

COUNTERPOINT

by

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INT. PATRICK'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT

PATRICK CARVER behind the wheel, driving down an empty, tree-lined road. He's in his late 20s. Has a fresh-faced attractiveness that's always gotten attention.

His CELL in his hand. Just ended a call. He stares at the phone for a moment.

Then sets it down on the seat next to him. He smiles.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

PATRICK'S CAR continues down the well-lit road. A corner turn up ahead.

The car takes the turn, out of sight.

Then... ENGINE REVVING. The sound of the car SPEEDING UP. Faster.

FASTER.

THEN... BOOM. A CACOPHONY OF CRUNCHING METAL AND GLASS.

AND THEN SILENCE.

Only silence.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- DAY -- TWO MONTHS EARLIER

7:00 AM. The NIGHT STAND ALARM CLOCK starts BUZZING.

A HAND slaps the clock once, the alarm SILENCED.

HENRY MULCAHY AND PATRICK

lay in bed, hair tousled and sheets rumped. Henry also in his late 20s. Looks a bit more plain, but by no means unappealing.

Henry brings his hand back. Wraps an arm around Patrick. Both groggy, both GROANING.

HENRY

...way too early...

PATRICK

...it's the weekend... stop leaving it on...

Henry nuzzles into Patrick. Patrick turns. Gives Henry a light peck.

HENRY
...sorry... slipped my mind...

Henry goes in for a kiss. This one continues. Content and relaxed and perfect. But before they break --

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- MORNING -- PRESENT DAY

Alarm clock still displays 7:00 AM. However, the room is different.

ONLY HENRY IS IN BED. Awake, under the covers. Longer hair now. He's on his back, facing the ceiling.

WE HEAR HENRY AND PATRICK BREAKING FROM THEIR KISS. A SLIGHT SHIFT IN THEIR MOVEMENT AGAINST THE SHEETS.

PATRICK (V.O.)
...you're forgiven if you brush your teeth...

HENRY (V.O.)
Hungry?

Henry's face contorts. Sadness. Continues to stare.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Yeah... but... not right now.

HENRY (V.O.)
Why not?

PATRICK (V.O.)
...I'd have to get up...

HENRY CLOSES HIS EYES. Breathes deeply.

He turns to his side. Stares at the other side of the bed.
Empty.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

Henry stands over a somewhat fresh grave. The tombstone...

PATRICK CARVER
1980 - 2009

Henry takes a seat in the grass by the grave. Sitting vigil.
No rush to leave.

A WOMAN

stands near a tree, fairly distant from Henry. REBECCA.
Fair-skinned and striking, red hair, Henry's age. Beautiful.
Even haunting.

She watches Henry. Quietly staring.

EXT. CAFE -- DAY

Small and cozy on the corner of a busy city intersection.

INT. CAFE -- DAY

Henry sits alone at a booth. Sipping coffee, a cleaned-off
plate at the edge of the table. As he sips, he notices
something, just barely out of the corner of his eye.

REBECCA

Sitting nearby. Staring intently at Henry. It unsettles
him.

The two LOCK EYES. She breaks the stare, glancing down.

A moment.

THE STARE CONTINUES.

Henry's already had enough. He gets out of the booth,
dropping cash quickly on the table. Fast to the exit.

Glances a final time at Rebecca. Then out the door.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Well-dressed and decorated. DARK, except for trails of light
cutting through open blinds.

HENRY is draped across his couch. Staring at the window.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HENRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rebecca walks down the block. Looks up. LOOKS RIGHT AT
HENRY'S WINDOW.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Henry's brow furrows. Senses something's off.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HENRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rebecca continues to look up to the window.

Then sees A FIGURE behind the blinds. Henry stepping up to the window.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

He glances around -- surrounding buildings... skyline... the street below... searching for the source of his discomfort.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HENRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rebecca WATCHES as Henry looks. Searching. Then backs away from the window.

He CLOSES THE BLINDS.

She keeps staring. Wondering. Did he spot her?

Rebecca finally breaks her eyes from the window. And wipes a TEAR from her cheek. Swallows.

And starts walking back down the street.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Henry in bed. Sprawled under the tossed sheets. Asleep now, but by the look of the sheets, he's been restless.

HIS EYES SHIFT UNDER THEIR LIDS. Drifting into REM.

PATRICK'S FACE -- DREAMING

He's smiling. Starting to LAUGH. Looking at peace.

HENRY'S BEDROOM

His eyes flutter.

PATRICK -- DREAMING

Content. He's all we see. Until...

PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- DREAMING

REBECCA AND PATRICK. In bed. Cuddled. Both in bliss.

REBECCA'S BEDROOM

Rebecca asleep, in her bed. EYES FLUTTERING. Dreaming.

HENRY'S BEDROOM

Still dreaming. A small stir.

BACK TO REBECCA

She stirs gently as well.

PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- DREAMING

Now it's HENRY with Patrick. Same positions. Same bliss.

REBECCA'S BEDROOM

She stirs more. Reacting to the dream.

PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- DREAMING

Henry and Patrick closer. Staring deeply into each other. Caressing each other's faces. Completely in love.

HENRY'S BEDROOM

Now he stirs. Reacting.

PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- DREAMING

Henry and Patrick VERY close. Holding each other. Tender and loving. They KISS DEEPLY.

REBECCA'S BEDROOM

Rebecca stirs even more. Her head jostles from side to side.

PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- DREAMING

The same, but with Rebecca. Also tender. Also loving. They kiss just as deeply.

HENRY'S BEDROOM

He GROANS in his sleep. Uncomfortable. Like a nightmare.

PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- DREAMING

Rebecca and Patrick... their faces against each other. The start of making love.

REBECCA'S BEDROOM

She GROANS. Stirs. Dreaming something wrong.

PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- DREAMING

HENRY'S face now against Patrick's. The start of making love. Henry SMILES with delicate peace--

REBECCA'S BEDROOM

HER EYES OPEN. She wakes up, eyes darting around the room. Disoriented and confused.

HENRY'S BEDROOM

HIS EYES OPEN. The same reactions.

REBECCA'S BEDROOM

She sits up, feels her forehead. It's moist with sweat. She looks out the window next to her. Soaking in the dull city glow.

She kicks the covers off. Lays back down, staring up at the ceiling. Breathing.

HENRY'S BEDROOM

Just as with Rebecca. Sits up, feels the sweat on his forehead, peers out the window for a moment, rips off the covers and falls back onto the bed, eyes to the ceiling.

REBECCA'S BEDROOM

She continues to stare. Just staring up, up at the ceiling.

HENRY'S BEDROOM

As does Henry. In fact, he looks just as he did the first time we saw him alone in bed.

INT. CAFE -- DAY

Henry at the same booth as before. He stares out the window, watching. HIS FINGERS TAP on the table. Then he looks up.

REBECCA walks in. Immediately spots Henry.

Neither moves for a moment.

Then she heads for a booth, same one as before. Moves with purpose. Prepared. Like she's done this a thousand times in her head. A WAITRESS comes over and drops off a menu.

She slips her hand into her PURSE. Keeps it there.

Their eyes remain locked.

Rebecca stands. Slowly starts taking steps over to Henry's booth. He doesn't move. Eyes still trained on each other. Her hand still in her purse.

And she's there. She sits. Directly across from each other.

She stares. Her breathing increases. She's getting ready to speak. The words she's been waiting to say.

HENRY

...Are you okay?

And she freezes. Thrown. Just a little.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(genuine)

Is there... do you need something...?

And that's it. Something changes. No longer prepared. And now, she struggles to keep eye contact.

REBECCA

...Yes...

The other hand is still in the purse. And he knows it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I've... I've wanted...

(hesitates)

...forgot my, uh...

She stands and moves back to her old booth. Wraps her fingers around the menu. But doesn't pick it up. She just stands. Her back to Henry.

Almost waiting for something. Like she's giving him an opportunity. Or herself one.

Hand still in the purse.

Part of him wants her to go. But he doesn't move.

She turns around. They lock eyes again. She doesn't know what to do.

HENRY

(reluctant, indicating his
glass)

Do you need some water?

She looks at it. Then him. She takes a breath.

She moves back to Henry's booth. Sits down.

REBECCA

...I didn't think you'd stay.

HENRY

Who are you?

REBECCA

My name's Rebecca.

HENRY

...And you know my name.

REBECCA

Henry.

HENRY

You've been following me.

REBECCA
I-- ...no. No --

HENRY
Stalking me.

REBECCA
No, it's --

HENRY
Watching me.

REBECCA
I...

HENRY
Why?
(beat)
Well?

It's then that he notices. She's taken her hand out of her purse. She only realizes it when she sees Henry's noticed.

She struggles to find the words. Frustrated.

REBECCA
I don't know what to say. I thought
I did, but...

HENRY
Did? I don't understand.

She can't articulate it. Just keeps looking at Henry.
Growing more and more flustered.

REBECCA
Oh god, what am I doing...

She gets up, ready to bolt.

HENRY
Wait.

She hesitates for a second. But keeps on going.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Hey, wait...

Rebecca moves for the door. But before she exits, she glances back one last time.

And that's when Henry sees, just for a moment, the HARDNESS
IN HER EYES. SOMETHING DEEPLY EMOTIONAL. PAIN.

And she's out. Henry sits, dumbfounded.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry and Patrick are by the door. Locked in a deep embrace.

PATRICK

I'll be free tomorrow. I'll be here
tomorrow.

They break... Patrick lets go of Henry a second before Henry lets go of Patrick.

HENRY

You better. I never see you enough.

PATRICK

Well, that's what tomorrow is for.
I'll be here.

HENRY

Are you promising?

PATRICK

Of course.

HENRY

You're promising...?

Henry's voice drops. It's no longer playful.

Patrick makes sure Henry's eyes are locked into his.

PATRICK

(more tender)

I'll be here.

Henry can't help but be warmed by his touch, his voice...

HENRY

Go. It's almost nine. Time to go.

Henry lightly half-pushes Patrick to the door. Patrick opens it, about to go.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Patrick.

Patrick turns. Henry steps up to him and pulls him in for a single, charged kiss.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I love you.

PATRICK

(smiling)

I love you more.

Patrick holds his smile, then turns and makes his way down the apartment corridor. Henry watches Patrick until he's rounded a corner, out of sight.

Henry leans against the door frame. Absorbs the moment. Then slowly closes the door.

And then THE REVVING OF THE ENGINE... THE SOUND OF THE CRASH--

INT. POLICE STATION -- WAITING AREA -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry in one of the many chairs. The drab waiting area is otherwise devoid of life. Pitch-black outside. An analog wall clock ticks away -- 3:51.

Henry's face is ashen pale, cheeks puffy. Looks drained. Dried tear streaks mark his face.

DESK OFFICER (O.C.)

Sir?

The voice barely grabs Henry's attention.

THE NEARBY FRONT DESK

A middle-aged female DESK OFFICER is looking right at Henry, calling him over.

HENRY stands and walks over to the desk. Feeling like he needs to force out each step.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)

You're here for...
 (double-checks clipboard
 sheet)
 Patrick Carver?

Henry nods. She regards him sympathetically.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)

I need you to sign these for us to
 turn over his personal effects...

She hands him the clipboard and a pen. He starts signing. Almost zoned out while doing so.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)
 (gentle, points)
 ...make sure to get there, next to
 the X...

He does so, not even bothering to read the pages.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Sir...

He looks up. She's had this kind of conversation many times,
 but even she's struck by his pain.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)
 ...Are you gonna be okay getting
 home?

He looks back down to the clipboard, quickly signing whatever
 he has to.

He drops the clipboard onto the edge of the desk. Grabs the
 effects bag.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry walks to his car, gets in, starts the engine and begins
 to drive off...

...as REBECCA parks her car, passing Henry's as she pulls
 into a space. She exits the car, moves for the station. She
 looks completely distraught.

HER HAIR IS SHORTER.

INT. POLICE STATION -- WAITING AREA -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rebecca walks up to the desk, laboring one foot in front of
 the other. Her face is drained of color, tears freshly
 streaked on her cheeks.

