

BLOOD 'N' DONUTS
by Andrew Rai Berzins

DIALOGUE LIST

© DABAN FILMS INC.
662 Pape Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
M4K 3S7
461-7271; 461-5073(fx)

FADE IN:

EXT. THE MOON LANDING

1

VOICE OVER

Okay, 75 feet, looking good, down a half. Forward. 8 seconds. Lights on. Forward, forward. 3 feet down two and a half. More forward, drifting to the right a little. Spaceshadow. Contact lights, okay, engine stop. We copy you down eagle. Houston, ah, Tranquillity Base here. The eagle has landed. That looks beautiful, eagle. It has a stark beauty all it's own. It's ah, like much of the high desert. It's different but it's very pretty out here. Beautiful, beautiful. Ain't that something? Magnificent sight out here. Magnificent desolation.

Fade in titles: In 1969 man walked on the moon
and Boya crawled into a bag.

EXT. A ROOF TOP- SUNSET

2

EXTREME CLOSE UP of a MAN'S hand placing a golf ball on a tee.

WIDE SHOT of a solitary figure standing on the lip of a roof top, silhouetted against the sky's fading light. The figure bends over, tees up a golf ball and with a smooth, professional swing drives it into the urban decay below.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING/DIRTY WINDOW- SUNSET

3

CLOSE UP of the golf ball SMASHING through the glass.

INT. THE CELLAR - SUNSET

4

4

The cramped cellar has a low ceiling, supported by sagging and rotted wooden beams. Enough of the day's dying light comes through the broken window to see the cellar is a long forgotten storage space containing old pieces of industrial machinery, ancient office furniture, stacks of lumber, and other discards.

The golf ball starts a chain of events involving a plank of wood resting on two sawhorses; a bucket; a shovel; and a rotted ceiling beam.

The ball hits the bucket which rests at one end of the plank. This causes the bucket to fly off and collapses one of the rickety sawhorses on a raised platform at that end. As a result, the plank of wood drops to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4

When the end of the plank hits the floor, its momentum carries it forward and it solidly smacks the shaft of an iron-mouthed shovel that is sticking over the edge of a nearby table. This causes the shovel to arc upwards, the iron mouth smashing into the termite-ravaged ceiling beam.

The beam snaps in two, causing a wedge of the ceiling to give way.

CLOSE UP on the ceiling wedge.

A body bag slides down the wedge, catching on a spike. The bag dangles at the end of the wedge for a beat before the material gives away and the bag falls to the floor with a THUMP accompanied by a SNAP and GROAN OF PAIN.. The impact stirs up a dust cloud.

CLOSE UP on the bag.

An arm rises out of the bag, the fingernails resemble talons. A second arm, bent and bloody, follows. Then the hand of the first twists under the bag and re-emerges holding the golf ball.

INT. THE BEAUTY SALON - SUNSET

5

5

RITA, a woman in her mid-forties, has a faded beauty which she tries to preserve with too much make-up.

Standing behind a cosmetic counter she applies makeup to a YOUNG GIRL'S face.

She takes an eye-liner pencil and starts on one eyelid, stops and shudders. She drags her thumb across the girl's mouth, smearing her bright red lipstick. She holds the pencil an inch from the girl's eye, her hand trembling. The girl recoils and backs away.

With a violent shudder Rita backs into a display of perfume bottles which CRASH to the floor.

INT. THE CELLAR - DUSK

6

The hand of the broken arm holds the golf ball; the other hand strokes the damage. A deep INTAKE of BREATH. The free hand grasps the fabric and tears the bag open.

The man enclosed - BOYA - sits up, clears cobwebs from his face, and squints as his eyes adjust to the light. His skin is flakey, he has the scruffy beginnings of a beard, his nails are overgrown, and his hair is like moss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

6

He cradles the broken arm, then, with a grimace and a crack, bends the lower part back into alignment. He looks at the excess growth of his fingernails and snaps them off, one by one. He tosses the fingernails away. They land in a puddle, under the window, rippling the reflection of the last glow of sunlight from the horizon.

INT. THE BEAUTY SALON/WASHROOM - NIGHT

7

RITA's hands drift through water in the sink. Her long, beautifully manicured nails (painted fire engine red) are prominently displayed as she wipes water on her face.

When she opens her eyes to check her reflection in the mirror, Rita sees two pricks of blood on her white blouse -- on her right shoulder, just above her name tag. She stares into her haunted eyes. Mascara runs along the grooves in the foundation.

INT. CELLAR-NIGHT

8

Boya lifts his creaking body out of the bag. As he stands up, one of the newspaper pages that is stuffed into the bag as liner sticks to his suit. A banner headline, 'MAN ON THE MOON', is legible before the page falls away. Boya's suit is dusty-looking, moth-bitten and obviously of a style at least 25 years out of fashion. There are dark brown stains on the front of his shirt.

He reaches into an inside jacket pocket and retrieves a woman's wallet. He unsnaps it. The bottom half holds some old currency bills of various denominations. He takes these and stuffs them in a pocket. He looks at the top half.

CLOSE UP on the top half of the wallet.

Encased in a plastic window is a driver's license. The name on the license is Rita Poe and the expiry date is 1969. He flips the license up revealing a snapshot of Rita in her early twenties. A strange look passes over Boya's face as he removes the photo from the wallet and places it in his pocket.

He tosses the wallet to the floor and holds the golf ball up to his eye.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING- NIGHT

9

9

CLOSE UP of the moon.

PAN DOWN to Boya standing outside on a sidewalk, beside the abandoned building that has been his resting spot for the last 25 years. Boya is carrying the shovel from the cellar.

EXT. DESOLATE STREET -NIGHT

10

10

Boya walks down the street, hunched as if cold, but the odd drop of sweat runs down his face. He is startled by A VOICE that comes from a darkened doorway.

Boya looks in the direction of the voice and the top half of a ragged STREET PERSON (who is sitting down) leans out of the shadows to be seen. Boya, drops the shovel, and hauls the beggar to his feet. Boya roughly pulls the terrified, unshaven man's hair to expose his neck.

Boya bends forward to bite, exposing his large battered teeth. He looks into the man's wide eyes. An overhead street lamp is reflected in them like two frozen moons.

Boya hesitates and in his mind's ear, he hears THE SOUND OF A VOICE FADING IN AND OUT OVER A CRACKLING RADIO TRANSMISSION.

Boya gently releases the squealing street person, picks up the shovel and stumbles away. Boya is sweating freely now.

EXT. DESOLATE STREET- NIGHT

11

11

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

A cab comes along the street, a little erratically.

INT. DESOLATE STREET/EARL'S CAB TRAVELING

12

The driver is EARL. He holds a dictionary open on the steering wheel, glances at it and frowns. He then looks back up into traffic.

EARL'S POV

BOYA wanders out into Earl's path, holding the shovel. Earl brakes quickly, loosing one of his hubcaps. Boya picks up the hubcap, opens the passenger door and places it on the front seat.

EARL

Thankyou.

INT. EARL'S CAB - NIGHT

13

BOYA goes to maneuver the muddy shovel in, Earl scowling.

Earl looks dubious, but a fare is a fare.

EARL

So, y'got like ... a destination?

- (CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

13

BOYA
Westview Cemetery.

Earl looks at Boya strangely. An oddly dressed man, with a shovel, has just asked to be taken to a cemetery. He turns and meets Boya's very firm gaze, then turns, and puts the car in gear.

EXT. THE CEMETARY GATES- NIGHT

14

EARL steers the cab up front, and stops.

INT. CEMETARY GATES/EARL'S CAB - NIGHT

15

EARL
Looks pretty closed to me.

EARL turns to find BOYA with his eyes closed, tears tracing his cheeks. Earl clears his throat. Boya's eyes pop open, strange and fierce. Earl puts his hand on a pipe beneath a newspaper. Boya's face softens. He wipes his eyes.

BOYA
I'm sorry, I ...

EARL
S'cool. Y'know, I been there.

Boya reaches into his pockets.

EARL
Guys got this thing about cryin.
Man, it's just emotion. (pause)
When my dog died ...

Earl stops, swallows, and his eyes go glassy. Boya studies him with interest. Earl sniffs and looks about.

EARL
I wouldn't trust a guy who
couldn't cry. No, cause...the
thing is we're just human, huh?
That's all, that's who we are,
we're human.

Boya smiles, digs in his pocket and brings out the crumpled bills from Rita's wallet. He pokes through them and hands Earl a twenty dollar bill from the year 1969. Earl peers at the unfamiliar bill.

BOYA
It is a little old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

15

EARL
I'll say! The Queen, y'know she
looks good.

There is an awkward silence. Earl looks at Boya and sees he really looks ill.

EARL
Listen, no offence here-- but you
goin' to Westside and all---you
look more like a customer than a
visitor, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm just...are you okay?

Boya shivering, a faint smile appears across his face.

EARL
Well, you take care huh?

EXT/INT CEMETARY GATES/EARLS CAB-NIGHT

16

Earl watches in the mirror as Boya maneuvers the shovel out.
Earl accelerates off.

EARL
Yeah, okay. Fucking tourists.

INT. THE CEMETERY-NIGHT

17

Boya is almost finished digging a hole underneath a large maple tree in the cemetery. As he tries to prise a large rock, the shaft of the shovel snaps in two.

Boya throws the pieces away in disgust.

He drops to his knees and moves the rock out of the way.
Underneath the rock is a suitcase wrapped in plastic. Boya tears off the plastic and opens the suitcase.

EXT. THE STREET/DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

18

In a stretch of dingy buildings - run-down apartments and dark vacant stores sits a donut shop, its warm light spilling into the street.

