eyes, his other hand shoves him backward and rips the picture from his hand.

Harry tackles Sarah and Jojo FIRES at them as he falls.

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 climbs 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! They're going to collapse.

SARAH

Let's try kicking the door at the same time.

They back away from the door.

The staircase jerks side to side violently.

Sarah stumbles against the railing.

Harry reaches for her.

The railing collapses around her 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-hand's grip over the flaming basement and her weight pulls 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

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 shaky 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. 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. 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

On my God, Harry.

HARRY

Seems my Mother's not done with me yet.

As he leads Sarah down the steps, the yellow scarf flies around the side of the house.

They chase the flying yellow scarf across the lawn, over the path of pavers between the berms and left into a --

PATCH OF CATTAILS

Harry catches the yellow scarf in the cattails and backs out.

Sarah steps next to him.

He sniffs the yellow scarf, squeezes his eyes shut and smiles at Sarah, leaking tears as he whispers:

HARRY

It's my Mother, Sarah. I can smell her.

He hands the yellow scarf to her.

HARRY

And she wants you to have it, Sarah.

SARAH

Thank you, Gwendolyn.

She wraps the yellow 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 steps ahead of Sarah and drops to his knees at Richard's side and closes his Father's 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 error of my parents' 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 Richard and her ever produced.

HARRY

I'd like you to be my head of security, Dutton, with a major pay hike. And I'd like you to make a list of books for me to read.

He hands Dutton the four photos from his hoodie pocket.

Dutton looks at the photos and shakes his head tearfully.

DUTTON

It'll be my pleasure, Harry. I'd better start tonight, with the firefighters, then I'll give the police these photos.

Sarah stares at Richard's corpse.

SARAH

Why would a recent drowning victim look so white?

DUTTON

He bite off his own tongue and bleed out in the pond.

SARAH

That's horrible.

HARRY

No, I think it's justice. He drown 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
one'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 - PHOTOGRAPH

A face shot of a smiling Gwendolyn York Townsend, also seen
as Dr. Revenant.

END INSERT

EXT. TWIN BERMS - NIGHT

Dutton walks over the left side of the berm toward the
burning house, emergency vehicles and personal around it.

Harry leads Sarah by the hand over the right side berm 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 the actions of my past.

HARRY

I've stood by, wasting away, doing nothing, my whole life. Since I've met you, witnessing your actions, was my awakening.

SARAH

They were all set-ups, with you as the fall-guy.

HARRY

I won't be falling anymore. Now's my time to soar. Come with me?

SARAH

Harry, I love you, and I am yours for the taking.

They embrace and kiss. She grabs the yellow scarf as it tightens round her neck.

Harry rips the yellow scarf off her neck. Cocks his arm to toss it --

She grabs his arm. Stops him:

SARAH

Are you sure?

He flings the yellow 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

Not marrying you, would be my fatal error.

The yellow scarf slithers along the ground some distance behind them. Following...

FADE OUT.

THE END