

HARVEY

by

Craig Mazin

Based on the Original Play

by

Mary Chase

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Third Draft - R1

FADE IN:

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - MANHATTAN - DAYBREAK

A gorgeous spring morning. Birds over Central Park. No traffic yet. Sunlight on the Museum of Natural History.

Nearby, a large apartment building, on par with the Dakota. This is the BRADFORD.

As we follow a wealthy resident into the building, ALFONSO the Doorman swings the big glass doors open...

INT. BRADFORD LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

We break away from the resident, tracking through the ornate lobby with its marble floors and private security...

Behind a large lobby desk, MS. VASQUEZ sorts the mail.

We track past the apartments and the names on the open mailboxes...up up up up until we get to the very last one.

Penthouse B

V. Simmons
E. P. Dowd
Harvey***

Big asterisks in red pen. Camera FLIES over to the right to a PAGE full of various handwritten instructions for the mail.

***"He picked his mail up himself this morning."!!!!!!

EXT. BRADFORD BUILDING - MORNING

We look up up up up, where a whoosh of pigeons takes flight, right past the very top windows...

INT. PENTHOUSE B - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful penthouse apartment. Bigger than most houses. Dark brown hardwood floors, classic antiques everywhere, a main room featuring a gargantuan fireplace with a lavishly framed portrait of the Dowd Matriarch hanging above.

And a small parlor/library, with bookshelves and Chippendale furniture and Tiffany lamps...

And a French Country kitchen with tile floors and copper stove hood and massive commercial stove...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the main room, a slightly curling staircase leading to the second floor...

As we move through the penthouse, we find photos here and there. First a young boy, c. 1960, black and white, then a teenager, early 70's, with his father. Now a man, 1980, business attire, centered in frame.

And on a pedestal next to the stairs, a small photo of a grown man standing oddly to the right of frame, his right arm out and up as if posing...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A maid sets a breakfast table for two. She looks upstairs, an expression of concern...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two toothbrush holders. Two bars of soap. Two razors.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two floor mirrors.

LOW ANGLE on two beds. Two pairs of slippers.

Sleeping in the right bed, ELWOOD P. DOWD, indeterminate middle age. He's so peaceful, he could be dead.

The left bed appears EMPTY.

Two nightstands. Two alarm clock radios.

The clock radio on the right TURNS ON. WQXR. Classical.

Elwood RISES without delay and quickly turns the radio off. Peeks at the other bed, then TIPTOES across the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

We hear the shower TURN OFF. Elwood ENTERS in a natty robe.

Opens a very large WALK-IN CLOSET.

There are two suits, hanging. Two shirts. Two ties. On the floor, two pair of shoes. On a hook, two different hats.

Elwood dawdles over his choices as if they were myriad.

The other clock radio TURNS ON. WBGO. Jazz. Elwood doesn't move to turn it off, but smiles GENTLY at the other bed.

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - PENTHOUSE - A BIT LATER

This is the hallway area that connects Penthouse A and Penthouse B. The elevator is between them.

Elwood emerges from "B," swinging the door wide, as if to let someone pass. Then closes it. Walks to the elevator and hits the button.

Behind him, MRS. EDINBURGH, 60's, emerges from "A" dressed for rain. She sees Elwood, starts with a frown, and IMMEDIATELY SCOOTs back inside.

He never notices. Ding! The doors swing open.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

MR. CALDWELL, bit of a resemblance to Chuck Berry, sits on a STOOL, in uniform. He doesn't smile.

ELWOOD
Good morning, Mr. Caldwell. Lobby,
please.

Caldwell reaches for the button.

ELWOOD (cont'd)
Both of us.

Caldwell pauses SOURLY. Shakes his head ever so slightly.

MR. CALDWELL
Mmm hmmm.

INT. BRADFORD LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

Ding! Elwood steps smartly into the lobby. Tips his hat to a woman who is polishing an area of the floor.

She smiles quickly and nervously and turns away, almost a bit scared. Elwood doesn't seem to notice.

He walks to the LOBBY DESK.

ELWOOD
Good morning, Ms. Vasquez.

MS. VASQUEZ.
(hands him some mail)
Here you go, Mr. Dowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

Thank you. Oh...nothing for Harvey?

MS. VASQUEZ

He picked his mail up himself this morning.

ELWOOD

Again? I wonder how he does it. Wouldn't you love to know?

MS. VASQUEZ

Is there anything else I can do for you, Mr. Dowd?

ELWOOD

What did you have in mind?

MS. VASQUEZ

Oh!

(hands him a letter)

Came by courier, marked urgent.

ELWOOD

Fascinating? I wonder what it is.

The phone rings.

MS. VASQUEZ

(answers)

Bradford Mail. Yes, Mr. Fishbach.

As Elwood watches her head back into the mail room, he serenely RIPS UP the oh-so-urgent letter, drops all the mail into the GARBAGE, and WALKS to the door.

EXT. BRADFORD - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Alfonso, 40, Dominican, big button-down coat that accentuates a friendly-looking gut, swings the door open for Elwood.

He speaks to Elwood like a parent to a baby.

ALFONSO

Elwood! Hiiii, Elwood!

ELWOOD

Morning, Alfonso. We're going to Charlie's. Care to join?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALFONSO

I'm working, Elwood. I open and close the door.

ELWOOD

Yes, I know.

ALFONSO

But, we'll have fun some other time, okay?

ELWOOD

All right. How about the 30th?

ALFONSO

Morning, Mr. Whitman!

WHITMAN, pinched, 30's, with 4 SHARPEI's on leashes. They're FREAKING OUT, barking at Elwood, tangling themselves around Whitman, who tries to get them through the door.

WHITMAN

Boys! Boys!

ELWOOD

I'm sorry Mr. Whitman.
(points to no one)
He may have startled them.

Whitman glances at Alfonso with a familiar condescension.

WHITMAN

Yeah. Okay Elwood. Very good.

ELWOOD

We were just discussing a party, perhaps for the 30th of this--

WHITMAN

Elwood, please. Later, okay?

ELWOOD

Oh. So, the 31st?

Whitman pushes the dogs inside, ENTERS the building.

WHITMAN

Uh huh. GoodBYE Elwood...

ALFONSO

Bye bye, Elwood. Bye bye!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

Well, okay, if it's goodbye, then--
(Alfonso shuts himself in)
We'll talk more on the 31st!
(to his right)
Good neighbors. Well, shall we?

Elwood SMILES to his right, then starts WALKING.

EXT. UNION STATION - WASHINGTON D.C. - ESTABLISHING

INT. UNION STATION - WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

Under the massive arched ceiling...

A woman. Blonde, tall, perfectly made-up, absolutely STUNNING. If only she were smiling.

This is MAUREEN SIMMONS, 27.

She's staring at a tall man in a suit and overcoat. BRIAN GAFFNEY, 29. A patrician air about him. On a cell phone.

He CLICKS OFF, joins her. He walks quickly. She keeps up.

BRIAN

God, I hate fundraising.

MAUREEN

That's funny, Brian. I was thinking I hate watching you do it.

BRIAN

Well, maybe one day they'll give away Senate reelections.

He STOPS in his TRACKS, PISSED, and grabs a New York Times.

BRIAN (cont'd)

NYPD isn't endorsing him? I worked on that deal for a month!

She FROWNS at his blowup.

MAUREEN

You shouldn't be working on this campaign at all.

BRIAN

He's my father, Maureen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAUREEN

And you don't know how to tell him
"no."

BRIAN

I tell him "no" all the time. He
just doesn't care. Look, he's
going to be in town Friday, and I
was thinking, that would be, you
know, a good night to...

(beat)

Ask you...something.

MAUREEN

Ask me wha--

(gets it, stunned)

Oh.

He takes her face gently in his hands, and they KISS.

BRIAN

I love you, Maurs.

(takes her by the hand)

I kind of wanted to do it with our
families there, all together. At
your mom's place.

MAUREEN

Wow. Brian!...sure. But...it's
not really her place--have I ever
mentioned my Uncle Elwood?

As they board the Express to NYC...

BRIAN

No. Why?

The doors SHUT. As the train LURCHES forward...

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - PENTHOUSE - MORNING

Mrs. Edinburgh slowly sticks her head out of "A," checking
that the coast is clear. It is. She moves to the elevator.

VETA

Alma!

Mrs. Edinburgh again STARTS in fear, but turns to see it's
only VETA SIMMONS, 55, walking out of "B." Silver-haired and
well-kept, but a sharp eye can tell she's had work done...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. EDINBURGH

Veta! God! I thought it was your brother sneaking up on me...

VETA

Elwood? You don't have to be scared of Elwood, he wouldn't hurt a fly. Now I know it's short notice, but tomorrow evening, I'm--

MRS. EDINBURGH

No.

She turns away and hits the elevator button. Veta GRABS her hand and pulls her towards "B."

VETA

But I have your invitation!

INT. PENTHOUSE B - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Veta moves to a bag on the drawer, rustling through it.

VETA

Here we are...

A beautiful, engraved invitation.

MRS. EDINBURGH

I don't want it and I'm not coming. And Book Club has decided to skip your apartment permanently.

VETA

Alma...I know Elwood's caused some trouble in the past, but--

MRS. EDINBURGH

Trouble? You're losing friends, Veta. Every time he introduces someone to that...that—

VETA

--but he's a sweetheart, you just don't know him like I do--

MRS. EDINBURGH

He should be put away.

(softens, touches Veta)

Veta, for your sake if not his. You look tired all the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Veta SLUMPS.

VETA

There's a facility, the Chumley Center for Mental—I've thought about calling—but I just can't...

(hands her the invite)

I promise he won't be there. Please. Maureen's bringing her boyfriend home, just a little introductory gathering...

She hands Alma the invitation. She scans it.

MRS. EDINBURGH

Brian Gaffney. Gaffney?

(Veta nods proudly)

Well, it has been a while since I've seen Maureen...

VETA

(happily)

Will it be just you or plus one?

INT. CHARLIE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

A small watering hole. Not hip, not a dive, just run of the mill. Mostly empty. A jukebox plays old standards.

A Wall Streeter is the lone patron sitting at the bar. By the tables, a man with his back turned away from us.

The Wall Streeter watches the TV, drinks.

CAMPAIGN AD VOICEOVER

Chuck Gaffney. He's fighting to save public education and preserve the death penalty. Chuck Gaffney. The pro-choice leader that reformed welfare. This November, reelect a winner. Gaffney. Paid for by Citizens For Gaffney.

The door opens. Elwood waits, then ENTERS the bar.

CHARLIE, 35, burly, wipes down the bar. Born and bred NYC.

CHARLIE

Morning, Mr. D. How's he doin'?

ELWOOD

Fine, fine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. MAYHEW, a BLIND man, sits by the window so that the sun hits his face.

MR. MAYHEW
Is that Elwood and you-know-who?

ELWOOD
Morning, Mr. Mayhew.

Elwood goes to a table, pulls another chair out for no one.

He WIPES some crumbs off the chair with a hanky, then HELPS an INVISIBLE PERSON into the seat.

The Wall Streeter watches this, puzzled.

CHARLIE
Two Martinis, one dry, one damp?

ELWOOD
Sounds perfect.

At the bar, the Wall Streeter NODS over at Charlie.

WALL STREETER
Who's the wingnut?

CHARLIE
His name is Mr. Dowd. He'd tell you if you asked.

WALL STREETER
Dowd...that guy said Elwood.
Elwood Dowd, Dowd & Young?
(off Charlie's look)
Big Wall Street firm, old money?
Shut their doors about 7 years ago?
Jesus...talk about a meltdown!

The guy gets up to leave. Charlie holds up the tab.

CHARLIE
Ay, this ain't a charity here!

WALL STREETER
Charge it to you-know-who.

ELWOOD
(from his table)
We've got it Charlie! On us! Nice meeting you, friend!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD (cont'd)
(to himself)
What a lovely man.

Elwood turns back to the empty chair holding his face in his hand, a placid smile but very bright eyes. A look we give that rare friend whose mere presence is enough to satisfy.

EXT. CHARLIE'S - TIME FLOWS BY

We see Elwood through the big window, elbows on the table, calmly contemplating his friend.

Outside, TIME begins to SPEED UP, the streaking of cars and bikes and people...the endless rush.

But inside the bar...just Elwood. And two martinis.

And...?

EXT. BRADFORD - LONG VIEW - AFTERNOON

Alfonso opens the door for Maureen and Brian...

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - PENTHOUSE B - AFTERNOON

Maureen KNOCKS on the door.

Veta OPENS up. She's all done up, and has a little REELECT SENATOR GAFFNEY pin on. Mother and daughter EMBRACE.

VETA
Maureen!!!

BRIAN
Mrs. Simmons...

VETA
Brian, we finally meet!
(re: her pin)
Look!

BRIAN
All right! A new volunteer. Guess
I'll have to put you on staff.

VETA
(suddenly worried)
Oh...but I was just--I don't really
have any training or experience...

MAUREEN
He's joking, mom. Can we come in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VETA
Of course! Of course!

Veta quickly SCANS the corridor for any sign of Elwood.
Nope. Coast is clear. She SLAMS the door behind them.

INT. PENTHOUSE B - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN
Beautiful space, Mrs. Simmons. A
lot of room for just one person.

VETA
Oh, no, there's thr--two. Two of
us. Elwood and I.

MAUREEN
And where is Uncle Elwood?

VETA
He's not here, and neither of them
are coming tonight.

MAUREEN
Coming to what? Oh god, mom...

BRIAN
Neither of "them?"

VETA
It's just a small gathering.

MAUREEN
I really didn't want a big deal...

BRIAN
Come on, Maurs, I'm sure she didn't
send out--
(Veta hands him an invite)
Engraved invitations! Neat.

MAUREEN
Are you sure Elwood's not coming?

VETA
Yes. Completely. 100%
(suddenly less confident)
Would you excuse me for a moment?

EXT. CHARLIE'S - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

We hear a phone RINGING.

INT. CHARLIE'S - AFTERNOON

Charlie is ON THE PHONE behind the bar.

Mr. Mayhew has joined Elwood. Quite a few empty glasses on the table. We're not sure who has drunk what.

Elwood listens to Mayhew with COMPLETE ATTENTION. Eyes glued to him. Hangs on every word. Even though he's heard this story a million times.

MR. MAYHEW

...so I says, "Judge, I didn't know he was a cop. I'm blind." Judge says, "Yeah, but you can't hit a cop." I says, "How do I know I hit anyone? How do I even know you're a judge?" Bip bap boop, 6 months.

ELWOOD

(excited, to Harvey)
And that's where he got his tattoo.

MR. MAYHEW

Have I told you that story? See they put me in a cell with this ex-Marine, right? So I says, I says--

Charlie HANGS UP the phone.

CHARLIE

Mr. D! Your sister says she's sick and doesn't want you to catch it, so you should stay here.

ELWOOD

Really? Did she sound okay?

CHARLIE

I dunno. She sure as hell don't have laryngitis.

ELWOOD

That's Veta. Did she say how long?

CHARLIE

At least 'til after midnight.

ELWOOD

I was sort of planning on that anyway. Hmm?

(listens to Harvey)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD (cont'd)

I hadn't thought of it that way.
You know I'd doing anything for
Veta. Anything.

(rises, heads to the door)

Mr. Mayhew, I'd love to hear the
rest of your story. Dinner on the
31st, my place. Charlie, bring the
family.