The desk officer is still taking care of Henry's paperwork.

REBECCA
 ...Hi...

DESK OFFICER
 Just one moment, please...

The desk officer continues to work over the pages. Rebecca
 can't stand the wait. Catches herself TAPPING HER FINGERS on
 the station desk. Recoils them.

The desk officer finishes.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)
Sorry... how can I help you?

REBECCA
I'm here... um... Carver. Patrick
Carver.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rebecca sits on the couch, facing an open window, holding her cell phone to her ear.

REBECCA
It's past nine already. You're late.

PATRICK (V.O.)
(over phone)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry... you have no
idea how easy it was for me to get
held up.

EXT./INT. PATRICK'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick behind the wheel, talking on his cell. Driving fast.

PATRICK
But I'm on my way now. In fifteen
minutes, I'll be pulling up.

REBECCA (V.O.)
(over phone)
I'm not happy.

PATRICK
I can tell.
(thinks)
Would you stop hating me if I had
your favorite jellybeans with me?

REBECCA (V.O.)
(over phone)
...It's a start.

He looks over to the passenger seat.

Empty.

PATRICK

Well, don't worry. They're right
next to me.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

She smiles a little.

REBECCA

Okay. I'll think about dropping the
hate. Now get here.

(beat)

I love you.

EXT./INT. PATRICK'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

He smiles.

PATRICK

I love you more.

He hangs up and sets the phone down.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

She disconnects. Still staring out the window. Feeling like
the smile will never leave her face.

And then THE SOUNDS OF THE CRASH--

INT. POLICE STATION -- WAITING AREA -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

--as the desk officer gives Rebecca a quizzical stare.

DESK OFFICER

Patrick Carver?

Rebecca nods.

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, his affairs were already
taken care of.

REBECCA

...What?

DESK OFFICER

Someone's already come in for
Mr. Carver.

REBECCA

But who...

(beat)

I've never known him to... he has no family... who... who came in?

The desk officer doesn't know what to make of this.

DESK OFFICER

I'm very sorry... I can't give that information to anyone past loved ones.

REBECCA

But, you... I was called to come in. I was on his I.C.E. card. He didn't have family.

(hitting her)

Someone else was an emergency contact. And they were here first. Why wasn't I his primary contact? ...Who is it?

The desk officer hasn't seen this before. Looks at Rebecca with sympathy. Wants to help her.

Rebecca leafs through her purse and takes out a PHOTO. Well-worn edges... it's seen its share of attention. She hands it to the desk officer.

It's of REBECCA AND PATRICK. Posed near a lakeside, weather idyllic and in the bloom of spring. Their love more than apparent.

The desk officer glances back up to Rebecca. Then back to the photo. Then back to Rebecca.

She hands the picture back.

DESK OFFICER

His name is Henry Mulcahy.

REBECCA

Henry... Mulcahy...?

DESK OFFICER

Yes, ma'am.

REBECCA

I don't know who that is.

Rebecca feels frozen. Lost. Doesn't know what else to do.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

...Thank you...

She turns. The desk officer watches as Rebecca walks, almost lumbers for the exit.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rebecca ENTERS. She sets her purse down. Closes and locks the door. Her movements very controlled.

She leans against the door. Breathing. Breathing. Trying not to cry. To lose it. It's not working. Her face a mess of sadness.

And rage.

Tears fall. She sobs.

And breaks completely.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

The funeral.

Patrick's grave is SURROUNDED BY MOURNERS. HENRY standing chief among them. He glances around, eyes never losing their SURPRISE to the number of people attending.

The PRIEST delivers prayers and the benediction. Henry tries to maintain a stoic presence. It's not easy.

AWAY FROM THE PROCEEDINGS

Rebecca stands by a tree, the same as before. Watching the funeral from a distance. The crowd paralyzing her from joining it.

But she's not looking at the priest. Or Patrick's coffin.

She's WATCHING THE MOURNERS.

Glancing at EACH MALE IN THE CROWD. Looking for someone specific. Doesn't even know what she's looking for. Just seeing who gives her the right feeling.

HER EYES fall upon Henry. She eyes him harder. Scrutinizing him. Could this be him?

Yes. It has to be. She's sure of it.

INT. A SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

The reception. Almost everyone from the funeral here. The space is large, but still feels claustrophobic from the number of people.

HENRY surveys the groups that have formed. The discussions started. Few seem to be without someone they know well.

REBECCA watches him from a distance. Staying careful. THROUGHOUT, SHE NEVER TAKES HER EYES OFF HENRY.

Henry spots DREW, a heavier man, off at the food table, loading on cold cuts. Doesn't quite know how to talk to him.

HENRY

Excuse me... I was wondering if I could ask you a few questions. About Patrick.

(realizing)

Sorry... Henry Mulcahy.

DREW

Drew Wilcox. Good to meet you.

They shake.

HENRY

I was wondering about everyone here. Um...

(searching for right words)

I was close friends with Patrick. For a very long time. But I've never seen anyone here before. How did you know him?

Drew sighs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Did you know him well?

DREW

Not well, but yeah. He and I met at a clinic... I was suicidal for a while. He helped me out a lot. Showed me some stuff about myself I wasn't seeing. Stuff I didn't know what to do with. He was a big help.

HENRY

So he was like what, like a...?

DREW

Like a counselor. Volunteered a lot.
Helped a bunch of us here. Pete and
Becky're over there...

Drew indicates a YOUNG COUPLE by the fireplace, nursing sodas
and finger sandwiches.

DREW (CONT'D)

Over there, that's Kurt...

Drew points out KURT, in his sixties, talking by the door
with other mourners.

DREW (CONT'D)

Yeah. Patrick was good to us.
(off Henry's look)
You surprised or something?

HENRY

...Patrick was a corporate
consultant. He was gone half the
time on business.

DREW

(shrugs)
Never talked much about that with us.

HENRY

(dumbfounded)
I just never knew he had this part of
his life.

DREW

That's a shame, mister. It was some
life.
(sees someone across the
room)
If you'll excuse me.

Drew moves off to greet someone else. Henry watches him go,
then takes a look around. Decides to speak to the young
couple...

REBECCA makes sure to stay out of his way. As Henry talks to
the young couple, Rebecca inches closer. She WATCHES as he
speaks to them... then someone else... and another... moving
through the crowd... Rebecca follows...

Only feet apart now. A few people BLOCK HER LINE OF SIGHT.
She moves past them to see Henry breaking from conversation.

He starts to turn. She wants to shy away, but it's too late.

THEIR EYES MEET.

It's brief. Almost feels perfunctory. But it happens. Henry doesn't register it. But it unsettles Rebecca. Hard.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

She falls to her bed, still in her funeral wear. Takes a deep breath. Staring at the ceiling.

REBECCA

Henry Mulcahy... Henry Mulcahy...

She closes her eyes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Henry Mulcahy...

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

In the same position. But with different clothes. And her longer hair.

REBECCA

Henry Mulcahy... Henry Mulcahy...

Silence. She opens her eyes.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

No traffic. A makeshift memorial of flowers and a couple of candles decorate a BASHED-IN TREE. Patrick's accident site.

REBECCA steps close to the memorial. Leans down. Sets a single rose at the front of the collection. Runs her hand along the other markers of respect for Patrick.

She becomes lost in thought.

REBECCA (V.O.)

I love you.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I love you more.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick disconnects the cell call. Stares at the phone. Then sets it down on the passenger seat.

He stares out through the windshield.

And smiles.

A turn of the wheel. Rounding a bend. Still the smile.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY -- PRESENT

A HAND FALLS ON REBECCA'S SHOULDER. It startles her back to reality. It's Henry.

REBECCA

Fuck...

HENRY

You didn't hear me?

REBECCA

No.

They stare at each other. Awkward and difficult. He sees the very fresh rose at the memorial. Looks back to her.

HENRY

Why're you here? I don't want you here.

REBECCA

Henry, I--

HENRY

How do you know who I am?

She takes a breath. Gestures to the memorial.

REBECCA

Him.

He glances at the memorial. At a photo of Patrick. Then back to her. He already feels resigned, yet defiant.

HENRY

You didn't know him.

REBECCA

(bristling)

I knew him better than you'll ever know.

Henry reacts as if sucker-punched. His mouth opens, but the words just don't come out. Searching hard for them.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What? What do you think you can say?

(beat)

How long were you with him?

HENRY

What?

REBECCA

How long?

HENRY

Why are you asking me this?

She steels herself. Dreading what she knows is next.

REBECCA

Were you with him more than me? Was it longer than me?

(beat)

He and I had a big fight in November.

I didn't see him for a few weeks.

Was he with you?

HENRY

(aghast)

...We fought, too...

Rebecca swallows.

REBECCA

I never thought Patrick could be like that. I never thought he'd be the kind of person to do it...

His face hardens.

HENRY

...Who are you...?

(the words hurt to say)

How long... were you two...

REBECCA

...Ten years.

A sharp knee to his groin might have been more pleasant.

HENRY

You're lying.

He turns to walk away from her. She pursues.

REBECCA
 Ten years. How long were you with
 him? How long? Hey!

HENRY
 Leave me alone.

REBECCA
 No!

She catches up to him and grabs him by the arm. WHIPS HIM
 AROUND with force. She could even be ready to strike.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 I loved Patrick more than anything
 else in my life. I lost him.
 Because of you.

HENRY
 (hard)
 Patrick died.

REBECCA
 Patrick wouldn't do this to me. He
 wouldn't. You have to have. It has
 to be you. It has to.

HENRY
Don't--

REBECCA
 (vitriolic)
 You took him from me!

Deadlock. Neither moves, neither speaks.

Guilt starts to hit her. She doesn't want Henry to see. She
 moves past him. He doesn't follow.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 (turning back)
 You want to know who I am? Do your
 homework.

She cuts him a look and moves off.

Henry stands there, watching. Turns back to the memorial.
 Stares at it hard. Like looking at something completely new.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Henry stretched across the bed, on his back. Staring at the ceiling. Deep in thought.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

TWO PILES OF DOCUMENTS AND BOOKS, Henry in between. One pile he's already looked at, the other his to-do stack.

He leafs through old school documents. Doesn't find anything. Tosses it onto the molehill-shaped discard pile.

Picks up a thick COLLEGE YEARBOOK. Flips through the photo pages. Finishes. Nothing there. He tosses the yearbook onto the molehill. Sighs.

LATER

Henry steps up to a high shelf, reaching for a box. Gets a grip, but then loses it. The box spills all around his head.

HENRY

Fuck...

He kneels and starts looking through the contents spread on the floor. Then finds what he's looking for -- A WALLET.

He opens it. The first thing seen is PATRICK'S DRIVER'S LICENSE.

Leafs through the cards and items in the wallet until he finds PATRICK'S "IN CASE OF EMERGENCY" CARD.

He stares at it, frozen.

Henry's name and phone number are listed first. First.

REBECCA SWINTON IS LISTED SECOND. AS IS HER PHONE NUMBER.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The sink running full blast. Henry hunched over it, breathing hard. Panic and nausea.

His breathing starts to slow. He arcs his face toward the hot running water. Letting it run over his features. Laps a few gulps with his tongue, swishing and spitting. Taking the moment he needs.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Henry moves down the sidewalk of an almost empty street.
Quiet like the dead.

He approaches a spruce apartment building. Looks at the
nameplates outside the door. One listed for each buzzer.

Then--

REBECCA SWINTON - APT. 4F

Henry swallows. Is about to press on Rebecca's buzzer.

A moment.

He rings it.

Stands there. Waiting for a response. Waiting for anything.

Nothing happens.

He takes a step back. Surveying the building again.

He looks at Rebecca's name again. And starts to almost have
a panic attack at the sight of it.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Decently furnished. Medical texts line a bookshelf against
painted cinder block walls.

Henry, in jacket and tie, at his desk. A pen in his hand, a
legal pad in front of him, but nothing's happening. He's
staring right past the canary paper.

INT. SHERMAN, MOORE & MULCAHY OFFICE -- DAY

Henry steps out of his office, car keys in hand. He moves to
the main door, the office SECRETARY looking up.

