

HEAVEN ON EARTH

by

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A COUNTRY ROAD- DAY

We follow a car as it enters the gates of Pembroke House.

On screen, it reads:

"Glen Cove, New York...
[REDACTED] 1959"

The car winds around the long driveway and manicured lawns until Pembroke House appears. It is a huge, elegant mansion. The driver, DR. SMYTHE, stops the car and rushes up the steps. The front door is already open and [REDACTED] the butler, mid-sixties, anxiously waits to greet him. *THE BUTLER IS EAMES.*

EAMES

Thank goodness you're here, doctor.
Please hurry.

CUT TO:

THE GRAND HALLWAY **EAMES**

The doctor and [REDACTED] are rushing up the large, curving staircase.

EAMES

I found Mr. Pembroke on the floor of his study, clutching his chest, his face ashen white, breathing with great difficulty. I started to call for an ambulance but he wouldn't hear of it.

DOCTOR

Naturally. Ambulances cost money and that skinflint would rather go to his grave than spend it. ...Did you give him his pills?

EAMES

He was all out of them. And he never reorders until the last one is gone. I called the druggist immediately but they only had the brand name and Mr. Pembroke will only buy generic.

DOCTOR

It doesn't surprise me. The man lives in a mansion like this and he hasn't paid my bill in eight months.

They are on the landing and rush to the study door, open it and go in.

THE STUDY.

A large, opulent oak paneled room with a large desk. CHARLES PEMBROKE, 65, is sprawled in the leather swivel chair, wearing a business suit, perspiring, with his tie askew and his shirt unbuttoned. He is on the phone, apparently in pain and breathing hard.

PEMBROKE

(Into phone)

How much are they asking?...Fifty
six million?...At what per cent?
....How long is the note?...No,
no, no. Not a chance. What the hell
do I want a twelve million dollar
profit when I can make seventeen?

The doctor and **EAMES** look at each other.

DOCTOR

Charley, put down that phone.
That's an order.

Pembroke turns away from them, continues talking into phone.

PEMBROKE

Push them and push them hard.
They'll cave. What the hell are
Bolivians going to do with all
that money anyway?

DOCTOR

(Crosses to get the phone)
Give me that phone, Charley. How
many heart attacks do you have to
have?

He reaches for the phone but Pembroke pushes him away. They struggle for the phone as Pembroke keeps talking.

PEMBROKE

What about the Malaysian rubber
deal? What was their output last
year?

EAMES, DOCTOR
help me get the phone.
This idiot is going to kill him-
self.

EAMES and the doctor struggle with Pembroke, who still manages to keep the phone call going!

PEMBROKE

Christ, that's three point six
below last year. Make them a

PEMBROKE (Cont'd)
final offer of ninety eight million.

EAMES

Please give me the phone, sir!

PEMBROKE

(Into phone)

If he doesn't sell, let him sit with it for a year. By Christmas he'll be eating rubber instead of turkey.

The doctor has Pembroke around the neck and **EAMES** is finally able to wrest the phone from his fingers.

PEMBROKE

(To **EAMES**)

Tell him not to offer a penny more than ninety eight million. Tell him! TELL HIM!!!

DOCTOR

Do you want to kill yourself, Charley? Do you want to die? There are more important things in this world than money.

PEMBROKE

.....Like what?

CUT TO:

EXT. PEMBROKE HOUSE.

A chauffeured limousine pulls up. From the back, an eleven year old boy in a school uniform, gets out and rushes into the house.

CUT TO:

THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY.

The boy, LEONARD PEMBROKE, and **EAMES** walk hurriedly towards the bedroom.

EAMES

Hurry, Leonard. Your father is quite ill.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM.

CHARLES PEMBROKE lies in a large four poster bed, propped up against pillows. A NURSE at his side taking his pulse. Leonard comes in and **EAMES** crosses to Pembroke and whispers in his ear. Pembroke turns, with great difficulty, and looks at Leonard. He motions for the boy to come to him. Leonard sits next to the bed.

PEMBROKE

They tell me I'm going to die,
Leonard.

LEONARD

(Sadly)

I know, father.

(He starts to cry)

PEMBROKE

Stop that crying.

LEONARD

(Stops immediately)

Yes, sir.

PEMBROKE

When you're through with your schooling, Leonard, you'll become the President of Pembroke, Limited. Do you know what the total current value of Pembroke Limited is, Leonard?

LEONARD

Nine hundred sixty three million, four hundred seventy eight thousand, three hundred twelve dollars and eighty three cents.

PEMBROKE

Current! Current value! We're up ninety six thousand since an hour ago. Keep your eye on every cent, Leonard. With money, there's no one you can trust but yourself.

LEONARD

Yes, sir.

PEMBROKE

Money is the only thing you can count on. Friends will turn on you, wives and women will desert you, even your own heart will attack you. But money will never betray you. Respect it. Cherish it. Love it. And while you sleep in your bed at night, money grows and grows, even faster than children. Don't give it away, Leonard. Don't let it slip through your fingers. It's a sin to waste your wealth and not even the fiery furnace of hell is as damnable as poverty.

LEONARD

Yes, sir.

PEMBROKE

I know I'm going to heaven,
Leonard, because I never cheated
a soul in my life. Be honest. Be
true. But be ever diligent. Thrift-
iness is Godliness.

LEONARD

(Biting his lip)

Yes, father.

PEMBROKE

(Grabs his chest)

Come closer, my son.

Leonard leans in. Pembroke whispers.

When I'm gone---fire the nurse.
Why waste money?

He suddenly drops his head. The nurse grabs his wrist, feels for
his pulse. Then turns to Leonard.

NURSE

He's gone, Leonard.

LEONARD

(Tearily)

...We won't be needing you anymore,
nurse.

CUT TO:

EXT. OF HOUSE.

The screen now reads:

"30 Years Later...."

CUT TO:

THE GRAND HALLWAY.

The butler, EAMES, is coming up the stairway carrying a breakfast
tray. This Eeams looks different than the first Eames. He is,
in fact, the son of the first one. He is in his early 40's.

He knocks on bedroom door, then opens it and enters.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM.

The drapes are drawn, no lights on. It is very dark indeed.

EAMES

Six forty five, sir.

LEONARD
 (Practically unseen)
 I've been up for hours, Eames.

Eames turns on bedside lamp. LEONARD, now about forty, is in bed, holding fiscal reports.

EAMES
 Reading in the dark again, sir?

LEONARD
 No, just thinking. No point in
 burning a light bulb just to think...
 Tokyo should be calling in about---

(Looks at clock)
 --three--two---one--second.

(The TELEPHONE RINGS.
 Leonard picks it up)
 Myaku?...Mishi kyatu sai? Kai
 toto misan watsu Toyota..Sagu
 naki Suburu.

(LEONARD throws his head
 back and laughs)
 Very good. Very good...Well, you
 know what my father used to say?
 ...'Myoto tsaki nooku is a penny
 earned'.

He gets out of bed, crosses to the desk where the breakfast
 tray rests. He takes a piece of toast as he continues on the
 phone.

So what are we talking about,
 Myaku? What are you guys going
 to squeeze me for?...A billion
six?

(He laughs)
 For a company that almost bott-
 ommed out last quarter at a 28
 per cent spiral? Oh, really?...
 Well, read your report, not your
 tea leaves.

Eames has already opened the drapes. Leonard looks out the
 window.

What's the gardener doing here
 this early?

EAMES
 Planting the autumn bulbs, sir.

LEONARD
 Ooh, that's going to cost a
 pretty penny.

(MORE)

Leonard picks up the TV remote control and clicks on his set. He gets the Stock Exchange Channel. He makes notes on a pad as he eats his toast, puts on the robe that Eames is holding for him and continues talking on the phone, all with great ease.

The phone rings.

LEONARD

(Into phone)

Can you hold one sec, Myaku?

(He switches line)

Trevor? What's the action in London?...No, I called Marcel ~~in~~ in Paris four a.m. my time. He's shaky. It's too heavy for him...I'm looking for a ninety eight million buy out, Trev, you've got exactly twelve seconds to break your piggy bank.

(He presses the other line)

Myaku? How we doing? A billion four?

EAMES

(Points to his watch)

It's time, sir.

LEONARD

(Nods to Eames, into phone)

Myaku? No go..No, that's not Japanese. It's English. No go. I won't go for it...You think about one billion clean. I'll hold.

(He switches to hold button, then clicks and changes the channel on TV)

CUT TO:

THE T.V.

It is the SHOPPING CHANNEL.

We see on the screen a salesman and a large iron Wok.

SALSMAN

This genuine iron hand hammered cooking Wok, made for us exclusively in China and can only be bought on this program, was originally on sale here in October for 49.95 is now, for this special week only, going for the incredible low price of 29.95.

LEONARD

(Excited)

I knew it! I told you they'd go down, didn't I?

EAMES

Financial wizardry, sir..Shall I place the order now?

LEONARD

No, no. Wait! Let's see if we get the bamboo brushes.

SALESMAN

Included in this sale, again for this week only, these hand made authentic bamboo brushes that will clean your wok faster than you can dial this toll free number.

EAMES

Shall I dial, sir?

LEONARD

Wait! He didn't mention the steak knives.