CHARLIE

Believe me, you don't want my
family there.

ELWOOD

But if they don't come I won't ever
know why I don't want them there.
I'm sorry, have you seen..?

Elwood EXITS. Then POKES BACK IN, then LOOKS BACK OUT.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

Oh, you're already out here...

INT. PENTHOUSE B - EVENING

The dinner party is in full swing. About 15 people or so,
mostly older women in the Mrs. Edinburgh vein.

In one corner, Mrs. Edinburgh and some other ladies have
cornered Brian. They all have little GAFFNEY pins on.

BRIAN

...so that's his plan for managing
prescription drug costs.

MRS. MCCURDY

What a smart man. I wish there
were a way I could help him.

BRIAN

A simple donation is often the best
way.

Maureen WATCHES this from across the room, ALONE. She
swallows some wine and mutters to a large houseplant.

MAUREEN

Hmmm? Oh, yes, I'm halfway to my
Master's in Art History from
Georgetown, and my work has
appeared in quite a few journals,
thank you for asking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VETA

Maureen?

Maureen turns to see her mother looking very CONCERNED.

MAUREEN

Sorry. It's not genetic. I was--
(shakes her head)

Thanks for an Elwoodless party.
Hope you don't mind doing it again
on Friday.

(nods to the kitchen)
Is there more wine in there?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maureen enters, pours another glass. Veta in tow.

VETA

Friday? What Friday?

MAUREEN

The Senator is in town, and Brian
wants to bring him here, dinner,
family gathering...
(deep breath)
And then pop the question.

Veta absorbs the SHOCK of this, then LURCHES forward.

VETA

I have to tell everyone!
(Maureen PULLS her back)
But I won't of course. Just a few
subtle intimations.
(beat)
What?

MAUREEN

Nothing. I love him. And he's
everything I've ever wanted. But
I'm only 27. I'm still in school,
I haven't gone anywhere, I haven't
done anything. I don't want to be
trapped in--

VETA

Maureen, you have a lot to learn
and I hope you never learn it.
(stern)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VETA (cont'd)

I turned down men like Brian,
followed my heart, and where is
your father now? I've had to rely
on my sick baby brother. Don't you
see I'm the one who's trapped?
Trapped in here with that awful...

(softens)

Old and alone don't give you fair
warning. One day you wake up and
your choices are gone.

(smile of denial)

But you love him! This is just
butterflies. Of course you'll say
"yes." Good. It's settled.

Maureen opens her mouth to respond, but just then we hear a
bit of BUZZ through the door. Veta PEEKS through.

VETA (cont'd)

Ethel!

Veta grabs the waist of her control-top pantyhose through
here dress, YANKS IT UP, and EXITS.

INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ETHEL CHAUVENET has arrived. We can tell from her rock and
her pearls and her style that she's a Queen Wasp.

VETA

Ethel Chauvenet, you came! My God,
it's been a decade!

MRS. CHAUVENET

Has it?

(peeking around)

Where's Elwood?

VETA

Oh, he couldn't attend. You
remember Maur--

MRS. CHAUVENET

But he's the reason I came! What a
wonderful man. Is he seeing
anybody these days?

VETA

Oh yes. Elwood sees somebody...

EXT. BRADFORD LOBBY - EVENING

As Elwood approaches, carrying a small bag...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALFONSO

Hello, Elwood! Wasn't this a beautiful day?

ELWOOD

Every day's a beautiful day.

Elwood ENTERS. Alfonso watches him SADLY. Pitying.

INT. ELEVATOR - SECONDS LATER

Mr. Caldwell is GRIM as usual. Elwood gestures at Harvey.

ELWOOD

Penthouse please. Both of us.

Mr. Caldwell mutters SOURLY under his breath.

INT. MAIN ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Elwood ENTERS, so slow and quiet no one notices him, though he's practically right in front of their eyes.

But Veta SEES HIM and SCOOTs across the room as fast as she can without looking like she's running.

VETA

What are you doing here? I'm...
(suddenly fake hoarse)
I'm sick, sick!

ELWOOD

I couldn't bear the thought of you in pain, Veta, so I got this...

He hands her a SMALL NyQuil.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

I checked the ingredients and they seemed quite safe...
(pulls out large NyQuil)
...so I bought myself some.

MRS. CHAUVENET

Elwood!

Veta CRUMBLES. Mrs. Chauvenet crosses over to Elwood. Brian walks over to be introduced. Maureen RUSHES OVER.

ELWOOD

Ethel! What a pleasure to find a beautiful woman waiting for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. CHAUVENET

Oh, Elwood, you haven't changed!

ELWOOD

Have you met my dear friend--?

VETA

Elwood, there's some important papers upstairs you need to--

MRS. CHAUVENET

Yes, your friend! Veta mentioned!

ELWOOD

Allow me to introduce...

(sweeping gesture)

Harvey.

Mrs. Chauvenet and Brian follow Elwood's eye line up and to his right. They're utterly confused.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

I know, I know. You've probably never seen a Pooka before. Come on Harvey, we should say hello to all of our guests.

Elwood takes a step, turns to Brian.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

Oh. Ah, you're blocking his way.

Brian slowly steps BACKWARDS. Elwood takes Harvey by the "arm," then turns back to Brian.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

I can see you're upset. Please don't be. He stares that way at everyone. Don't worry. He likes you. He likes you very much.

Maureen and Veta both smile WEAKLY at Brian.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The MAID goes about cleaning up.

She sees Elwood sitting on a loveseat in the library, CHATTING AMIABLY with his invisible friend.

She nervously CROSSES herself, and SCURRIES along.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON the seats by the fireplace.

Veta, Brian and Maureen are having a pow-wow. They keep their voices LOW, so as not to be heard by Elwood.

VETA

I wish you could have known him when. God, I looked up to him. We all did.

(eyes filling with tears)

I love him so much. But he breaks my heart.

Brian hands her a tissue. She BLOWS.

VETA (cont'd)

But this shouldn't change anything between the two of you, right?

It's not Maureen's fault. It's not even Elwood's fault.

MAUREEN

Well then whose fault is it?

VETA

Never mind that.

BRIAN

Of course it doesn't change things, but it might be prudent to put off our plans for Friday.

VETA

What? No! You can't!

BRIAN

(embarrassed)

It's a security issue. I know he's harmless, but they have rules, and these days...

MAUREEN

Mom, let's just wait until after the election, we'll do it in D.C.

VETA

No! You never had birthday parties or sleepovers or a sweet sixteen, why should you miss this? Why should we postpone the most important moments in our lives-- because of Harvey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAUREEN

What's the alternative, mom?

VETA

I'll...I'll...I'll talk to him!

Maureen SHAKES her head, and gets up to leave.

MAUREEN

We have to get back to the hotel.

VETA

Brian, you understand, you couldn't commit your own brother, could you?

BRIAN

If he were sick and it could make him better? In a heartbeat.

They both KISS Veta goodnight, and EXIT.

Veta crosses, near to the entrance to the library.

On the pedestal, there's an old framed photo of her and Elwood as children. Maybe 8 and 9 years old. In the picture, young Veta SMILES straight ahead, but young Elwood smiles at HER.

Now Veta looks up from the picture and into the library. Elwood doesn't know she's watching him...

ELWOOD

Pour me a drink, would you? Hmm, this looks promising.

Elwood selects a book, sits back down on the loveseat. There's a glass full of something amber on the table.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

Thank you, Harvey. A Confederacy of Dunces. John K. Toole.

(opens the book)

The usual acknowledgements.

Veta watches in the background, love and sadness in her eyes.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

Chapter One. "A green hunting cap squeezed the top of the fleshy balloon of a head..."

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. NEW YORK - SUNRISE - NEXT MORNING

As Manhattan enters the 9 am rush...

EXT. THE CHUMLEY CENTER - UPPER WEST SIDE - MORNING

A large ivy-covered brick building set off from a side street with a large GATE in front, behind which is a security kiosk.

The gold plaque on the brick gatepost is very elegant.

THE CHUMLEY CENTER FOR WELLNESS - PRIVATE.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Very fancy. Expensive lighting, furniture, art...

CATHERINE KELSO, 28, sits behind the RECEPTION DESK. Not much for makeup or accessories, plainly dressed, pale and a bit sad but luminous and beautiful all the same.

She dials. We can hear a phone ring in her earpiece.

INT. CHUMLEY'S APARTMENT - CHUMLEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The phone is ringing...

A bedroom that was obviously decorated by a pro. On the TV, a talk show plays at low volume.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)
We're back with Dr. Bill Chumley of
Manhattan's exclusive Chumley
Center For Wellness, and Dr. Bill
says the word "lazy" should be
removed from the English language.

In bed, watching himself on TV, is DR. CHUMLEY, late 50's, looking like he doesn't want to get out of bed.

CHUMLEY (ON TV)
"Lazy" implies a moral weakness or
failure. But in fact it's a
disease—"DPS," or demotivational
personality syndrome.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)
And how do I know if I have DPS?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUMLEY (ON TV)

If you ever quit something because it seemed too hard, if you put off unpleasant chores, if you don't like doing things you don't like doing, it could be DPS.

ON TV, the audience NODS. Yes...this sounds just like me...

Chumley finally RELENTS and picks up the phone.

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

What? So? Well tell her to bring him in. No, I'm not coming in today. Get the new guy to come in. Then call him in a day early! No, I'm not sick, I'm busy. I'm theorizing. Go do your job.

He HANGS UP.

Chumley looks over at a wedding photo on his nightstand. Him and his very svelte, pretty wife.

In bed, Chumley turns to look at his sleeping wife, who has GAINED A TON OF WEIGHT since that wedding photo.

CHUMLEY (ON TV) (cont'd)

It's not your fault. It's biological. Chemical.

(holds up a book)

That's what my book is about. It's about the new drugs that treat the real problem.

Chumley slowly SINKS down into his bed and pulls the covers up and over his face. Hide in bed, Chumley. Hide away...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NOHO - MORNING

INT. SACHS' APARTMENT - MORNING

CU a bedside table.

A pager begins VIBRATING its way across the surface. A hand reaches out to grab it.

This is DR. DANIEL SACHS, 33. Bare-chested, better looking than us, and in bed with what must be a model.

He grabs the phone and DIALS. The model gets out of bed, gathers her bits of clothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

This is Dr. Sachs. I thought my
first day was tomorr--oh. Ah.

The model WRITES something on the dry wipe board by his door.
She blows a kiss to him. He waves back, watches her EXIT.

SACHS (cont'd)

(yawns, into phone)
Yeah, okay, I'll be there.

INT. SACHS' APARTMENT - A BIT LATER

Sachs, now fully dressed, grabs a Powerbar thingy, a Diet
Coke and a pack of Camel Lights. Lights up.

Stops by the door. Model Girl wrote "212-555-2164."

He SMILES in honest appreciation, then WIPES the number off
the board with a swipe of his thumb and EXITS.

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - GATE - MORNING

Sachs presses the buzzer on the gate. We can't see into the
kiosk, but the gate OPENS.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Sachs ENTERS, crosses to Kelso, who CLACKS at the keyboard.

SACHS

Hi, I'm Dr. Sachs.

She LOOKS up. A look of recognition crosses her face.

KELSO

Catherine Kelso. You don't
remember me, do you?

SACHS

Oh my god, of course! Cathy Kelso!

KELSO

We didn't sleep together.

SACHS

I have no idea who you are.

KELSO

You slept with my friend Lara and
never called her back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

Lara. Right. With the red hair.

KELSO

Lara Chang.

SACHS

Popular name.

KELSO

Popular guy.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - HALLWAYS - SECONDS LATER

A 2 or 3 floor building, quiet, tasteful, like an exclusive hotel, but still a medical facility.

We get the sense that it costs a FORTUNE to stay here.

As Kelso leads the tour, Sachs can't keep his eyes off her.

KELSO

Our clientele tends to be the type that isn't comfortable walking in through the front door at Bellevue.

SACHS

That's what they say about this place. You gotta be crazy rich.

KELSO

Meditation garden area is that way, pharmacy is over there. We have a new test drug in—

SACHS

Isoperidone.

She stops by an elevator, punches the button.

KELSO

You've worked with it?

SACHS

I invented it.

KELSO

Ohhh, that's why you're here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

Chumley sponsored my research. I'm going to be overseeing the last round of clinical trials...man!

(looks into her eyes)

Great color contacts! That's the most amazing shade of blue.

KELSO

(wearily)

I don't wear contacts.

SACHS

Really?

She ain't buyin' it. The elevator DINGS.

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They ENTER. A light FLIPS on. The office is amazing. Paintings, subdued lighting, hardwood floors, sculpture...

Sachs WHISTLES...

Behind his desk, a FULL-LENGTH WALL AQUARIUM filled with all sorts of fantastic-looking exotic fish.

KELSO

You'll see your patients here.

She opens a large DRAWER.

KELSO (cont'd)

If you need any special psycho-therapeutic materials, we have stress toys, foam batons, Rorschach—

SACHS

Nah, just some prescription pads.

KELSO

(frowns)

When was the last time you actually worked with a patient?

SACHS

Non-rat? A while.

(shrugs)

It's like riding a bike.

Kelso shakes her head, moves to the door...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS (cont'd)
Hey Kelso? If you're not busy
later, I'd love to buy you lunch.

KELSO
Right. Lunch, then dinner, dinner,
sex, abandonment.

SACHS
(big smile)
Two dinners?

KELSO
Great smile.
(laughs)
What was Lara's line about you?
(remembers)
"Dr. Sachs...the man who put the
comma in 'drop dead, gorgeous.'"

Her turn to flash a smile, then EXIT.

INT. BRADFORD - PENTHOUSE "A" - MORNING

Mrs. Edinburgh WHISPERS on her cordless phone, PEEKING out
from behind her slightly OPEN door.

MRS. EDINBURGH
The camel's back must have really
broke. Yes, she's taking him.
Yes, right now. With a suitcase...

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Elwood holds a small suitcase. He seems perfectly CALM.
Veta looks a wreck.

VETA
Did we forget anything? Shampoo?
You can't go without shampoo!

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Veta and Elwood bustle in.

ELWOOD
Lobby please. All three of us.

Mr. Caldwell hits the button, notices Elwood's suitcase.

MR. CALDWELL
Mmm hmmm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He NODS approvingly at Veta.

INT. BRADFORD LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

As Veta walks with Elwood through the lobby, people stop and watch. They all see his suitcase. Mr. Whitman, the cleaning lady, Ms. Vasquez, Alfonso. All silent.

ELWOOD

I'm going on a little--

VETA

Retreat. He's going on a retreat.

Elwood's face betrays nothing but a perfect PEACE. Alfonso SWINGS the door open, and PATS Veta on the back, in comfort at support. As Elwood steps out...

MS. VASQUEZ

Goodbye Elwood!

Elwood SMILES at her.

ELWOOD

I'm sure I won't be gone that long.

Veta clears her throat GUILTILY, takes Elwood by the hand, and they're GONE.

INT. CAB - CITY STREETS - MORNING

Veta ENTERS with Elwood. The cabbie is in his 20's, white, shaved head, multiple tattoos and piercings.

CABBIE

Where to?

VETA

89th and Amsterdam.

They PULL out into traffic. As they drive, Veta loses herself in her compact as she does her makeup, while Elwood BOPS his HEAD to an extremely heavy metal sound on the radio.