HENRY

I have to go.

SECRETARY

Is something wrong?

HENRY

I'll be back.

In a flash, he's gone through the door. The nameplate on the outside reads "Sherman, Moore & Mulcahy: Clinical Therapy".

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

Henry speed-walks across the plots to reach PATRICK'S GRAVE.

He stares at the headstone. Longing... transforms into irritation... then confusion...

He collapses to his knees. Hand resting on the ground of Patrick's grave. Then DIGS his fingers into the earth. SQUEEZING IT.

HENRY'S FACE is filled with rage. A scream is buried inside that just can't escape.

INT. CAFE -- DAY

Henry at his usual booth, still in his suit. No food in front of him, or a menu. Just sitting, watching, tapping his fingers. Waiting.

He sees REBECCA start to walk by. She spots him. They lock eyes.

She starts walking... away from the window... to the entrance... and past it.

Henry bolts from the booth.

EXT. CAFE -- DAY

Henry bursts through the entrance door. Beelines for her, catching up fast. Neither stops moving.

HENRY

Wait.

REBECCA

For what?

HENRY

You started this. Why walk away now?

She gives him a hard look.

REBECCA

Because it fucking hurts.

HENRY

And how is that my fault?

She stops on his comment and whips around to him.

REBECCA

I don't think you get it yet. I've been awake every night thinking about the same question. And I can't figure out an answer. I can't stand thinking about it anymore. I don't know if I even want an answer anymore.

HENRY

To what?

Already the thought sickens her.

REBECCA

Which one of us was the real thing?
Was I just the...
(revolted)
...fuck buddy?

The words cut through Henry.

HENRY

I've been wondering that, too.

REBECCA

And?

HENRY

...I don't know.

They stare at each other. For the first time, a moment of understanding.

Henry considers.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Let's go somewhere.

REBECCA

Where?

HENRY

Does it matter?

REBECCA

And do what?

HENRY
 (thinking of right word)
 Listen.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Low-key, not at all commercialized and Starbucked. Cozy chairs everywhere and Christmas lights on the walls.

Rebecca and Henry across from each other, tall cups of coffee in their hands. Tension between them palpable. She doesn't want to be there and it shows.

REBECCA
 Freshman year. I was in the bookstore trying to get my book for calculus but I was a few dollars short. It's sick how expensive those things are. And the cashier wouldn't give me a break. And that's when he just came up behind me. Paid for the rest of the book. Didn't even ask any questions.
 (a tiny, wan snicker)
 I thought it was a sign.

The snicker fades quickly.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 I was stupid.

HENRY
 Naive, maybe.

REBECCA
 (not amused)
 He smiled at me. I thought he was perfect. He asked me what I was doing just now, I told him I was free... and that was that. We talked outside, and talked and talked until it got dark. Then we went back to his place.

HENRY
 (mentally completing the thought)
 ...and...

She gives him a look. There's only one interpretation.

REBECCA

I don't know what it was. Our conversations, our time that day... that night with him. I never had that before.

Henry fidgets in his seat, so uncomfortable.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Feeling better?

HENRY

I feel sick.

REBECCA

So don't listen.

He shakes his head.

HENRY

I have to.

REBECCA

You have to?

HENRY

Yeah.

She stares at him. Gauging his responses. She looks ready to run.

REBECCA

I can't keep doing this...

HENRY

No, please.

REBECCA

This is so... wrong. I can't.

HENRY

I need you to.

She shoots him a hard look.

REBECCA

...I don't really care what you need.
This. Hurts. So much.
(holds up her hand)
See this?

His eyes lock into what's on her finger. AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

This means pain now. Don't tell me what you need.

HENRY

...He gave you that.

REBECCA

Yeah. Three years ago.

He swallows, stunned. Wrecked.

HENRY

...I'm not here to compete with you. There's no point.

She looks down to her coffee. Drinks it.

He looks down to his coffee. Blows on it. Drinks.

Silence.

His eyes come back up to her. Considers.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I met him in college, too.

Rebecca's eyes squeeze shut.

REBECCA

Please stop...

HENRY

There wasn't really anything then. I mean, he was attractive, and I was interested in him, but it wasn't really a big concern to, you know...

REBECCA

Please...

Henry stops for a moment.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Why're you doing this? What is this? A shot back at me or something?

HENRY

No.

(beat)

Maybe. I don't know.

Silence. Rebecca pained. He looks at her. Then away.

HENRY (CONT'D)

We talked all summer, though. He started... confiding in me. I didn't know why. When he told me he broke up with his boyfriend, I didn't know what to think...

REBECCA

Please...

HENRY

I never knew he was like that. We kept getting closer and closer. And this one weekend... felt like we were the only two in the world then. He kissed me.

She puts her head into her hand. He can barely finish.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It helps to say it. I don't know why.

REBECCA

Hurts like fucking hell for me. Saying it and hearing it.

HENRY

It'll help. If it doesn't yet, it will.

REBECCA

What are you, a psychiatrist?

HENRY

A therapist, actually.

She blinks.

REBECCA

Great. Probably ripping me apart, aren't you.

HENRY

No. I just want to know who you are.

REBECCA

You really don't.

HENRY

Let me decide that.

Rebecca stares at him.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Henry and Rebecca walk down the sidewalk. The day slowly starting to fade away.

HENRY

Why did you come to me? Why find me?

For a moment, she doesn't answer.

REBECCA

I needed to see. See if you were real.

(beat)

I was curious. I found out about you and... I didn't know what to think. Seeing you was one thing. But now...

(beat)

I didn't want you to be real. Like a person.

HENRY

You hoped I was what, an alien?

She glances at him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Vampire, maybe?

(off her look)

Has to be. They're all the rage now.

She can't help it. She chuckles, despite herself, a little warmed by his deadpan.

REBECCA

Shut up. You're not helping.

A moment.

HENRY

Okay. I'm real. Now what?

REBECCA

I haven't gotten that far yet. I just needed to know...

(almost hides her face)

Why you were so important. Why I wasn't good enough...

Now Henry looks away.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You're thinking the same thing.

(he nods)

This is like complete torture. Why do you want this?

HENRY

I said need. I can't be ignorant anymore. He meant too much for me.

He realizes what he said. Makes him uncomfortable.

HENRY (CONT'D)

If you cared, you'd think the same.

He studies her. Then realizes something, checks his watch.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Shit. I need to get back to work.

A moment. Neither speaks. He waits for her to say something. Doesn't look like it's going to happen. He starts to turn.

REBECCA

Maybe.

(he looks back)

Maybe. Okay?

He nods.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

HENRY

For what?

REBECCA

(not too comfortable)

For grabbing you before. Almost hitting you. ...Sorry.

HENRY

I'll live.

(beat)

Thanks.

He turns and walks back down the street. She watches him go. Absorbing the moment.

Suddenly, she's about to cry. She fights to hold it back. Keep her strength.

She regains control. Turns away from Henry's direction and walks.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Henry in a comfortable chair as he takes notes. In front of him, a MALE PATIENT sitting on the couch, facing him. The patient is jittery... restrained distress.

MALE PATIENT

I've seen them when they're together.
They're... they're just not the
way... it's a way a wife shouldn't be
with another man. The way they touch
each other. They whisper in each
other's ears.

Henry's note-taking starts becoming more absent-minded. He's focused on the patient's words.

MALE PATIENT (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do about him.
The nights he drops her off, I just
sit in the bedroom, watching next to
the window, holding my gun.

The pen in Henry's hand doesn't even move.

MALE PATIENT (CONT'D)

I don't know whether to turn it on
him, or on her, or on myself.
(realizing what he's said)
Oh, my god...

The patient starts to cry, horrified at his own words.

Henry's eyes are glazed. He doesn't even notice the patient.

INT. SHERMAN, MOORE & MULCAHY OFFICE -- DAY

Henry at the fax machine, sending out a document. As it transmits, DOCTOR MICHELLE SHERMAN approaches. She's a good decade older, dressed to the nines. She was present at Patrick's funeral.

MICHELLE

Henry?

HENRY

Hi, Michelle. Did you need
something?

MICHELLE

A moment with you, actually.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Michelle and Henry both sitting on the office's couch.

MICHELLE

How're you doing, Henry? What's going on?

HENRY

Pretty broad question.

He smirks. So does she. He knows what she's doing. She knows he knows.

MICHELLE

I know it's been tough for you, but you don't talk to us about it. Any of us. It's hard to know how to help you without some kind of an indicator.

He plays with his hands, TAPPING HIS FINGERS on the couch. She sees.

HENRY

I don't like to... I don't know... display myself like that.

MICHELLE

I didn't mean we were looking for neon signs from you. Just a window inside. Before Patrick passed, that's all we had from you, and now not even that.

HENRY

You ask the questions, you do all the talking. Who needs patients?

MICHELLE

(direct)

What can I do for you, Henry?

HENRY

I don't know.

MICHELLE

You never want to ask people for anything. You should start.

HENRY

Maybe.

(beat)

...Maybe.

She pats him on the shoulder. He gives her a light smile.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Rebecca walks into the bedroom. Crawls onto the bed. Curls up, sinking her head into a pillow.

She SIGHS. Closes her eyes, trying to relax. Trying.

AN ARM WRAPS AROUND HER WAIST.

Rebecca turns her head.

PATRICK is on the bed next to her. Right against her back.

He smiles at her.

PATRICK

I'm so glad you're back.

He nuzzles into her neck. Kisses it. She's receptive at first, then cools to him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You're mad at me, aren't you...

A beat. He kisses again.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You're worrying and stressing over nothing, love.

She nudges her shoulder away from him.

REBECCA

Nothing.

PATRICK

You act as if he and I actually had anything...

REBECCA

You did.

PATRICK

Of course we didn't.

REBECCA

A relationship.

PATRICK

We didn't have anything.

He brings his hand to her face and turns it gently. Locks eyes with her.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

There's only you. There has only ever been you.

(sincere)

Never forget that.

He lets Rebecca absorb this. Then leans in. Softly begins to kiss her.

Rebecca lets it happen.

Then breaks away. Her expression hardens.

REBECCA

Liar.

Patrick reacts, genuinely hurt. He looks at her with love.

PATRICK

Never forget it.

Rebecca stares hard at Patrick. Then closes her eyes. And smiles. Just a little.

She opens her eyes. Patrick is GONE.

She closes her eyes again.

INT. CAFE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Henry and Patrick sit at the "usual" booth. A half-eaten meal in front of them. Patrick's getting his stuff together, getting ready to leave.

HENRY

What about this weekend?

PATRICK

I still need to find out if I'm flying out yet.

HENRY

We're starting to cut it a little close.

PATRICK

I know, I don't want to. I'll call you tonight, okay. I promise.

HENRY

Good. Now get out of here, I'm tired of looking at you.

They share a loving smirk. Patrick reaches out to Henry's face, giving a playful swat. Henry grabs his hand and kisses it. Then tosses it aside.

EXT. CAFE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

REBECCA, walking by, looks passively through the windows as she moves by.

And spots Patrick. Standing at Henry's booth. Starting to walk for the door.

She moves to the door. About to enter.

Patrick gets there first. Exits the cafe. They start walking immediately.

REBECCA

Hey!

PATRICK

Hey! Were you on your way?

INT. CAFE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Henry glances up from counting out money for the check. Sees Patrick walking out of view, talking to someone. Just a glance. He thinks little of it.

EXT. CAFE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

As they continue to walk.

REBECCA

Yeah, I thought you'd end up running late, though.

PATRICK

Almost.

REBECCA

Who was that with you?

PATRICK

His name's Henry. We're working on a project, he's got some good clients for a company out of Bethesda we want to hook up with.

REBECCA

Since when do you work hard?

PATRICK

I never said that...

He glances back just for an instant. Checking subtly so she doesn't notice.

Yup. The cafe is out of sight now. It's safe.

He wraps an arm around her and nuzzles her. Kissing her neck. She shies, smiling.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry's already in bed. Half-asleep.

Patrick comes to the other side and crawls in. Nuzzles into Henry, spooning him. Patrick closes his eyes. Ready to fall asleep.