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

19

The inside of Bernie's Donuts is well-worn, but clean. The decor and atmosphere is reminiscent of a 1950s diner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

19

Several CUSTOMERS are scattered at booths and tables throughout the shop. The customers come from the lower echelons of urban society, but the SOUND of their various conversations makes a warm, rumbling murmur.

PIERCE and AXEL strut into this amiable atmosphere, exuding the smug arrogance of power. Pierce is a menacing-looking guy around forty whose grim-set face is an eloquent record of a life spent doing violent things. Axel, in his early twenties, tries to look menacing, but his pose is compromised by a dorky, heavy metal image.

The customers' conversational buzz dwindles into silence as they become aware of the pair moving toward the front counter. Only MOLLY, a waitress in her late twenties, who is pretty in a natural, unadorned way, is unaffected by the wave-front of dread that washes through the room.

PIERCE (O.S.)
Where the hell's the cabbie?

PIERCE
Hey, sweetcheeks, we're lookin'
for our buddy, Earl. You seen'm
tonight?

MOLLY
No.

PIERCE
Shit.

Pierce raps his knuckles on the counter impatiently.

PIERCE
I thought this bung-hole was his
second home.

MOLLY
It's not his message center,
either.

PIERCE
Is thatta fact? Let me tell ya
something sweetie. Tonight it is.
So when Earl drags his sorry ass
in here to stuff down some of
these shitty donuts you tell'm his
pals wanna meet him outside the
Lindsmore at ten. Now, you think
ya kin remember all that
sweetheart? Or should I write it
down?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

19

MOLLY

You can write? I'm impressed.

As she says this she calmly brings out a very dented baseball bat from behind the counter and lays it on the Formica surface.

Written on the bat in Magic Marker are the words COMPLAINTS DEP'T. Molly's riposte draws a bark of laughter from Axel which is immediately cut off by Pierce's glare.

CLOSE UP ON KITCHEN DOOR OPENING

BERNIE, a jovial looking guy with an expansive girth, comes out of the kitchen behind Molly, drying his hands with a tea towel.

BERNIE

We got a problem here, Molly?

Pierce looks at Molly hard, Bernie gives her a signal to chill out. Pierce switches gears suddenly and grins at Molly.

PIERCE

Just give Earl the message.

As Pierce and Axel walk out of the shop, the customers' conversational buzz picks up with renewed intensity.

Molly looks at Bernie, questioning.

BERNIE

(shaking his head)

It's not worth it, Molly.

MOLLY

Yeah, yeah.

Molly watches the thugs leave, replaces the bat and resumes pouring water in the coffee machine.

EXT. THE CEMETARY-NIGHT

20

CLOSE UP ON the moon riding clouds.

EXT. THE CEMETARY-NIGHT

21

Boya removes the contents from the suitcase: a bottle of Scotch; a casual suit; a carton of cigarettes; a razor; running shoes; a gyroscope; a medieval dagger; a ancient leather-bound text.

Boya removes the book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

21

He reaches into his pocket and retrieves the picture of Rita he took from her wallet. He flips to a page near the back of the book and now it can be seen the book is actually a photo album.

Boya stops at a blank page. He hesitates because he has nothing to glue Rita's photo onto the page. After considering for a beat, Boya flicks his thumbnail across his right index finger and a red pearl of blood wells up instantly.

He smears the blood on the back of Rita's photo, then sticks it on the page.

After looking at the picture for a moment,

BOYA
Rita.

A sadness comes across Boya's face. He snaps the album shut and puts it back in the suitcase.

Boya stands in front of the still open suitcase, putting on a long, black overcoat.

INT. THE DONUT SHOP-NIGHT

22

Earl is sitting at the counter.

EARL
Walnut cruller. Make that two.

MOLLY
Crullers aren't done yet.

EARL
Whattaya mean, the crullers aren't done yet?

MOLLY
Uh...exactly what are you asking, Earl? You want me to repeat my sentence?

EARL
Mollys, me, I am a working man. I do not have all night to sit here and wait for my cruller.

MOLLY
Gee Earl, I guess it's a question of sorting out your priorities.

EARL
O.K, gimme a glazed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

22

Molly gets it for him.

MOLLY

By the way. Pierce and that other jerk were in here earlier looking for you.

Earl freezes and his good cheer is gone.

EARL

What'd they say?

MOLLY

Wanted you to meet them outside the Lindsmore at ten.

EARL

Christ Molly! Why didn't ya say sumpin' sooner?

Earl winces, grabs his donut and tabloid, and goes.

EARL

Listen, Mollys. If they come back tell'm I moved-- ya know, tell'm I died! ...I love you.

EXT. THE STREET/DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

25 23

Earl looks around nervously as he beetles toward his parked cab. He sees no one. His agitation makes him fumble around with the keys as he tries to open his door. Earl SCREAMS in fright as a hand flashes out from underneath the cab and grabs him by the ankle. The hand pulls and Earl falls to the ground.

Axel rolls out from underneath the cab, CHUCKLING. He gets up, dusting off his coat. Pierce comes strolling up casually.

PIERCE

Ah, my favorite cabbie. Earl, why is it everytime I see you, you seem to be on your ass?

EARL

Pierce, How are you. I was...I was just comin' to see you guys.

PIERCE

'Course you were Earl. But we came to see you first. That's how fuckin' considerate we are. Get up. We're goin' for a drive.

EXT. BOYA'S HOTEL - NIGHT

26

24

Boya, carrying his suitcase, comes wandering down the street, drawing stares from the prostitutes and corner boys.

BOYA enters a seedy hotel.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

25

Boya, stands at the front desk across from the NIGHT CLERK. The lobby is grimy and filled with old furniture. The night clerk is a pudgy, seedy-looking guy in his fifties. There's a skin magazine open in front of him which he makes no effort to conceal. Boya looks worse than he did at the graveyard. His shivering is more pronounced and sweat drips off him.

BOYA

Hi...there. Do you have any rooms available?

CLERK

Depends what you want it for.

[Boya's attention is distracted by a rat scurrying along the floor board.]

BOYA

To...rest in?

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM -NIGHT

26

Boya's room is every bit as threadbare, dilapidated and grungy as could be expected in a flophouse. Boya is pressed flat against the door and is listening intently to THE SOUND OF SHUFFLING FOOT STEPS outside in the hall. Boya looks awful. He is sweating and shaking profusely. His breath is coming out in short gasps. He waits until the SOUND OF THE FOOT STEPS RECEDES somewhat.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/HALLWAY - NIGHT

29

27

An OLD WOMAN using a walker is slowly making her way to the end of the hall. Boya silently opens his door and peers out at her struggles with his urge, then resisting slams the door shut.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ ROOM - NIGHT

28

Boya props himself up against the wall. He looks really desperate now. He collapses on the bed. He has the D.T.'s bad. Suddenly, his ears pick up THE SOUND OF RATS SKITTERING BEHIND THE WALL. He drags himself over to the wall opposite the hall way. Boya traces his fingers along the wall, sniffing.

CONTINUED:

28

Suddenly, his fist flashes out, breaking through the thin paint and plaster.

He withdraws his hand with a squirming rat in it. Boya hunches over and starts to drink.

Boya, blood on his lip, goes to the window and looks out into the night.

EXT. THE DONUT SHOP- NIGHT

29

Boya's POV

The street is dark except for the light from the window's of Bernie's Donut Shop.

EXT./INT. THE CITY STREET - NIGHT EARL'S CAB TRAVELING

30

Earl drives, a sad zombie.

PIERCE points to a building across the street.

PIERCE

Pull over .

Earl looks about but the only space is in front of a fire hydrant.

EARL

Oh look, there's a...
hydrant.

PIERCE

Fuck the hydrant!

EARL

The thing is y'know...I never had
a ticket.

PIERCE

Just park it!

Earl obeys.

PIERCE

Now we're goin' in there to
collect some rent. Keep this
shitbox nice and warm for us.

AXEL

Think you can handle that Earlie-
boy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30

Axel knocks Earl's hat off his head.

EARL

My hat.

As they climb out of the cab, Pierce turns back and holds his finger in Earl's face

PIERCE

Stay the fuck put.

EXT. THE CITY STREET - NIGHT

31

AXEL and PIERCE glance about then cross the street. Earl turns off his lights, and sinks low in his seat.

INT. THE CITY STREET /EARL'S CAB PARKED- NIGHT

32

EARL sits hunched, smoking and drumming his hands impatiently on the steering wheel. He looks up at his reflection in the rear view mirror.

EARL

Are you inferring to me?

THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS, SPLINTERING GLASS AND SHOUTING.

EARL

Uh-o-that's not good...

Earl doesn't hesitate for a second. He puts the cab into drive and speeds off. [Pierce and Axel run out of the building. Pierce watches, with anger, as Earl's cab spins around the corner.

EXT. CITY STREET/INTERSECTION- NIGHT

34 33

EARL'S CAB comes along the street, and stops at a red light.

INT. EARL'S CAB/INTERSECTION - NIGHT

34

EARL is stopped at a light. He stares ahead in a stunned state of fear, guilt, anticipation.

EARL

(monotone)

...said to waiteds - I waiteds.
And then like, a cop car came by.
Yeah, that's it, that's it a cop
car.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

34

EARL (Cont'd)

I then you know, figured, circle the block, right - lower my profiles. I musta circled that block I dunno how many times. I scoured it like some kinda cleanser. Then I figured you guys...you guys musta resorted - I dunno - to Plan B.

The lights change but Earl doesn't move. RITA walks up and gets in the cab.

RITA

The Cemetery, ah - what's it's name - the old one. Westview.

Rita stares out the front window. Earl slowly turns his head to face her.