ELWOOD

What am I hearing there?

CABBIE

Sepultura. I'll turn it off.

ELWOOD

No, no, I mean...da da, da da da...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elwood hums a rhythm underlying the heavy guitars. Sure enough, it's in there, although we only notice now.

CABBIE

(impressed)

That's a "baiion." Afro-Brazilian rhythmic phrase. You drum?

ELWOOD

No, but my friend here knows quite a bit about these things. Taught me how to listen, you see.

CABBIE

(to Veta)

'zat right? You drum?

VETA

(snaps the compact shut)

What? I don't do anything like that. Where are we? There! Pull over! The big building!

The cab stops. Veta grabs her bag.

VETA (cont'd)

I have to go in and sign papers. Bring the suitcase, would you dear?

She EXITS. Elwood waits, then offers his hand to the cabbie.

ELWOOD

Elwood P. Dowd.

CABBIE

Avram Rosenzweig.

ELWOOD

I want to hear more about the "baiion." I'm having a few friends by at the end of the month...

CABBIE

Okay, yeah. Sure.

ELWOOD

Here's my card.

(points at the card)

If you want to call me, use this number. Not that one. That's the old one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elwood gets out. The cabbie sticks his head out the window.

CABBIE

Hey...I hear this is a good place.
I hope they can fix her.

He DRIVES off. Elwood turns and faces...

EXT. THE CHUMLEY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The GATE. It opens AUTOMATICALLY, beckoning Elwood in.

LONG VIEW of a very small Elwood standing before this place.

He puts his hat on and crosses the threshold...

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Veta sits across from Kelso, who fills out a form.

VETA

It's Elwood. Elwood P. Dowd.

KELSO

You're his closest relation?

VETA

He never married. He always stayed
home. Mamma loved him best.

Veta starts to SNIFFLE into a tissue. Kelso touches her arm.

VETA (cont'd)

Why must we be heartbroken by the
people we love the most?

Kelso LOOKS UP. This seems to have touched a nerve...like
the words were meant for her.

KELSO

Yes...

(snaps out of it)

I'll need you to sign these—

ANTHONY and TY, two attendants, ESCORT Elwood in.

ANTHONY

We found him touching the flowers.

ELWOOD

Veta, isn't this wonderful?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He DISAPPEARS behind a door.

VETA

Wait, wait! They're being too rough! I want to see Dr. Chumley!

KELSO

He's not in, but Dr. Sachs is—

VETA

Sachs? But I want Chumley!

KELSO

I'm sure you'll like Dr. Sachs. Actually, he's pretty.....

Yeah? Pretty what?

She gives up trying to think and just NODS. He's pretty.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK MEADOW - NOON

A graceful hand holding a charcoal pencil moves QUICKLY and SURELY across a pad.

It's a pastoral scene, old wooden footbridge over a small brook, a man and a woman kissing, butterflies, blue sky...

We see that it's Maureen doing the drawing. Behind her, Brian is on the cell phone, DRONING.

HER POV of the little wooden footbridge, the man and woman kissing...just as she's drawing it. The scene shimmers in the light, a strange golden quality to it.

BRIAN

Well that's a little rosy.

Maureen SNAPS out of her concentration.

We look again at her POV. No bridge, no brook. Just a DIRT PATH. A PIMP tries to drag away an unconvinced WHORE.

BRIAN (cont'd)

You okay about this?

MAUREEN

It's just sad. I wish you could have met him before he--

(shakes her head)

It had to be done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN
I meant Friday night.

MAUREEN
Oh. Yeah. Totally. I'd have to
be crazy to say "no," right?

She FORCES a SMILE at him, and he seems fine with that.

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - A BIT LATER

CU Sachs taking notes.

VETA
You have to understand, I'm doing
this for my daughter. She's
getting engaged on Friday. To a
wonderful man. And Elwood stands
in the way of my happiness. He
always has.

SACHS
You mean "her" happiness.

VETA
That's what I said.

SACHS
No, you said--

VETA
Well what's the difference?

SACHS
Okay. You said he stands in the
way. How?

VETA
I don't like talking about it.
(a millisecond later)
He drinks! He's in a bar every day
and his friends are degenerates!
He drinks excessively and I want my
brother committed here permanently
because I cannot stand another day
of that Harvey!

SACHS
I thought his name was Elwood.

VETA
No. Elwood's name is Elwood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

But you said Harvey.

VETA

I told you, Harvey is a rabbit.

SACHS

(beat)

I'm sorry, is that slang?

VETA

Harvey is a big white rabbit, six feet tall. Or is it six and half? I ought to know, he's been living with us long enough...

Sachs puts his note pad down. Slowly.

VETA (cont'd)

It's all his fault. Elwood was fine until Harvey showed up. Harvey! Elwood's best friend! I have to fix meals for him. I have to watch what he wants to watch. I have to put him on the phone when Elwood calls. And they tell each other everything.

Veta gets up, walks to the window.

VETA (cont'd)

I don't sleep anymore, I barely eat, I just panic myself over that stupid pooka!

Sachs looks up, even more confused. Stupid what?

VETA (cont'd)

I just want my brother back! Is that wrong?

(touches her chest)

My heart's racing...

SACHS

Would you like something to calm you down?

VETA

Please, would you?

Sachs picks up his phone. Veta BLOWS her nose...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

Yes, this is Dr. Sachs. Could you bring me some Versed?

VETA

I'm going to tell you something, doctor. Something I've never told anyone in the whole world. One time, just once...

(whispers)

I saw him.

Uh oh. Sachs was about to hang up, but...

SACHS

(quietly, quickly)

Make that Haldol, 10 cc's.

(hangs up)

So you see the rabbit.

VETA

And it's true...he's even bigger than you can imagine...!!!

(slams her hand down)

I won't live with that thing! I won't live with Harvey! I want to kill him, do you understand! I want to kill him!!!

Anthony ENTERS with the SYRINGE.

VETA (cont'd)

Who are you? What's that? No needles!

SACHS

Mrs. Simmons, we just want to help you unwind...

VETA

You think I'm crazy! You said you wouldn't tell!

Anthony takes a step forward.

ANTHONY

Why don't you just sit--

She COLD-COCKS him with her purse.

ANTHONY (cont'd)

OW!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS
Mrs. Simmons, settle...

VETA
Get away from me!

Sachs grabs for the syringe from Anthony.

SACHS
Just give me—

Veta GRABS the syringe from between them and JABS it into Anthony's SHOULDER.

ANTHONY
Oh, come on...

He FALLS BACKWARDS, OUT COLD.

Veta and Sachs CAGE around each other.

SACHS
All right now. No one thinks
you're crazy. We're all friends...

He MOVES towards her.

Veta pulls a bottle of Thiery Mugler PERFUME from her purse,
SPRAYS Sachs in the EYES.

SACHS (cont'd)
Agh!

She RUNS OUT.

Sachs RUNS OUT, chasing. We don't see anything. We just
hear a THUD. Then another THUD. Then a final THUMP.

INT. COFFEE BREAK ROOM - LATER

CU Sachs' face. Puffy eye. Split lip. Scratches.

Kelso dabs at his cheek with alcohol. He WINCES.

KELSO
She really did a number on you.
(sniffs)
You smell like Junior League.

SACHS
That woman is a class A psychotic.
Homicidality, hallucinations—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO
Strong nail beds...

SACHS
And manipulative! Tried to pin it
all on her brother. Poor guy's
probably been suffering with her
his whole life.

Kelso STIFFENS. Uh oh...

SACHS (cont'd)
We have to call him, let him know
we put her on a 24-hour hold
because she got violent...

KELSO
Umm, he's here, actually.

SACHS
Out front?

INT. HALLWAYS - SECONDS LATER

Sachs walks frantically down the hall, Kelso behind him.

KELSO
Well I didn't know she was crazy!

SACHS
(picks up hall phone)
Some hysteric accuses her brother,
you start drilling the guy for a
lobotomy...

KELSO
I made a bad call!

SACHS
No. Doctors make "bad calls."
Receptionists "fuck up."

He picks up the hall phone, checks a number, DIALS.

KELSO
Oh really. Well I bet my next
paycheck you make three serious
"bad calls" before the week is up!

SACHS
Crappy payout, but I'll take it.
(into the phone)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS (cont'd)

You have a Mr. Dowd down there?
Release him and send him up, now!
(hangs up)
First day, and I'm already sued.

Kelso can't help but feel horrible about this, even if he is being a shit.

KELSO

Look, I'll talk to him. I'll explain it was my fault—

SACHS

I'm going to talk to him. You are going to smile, bat your eyes, and keep your mouth shut.

He WALKS AWAY. She stands in disbelief.

KELSO

"Bat my eyes?" What year are you from?

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - A BIT LATER

Elwood P. Dowd sits SMILING in a chair across from Sachs.

Kelso, sitting across from him. She SMILES back, then looks down a bit coyly, BATS HER EYES ever so slightly.

SACHS

Mistakes occurred. Regretful mistakes. But we meant you no harm. I hope you understand.

ELWOOD

Oh yes. These things are often the basis of a long and warm friendship.

Kelso and Sachs share a glance. Is he fucking with us?

SACHS

I have a liability waiver I'd like you to look at...

ELWOOD

I'd rather look at Ms. Kelso. You have a kindness about you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO

Oh...well thank you!

(shoots a look at Sachs)

Some people don't seem to think so.

ELWOOD

Some people are blind. That is often brought to my attention.

(turns to Sachs)

At this time, I would like to invite someone into the room.

SACHS

Before we get lawyers involved, please...let me explain. Your sister is under the delusion that you're a raging alcoholic.

ELWOOD

That's Veta, all right...

SACHS

I mean, I'm sure you have a drink every now and then.

ELWOOD

As a matter of fact, I'd like one right now.

SACHS

I think we all would. The point is, she's seriously ill. You know about the 6 foot rabbit, yes?

ELWOOD

Harvey. 6 foot one and a half.

SACHS

We don't know why this happens. It could be chemical, viral, perhaps an injury suffered during the act of being born.

ELWOOD

That's the one we never get over.

SACHS

But we do have some wonderful new drugs, Mr. Dowd.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS (cont'd)

Now we can only hold her like this
for 24 hours, but since she's
violent, if you consent we can
treat her for at least 30 days...

Sachs SLIDES some papers across the desk.

ELWOOD

Well, Veta does all of the signing.
And she should only stay if she
wants to.

(rises)

And now, if you'll excuse me, I
have a friend waiting. Ms. Kelso,
what is your first name?

KELSO

Catherine.

ELWOOD

Lovely name. Goodbye, Ms. Kelso.

He takes her hand, KISSES it. Kelso smiles SWEETLY. Sachs
can hardly believe his eyes.

Elwood tips his HAT, and EXITS.

KELSO

I think we'll be fine.
(off Sachs' look)
What?

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Elwood ENTERS, smiles over at a chair by the door.

ELWOOD

Ready?

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - INNER COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Elwood walks out into the courtyard. Turns to the KIOSK.
There's a pause, then it OPENS. A small Indian man inside.

ELWOOD

Good afternoon. Elwood P. Dowd.

INDIAN MAN

Joshipura Ratnasabapathi. "Joe."

ELWOOD

That's an interesting setup you
have in there, Mr. Ratnasabapathi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. RATNASABAPATHI
It's a button. Of course, in
India, I programmed computers.

ELWOOD
Oh, I'd rather do this. Gate-
keeping is an ancient vocation,
even for the gods, you see.

MR. RATNASABAPATHI
(laughs)
I assure you, I have no
mythological importance, Mr. Dowd.

ELWOOD
I have it on good authority that we
all do. Would you like to continue
this discussion over dinner...?
(hands him a card)
Say on the last day of the month?

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - EVENING

Sachs closes his briefcase, grabs his coat.

Turns back towards the fish. They seem to be LOOKING AT HIM.
He wiggles his fingers "bye."

He's about to leave when he notices, under the chair next to
where Elwood was sitting...

A HAT. He picks it up.

There are two SLITS on the top of the hat. Like for...ears?

He SHRUGS, and tosses the hat in the garbage.

INT. SACHS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Midnight. Sachs at his computer. Near him, a thick report,
open. "CLINICAL TRIALS: ISOPERIDONE DECANOATE 5g/ml."
Numbers. Statistical analyses. The quantified soul.

He's smoking Camels, surfing a website about FISH. Studying
a diagram of an aquarium. Lights another cig...

REMEMBERS something. Pulls his NOTEPAD out. Flips through.

There. That word she said. "Pooka."

He types "pooka" into Google (best search engine there is).
Clicks a link. Reads. His eyes HEAVY with fatigue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

"Pooka. Celtic mythology, fairy spirit in animal form, wise but mischievous creature. Very fond of rum-pots, crack-pots and how are you Dr. Sachs?"

Interesting. He stubs his cigarette out, walks out of frame.

RUNS back into frame, REALIZING what he read. But now there's a big fat WINDOWS ERROR MESSAGE right over the text.

SACHS (cont'd)

(clicking the mouse)

Wait...

He realizes what he's doing, and LAUGHS it off. He's just tired. That's all. So damn tired...

He puts his head down on the desk. Closes his eyes.

EXT. BRADFORD - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

INT. BRADFORD - ELEVATOR - MORNING

The door DINGS open. Elwood ENTERS.

Mr. Caldwell does a double take.

ELWOOD

Good morning, Mr. Caldwell. Lobby, please. Both of us.

Mr. Caldwell just stares as the doors close on them.

INT. BRADFORD LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

Elwood walks through the lobby. Everyone STARES, confused.

ELWOOD

Good morning, Ms. Vasquez. Any mail for Harvey?

MS. VASQUEZ

He picked it up earlier this...would you excuse me?

She heads back to the phone. Elwood WALKS OFF happily.

INT. ROYALTON HOTEL - MORNING

The phone RINGS. Maureen ROLLS over and picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAUREEN

Hello?

She listens, then closes her eyes in mental pain.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

Ohhhhh.....

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Sachs ENTERS, heading to his office. Kelso stops him.

KELSO

Ah ah ah...

(big grin)

Chumley wants to see you.

He doesn't like the look of that grin one bit.

INT. CHUMLEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A bit more old-fashioned. He's even got one of those old-school fainting couches in the corner.

Sachs ENTERS.

SACHS

Dr. Chum--

Sitting with Dr. Chumley are MAUREEN and VETA and BRIAN.

Veta JUMPS BACK out of her chair and grabs a LETTER OPENER from Chumley's desk.

VETA

Stay back!!!

SACHS

What is she--?

VETA

I'll put this in your neck!

MAUREEN

Mom!

VETA

He's the one! He touched my panties and then locked me away!

SACHS

What?!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUMLEY

Dr. Sachs, this is Mrs. Simmons' daughter. She was upset to hear her mother had been committed, because her mother is not insane. Her uncle apparently is.

SACHS

This woman sees a rabbit!

VETA

I never said that! He's crazy! And his eyes are too close!

MAUREEN

Okay, OKAY. Mom, let's go.

VETA

But Elwood--

MAUREEN

We'll put him somewhere else.

BRIAN

There are a number of public facilities...

(clears his throat)

With public records. That are publicly available.

MAUREEN

Who cares?

BRIAN

I'm just concerned with Elwood's best interests. Things get dug up in campaigns. Even about family.