SALESMAN

And if you call by midnight tonight, six stainless steel razor sharp guaranteed for a lifetime steak knives, all for the incredibly low price of 29.95.

LEONARD

Call, Eames! We've got a go deal!

(He switches to other line)

Myaku? A billion clean??.We're in business, buddy.

(He switches to other line)

Trev? Ninety eight mil?...Tally ho, old boy.

(He hangs up and picks up his coffee with a smile. He looks at Eames, who is dialing the second phone)

.....Hold it, Eames. Maybe we should wait for the Christmas sale?

Eames looks at him.

CUT TO:

THE BATHROOM.

Leonard is bathing in a large tub. He is reading the Wall Street Journal. Eames is shining a pair of shoes. Leonard suddenly laughs.

EAMES

Something amusing in the Wall Street Journal, sir?

LEONARD

(Big smile on his face)
I don't know. I just get a kick out
of this paper..

CUT TO:

THE DRESSING ROOM.

Leonard is standing in front of a mirror, wearing a pair of old style but freshly pressed pants, a shirt, and a wide 1954 tie. Eames has brushed his jacket and helps Leonard on with it. It too has very wide lapels.

LEONARD

You see how smart I am, Eames? I waited and waited and waited until my father's suits came back into style.

EAMES

Fiscally and fashionably sound, sir.

He brushes his jacket.

LEONARD

Exactly. You see, you understand the practicality of things. Other people just think I'm cheap. The truth, Eames...do you think I'm cheap?

EAMES

Borderline at worst, sir.

LEONARD

Okay. Okay. I know I'm not fast with a buck. But if I don't set an example for the rest of the company, Wall Street would gobble up Pembroke L. T. D. in two bites and spit it out for breakfast.

EAMES

A clearly thought out and perfectly convincing rationale, sir.

They start to cross to the door.

LEONARD

I haven't given you a raise in a long time, Eames, I know that. But I haven't taken one either.

EAMES

If you can struggle on, sir, so
can I.

They go out the door.

CUT TO:

THE STAIRCASE.

They walk down together.

LEONARD

Listen, Eames, I've known you for a
long time. You know if you wanted
to leave, I'd never stop you.

EAMES

Your motto is thrift, sir. My
motto, like my father who worked
for yours, is loyalty. Besides,
I'm fond of you. You are kind
and have the good taste not to be
garishly over generous to your
employees, and that is a virtue
inordinately almost as much as
financial considerations.

LEONARD

(Stops)

Sometimes I think you're angry
with me, Eames. Once in a while
I think I see a look of cold,
angry bitterness in your face.

EAMES

Bitterness, sir? Never. Possibly
it's a look of pain from the size
nine shoes I'm wearing on my size
ten foot.

LEONARD

(Laughs)

Okay. Okay. You made your point.
You can throw out your old shoes.
Starting Monday, you can start wear-
ing your slippers at work...I'm kidding.
It's a joke. I love getting back
at you.

They cross down and Leonard stops at the front hall table.
He looks at himself in the mirror and straightens his 1954 tie.

LEONARD

Great old tie. And it's so in.
...Did you tell Drucker I'll be
using the Buick today?

EAMES

Yes, sir.

LEONARD

And that I wanted the tank filled
all the way to half full?

EAMES

Yes, sir.

LEONARD

Well, don't look at me like that.
The price of oil goes down to-
morrow. Do you know what 40 company
cars can save in one day on gas?

EAMES

It boggles the mind, sir.

Leonard looks at the photograph in a silver frame on the hall
table. It is of a young, beautiful woman. It is handscribed,
"To Leonard, Can't wait to begin our life together, love, Wanda".

LEONARD

(Looking at it)
So beautiful.

EAMES

Lovely to behold, sir.

LEONARD

And you know what I paid for this
frame? 30 bucks in London when
silver was low.

He brushes the frame with his cuff.

EAMES

Just to remind you, sir, Miss
Wanda will be here for dinner
at eight.

LEONARD

Ah, yes. The wedding plans.

EAMES

Any special wine tonight, sir?

LEONARD

Oh, something really good. You
go ~~buy~~ a nice bottle.

EAMES

Yes, sir.

They cross out the front door.

CUT TO:

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

The 30 year old Buick stands waiting, finely polished and well kept. No chauffeur in sight.

LEONARD

Where's Drucker?

(Looks at his watch)

I have a nine fifteen board meeting.

EAMES

It completely slipped my mind, sir. Drucker had jury duty this morning. No problem. I'll drive, sir.

He starts for the car.

LEONARD

No, no. I'll drive. I haven't sat up front in such a long time.

EAMES

May I remind you, sir, that you are a very wealthy man and there have been---kidnap threats. I'd feel safer if I were with you.

LEONARD

(Smiles)

Hey, who's going to kidnap a man driving a 1962 Buick wearing a 1958 suit?

(He gets in the car, looks out to Eames)

But I do appreciate your concern, Eames. When er.. when was the last time you saw your mother in London?

EAMES

Sixteen years ago, sir.

LEONARD

That long? Well, this Christmas, how would you like to go---and call her long distance?

EAMES

Extremely generous of you, sir.

LEONARD

Well, we'll see. Maybe she won't be home.

He drives off.

We stay on Eame's face. A tiny hint of a cruel smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD.

The car moves along the road.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR.

Leonard is driving. He turns on his personal message recorder.

LEONARD

Miss Novak..Nine seventeen a.m.
...I want the Canadian product-
ion and consumption figures for
high fructose corn syrup.

He clicks it off, thinks, clicks it back on.

Inform Bascomb and Quail that
I would like to investigate the
possibility of getting into solid
waste processing...In around the
three hundred million area.

He clicks it off, thinks, clicks it back on.

Make note. Drucker, the chauff-
eur on jury duty. Do they pay
for his lunch or do we?

He clicks it off and turns on the car radio. He gets the stock
reports. He hums as he listens to each new development.

Da be dabe da, it's up, it's up
Da be dabe da, it's down, it's down.

The camera pans slowly back over his shoulder to the back of the
car. Crouched on the floor is a sinister looking man, holding
a black jack in his hand.

CUT TO:

A STREET SIGN.
"Riverside".

Pan down to a car parked at the curb. Another cheerless figure
sits behind the wheel. His name is HUGO. Hugo looks at his watch,
then turns on his two way radio.

HUGO

...Nine twenty seven. He should
be at the intersection any min-
ute.

He clicks over to receive.

VOICE

(Quite cultured)
Just be sure he doesn't regain
consciousness before reaching
the warehouse.

HUGO

Don't worry. When I hit him in
the front, Marty hits him on his
fuckin' head.

VOICE

And remember, I want him out,
not dead.

Hugo hangs up and sneers at the receiver.

CUT TO:

LEONARD'S CAR.

He is still listening to stock reports and humming.

LEONARD

Da be dabe da, must sell, must sell
Da be dabe da, must buy, must buy...

CUT TO:

MARTY ON THE FLOOR.

He looks at his watch, tightens his grip on black jack.

CUT TO:

HUGO'S CAR.

He sees Leonard's car approaching on his left at the Riverside
intersection. He starts his motor and moves out slowly.

CUT TO:

LEONARD'S CAR.

He is almost at the intersection, when a dog runs out on the
road. In quick action, he swerves to the right to avoid the dog.
HUGO'S car, which is about to hit Leonard's, accelerates.
Leonard swerves again and just misses Hugo, who hits a car head
on coming from the opposite direction. Leonard hits his brakes
and skids to a screeching halt.

CUT TO:

MARTY IN THE BACK.

The jolt causes Marty's arm to jump and the black jack hits his
own head, knocking him out.

CUT TO:

THE INTERSECTION.

Leonard jumps out of his car and rushes to help the injured
HUGO, who is holding his head in pain.

LEONARD

(To Hugo)

Are you alright?

HUGO

(Annoyed)

Yeah yeah. I'm fine.

OTHER DRIVER

You realize how close we all came
to being killed?

LEONARD

That was the first accident I was
ever in.

(He shudders)

Woo, scary!

CUT TO:

AN OFFICE DOOR.

The large double doors to "PEMBROKE, LTD.", swing open and scores of busy employees and minor executives all greet the camera with "Good morning, Mr. Pembroke", "Hello, Mr. Pembroke", etc. The camera moves swiftly through the outer offices into the inner office. A few secretaries are working just outside of Leonard's office. A pretty secretary, MISS NOVAK, about 27, looks up at him.

NOVAK

Good morning, Mr. Pembroke. Mr.
Marquesa's on the line from Buenos
Aires. He said it's very import--

LEONARD

Hold all calls. In my office, Miss
Novak. Bring your pad.

NOVAK

Yes, sir.

We stay on her as she quickly gets her pad and stops to look at herself in her desk mirror. She fixes her hair.

CUT TO:

LEONARD'S OFFICE.

He is seated in his chair, looking drawn and pale. Miss Novak comes in.

NOVAK

Is anything wrong, Mr. Pembroke?
You look so pale.

LEONARD

(He holds his index finger and
thumb almost together)
This close! I came this close to
being killed this morning.

NOVAK

Oh, Mr. Pembroke, how terrible.

LEONARD

I still can't catch my breath.
Water. Water, please.

She quickly fills a glass from his pitcher.