EXT. THE STREET/DONUT SHOP- NIGHT

35

Boya walks along the sidewalk, bouncing the golf ball as he goes. *He is still very pale, with dark circles under his eyes

His jacket is fully buttoned so the brown stains on his shirt are no longer visible. Ahead, Boya sees a warm pool of light spilling out of Bernie's Donut Shop. He stops, stares perplexed, takes a deep breath and approaches.

INT. THE DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

36

Molly sits on a stool by the cash register, behind the front counter, reading Hugo's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Boya enters, captivated by his surroundings. He approaches the counter.

BOYA

Excuse me. Anyplace around here one could get some liver?

Molly gives him a blank look.

BOYA

I realize it's late.

MOLLY

We sell donuts. Coffee and donuts.

BOYA

Any all night...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

36

MOLLY
All-night grocery?

BOYA
...grocery.

MOLLY
A couple blocks down. Liver, I
dunno. Likely only got it in cat-
food.

BOYA
I was hoping for fresh.

MOLLY
Understandably.

BOYA
This used to be a bar?

MOLLY
Use to, in the sixties.

She nods at the donut display.

MOLLY
Risk it. Y'only live once, right?

Boya smiles, nods.

MOLLY
Kind?

BOYA
Thank you?

MOLLY
Of donut. Raspberry, blueberry,
cherry, plum, pear, peach, apple,
apple-honey, honey-lemon, lemon,
banana, pineapple, kiwi ...

BOYA
Kiwi?

MOLLY
Yeah. Y'know ... like New
Zealand.

BOYA
Yes, I'm familiar.

MOLLY
They're new.

CONTINUED: (2)

36

BOYA
Okay, I'll have a kiwi.

MOLLY
Brave man.

Molly turns to the donuts, then turns back.

MOLLY
Seventy-five cents. Oh yeah, and
ah, once you're done...

Molly nods to a sheet of paper taped to the counter.

MOLLY
Y'mind ah, writing down your
impressions?

BOYA
Impressions?

MOLLY
Of the donut. (pause) And try to
be honest.

INT. A BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

40

37

The lounge looks out on the bowling lanes. STEPHEN sits facing PIERCE and AXEL. Stephen is 30ish, dressed in a business suit, tie, and cowboy boots. His clothes identify him as the unknown golfer whose ball started the chain of events leading to Boya's awakening.

He finishes up a steak while Pierce and Axel brood and nurse their beers.

STEPHEN
Axel ... have you any idea ... why
they make people wear bowling
shoes?

AXEL
So uh, so they don't fuck up the
floor.

STEPHEN
So they don't leave marks.

AXEL
Yeah. Right. Like that's what I
meant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

37

STEPHEN

Give me your shoe. (pauses) Give me
your shoe.

Axel looks unsure but, with Stephen's nod, takes off his running shoe, and hands it to Stephen.

Stephen holds the shoes as if it's some sort of artifact. Stephen drags its heel across the table, leaving a grey smudge. He then takes off one of his boots, and drags it across. Tacks in the heel scratch the surface and the heel itself leaves a black streak.

STEPHEN

Now, you see the difference. Mine left a mark whereas yours left a smudge. (pause) Most people have some dignity. Most people long to leave a mark. If it were just a question of smudges they wouldn't need the bowling shoe rule. You do not make a mark in this world by letting people walk all over you.

Stephen puts his boot back on, and looks at Pierce.

STEPHEN

Deal with Earl. It's your call how you do it (menacing) but I would hate to see this happen again. And incidentally...we have an image to maintain. (pause) Take Axel shopping. Get him some decent footwear.

Stephen tosses a cluster of \$20 bills on the table, gets up and strolls off.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES- NIGHT

38

38

EARL'S CAB pulls up and parks.

INT. EARL'S CAB/CEMETERY GATES -NIGHT

39

EARL peers out at the locked gate. RITA scans wider.

EARL

Looks pretty closed to me. Déjà
vu.

Rita gives Earl some money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

39

RITA

Here.

EARL

You sure about this? You meetin' someone? I don't think it's too smart, y'know, you goin' in wanderin' in there all alone. You want I should wait?

Rita gives Earl a long look.

RITA

Do you think that would be fair to you? And if I didn't return, would you not become just a little bitter?

Earl ponders this. Rita pays him, and gets out. Earl looks down at the money. When he looks back up she's gone.

EARL

It must be tourist season...I dunno.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

40

Rita stands beside the hole Boya dug, and peers in. She notices one half of the broken shovel sticking into the ground nearby.

Rita pulls the shaft out of the earth. The shaft tapers to a wicked-looking point. Rita takes a last look around the deserted cemetery and sighs heavily.

INT. THE DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

41

[Boya sits at the window table. He stares into space his thoughts far away, something horrible on his mind.] Earl comes in looking worried and tired. He takes a stool as close to Molly as possible.

In his panic, Earl does not register Boya's presence.

EARL

Y'know the wise thing would be to disappear from the face of the earth. (pause) You know anywhere?

MOLLY

Tough question, Earl. 'Do I know of anywhere?' What uh, happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

41

EARL

Molly, you don't wanna know.

MOLLY

You're probably right but I figure it's only polite.

EARL

These guys, you know, they're real tough guys. You...here... environment...protected.

Long silence. Molly gets Earl a coffee.

MOLLY

Y'know...sometimes I ask myself the question: why do I try so hard to accommodate jerks? Now, I only work here but Bernie, owning the place, has the firm belief that any jerk off the street deserves at least a well made donut and a safe place to eat it. But the thing is Earl...in your case, and this is something specific to you, I don't really wanna know your problems. Because your problems are like bacteria. Just breathe on them and they multiply.

EARL

Well that's why they're problems, Mollys. You see, that's what true problems are all about. Can I talk to Bernie please?

MOLLY

Don't drag Bernie into this. (pause)

EARL

You're not hearing me.

MOLLY

Oh, I'm hearing you.

EARL

You are not hearing me.

MOLLY

I'm hearing you.

EARL

You are not hearing me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

41

MOLLY

I'm hearing you, I'm just not listening.

EARL

So this is what they teach you in those books you read. How to be cruel to a friend in need.

Molly moves along down the counter, finding other things to do. Her glance meets Boya's. Boya raises his eyebrows. Molly doesn't know where to turn. Pierce and Axel appear at the window, spot Earl, and Pierce steps inside. Earl looks at Pierce who nods outside.

EARL

Oh look, it's the boys (pause)
Want a donuts?

Earl resignedly goes out the door, Pierce holding it open.

EARL

You know, it's a very fascinatings
what happened to me. A cop car
came by so, I figured y'know,
circle the block right, lower my
profiles...

EXT. THE STREET/DONUT SHOP-NIGHT

42

As Earl steps outside Axel hits him in the face.

INT.THE DONUT SHOP-NIGHT

43

Molly returns from the kitchen with a tray of crullers, and sees them outside. She turns away, unable to watch.

Boya sees her apprehension.

EXT. ALLEY /THE DONUT SHOP

43

44

EARL sits on the ground, his head hanging. PIERCE and AXEL stand on either side. BOYA approaches, unseen by them. Axel lifts Earl's head by the hair to reveal Earl's bloody face. Boya's mouth drops open. Pierce takes a plastic lemon from his pocket.

PIERCE

Interesting move Earl. Here Lemme
help clean you up a little bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

44

Pierce squeezes juice into Ears's face. Earl screeches and claws at his eyes. Boya appears. Pierce and Axel wheel to face Boya.

PIERCE

This is our business. Don't make it yours.

Boya moves between them, bending to take Earl's hand. Axel kicks Boya in the mouth, then steps back. Boya extracts a large tooth, considers it, then puts it in his pocket.

Axel comes at him kicking. Boya shifts, grabs and twists Axel to the ground, slashing Axel's forearm with his thumbnail.

Pierce moves to intervene, but Boya threatens to snap Axel's neck. Pierce freezes. Boya drags several fingers along the wound, then throws Axel tumbling out toward the sidewalk. Boya licks the blood from each finger quivering.

PIERCE

Okay. Okay, alright, just let him go.

Pierce helps Axel to his feet, and they back away and off.

PIERCE

You're gonna regret this Earl!

EARL

Fuck you.

INT. THE DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

45

BOYA sits at a window booth. EARL is at the counter, getting coffee from Molly. In spite of the bruised face and red eyes, he's quite animated.

EARL

Mollys, y'gotta get a loada this guy's teeth. Like a goddam shark tooth! (to Boya grinning) Excuse you, could you give us a smile?

Earl approaches the table and sits.

EARL

Man, I gotta tell you something. Y'know, me, I'm a man of the world, I've seen a few things, but nothing like that outside. You know it's ah...
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

45

EARL (Cont'd)
you really scared the shit outta
me, y'know with the thing with the
blood and the fingers. I mean,
y'know I couldn't see that clear
but y'know the prevailin'sense
that I got when looking at you,
although hazy was you know...Wow,
nice moves.

Boya's HEARING FADES OUT ON EARL and moves about the room,
FOCUSING on: cigarettes burning, the chewing of donuts, slurping
of coffee, clink of utensils. It comes to rest on MOLLY her
BREATHING, her HEART-BEAT. She glances up, and meets his gaze.
Her BREATHING STOPS and HEART-BEAT INCREASES. She breaks eye
contact. Boya, embarrassed by his intrusiveness turns his
attention back to Earl, his gaze slowly dropping to Earl's
throat. A hard predatory look comes over him.

EARL
... take it with a grain of salt,
but I oughta warn you, these
guys, they got no hesitations,
they'd just as soon off you for a
walnut cruller.