VETA

I don't want anything dug up, and everyone knows "public" means "dirty." I won't commit him somewhere that lets just anyone in.

MAUREEN

Well if we can't live with the shame, we'll just have to live with Elwood.

VETA

But...

(CONTINUED)

45.
CONTINUED:

MAUREEN

Mom, Brian can ask me the damn question without a party!

BRIAN

The thing is...

He PULLS her into a corner for a WHISPERED CONFAB.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Dad's staff leaked it to The Post.

MAUREEN

The POST? Brian, what is this night even about anymore...

BRIAN

Come on, you know it's--look, we could cancel, but this is the best place for Elwood. You know it is.

(turns back to Veta)

I'm going to fix everything. I promise. Veta, don't worry.

Veta thinks, then NODS, takes Maureen's arm, and they EXIT.

Brian EXHALES. Chumley offers him a drink. He takes it.

BRIAN (cont'd)

What a week. Look. Guys. Lock the old man up--no harm, no foul.

SACHS

Th law says we can't commit someone involuntarily unless they're a danger to themselves or others.

BRIAN

So get him to volunteer. By Friday. You know who my father is, yes? If you blow this, ahhh, I dunno, lawsuits, tax audits, boils, locusts...right? We cool?

CHUMLEY

Peachy.

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - GARDEN AREA - MORNING

A pleasant garden area inside an inner courtyard within the compound. Chumley walks with Sachs. They both smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUMLEY

You married, Sachs?

SACHS

No.

CHUMLEY

I'm on my fourth. They were all beautiful, trim, but the second they said "I do," they started eating. All four. Ballooned! I feel like Job...

(takes a long draw)

The hell with it. Kelso knows what I mean. Christ. Talk about a bad marriage story.

Sachs raises a brow at that. Interesting...

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

I pay alimony to the three ex-Mrs. Chumley's. My book isn't moving and your research wasn't cheap.

SACHS

You're saying you're broke?

CHUMLEY

And then there was "drchumley.com." I can't afford a lawsuit. And if I can't, I know you can't. Get Dowd to sign a voluntary.

SACHS

Me? Wait, why not you?

CHUMLEY

I would, but I've got DPS. Demotivational Personality Syndrome? You should be up on that. Go buy my book.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - MINUTES LATER

Sachs TRUDGES back to his office.

KELSO

Hey, remember when I said you would make three big mistakes? Well...

(dancing, singing)

That's number ONE, that's number ONE, ugh, yeah, whoo, ow!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She puts her "number one" fingers up on her head like horns,
does a little DANCE.

KELSO (cont'd)
Look at me! I yelled at Kelso, but
I was wrong...I was wrong...

He ENTERS his office and shuts the door in her face.

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Slumps into his chair. There's silence. Then...

Kelso's hand BANGS against the frosted glass. Its MIDDLE
FINGER extends.

Yup. No way around it. That was fuckup number one.

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - MORNING

Peaceful on the outside. But we hear WHUM WHUM WHUM WHUM...

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - MRI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The massive machine WHOOSHES and CLANGS. Elwood lies on the
table, STROBES flashing at his eyes. He's SMILING.

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sachs watches through the glass. The MRI tech taps on his
console as images of Elwood's BRAIN scan in.

SACHS
Check for prefrontal lesions,
hypotrophied interneurons in the AC
cortex...any smoking guns.

MRI TECH
Does he hear voices?

SACHS
Sees a big rabbit.

MRI TECH
Nice.

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - MORNING

Elwood sits across from Sachs, who flips, one by one, through
a folder of MRI scans. Elwood seems EXCITED.

Sachs SNAPS the folder shut. He looks ANNOYED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

Normal.

Elwood turns to Harvey, GRINS.

ELWOOD

Did you hear that, Harvey?

(taps his head)

Normal!

SACHS

That's why I'm not buying it, Dowd.
I don't think you actually see a
Harvey, or a rabbit or a...

ELWOOD

Pooka?

SACHS

Or a whatever. You're not
psychotic. Harvey is a defensive
delusion, a way to escape some
dark, awful memory you've
repressed. We're going to find
that memory, and when we do you'll
realize Harvey is a symptom of a
disease. A disease we can treat
right here, with an exciting new
medicine.

ELWOOD

If I run into anyone who needs it,
I'll be glad to recommend it.

SACHS

I know you're scared. But we all
have to face reality sooner or
later.

ELWOOD

(rises, gets his hat)

Doctor, I wrestled with reality for
thirty five years. I'm happy to
state I finally won out over it.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - MINUTES LATER

Sachs follows Elwood as he moves to the EXIT. Kelso watches
from her desk.

KELSO

And where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

Charlie's. I would be honored to buy you a drink, Ms. Kelso.

SACHS

(cuts her off)

Elwood, that sounds great. Could you wait for us outside?

Elwood TIPS his hat, EXITS. Sachs turns to Kelso.

SACHS (cont'd)

Look, I'm going to observe the subject in the field, and I don't want him distracted.

KELSO

What does that mean?

SACHS

It means he's got a thing for you.

KELSO

What are you talking about?

SACHS

Come on, I see the little love connection...

KELSO

He knows how to treat a woman. You could learn from him.

SACHS

So, what, you're regressive, looking for a father figure...?

KELSO

(sing songs)

Some-body's jeal-ous...

SACHS

Excuse me, I am not jealous. I do just fine. Ask your pal Lara.

KELSO

But we're not talking about your sexual addiction. What's the matter? Can't handle feelings that don't originate in your pants?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

Oh joy! What God did I please?
It's a lecture on emotional honesty
from a bitter divorcee!

CRACK.

It takes them both a second to realize she smacked him.

She looks at him, deeply hurt. Then RUNS OUT.

SACHS (cont'd)

Why is everyone HITTING ME???

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - STREET - MINUTES LATER

Sachs EXITS the Center, rubbing his cheek, starts walking
towards the corner. Then stops.

A man is trying to hail a cab. He's on a cell phone.

His 4 year-old son stands next to him. Elwood is talking to
the boy. Gesturing to his right. Introducing him to Harvey.

The boy looks at Harvey, and his face LIGHTS UP. He grabs
his father's pant leg, tugging...dad, ya gotta see this!

A cab pulls up. The father takes the kid puts him in the
cab. Never turns around to see what his son sees.

Elwood waves BYE to the little boy.

INT. CITY STREET - MINUTES LATER

As Sachs and Elwood walk, Elwood constantly STOPS and STARTS
as he helps maneuver Harvey around other people.

ELWOOD

Will Ms. Kelso be meeting us?

Sachs says NOTHING, but keeps walking.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

I think she's special.

SACHS

Yeah. Like you're special. Her
mind has all the logic and order of
a Turkish earthquake.

(stops Elwood)

I think you're too old for her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS (cont'd)

I'm saying that as your doctor.
It's not healthy.

Sachs pulls out a lighter and a Camel.

ELWOOD

I mentioned her for your sake,
Doctor. As you grow older and
pretty women pass you by...

(tips his hat at a blonde)
...regret may start to ruin an
otherwise beautiful view.

SACHS

I have no regrets.

ELWOOD

So you're happy then.

SACHS

Yeah, I'm goddamned ecstatic.

The lighter just won't work. He CHUCKS it ANGRILY into the
street.

INT. CHARLIE'S - MINUTES LATER

As Sachs and Elwood ENTER, various bar flies hail him.

VARIOUS BARFLIES

Elwood! Mr. Dowd!

ELWOOD

Good morning, gentlemen. I'd like
you all to meet a friend. This...

(with a flourish)

...is Dr. Sachs.

(after they greet him)

He's a psychiatrist!

At that, they all shoot Sachs SOUR looks and GRUMBLE.

Elwood grabs his usual table. Sachs goes to sit.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

Oh, ummm...

Sachs purses his lips, takes the other chair.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

He's picky about chairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

So this is Charlie's.

ELWOOD

The proprietor is a fine man with an interesting approach to life.

SACHS

This is where you sit and drink every single day. By yourself.

ELWOOD

By myself! Ha ha! That would make me some kind of alcoholic.

(winks at Harvey)

No, I never drink alone.

SACHS

Elwood, where do you think Harvey comes from?

ELWOOD

Oh, I've asked him, but he says I wouldn't quite understand. Hmm? Ah. He says you wouldn't either.

SACHS

Why do you think you see him?

ELWOOD

Well, he's there, and my eyes are generally open.

SACHS

Maybe you only want to see him.

ELWOOD

I always want to see him.

SACHS

And he just appeared one day.

ELWOOD

Just like that.

SACHS

That's the day the deep, dark thing happened, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

Apparently, but I've come to understand that it's repressed. I believe that was your theo--.

SACHS

(annoyed)

I know my own theory. So this is it, this is your relationship. Harvey is just a drinking buddy, someone to keep you from being the lonely alcoholic?

Elwood leans back. Smiles softly.

ELWOOD

We come to Charlie's most every night. Harvey and I sit and have a drink or two and play the jukebox. Soon someone or another will turn to me and smile. They're saying: "We don't know your name, Mister, but you seem like a pleasant guy." And I invite them to join us. Harvey and I warm ourselves in all these golden moments. They sit with us. They drink with us. They tell us about the big terrible things they have done. The big wonderful things they will do. Always big things, because no one ever brings anything small into a bar. Then I introduce them to Harvey. And he is bigger and grander than anything they offer me. When they leave, they leave impressed. The same people seldom come back—but that's envy, Doctor. There's a little bit of envy in the best of us.

Sachs contemplates Elwood for a moment, then slides a large envelope across the table.

SACHS

These forms mean you will get the treatment you need at the Center, for as long as you need it.

ELWOOD

You want me to sign this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

Very much so.

ELWOOD

And Harvey could come with me?
Because I couldn't imagine life
without Harvey. No, doctor.
That's a kind of loneliness I don't
care to consider at all.

Sachs and Elwood are looking straight at each other. Sachs
says nothing, never breaks Elwood's gaze. Then...

SACHS

He can come.

Elwood reaches out slowly and TAKES the envelope.

And SMILES at Sachs...almost as if he knows the man is lying.
Or does he? We're not sure.

And neither is Sachs.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - COFFEE BREAK ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Sachs ENTERS, goes for a mug. Vasquez is here. So is Kelso.

Kelso sees Sachs, takes the full coffee pot, EMPTIES it into
the sink, DROPS IT with a BANG, and EXITS.

VASQUEZ

What did you do?

SACHS

Oh, nothing. I made some remark
about her divorce.

VASQUEZ

Divorce?

SACHS

Yeah. Chumley said she has some
horrible marriage story.

VASQUEZ

She got left at the altar.

Sachs looks up. Oh shit...

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

She was with the guy for years.
She's pretty sensitive about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

Jesus, who wouldn't be?

VASQUEZ

No, I mean if the world was nothing but people who got left at the altar, she'd still be known as "the touchy one."

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - MINUTES LATER

Sachs ENTERS. But Kelso's computer is OFF. No purse. Desk clean. She's gone.

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - EVENING

He sits at his desk, feeling like a total SHIT. Finally, drags his ass up to leave.

Looks back at the fish. The little blue guy STARING at him. He stares back. Then looks ACROSS THE HALL at the coffee room. A small box of ZIP-LOCK bags.

He looks back at the fish.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Sachs STROLLS towards the front door, clearly HIDING SOMETHING in his hand inside his coat. He's trailing dribblets of water on the floor.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Mr. R. watches as Sachs strides towards the gate, checking whatever he's hiding in his coat.

He hits the RED BUTTON. The gate opens.

INT. SACHS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

On a table, in a plastic half-gallon bottle of Welch's Grape Juice that's now filled with water...the blue fish.

It doesn't look happy. It doesn't move much at all.

Sachs FROWNS.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sachs is PLEADING with a guy who is pulling the security grating across the front of the darkened "aFISHionado."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gets his wallet out. Five? Ten? Twenty???

INT. SACHS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Now, on top of, but bigger than, his coffee table, a VERY LARGE aquarium. With little treasure chests, coral, plastic divers, glow-in-the-dark pebbles...

The blue fish swims happily.

Sachs flips through Elwood's MRI films, frustrated.

SACHS

He'll break. Know why?

(nods at his fish)

Damn right I'm the best.

The fish seems to be listening.

Sachs reaches for a pack of Camels out of his briefcase. A document gets pulled out with the pack. CHUMLEY CENTER - CONTACT SHEET

Names, addresses, phone numbers. There's Kelso's. 389 Jones St., 212-555-3829.

CROSSCUT with Kelso in her bedroom. The phone wakes her.

KELSO

Yeamm?

SACHS

Catherine?

KELSO

(beat)

Daddy?

SACHS

Oh, that's a weird way to start this...

KELSO

Oh. It's you.

SACHS

I found out...why you hit me, and look, I really regret what I said today. I screwed up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO

Yeah. I'd say that was big mistake
number two.

SACHS

Fine. Number two.

She holds her two fingers up like a V.

KELSO

Hold 'em up to the phone.

On his end, Sachs holds his fingers up. Then...

SACHS

You ever see that guy?

KELSO

No. He ran away for good.

SACHS

You know, if you ever feel
clinically depressed--

KELSO

I'm supposed to be sad. It was a
sad thing.

SACHS

Right.

(beat)

Did I wake anyone else over there?

KELSO

No, it's just me.

SACHS

I'm alone too.

(beat)

You doin' anything?

KELSO

(laughs in disbelief)

You are completely out of control.

SACHS

I wasn't necessarily suggesting—
and by the way, I do have...non-
pants feelings. I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO

Well, something just tells me when
the chips are down, you run too.

(beat)

Night, Sachs.

Kelso HANGS UP, and flops back on her pillow. To her left,
on the other pillow, a STUFFED BEAR.

She HUGS it to her and closes her eyes...

EXT. BRADFORD - MORNING

Maureen is walking up when she meets Elwood walking OUT.

MAUREEN

I was just coming up to see Mom.

ELWOOD

Veta's at the salon this morning.

MAUREEN

Oh. Okay. Well...bye.

Maureen turns and WALKS. Elwood seems to be walking with
her. This is unnerving her.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

I'm going shopping.

ELWOOD

Isn't this the way we'd go for our
Sunday walk? And we'd go to...

MAUREEN

The luncheonette on 68th.

ELWOOD

Wasn't that nice?

MAUREEN

It was 20 years ago.

ELWOOD

Was it? Me and my little Mags...

(touches her arm)

You know, Harvey's very worried
about you. He keeps saying you're
not listening to yourself. He's
big on that, you see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAUREEN

Well kindly tell Harvey he can go
to hell.

They've reached a section of the block with street vendors.

STREET VENDOR

Fine art. Three for twenty.
Signed and original.

The vendor is selling framed paintings. They're all really
cheeseball. Sad clowns. Puppies. Kites. Shit like that.

MAUREEN

Oh my god. Who buys this?

Naturally, Elwood is TRANSFIXED by one of the paintings.

It's a painting of some DOGS playing POKER.

STREET VENDOR

That one's special. Thirty bucks.

ELWOOD

I'd like to purchase the name of
the artist. Say a hundred?

STREET VENDOR

Hey-o!

The vendor NODS, takes the cash, digs out a card for Elwood.

MAUREEN

Are you insa—?

(almost says it, then)

Uncle Elwood, this is crap, okay?

I've studied art my whole life.