HENRY

Who was she?

Patrick doesn't even flinch.

PATRICK

Who?

HENRY

From the cafe.

PATRICK

Her name's Rebecca. We're working on a project. She's got some good clients in Bethesda she might hook up with us.

Henry adjusts slightly. Moving in closer. Satisfied.

They drift to sleep.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY -- PRESENT

Henry waiting at a red light so he can cross the street. He starts looking around the crowds of PEOPLE. So, so many people. He tenses, the crowds making him uncomfortable.

Green light. He crosses, sandwiched between pedestrians. Looking in the direction of REBECCA'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

Then he spots something.

PATRICK.

EXITING THE BUILDING'S FRONT DOOR. HE TAKES A FEW STEPS AWAY. LOOKS TO HIS RIGHT.

THEY LOCK EYES.

THE MOMENT LASTS FOR AN ETERNITY.

A CAR HORN SOUNDS FEET FROM HENRY. STARTLES HIM. HE LOOKS OVER -- CARS WAITING TO DRIVE PAST HIM AS HE'S FROZEN IN THE INTERSECTION.

HE LOOKS BACK.

PATRICK IS GONE.

Henry still stands, frozen. Horns blaring at him. He finishes crossing. Then tries to shake it off.

OUTSIDE REBECCA'S BUILDING

He presses the buzzer for her apartment.

A moment. No response. He presses it again.

AT REBECCA'S WINDOW CURTAINS

A hand draws them away. Revealing HENRY down below.

HENRY

buzzes the door again. A moment. Ready to walk away.

THE DOOR BUZZES. UNLOCKED.

Henry moves for it and steps inside.

INT. REBECCA'S BUILDING -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

Henry climbs the last of the stairs to reach the fourth floor. He looks to his right. There's Rebecca's door. 4F.

It's ajar.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

He's about to knock on the door. Then just puts his hand on it and pushes it open. He steps in.

Henry examines the living room, looking for anything out of the ordinary. Nothing unusual. Rebecca nowhere in sight.

He starts looking around the room, investigating without being invasive. He spots something sitting on her bookshelf.

A STACK OF ENVELOPES. All opened, all stuffed with pages.

He grabs the top envelope. Sees it's addressed to Rebecca. PATRICK IS THE RETURN ADDRESS.

Henry reaches in and pulls out the letter. Begins to read it. Very quickly, he starts to struggle. Hurting Henry to read.

BY THE BEDROOM DOOR

Rebecca watches, peering through the open door.

HENRY

stares at the letter, now fully read. In a flash, he tears at the letter in rage and throws a ball of shredded paper across the room.

REBECCA

That wasn't yours.

Henry turns, surprised. Rebecca now stands in the space.

HENRY

...Sorry. I've read it before.

REBECCA

How?

HENRY

Something in that letter. He wrote it to me too. Almost word for word.

REBECCA
Somehow, I'm not surprised.

HENRY
Do you work?

REBECCA
Between jobs. At the moment. Trying to find a niche. I could never pin down what it was I wanted out of life.

(thinking)
Huh... except Patrick.

That name hangs in the air. Both thought it, both hate it being said.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
How did you find me?

HENRY
Patrick's wallet. His "in case of emergency" card. You were listed.

REBECCA
I was always bugging him to get that.

Rebecca considers for a moment...

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Your name was on it, too.

Suddenly, it's as if it's hard for her to breathe.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Why would he put us both on it? That doesn't make any sense. Unless... oh god. Did he want us to know about each other? No. That's too cruel, he would never do that.

HENRY
Sure he wouldn't.

Rebecca shakes her head, but her eyes say it all -- sure he would, and she knows it.

Neither speaks for a moment.

REBECCA
I am sorry, you know.
(Henry looks to her)
I know it wasn't your fault.
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I know it wasn't you.
 (he nods, understanding)
 It's just hard to look at you and not
 see him.

HENRY
 Makes two of us.

She blinks, not sure how to take that the right way.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 I don't mean...
 (beat)
 It's so weird. There's so much about
 him that I see in you. As if seeing
 you is like seeing him.

REBECCA
 Do you ever just see me?

HENRY
 ...In what way?

REBECCA
 Well... in any way.

He shifts, not sure of his answer. Trying to find it. He looks around the room. His eyes catch a FRAMED PHOTO of PATRICK AND REBECCA in a park, propped on a nearby table.

He shies. Then looks back. Staring at the picture.

At the picture...

EXT. CITY PARK -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

As Henry and Patrick pose for a picture in almost the same spot. Patrick holds the camera, aiming it at the two of them. They're close. Happy. Patrick snaps the shot.

HENRY
 Good?

PATRICK
 (checking the camera)
 Shit, it's a little blurry. One
 more...

Patrick brings the camera back up. Same shot as before. Takes the picture and checks the camera.

HENRY
 It's good?

Patrick smiles at what he sees. Turns to Henry.

PATRICK
Well, I look like crap...

HENRY
Shut up.

Patrick moves in closer to Henry. They kiss.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY -- PRESENT

Henry shies from the picture again. Looks to Rebecca.

HENRY
Want to get out of here?

EXT./INT. HENRY'S CAR -- DRIVING -- DAY

Henry behind the wheel, Rebecca in the passenger seat, driving through the city streets.

She notices empty Burger King cups in the backseat. Candy wrappers. Cellophane. A mess.

REBECCA
You're a therapist?

HENRY
Why?

REBECCA
(re: the mess)
What happened to you people being all about order?

HENRY
Yeah. There are some misconceptions about us.

REBECCA
Maybe you're one of them.

He looks over, confused.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You're supposed to be the one people like me go to when we can't handle it anymore. Handle ourselves. Whatever's going on in our heads. And you seem to be just as fucked up.

HENRY

We're not perfect. No one's like that. We don't let it... interfere.

REBECCA

With what, work or life?

He bristles a little. Doesn't answer.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You can't shut yourself off. You can't just tell yourself not to feel something. Don't try to tell me you do. It's bullshit. I've seen enough to know.

He's chewing on his bottom lip. Feeling like a trapped animal looking for a way out. He reaches for the radio. Clicks it on. A JAZZ STATION PLAYS.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

That it? You're just going to hide?
(he doesn't answer)

Fuck, Henry, don't bottle this up. We need this out. Keeping this in's going to kill you.

She tries to read him. Sees how tense he is. She backs off.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(re: music)

I like this.

HENRY

Me too.

Henry TURNS THE MUSIC UP a little. Rebecca starts to hum along. Not idly. Anticipating the changes -- she knows it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(watching her)

You know Dizzy Gillespie?

REBECCA

A little.

Both of them smile. It's slight, a curl of the edge of the lips. They notice each other doing it.

INT. NICE RESTAURANT -- LATE DAY

Vibrant amber from the setting sun flows through the windows. Henry and Rebecca are bathed in it at a table. Two plates of food in front of them. They take occasional bites.

Henry has a glass of water. Rebecca is working on her second chardonnay -- the first glass, empty, is at the table edge.

HENRY

I don't know what to think.

REBECCA

Talk it out. What's the confusion?

HENRY

I don't get it. Get Patrick. What he was thinking.

She regards him, almost bemused.

HENRY (CONT'D)

His emergency card.

REBECCA

Oh.

Silence.

HENRY

He wanted us to meet.

REBECCA

Yeah, but... why?

HENRY

Why not? For him, that might be all there is to it.

Neither one happy with that answer. It's the best they can do.

HENRY (CONT'D)

He was so good at keeping us in the dark for so long. It's not a mistake we're both on there. Patrick wasn't stupid. Why would he want this?

More silence. But Henry starts shifting in attitude. Rebecca notices. Soon, Henry's eyes turn glassy.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Did he kill himself?

REBECCA
No.

The question and answer hang in the charged air.

HENRY
He was driving really, really fast
when the crash happened. Accident
report said it.

REBECCA
...Doesn't mean anything.

HENRY
...Did he feel guilty? About us?

REBECCA
No.

HENRY
Really? You think it never crossed
his mind what he was doing?

She doesn't answer.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Then tell me why.

Rebecca doesn't know what to think. But knows she's feels
horrified. So does Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I don't know if I'll ever understand.

REBECCA
Me neither.

They just stare.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry enters the apartment, tossing his keys on a table.

He stops. Hears it. Hears the CRYING.

HENRY
Patrick?

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A different night. Rebecca enters her bedroom. Following the CRYING.

REBECCA
Patrick? Baby?

She sees him. He's face down on the bed. Crying badly. She goes to him fast.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Patrick, what is it? Look at me.

She turns him over.

His face is so red. Flushed. Eyes puffy. Tears everywhere.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Jesus, baby. Baby. Tell me what it is.

She cradles him. Kisses his face. Holding him close. She's in shock... this is completely new to her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Tell me...

He buries his face in her body and weeps.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick is buried in Henry's arms. Weeping. Henry's in just as much shock. As if it's not real.

HENRY
For god's sake, Patrick, talk to me.
What's wrong?

PATRICK
I...

For a moment, Patrick's breath slows. Composure gaining.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'm just...

Only for a moment. The tears flow again. Composure gone.

Henry is lost. All he can do is hold Patrick. Embrace him.

Patrick weeps with agony.

INT. NICE RESTAURANT -- LATE DAY -- PRESENT

They keep staring at each other.

The stare gets deeper.

They start to relax. Little by little.

As if they're finding an understanding.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A new night. Rebecca and Patrick. And she's unloading.
Patrick on the defensive.

REBECCA

This isn't fair to me, Patrick. How can you say to me you want to be with me for the rest of your life and not prove it? Do you know how that feels?

PATRICK

I do want to. That's all I want.

REBECCA

This feels like limbo, Patrick. You say what you want but you're not doing it. I thought we outgrew this. The boyfriend-girlfriend stage. We're more than that. You know we're more than that. But you won't act.

PATRICK

Baby...

REBECCA

If you want to marry me, if you want to spend the rest of your life with me, then why won't you? I don't understand.

She pauses. Gives him a chance to respond.

PATRICK

I want to. You know I do.

She waits. But he doesn't have more. Her emotions starting to get the best of her.

REBECCA
That's not good enough.

Rebecca breathes. Pained.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Saying and doing are totally
different. I don't want this
anymore. I want more. I want us to
be more. But if you don't, then...
then I don't know... maybe this...
maybe this might not work.

He watches her, breathing just as hard. He has the eyes of
someone backed into a corner.

He goes to his messenger bag. Reaches in. Pulls out a box.
Steps up to her with it. Her eyes wide.

PATRICK
...I was just waiting for the right
time.

Patrick goes to one knee.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(smiles)
I guess it's now.
(beat)
Will you marry me?

Now the tears start to fall for her. Her frustration gone.

REBECCA
Yes. Oh my god, yes.

He puts THE RING on her. Then stands. They lock into the
tightest embrace. She's sobbing with joy.

BUZZ. BUZZ. Patrick's cell in his pocket.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You're ringing.

PATRICK
I don't care.

REBECCA
I love you so much...

PATRICK
I love you, too...

They keep holding each other.

EXT./INT. PATRICK'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The next night. Patrick puts on his turn signal...

Turning onto a street...

He parks in an open space.

Across the street from Henry's building.

INT. HENRY'S BUILDING -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick steps up to Henry's door. Takes a moment for himself. Gets his hair in order.

Then works on just the right forlorn face. He thinks he's got it.

He knocks once. Footsteps behind the door.

PATRICK

...It's me.

Dead quiet... then the DEADBOLT is unlocked.

Henry opens the door only a little. Just enough to get a view of Patrick. They lock eyes. Studying each other. Having a conversation with their eyes.

Patrick looks forlorn.

Henry glances down... then opens the door more.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick steps in. Henry closing the door behind him, then turning around.

HENRY

...I tried to call.

PATRICK

I know.

HENRY

...A lot.

PATRICK

I know.

HENRY

Where were you?

PATRICK

Away from you. When I shouldn't have been. If you want to hear how closing the deal with the Sacramento branch turned into a nightmare from hell for the past week, I can tell you. But it doesn't matter. I'm not making excuses. I fucked up.