Earl finally notices the look, and grins, confused, then
swallows.

EARL
So where you from?

BOYA
It's a long story.

EARL
Y'know, I got all night,

BOYA
You'd need all night.

EARL
Well I got all night.

BOYA
I have these conditions...I black
out.

EARL
So tell me. What's your modus
operendi? Day to day basis, rent-
wise and so forth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOYA

One gets by.

EARL

You see' you are a man after my own heart. Me, I try to explain these things to Mollys all the time.

BOYA

Do you expect those people back?

EARL

Yeah, you know, maybe not here, but probably trashing my place right now. Thing is, they're immature, right, they got no sense how t'propriately deal with complications. I loathe that, y'know, I loath...Mollys! More coffee!

Molly slowly rises, still reading, and makes her way behind the counter.

BOYA

You're friends?

EARL

We're not screwin if that's what you mean.

BOYA

I asked, are you friends?

EARL

"Friends"... "freinds" is a loaded term. I mean to tell you the truth basically I think she thinks me, I'm a jerk. But you know, I mean if the opportunity was to present itself... You know, I mean I'm not responsible for these psychos she's dated. You know, I can't be responsible for the entire male species. You know, to be honest with you. I think we're too similar.

As Molly approaches, Earl turns to face her with a wide smirk.

EARL

Mollys, y'don't technically hate me, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

45

MOLLY

Technically as apposed to what?

BOYA

I'm ... Boya.

EARL

Boy-o-Boya in the house!

Molly nods vaguely, fills their cups, then nods at Earl.

MOLLY

I'm paid to tolerate that.

Molly goes back behind the counter.

BOYA

If you're serious about the trouble of going home, you could sleep on my floor. I've rented a room down the street. Nothing fancy, but if you're in that sort of need.

EARL

Really? Well, y'know...I can think about it.

Earl looks up to find Boya standing behind the counter.

INT.THE DONUT SHOP-NIGHT

44A

46

MOLLY, pale, is propped against the door-frame. BOYA studies her with concern.

MOLLY

It's nothing ... it's just a rat. I'm just not fond of rats ... is all.

Boya steps past her, as she backs away. She takes a seat by Earl. He falls to the floor and scurries like a rat.

FLOOR P.O.V.

The RAT comes out and is mesmerized by Boya. He snatches it up, breaks its neck.

Molly peeks over the counter.

MOLLY

Y'find it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

46

CLOSE ON Boya's eyes, dazed.

Boya, still crouched, turns surprised. Molly doesn't see the rat but she sees the blood on Boya's mouth, and his embarrassment. She jerks back out.

INT.THE DONUT SHOP-NIGHT

47

By the counter.

MOLLY is cleaning, trying not to think about what she just saw. BOYA comes out from the kitchen, a red-jelly donut in his hand. He looks and sounds a little dopey.

He winks at EARL and puts some change on the counter.

As Boya brushes past Molly, she grabs him by the arm.

MOLLY

(low)

Blood?

BOYA

It bit my lip.

Molly peers at Boya's flushed but intact lip.

MOLLY

For just getting bit you seem pretty blissed.

BOYA

Nostalgia. I worked in the field some years ... extermination. I've been bitten, stung, clawed, constricted ...

EARL

You know, I'm gonna hafta say yes to that offer. What are you doing down there?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

48

Boya and Molly walk up to her apartment door.

MOLLY

Bernie keeps promising to exterminate the place. I guess everybody has their problems. It's not like I'm special.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

48

BOYA
Everyone's special.

MOLLY
Yeah, Well, I've heard that one too.

BOYA
It's what I believe. All I believe. Every human life.

MOLLY
So you're one of those, huh?

BOYA
One of what?

MOLLY
A Humanist.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

46

49

CLOSE ON MOLLY SLEEPING.

Molly's bedroom is small and constricting. The space is made more cramped by the profusion of books that are stacked every where. Molly is lit by the moonlight as she lays on her bed sleeping.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

50

BOYA lies in the bath, shaving. The golf ball is balanced on the edge of the tub. The door is ajar. EARL sits watching TV, a bottle of schnapps at his side. Boya raises the straight razor from the water. Earl swigs from his bottle: STAGGER/ZOOM CLOSE ON the lurch of his Adam's apple.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

51

MOLLY shifts from her side to her back, the sheets tangling her legs. One arm snags across her stomach. Her mouth opens. A breeze plays the curtains. A frown flickers across her face.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/BATHROOM-NIGHT

52

BOYA sits up in the bath. His razor hand drops over the side, the other hand clenching the bathtub rim. He sways with vertigo.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM/BOYA'S BATHROOM-NIGHT 53

Molly's movements become more pronounced the SOUND of her HEART-BEAT begins. From this point on, the intercutting between Molly and Boya becomes more frenzied, a rhythm suggestive of a building orgasm. Their movements become wilder and wilder, but also seem to be in sync, so that despite their separation, they seem to be making love. The crashing waves from the tub carry the golf ball off the edge, and Molly's gyrations knock her book off the bed. The climax:

INT.MOLLY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT 54

The SOUND of Molly's HEART-BEAT stops as she bursts from sleep and looks about with a terrified expression..

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/BATHROOM-NIGHT 55

Boya, with a look of melancholy on his face, slices his thumb with the razor and a rivulet of blood runs down.

INT. MOLLY IN BEDROOM-NIGHT 56

Molly is bathed in sweat and panting as if out of breath. She looks around the room a little wildly. Finally, her breathing becomes more regular and she flops back to the mattress.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/BATHROOM-NIGHT 57

BOYA stares at a thin stream of blood drifting in the bath. He brings his thumb to his mouth and sucks it. SOUND from the TV: a cartoon show. EARL'S LAUGH breaks Boya's stupor. He turns to look at Earl.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - DAWN 58

MOLLY sits in her armchair, dozing. She gets up and looks out the window, a sad lost look coming over her.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM - DAWN 59

BOYA stands at the window, squinting through a gap in the curtains at the sun edging above a building.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM - DAWN 60

He remains till the sun fully emerges, blinding him. He twists back into the curtains, and stares into space.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM - DAWN

61

CLOSE ON EARL asleep on the floor, a blanket over him.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM - DAWN

62

CLOSE ON a test pattern on the TV.

WIDE as the station SPUTTERS back on air, rousing Earl. He gets up unsteadily and turns it off. No sign of BOYA.

EARL
Boya?

He goes to the window and looks out briefly blinded by the light. He shields himself from it, till his eyes adjust.

EXT. BOYA'S HOTEL/FIRESCAPE-DAY

63

He sees, on the fire escape, a RAT with its head torn off.

He goes to the sink, throws water in his face, opens the closet, takes out his jacket, goes to the hallway door, peeks out, gauges it safe, and continues out, pulling the hallway door closed behind him.

CLOSE ON the closet. After a moment, BOYA's hand reaches down from an upper shelf and pulls the closet door closed.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

55

64

RITA stands behind her counter, staring into space. Her makeup is chalkier than before, and she looks exhausted. She sprays some perfume from an atomizer onto her fingers and dabs her temples, the back of her neck, then her throat.

Her fingers take hold of loose skin on the throat and she pulls it as far out as it will go. She takes up a hand mirror, and looks at herself with her neck-skin pulled taut. She then releases it, puts the mirror face-up on the counter and moves her face over it, the flesh hanging down, baggy and shadowed.

She gasps and throws her head back, and finds herself facing a CUSTOMER. She forces a smile, but the customer just stares. Rita hardens.

RITA
I s'pose you've never done that!

EXT. ALLEY/BOYA'S HOTEL - DAY

65

EARL approaches his cab, glancing about for signs of danger. He picks up a stick and prods the wheels, then the door. He gets in, takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, and turns the ignition. The car starts.

EXT. TAXI DEPOT GAS PUMPS - DAY

66

EARL's cab is getting gassed up, the pump on automatic. Earl is sprawled out face-down in the back sniffing the upholstery, checking for smells.

POV EARL INSIDE THE CAB

Earl prowls along the rear seat, towards the open door, at which cowboy boots appear. Earl looks up to see Axel, fakes the heaves.

AXEL

Earl.

EARL

You look good.

Earl hits Axel with his car door, pulls the door closed and locks it.

Pierce, on the other side, reaches for the door but Earl gets it locked. Earl climbs into the front seat, and searches for his keys. Pierce thumps his fist on the roof.

PIERCE

Hey Earl. We need your trunk.

As it sinks in Earl violently shakes his head.

PIERCE

C'mon, the guy's wrapped. There won't be any leakage.

Axel savagely kicks the door. Earl finds the keys and starts the car.

EARL

Oh, you guys...you guys're history! No, y'know it's worse than that! You guys are pre-history

Earl laughs hysterically. Axel jumps on the hood and kicks the windshield. Earl calms. Pierce leans against a wall. Earl rolls down the window a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

66

EARL

My buddy can have this whole
neighbourhood in his back pocket
in a week ...no, a day! One day!
Excuse me, you get in his way ...

Earl mimes a slit throat, floors his cab and takes off.

INT. THE DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

67

Boya is deep in thought in a corner shaded by plants, staring down at an open telephone book, his feet up on a seat. The shop is quiet.

CLOSE ON his finger running down the page and stopping on the name Rita Poe.

Molly, looking haggard, approaches with a coffee. She studies him from head to toe.

Boya looks up, his eyes hard. Molly meets his look. Boya softens, and puts his feet on the floor. Molly places the coffee in front of Boya.

MOLLY

Special tonight. Bodyguards drink
free.

Boya smiles.

BOYA

Thank you.

INT. THE DONUT SHOP-NIGHT

68

Molly nods to the phone-book.