Why not ask my opinion before--

But as she's talking, Elwood suddenly gets a FAR AWAY look in
his eyes...as if something is calling him away from her
strident tone, from her displeasure, from reality...

ELWOOD

Coming Harvey!

He starts WALKING AWAY from her, like she's gone INVISIBLE.

MAUREEN

Hey! I was talking to you! HEY!

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - SMALL VIDEO ROOM - LATE MORNING

Stacks of tapes. ISOPERIDONE CLIN#A3BQ, stuff like that.

Sachs is scanning through them. We watch the monitor. It's a lockdown VIDEO shot of a man, 30's, suit, in a chair.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Why did you enroll in the study?

TEST SUBJECT

Well, I had been on antidepressants for years, but they didn't work. Because I wasn't depressed, really.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

What were you?

TEST SUBJECT

Sort of...head in the clouds. I couldn't concentrate on my career. It all felt mechanical and lifeless.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

And what is that career?

TEST SUBJECT

Landscape architect.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

And you received isoperidone?

TEST SUBJECT

Maybe, three months ago?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

And?

TEST SUBJECT

It was instant. Like, after the first shot, I was just...back. I could focus on my work, my plans, my goals...I say to people, it's like I turned my head away, and isoperidone turned it back.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

And are you happier?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEST SUBJECT

I don't know...maybe?
(emphatically)
I can focus.

Sachs hits PAUSE. The man's expression frozen on tape...

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - MORNING

CU Elwood, sitting very much like the Test Subject.

SACHS

We're going to start today by
talking about trauma, Mr. Dowd.
Any trauma you've ever suffered.
Physical, sexual, emotional.

ELWOOD

The room is a little different,
isn't it?

Pull back to REVEAL that Sachs has MOVED his desk and all the
furniture around so that HE faces the fish.

SACHS

Yes. Better...workflow. So?

ELWOOD

Oh! No, no trauma.

SACHS

Everyone experiences trauma in one
form or another.

ELWOOD

I see. I must not have been paying
attention then.

SACHS

Trauma centered around a rabbit,
perhaps. Maybe something happened
one Easter?

ELWOOD

No...

SACHS

You had a pet rabbit, you fed it,
kept it warm, loved it, but it got
sick. You tried to save it, but
you couldn't. You were just a boy.
And it died. It died.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

You have a wonderful capacity for magical thinking, Doctor.

(listens to Harvey)

Harvey wonders if perhaps the boy could die and the rabbit survive?

Sachs FROWNS. Taps his desk. Then walks over to the DRAWER that Kelso showed him. Pulls out some RORSCHACH cards.

SACHS

This is a little 1950's, but what the hell. So are you. Tell me what these bring to mind.

He hands Elwood the cards. Elwood reacts rapidfire.

ELWOOD

Sunlight on a tree you see every day and never noticed until now.

(flip)

A weightlifter wonders if he's chosen the wrong sport.

(flip)

The face we make when we see the person we expected to see the least but wanted to see the most.

SACHS

(grabs the card)

This is clearly two adults fighting! See? Arms crossed? Little kid in between, ignored...?

He looks back up, and Elwood is already halfway out the door.

SACHS (cont'd)

Hey! I was talking to you. HEY!

EXT. CITY STREET - SCUMMY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

INT. LOFT - DAY

A cramped painter's loft, lots of works in progress, easels, a wonderfully colorful room. Working at a canvass is EVERETT DUCANE, 28, tall, trim, blond, excited eyes.

A caffeinated Jesus.

Someone is KNOCKING on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVERETT

Coming!
(opens the door)
Mr. Dowd?

ELWOOD

Thank you for taking me on such
short notice, Mr. DuCane.

EVERETT

For a chance to do real
commissioned work? No, thank YOU.
And please, call me Everett.

Elwood ENTERS, followed by SACHS, who scans the room.

SACHS

I think my dentist has that one in
his office.

EVERETT

Yeah, that's my "art nouveau
waiter." Doctors love it. I
traded one once for like, a free
year of Retin-A.

Everett laughs WILDLY, LOUDLY, then CLAPS.

EVERETT (cont'd)

Okay, so, portrait of two friends.
Here we go. Elwood, you sit there.
(to Sachs)
And Harvey, right? You go right
behind him.

Sachs breaks into a HUGE GRIN. The poor bastard...

INT. LOFT - LATER

Elwood sits in a chair, shifts slightly.

ELWOOD

Now, did you want him on my left or
my right?

Everett stares out, DEADPAN, from behind his canvass. Then
over at Sachs, who pops some Big Red in his mouth, WAVES.

EVERETT

The right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

Good. Doctor, thank you for indulging me. You may continue your examination.

SACHS

You don't mind, do you, Everett?

Everett just frowns, lifts his brush, then moves it over, then back again...where to even start???

SACHS (cont'd)

Let's get back to your past. Something that made you suffer, caused you pain...

ELWOOD

There was one incident. Rye, I believe...

SACHS

Were you ever attacked by an animal? Maybe a petting zoo incident or something?

ELWOOD

Not that I recall. Although your connection is dubious, as Harvey isn't an animal. He's a pooka.

EVERETT

(starts giggling)

Is this a hidden camera thing? Cuz this is hysterical...

SACHS

A pooka is a six foot invisible rabbit. Magical.

ELWOOD

He prefers the word "versatile." And he is. He can stop time. You can go away as long as you like with whomever you like and go as far as you like. And when you come back not one minute will have ticked by.

Everett is listening now, drawn in.

SACHS

And he's done this for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

He's offered, but...I've never been able to think of any place I'd rather be. I always have a wonderful time wherever I am, whomever I'm with.

(to Everett)

It's six foot one and a half.

EVERETT

Maybe...maybe he has his hand on your shoulder?

Elwood looks up, pats an invisible hand on his shoulder.

ELWOOD

He certainly does.

Everett SMILES, almost like that little boy on the street, and starts to PAINT.

Sachs watches this...almost with envy.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

Oh, doctor?

Elwood reaches into his jacket, pulls out the ENVELOPE.

Sachs crosses QUICKLY and takes the envelope. Opens it. Flips to the last page.

There it is. In beautiful cursive. "Elwood P. Dowd."

ELWOOD (cont'd)

It's what you wanted.

SACHS

You read this, right?

ELWOOD

No.

SACHS

But you understand what you consented to.

ELWOOD

No.

SACHS

Then why did you sign it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

It's what you wanted.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - GARDEN AREA - DAY

Sachs sits with Kelso on a bench. She looks at the signed papers, shakes her head, then hands them back.

KELSO

You can't give it to Chumley.
Elwood doesn't even know what this means.

SACHS

He's crazy, not retarded.

KELSO

He's not crazy.

SACHS

If he's not, we are.

KELSO

My grandmother talks to God every
single night. Is she crazy?

SACHS

I don't know. Does He talk back?

(beat)

So it's not strictly ethical. But
we bring him in just for a little,
try him on isoperidone...

KELSO

I thought his problem wasn't
biological.

SACHS

It's not, but the shot tends to
moderate the extremes, smooth out
any eccentricities...

KELSO

Who's drilling for a lobotomy now?

CHUMLEY

Sachs?

Chumley sticks his head out of the door to the garden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

I'm sorry, am I interrupting Junior Prom?

SACHS

No, we were just—

CHUMLEY

Has he signed yet?

Kelso looks at Sachs. He thinks for a moment, then FOLDS the paper in his lap.

SACHS

He's very close.

Chumley SCOWLS, EXITS back inside.

Kelso SMILES at Sachs, then gives him a PECK on the CHEEK.

She WALKS OFF. Sachs can't help but grin like a fool.

INT. PENTHOUSE B - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Elwood stands in the center of the room, staring up at us. The portrait of his mother has been taken down and leans against the wall. We hear the sound of a POWER DRILL.

EVERETT (O.S.)

Okay...

The sound of Everett descending a LADDER. He ENTERS frame, walking back and away from what we assume must be the painting he's just hung. We can't yet SEE IT.

EVERETT (cont'd)

Good?

ELWOOD

Perfect.

EVERETT

(hands Elwood a card)

If you ever need anything else.

(slightly sad to leave)

Well. Au revoir.

ELWOOD

Oh, I'm sure of that.

They SHAKE hands. Everett takes one last look at the painting we can't see, and then EXITS.

INT. CAFE DES ARTISTES - LATE AFTERNOON

Brian sits with Veta at lunch. They're going over some papers, seating arrangements...

Maureen ENTERS with a shopping bag, sits.

MAUREEN

Sorry, I couldn't get a cab.
(looks at the papers)
What's that?

VETA

Logistics, dear. For Friday.

MAUREEN

Why do we need logistics?

Brian and Veta share a guilty look.

BRIAN

The campaign thought maybe we could
kill two birds with one stone.
(Maureen's jaw drops)
It's very small. Just a \$500 a
plate thing--

She GETS UP and WALKS OUT.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

Maureen! Maureen!

He catches up to her, STOPS HER.

MAUREEN

A fundraiser, Brian?

BRIAN

It wasn't my call. He's only here
for a day, and I'm stuck, okay?

MAUREEN

This engagement is starting to feel
like a political promise.

BRIAN

I'm doing the best I can!

(CONTINUED)

67.
CONTINUED:

MAUREEN

Then why don't you just ask me?
Right here, right now?

BRIAN

Fine! Will you marry me?

MAUREEN

(immediately)

I don't know!

They're both stunned.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

I didn't mean that. I'm sorry.

BRIAN

Look, I'll call him, I'll cancel
it, we'll fly to Cancun, we'll
elope, we'll--

MAUREEN

It's okay. This is what you do. I
have to marry that too, right?

(takes his hand)

It's fine. Let's go get mom before
she tries to slit her wrists with
the butter knife...

They both smile, but there's a tension now. Suddenly, their
future isn't quite so clear.

INT. SACHS' APARTMENT - EVENING

Sachs, on the PHONE, futzes with his FISH TANK.

It appears he now has almost ALL of the fish in there. As
Sachs fiddles with the chemicals, adds food...

SACHS

Dr. Chumley, you have to...yes, I'm
aware that the Senator will be
there. Of course. I assure you,
Dowd will voluntarily--no, I know
he hasn't yet, but--

(listens, listens)

Well you don't have to get abusive--

(listens to yelling)

Okay! Okay! Committed! Yes!
Tomorrow!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLICK. Sachs puts the phone back. Stares at his fish. The fish stare back. Sachs nods...

SACHS (cont'd)
Committed.

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - PENTHOUSE B - EVENING

Maureen and Brian walk Veta to the door.

VETA
...and what about parking? Do we need to rent spaces over at the--

BRIAN
Don't worry, Veta. The campaign is handling everything, okay?

VETA
I just haven't done anything like this in so long because of--

MAUREEN
We'll be fine. Get some sleep mom. Busy day tomorrow.

She nods, KISSES them both, then heads inside.

MAUREEN (cont'd)
Well. She seems calm, all things considering.

BRIAN
Definitely.

We hear a PIERCING SHRIEK from inside the apartment.

INT. PENTHOUSE B - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maureen and Brian BURST IN. Veta is SLUMPED back against the wall, white as a ghost.

MAUREEN
Mom! What--

Brian tugs on Maureen's shirt. Points.

The painting is EXPERT...nearly photographic.

It's Elwood, in a chair. And to his left, paw on his shoulder, is HARVEY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Six foot one and half, white fur, small vest with red bowtie.
The rabbit is almost SMILING...his eyes sort of sparkling.

INT. MAIN ROOM - LATER

A smattering of nuts and bolts and framing wire. We hear the
POWER DRILL again.

Maureen ENTERS to see Everett standing on a stepladder,
remounting the portrait of the Dowd Matriarch.

Her eyes take him in, from head to toe...including what we
must admit is a very fetching rear view...

MAUREEN

Thank you for coming.

Everett turns, SMILES. We can tell she's SMITTEN.

EVERETT

No problem.

MAUREEN

It's not your fault. The piece was
really quite good.

(beat)

I almost have a master's in art
history from Georgetown, so...

He waits for her to finish that sentence. She doesn't.

MAUREEN (cont'd)

It's not quite like the rest of
your...oeuvre.

EVERETT

That's not my oeuvre. That's my
rent.

MAUREEN

Do you have any formal training?

He descends the ladder, FINISHED. Puts away his tools.

EVERETT

Self-taught. Although I've spent a
couple of summers just watching a
master. You probably don't know
him. Etienne Berthine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAUREEN

Berthine??? I--I'm doing my thesis
on Berthine! He's brilliant, so
underappreciated!

EVERETT

(impressed)

Isn't he? I go every summer and
sit in his garden in Soulliac,
right on the bank of the Dordogne,
and just learn.

MAUREEN

(far away look)

Jardin en Soulliac, I've always
dreamed...

EVERETT

That's what it's like. A dream.

Maureen suddenly NOTICES how close she's standing. Pulls
back, NERVOUSLY.

EVERETT (cont'd)

It's okay. I'm gay.

MAUREEN

(huge sigh of relief)

OH THANK GOD...whew! Cuz I walked
in here and saw you in those jeans
and that smile and my heart was
already skipping beats, then you
start talking about Berthine and
the banks of the Dordogne and--! I
mean, I'm getting engaged tomorrow,
and I so did NOT need to meet some
romance novel Prince Charming. I
was like...bleahhh! Alert! Alert!

(laughing)

You naughty little queen, you let
me get all hot and bothered.

EVERETT

I was kidding. I'm not gay.

Her eyes FLY OPEN in sheer PANIC.

BRIAN

(entering)

Everett, all done?

Brian KISSES Maureen on the cheek. She is BESIDE HERSELF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVERETT

All set. Nice meeting you...?

MAUREEN

Maur--Ms.---Mrs., ahhh--

BRIAN

Big toolbelt for an artist.

EVERETT

I handyman a lot. Pays the bills.

BRIAN

Really? We're having a thing here tomorrow, and there's some stuff--

MAUREEN

No there's not!

BRIAN

Yeah, a couple of fixtures, and do you patch drywall?

EVERETT

You bet.

BRIAN

First thing tomorrow, then?

MAUREEN

But...

Everett GRABS his tools, WINKS goodbye to Maureen.

EVERETT

See you in the morning.

INT. KIOSK - CHUMLEY CENTER COURTYARD - MORNING

Mr. R. scootches his head down to see the SUN peeking through between the skyscrapers. It's a beautiful day.

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - MORNING

The fish tank is EMPTY.

Sachs DRUMS his fingers on his desk. The clock says 10:25.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - MINUTES LATER

SACHS
Didn't I have a 10 o'clock with
Dowd?

KELSO
(checks her computer)
Yeah. Isn't he—?

But Sachs is already out the door, PISSED.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Elwood walks happily down the street. A cab drives by out of
frame. We hear it BRAKE. Then the gears WHINE in reverse.

The cab BACKS into frame, and Sachs JUMPS out.

ELWOOD
Doctor!
(points down the street)
Harvey and I were just—

SACHS
Going to Charlie's. No. You're
coming with me.

ELWOOD
I see. Then hopefully you are
going to Charlie's.

SACHS
I've got your name on the paper,
Elwood. It didn't have to be this
way. Why didn't you open up to me?

ELWOOD
I'm open about everything, doctor.

SACHS
Bullshit! I asked you to think
back to a painful memory.

ELWOOD
I did.

SACHS
What? Your hangover story? "I
drank too much rye?"

(CONTINUED)

13.
CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

Hangover? Rye is a place. And
now, if you'll excuse us...