LEONARD (Cont'd)

You know how they say in an accident, your whole life flashes in front of you?...I didn't see anything. Not even a weekend. Makes me wonder what kind of a life I've had.

NOVAK

Well, you're a very busy man, Mr. Pembroke...Drink it. You'll feel better.

LEONARD

That's my point. What has my life been? Mergers? Takeovers? Buy-ins, buy-outs?...That should be enough but maybe I'm missing something. What could it be?

NOVAK

Well,...sports? Do you like golf?

Golf?...

LEONARD

It takes five hours and you lose a dozen golf balls. There's no percentage in it.

NOVAK

Well, what about a hobby? Like painting?

LEONARD

No, no. You spend weeks and weeks trying to paint a picture and you finally finish it and nobody buys it.

NOVAK

Well, if I could speak frankly, Mr. Pembroke, I think you put too much emphasis on...on money.

LEONARD

I know!....I know I know I know. You think I don't know? I just don't know how to stop it. I'm even thinking about it as I'm talking.

NOVAK

You just work too hard. Maybe you should take more vacations.

LEONARD

I know I should..but then every-
one would want one.

NOVAK

Well, you're going on your honey-
moon soon. That should be fun.

LEONARD

You think so?...Wanda always wants
to go shopping. Whoo, that's going
to cost me a bundle.

NOVAK

Isn't there something you always
wanted to do when you were a child?

LEONARD

When I was a child?...Hmmm.

(He thinks)

Funny. I hardly remember being
a child. I grew up on the day my
father died. I was eleven years old
...and the next day I was thirty two.

NOVAK

Well, maybe you could learn to
be a child all over again.

LEONARD

(Smiles)

How do you do that? My father
taught me how to count before I
learned to walk. My mother left us
when I was ~~AN INFANT~~ Dad drove
her crazy with his stinginess. I
wish---

NOVAK

What?

LEONARD

Well, I just wish I knew what she
was like. What she looked like? If
she loved me?

NOVAK

Did you ever try to find her?

LEONARD

(Shrugs)

I just haven't had the time...Oh,
well....What do you like to do?
I mean for fun?

NOVAK

Oh, little things. Nothing special.
I like to hike. I like to climb. I
like to fish.

LEONARD

Ah. Okay. Now fishing is something
I enjoy.

NOVAK

(Smiles)

Really? What is it you like about
it?

LEONARD

Oh, canning them, shipping them,
cutting into the Japanese market.
Things like that.

NOVAK

You're doing it again, aren't you?

LEONARD

Yeah.

(He looks at her)

I like that about you, Miss Novak.
You're so honest with me, without
even thinking it might cost you your
job.

(She looks nervous)

Oh, don't worry. It won't...You
realize this is the first time
we've ever had a friendly talk like
this together? And you've been
working here, what? A year? Year and
a half?

NOVAK

Three and a half.

LEONARD

Three and a half years and I've
never even called you Mary.

NOVAK

Jennie.

LEONARD

Jennie. Sorry. I'm not paying
attention again. I was thinking
about---

NOVAK

Yes, I know..

LEONARD

Damn it! I'm going to stop. I'm

LEONARD (Cont'd)
going to start taking it easier.
I'm going to take the entire day
off and just take a walk somewhere.

NOVAK
That's a wonderful idea, Mr. Pem-
broke.

LEONARD
Pick out a day for me in February.
Or June. Some time when I'm not so
busy. Well, I'd better take that
Buenas Aires call.

(He smiles at her, picks up
the phone)
Ramone? Hasta la vista, baby?

He laughs at what Ramone is saying as Miss Novak, clearly dis-
appointed, crosses out of the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE- DAY.

It is an old, large, wooden warehouse, someplace on the outskirts
of town. We see HUGO'S battered car limping it's way to the
building. He gets out, crosses to a side door that says most
emphatically, "PRIVATE-KEEP OUT"...Hugo knows twice, waits, then
three quick taps. Smoke is seeping out from under the door.

The door opens and a thin bespectacled man, mild mannered, wearing
a plain business suit and carrying a clip board appears. His name
is QUINCY. He looks surprised when he sees Hugo alone.

QUINCY
Where is he?

HUGO
There was a foul up.

QUINCY
A foul up? Shit!!

They enter the warehouse.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE.

The building appears to be empty. The huge walls are painted blue,
with billowing white clouds. There is a feeling of infinite space
here. Fog covers the entire floor of the warehouse so that when
you walk, everything disappears below the knees. Quincy and Hugo
walk hurriedly through the fog.

HUGO
I missed him. A god damned dog
runs out and he turns his car
off his mark.

QUINCY
Christ! Where's Marty?

HUGO
I don't know. Still in the back
of his car, I guess.

QUINCY
Why didn't you call us? We've been
breathing this shit for an hour.
(He calls out)
Hey, Pete! cut the fog!

CUT TO:

A MAN IN CORNER OF THE WAREHOUSE.
He operates two large cylinders which dispense the 'fog'. He
wears a surgical mask. He turns a large valve and the fog stops
pouring out.

CUT TO:

QUINCY AND HUGO.

QUINCY
Mr. G's not going to like this.

They pass an elevator that is painted pink. It has gates that
look more pearly than iron. A YOUNG MAN stands ready to operate
the elevator. Four or five people in airline officers uniform,
a farmer, an older librarian, etc., stand on line, smoking,
talking, reading Variety. The elevator boy sees Quincy.

ELE. BOY
(Snaps fingers to others)
Hey! Let's go. We're on.

The people snap to and get in a line.

ELE. BOY.
(To QUINCY)
Going up, sir?

QUINCY
Forget it, kid. I'll let you know
when.

CUT TO:

A SURREALISTIC OFFICE. It has walls, but no ceilings. It has open
spaces for windows. Sitting behind a large desk, is MR. GARVEY.
He wears a smart, double breasted suit and his hair is coiffed
and snowy white. It was his voice that we heard in Hugo's car.
When he sees Quincy and Hugo, he looks surprised.

GARVEY
What happened?

QUINCY

He screwed up. Pembroke slipped through. Marty's still in the car.

GARVEY

I thought you told me I could depend on these guys.

He takes a phone out of his desk draw and dials it.

GARVEY

(To Hugo)

This is one phone call I didn't want to make.

(Into phone)

It's Garvey. Can you talk?...We missed him.

(He holds phone away towards Hugo as we hear incoherent screaming and cursing.

Back into phone:)

I know. I know...Plan B. Right... Don't worry. We won't.

(He hangs up)

Pembroke leaves his office at five o'clock. That should put him at the intersection at five seventeen. No screw ups this time.

HUGO

Right. I just have to borrow your car.

GARVEY

(Throws him his car keys)

Scratch a fender and you'll wish you were dead.

Hugo leaves. Garvey takes off his white wig and throws it on the desk. He puts his feet up.

GARVEY

(To Quincy)

We'll be here a while. Get me a Big Mac and some fries.

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF WANDA.

In a silver frame. On it is inscribed, "To Daddy, the best Daddy a girl ever had. Love, Wanda"...

The camera moves from the photograph to the face of Wanda. She is very pretty, well bred but tough as nails.

WANDA

I don't get it. What's the problem, Daddy?

JONATHAN QUAIL.

He is a distinguished looking man in his early sixties. He is seated behind his large desk in his office. MALCOLM, about 50, sits near the desk. They are both looking at Wanda.

QUAIL

The problem is--Leonard Pembroke's mother is alive...And she can very well throw a legal monkey wrench in your wedding plans, dear daughter.

WANDA

What do you mean?

QUAIL

There is a relatively unimportant codicil to Charley Pembroke's will, stating that if ever Leonard were to marry, the lady of his choice would have to marry him for love, not money. That she must sign a pre-nuptial agreement with Leonard, which stipulates that she is to receive no money whatsoever in the event of divorce or his demise. And that during said marriage, his spouse was to have no joint bank accounts, no joint ownership in property or real estate. In other words, she gets zippo.

WANDA

(Screws up her face)

You mean if I marry Leonard, I move into that big house and live on peanut butter sandwiches?

QUAIL

I said it was a relatively unimportant codicil. Explain, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

The codicil could be overturned at the discretion of the Chief Operating Officer of Pembroke, Limited.

QUAIL

That's yours truly.

MALCOLM

And the head of legal counsel for Pembroke, Limited.

QUAIL

(Points to Malcolm)

Our good friend here, Malcolm Riles.

WANDA

(Smiles)

It's beginning to sound good for dear daughter.

MALCOLM

However, the final decision concerning the enforcement of that agreement would be empowered to any living blood relative of Leonard Pembroke's.

WANDA

Is there where I get to say, "Oh oh!"?

QUAIL

Exactly. We thought his mother was dead. She left Charley Pembroke shortly after Leonard was born. Charley swore he would cut her off without a cent but she never signed a prenuptial. She could call her shots.

MALCOLM

But instead of a financial settlement, she asked for this codicil to his will. She wanted the final power to protect Leonard from making a mistake in marriage the way she did. Money was her ruination and she didn't want that to happen to Leonard. Rather than pay her alimony, Charley agreed.

WANDA

I knew I would have mother-in-law problems...How do you know Mrs. Good News is alive?

QUAIL

I received this letter from Mary Pembroke this morning.