MOLLY

Old flames?

BOYA

Reminiscing. Each time you turn
your back a few more. (pause)
Gone. Makes you want to withdraw.

MOLLY

Yeah, well, you can't go through
life afraid to connect cause the
thing might end, right?.

BOYA

Not might.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

68

Boya studies Molly longingly. Sensing his stare she awkwardly looks at her watch, and turns to the counter.

BOYA

Sit.

MOLLY

If I wanna sit, I'll sit.

BOYA

You look tired.

MOLLY

Damn right. No sleep. Normally I sleep like the dead but ...

BOYA

Insomnia?

MOLLY

Bad dreams.

BOYA

I believe dreams are a dialogue between the body's mind and soul. You tell me your dreams and I'll tell you what your soul thinks.

MOLLY

Believe me, whatever my mind and soul have to say to each other-- it's a private conversation.

Their conversation is interrupted by the SOUND of someone banging the service bell by the cash register insistently.

Molly turns see Pierce slamming the bell with his open palm.

Axel is beside him and holds the COMPLAINTS DEP'T bat in his hands.

PIERCE

What do I have to do around here to get some service.

Molly takes a key chain out of her apron pocket. A knife hilt dangles from the key chain. Molly presses a button on the hilt and a stiletto blade snicks out.

INT. DONUT SHOP - DUSK

69

Pierce grins at Molly as both he and Axel start slowly walking towards her and Boya.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

69

PIERCE
(looking at knife)
Oh, those are good. I used to use
one of those to clean my teeth.

Boya, getting off his chair to face them moves a little in front
of Molly, so she cannot see his face.

PIERCE
Just in time for a little batting
practice.

Axel moves around Pierce and takes a vicious swing with the bat
at Boya's head. Boya raises his hand through the air, BLURRING.
He catches the bat before it can connect.

Boya grips the bat hard and crushes it.

Molly is frozen in place.

Boya steps towards Pierce and a sudden change comes over his
face. Boya's human mask slips off and Pierce is treated to the
sight of a pissed off vampire.

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

70

Pierce and Axel run out of the shop.

CLOSE ON Molly watching Boya's back.

Molly has not seen Boya's features. He hesitates a beat before
turning around to face her. When he does, the human mask is in
place again.

MOLLY
(shakey)
Nice performance. What's the
secret?

BOYA
I worked in a circus once.

MOLLY
I thought it was...extermination.

BOYA
This was before.

MOLLY
Guess you used to be everything,
huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

70

BOYA

One time or another.

INT. THE BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

62

71

Pierce, Axel and Stephen are at the same lounge table as before. Axel's face is dotted with red spots where the bat slivers stuck in-- he looks like he has measles. Axel continues to pull out the odd sliver. Stephen no longer appears good-humoured.

STEPHEN

Fluid. First he crushes bats with his hands and now he's like fluid.

AXEL

Yeah, like fucking...fluid!

STEPHEN

Are you in your own impoverished way trying to describe some sort of martial art?

Pierce shrugs. Stephen shrugs back imitatively. Pierce is chagrined but tries to show he still has a grip.

AXEL

Y'want we should put this hotshot on ice?

STEPHEN

You grew up in Toronto, Axel. Who here talks like that? Am I employing retards? I've nothing against retards in general. I just can't afford to employ them. Unless I'm the retard. Am I the retard?

Stephen closes his eyes, and pinches the bridge of his nose with his fingers.

STEPHEN

Axel will you excuse us for a moment?

Axel nods, but remains seated.

STEPHEN

In this case that means you leave.

Axel nods again, gets up and goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

71

Stephen is silent for a beat, musing.

STEPHEN

You settle the score with this Earl. But, and I say but... if I sense you relinquishing the neighbourhood... (pause)

PIERCE

(fierce)

I'll handle it.

STEPHEN

You do it. Because you know what Pierce? I got some up and comers working for me. Guys who are really hungry for some career advancement.

PIERCE

I'll handle it.

STEPHEN

Good.

INT/EXT ANOTHER CAB-NIGHT

72

WIDE ON THE STREET

Boya and Molly standing on the street. A CAB comes along.

CLOSE ON the window of the cab.

Rita sits in the back seat, staring stonily out. She catches sight of Boya heading off with Molly, and can't believe her eyes.

RITA

Stop!!!

The driver startled by Rita's scream slams on the brakes in the middle of the intersection. Rita pays the driver.

RITA

Take it.

She gets out, and starts off down the street toward Boya and Molly.

Molly and Boya continue up the street as Rita cautiously pursues from behind..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

72

Boya moves forward, placing his hands on Molly's shoulders, and kisses her firmly on the mouth. Molly's body posture remains completely unchanged-- her book-laden arms still crossed. Boya pulls back and looks into her face.

Molly turns on her heel and goes up the remaining stairs.

RITA, short of breath, catches up. She holds back in the shadows and watches.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

67 73

Boya is stretched out on an elaborate marble tomb. He's turning the golf ball around in his fingers and looks quite melancholy.

CLOSE ON Boya as he examines the golf ball.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

69 74

Boya's hand holding the golf ball begins to shake, and he's sweating again.

EXT. THE CEMETERY/RITA'S CEMETARY - NIGHT

75

TRAFFIC NOISE is softened by WIND through the trees. Rita moves along and then turns toward the wind.

EXT. THE CEMETERY-NIGHT

71 76

BOYA sensing a presence, sniffs the air, and twists to face Rita.

RITA
Hello, Boya.

Boya sits up on the tomb, dazed. Rita pulls the hood of her cape down.

BOYA
Rita! I'm so glad see you.

RITA
I can't believe...Well at least
you recognize me.

BOYA
I'd never forget you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

76

RITA

Then why didn't you take me with you?

BOYA

I couldn't wish this on you. How did you find me?

Rita lets her cape slip off down her shoulders exposing two faint puncture marks on her right shoulder. She stands expectantly in front of Boya.

RITA

You're in my skin.

BOYA

Please...

Boya stares at Rita, horrified. He begins to sweat and shake. Boya turns away from the sight of Rita's neck.

RITA

I can't believe it's actually you. Twenty-five years ...

BOYA

I didn't mean to hurt you.

RITA

I've always felt that decency should come before self-interest.

BOYA

That night, I was very discouraged.

RITA

A simple call, a note..... to let me know. The first several years of course were the hardest. I'd think I'd glimpse you in a crowd - though you never liked crowds - or I'd be in a park. A hundred yards off a man would be standing ... watching me. And I'd approach. I had to, on the chance. Once, I got within fifteen feet before I realized it was not you. It was very embarrassing. The things men said. The propositions. (pause) Had I not been pretty it might've been far crueller.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

76

BOYA

I'm sorry.

RITA

Would you like me now?

BOYA

I swore I wouldn't ... I'd die
before ...

Boya looks a moment then away. Rita's breathing grows rapid.

Rita steps toward Boya, who sighs, and turns away.

Rita takes the shovel handle from her cape, and lunges. Boya notices and starts to wheel, but it's too late. Rita plunges it in his back.

RITA

I won't have you ignore me!

Boya drops to his knees genuinely surprised. Rita stands over him, trembling. With considerable pain, he leans back until the rear end of the handle is pressing on the ground.

He then forces himself back against it until the shovel handle breaks through his chest and emerges. He grabs the handle with one hand and pulls it halfway through, pausing to catch his breath and glare at Rita.

Again he presses back on the stake, and it continues slowly out. Boya rises to his feet, using the tombstone for leverage.

Rita circles, unsure what to do. Boya holds the shovel handle out so fiercely it begins to smoke. He throws it to the ground where it bursts into flames.

BOYA

(blood mumble)

Don't believe everything your
told.

Boya backs off into the dark. Rita drops to her knees by the firelight of the flame, studying Boya's blood on her hands.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

77

CLOSE ON the stack of library books, their subjects: the circus; the paranormal; extermination; dreams.

MOLLY lies asleep on the bed, the bedside lamp on. A book on the paranormal lies beside her.

INT/EXT MOLLY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

78

ANGLE OUT THE WINDOW across the street to a standing FIGURE.

EXT. MOLLY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

74

79

CLOSE ON BOYA'S FACE as he peers longingly towards Molly's lit window.

INT/EXT MOLLY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

80

SOUND OF WIND BLOWING drifts into the room. Molly slowly awakens as the WIND FADES. She turns to the window and looks out, but sees no one. She settles back in bed, eyes to the window.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

81

The lights in the room are off. A bath can be heard running. Through a hole in the water-damaged ceiling vent a bat climbs out and clings to the grating.

WIDE ON THE ROOM. The bathroom door is closed. The hallway door opens and EARL steps in, flicks on the lights, closes the door, and walks to the bed.

He sees Boya's bloody shirt draped across the chair. He stares for several moments, panic sweeping over him.

He see's Boya's photo album jutting out of the suit case, picks it up and opens it.

CLOSE ON a turn of the century interior shot of Boya and a young woman. Earl's hand begins to shake.

He drops the album, some photo's falling out.

The NOISE of the spooks the bat which drops from the ledge and starts flying around the room. Earl drops to the floor, holding up his hands to protect his face.

Earl watches the bat fly about. It finally settles back on the ledge.

BOYA'S VOICE
(from bathroom)

Earl?

Earl sits back and breathes a huge sigh of relief.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/THE BATHROOM-NIGHT

BOYA lies in steaming water pink with blood, the chest-wound apparent.

EARL

Oooo, we got bats.

EARL

Oh, look a pidgeon...What the hell happened to you? What happened to you? What?

BOYA

Earl your home early.

EARL

Y'get knifed? What? Knifed? what?

BOYA

Broken shovel handle.