SACHS

Wait. Wait wait wait. What place?

ELWOOD

Rye.

SACHS

I KNOW! Rye WHAT? That town in
Westchester?

(Elwood nods)

With the old amusement park?

ELWOOD

That's right. Playland.

Sachs puts his hands on Elwood's arms.

SACHS

What happened in Playland, Elwood?

ELWOOD

I can't remember.

SACHS

You're lying.

ELWOOD

I can't remember.

SACHS

Was there a rabbit in Playland?

Elwood looks up, slowly, 'til he's almost looking at the sky.

ELWOOD

Yes. A rabbit...

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Sachs BURSTS in, RIPS the headset off Kelly's head, CHUCKS
it, GRABS Kelso by the arm and YANKS her to her feet.

KELSO

What...hey!

SACHS

He won't go without you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO

Who? Where?

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - INNER COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Sachs PUSHES her through the door.

Elwood is standing by the open driver's side of a mint-condition seven-passenger Phantom VI ROLLS ROYCE.

He WAVES happily and HONKS the horn.

EXT. TRAFFIC - DAY

The Rolls heads NORTH to Westchester.

INT. ROLLS - CONTINUOUS

Elwood DRIVES. Sachs and Kelso are in the back seat.

ELWOOD

(to Harvey)

No, this is the best way. I disagree. Because I've driven it. No, that's a horrible idea, the traffic is much worse there...

SACHS

I'm sorry, when did you two turn into my parents?

ELWOOD

I hope you don't mind sitting in the back. He's so finicky. Ms. Kelso, you understand?

KELSO

Of course. It was thoughtful enough of you to invite me.

ELWOOD

Oh, I wouldn't dream of going without you. Hmm? Yes, it is cold. Well, it's on, it's just not working. I don't know. I'm not a mechanic. Well, if you had let the young lady sit up here, I could put an arm around her...

SACHS

Okay, OKAY! Let's just play the quiet game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elwood NODS. Good idea.

Sachs LEANS BACK wearily, then looks over at Kelso. She DOES look a bit cold.

He takes his jacket off and gives it to her.

She hesitates, then TAKES it. Wraps it around herself.

ELWOOD

What? Again? We just passed a rest stop! Of course it's your fault. Three cups of coffee and he's says it's not his fault!

Sachs tries not to laugh, but it sort of SNORTS out. That makes Kelso LAUGH too. They're trying to be discrete.

But Elwood PEEKS at them in his rear-view mirror, and SMILES.

Kelso WRAPS the jacket tight around her, the collar RUBBING her nose. And we can tell she feels cozy and safe and warm.

INT. PENTHOUSE B - LIBRARY - DAY

A dropcloth, masking tape, and a half finished paint job on the molding. Everett sits, taking a break. He's flipping through a PAD full of charcoal sketches.

Through the doorway, we can see caterers, people coming in with PLANTS, CLEANERS dusting.

Maureen sees Everett. ENTERS quickly, GRABS the sketchpad.

EVERETT

Sorry. It was lying around.

MAUREEN

These are nothing. I told you, I'm an academic.

EVERETT

Uh huh.

MAUREEN

Fine. I know. They suck.

EVERETT

No, they're extremely good.

MAUREEN

You're patronizing me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVERETT

I don't have the social skills for
that kind of thing. I'll prove it.
I hate your haircut.

MAUREEN

(smiles)
You are gay.

EVERETT

(take the pad back)
Shame, though. So much grace in
the lines, but no light. There's
this field near a stream behind
Berthine's barn. I borrow that
light in my mind all the time...

MAUREEN

What is it like?

He opens his mouth to EXPLAIN, then decides to simply DIP his
finger in a small can of the yellow paint he's using.

Then takes Maureen's hand and DIPS her finger in a can of
white paint.

He holds both of their hands together, PALM to PALM,
FINGERTIP to FINGERTIP, and DRAGS them across the page, the
paint intermingling, their fingers blending...streaking...
into a yellow-white RAY that cuts through the dark charcoal.

Maureen barely BREATHES.

BRIAN (O.S.)

(yelling)
Maurs?

Maureen JERKS her hand away, and BACKS away from Everett,
confused. He almost says something, but she RUNS OUT.

EXT. RYE, NEW YORK - DAY

The car shoots past a sign welcoming us to RYE.

EXT. PLAYLAND - DAY

The Rolls comes to a slow STOP. We can see the PLAYLAND sign
reflected in the windshield over Dowd's face.

SACHS

Dowd?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO

If you don't want to go in, Elwood,
you don't have to—

SACHS

We're going in.

Elwood NODS slowly, and they DRIVE IN.

EXT. PLAYLAND - DAY

A gate fastened with a too-loose chain BANGS open and closed
in the wind. The way in.

Playland. A very old amusement park dating back to the early
1900's. Old rollercoasters, old Ferris Wheel, old Fun House,
just a strange throwback sort of place.

And in the greyish light of late autumn, a bit FOREBODING.

There's a nice wind whipping through. It's the off-season
now. The park is clearly CLOSED to the public.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW. In the middle of the open plaza area, Sachs
and Kelso stand watching.

Elwood is about 20 feet away, perfectly still.

Elwood looks up at the ENORMOUS rollercoaster...rickety,
unsafe-looking. This thing is 70 years old.

We've never seen him look like this. He seems FRIGHTENED of
this thing. He turns away with a start.

ELWOOD

I don't want to be here. Where's
Harvey gone off to?

SACHS

Elwood, we've come all this way.

ELWOOD

I can't. I don't remember...

SACHS

Yes you do. Yes you do, and you're
going to have to face it, because I
can't bear to put you away without
knowing why. I can't do it.

Elwood sits on a bench, his knees together, his hands in his
lap, almost like a little boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

I was 7 years old. I wanted to go on. My father said no, but I begged and I begged. So he let me.

(beat)

It wasn't the speed. It was the sound. I was so scared, I couldn't even cry. I thought I was going to die. When it stopped, they had to pry my fingers off the bar. And I got out, and my father walked up to me. And he said...

(beat)

He said, "I'm sorry, Elwood. I'm so sorry." And he picked me up, and held me tight, and I felt safer than I had ever felt before.

Elwood stops, and looks up.

SACHS

And then...?

ELWOOD

That's it.

We can see the explosion build inside Sachs.

SACHS

That's the best goddamned parenting story I ever heard in my life!

ELWOOD

He was wonderful.

(snaps his fingers)

The he bought me ice cream! You're right, I can remember!

SACHS

You said there was a RABBIT!

Elwood STANDS, looks around...

ELWOOD

There!

He points to the far end of the roller coaster. We see now that it's THE DRAGON. There's a big huge DRAGON attached to the girders.

SACHS

That's NOT A RABBIT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD
(squints at it)
Oh? Well, I couldn't quite
remember, and you really wanted to
see a rabbit...

SACHS
I wanted to see a rabbit?
(threatening motion)
I'm gonna kill him...

Kelso SLIDES in front of Sachs.

KELSO
Whoa, whoa...

SACHS
This is not how it works! This is
totally....

Sachs starts PUNCHING at the air. Spaz attack.

SACHS (cont'd)
You're supposed to have some
NIGHTMARE that rips your psyche to
shreds and leaves you seeing
rabbits! You're supposed to tell
me some guy in a bunny suit dragged
you behind that dumpster and made
you an altar boy!

ELWOOD
Oh, that's not possible.
(proudly)
I'm a Lutheran!

Sachs makes ANOTHER LUNGE...Kelso has to once again put her
self in the middle. Elwood barely seems to FLINCH.

INT. CHUMLEY'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Chumley is under the covers already.

The phone is RINGING. And ringing, and ringing...

CHUMLEY
Phone!
(tosses off the covers)
I know you're out there! I can
hear your thighs rubbing!
(answers)
Chumley!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

(fumes)

No, Gaffney, I don't know where he is, but...fine. By tonight. Yes. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm in the middle of surgery, and lives are on the line!

He HANGS UP, then immediately hits an AUTO-DIAL.

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

It's Chumley. There's going to be a patient coming in tonight, I have no idea when. Tell the gate guy--no, I don't know his name, Indian guy--tell him he has to stay. All goddamned night if necessary! Just tell him to stay in that goddamned box! And page Sachs!

SLAM. Chumley catches his breath. Looks up. His WIFE has entered the room. She's eating from a large bowl of PASTA.

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

What, are you running a marathon?

She BURSTS into TEARS, slams the bowl down and RUNS OUT.

EXT. PLAYLAND - PARKING AREA - MAGIC HOUR

In the FOREGROUND, Sachs sits CROSSLEGGED on the reedy dirty grass by the side of the lot, SMOKING.

Like the song says, the sun is a red rubber ball...

In the B.G., Elwood leans against the Rolls. Kelso pacing around him.

KELSO

You never got bit by a rabbit?

ELWOOD

No.

KELSO

You never went, like, rabbit hunting and were forced to drink the blood?

ELWOOD

No.

KELSO

We covered Easter, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS
(chain lights a Camel)
Oh for chrissakes...

She's about to quit. Then...

KELSO
Why do you call him Harvey?

ELWOOD
That's his name.

KELSO
But how do you know?

ELWOOD
Actually, that is an interesting story.

KELSO
A ha!

Sachs LAYS BACK on the grass, DISINTERESTED.

ELWOOD
It was many years ago, around 60th and 12th Avenue. The stroke of midnight, as I recall. I had just helped Ed Hickey into a taxi. Ed had been mixing his vodka with his gin, and I felt he needed conveying. I started to walk down the street when I heard a voice say, "Good evening, Mr. Dowd." I turned and there was a great white rabbit leaning against a lamp-post.

KELSO
Did that freak you out?

ELWOOD
No, a lot of people know my name.

Sachs starts CRACKING UP.

KELSO
Shush! So, then what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

I remember he had a little red carnation in his lapel, and he said, "Ed Hickey is a little spiffed this evening, or could I be mistaken?" Well, of course he was not mistaken. I think the world and all of Ed but he was spiffed. Well, anyway, we stood there and talked, and finally I said, "You have me at an advantage. You know my name and I don't know yours." Right away he said, "What name do you like?"

Sachs SITS UP, suddenly interested.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

Well, I didn't even have to think a minute. It's always been my favorite name. "Harvey," I said. And this is the interesting part of the whole thing. He said, "What a coincidence! My name happens to be Harvey."

Sachs JUMPS up.

SACHS

What was your father's name?

Elwood suddenly looks up, almost SURPRISED, as if a connection has been made. Then...

ELWOOD

John. John Frederick.

SACHS

When you were a boy, you had a friend. A best friend.

ELWOOD

I did.

SACHS

What was his name?

Elwood again MAKES A CONNECTION. Sachs and Kelso HOLD THEIR BREATH.

ELWOOD

Aidan. Aidan McAlister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sachs gathers the last of his energy, one final salvo...

SACHS

Was there anyone, at any point,
anywhere, that you ever knew, ever,
by the name "Harvey?"

ELWOOD

No. No one. Maybe that's why I
always had such high hopes for it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Rolls makes its way back.

INT. ROLLS - CONTINUOUS

Elwood is driving. He SMILES over at Harvey.

In the BACK, Sachs appears NUMB.

Kelso is just staring at him. She's wearing his COAT.

KELSO

I'm sorry. You tried your best.
That means something.

Even though she's got his coat, she sidles over and LEANS
against him for warmth.

He hesitates for a moment, then puts his arm around her.

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

The Rolls makes its way back home.

INT. ROLLS - CONTINUOUS

KELSO

Thank you for driving, Elwood. I
had a nice time.

ELWOOD

As did I. Since we all seem to
have enjoyed this so much, let's
keep going. I would like to invite
you to come with me now down to
Charlie's for a drink.

Sachs opens his mouth, but Kelso stops him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO

Elwood, we'd like you to drive to
The Chumley Center. You have to
stay there for a while.

He says nothing.

KELSO (cont'd)

I want you to know that I'll be
there every day, and I'll always
come in and say hi and make sure
you're happy. But you have to go.

ELWOOD

For you, I would do anything. I
would almost be willing to live my
life over again. Almost. So I
will go where you ask.

(beat)

Right after Charlie's.

Sachs frowns. Kelso gives him a PLEADING look.

INT. CHARLIE'S - 7 PM

The bar is slightly fuller than we've seen it. At night, the
place seems warmer, cozier.

Two couples dance slowly to some sad songs on the jukebox.

Sachs and Kelso sit on one side of the table. Elwood and
Harvey on the other.

Sachs' BEEPER vibrates. He checks it.

SACHS

Chumley.

He shoves it back in his jacket, ignoring it for now.

Elwood watches the dancers. Wistful.

KELSO

Would you like to dance, Elwood?

Sachs shoots her a look, maybe a bit hurt she didn't ask him.

ELWOOD

Yes. But I couldn't leave Harvey
by himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

Oh, by all means, if you two want
to do the lambada, I'll just talk
to the rabbit.

ELWOOD

(listens to Harvey, then)
I'm afraid he's not very interested
in that, Dr. Sachs.

Sachs casually lifts his MIDDLE FINGER toward the empty seat.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

Perhaps the two of you? If it's
not too late?

Kelso looks down at her drink.

SACHS

Is it too late?

He puts out his hand. She takes it, and they move to the
dance floor.

MUSIC: Autumn Leaves, Eva Cassidy's beautiful rendition...

They dance slowly, closely. Sachs SMILES.

SACHS (cont'd)

What a match. The sex addict and
the jilted bride.

KELSO

So you are an addict...

SACHS

Are you still a jilted bride?

KELSO

I should be. I should be smart
enough to figure out a way, right?
To be jilted and happy.

She looks up at him.

KELSO (cont'd)

But I'm not. It's a shitty world
that makes you second guess falling
in love.

(beat)

Just tell me I'm different.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO (cont'd)

Tell me I'm different and I swear
I'll believe you no matter how
crazy that makes me...

SACHS

You're different.

KELSO

I believe you.

They dance a bit closer and as the song ENDS...

She pulls away, but this time, playfully.

KELSO (cont'd)

Come on!

She brings him back to the table.

KELSO (cont'd)

Let's just stay a little more!
I'll get the next round.

SACHS

Kelso, wait, we really should—

She grabs her purse. Bouncing. Happy.

KELSO

I'll go feed the meter. Get me
something foofy and stupid.

(grins, silly)

I haven't been out in a long time.

She practically SKIPS out. Sachs watches her, her grace, her
smile, the way she looks at him as she EXITS...

ELWOOD

"Diviner grace has never brightened
a more enchanting face." Ovid's
Fifth Elegy.

(beat)

What is your first name, Doctor?

SACHS

Danny.

(smiles)

What was that again? "Diviner
grace has never..."

ELWOOD

"Never brightened a more enchanting
face."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS

I just might have to steal that
from you.

Elwood listens for a moment to Harvey.

ELWOOD

Danny, Harvey has something he
wants to tell you. He says—

The sound of TIRES SQUEALING.

A horrible, sickening CRASH.

Everyone in the bar FREEZES. Then Sachs is up and RUNNING.

EXT. CHARLIE'S - CONTINUOUS

Sachs FLIES out of the door.

SACHS

Kels—

But her name just dies in his throat.

Across the street, a car has smashed HEAD ON into the corner
of the building. The driver is being pulled out, drunk.