(He holds up letter)

She said that if Leonard goes through with this marriage, she will enforce the legality of the codicil. Marry him for love, dear Wanda, or marry him for nothing at all.

WANDA

Well, I don't want to seem overly sentimental, but what about paying her off?

(They stare at her)

Knocking her off?...Then what?

QUAIL

She says in her letter her only interest is Leonard. That she lives here

QUAIL (Cont'd)

in the east and that she has a job with a very modest salary. But that she sees Leonard once in a while, observing him from a 'safe distance', as she puts it. And she suspects that your motives are not of the highest order?

WANDA

Moi?...How would she know? I never met the woman.

QUAIL

Apparently she's been observing you too. She's worried about Leonard's obsession with money and will do anything to prevent him from becoming a miserable man like his father.

WANDA

Come on, guys. Why doesn't the old lady just knock on his door and say, "Hey, tightwad, I'm your mother"?

QUAIL

Because she abandoned him. She feels she's given up the right to be his mother. But she can still try to protect him from himself.

WANDA

I love Leonard. I really really really Love him. But we've got to get that God damn will changed.

QUAIL

As you know, I'm retiring this year, Wanda. I'm afraid that four ex-wives hasn't left me a lot to retire on. That's why I think this marriage can secure your future and, if I'm not being too pushy, mine as well.

Wanda looks questioningly at Malcolm. Quail notices her look.

You're wondering what Malcolm's interest is in all this. I have the option, when I retire, of naming my own replacement. ...We're scoundrels all, I admit, but are we not living in the Age of Scoundrels?

WANDA

(To Quail)

God, I love it when you talk like that. ...What do I have to do?

MALCOLM

If Leonard so desires, and gets your father's consent and my consent--

QUAIL

Which he will.

MALCOLM

---Leonard can overturn the will...
The question is, can you be persuasive enough to get Leonard to marry you, with healthy financial provisions for your future?

WANDA

(Smiles a dark smile)

Persuasive?...If this country had a monarchy, I could be Queen.

QUAIL

(Looks at her proudly)

And to think I was once disappointed that Wanda wasn't a boy.

Wanda gives the Father a wicked look.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE LEONARD'S OFFICE.

The secretaries are all gone. Jennie Novak is still at her desk, alone. Leonard comes out of his office.

LEONARD

(Stretches, then to Novak)

What a day. I bought half of Europe and sold it to half of Asia. At least it feels like that.

(HE looks around)

You're still here? You work longer hours than I do.

NOVAK

I wasn't working. I was waiting for you.

LEONARD

Really? Something I forgot?

NOVAK

No. I was just thinking about our conversation today and--well, I worry about you sometimes. I mean as your employee.

LEONARD

Right. If anything happened to me,
you'd be out of a job, wouldn't you?

NOVAK

I'd be more than that. I mean we all
would. Just, please, drive carefully,
will you?

LEONARD

Don't worry. I've got a long life line.
Starts in my palm, goes across my chest
and all the way down to my toes.

(She laughs)

Nice laugh...Listen, would you care to
go to a movie tonight?

NOVAK

A movie?

LEONARD

Well, I just bought the studio and I
thought I should see their product.

NOVAK

You're having dinner at home tonight
with your fiancée.

LEONARD

Oh. Right. Wanda doesn't like movies
much. It eats into her shopping time.

NOVAK

Well, soon you'll be married and---
(She turns away from him)

LEONARD

You're eyes are watering. It must be
the ventilation system again.

NOVAK

I'll call the repair man tomorrow.

LEONARD

Check our warranty first. I think they
still owe us a call...Woops. Money again.
Sorry.....Well, goodnight.

NOVAK

Goodnight.

LEONARD

Goodnight.

NOVAK

Goodnight.

He leaves, awkwardly.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEONARD'S CAR ON THE ROAD.

CUT TO:

INSIDE HIS CAR.

Leonard is driving, looking very happy.

LEONARD

Nice girl, Miss Novak...Pretty too...
Damn, what was her first name?...Oh, stop
it, Leonard. She's your secretary. She's
just an employee. She's nice to you because
she has to be nice to you....And yet---

We hear the music of "I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE"...

The camera pans past him to the back of the car, where we see Marty crouching
and tightening the grip on his black jack.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WAREHOUSE.

Garvey and Quincy are seated in Garvey's office, watching TV. Quincy is
eating a pizza, Garvey is drinking a can of beer. He keeps rapidly changing
the stations with his clicker.

QUINCY

(Annoyed)

Pick something, willya?

GARVEY

How about my nose?

(He laughs crudely...The phone rings.

He grabs it quickly)

Yeah?

(To Quincy)

It's Hugo.

(Back into phone)

What's happening?...How long ago?...

Is Marty in his car?...Alright. No

screwups this time.

(He is about to hang up)

QUINCY

The video tapes.

GARVEY

(Into phone)

And don't forget the video tapes. I have
to think of everything.

(He hangs up and puts the phone and
beer can in the drawer. To Quincy:)

He's on his way. Clean up this mess.

He picks up his white wig and puts it on, askew.

QUINCY

The widow's peak.

GARVEY

What?

QUINCY

(Points to his hair)

The widow's peak goes in the front.

Garvey feels his hair.

GARVEY

Oh.

He straightens it out.

CUT TO:

THE RIVERSIDE INTERSECTION.

Hugo is in Garvey's car. He sees Leonard's car coming from the opposite direction. Hugo starts his motor and moves out slowly.

CUT TO:

LEONARD'S CAR.

He is heading for the intersection. Hugo is coming at him at a right angle. Leonard sees the car and jams on the brakes, but it's too late. They hit. Not exactly a crash. Just a light bump. But at the moment of impact, MARTY POPS up behind Leonard and bops him on the head with the black jack. Leonard goes out like a light.

Hugo quickly gets out of his car, carrying a video camera. Marty gets out of the back seat.

Another car, driven by a man, stops. The man rushes out to help.

MAN

What happened?

HUGO

This guy just ploughed right into me. He never even looked.

MARTY

He's my chauffeur. We'd better get him to a hospital. I don't know how to drive.

HUGO starts to film Leonard lying out in his car.

HUGO

I'm with Allstate Insurance. I'll film this for our records.

MARTY

(To other man)

Give me a hand.

They lift Leonard out of the car and carry him to Hugo's car. Hugo films it all the way. They put Leonard in the back seat.

MAN

Do you need my name? Albert Adams.

HUGO

Right. Got it. Thank you.

Hugo drives off with Leonard and Marty.

INSIDE THE CAR.

Hugo turns on his CB radio.

HUGO

Angel to Heaven. Angel to Heaven.
Package just arrived. Delivery on its way.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Garvey's car drives up to the back door. Hugo and Marty get out. Hugo gives the knock signal on the door, then goes to help Marty in getting Leonard out. The door opens as fog pours out. Quincy appears with his clipboard.

QUINCY

Any problems?

MARTY

He started to come to in the car, but I put him to beddy bye again.

QUINCY

You got the tape?

HUGO

In my pocket.

QUINCY

Alright, inside. Just lay him on the floor. I still can't believe this crazy thing is going to work.

They go in and close the door.

CUT TO:

INSIDE WAREHOUSE.

The vast emptiness. The clouds are billowed overhead. The floor is covered with fog.

INSERT.

We see a hand turn on a stereo set. Heavenly music is heard.

CUT TO:

WAREHOUSE FLOOR.

Leonard rises out of the fog, holding his head in pain. He looks around dazed, trying to figure out where he is. He starts to walk.

LEONARD
(feels his head)
Wow! What was that?
(He looks around)
When did this fog come up?

He starts to walk. He suddenly sees a lone figure up ahead, writing on a clip board.

Hey! Hey, buddy, wait a second.

He runs up to Quincy, who turns and looks at him.

Listen, I was just in an auto accident back there. Second one today. I must have been thrown from my car. Is there a phone around here?

QUINCY
A phone? Here? I'm afraid not, Mr. Pembroke.
(He goes back to his clipboard)

LEONARD
I never saw the fog this bad before. You notice how you can't even see the houses? Which way would the----how did you know my name?

QUINCY
We've been expecting you, Mr. Pembroke. May I call you Leonard? Please follow me, we're running a little tight today.

He starts to walk. Leonard just stands there. Quincy stops and turns. Looks at Leonard sternly.

QUINCY
You've got to keep up, Leonard. We work on a very precise schedule here.

He continues to walk, Leonard follows him.

LEONARD
There must be houses somewhere, I can hear music. Listen, I'm just going to pop over there and see if I can find a phone.

QUINCY
(Annoyed)
There are no phones. No houses. And you just can't go popping wherever you want. There are

QUINCY (Cont'd)
definite paths to walk on. Don't give
me problems, Leonard, I'm a
busy man.

He starts walking again.

LEONARD
You're busy? Hey, buddy, I in-
vented busy. Who are you, anyway?

QUINCY
My name is Quincy. I'm your escort.
And don't get edgy with me. You're
not the only one who was in a
terrible accident today.

LEONARD
What terrible accident? I bumped
into another car, that's all.

QUINCY
Bumped? We don't get people up
here who just 'bump' into other
cars...Look, if you want to stay
~~here~~ Len, you can wander around
here for a thousand years, I don't
care.

He continues walking. Leonard tries to catch up.