Earl swallows deep and nods to the other room. Boya nods. Earl's voice flutters.

EARL

Y'know, when I tried to collate it ... (pause) Y'know we got a bat in the place?

BOYA

Really?

EARL

Yeah, so when I come in I see it... Your shirt with the blood on it, y'know and then the think is, the time with y'know the teeth. And also when you look..so..the wrong way. Y'know I'm thinkin'...y'know, I'm glad yer my buddy, y'know a barrel of thanks ...but...the way you act sometimes...

Boya looks long and gently at Earl, slips below the surface, then resurfaces.

BOYA

How do I act?

EARL

(weak)

Well, no offence, but...kinda like a...vampires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boya just stares.

EARL

Okay, okay, ... okay, then ... how
come, you know, ... you haven't
... gone for Me? Why?

BOYA

Well Earl, you're appealing.

EARL

Thankyou.

BOYA

But it's like an addiction. You
have a choice of whether or not to
submit. Like with you and donuts.

EARL

Donuts! Yeah, right! (pause)
'Cept. ah, with you, it's
people, right? People die!?

BOYA

That was another time, another
century.

[Earl begins to rub his chest as if in pain and then he starts
to laugh hysterically. Tears fill his eyes. The laughter turns
to high-pitched whine-sobs. He fixes on Boya with a desperate
look.]

EARL

Tell me I'm losin my mind! Man, I
can deal with that. I can...I can
deal with that!

Earl starts to violently convulse. Boya takes his hand, and
holds it. Gradually the convulsions subside. Earl wipes his
eyes, and calms.

BOYA

Ease up on the stimulants.

EARL

Oh, man, you're one to talk.

Boya smiles and eases back into the bath. Earl rinses his face
in the sink.

EARL

Stress man that's what it is
y'know.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

82

EARL (Cont'd)

My mind's not total pliable so ah,
Cracks, right, cracks can occur.
Y'know cracks. (pause) I tell you
something, I'm willing to give it
a try. Do what I can to extend
my..y'know... disbelief...You
want I should take you to a
doctor?

BOYA

I heal quickly.

EARL

Yeah, right...your a vampire.

Earl studies Boya a moment, then studies himself in the mirror.

EXT. MOLLY'S BUILDING - DAY

83

It's early morning. Molly comes down the stairs outside her building dressed for work. Rita detaches herself from the side of the building and intercepts Molly. Rita has her cape pulled tightly around her, hiding the bloody evening dress.

Rita's haunted and make-up smeared face suggests she hasn't been to bed, yet.

MOLLY

(quizzical, suspicious)

Yes?

RITA

Excuse me, um, would you have a
cigarette?

Molly, completely sympathetic, nods. Rita studies her.

RITA

I was like you once...Skin so
elastic...I only needed
water...Didn't have these.

Molly looks up and Rita pulls down the bags at her eyes.

MOLLY

Well, we all age.

RITA

No, we don't not all of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

83

Molly manages a smile, hands Rita the cigarette, and lights it. Rita takes Molly's hand in her own to steady her own body to the flame, and even after the cigarette is lit continues to cling to Molly's wrist.

RITA

I don't know what he promised you.
He turns his back. You think
beauty's enough? You think you
can coax him with your beauty?

Molly tries to pull her hand from Rita's, but Rita holds firm. With her other hand Rita brings out a photo and holds it out to Molly.

MOLLY

Hey! What are--

RITA

Wasn't I beautiful? Wasn't I
someone who's beauty deserved more
time than it got?

CLOSE UP on the photo -Rita radiant in her early twenties, and Boya looking the same age as now.

Molly manages to break free of Rita's desperate grasp. Molly starts to back away down the street.

CLOSE ON Rita's finger as she strokes the name of the hotel in the background of the photo- the hotel in which Boya is now staying. She grunts.

RITA

Oh, the Lindsmore.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM - DAY

84

The curtains are drawn such that the room is still semi-dark. Boya is slouched, asleep in the chair. Blood from a gash his tooth has made in his lip has dried in a little trickle down his chin.

Earl comes in from the corridor, carrying a bag of groceries, which he puts on the table. He goes to the window and throws open the curtains. Light spills in, falling on, amongst other things, Boya who wakes with a start.

He frantically scans about for the light source, then throws himself down under the chair. Earl realizes what he's done and pulls the curtains closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL
Sorrrys...you know, I... hunnerd
percent forgot.

Boya orients himself, and sits up, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

BOYA
No... that's okay, I, I... was
startled. I didn't realize I'd
drifted off.

EARL
Sorry, see...I just get to know
you, I almost kill you. Stupid.

Earl smacks himself in the head.

BOYA
I'm sensitive but, you know,
within reason.

Earl pulls a tee shirt from the bag and tosses at Boya.

EARL
Got ya a new shirt. Thought you
could use it, y'know.

BOYA
Really?

EARL
Yeah.

Boya smiles and pulls the shirt on.

EARL
You look good.

Earl takes two coffees from the bag, and hands one to Boya but
Boya declines.

EARL
Right, right right. So I...bet
it's past your bedtime.

EARL
I y'know um, y'know I maybe, what
I can do is y'know go back to my
place. Check it out. Y'know,
it's probably been trashed already
but here y'know I overstayed my
hospitality.

Boya saddens.

CONTINUED: (2)

84

BOYA

It's been nice to have someone to
talk to.

Earl gives a big grin. Boya clears, and smiles back.

EARL

Ah, I think I should go now.
Don't worry, I'll come back again,
y'know, see you soon. (pause) We
should put you to bed.

Earl walks over to the closet opens the door for Boya. Boya
enters the closet Earl closes the door.

EARL

Goodnight.

INT. THE DONUT SHOP - DAY

85

Molly sits at the counter reading a book on shamanism.

BERNIE comes out from the kitchen with donuts, and notices
Molly's daze.

BERNIE

Y'get any sleep?

MOLLY

Not much.

BERNIE

Y'look it.

MOLLY

Whattaya think a person's capable
of? Like with focus, years...
years of concentration. Could
someone be able to physically do
shit which should be impossible.
And if they do then, do they
remain human?

BERNIE

We sell donuts. Coffee and
donuts. (pause) Depends what
y'mean by human.

EXT. BOYA'S HOTEL - DAY

81

86

It's late afternoon. Rita, looking somewhat refreshed and wearing sensible clothes, marches into the hotel with a very determined air. She has a large handbag slung over her shoulder.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/HALLWAY - DAY

87

Rita walks slowly down the hall, tracing her fingers along the wall like Boya did when hunting rats. She stiffens as she reaches Boya's door. She jiggles the rickety handle, but the door is locked.

Rita notices an ancient fire extinguisher hanging on the opposite wall. With a determined look, Rita uses the extinguisher to break the handle off and forces open the door.

[INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM - DAY

83

A sliver of light bisects the room where the curtains don't quite meet. Rita cautiously enters the room. She looks around. Looks under the bed. Rita notices the bathroom door is ajar. Looks in there. Comes out of the bathroom and notices the tightly shut closet door.

Rita wrenches open the door. She sees a blanket on the floor with the outline of a shape underneath it. Rita tears away the blanket. Boya is curled up in a fetal position, with his eyes shut. Boya doesn't move so Rita kicks him, tentatively. This has no effect so she kicks him harder. Still nothing. She really lets a hoof go and Boya's eyes fly open.

RITA

You really aren't a day person are you Boya?

He sluggishly drags his body to a chair and collapses into it. Rita sits on the bed. The sliver of light from the window lies between Boya and Rita like a knife.

Boya manages to stare at Rita balefully even though he appears to be fighting sleep.

BOYA

I'm not a person, Rita.

RITA

(flat)

I had qualities, Boya.
Possibilities. I was Winter
Carnival Queen two years
running... proposed to three times
... I didn't know depression.

(more)

CONTINUED:

87

RITA (Cont'd)
(pause) I typed eighty - ninety
words a minute ... without one
error ...

BOYA
Rita, you still have qualities.

RITA
(fierce)
You cannot imagine what it's like
to get up every morning, knowing
that that possibility existed
(pause) I could've had all the
time in the world. I could've had
ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD!!
(pause) Why couldn't you give me
that.

BOYA
I'd give no one that

RITA
I want you to finish what you
started 25 years ago... Remember,
Boya? Remember the night they
walked on the moon?

Boya doesn't answer.

RITA
(laughing brightly)
God, it was so exciting!
Everybody was so happy... except
you. There you were all alone in
the corner. You said "They've
ruined it" like the moon was some
kind of holy ground or something.

Boya, melancholic, turns away.

Boya appears to be more alert than before, but he is clearly not
enjoying Rita's reminiscing. She is now fully in the grip of
her memory.

BOYA
You were celebrating. I couldn't
take you away from that.

RITA
I remember I was shocked at
first...I mean, I thought you were
just nibbling me...
(more)

CONTINUED: (2)

87

RITA (Cont'd)
then I felt your teeth in
me...God, I was terrified! But I
remember even then...even then
when I was so scared, you were
rubbing me...

BOYA
Rita, I did love you.

Rita starts to move her free hand over her stomach in a slow,
gentle, circular caress.

RITA
...everywhere your hand touched I
could feel this warmth...I could
feel it moving all through me...

BOYA
Stop...

RITA
(sharply)
That's exactly what you did. You
stopped. Just when I started to
feel my old life leaving and a new
one coming on... A better life --
a longer life. That's true, isn't
Boya? Vampires live forever.

Boya has gone back to closing his eyes, trying to shut out Rita
and her words.

BOYA
If they want to...

RITA
Boya do it now.

BOYA
No.