A moment.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I got so consumed, I barely even ate most of the week. I let it be my priority. And it's not. It shouldn't be, ever. You are. You always need to be.

Henry listens. Still hurt, but listening.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Please forgive me.

(beat)

I love you, Henry...

(beat)

...please.

Henry steps forward. His anger melts.

He steps to Patrick. They lock into an embrace. Gripping each other tightly.

They kiss.

EXT. NICE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

Light traffic, few PEDESTRIANS. Henry and Rebecca exit the restaurant. There's a swagger to Rebecca's walk. Drunk.

REBECCA

I feel fine.

HENRY

Of course you do.

REBECCA

I'm fine.

HENRY

Let's get in the car...

He starts to lead her to his car, just down the block.

REBECCA

Henry... don't take me home. Take me back to your place.

(before he has a chance to misinterpret)

If I get sick, I want someone there. Just in case. Patrick always was.

She doesn't sound slurred. Actually, coherent.

He considers. Then starts leading her to his car again.

INT. HENRY'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT

Henry behind the wheel, at a red light. Rebecca's eyes wandering around. Staring out the window. More than a little drunk now.

REBECCA

You're so courteous. Such a gentleman. So much Patrick must've seen in you.

She glances at him. He doesn't know how to react.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I see it, too.

Really doesn't know how to react.

HENRY

You're drunk.

REBECCA

(chortles)

Captain Obvious.

She stares at him. It's almost admiring.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I've also seen the way you look at me sometimes. Captain. And I don't think you're all the way gay, by the way.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(snickers)
 It's like poetry.
 (beat)
 Hmmmm. Our first date. Wasn't it
 great?

Henry's hands grip the steering wheel. Really doesn't know how to react.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Come on, that one was good!

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

They enter. Henry helps guide Rebecca into the apartment. She's not wasted, but hardly in the condition to operate heavy machinery.

HENRY
 You can take the bed for the night.
 I'll take the couch.

He sets his stuff down on a table. Rebecca throws her purse onto it.

REBECCA
 Why can't you take the bed?

HENRY
 Because it's yours for the night.

REBECCA
 I never said you'd be the only one in it.

HENRY
 ...You need to get some sleep.

He turns to the answering machine. Presses the red blinking light.

DIGITAL PHONE VOICE
 You have one new message.

BOB KRUEGER (V.O.)
 Hi, Doctor Mulcahy, this is Bob Krueger calling from Doctor Cumberland's office. I've left a message on your office voicemail, but we thought we'd try you here as well. We'd just like to remind you that we have yet to receive the files requested two weeks ago...

As Henry listens, Rebecca begins to step closer to him. He's unaware of it.

BOB KRUEGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you haven't sent them yet, please
give us a call. Our number is 215-
555-8199. Thanks very much.

The machine BEEPS.

DIGITAL PHONE VOICE

End of messages.

Henry looks down.

REBECCA'S ARMS are wrapping around him from behind. Her open palms grasping him. He tenses.

HENRY

What're you doing?

REBECCA

(almost giggling)
You used to love this...

Henry blinks. Realizing what's going on.

HENRY

Stop.

REBECCA

Why?

Her hands start to move over his chest.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Not good enough for you anymore?

He breathes. The moment awkward as hell. Yet he doesn't break away.

HENRY

...You need to stop...

Her hands slide down from his chest to his crotch. His eyes flutter. She lightly bites her bottom lip. Coquettish.

REBECCA

Been a while.

Now it's too much. He shrugs her off. Stepping back. Overwhelmed. She just smiles with zero innocence.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Too much for you?

HENRY
I'm not Patrick.

REBECCA
(playful)
You're gonna have to try harder than that.

HENRY
(choosing the words)
You need sleep.

REBECCA
And you need a good fuck.

Well then.

She takes a step toward him. He takes a step back. Keeping the distance. She gets the hint.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
You dick. So boring.

She makes her way to the bedroom.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Don't stay up too late.

She enters the bedroom. Sure to leave the door wide open.

He tries to collect himself. Gets a bottle of water from the fridge. Takes half of it in one go.

He peers over to the bedroom.

REBECCA

is next to Henry's bed. She's already taken off her pants. Finishes taking off her shirt. Only in underwear now.

We see her body for the first time. It's healthy. Attractive. She doesn't move for a moment.

She knows he's watching.

She glances to him. He doesn't think to break his gaze.

She slips him one last smile. Then crawls on top the bed. Staying above the covers. The alarm clock reading 10:52 PM.

IN THE BEDROOM -- LATER

The CLOCK now reads 11:40 PM.

Rebecca asleep. Still on top of the sheets.

HENRY is in the doorway. Staring at her. The only light is from the windows.

He steps in and over to the bed. She's just a reach away.

He starts to lean over. Moving toward her.

His hands reach out.

He pauses for a second. Just a second.

He takes the sheets from the other side of the bed. Pulls them over and drapes them across her. Covering all but her face.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Henry moves to her purse. Glances at it. Pokes his finger in to get a brief look.

He freezes.

Reaches in. And pulls out a GUN.

Holds it in his hands. Feeling it. Looks at it more closely. Definitely real. Definitely loaded.

He puts it back, unsettled.

IN THE LIVING ROOM -- LATER

A wall-mounted CLOCK barely visible... 3:03.

Henry is asleep, sitting upright in a chair.

His eyes slowly drift open. Only slightly conscious... reacting to something.

It's MUSIC. A melancholy piece, with strings and piano.

He sees REBECCA in front of him. She's now wearing a man's robe tied at the waist. She looks slightly embarrassed.

REBECCA

I borrowed this, if it's okay.

He notices she doesn't seem to be drunk. In fact, he sees clarity in her.

HENRY

The music.

REBECCA

I was curious. It had his name on it.

He nods. Understanding.

HENRY

And?

REBECCA

Me, too.

HENRY

I thought the mix was perfect. Just for us.

A moment.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Feeling better?

She doesn't answer. Just stares.

The music switches. "*Flames*" from VAST. They know it well.

Just the first notes strike a chord in them both.

They stare.

REBECCA

I know you're not Patrick. You don't need to be.

He swallows. They're about to cross a line. He knows it.

HENRY

What do you want?

REBECCA

I don't know. Patrick. Just you. Maybe both.

(beat)

I don't know if I want to know. It scares me.

HENRY

Scares me, too.

She takes a single step forward.

"Close your eyes... Let me touch you now..."

REBECCA

Are you attracted to me?

HENRY

I'm trying not to be.

"Let me give you something that is real..."

She doesn't take this as a sign to stop.

Another step.

REBECCA

It'd almost be right, though.
Almost... appropriate.

HENRY

I know.

(beat)

This shouldn't be happening.

"Let me give you what you're giving me..."

Another step.

REBECCA

Probably not.

Another. She's only a few feet away.

HENRY

I'm not him.

REBECCA

I know.

(beat)

Neither am I.

HENRY

I know.

Henry takes a step.

HENRY (CONT'D)

...I don't know...

Rebecca takes a step. They're right there.

REBECCA

Neither do I...

They just look at each other, staring. Absorbing.

"You are the only thing that makes me want to live at all..."

Henry leans in. Slightly. Then closer. And closer. Inches away.

She takes a baby step into Henry. The remaining distance crossed. Her lips on his.

The kiss holds for a moment. It's hesitant. Awkward.

They break. Both open their eyes. Their faces so close.

"When I am with you, there's no reason to pretend..."

Henry takes a step back. Rebecca a step forward. He holds onto her. Pulling her with him.

Backing up to the bookshelf. Taking her. Bringing her against the shelves.

"That when I am with you, I feel flames again..."

Their faces still so close. Closing in to kiss, but hesitant. Their lips. Their noses. They graze.

He spins her around, her against the bookshelf now. He goes in. A kiss. This one's strong. Intense. It doesn't come close to breaking.

"Just put me inside you... I would never ever leave..."

Her hands come up to his face. She pulls him in. Pressing him closer. Passionate.

Her hands reach down. Tugging at his shirt. She starts to remove it. He completes the motion.

"Just put me inside you..."

His hands to the robe now. He pulls it loose. Opens the robe.

"I would never ever leave..."

They start to move.

"You..."

The song continues to play...

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick and Henry make love.

It's tender. Gentle. Slow. Soft. Perfect.

Patrick reaches his hand to Henry's chin. Pulls himself in. He kisses Henry on his lips. His temple. His neck.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

Henry and Rebecca move onto the bed. Her on top of him. His clothes all off aside from underwear. Their kiss has not broken.

He pulls her robe down. Brings his arms around her.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick and Rebecca make love.

It's tender. Gentle. Slow. Soft. Perfect.

Their faces close. Very close. Their eyes locked on each other. He leans in. They kiss. Her arms wrap around him.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

Rebecca removes her bra. Henry spins Rebecca around on the bed. She's now on her back.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Their faces even closer. A deeper stare. Their breaths quicken.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

Rebecca reaches down. Tugs at Henry's underwear. He helps her remove it.

She spins him back around. Her again on top of him.

Their faces close. So close.

Staring deeply. Their eyes unwavering.

As she puts him inside her.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry and Patrick, face to face. Patrick on top of Henry. Their faces so close. Their breaths quickening.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

And quicker.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

And quicker.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

Henry and Rebecca make love.

It's awkward, yet familiar. Tense, yet not.

New. Yet not.

Their breaths quickening.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry's hands grip Patrick's body. Tightly. Squeezing.

Patrick's body shudders. He wraps his arms around Henry. Immersed in orgasm.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

And quicker.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rebecca's hands grip Patrick's body.

Patrick's body shudders. He wraps his arms around Rebecca. Immersed in orgasm.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

She grips him. He grips her. Both quivering.

Shuddering.

They both wrap their arms around each other.

Immersed.

As the song ends.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The bedroom alarm clock BEEPING. The living room empty. Except for a few stray pieces of clothing.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- DAY

7:00 AM. Still beeping. Until a hand reaches over and KNOCKS the clock to the floor. Silence.

Faint morning light trickles over their bodies. Naked on the bed. Not entwined. Not holding each other.

Henry's eyes flutter in the light. He then turns. Sees Rebecca's naked form start to stir. Her eyes open and catch him.

HENRY

Hey.

REBECCA

Hey.

HENRY

Good morning.

She sits up. She seems okay to him. She pulls a sheet over her body to cover up. He takes a pillow to do the same.

They stare at each other. Words not coming quickly to mind. Awkward and feeling it.

REBECCA

So... you really aren't gay.

HENRY
I never said I was.

REBECCA
Yeah. I just thought.

HENRY
It's okay.

Looking at each other.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You okay?

REBECCA
(smiles)
Yeah. Okay.

Henry gets up. Puts on shorts and a t-shirt. About to walk in the living room.

HENRY
You sure?

REBECCA
Yeah.

He nods, smiles. Turns and moves into the living room.

Rebecca looks around. Absorbing. Then SIGHS. Like a release. Starts to gather some clothes. Begins to dress.

But as she dresses, her mood begins to shift. As if a realization is slowly dawning on her. Her expression softening. Then dropping.

Before she's even aware of it, she looks as if in quiet, nauseated shock.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Henry starts to brew some coffee. He steps into...

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Where he sees Rebecca. Sees her face. And knows.

HENRY
(not sure of what else to
say)
Making coffee.

She just stares. And as she stares, she looks more and more disquieted. Henry almost feeling guilty.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

REBECCA

How could you do that to me? How could you? Take advantage like that?

He doesn't speak. Lets her talk.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You... I was drunk...

HENRY

No. You weren't. Earlier, yeah. But... you were sober. I could tell.

She's about to argue. Doesn't. Knows he's right. It makes her angrier.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Is it easier for you to say that you were?

(she doesn't answer)

If you want to blame me for... you can. But don't bullshit me.

She stares. Making the choice -- let it out or shut down. She takes a breath.

REBECCA

How could you let me do that? Nothing's going to be the same now. It's all fucked. And you could've stopped me.

She's at the point of tears.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Fuck you. How could I do this to him...

He reacts. He knows what she means by that.