LEONARD
Where are we going anyway?

QUINCY
Where? "There" of course. I don't
know why you people don't accept
what's happened to you? Did you
all think it would go on forever?

LEONARD
What people?...Listen, I think
you've got the wrong guy. I'm
Leonard Pembroke.

(Quincy looks at him)
That's right. That Leonard Pem-
broke. Now if you'll just call
my secretary and have a limo ser-
vice sent out here---

QUINCY
I don't care who you are. And
your money doesn't mean zilch
around here. Nobody takes it
with them.

LEONARD

(Amused)

Of course I don't. It would take
the Queen Mary to carry it.

Quincy walks again, losing patience. Leonard looks around as he
walks.

...I've seen this place before.
Warren Beatty was here.

QUINCY

Warren Beatty was never here.

LEONARD

Yes he was. In "Heaven Can Wait".
Did you ever see that picture? With
Julie Christie? Dyan Cannon?

QUINCY

Those are future names, Len. I
don't do futures. I'm strictly
a daily pick up guy...Ahh, here
we are.

They stop at the elevator site. The elevator has just landed. The
gates open. Another escort, Marty, is reading off a list.

MARTY

Mrs. Margaret Fields.

ELE. BOY

Up or down?

MARTY

Up for Mrs. Fields.

A nice little old lady gets in the elevator.

QUINCY

(Smiles, aside to Leonard)
That's the lady who made those
nice chocolate chip cookies.

The elevator goes slowly up. Quincy looks at clipboard.

You're number 4 on line, Leo-
nard.

(To those on line)

Excuse me, folks. Let him in.
Latecomer here. Move aside, please.
If you just co-operate, we'll get
everyone out today.

He pushes Len in line, then stops to converse with Marty.

LEONARD

(To Quincy)

What are you talking about?

SKIIER

(Who is in front of Leonard)

Leonard Pembroke! Hi! Wally Parone.
I'm with Shearson Hamill. Well, was.
...Always tried to get you as a
client. Too late now I guess.

LEONARD

Oh? Have you retired?

SKIIER

Haven't we all?

(He laughs)

LEONARD

You going skiing?

SKIIER

I went skiing.(He shows Leonard his broken
pole)

Hit a tree going 90 miles an
hour. The tree won.

(He laughs again)

MARTY

(Reads from list)

Number 4769. Capt. James Weider-
macher.

The elevator has come down, the gates open.

ELE. BOY

Up or down?

MARTY

(Looks at list)

Up for Capt. Weidermacher.

The gate closes and the elevator goes up.

The black woman behind Leonard leans over to him.

WOMAN

That's the fourth crack up that
airline has had this year. Thank
the Lord I don't have to fly with
them anymore.

LEONARD

He was in a plane crash?

QUINCY

Move up, folks. Keep the line moving. The holiday is coming up, we're going to be jammed up here.

LEONARD

(To Wally, smiles)

Do you know what's going on around here?

MARTY

Number 4770. Mr. Wallace Parone.

SKIIER

(To Leonard)

Hey, that's me. So long, Len. See you in the big show.

The elevator has come down, the gate has opened and Wally steps in eagerly.

ELE. BOY

Up or down?

MARTY

(Looks at clipboard)

Down for Mr. Parone.

SKIIER

Down? DOWN? There's got to be some mistake. I only sold a couple of junk bonds, I swear...Nooooooooo.

The elevator goes down and WALLY screams seem to go as far down as the center of the earth.

LEONARD

(Thinks about this...)

No. It can't be.

QUINCY

Get ready, Leonard. You're next.

LEONARD

Okay, wait a minute, wait a minute. Just wait a minute. Now I know this can't be what I think it is, because that's too dumb, so just tell me what it really is.

QUINCY

You mean you don't know what's happened? Where do you think you are, Leonard?

LEONARD

Well, I'm hoping it's some kind
of new restaurant or something.

He laughs and looks at the others. They all look at him coldly.
They are dead serious.

Suddenly we hear Garvey's voice, through an echo chamber.

GARVEY

Mr. Pembroke is holding things
up, Quincy. Please show him what's
happened so we can get these good
people on their way.

QUINCY

(Annoyed)

Alright, Leonard, over here. I
haven't had to do this in years.

Quincy leads Leonard to the side where a TV set stands. Quincy
snaps his fingers and the set goes on.

QUINCY

This is live, on the air now.

A news anchorman appears.

TV MAN

...The CBS Channel Two news con-
tinues on this tragic note. Leonard
Pembroke, reputed to be one of
the richest men in America, was
killed in an auto accident late this
afternoon...

LEONARD

WHAT????

CUT TO:

FILM CLIP. We see Leonard lying unconscious in his car, his head
on the wheel. We see Hugo and the passerby removing Leonard's
body.

TV MAN (V.O.)

Pembroke's car was involved in a
head on collision at the Riverside
Junction at six seventeen this
evening. No one else was hurt in the
crash, while bystanders helped to
extricate him from his 1962 Buick.
It was to no avail as Pembroke was
pronounced dead on his arrival at
St. John's Hospital.

LEONARD

DEAD??? I'M DEAD?????

The TV clip cuts to the front of

LEONARD'S HOUSE.

Eames is being interviewed. We hear a woman reporter.

WOMAN

John Eames, Mr. Pembroke's long time butler, expressed his sentiments at the palatial Pembroke Mansion.

EAMES

(Emotional)

I don't quite know what to say. I was devoted to Mr. Pembroke. The entire staff was. He will be most grievously missed. Terrible, terrible tragedy.

Leonard looks at Quincy. Leonard's lip is quivering.

WOMAN

Mr. Eames, Leonard Pembroke, despite his enormous wealth, was reputed to be less than generous with his money. Would you say that was an accurate statement?

EAMES

(Stiffens)

Mr. Pembroke was kind, loving and always a gentleman. If he was somewhat tempered with his purse strings, it was only a minor flaw in an otherwise flawless character.

He goes into house and closes the door.

CUT BACK

to the anchorman.

TV MAN

Saint or Scrooge? Leonard Pembroke, dead at 39.

Quincy snaps fingers and the TV goes to black.

Leonard is a shivering, quaking hulk. He doesn't know what to say and if he did, he wouldn't know how to say it.

QUINCY

(Fatherly)

Do you understand now, Leonard?

(Leonard nods, with a whimper)

I'm sorry. It happens to all of us. It's not so bad, is it?

(Leonard shrugs, wiping eyes)

(MORE)

QUINCY (Cont'd)

Are you ready to go into the elevator now?

(Leonard nods. Quincy takes him by the arm and ushers him to the elevator)

We'll have you on your way in two seconds.

Leonard steps into the elevator, helplessly.

LEONARD

(To elevator boy)

I just died.

ELEVATOR BOY

Yes, I know.

MARTY

Number 4771. Leonard Pembroke.

ELE. BOY

Up or down?

MARTY

(Checks list)

Down for Mr. Pembroke.

Leonard freezes in horror and disbelief.

LEONARD

Down?...DOWN???...What do you mean DOWN???

The gates close swiftly with a clang. He grabs the bars like a prisoner and shakes them.

I'm supposed to go up, not down!!
I never cheated anybody. I never hurt anyone.

QUINCY

Leonard, behave yourself.

(He motions for the elevator to go)

The BOY starts the elevator. He lifts slowly up

LEONARD

No! No!

He tries to wrest the control from the boy. They struggle as the elevator goes up and down in fits of starts and stops.

QUINCY

Up! Take it up! Get him out of here.

But the struggle goes on. Quincy grabs an umbrella from the black woman and starts to hit Leonard through the bars.

QUINCY

Stop it, you idiot. You can be punished for this, Leonard.

LEONARD

Worse than going down there?

Leonard shoves the boy aside and grabs the control. The elevator starts up.

LEONARD

The music. Start the nice music.

The boy jumps on top of Leonard and gets the controls again. Once more the elevator starts down. Leonard screams out.

LEONARD

(To those on line)

Help me somebody. I'll trade places with you. I'll pay you anything you want. Help me. Help me.

He is sobbing. And suddenly the elevator comes to a screeching halt. It stops about five and a half feet below ground level, with Leonard's eyes just peering up from the ground.

QUINCY

What happened? What's going on here? Who cut the power?

GARVEY'S VOICE

I did. This outburst is unforgivable. There are worse places than hell to send you, Mr. Pembroke.

LEONARD

(We see only the top of his head)

If I could just speak to you for five minutes, sir. Sir? Is that possible?

QUINCY

Of course not. No one sees Mr. G.

LEONARD

Mr. G??

GARVEY'S VOICE

Bring him to me. I see I have to set an example here.

The elevator suddenly jerks and starts up. The gates open and Leonard steps out.

QUINCY

Big, big trouble, Pembroke.

(He motions for Leonard to follow)

LEONARD

This has been the worst day of my life.

He follows Quincy

CUT TO:

GARVEY'S OFFICE.

Garvey, with his hands behind his back, is staring out the window into vast space.

Leonard and Quincy enter.

A few comets whiz by. Leonard is aghast. He starts to say something, but Quincy shushes him. Garvey turns around.

GARVEY

Well? Explain your abominable behavior, young man.