It's a disaster of broken metal, glass, brick...

We can't see much of what the car plowed into except the
flickering sign of an ATM.

Bar patrons gather around Sachs, who stands in SHOCK, mouth
open, unable to make a sound.

Elwood opens the door of Charlie's slowly, and peeks out,
like a child at something beyond his comprehension.

Sachs can't move. Can't breathe. Doesn't even feel it when
her hand comes to rest on his shoulder. Doesn't even realize
she's right there.

KELSO

Sachs?

He TURNS, sees her standing there. GRABS her ANGRILY.

SACHS

Why did you DO THAT???

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO
(frightened)
I'm sorry, I...

SACHS
What the hell is wrong with you?
JESUS CHRIST!

He's breathing very quickly now.

KELSO
I came back, I forgot my wallet.
You're just scared...

SACHS
I am NOT scared! I'm having a
panic attack. I need a pharmacy.

KELSO
I'm scared too, okay? It's normal
to feel—

SACHS
Well I don't want to, okay? I
don't want to! Ever!

He STEPS into the street, hails a cab.

Kelso is trembling. Cold and scared. Elwood walks up to her
slowly, holds out her wallet.

ELWOOD
Harvey had it the whole time. He
found it on the seat.

She takes it. Sachs has walked away, over to the curb,
leaning against a lamp post, trying to catch his breath.

A cab pulls up. She walks to it, then holds her hand up to
Sachs. Bye.

He just looks back.

She lowers her pinky and ring finger.

Three. His last mistake.

And he knows it.

She gets in the cab, and she's gone.

Elwood walks over to Sachs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWOOD (cont'd)
Harvey just wanted to say that—

SACHS
He'll never leave you, will he?

ELWOOD
(taken aback, then)
No.

SACHS
He'll never betray you. He'll
never let you down.

ELWOOD
No.

SACHS
He loves you.

ELWOOD
Yes.

Sachs pulls out the commitment papers, TEARS THEM UP.

SACHS
You're right. I'm jealous.

He turns and WALKS AWAY. Elwood watches him disappear into
the foggy night.

EXT. BRADFORD BUILDING - LONG SHOT DOWN THE STREET - EVENING

A smallish caravan of LIMOS, including one with a POLICE
ESCORT, make their way to the posh residence.

INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING

Mr. Caldwell is STUFFED into his corner as the elevator fills
with New York's elite. Investment bankers, politicians,
journalists, security.

INT. PENTHOUSE B - MAIN ROOM - 8 PM

The party is already in FULL SWING. The room is filled with
circular tables. The furniture has been cleared out.
Various REELECT GAFFNEY signs are strewn about. Waiters
bring hors d'oeuvres and drinks.

Veta watches, nervous, smiling, a bit of an appendage here.

There's a sudden swell of APPLAUSE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR CHUCK GAFFNEY, 61, has arrived. Bright lights from cameras hit him in the face. Gaffney is a movie star of a politician. A Clintonian charisma that simply warps the space around him so that you can't look away.

BRIAN

Senator!

SEN. GAFFNEY

(shakes Brian's hand)

Fine job, son.

MAUREEN

Senator.

SEN. GAFFNEY

Lovely as always, Maureen.
Exciting night! Terrific.
Terrific. And the mother?

AIDE

(muttering)

Veta.

SEN. GAFFNEY

Veta? Veta? Where's momma?

Everyone LAUGHS. Veta comes over SHYLY, star-struck.

SEN. GAFFNEY (cont'd)

So nice to meet you. They make a
fine couple, don't they?

VETA

Yes, in fact, I--

SEN. GAFFNEY

I believe the parents ought to get
all the credit.

Everyone LAUGHS again. The Senator expertly SWINGS Veta to the right, where he preternaturally knew a cameraman would be ready to SNAP a PHOTO. Veta BLINKS from the lights.

SEN. GAFFNEY (cont'd)

(to his aide)

Anything I need to know?

AIDE

Dinner, then the speech on social
security, then we're out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Wait, dad, what about the proposal?

AIDE

We'll work it in before dessert.
Senator, if you can follow me...

Brian NODS, accepting this. Turns to Maureen.

BRIAN

Cool. We're all set.

INT. SACHS' APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - 9 PM

Sachs ENTERS, walks past the doorman at his desk.

DOORMAN

What's up, Doc?

(weezy laugh)

Weird weather out there, huh?

Sachs ignores him. Punches the elevator button.

DOORMAN (cont'd)

Full moon. People been crazy all
day. Oh, that ain't gonna work.
They gotta reset the panel.

Sachs moves to the door to the STAIRS.

DOORMAN (cont'd)

Pain in the ass blackout.

Sachs STOPS, looks back...

DOORMAN (cont'd)

Yeah. A rat chewed on a cable.
Con Ed was down in the basement for
hours. Screwed up the whole—

But Sachs is OFF AND RUNNING up the stairs...

INT. SACHS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It's DARK. All we see are three digital lights blinking
12:00 at different rates.

The hurried rush of keys at the door. It flies open, and
Sachs hits the light.

He walks slowly forward towards the tank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Too many of them to survive without a pump running all day.
Just too many. They're all floating...

INT. SACHS' APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - 9:15 PM

Sachs walks out of the stairwell and across the lobby.

DOORMAN

Doc, you need a cab? Doc?

Sachs pushes through the door.

The doorman SHRUGS, sits back down, and continues RESETTING his plug-in clock. He's advancing the date. Push push push push push...until it's right. 9:15 PM. Friday. 5/31.

It's the 31st.

INT. MAIN ROOM - PARTY - 9:30 PM

The room is full of SMOKE and sweat and backslapping. Dinner is being served. The Post photog snaps shots of the Senator with Al Sharpton and Donald Trump and other city celebs.

All the while, Brian hangs nearby, suddenly looking very much like a little boy tagging after his dad.

Brian catches sight of something and start making his way through the crowd QUICKLY.

The security at the door is having trouble.

SECURITY OFFICER

I'm sorry, you're not on the list.

ELWOOD

And how do I get on the list?

SECURITY OFFICER

Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

ELWOOD

I plan to stay. You want me to leave. An element of conflict in any discussion is a good thing. It means everyone's taking part and no one's left out. I like that.

Brian finally reaches the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

It's fine. He's the ah...owner.

The security officer reluctantly lets Elwood in. Elwood immediately WALTZES towards the bar, Brian in tow.

BRIAN (cont'd)

You're going to get one drink, and then you're going back to the bar.

ELWOOD

This is serendipitous. It occurred I had forgotten about the food.

BRIAN

What?

Elwood moves towards a group of people.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Where are you going? Don't talk to them!

He RUSHES AFTER, nervous...

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Through the sliding glass door, we can see the party inside. It's quiet out here though. Maureen stands alone, looking out over the fog-shrouded city.

EVERETT

Maureen in fog.

She TURNS to see Everett coming out to join her.

EVERETT (cont'd)

I'm came to tell you I'm leaving for France tomorrow. Three weeks with Berthine.

He hands her a ticket. She stares at it, TRANSFIXED.

MAUREEN

Why?

EVERETT

Why? Haven't you been listening to yourself?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAUREEN
(shaken)
What did you say?

Suddenly we hear a COMMOTION...

INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Again, at the front door with the security officer...

BLACK MUSLIM
Get off me, white devil! This is
just more of the same oppression my
people have--Elwood! I'm being
marginalized over here!

People are turning and NOTICING, including Sharpton. Brian
rushes over to the door, tries to placate.

BRIAN
Okay, okay...just keep it down.

BLACK MUSLIM
I ain't keepin' shit down, cracker.
Elwood my brother!

ELWOOD
Brother Elijah! So glad you came!

BLACK MUSLIM
And how is he?

ELWOOD
Oh, he's fine!

Elwood moves to the bar with Brother Elijah. The Senator
walks over to Brian.

SEN. GAFFNEY
Some kind of problem?

BRIAN
(fuck yes)
Nope! Copacetic.

ANOTHER commotion. Some BAG LADIES are at the door and
Elwood is USHERING THEM IN.

They apparently STINK. A couple of guests, disgusted, give
Brian and the Senator a "sorry, gotta go" look, and WALK OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEN. GAFFNEY
Who the hell are they?

BRIAN
No one. No problem. I'm getting
rid of them right...
(beat)
Oh...my...god...

What follows is a bit of bedlam. Elwood's guests are
arriving EN MASSE.

The enormous Vietnamese family with screaming babies...

The middle-aged white bar flies...

The black stock girls from D'Agostinos...

The turbaned taxi drivers...

The lesbians, apparently fresh from bowling league...

The Dominican office building custodians...

The Yeshiva students...

The old Russian ladies...

The security guards, the firemen, the panhandlers, the street
preachers...

Maureen RUSHES IN from the balcony, finds herself next to
Veta. They both just STARE at the onslaught of humanity...

Everett SLIPS away into the crowd and out the door.

As the guests file in, Elwood WELCOMES them all, letting
their greetings and friendship wash over him.

And so it goes, as Elwood's guests descend upon the food, the
drinks...probably the best night of their lives...

As the SWARM IN, it's quite clear that many of the political
guests are trying to SWARM OUT.

SECURITY OFFICER
Senator, I think it's best we get
you out of here. Now.

SEN. GAFFNEY
Brian, what IS this? Do you know
what we just lost here? Christ!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Wait! I can fix this!

(dials his cell)

Yes. Dr. Bill Chumley, residence!

INT. CHUMLEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chumley sits in bed, watching yet another TV shrink. He's been DRINKING. A bottle of bourbon on the nightstand, a rocks glass in his hand.

TV SHRINK

Do you feel like it's too late for you? You're too old, too far gone, and life has passed you by?

The phone starts RINGING.

CHUMLEY

Yes...oh god, yes...

TV SHRINK

You may be suffering from Choice Impairment Syndrome, or CIS. But you're not alone. Millions suffer with CIS in silence.

CHUMLEY

(writing on a pad)

Choice...Impairment...

(ignoring the phone)

...syndrome. So what do I do? Is there a pill?

TALK SHOW HOST

When we come back, Dr. Joe will tell you about his CIS book with all the answers...

CHUMLEY

No? Tell me now!!! Goddammit!

(picks up the phone)

What!

(beat)

What? Son of a BITCH! Son of a...

Chumley takes the handset from his ear and starts WHACKING IT against the phone base. Then...

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

You keep him there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He SLAMS the phone down. Grabs the BOURBON, and EXITS.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - VARIOUS - 11 PM

There's no wind now. Just fog rolling in...

Sachs WALKS. Down the smaller streets, under the bridge supports, places people walk when they have nowhere to go...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMALL SIDE STREET - MIDNIGHT

A tiny little street somewhere in the village. The fog here is thick around the street, and a lone street light barely CUTS THROUGH the haze.

Sachs walks past the street light, then stops.

Looks around. He's lost. And Jesus, its late. He checks his watch. Yup. The stroke of MIDNIGHT.

A slight breeze picks up. And we think we almost hear the ghost of a whisper.

"Danny..."

Sachs STOPS. What was that?

Another ethereal whisper in the air, barely audible.

"Danny..."

He stands perfectly still, trying to see if he's really hearing what he's hearing.

But this time, there's no mysterious whisper or breeze. There's just a single word, a plain voice, no effects or reverb, just as if I said it right next to you, and that's what really scares the shit out of all of us.

DANNY

And now Sachs is just as aware as us that there's a street lamp behind him. And with every hair on his neck standing on end, his eyes SCREWED SHUT in fear, he turns...

Ever...so...slowly...

OPENS HIS EYES!

There's no one there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But high on the lamp post, there's a street sign. JONES ST.
Jones Street...Jones Street...where does he know that from?

He looks across the sidewalk at the small apartment building.
Number 389. He walks up the steps, checks the directory.

Apartment 2B. Kelso.

INT. KELSO'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Knocking. She opens the door.

They look at each other, neither really sure what the hell
he's doing there.

And then...

SACHS

I'll sleep on the cou—

She LAUNCHES HERSELF into his arms, her mouth PRESSED to his,
legs WRAPPED around him, sending him back against the wall
with a THUD.

INT. KELSO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They stumble into the room, kissing, undressing, and fall on
to the bed.

SACHS

There's a lump...

She ROLLS HIM to the side, pulls out her TEDDY BEAR, and
FLINGS it across the room ferociously.

We hear some glass break, and...

INT. PENTHOUSE B - MAIN ROOM - 1 AM

The party has settled into mellower vibe. Elwood's guests
mingle with the few remaining bigwigs.

HOMELESS MAN

I'm just saying it's hard to pick
yourself back up when all you got
is five dollars to your name.

RICH MAN

But you have to stay positive. I
believe I'm going to bounce back,
and you know what I'm worth right
now? Negative 379 million dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The homeless man BLINKS, then hands the rich man his flask.

RICH MAN (cont'd)
(reaches into his coat)
Got my own.

They CLINK flasks and DRINK.

We move along to find a Cardinal chatting with one of the lesbian bowlers...

CARDINAL
...and we rewired the baptistry,
but now, every few hours, the power
completely cuts out.

LESBIAN BOWLER
Gotta be your GFI's.

CARDINAL
GF eyes?

LESBIAN BOWLER
Ground Fault Interrupters. Lookit.
(grabs a pen and napkin)
Regular switch circuit's like this
right?

CARDINAL
Umm...okay...

We move across the room to find Veta, Maureen and Brian
sitting at a table. Veta is SWALLOWING forkfulls of cake.

MAUREEN
Elwood wins again.

VETA
He always wins. I don't know why
you talked me into fighting him.
It's not worth it. I just wanted
us all to be happy. That was dumb.
(shovels more cake in)
Why haven't I been eating more
cake? It's delicious. I've
decided to be grotesquely fat.
(off Maureen's look)
Well it's something I can do!

BRIAN
(on phone)
It's Brian. Is my dad there?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (cont'd)

Well you guys should come back, the
Cardinal is still here, and--

(beat)

Well can I talk to him?

We can tell the answer isn't good.

Across the room, Avram the Cab Driver argues with the Elijah
the Black Muslim.

AVRAM

Oh please, the '27 Yankees are the
gold standard.

ELIJAH

And I'm telling you the '53 Yankees
were better!

AVRAM

You're outta your mind!

MAN

What about the '98 Yankees?

They both turn to see who said it. It's George Steinbrenner.

AVRAM

Take that '98 crap and shove
it up your shipbuilding
ass...

ELIJAH

You the LAST person who has
any idea whatsoever in ANY
way...

Off to the side, Elwood ENJOYS this, then is alerted to
something by Harvey.

Elwood PEERS out the window, down at the street. A single
cab pulls up to the front.

EXT. BRADFORD BUILDING - STREET LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The cab STOP. A man gets out, slightly unsteady on his feet.
It's CHUMLEY.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHTTIME VIEW - 3 AM

The city never sleeps, but around this time of night it's
awfully drowsy...

INT. KELSO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She and Sachs are still nestled together in sleep.

From somewhere on the floor, we hear a BEEP BEEP BEEP...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both stir awake, and he crawls out of bed in his underwear, grabs the beeper.

SACHS
What time is it?

She reaches over, grabs her watch.

KELSO
Saturday.

SACHS
It's a 911...

He picks up her phone, dials.

SACHS (cont'd)
This is Doctor...

The SCREAMING on the other end gets the sleep out of both of their eyes...

INT. PENTHOUSE B - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Veta on the phone...