HENRY

Do what?

REBECCA

Excuse me?

HENRY

How could you do what to him?

REBECCA

You let me... I can't... why didn't you stop me--

HENRY

Stop you from what?

REBECCA

How can I ever fucking get him back now!?

She stops cold. Realizing what she's said.

It hits her. Hard. Snapping her into muted shock.

Henry takes a mental step back. So does she.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(wiping her eyes)

Go ahead. Say it.

HENRY

Do I even need to?

REBECCA

No.

(beat)

Maybe.

(beat)

No.

HENRY

...It's not my fault. And it's not your fault. It's Patrick's. It was never ours. It was his.

She breathes deeply, trying to maintain control.

REBECCA

Yeah. Yeah.

Breathing.

HENRY

...so no coffee then.

REBECCA

Yeah, actually.

HENRY

Okay.

Neither moves.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Rebecca stands in the shower. Not moving. Letting the warm water fall onto her.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Henry steps over to his bookcase. Reaches up. Grabs the box with Patrick's personal effects.

THE BATHROOM

Rebecca stares at the RING. The water falling on it.

She takes it off.

Drops it.

Watches it fall down the drain. Gone.

THE KITCHEN

He drops the box onto the counter. Looks through the contents for a moment.

Then dumps it all into the sink.

THE BATHROOM

Rebecca reaches for the hot water knob. Turns it a little.

The water warms. Close to hot now. She feels the change.

And keeps turning.

THE KITCHEN

Henry lights a match. Stares at the contents of the sink.

Then drops the flame.

THE BATHROOM

She keeps turning the knob. The water getting hotter.

Rebecca doesn't move.

THE KITCHEN

The contents of the sink are in flames. Burning fast. Smoke rises from the mini inferno.

Henry watches.

THE BATHROOM

The knob won't turn any more. The water beyond scalding.

Rebecca's body is tense. Tight. She squeezes the knob. The wall. Every muscle strained to keep from exploding in pain.

Rebecca doesn't move.

THE KITCHEN

The SMOKE ALARM starts to BEEP shrilly. The sink's contents now all but smoldering ash.

Henry watches.

THE BATHROOM

Rebecca can HEAR the SMOKE ALARM SOUNDING in the living room.

She quickly turns the knob in the other direction. In a flash, the scalding water stops. Her skin now BRIGHT RED.

She gasps for breath. Gaspng. GASPING.

THE KITCHEN

Henry's running the faucet, flushing the remaining papery ash into the garbage disposal. The SMOKE ALARM KEEPS BEEPING.

Then STOPS.

Henry turns the disposal off. Finishes cleaning out the sink. Clears out the last of the ash. Then stops the water.

Rebecca steps into the kitchen. He turns to face her.

REBECCA
What was that?

HENRY
Nothing.

He sees how painfully red she is.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Jesus. What did you do?

REBECCA
Nothing.

Silence.

HENRY
I have to get to work soon.

REBECCA
Okay.
(beat)
Thanks for the shower.

He nods. So does she.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
No bullshit.

HENRY
...No bullshit.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

Rebecca walks, almost aimless. Surrounded by peaceful silence.

AT PATRICK'S TOMBSTONE

Rebecca sitting in front of the grave. Staring.

Her eyes glance down. Seeing the SMALL HOLE IN THE GRASS from Henry. Then back up to the tombstone.

Staring. Her frustration mounting.

PATRICK
(from behind her)
Weren't we happy?

She turns. SEES HIM THERE. Still in his same clothes. He's smiling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Weren't we?

She turns her head. Wanting to look at him. Trying not to.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I knew you two would find out about each other. If that's what you're thinking.

REBECCA

Did you want it to happen?

PATRICK

Of course not.

REBECCA

Did you... why did you die?

(she turns to him)

Did you want to die?

He's inscrutable. Except for the smile.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I really... really would love to know why I wasn't enough. But...

(beat)

No. No. Fuck you. I don't need to.

PATRICK

I only wanted you.

REBECCA

So full of shit...

PATRICK

I only wanted you. Only you.

REBECCA

Bullshit! Then what was he!?

Still inscrutable.

PATRICK

It's not going to work anymore, is it?

She shakes her head. Not breaking her stare.

His smile turns colder.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I wanted more. You want to know? I wanted more than you. I wanted more and I knew where I could get it.

She eyeballs him with severity. Even disgust.

REBECCA

Why do I feel guilty?

PATRICK

(smile)

Because you still love me.

REBECCA

I hate you for it. I don't owe you shit now. No loyalty. Nothing.

PATRICK

I know. Why else would you fuck him? Fuck the sloppy seconds. Just guilt? Pity, maybe?

REBECCA

Fuck you!

PATRICK

You owe me everything. I gave you everything. Everything you needed and wanted. He just had something you didn't. I think you know by now.

Rebecca almost squirms at Patrick's aggression.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Felt good, didn't it? His dick in you? Didn't it hit the spot in a sweet way? He's good. I knew that for years.

She stares him down. His smile still there.

REBECCA

You make me sick.

She turns, walking to her car. Patrick follows.

PATRICK

I'm not done with you.

REBECCA

I'm done.

PATRICK
No, you're not.

REBECCA
It's over.

PATRICK
It's not.

REBECCA
I'm fucking done!

PATRICK
No, you're not.

REBECCA WHIPS AROUND. GRABS PATRICK. PUSHES HIM AGAINST A NEARBY TREE, FORCING HIM BACK. HER HANDS ON HIS THROAT. HE DOESN'T FIGHT IT.

There's a fury in Rebecca's eyes. Total and complete, fueled with betrayal. She's a split second away from losing it.

REBECCA
I'm fucking done.

Rebecca squeezes his neck a little more. Her eyes slicing through his.

Then lets go. Quickly turns back, continues to her car.

INT. REBECCA'S CAR -- DAY

She gets in and SLAMS the door. Looks to where she was just at.

No Patrick.

She breathes heavily. Deeply. Just like in the shower.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

He drives. The phone in his hand.

Smiling.

As the car starts to accelerate.

INT. REBECCA'S CAR -- DAY -- PRESENT

Breathing. Trying to keep control.

She's not calming down.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Henry sits at his desk. Zoned out. Completely in his head.

KNOCKING.

He turns as the door opens. Michelle Sherman is there.

HENRY

Michelle. Hi.

MICHELLE

Got a quick sec?

She looks at him. He knows what she means. Not quite a sec.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Henry on Michelle's couch. She's next to him.

HENRY

It's been hard.

MICHELLE

It's going to be hard.

HENRY

I know. And I know the platitudes.
Everything everyone says.

He opens his mouth to speak. Nothing at first. She doesn't press. Waits for him to get the words out.

HENRY (CONT'D)

He was cheating on me.
(off her pained look)
For years. Almost the entire time,
actually.

MICHELLE

How did you find out?

HENRY

From her. The other one.

Michelle tries to stay restrained. Still sympathetic.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I still love him. That's the sickest part to me.

He considers. As if making a decision.

HENRY (CONT'D)

No. Actually. I don't. I love what I thought he was. The idea of him I had all this time.

(beat)

The real Patrick's dead. And I'm so happy he is. I know that's wrong to say. But... fuck him. Fuck him. I never knew the real Patrick. I thought I did, but no. Ten years he didn't want me to ever know the real Patrick. All I loved was a shadow.

It only strikes Henry now that he's been crying. He wipes his face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Reality is so much worse. And I'd rather have reality.

He sighs. Feeling the release. No smile, but the sense of calmness is there.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The other one? We've been talking. A lot.

Michelle shifts in her seat. Not expecting this.

HENRY (CONT'D)

At first... it was like I could feel him when I talked to her. But not anymore. I look at her now... I don't know. But it's like... like the shadow's gone. And it's just her.

Henry pauses. Thinks to himself. And chuckles.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I, uh... I'm not even sure what I'm saying.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Henry at his desk. Staring out the window.

The phone on his desk RINGS. He doesn't move. It RINGS AGAIN. He picks up the receiver. Drops it back on the base.

A moment. The phone starts to RING again. This time, Henry pulls the cord from the back of the base. The ringing STOPS.

He closes his eyes. Savoring the silence.

A KNOCK at his door. He looks up.

HENRY

Come in.

The secretary walks in.

SECRETARY

Doctor Mulcahy, I tried to call--

HENRY

Sorry, something's been wrong with my phone...

She sees the phone's disconnected jack.

SECRETARY

...I'll let someone know. Someone's here to see you, a woman, Rebecca Swinton. She doesn't have an appointment, but when I told her you had an open--

HENRY

Let her in.

The secretary steps out. A moment... Rebecca enters. Closes the door. Stands there.

HENRY (CONT'D)

...You can sit down.

She does.

REBECCA

(wry)

Looked you up. I don't have insurance. You take cash?

He grins.

She looks around the room. Both looking for the icebreaker.

She spots a small figurine on his bookshelf. A model of a STAR TREK SHIP.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I should've figured you were a dork.

Henry looks to see what she means.

HENRY

Proud dork. I've seen every minute of Star Trek and not ashamed of it.

REBECCA

You should be. I am.

HENRY

You watch?

REBECCA

(playful)

Uhh. One or two.

He leans back. Feeling more comfortable.

HENRY

I don't believe you. Favorite episode of... Voyager.

REBECCA

"Latent Image."

HENRY

(surprised)

Huh. Interesting.

REBECCA

Why?

HENRY

You would like one where a character totally loses his mind.

Rebecca bristles. Just a tiny, tiny bit. Plays it off.

REBECCA

What's yours?

HENRY

"Sacred Ground."

REBECCA

Ugh. And you're implying I'm crazy.

He laughs. So does she. It feels good for both of them.

She takes a breath.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm seeing him.

Henry straightens.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Maybe hallucinations. I don't know.
It's been happening since he died.
Not all the time. But it's getting
worse.

HENRY

Worse... how?

REBECCA

Every way. He used to be loving.
Sweet. But now, he's... he's angry.
Evil. I feel like he's a monster.
He's said some horrible things.
About you, too. Both of us.

He sits back.

HENRY

Can we talk about this somewhere
else?

REBECCA

Why?

HENRY

I want to be in the open. Out in the
open.

EXT. CITY PARK -- DAY

Back in the mini-paradise in the middle of the city.

Henry and Rebecca on a bench, facing a small man-made lagoon
near a large bank of trees. Nature happening around them.

REBECCA

I got so angry today. I felt so
angry. If I could, I would've
strangled him.

(beat)

When we were together, I never really
spent much time with other people.
...I don't exactly have a lot of
friends.

(looks to him)

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I don't know who else to talk to about this. Please tell me this isn't too weird or crazy.

HENRY

It's weird. Maybe crazy.

REBECCA

Are you even allowed to say that to me? Doctor?

HENRY

I'm not your doctor. Makes saying it so much easier.

(off her look)

Not easier. Not easy. Sorry.

REBECCA

I get it.

Henry swallows.

HENRY

Is it why you have a gun?

REBECCA

...what?

She looks at him. Deer in the headlights.

HENRY

In your purse.

REBECCA

...I've had a gun. Since Patrick died.

HENRY

Same purse you had your hand in. In the cafe.

(beat)

You wanted to kill me.

She still searches for the words...

REBECCA

No. Not. Exactly.

(beat)

Maybe I wanted to kill him. But he got off easy. So you were the next best thing.

It hurts her to admit it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
The fucking coward.

HENRY
What about now?

REBECCA
No. Not even a thought.

HENRY
It's not? How angry you are?

REBECCA
At him.

HENRY
You know that now...

Silence.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I won't hurt you. Trust me on that.

She nods. But not really sure.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Do you trust me?

REBECCA
I want to. I so want to.

She turns to face him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
He makes it so hard.
(she starts to cry)
Goddamn it...

She moves into him. Presses herself against his chest. And cries. He's taken aback for a moment.

Then puts his arms around her. Another moment.

He holds her tighter.

INT. HENRY'S CAR -- DRIVING -- DAY

Henry behind the wheel. Alone.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

He pulls to the side of the road. Exits the car. Starts to walk across the road. He stops halfway.