LEONARD

Well, sir, I think there's been a mistake. I'm not saying that I'm perfect. I'm not perfect. But I'm good. Well, pretty good. But I never sold junk bonds or profited from insider tips. I'm a hardworking, decent, thrifty businessman. And I think I'm being sent to the wrong place.

Garvey looks at him, crosses to his desk and opens a huge ledger. He follows the list of names with finger.

GARVEY

Pembroke, Leonard J.....

(He looks up at Leonard)

Down!

LEONARD

Maybe it's a typo?

(Garvey shakes head)

Another Leonard Pembroke?

(Garvey shakes head)

Well, who decides whether you go up or down?

(Cont'd)

GARVEY

You do. How you lived your life is the deciding factor. Books are kept, ledgers are filled recording every moment of your existence. It's not in our hands. It was in yours.

LEONARD

But what did I do that was so terrible? Make money?...My father made a ton of money and he went to heaven.

Garvey and Quincy look at each other, then look away.

...Didn't he?

GARVEY

Your father died twenty eight years ago. And he is on an elevator that is still going down.

LEONARD

My father? Is not in heaven?... But I thought he was such a great guy. I've tried to become just like him.

GARVEY

And so you did, Leonard. Your crime, like your father's, was that you were uncharitable. You could have done so much for humanity by opening your heart and your purse strings. You were a wealthy man, Leonard, but regretfully, with a bankrupt soul. Now go quietly. They say it only hurts for the first thousand years.

QUINCY

Let's go, Len.

LEONARD

What about a second chance? Suppose I changed my ways? Suppose I became charitable? Wouldn't that make a difference?

GARVEY

All the difference in the world. Unfortunately you are here and your great fortune is back there.

LEONARD

No, I mean supposing you got in touch with someone in my office? And you told them I wanted to make a big donation to charity? A very big donation.

GARVEY

We are no longer of that world, Leonard. The dead do not solicit the living. Quite impossible.

QUINCY

Unless---

LEONARD

What? Unless what?

QUINCY

No, it was just a thought.

LEONARD

I know, but say it anyway. What? Unless what what?

QUINCY

Well, there have been special dispensations in cases where the party in question committed human error not by their own volition but was the victim of unscrupulous parents.

LEONARD

(A ray of hope. To Garvey)
Okay? You hear that? Special dispensations. Unscrupulous parents. We got a foot in the door.

GARVEY (To QUINCY)

It's not quite the same thing. Leonard loved his father. Unscrupulous parent would not hold up in this case.

LEONARD

No, no, no. He thought he was teaching me right. But he was wrong. I could have my lawyers work on this. Why should they get paid for doing nothing while I'm dead?

QUINCY

But precedent has shown that when a greater good can be done, the letter of the law can be re-interpreted.

GARVEY

Yes, that's true.

LEONARD

Okay, this is good. This I like. Let's follow this line of thinking.

QUINCY

As I recall, if the fallen soul in question declared his repentance---

LEONARD

I do. I declare. I repent. What else? Don't stop.

QUINCY

--he was given 36 hours grace to return to his point of earthly departure---

LEONARD

I can do that. The Riverside intersection. I can be there in---where am I now?

QUINCY

---return to his point of departure in order to secure funds for a large charitable donation. Upon successful completion of his task, he returned here to the way station and was put on the very first available elevator---going up!

LEONARD

(Jubilant)

That's it. That's what we do. That's brilliant, Quincy. How'd you like to come work for me?

QUINCY

We all work for one Master, Leonard.

GARVEY

Leonard?

LEONARD

Sir?

GARVEY

If I were to give you---

LEONARD

Yes?

GARVEY

--thirty six hours grace. 36
hours back in the world from
which you departed..do you prom-
ise to return here---

LEONARD

Yes.

GARVEY

---with a large charitable do-
nation, to be divided among the
poor, penniless, starving, home-
less, underprivileged God for-
saken souls of the world?

LEONARD

(Right hand up)

I will! I swear! I swear I will
..I will swear that I will do
what I swore I will.

GARVEY

I believe you...How large a donat-
ion are we talking about, Leonard?

Leonard stops. He thinks, watching Quincy and Garvey out of the
corner of his eye. He starts to speak, stops, then starts again.

LEONARD

I will give-----

(His mouth trembles)

I will give-----

(Tremble)

I will give-----

GARVEY

You will give WHAT??? I am losing
patience with you.

LEONARD

I will give-----

(Quickly)

five thousand dollars!

GARVEY

Five thousand?..Five thousand dollars to get into heaven?

LEONARD

Five thousand two fifty?...Five thousand three sixty five?.... Ten thousand dollars spread out over twelve years.

GARVEY

Take him out of my sight. Put him on the express elevator. Forget the elevator. Just drop him down the shaft.

QUINCY

Let's go, Pembroke.

LEONARD

Wait! Wait!...How much---how much would be acceptable?

GARVEY

It's a cold, hungry world out there. I would accept---twenty **FIVE** million in cash.

Leonard's legs buckle and Quincy catches him and braces him.

LEONARD

25 mi---? 25 mi----? You want me to give away 25 mi-----??

GARVEY

It's not yours to give or keep anymore. You're dead.

LEONARD

I know. But it's still 25 mi---!

GARVEY

That money will soon be in the grubby little hands of your lawyers. But there's still time to get it. Your body is still intact. Not buried, not cremated.

LEONARD

But I've been pronounced dead at St. Johns Hospital.

GARVEY

In matters of such importance, time can be expanded. We can go forwards or backwards. In this

GARVEY (Cont'd)
case, we would go back to the moment of impact. Before anyone realized you were dead. You will not be taken to the hospital. There will be no TV news-reports. No grievous statement to the press by your butler.

QUINCY
All you have to do is go back, get the 25 million in cash, and when you return, the elevator goes up.

GARVEY
Think of it, Leonard. I could start ordering rice and wheat and shelter for the hungry and homeless while you're gone.

LEONARD
And I get 36 hours more of life?

GARVEY
Not life, Leonard. But death on a holiday.

LEONARD
You mean--a zombie? The walking dead.

GARVEY
No, Leonard. To all earthly creatures, you will seem to be as you always were. They will see you, hear you and touch you. You will be normal in every way, except of course, you will be quite dead.

LEONARD
36 hours? For 25 mi---? 25 mi---?

GARVEY
(Annoyed)
Get past it, Leonard. Yes or no? I've got more important things to deal with than this.

LEONARD
What if I wanted more time?

QUINCY
You can't have more time.

GARVEY
Hear him out...How much more time, Leonard?

LEONARD

50 years? 50 more years of a good, happy life? How much would that cost?

GARVEY

50 more years on earth? In good health?...75 million dollars.

LEONARD

(Thinks)

.....Nah, never mind. I'll come back in 36 hours.

GARVEY

Said and done. Sign the ledger, Leonard.

He gives Leonard a ball point pen.

LEONARD

You use these up here?

GARVEY

Sign it. That's 25 million in cash. No later than dawn, Saturday morning. At the Riverside intersection. God will bless you, Leonard.

As Leonard signs the ledger, we see Marty sneaking up behind him with his black jack.

LEONARD

When do I go back?

GARVEY

You're on your way now, my son.

Marty hits him on the head and we go to black.

CUT TO:

THE RIVERSIDE INTERSECTION-DAY.

Leonard, unconscious, is in his car, hunched over the steering wheel. His head is on the wheel, causing the horn to blow. We hear a man's voice.

MAN

Hey! Mister! You alright?

He pulls Leonard back. The horn stops. The man shakes him. Leonard feels his aching head.

MAN

You okay?

LEONARD

(Coming to)

Yeah...I guess so.

(He feels his body)

MAN

For a minute there, I thought
you were dead.

LEONARD

Dead? No, no. I'm fine, really.
..What day is this?

MAN

What day? It's Thursday.
(Looks at his watch)
Seven o'clock.

LEONARD

Seven already? My God, it's going
so fast.

PASSERBY

That's life. You need any help?

LEONARD

No, I just lost my direction a
little.

MAN

Where did you want to go?

LEONARD

Up.

MAN

Up?

LEONARD

Er..straight up this street,
th en straight to my house.

Up

He drives off quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEMBROKE HOUSE.

Leonard's car speeds up to the front entrance, screeches to a
halt. Leonard jumps out and rushes up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

LOUISE, a maid, about sixty, Irish accent, is dusting the front
hall table. Leonard rushes in and almost runs her down.

LOUISE

Good heavens, Mr. Pembroke. Are
you alright?

LEONARD

Yes. Yes, Louise. I'm sorry.

(He stops, turns)

Why? Don't I look alright?

LOUISE

Well, you look as white as a ghost.

Leonard rushes to mirror and looks at himself, examining eyes.

LEONARD

It's started already.

LOUISE

What has?

LEONARD

(Catches himself)

Exhaustion. I'm so tired. It's been hell today.

LOUISE

The traffic, sir?

LEONARD

Yes. The traffic. Bumper to bumper. Tell Eames I want to see him in my room right away.

He rushes to the staircase.

LOUISE

Sir? Miss Wanda is in the drawing room. She's here for dinner.

LEONARD

Oh. Right. I'll be right there.

No, tell her to start without me.

I'm very busy. I've got 25 million things to do.

He rushes up the stairs, two at a time.

LOUISE

You shouldn't run, sir. You'll get yourself sick.