RITA
No? And why would that be, Boya?
It wouldn't have anything to do
with a certain little waitress
would it? Because if it does--
you can forget it, I've taken care
of that.

BOYA
What?...

Rita takes a small gun from her purse.

CONTINUED: (3)

87

RITA

I was that pretty once.

As if moving in slow motion, Rita starts to bring the gun toward her head. Boya moves quicker than expected considering his recent show of lethargy. He grunts in pain when he moves through the sliver of light from the window, and grabs for Rita's gun hand. He manages to jostle it, but the gun goes off with an ear-shattering bang. The shot just grazed Rita's head. Boya gets her a cloth, then runs out of the room.

EXT. BOYA'S HOTEL - DAY

88

BOYA creeps along the street, senses tingling, his back to the sun, BOYA weaves along, staggering.

He slumps against a bench, his mouth gummy, eyes glazing over. His skin is showing signs of melting and cracking.

Weakening in the light he presses on.

INT: BOYA'S HOTEL/LOBBY - AFTERNOON

89

Pierce and Axel come in from the street, slowly making their way across the floor to the clerk's desk. The clerk glances up from his magazine.

AXEL

We're looking for a couple guys.

CLERK

You want the place down the road.

PIERCE

No, you don't understand.

A long silence. Pierce looks at Rita. Rita sits in the background, dazed holding a bloody cloth to her head.

RITA

What are you looking at?

(amy)

...every where your hand touched I could feel this warmth...I could feel it moving all through me...

INT. THE DONUT SHOP- DAY

90

It's very late afternoon. Molly is shocked to see Boya stumble through the door. His skin is a cracked, red, raw mess-- except for some patches that ooze like hot white wax. Boya collapses on one of the tables.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

90

The sight and stench of him is enough to drive out the several customers Molly rushes over to him. Boya manages to wave feebly in the direction of the windows and whisper:

BOYA
...no...light...

Horror struck Molly grabs Boya's arm as if to help him off the table. As soon as she touches his flesh, she yelps with pain and draws back her hand like one who has touched a hot burner. Boya snarls with pain, too. Where Molly touched him, Boya's skin has come away like a hunk of melting suet. Boya gestures towards the windows again.

Molly has finally clued in to what Boya means. She closes the blinds, locks the door and slams the OPEN sign to its "Sorry, We're Closed side." She closes the blinds covering the door.

MOLLY
It's okay.

BOYA
I'm dying.

Panicked, Molly hesitates, and then reaches for her switch blade in her pocket. She slices her hand and reaches it out to Boya.

With a blurred motion Boya's hand grabs Molly's wrist. Ripping off the bandage. He pulls her cut hand to his mouth and starts to feed greedily.

Molly gasps in pain and surprise. She tries to tear her hand away, but Boya's hold is too strong. Molly's vision begins to change. Boya sucks hard on Molly's hand.

His eye open revealing the yellow and red vampire eyes. Molly looks around the room, her vision blurring. Boya looks up at Molly, smiling menacingly revealing the vampire teeth. Molly sways, she's fading. She looks down at Boya full of fear. Boya's eye's lock with Molly's - he hesitates then gently releases her.

BOYA
I'm sorry. I tried to control...I
tried to control it.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/HALLWAY

91

Pierce is standing talking into a pay-telephone while Axel stands next to him looking nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

91

PIERCE

Hello, we found them. I just
 think you should come along too.
 Well I think you'll find that what
 I have planned will be quite
 amusing.

INT. THE DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

92

Molly looks at Boya in a daze.

Boya manages to roll off the table and crashes to the floor
 lengthwise, face down. He twitches and then goes still.

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

93

The gloom of the donut shop has deepened noticeably, it is fully
 dark outside. Molly remains sitting with her back to the
 counter. Her knees are drawn up to her chest, her elbows are
 propped up on her knees, and she's holding her head in her
 hands.

Molly is gazing steadily at Boya who is still stretched out on
 the floor with his face turned away from her.

CLOSE ON BOYA

Boya begins to rouse. He props his upper body up and swivels
 his head in Molly's direction. His eyes glitter with a
 dangerous, feral light. This, combined with his sun-blasted
 skin, makes him look more bestial than human.

Boya springs to his feet in a graceful motion, and fixes Molly
 with a predatory stare.

MOLLY (uncertain)

Boya?

Boya sees her shocked and dazed expression. His face softens.
 One tear rolls down his cheek.

Boya wrenches himself away from Molly and runs out of the donut
 shop.

Molly remains frozen in a trance of disbelief.

EXT. ALLEY/BOYA'S HOTEL - NIGHT

94

Boya stumbles down the alley that leads to the rear of the
 Edgewater. He sweats and shakes profusely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

94

The SOUNDS of the city at night invade Boya's heightened senses in painful cacophony: HONKING car horns; the WAILING of a fire engine siren; a dog HOWLING; a rowdy group of teen-age voices ULULATING from the street.

Boya grips his head as if to squeeze out the noise. Then Boya HEARS new sounds intermingled with the others. He hears a quick succession of HISS/THUDS, guttural LAUGHTER and a VOICE yelping with fear.

Boya screens out all the other night noises to concentrate on the new sounds.

Boya sees Earl's parked cab. He looks up at the window of his room. The shade is pulled down, but the light is on. The HISS/THUDS, LAUGHTER and frightened SQUEALS are coming from the room.

Boya's face contorts into a mask of hate and fury.

EXT. ALLEY/BOYA'S HOTEL - NIGHT

96

95

[BOYA swoops quietly up to the window-sill, EARL'S back within touch.

Boya peeks in. Earl is in a chair he looks like he's been worked over. Pierce and Axel stand over him as Stephen watches.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT

96

BOYA deftly leaps into the room facing Stephen, with his gang behind him.

AXEL

Stick out your tounge.

STEPHEN

Well! You must be our other friend, the bat man. Perhaps you should've stayed in the circus.

Stephen smiles approvingly. Stephen steps forward, as does Boya.

BOYA

Get up Earl.

Earl rises from the chair.

STEPHEN

Sit down Earl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stephen shoots Earl in the foot. Earl falls back against the chair, grimacing.

Boya's face contorts into a mask of hate and fury. He takes Stephen by the throat, and spins him around to face the others.

He fixes on the gang a very menacing look, then nods Earl to the fire escape.

Earl eases over the sill.

Axel begins to move forward.

Boya shakes Stephen's head no.

Axel looks to Pierce for direction. Pierce looks confused.

CLOSE ON Boya's thumb on Stephen's temple, the feel of blood rushing from the brain.

Boya gets a sudden shudder/jolt and eyes the vein.

Earl peeks back in.

Boya slashes the temple vein with his thumbnail. Blood begins to run.

Boya eyes the gang a moment, shudders jerking through him.

Boya tears back the skin with his teeth, plants his mouth on the wound, and drinks, paralyzing the gang with his wild stare.

Stephen's face drains of colour as Boya's flushes red.

Earl gasps.

Boya, blood dripping from his lips, turns and glances at Earl who appears terrified by Boya.

Boya looks back at Stephen's eyes glazed in shock.

CLOSE ON BOYA

Boya dazed sees the moon reflected in Stephen's eyes. They shrink as the life drains from him.

Boya sways with vertigo. Repulsed, he releases Stephen.

Boya's attention is drawn by the SOUND of movement on the fire escape landing. He looks over to see Earl looking at him in terror.

Boya controls his laboured breathing. He no longer has a wild, on-the-edge-of-sanity look.

CONTINUED: (2)

96

BOYA
Earl ... I--

Axel cocks a shotgun and aims it at Boya. Boya turns and looks at him.

Axel pulls the trigger, the blast tearing through Boya's chest and smashing the window above Earl's head.

BOYA
You can' t kill someone who's not
alive.

EXT. ALLEY/BOYA'S HOTEL-NIGHT

97

Glass showers down. Earl covers his face, loses balance, and tumbles forward down the stairs.

At the bottom his chest slams into the railing-post. He twists off and falls into garbage.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM-NIGHT

98

Petrified, Axel attempts to fire another shot at Boya but his shotgun is empty.

Stephen lies at the feet of Axel, his blood leaking across his boots.

Axel steps back, horrified.

BOYA mounts the windowsill, shifts and is gone.

EXT/INT. ALLEY/BOYA'S HOTEL/EARL'S CAB- NIGHT

99

EARL struggles painfully into the car and locks all the doors. As he tries to start the engine, BOYA appears at the passenger side, tries the door and finds it locked.

Earl fumbles with his keys in the ignition.

Boya knocks on the window.

EARL
I didn't realize when you actually
done someone...it'd be so...

Earl's laboured panting seems to pain him and he places a hand on his ribs.

EXT.ALLEY/BOYA'S HOTEL- NIGHT 100

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW OF BOYA'S ROOM

AXEL appears at the window, aims down with his reloaded shotgun and fires.

EXT. ALLEY/BOYA'S HOTEL- NIGHT 101

ANGLE ON THE CAR

The shot takes out EARL'S back seat window.

EXT/INT.ALLEY/BOYA'S HOTEL EARL'S CAB TRAVELING- NIGHT 102

Earl starts the engine with a ROAR, He puts the car in gear as Boya dives in the smashed window. The car bolts off.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL-NIGHT 103

Pierce and Axel stand over Stephen's body. Pierce takes the shot gun from Axel and places it on Stephen's body.

PIERCE

Ya see, I told ya I'd handle it.

INT. THE DONUT SHOP KITCHEN - NIGHT 104

MOLLY stands in the kitchen doorway, the door propped open, staring dazedly at BERNIE's hands as BERNIE loads red jelly into donuts. The door bangs closed as a CUSTOMER exits. Boya's golfball rolls off the counter, and bounces across the floor toward the door, drawing Molly's attention. She picks it up.