Staring at Patrick's memorial. The FLOWERS by his crash site starting to die. Withering and brown.

Henry finishes crossing the street. Now right in front of the memorial.

He stares. Stares.

Stares.

Then KICKS A PILE OF FLOWERS WITH FURIOUS RAGE. DRIED STEMS AND PETALS SCATTER INTO THE AIR, ACROSS THE GROUND.

HE KEEPS KICKING. ABSOLUTE, UNBRIDLED VENOM. KICKING THE DIRT, THE CARDS, THE FLOWERS, THE TREE. PURE VIOLENCE.

Until there's nothing left to destroy. He stops. Panting. Staring at the chaotic mess remaining.

He turns and starts to walk. Only then realizing how badly he's HURT HIS FOOT. Hurts like hell. Makes him stop for a moment.

He turns back to the memorial. Steps back up to it.

He SPITS on it.

Then moves for his car.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry under the sheets. He stirs. Wakes. Looks around.

He's alone.

HENRY

Patrick?

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry steps into the living room. Patrick stands in front of the windows. The blinds up. Staring into the darkness peppered by dim city lights. Pale glow over his face.

HENRY

You okay?

Patrick doesn't answer. Or move.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey. Patrick.

Nothing.

Henry moves over to him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Patrick.

Patrick doesn't move. Doesn't look away.

PATRICK

What're you doing up?

HENRY

What're you doing up?

PATRICK

Couldn't sleep.

Henry looks at Patrick. Turns his head to look out the window, following Patrick's eyes for a moment. Then back to Patrick.

And sees it. Something's haunting Patrick. Just under the surface. Just enough to show on his face.

HENRY

What is it?

PATRICK

Nothing.

HENRY

Tell me.

PATRICK

It's nothing. I promise.

HENRY

Hey. Look at me.

Patrick's eyes barely move to meet Henry's.

PATRICK

It's really nothing.

HENRY
Look at me.

PATRICK
I am.

HENRY
Look at me.

A moment. Patrick hears the gravity in Henry's voice. He faces him fully. Eyes locked.

PATRICK
I promise.

Henry stares. And flinches.

HENRY
Fine. Lie.

He turns and moves for the bedroom. Patrick follows.

PATRICK
I'm not lying.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rebecca turns to face Patrick. She's halfway to her bedroom.

REBECCA
Really. You're not.

PATRICK
I could never lie to you.

REBECCA
You could and you are.

PATRICK
So what am I lying to you about?

REBECCA
I don't know, Patrick! Maybe if you'd talk to me, say something, I'd know something.

He opens his mouth, then hesitates. Mentally retreats. Eyes drift away a little.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
What? Tell me.

It's like there's an internal roadblock in him.

She moves to him. Puts her hands on his face. Gentle.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You can tell me. Please.

He stares at her. Wanting the roadblock to disappear.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Please.

She watches the struggle on his face, feeling it in her hands. Watches his eyes. Watches them finally change.

As they're distant again. Like he doesn't have the strength.

She lets go. One final plead to him with her eyes.

She sees it without question. The roadblock's won.

Rebecca turns and goes back to the bedroom...

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

...and the door SLAMS.

Patrick stares at the door. Looking almost broken.

His eyes go back to the window.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

Rebecca stands at a window. City lights dully glowing over her face.

AND PATRICK'S FACE APPEARING IN THE REFLECTION.

She turns.

He's not there.

She sighs. Puts her face in her hands. Rubs her temples.

HER CELL PHONE RINGS.

She goes to it and answers.

REBECCA

Hello?

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Intercut. Henry on his cell.

HENRY

It's me.

REBECCA

...Hi.

HENRY

We need to talk.

REBECCA

(wan)

Haven't we done enough today?

Henry laughs in spite of himself.

HENRY

Nice.

REBECCA

Thanks.

HENRY

I mean it. I don't think it can wait.

REBECCA

...Okay. You know where I am.

HENRY

I'll be there soon.

Henry hangs up.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Rebecca holds the phone to her ear for another moment. Then hangs it up.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick hangs up. The smile on his face.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

Her eyes go back to the window. She lowers the phone.

PATRICK
You're letting him in here.

She whips around.

PATRICK IS THERE.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You're letting him be with you.

REBECCA
Fuck you.

PATRICK
What happened to us?

REBECCA
You.

PATRICK
Ever think maybe the problem with us
wasn't me?

REBECCA
(flinches)
What?

PATRICK
Maybe you just couldn't cut it.

He's getting to her. But she steels herself.

REBECCA
You're not going to get me.

PATRICK
I already got you. I keep getting
you. However I want you. That's the
way it's always been.

REBECCA
Fuck you.

HE CHARGES HER.

REBECCA BACKS UP FAST, FRIGHTENED. HER BACK HITS A WALL.

AND HE'S ON HER. BLOCKING HER WITH HIS ARMS. HANDS PRESSED
TO THE WALL. LIKE AN ANIMAL ABOUT TO STRIKE.

PATRICK

You're mine. I own you. I always have. Never forget it. Never forget it.

REBECCA

Back off.

PATRICK

Don't you get it?

REBECCA

Back off!

She gets in his face. He gets in hers.

PATRICK

You think you can stop me? You can't do a thing without me. You never could. You're a failure. You're a fucking failure.

REBECCA

Back the fuck off!

HE PUTS HIS FACE AN INCH FROM HERS. HARD EYE TO HARD EYE.
AND SMILES AT HER.

PATRICK

Or what?

SHE GETS HER HANDS UNDER HIS ARMS. SHOVES HARD AGAINST HIS CHEST. ENOUGH TO GET LEVERAGE WITH HER LEG.

SHE KICKS HIM WITH SEVERITY, DEAD IN THE CROTCH. THEN THE STOMACH. PATRICK KNOCKED AWAY.

REBECCA REARS BACK TO DELIVER A FATAL KICK TO THE FACE.

HER DOOR BUZZER GOES OFF.

SHE MOVES RIGHT FOR IT. PRESSES IT.

REBECCA

Yeah!

HENRY

(over buzzer)

It's me.

She hits the button for the front door. Turns around.

Patrick is gone.

Her eyes dart around. Not trusting that he's really gone.

INT. REBECCA'S BUILDING -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Henry knocks on Rebecca's door. Only a second goes by before SHE OPENS IT.

And wraps her arms around him. In a complete panic.

He holds her just as tightly.

REBECCA

Make him stop. Jesus, make him stop...

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Rebecca on her couch, knees curled up to her chest. Henry next to her.

HENRY

It's all in your head.

REBECCA

(not appreciative)
Thanks.

HENRY

You know what I mean. He's not really there. Why you're seeing him, I don't know. Have you ever had paranoid delusions before?

REBECCA

No. Doctor. I haven't.

Her attitude is about to exasperate him. But he takes a breath. Regroups. Knows she's not trying to battle him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm stuck on who he was. For me. I'm trying to shake it. I really am.

(beat)

I thought I could never live without him. Maybe I can't. Maybe I'm his.

HENRY

You were never his. Neither was I.
I hate that ten years had to happen
for us to know that...

REBECCA

I don't think I do.

He looks at her. Sees her eyes. How lost she looks.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I lived for him. I didn't even live
for myself. Just him. He was my
life.

Only now does she look to him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I don't know if I even know who I am
anymore. If it's not with him.

(beat)

God, it's so fucking pathetic...

He shakes his head. She sees.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Please. I don't know how you have it
so easy...

Henry's about to speak up. Doesn't push it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Why'd you call?

HENRY

I didn't want to be alone...

REBECCA

You have awesome timing.

(beat)

I shouldn't have freaked on you
before. I'm sorry.

HENRY

You had a right to.

REBECCA

(wan smirk)

Not really. Unless it's your fault I
ever knew him. Is it?

HENRY

No. Can't really take the blame on that.

REBECCA

Then stop apologizing.

They look at each other. Staring. Absorbing each other.

HENRY

I don't know what this is. What we are. Or anything. But I want to.

She doesn't speak.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I don't hate you for being with him. I don't blame you. Maybe you still blame me, I don't know. But he was wrong. He was the problem. And I'm done with it. And this could be a huge mistake, and if it ends up like that then I'll face it. But this is the first time since I can remember I'm living a moment for myself.

(beat)

I think there could be something here. It scares the shit out of me. But I don't want to run from it. I don't want to be afraid of it.

She looks at him, taking it in. A small, surprised smile creeps on her face.

REBECCA

You talk too much.

He laughs. She can't help but smile a little more. A moment.

HENRY

I mean it.

REBECCA

I know.

Silence.

They look at each other.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I don't know. This... this will never work.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

We've both been in a fucked-up relationship. With the same person. That doesn't mean that this can work.

HENRY

I know.

(beat)

Call me an optimist.

REBECCA

(with a sad smirk)

You're such a freak.

They keep staring. She touches his face. Just for a moment. She looks at her hand. Almost surprised.

HENRY

What?

REBECCA

Help me. Help me not need him.

He puts a hand to her face. Nods to her.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Rebecca walks, hands in her pockets. Not really focused on what's around her.

INT. BOOKSTORE -- DAY

Rebecca stares at a shelf. Looking at titles. Not finding what she wants. An EMPLOYEE passes by.

REBECCA

Excuse me.

EMPLOYEE

Yes?

REBECCA

Where's the self-help section?

BY THE SELF-HELP BOOKS

She looks at the back covers of a few different books. Looking more displeased with each one. Feeling stupid.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- OUTSIDE BOOKSTORE -- DAY

Rebecca exits, despondent. Her walking aimless.

INT. IRISH PUB -- DAY

Only suits and ties and the unemployed knocking back drinks.

And Rebecca. At a table away from the bar. Half-empty glass of wine in front of her. An empty glass at the edge of the table.

Her eyes on the table. The wine. Or maybe not even. Just staring at nothing.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I can't take it anymore... it's too much...

REBECCA (V.O.)

No... please... why?

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

November. Patrick and Rebecca are in the middle of a bitter, heated row. Patrick the aggressor... Rebecca panicked.

PATRICK

Suffocating... you're so goddamn suffocating...

REBECCA

Don't leave, please don't leave...

He's going around the place, stuffing the occasional item into a duffel bag -- a slipshod packing job.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'll be easier -- I won't call as much... I'll give you whatever you want... don't, please...

PATRICK

No...

He storms toward the door, duffel bag now half-full. She tries to block his way.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sick and tired of you never
letting me have any kind of life of
my own...

REBECCA

(desperate)

No... I don't understand... please,
please don't go...

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick stuffs one last item into the now-full duffel bag and makes a beeline for the door. Henry in the same level of panic.

HENRY

Whatever's wrong, whatever I'm
doing... don't -- I'll do whatever
you need me to do...

Henry tries to tug at Patrick's arm. Patrick's not stopping.

PATRICK

What I need is for you to stay away
from me!

Patrick opens the door, quickly crossing the threshold...

HENRY

Patrick!

...and slamming the door behind him.

Henry now alone. Feeling like his heart has just been mauled by a buzz saw. He starts to step to the door--

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

--as Rebecca steps up to the door, Patrick now gone. She puts the palm of her hand against the door, then clenches the hand into a fist--

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

--as Henry's fist slams once into the door--

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

--and Rebecca, hysterical, lets out a heartbreaking sob as she punches the door--

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

--and Henry, now in hysterics, pounds the door over and over.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Only her forehead against the door now. She's barely holding it together.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Henry doing the same. He's barely holding it together.

INT. IRISH PUB -- DAY -- PRESENT

Rebecca brings her hands to her forehead. Rubbing her temples. Trying to let a deep breath relax her.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Henry at his desk, writing notes on a legal pad. Michelle Sherman steps into his open doorway.

MICHELLE

Hi, Henry.

HENRY

How're you doing, Michelle?

MICHELLE

Just checking up.

A moment. She knows she doesn't need to say more.

HENRY

It's okay.

MICHELLE

You sure?

Henry looks at her. Takes a moment.

HENRY

Maybe. It might be.

Michelle studies his reaction. And smiles.

MICHELLE

It is. I think I can see it.