But he's gone.

CUT TO:

LEONARD'S BEDROOM.

He is at his desk, dialing the phone. As he dials, he takes off his tie and unbuttons his shirt.

LEONARD

(Into phone)

Miss Novak?...I knew you'd still be in the office. It's me. I've got an emergency. I'm calling a Board of Trustees meeting tonight at my house. All ten trustees of my estate must be there. Tell them it's a matter of life and--no. Not life.. Tell them it's a matter of grave impor--- No, not grave. Tell them to just be here......Oh, and find out what time the sun comes up on Saturday morning...No, I'm not playing golf. I'll explain later.

He hangs up just as Eames knocks and comes in the room.

EAMES

Sir?

LEONARD

Eames? Where were you? I want you to draw my bath and put out my blue suit. I'm late for dinner.

(He takes off his shoes)

Why are you looking at me like that?

EAMES

Like what, sir?

LEONARD

Like you're surprised to see me. Are you?

EAMES

Surprised? Not at all. I was expecting you.

LEONARD

Did you happen to see the CBS Six O'clock News tonight?

EAMES

As it happens, I did, sir.

LEONARD

Anything unusual? Any accidents? Anyone killed today?

EAMES

Yes...A train wreck in Bulgaria. 76 people dead.

LEONARD

Anyone you know?

EAMES
In Bulgaria?

LEONARD
Have you ever been on TV, Eames?

EAMES
Once, sir. At the bank. I saw
my image on the screen as I was
making a deposit.

LEONARD
Only once?

EAMES
I don't make deposits that often,
sir.

LEONARD
I don't like innuendos, Eames.
I haven't got time for complaints
anymore. Now listen carefully. I
want every clock and watch in the
house fixed to the exact hour, minute
and second. Then I want you to
cancel my dentist appointment for
Monday and make it for tomorrow.
Wait! What do I need good teeth for?
Never mind.

(He starts for the bath)
I want you to speak to cook and
have her make all my favorite meals
for tomorrow. My favorite breakfast,
my favorite lunch and most import-
ant, a complete Thanksgiving Day
Turkey dinner with three kinds of
pies.

EAMES
Thanksgiving, sir? In April?

LEONARD
DON'T WASTE TIME! JUST DO IT!

He goes into the bathroom and slams the door. Eames crosses to it.

EAMES
(To closed door)
If you're having Turkey on Sat-
urday, sir, will you still be
wanting the chicken on Sunday?

LEONARD
(From in bath)
No! I'll be eating out on Sunday!

CUT TO:

THE DRAWING ROOM.

WANDA, dressed to kill, is pacing back and forth, temper building, mumbling to herself.

WANDA

I don't believe this. I don't
believe that little twerp is
keeping me waiting.

(She pours herself a drink
from a decanter)

I don't know what the hell Daddy
sees in him anyway.

(She knocks one down)

There's a knock on the door and it opens. Louise comes in.

LOUISE

Beg pardon, M'am. But Mr. Pem-
broke had to rush upstairs on
business. He apologizes but asked
if you would care to start dinner
without him.

WANDA

You mean eat alone? By myself?
No no no no. You tell him that
Wanda doesn't eat by herself.

LOUISE

He did look tired, M'am. Pale as
a ghost, he was. Near exhaustion,
if you ask me.

WANDA

Hey, Louise. Just tell him.
(She pours another one)

LOUISE

Yes, M'am.

Louise leaves.

CUT TO:

EAMES AT BACK DOOR.

He is at the downstairs back door. He looks around carefully,
then opens the door. QUINCY comes in and Eames closes it quietly.
He motions for Quincy to follow him.

QUINCY

How's it going?

EAMES

I'm not paying you to ask ques-
tions.

(He opens the door to Eame's room)
Get in here. And stay out of

EAMES (Cont'd)
sight until I call you. We're
too close to screw up now.

Quincy nods as Eames closes his door quietly.

THE CENTER HALL.

Eames crosses out when he sees Louise about to start up the stairs.

EAMES
Louise! Where are you going?

LOUISE
To tell Mr. Pembroke that Miss
Wanda wants him to come down to
dinner.

EAMES
I'll do that. Mr. Pembroke wants
to be completely alone with Miss
Wanda tonight. I've just told cook
to take the rest of the night off.
You may go as well.

LOUISE
Go where?

EAMES
To a film. Shopping. Bowling,
Bingo, whatever you want. Only
I want this house cleared of servants
tonight, is that understood?

LOUISE
Very well.

She starts to go.

EAMES
What about "thank you, Eames"?

LOUISE
Thank you, Eames.

She goes. When she is out of sight, Eames rushes back to:

HIS ROOM.

He opens the door. Quincy is sitting on the small bed, watching television.

EAMES
Turn that off, you twit! Are you
mad?
(He quickly turns off the set)

QUINCY
I have a commercial that's on to-
night.

EAMES

And I have a 25 million dollar deal that's on tonight, you fuck-head...Now come with me.

CUT TO:

THE CENTER HALL.

Eames steps out, looks around, then beckons for Quincy to follow. Quincy scampers across the hall. Eames opens the door to the dining room and shoves QUINCY in.

THE DINING ROOM.

EAMES

They'll be in here to eat soon. Just stick to the script and don't ad lib, or I'll cut your heart out with the carving knife.

Eames goes out and closes the door.

THE CENTER HALL.

LEONARD is on the top of the stairs. He sees Eames coming out.

LEONARD

(Shouts)

Eames!

EAMES

(Turns, as if caught)

What?

LEONARD

What time is it?

EAMES

(Looks at hall clock)

Eight fifteen exactly, sir.

LEONARD

(Looks at his watch, nods)

It's going so fast, isn't it?

(He rushes down the stairs to Eames)

Call me as soon as everyone gets here for the meeting. Oh, and Eames, I want you to do me a favor. If anything were to happen to me--

EAMES

Happen to you, sir?

LEONARD

Well, like an accident. If I were to be found dead in my car at the Riverside intersection on Saturday at dawn, anything like that....

EAMES

An unlikely event, sir.

LEONARD

Yes, but if it happened, and you were interviewed by the press or on TV---

EAMES

Me, sir?

LEONARD

It's possible. Just don't say anything like, say, "Mr. Pembroke was somewhat tempered with his purse strings".

EAMES

I, sir? I couldn't imagine uttering such a phrase.

LEONARD

Good. Don't say it.

He starts for drawing room.

EAMES

Oh, sir. You asked me to remind you about having a chat to discuss my yearly bonus.

LEONARD

Right. Right...Let's do it on Sunday.

EAMES

Very good, sir.

Leonard turns. Eames sneers at his back.
Leonard opens the door to the drawing room.

LEONARD

Wanda! Sorry to keep you waiting. Shall we have dinner?

He goes in.

CUT TO:

THE DINING ROOM.

Wanda and Leonard having dinner. Leonard is eating and looking at his watch. Wanda is just toying with her food. She is looking at Leonard with a passion he's never seen before.

LEONARD

I never knew how much I loved lamb chops. I always took lamb chops for granted. You never think about maybe you'll never have lamb chops again, you know?

He looks at her toying with food and staring at him.

LEONARD (Cont'd)
You haven't touched your dinner.
Aren't you hungry?

WANDA
(Peering at him)
Yes. But not for lamb chops.

LEONARD
Would you like something else?

WANDA
I'm looking at it.

LEONARD
Hmm?

WANDA
You are so God damned cute, Leonard, I can't stand it.

LEONARD
Me?

WANDA
Un-believably cute. You were never
this attractive, never. And suddenly tonight I'm looking at you and I want to tear you to pieces. When did you become like this?

LEONARD
Like what?

WANDA
Cool. Distant. Rude. You've never kept me waiting before.

LEONARD
I know. God, if I could just explain to you--

WANDA
Don't! Whatever you're doing, don't stop. The more I can't have something, the more I want it.

LEONARD
(Puts down fork, wipes his face)
Well, I think you're going to be very happy, Wanda, because I'm going to tell you something you can't have.

WANTA

56.

me the b

I'm warn

The bad
baby?

.....

Ooh, w
do you

LEONARD

Well, dead in a...dead sense.
In a dead sort of way.

WANDA

That's how I felt until ten
minutes ago, Leonard.

She does something with her mouth to get Leonard's attention.

LEONARD

It's not just a feeling, Wanda.
It's a dead deadness. It's an
over with life kind of dead.

WANDA

Why does that excite me?

LEONARD

I don't know. Wanda, I'm trying
to tell you I died. That's how
dead I am. Why am I telling you
this?

WANDA

Wait a minute. I think I get it.
....Are you saying that you can't
do it? That kind of dead?

LEONARD

I can't do anything. My life is
over. The entire Leonard is dead.

WANDA

Hey, Leonard. Nothing stays dead
with Wanda. Trust me.

LEONARD

Okay. Okay. Listen to me. I was in
a car accident today. Poof. Over. That
kind of dead.

WANDA

Leonard, honey---the dead will
rise.

She kisses him full on the lips. The door opens and Eames comes
in. This doesn't stop Wanda from her kiss. It continues as
Eames speaks.

EAMES

Beg pardon, sir, but the Board
of Trustees have arrived. I've
shown them into the drawing room.

Leonard nods, then pulls Wanda off him.