[CLOSE ON Molly dazed studying the ball.

BERNIE

Know what this is? Quince jelly.
(pause) Is'nt this colour. I
gotta add the red. Tastes great,
but if I put it out yellow an'
all, they won't go near it. They
fear the unknown. But, add red
and call it "passion", they eat it
all night. Can't get enough of
it. You'll see when you get their
impressions.

Molly looks up at Bernie who gives her a half smile.

MOLLY

Impressions?

CONTINUED:

104

BERNIE
Yeah, of the donut.

MOLLY
(determined)
Bernie, I gotta cut out a couple
minutes. I'm gonna take the car,
okay?.

She reaches in his pocket and takes out his car keys.

INT. EARL'S CAB TRAVELING- NIGHT

105

BOYA
Earl?

EARL
Okay, it's okay. I'm alright.

EARL VO
Boya? What's, like, your take on heaven?

BOYA VO
Heaven.

EARL VO
You afraid t die?

Earl turns to scrutinize Boya. The car drifts with him across the lane, and Boya has to seize the wheel.

Earl slumps toward Boya who catches him with one hand and presses him back up in his seat.

Boya brings his own hand back and finds it bloody.

An abandoned roadside diner appears further down the road.

Boya nudges Earl's foot from the pedal and the car BEGINS TO SLOW.

EXT. THE DINER PARKING LOT- NIGHT

106

EARL'S CAB cruises into the lot, and jerkily comes to a stop. A rusty sign hangs over the building - 'UNIVERSAL DONUTS' - We fill the hole for you!

EXT. BOYA'S HOTEL - NIGHT

107

Pierce and Axel leave the hotel as Molly approaches. She ducks out of sight until they're gone and then enters the hotel.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

108

Molly approaches the unattended desk. She takes the register and drifts back through it. Boya's name stands out like a sore thumb. She notes the room number.

INT. BOYA'S HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT

109

The door swings gently open and MOLLY enters. She sees the blown-out window and bloody wall, yet is drawn in, step by step. She moves cautiously around Stephen's body, trying to assess his wounds.

She sees the gouge in the head and shudders, dropping back to a seat on the bed.

MOLLY
(stunned, faint)
Oh, my God.

A SIREN is heard approaching. Molly goes to the window and climbs out.

EXT. STREET NEAR EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

110

MOLLY'S car comes fast down the street, and turns onto the expressway ramp.

INT. THE DINNER PARKING LOT/EARL'S CAB PARKED- NIGHT

111

Boya TURNS ON the DOME-LIGHT, and opens Earl's jacket. Blood soaks Earl's shirt.

Boya tears it open to reveal bruising and a messy puncture wound.

EARL
I was thinking...I was thinking
that after I'd croak, I mean, go
ahead. Help yourself, okay?
(pause) ...make sure I'm all gone.

Earl coughs up more blood. Boya cradles him.

BOYA
Sorry. You can't take blood from
a dummy.

EARL
Don't make me laugh, Boya. You'll
kill me.

Earl coughs. Boya adjusts his position and he settles.

CONTINUED:

111

BOYA
 (hesitant)
 You're ... not afraid to die?

EARL
 Nah, We all gotta go some time,
 right. I mean, it's only human.

Earl licks his lips. He jerks slightly. His eyes fix. His head goes back, and mouth drops open. Boya's eyes fill with tears. He pats Earl's limp hand.

EXT. THE DINER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

112

BOYA paces about the lot. Suddenly he explodes in a rage, smashing his fists against the car. He tears off the bumper and hurls it at the sky. He SCREAMS, and it descends into a grieving HOWL.

He quiets and gets back behind the wheel, puts the car in reverse, and floors it.

The car bolts back toward the diner, taking out a support beam for an overhanging roof which then collapses on the car. A cloud of dust twists in the car's headlights.

EXT. THE COUNTRY ROAD / DINER LOT- NIGHT

113

[As Molly's car comes over a rise, the diner lot comes into view, lit by Earl's HEADLIGHTS.

Molly's car slows, and then pulls into the lot. Molly leaves her own lights on, further illuminating the wreckage.

She gets out, a tire iron in one hand, and takes several hesitant steps toward the diner.

After a moment Earl's driver-door creaks open, and BOYA emerges. He stumbles over the rubble, EARL in his arms.

He makes out the figure of Molly and moves toward her, his face tear-streaked. Molly looks at Boya as if she thinks he may have done this to Earl.

MOLLY
 (stunned)
 Earl? What did you do?.

BOYA
 (weary)
 He just stopped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boya trudges past her and lays Earl face-up on the hood of Molly's car. Boya leans hopelessly against the car. Molly drops the tire iron. She brushes past him and bends over Earl, studying him in clinical fashion.

MOLLY
(preoccupied)
When he went ... uhh ... how did
he go ... exactly?

Boya looks at her, with no sense of what she means.

MOLLY
Like ...UHN!

Molly mimes a cardiac arrest.

MOLLY
... or uhhhhnnnnnn ... ?

Molly mimes a gentle expiry.

Boya remains dumbfounded.

MOLLY
Y'know at least how long ago?

Molly grows impatient.]

[Molly climbs up on the hood, and kneels over Earl. She's about to pummel the chest, then stops.

MOLLY
Go open Bernie's trunk. Quick!

Boya bristles at her tone. Molly glares. Boya goes and gets in the car.

Molly pulls the rubber floor-mats from her car, goes to the trunk, takes out a roll of electrician's tape, jumper cables, and a couple of screwdrivers.

Boya eases Earl's car from the mess and, with Molly's direction, parks facing hers.

Molly takes Earl's floor-mats, puts them across the hood of her car, then, with Boya's help, eases Earl onto them.

She opens Earl's hood and attaches the jumper cables to the battery. She nods to Earl's rib-cage.

Molly goes searching in her car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

113

Boya curls his fingers under Earl's ribcage and gently draws it out.

There's a CREAKING, then a POP, followed by the lungs drawing in air. Molly reappears with a box of donuts. Boya looks up, hopeful but confused.

Molly squeezes donut jelly into Earl's palms, more into his armpits, tapes the screwdrivers into Earl's fists then tucks the fists into the armpits. Boya watches, amazed. Molly nods to Earl's car.]

MOLLY

Stand back from the car.

Boya gives her the thumbs-up sign and gets in. Molly connects one of the cables to a screwdriver, backs off, and signals Boya. As Boya revs, Molly connects the second cable to the second screwdriver. Earl shudders, vibrates, coughs, and little wisps of smoke rise from his armpits. Molly breaks the circuit. Earl's heart starts and his lungs soon follow. Molly stands a moment staring. Gradually hysteria sweeps over her.

MOLLY

Come on...come on.

She twists from the car and falls to the ground, and rolls about, cackling. Boya gets out, looks from her to Earl, then back to Molly. Molly gets back up, smirking.

Their eyes lock, longing, as if wanting to kiss. Molly breaks the moment and falls back against the car. She breathes down, patting Earl's knee.

Molly looks seriously at Boya, who smiles. Earl lets out a moan/groan.

BOYA

You did it.

EARL

Mollys, walnut cruller...now. I loves
yous.

MOLLY

I love yous Earls.

Boya turns to face her. She looks into his eyes, and sees his reluctance. Boya shrugs. Molly leans up and kisses him. Boya pulls back.

MOLLY

There's room in the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

113

BOYA
...trunk.

MOLLY
Help me with Earl.

Boya picks up Earl. Molly goes to open the trunk.

BOYA
(to Earl)
Put your arms around me.

Boya places Earl in the back seat. Molly circles the car to the driver's side. As she gets in, she wipes a tear from her eye. We hear the trunk slam shut. Molly puts the car in gear and it creeps out to the road.]

INT./EXT MOLLY'S CAR TRAVELING- DAWN

114

Molly's car speeds along the highway. LONG SHOT of the car as it reaches the city.

EARL VO
Y'know Mollys, when I said back
there I love yous...

MOLLY VO
Earl, stick a cruller on it.

EXT. DONUT SHOP - BRIGHT DAWN

115

Molly pulls the car to a stop close to the donut shop. Rita, with a bandage around her head, walks by without notice.

At the trunk. Molly has a car blanket draped over her to block the sun. She pops the trunk open. The blanket slips to the ground. Molly is staring into the empty trunk, heartbroken. She turns and looks into the blazing sun, her eyes get teary.

EXT. THE DINER LOT- DAWN

116

Pull back from a blazing sun to CLOSE on Boya's teary eyes. His skin is flaking. He takes the golf ball from his pocket and tosses it toward the sun. Boya climbs onto the hood of Earl's car and faces the dawn with calm and resolve. His body begins to smoke.]

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

116

CLOSING CREDITS BEGIN TO RUN

INT. THE DONUT SHOP - DAWN

117

BERNIE, looking barely awake, sits at the cash, drinking a coffee. RITA enters and looks around, enchanted, remembering 1969. She looks Bernie up and down, and takes a seat by the cash.

RITA

Oh, don't mind me. I got a bullet
in the head. Yesterday. Not
sixteen hours ago.

BERNIE

That musta hurt.

RITA

Well not actually in. More I
guess off of.

Rita turns her head to simulate the angle. Bernie gives her her order.

BERNIE

They catch who shot you?

RITA

Oh - no no no ... the shot in the
head, that was self-inflicted. I
could tell you one fine story
though ... make your toes curl
...

Rita eyes Bernie. Bernie shrugs. Rita sips her coffee.

Pierce sits down beside her and looks over at her.

PIERCE

What are you looking at young
lady?

END