HENRY

You know when you're on the cusp of something? Something brand new. Just that feeling of new.

(she nods)

I have no idea what could happen. But I'm okay with it. Whatever it is.

She smiles deeply. A sense of true relief.

MICHELLE

You're okay.

HENRY

...I'm okay.

EXT. DALLAS AIRPORT -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

As a PLANE touches down on the runway.

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

PATRICK steps out of a gateway, wearing a full suit, briefcase and business bag in hand. Looks like a travelling pro.

INT. CAB -- DRIVING -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Patrick in the backseat, on his cell phone. We don't know who he's talking to.

PATRICK

I just landed late, so I won't have much time at the hotel before I have to get to their office. Thank god I prepped for the presentation on the plane.

(listens)

I'm not sure. Probably too late. Can I call tomorrow?

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(listens, then smiles)
Okay. I love you, too. Bye.

He hangs up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Patrick enters with his things. Closes the door and pockets his key card. Sets the bags down onto the bed. Takes a deep breath. Finally here.

He looks around the room.

So quiet. And empty. Just him in the room. Just him.

He sits on the bed. Still looking around the room. Then the bed. King-sized.

The big, empty bed. In the quiet, empty room. Just him.

He's not happy.

He reaches for the TV remote and clicks it on. The SOUNDS of chatter. PEOPLE TALKING. Voices. Company.

Patrick relaxes. Just a little. Not so alone.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- PRESENT

Mostly dark. Only tiny wisps of twilight streak through the window.

KNOCKING at Henry's door. He moves from the bedroom and heads to the --

HENRY

Who is it?

REBECCA (O.C.)

Me.

-- door. He opens it.

Rebecca breezes by him. Drops her purse down onto the nearby table.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(before Henry can get a word
in)

Don't ask questions.

Henry closes the door. Before he can turn around completely...

Rebecca's already behind him. Wrapping her arms around his waist. Pulling him in. Burying her head into his chest. Hiding her face.

HENRY

What--

REBECCA

Don't ask questions...

A moment. Henry brings his arms around her. Returning the embrace. They hold each other tightly.

A sense of security falls over Henry. He relaxes a little.

She arcs her face to his. They look at each other for a moment... and another...

They both lean in. A single, sustained kiss. It's quiet... serene.

The kiss breaks. Still holding tight.

LATER

Rebecca is sitting on the floor, Henry on the couch behind her.

REBECCA

I don't want to go back to my place right now. I see him there.

(beat)

I feel safer here.

HENRY

Stay here tonight.

REBECCA

...Okay.

(beat)

What happens if this gets worse? Every time he comes to me, he's worse. I can't handle it anymore.

HENRY

Just remember what it is. He doesn't control you.

REBECCA
Way easier said than done.

HENRY
I'll help you. However I can.

A moment. Their eyes connect and don't break for the longest time.

REBECCA
Maybe there's something.

He smiles.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I don't love you.

The statement takes him by surprise. Even saying it throws her, too.

HENRY
Wow.

REBECCA
I'm sorry. I didn't mean for it to sound like, I don't know...
(beat)
But... I don't love you.

She may be saying it, but there is a level of care behind her voice that hasn't been there before. Not even with Patrick.

Henry tries to process her words. Tries to find the best way to respond.

Then he realizes.

HENRY
...I know.
(beat)
That might be the most honest thing you've ever said to me.

REBECCA
Felt like it.

Neither spoke sarcastically or maliciously... it was sincere.

Rebecca smiles very softly.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I feel better.

(sighs)

Don't ask me why... I do...

Henry doesn't completely understand, but there's a gut reaction. There's comfort.

He leans over and kisses the top of Rebecca's head, his hands on her face. She accepts it. Feeling the warmth.

She makes sure he's looking into her eyes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Maybe there's something.

He smiles. Nods.

HENRY

Tomorrow, we can start over. For real.

He sees, for a second, a change in her. Something doubtful.

HENRY (CONT'D)

We can.

REBECCA

...I'll get over him. I have to.

She kisses him.

LATER

The lights are off... only the signs and street lamps from below shine in.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The night stand CLOCK reads 1:52 AM. Henry and Rebecca on the bed. Henry's asleep. Rebecca stirring.

THE BATHROOM

Rebecca enters, closes the door. Examines herself in the mirror. Staring. Scrutinizing.

She turns for the toilet.

THE BEDROOM

The bathroom light clicks off. She walks back into the bedroom.

Sees something on the bed. In an instant, she's paralyzed.

PATRICK IS ON THE BED WHERE HENRY USED TO BE. HENRY IS GONE.

She closes her eyes tightly. Then opens them.

HENRY HAS RETURNED. PATRICK IS GONE.

REBECCA

Henry... Henry!

He stirs, waking up. His groggy eyes find her in the darkened room.

HENRY

What is it?

REBECCA

It's happening again.

HENRY

(sitting up quickly)

What was it?

REBECCA

I went to the bathroom and when I came back, he was here instead of you. You weren't here. It was him.

He gets out of the bed.

HENRY

Stay here. I'll be right back, I'm getting you something to calm you down.

He makes a quick dash for the bathroom, clicking on the light. Rebecca watches the open bathroom door, impatient for him to return. She can HEAR him rustling in the cabinets.

Henry comes out of the bathroom, turning off the light. Walks into the bedroom.

REBECCA

Henry...

IT'S NOT HENRY.

PATRICK STARTS TO EXTEND AN ARM TOWARD REBECCA.

PATRICK

You cunt.

SHE PANICS. SNAPS. CHARGES FOR PATRICK. THE FORCE KNOCKS HIM OFF-BALANCE. STARTS TO FALL TO THE FLOOR--

NEW ANGLE

as Rebecca is tackling HENRY to the floor.

She claws at him. Fiercely attacking. Trying to rip at his face with her fingers. He tries to push her off. Both struggling for supremacy.

HENRY

Rebecca-- stop--!

He wedges his hands between their bodies. FORCES THE SEPARATION.

They stand simultaneously. Henry on the defensive.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Rebecca, listen to me.

REBECCA AND HER POV

as Henry is no longer in front of her. PATRICK IS. In the same position Henry was.

PATRICK

Listen to me, sweetie. This is what you want.

Just looking at him, hearing his voice, builds her rage.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Every minute that goes by, you hate me more. And you should. You should hate me for betraying you. Hate him for being the one who came between us. Hate yourself for falling for everything. For being so fucking stupid. You deserve whatever kind of revenge you want. But remember who deserves it most.

(smiles)

Come on. Let it out. It's what you want. Kill me.

The fire builds in her. Building. BUILDING.

ON HENRY

in mid-negotiation. Still defensive.

HENRY

Rebecca? Did you hear me?

(harder)

Rebecca?

(IN PATRICK'S VOICE)

I'm waiting.

SHE CHARGES. HENRY'S READY.

He deflects. Pulls her to the ground in a struggle. He's reaching for something to use to get her away. Anything.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Stop-- please--!

The table near him. A LAMP sits on top. REACHING.

His hand wraps around a table leg. Rebecca grabs his arm. PULLS IT. His grip holds. THE TABLE TOPPLES OVER.

The lamp slides off. Doesn't break. Inches away from him.

He stretches for it. Stretching like mad. Fingertips graze it. Keeps trying. JUST BARELY MISSING.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Stop!

She's not listening. She punches at him. Kicks. Furiously attacking him. READY TO KILL HIM AND HE KNOWS IT.

HE HAS IT. THE LAMP IN HIS HANDS. HE SWINGS IT.

IT CONNECTS WITH REBECCA. KNOCKS HER AWAY FROM HIM.

SHE TURNS. DAZED. BUT ALREADY GOING FOR HIM AGAIN.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Stop!

SHE DOESN'T.

HE SWINGS AGAIN. IT SHATTERS ON HER.

REBECCA HITS THE FLOOR. UNCONSCIOUS.

Henry collapses. His energy gone. Panting hard.

He looks to Rebecca. No movement from her... then SHE STIRS.

He turns himself around. Struggles to get up. Weak on his feet. Moves slowly over to the phone. Picks it up.

REBECCA

opens her eyes. Glances around. Dazed.

PATRICK

is kneeling in front of her. His face close to hers. AND THE SMILE.

PATRICK

You can't have us both, sweetie. If you don't have me, you can't have him. It's very simple. Both of us, or neither of us. What's more important to you?

(sweetly)

See, I know you hate me now. You so should. I've treated you horribly. And I want to pay for it. So why should I stand in the way of that?

She stares at him, still dazed and glassy-eyed. But aware.

He moves just a bit further away. Still the smile.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll let you decide, love.

Patrick runs his fingers gently down the side of her face. A loving caress. Then stands. Walks out of sight.

Walking in the direction of the phone.

HENRY

has the phone to his ear. It's ringing...

REBECCA

begins to stand. Trying to keep her balance. Still woozy.

HENRY

as the phone is answered.

HENRY
(keeping his voice low)
Michelle. It's me. I need some
help.

REBECCA

takes careful steps into the living room. Enough to have a
good look at Henry.

HER POV

...except it's Patrick.

HENRY

listens to the voice on the line.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Her name is Rebecca Swinton,
S-W-I-N-T-O-N... Yeah, she is...

HER HAND

reaches into her purse.

HENRY

looks out his living room window as he talks.

HENRY (CONT'D)
She's... she just needs help. I need
to get her some real care. She's--

He freezes mid-sentence. He hears it.

The sound of a BARREL CLICKING INTO PLACE.

He turns.

REBECCA'S POV

As PATRICK TURNS, HOLDING THE PHONE TO HIS EAR, FACING HER.

HENRY

stands motionless. In a silent panic. Frozen. Staring.

REBECCA POINTS HER GUN STRAIGHT AT HENRY'S CHEST.

Tears drop from her eyes. Her hand shakes.

REBECCA'S POV

as she aims the gun at PATRICK'S CHEST.

HENRY

tries to speak. Sound doesn't come out.

THE PHONE

slides from his hand and DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

REBECCA

whimpers quietly. Sobs once.

REBECCA

(sincere)

...I love you. ...I always will.

HENRY

starts to mouth a word.

HENRY

Reb--

REBECCA'S POV

as PATRICK finishes it.

PATRICK

--ecca...

REBECCA

wraps her finger around the trigger.

Closes her eyes.

Squeezes.

FIRES.

BLACK.

The GUN'S REPORT echoes into nothing.

Silence.

INT. UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

REBECCA, a freshman in college. Standing in the checkout line.

She steps up, hands over the THICK CALCULUS book. The CASHIER scans it.

CASHIER
'Kay, it's \$126.92.

Rebecca checks her purse. Looking in her wallet. Grimaces.

REBECCA
Um... I'm... about ten short.

CASHIER
Got a credit card?

REBECCA
It's maxed out.

CASHIER
Well, I'm sorry.

REBECCA
I'm just ten short. Please. I need this for tonight. Please.

CASHIER
Ma'am, I'm sorry.

REBECCA
(pleading)
Please--

Rebecca notices the employee's EYES SHIFT FOCUS. Rebecca follows.

A HAND. HOLDING MONEY. Being handed to the cashier.

Rebecca looks up to see who's holding it.

PATRICK. Younger, even more vibrant.

For an instant, Rebecca's heart stops. Love at first sight.

HE SMILES AT HER. THE SMILE.

PATRICK
Sorry. I couldn't help but overhear.
You're short by ten?

REBECCA

Uhh... yeah. No, I couldn't let you--

PATRICK

Too late.

The cashier takes his cash. She processes the payment. Hands Rebecca the receipt. The book is hers. They start to step away.

REBECCA

You didn't have to.

PATRICK

I know. But I heard it in your voice, you needed it pretty bad, so... yeah. Can't let you be unhappy.

She giggles, surprised. So does he. Already bonded.

REBECCA

Thank you. Seriously, thank you so much, this is unreal.

PATRICK

Nah. It's real. Real's always best.

REBECCA

I'm Rebecca.

He outstretches his hand for her to shake. She grips it.

PATRICK

Patrick. Hi.

They shake.

She's still smiling.

So is he.

THE END