VETA
It's been two hours! Now I want to know where my brother is! He's never been out this late. What have you people done with him? Where is my Elwood???

EXT. CHARLIE'S - NIGHT

A cab idles by the curb. Sachs and Kelso peer through the darkened window. It's CLOSED.

SACHS
Only one place left...

KELSO
Keep trying him...

Sachs whips his cell phone out, dials again...

EXT. THE CHUMLEY CENTER - 3 AM

Perfectly quiet in the middle of the night. Except for the faint sound of a phone RINGING.

INT. KIOSK - CHUMLEY CENTER COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Mr. R. sits in the kiosk, perfectly straight, FAST ASLEEP.

INT. CHUMLEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The phone is RINGING. A hand GRABS the cord, YANKS it.

CHUMLEY

There. Now.

Elwood sits across from the desk in one of the chairs.

There's a bottle of Maker's Mark on the table. Half empty. Elwood hasn't touched his glass, but Chumley DRAINS the rest of his, REFILLS.

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

You say he can take you anywhere
and stop time. According to the
DSM-IV, section 301.22, you are...

(wiggles finger on lips)

Bibblebibblebibble!

He bursts into hysterics. Settles down. Takes a big drink.

ELWOOD

Wouldn't you like to stop time,
Doctor?

CHUMLEY

Dowd, believe you me, I'd stop it
dead forever!

ELWOOD

And where would you go?

Chumley stares at Elwood suspiciously. Then...

CHUMLEY

All right. All right. We're
friends, right? And you're not
going anywhere.

(smiles)

I'd go to Akron.

ELWOOD

What's in Akron?

Chumley crosses to his couch, LIES DOWN. Elwood turns to face him, still seated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUMLEY

Nothing. No one. That's the point. No one...but a girl. A skinny girl. A quiet girl.

ELWOOD

Who is she?

CHUMLEY

I don't know. That's the beauty of it. We sit under a tree. Someone brings me bourbon. And I talk to her. I tell her things I've never told anyone—things that are locked in here.

(he touches his chest)

And while I talk, she reaches out a soft white hand and strokes my head and says, "Poor thing. Oh, you poor, poor thing."

(beat)

She does this for two weeks.

ELWOOD

Nothing but Akron, bourbon and "poor, poor thing" for two weeks?

Lifts his glass, TOASTS Elwood.

CHUMLEY

Here's to fantasies. Here's to your rabbit.

Chumley DRINKS. The entire glass. He's far gone now...

He STAGGERS to his feet, grabs some keys.

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

And now, if you'll come with me...

ELWOOD

Just me, or both of us?

Chumley SNICKERS, but something in Elwood's gaze leads him to follow the man's eyes to the empty seat.

And we watch as Chumley's face reflects concern, then fear, then AWE.

The glass DROPS from his hand. SHATTERS on the floor.

He takes a step back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And a smile of pure WONDER spreads across his face.

Chumley sees him.

Chumley sees Harvey.

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A taxi pulls up. Sachs and Kelso get out.

SACHS

Gate!

Mr. R. opens the gate...

INT. CHUMLEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chumley, awestruck, and CIRCLES the empty seat, reaching out to stroke Harvey's fur...

CHUMLEY

Trivia...I've been wasting my life
on human trivia...

ELWOOD

Yes, you have. Now, if you'll
excuse us—

CHUMLEY

Do you know what you've got here?
Do you understand what we could do
with this thing?

(grabs Elwood)

Will he do it for me? Do it now!
Take me away, Harvey! Akron,
Venus, I don't give a damn! I just
don't want to be here!

ELWOOD

Well, right now, doctor, we were
thinking of a simple late-night
stroll down Park Avenue.

(takes Harvey's arm)

It's a full moon.

Chumley THROWS himself against the door, BARRICADES it.

CHUMLEY

(snarls)

You can't have him! He's mine now!

There's a KNOCK at the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SACHS (O.S.)
Dr. Chumley?

CHUMLEY
Piss off!

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - 3:30 AM

Another cab pulls up. Veta, Maureen and Brian get out.

VETA
Gate!

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA - SECONDS LATER

They barge in.

At the same time, Chumley finally OPENS the door, PUSHES Elwood OUT, then follows him, making sure to close the door QUICKLY behind him.

Checks to make sure Harvey didn't get out...

VETA
Good! No one here but people!

SACHS
Mrs. Simmons...

VETA
Elwood! Where have you been? Did they hurt you?
(hugs him, then)
This is all Harvey's fault! I should have never let him in the house in the first place!

ELWOOD
Veta...

VETA
He is no longer welcome! If he comes to the door again, I'll call the police!

CHUMLEY
There's no need. We have a drug, Mrs. Simmons...

SACHS
He doesn't need it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUMLEY

Oh yes he does!

ELWOOD

Doctor Chumley's become good
friends with Harvey.

CHUMLEY

See? Crazy!

Chumley takes Veta by the arm.

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

A few cc's of isoperidone and when
Elwood walks out that door, he'll
leave Harvey right here with me.

MAUREEN

Mom, you don't have to make this
decision now...

BRIAN

You don't think it's a good idea?
Maurs, he cost my father hundreds
of thousands of dollars tonight!

MAUREEN

Oh, THANK YOU for reminding me that
the entire cosmos revolves around
your daddy!

He's STUNNED. So is Veta.

KELSO

Please, Mrs. Simmons, listen to Dr.
Sachs...

VETA

Why should I? He thinks I'm crazy.
And his eyes!!!

She signals that they're too close together.

Sachs SLAMS his hand down.

SACHS

I stole fish!

CHUMLEY

(confused)

From the sea?

(CONTINUED)

107.
CONTINUED:

ELWOOD

Harvey and I love to fish.

SACHS

From my office! I stole them, and I talked to them. Does that make me crazy?

BRIAN

Were they visible?

SACHS

Does it matter??? They're FISH!
(beat)

Look, I don't know what happened to Elwood, or to you or you—I don't even know what happened to me. All I know is that he figured out a way, and our misery doesn't need his company. Let him go.

VETA

But I want his company!

Veta crosses to Elwood, takes his hand.

VETA (cont'd)

I love you just as much as Harvey does! I love you more! And so does Maureen! And look how you've treated me--us! Look what you've done!

ELWOOD

I never thought of it like that, Veta. I've always felt you should have anything you want.

CHUMLEY

Ha!

Chumley SCURRIES into his office.

KELSO

Elwood, if you take this drug you'll never see Harvey again.

ELWOOD

Miss Kelso, you're either overestimating medicine or underestimating Pookas. He'll be here tomorrow no matter what we do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSO

You don't know that.

ELWOOD

I don't know anything. But I have faith in quite a bit.

SACHS

Elwood, can't you see what they're doing? You're smarter than this!

ELWOOD

Dr. Sachs, my mother used to say to me, "In this world, Elwood"—she always called me Elwood, isn't that right, Veta? She'd say, "In this world, Elwood, you must be oh so smart or oh so pleasant." For years I was smart. I recommend pleasant. You may quote me.

Chumley EXITS, this time SHOOSHING someone in there, then LOCKING THE DOOR from the outside with his key.

CHUMLEY

The papers! Elwood, please sign!

Elwood takes the pen and SIGNS.

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

Dr. Sachs, begin the treatment.

Sachs is about to refuse, but...

ELWOOD

Doctor, please. I'd like for you to do it.

Sachs understands. Elwood had made up his mind, and he wants a friend to deliver the poison. He NODS.

He and Kelso take Elwood and EXIT.

Maureen is SHIVERING. Brian gives her his coat. She takes it, puts it on, but doesn't look at him.

CHUMLEY

Veta, the next-of-kin is required to sign as well. Right here...

She rummages in her purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VETA
I need my glasses...

CHUMLEY
It's standard language.

VETA
Mother always said to read before
signing, and this is my brother.
(still rummaging)
I must have dropped them outside in
the rush. I'll be right back...

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Elwood sits in a chair. His sleeve is up. Sachs prepares
the hypodermic.

ELWOOD
I very much enjoyed meeting you
both. And I'm glad you've found
each other.

Kelso and Sachs share a look.

ELWOOD (cont'd)
Harvey told me it was going to
happen. He sees things before they
come to pass.

SACHS
Did he see this?

ELWOOD
Yes.

Sachs unwraps a hypodermic, then stops.

SACHS
Elwood, before...you said Harvey
had something to tell me.

ELWOOD
He did. But I believe he mentioned
it to you directly.
(beat)
Please tell him I said goodbye.

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - INNER COURTYARD

Veta is searching the ground in the dark for her glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. RATNASABAPATHI

Do you need help?

VETA

Oh! Yes...my glasses...

MR. RATNASABAPATHI

You are Mr. Dowd's sister, yes?

VETA

Yes.

MR. RATNASABAPATHI

Please send my regrets for missing his dinner. I was called to work.

VETA

You can tell him yourself. He's going to be staying here. He's sick. They're giving him a drug.

Mr. R. walks back to his kiosk.

MR. RATNASABAPATHI

Never mind then. He won't care.

VETA

Why? What do you mean?

MR. RATNASABAPATHI

Madam, I have been watching this gate for 15 years. Some people who come here are very sick. But some...like your brother...

(beat)

They always ask my name. They always smile. They come out here and watch the sunsets and look at the birds. Sometimes they watch the birds when there are no birds and look at the sunsets when it's raining. You see? But afterwards? Psh.

VETA

What? Afterwards pshh what?

MR. RATNASABAPATHI

They don't smile, they walk right by. Fast. They can't wait for the gate to open. "Gate!" Then they're on their phones.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. RATNASABAPATHI (cont'd)

They don't see birds or the sun.
They don't seem to see anything at
all.

(beat)

Perfectly normal people.

(beat)

Assholes, madam. Assholes.

Veta realizes what she's done. She RUNS for the door.

VETA

Wait! Wait!

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA

Veta RUNS IN...

VETA

You have to stop it! I don't want
him to be perfectly normal! I
don't like people like that!

BRIAN

Doctor Chumley, maybe Veta needs a
sedative...

VETA

The hell I do! And you saw what
happened to the last man that
tried!

INT. SACHS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Veta BURSTS in.

VETA

Don't give it to him!

Sachs looks up.

Pulls the needle from Elwood's arm. It's too late.

VETA (cont'd)

Elwood!

Veta BURSTS into TEARS, and throws her arm around her
brother.

VETA (cont'd)

How could I have been so selfish?
I love you, Elwood. I love you and
I love Harvey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands, but he's a little dizzy.

SACHS

Easy. How do you feel?

ELWOOD

Fine, fine. I should go home.

VETA

Yes! Home! Harvey? Harvey?
Where is he? Don't you still see
him?

ELWOOD

Of course I do.

Elwood POINTS randomly.

ELWOOD (cont'd)

He's right there.

But Elwood is a poor liar. He meets eyes with Sachs, and
they both know the truth.

Harvey is gone.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - RECEPTION AREA

Veta walks through with Elwood.

VETA

We're going home, Maureen. I don't
ever want to set foot in this place
again!

(rummages in her purse)

Elwood, do you have cab money...?

She pulls out her GLASSES. They were in there all along.

VETA (cont'd)

Harvey!

She EXITS with Elwood.

Maureen gets up. Her hands are tucked in Brian's coat
pockets. She feels something, pulls it out.

It's a SMALL BOX. She opens it.

A beautiful shiny RING. The ghost of the proposal.

He looks at her, and she looks at him...

EXT. KELSO'S BUILDING - LATER

Kelso gets out of the cab. Sachs doesn't.

KELSO
Are you coming back tomorrow?

SACHS
I don't know. I can't work for
that guy. There's probably
something open at Bellevue.

KELSO
Tomorrow is Saturday.

SACHS
Oh. You mean back—

Suddenly Sachs seems fumbly...awkward...

SACHS (cont'd)
Look...it's been a crazy week, and
we got caught up in a lot of
intense sort of...
(beat)
I might just hang by myself, for a
while. Take a break.

KELSO
Right.

SACHS
But, I mean, I'll totally call you.
You believe me, right?

KELSO
(forces a smile)
Totally.

But she can't force herself to say GOODBYE.

She slams the door, and the cab drives off.

She knows she won't see him again.

INT. CHUMLEY CENTER - NIGHT

Chumley PUTTERS down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUMLEY

Get the camera, that's it...
(laughs giddily)
Pookavision!

He turns the corner, out of sight.

CU his office door.

The locks on the door TURN BY THEMSELVES.

The door OPENS BY ITSELF, then CLOSES.

Chumley RETURNS with his video camera and a tripod.

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

Ready for your close-up, Harvey?

He opens his office door and EXITS into the office.

There's a beat, then we hear the camera CRASH to the ground.

Chumley runs back out into the hall.

CHUMLEY (cont'd)

(screams)

HARVEYYYYY!!!!!!!

EXT. CHUMLEY CENTER - INNER COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Mr. R. is fast asleep in the open kiosk.

The front door SWINGS OPEN by itself, then closes.

The gate button is pushed down by itself.

The gate OPENS.

A slight breeze ruffles Mr. R's hair, as if someone walked by. He SLOWLY WAKES UP...

He turns quickly towards the gate.

It's CLOSED. Did what we just see happen...happen?

Well? Did it?

EXT. NEW YORK - MORNING

The SUNRISE. Birds chirping.

INT. ELWOOD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Elwood sits in his bed, sullen. Sour stomach.

He looks over at Harvey's bed. There's no one there.

INT. KELSO'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Kelso WAKES, looks to her left. Her bed is empty again.

INT. DOWD RESIDENCE - GRAND HALL - MORNING

Elwood walks around, peeks around some corners. No one.

INT. KELSO'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Kelso checks her answering machine. Nothing.

INT. DOWD RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Elwood PICKS at his breakfast...only one plate now at the table. It doesn't taste very good.

INT. DOWD RESIDENCE - SIDE ROOM - MORNING

He walks into the room, takes a book from the shelf, goes to sit in his usual spot on the left of the loveseat...then...

Moves to the middle. No need to make room anymore.

He opens the book. Closes the book. Nothing seems right.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Elwood is just another face in the crowd, another suit and tie, walking down the street. Lost. Lonely.

He sees children with their parents, best friends laughing, an old woman and her dog...

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Kelso in the frozen food section. There's a happy couple fooling around in the aisle, laughing, giggling.

She unloads a series of single-serving-you-live-alone TV dinners into her cart.

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Everett is waiting at the gate to board the plane. He looks back...she's not there. He's about to enter the jetway...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But he has to look back one more time. And RUNNING through the terminal, too many bags and her hair a mess...

MAUREEN. She WAVES her TICKET at him, like a trophy.

She listened to herself...

EXT. CITY STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Kelso walks back with her bags. Stops at the corner. It's her street. She's gonna turn around, and he's not going to be there, and she knows it. So she just DOES IT.

Sachs is leaning against the lamppost, carnations in hand.

Her face...Elwood said it best...

The face we make when we see the person we expected to see the least but wanted to see the most.

She RUNS to him...

EXT. CITY STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Elwood sees Charlie's up ahead. This time, he will be drinking alone.

But as he gets to the corner, a SLIGHT BREEZE picks up...

Maybe the faintest hint of a whisper in the air...

Elwood P. Dowd cocks his head, and turns to the left.

All we see is a lamppost...

...but Elwood's smile could light up the world.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