LEONARD

(Breathless)

Thank you, Eames.

WANDA

You attend to business, Leonard.

(She gets up)

Then we can tend to our business this weekend.

LEONARD

I can't see you this weekend.

In fact, after Saturday, I'll never see you again.

WANDA

(Smiles)

That's right, gorgeous. Drive a girl crazy.

She winks at him, winks at Eames and leaves.

Leonard sits there, his head in his hands, shaking it despondently.

EAMES

Can I be of help, sir?

LEONARD

What would you do, Eames, if you had---

(He looks at his watch)

---34 hours left on earth?

EAMES

You mean 34 hours left to live, sir?

LEONARD

No, not to live. Just left on earth.

EAMES

Well, I would probably have a very stiff whiskey, sir.

LEONARD

Good idea. Bring me one, please.

QUINCY

I'll have one too, Leonard.

Leonard turns quickly. QUINCY is standing next to the fireplace, leaning nonchalantly on the mantelpiece. Leonard is aghast. Eames is about to leave.

LEONARD

What are you doing here?

EAMES

(Stops, turns).

Sir?

QUINCY

It's alright, Leonard. He can't see me or hear me.

LEONARD

(Quickly to Eames)

I said, "What are you doing here? Why aren't you getting me my whiskey?"

EAMES

I am, sir.

He starts to go.

QUINCY

You didn't ask him for my whiskey.

LEONARD

(To Quincy)

I didn't know that you people drink.

EAMES

(Stops)

We do, sir. But not during working hours.

LEONARD

(To Eames)

Well, see that you don't. Now go get my drink.

EAMES

Yes, sir.

Eames leaves. Leonard rushes over to Quincy.

LEONARD

Why are you here?

QUINCY

Mr. Garvey's made an investment in you, Leonard. And I'm here to protect that investment.

LEONARD

Oh. Right. Like I'm going to hop a plane to Rio and spend the rest of my 34 hours on the beach.

CUT TO:

THE CENTER HALL.

The door to the drawing room is open. We can see the members of the board talking animatedly with each other. Quail and Malcolm are just outside the door, discussing things privately. Wanda, on her way out, stops and cross to Quail.

QUAIL

(To Wanda)

Well, from the look on your face, angel, dinner went well.

WANDA

Something strange has happened to Leonard.

QUAIL

(Concerned)

What do you mean?

WANDA

He says he can't marry me. That after Saturday, he'll never see me again.

Malcolm and Quail look at each other. Wanda has that devilish smile.

QUAIL

I don't believe it.

(To Wanda)

What the hell are you smiling about?

WANDA

I don't even care about the money now. I'd marry that animal for nothing.

QUAIL

The hell you will. You do what you're supposed to do. I'll take care of the 'animal'.

WANDA

Careful, Daddy. He's a tiger.

She raises her eyebrows provocatively and leaves through the front door.

QUAIL

(To Malcolm)

A late night meeting and now
the wedding's off? What the hell's
going on around here?

THE DINING ROOM.

CUT TO:

Leonard is pacing anxiously.

LEONARD

(To Quincy)

If I couldn't convince Wanda
that I'm dead, how am I going to
convince my entire Board of
Trustees---and that I need 25
million dollars to give to charity
so I can get into heaven? Doesn't
it sound dumb?

QUINCY

Don't tell them. You're the Pres-
ident of the company. Can't you just
go in and take the money?

LEONARD

You don't understand. I can buy
and sell anything I want for the
company. But I can't give away
money. It's in my father's will.
All ten trustees must approve of
any withdrawal I make over a
hundred dollars. I have to get
their O.K. to buy a pair of sun
glasses.

EAMES

Your whiskey, sir.

Leonard turns quickly, realizing that Eames had entered the room.

LEONARD

How long have you been standing
there, Eames?

EAMES

Very briefly, sir.

LEONARD

Did you hear me say anything?

EAMES

Just a few words, sir.

LEONARD

Did you hear me say, "I can't give away any money. It's in my father's will"?

EAMES

....Yes, sir.

LEONARD

Did you hear me say, "I need 25 million dollars to give to charity so I can get into heaven"?

EAMES

....Yes, sir.

LEONARD

Did you hear me say, "If I couldn't convince Wanda that I'm dead, how can I convince the Board of Trustees"?

EAMES

....Yes, sir. I did.

LEONARD

I see. And what did you think I meant by all that?

EAMES

It is not a servant's place to pry into his master's private thoughts.

LEONARD

Very good, Eames. You're a good butler. I think it's time to give you that raise we----no. You were just doing your job.

EAMES

Yes, sir. Will that be all, sir?

LEONARD

Just clear away these dishes.

Eames starts to take off dishes.

QUINCY has taken out a small ledger and reads aloud:

QUINCY

John Eames. Butler. Scheduled to arrive at the elevator this July 12th. Cause of death, head severed with an axe by a jealous husband.

LEONARD

Oh, my God!

EAMES

(Looks up)

Sir?

LEONARD

Do you have a lady friend, Eames?

EAMES

(Embarrassed)

I am fond of someone, yes, sir.

LEONARD

Is she married?

EAMES

You're so perceptive, sir. Yes, she is. But unhappily. Her husband is a fireman but he suspects nothing.

LEONARD

Maybe, maybe not. Take July 12th off, but stay in your room. No guests.

EAMES

Very kind of you, sir.

He takes the dishes and goes. Leonard turns to Quincy.

LEONARD

Severed with an axe?..Couldn't he go an easier way?

QUINCY

Well, I guess he could go peacefully in his sleep. But it would cost you another million to charity.

LEONARD

...I guess an axe doesn't hurt much after the first whack.

CUT TO:

THE CENTER HALL.

Quail looks at his watch. Then to Malcolm...

QUAIL

He keeps us waiting, he cancels the wedding to Wanda...I wonder if his mother's letter has anything to do with this?

MALCOLM

(Aside)

Well, there's also been some wild rumors that he wants to buy out Time/Life.

QUAIL

Time/Life?? Never. That's too steep for us.

MALCOLM

That's the talk on the street. Let's see if he hits us up for some front money tonight.

QUAIL

I'll get him out right now and see.

He starts across the hall as he runs into Eames with the dishes.

EAMES

Can I help you, Mr. Quail?

QUAIL

No, you can't.

He brushes Eames aside and heads for dining room.

EAMES

He's not in there, sir.

QUAIL

The hell he's not. I've had my eye on that door for the last twenty minutes.

(He starts for it)

EAMES

Perhaps he is. Permit me to knock first. A butlers duty.

Eames beats Quail to the door, knocks and puts his head in.

CUT TO:

DINING ROOM.

EAMES

(Head in door)

Mr. Quail to see you, Mr. Pembroke.

To Quincy, Eames motions with his head to get out of sight. He does it a few times till Quincy gets it. Quincy dashes under the table, without Leonard seeing.

LEONARD

(To Eames)

What's wrong with your head?

EAMES

Water in the ear, sir. Just took a shower.

He hits his head a few times. Quail pushes past him.

QUAIL

Leonard, how long are you going to keep us waiting?

LEONARD

Coming right in, John. Just getting my presentation together.

QUAIL

Presentation?...Does this have anything to do with Time/Life?

LEONARD

Well, with time, yes. With life, yes.

QUAIL

I thought so. This better be a hell of a presenatation, Leonard.

He goes out. Eames looks in and motions with his head in the opposite way for Quincy to come up.

EAMES

Seems to be going in the other ear now.

Quincy gets up quickly and Eames leaves and closes the door. As Quincy gets up, he bangs his head on the underside of the table. He holds his head in pain.

LEONARD

I wonder how Quail knew?

(He looks at Quincy)

Why are you holding your head?

QUINCY

My halo's on a little too tight.

Leonard looks at him with puzzlement.
The door opens and LOUISE enters with a steaming hot cup on a saucer.

LOUISE

Excuse me, sir, but I think
Eames forgot to bring you your
evening hot cocoa.

(Quincy sits, frozen)

...I know it's not my place, but
I thought you might like it.
Seeing how pale you looked when
you came home.

LEONARD

Oh. Very nice of you, Louise.
Just leave it on the table.

LOUISE

Yes, sir.

She puts it down in front of Leonard.

...Will your guest like one as
well, sir?

LEONARD

My guest? What guest?

LOUISE

The gentleman sitting to your
left, sir.

Leonard looks at Quincy, who looks stuck for an answer.

LEONARD

Oh, you mean this gentleman?

LOUISE

(Nods to Quincy)

Yes, sir.

The door suddenly opens and Eames rushes in in a panic.

EAMES

(Angrily)

LOUISE!!! How dare you enter the
dining room without my permission?
I thought I told you to take the
night off.

LOUISE

I didn't know where to go, sir.

EAMES

Well, you can go straight to
your room and stay there till I
call you. Go on, do as I say, woman.

LOUISE

Yes, sir.

She leaves.

EAMES

(To Leonard)

I'm terribly sorry, sir. She's
been acting very odd lately.
Seeing things and such.

LEONARD

Yes, I know. She offered a cup
of cocoa to my guest.

EAMES

What guest, sir?

LEONARD

(Points to Quincy)

The one sitting in this chair.

EAMES

Dear dear. I was afraid of that.
She's been drinking again. It's
gotten out of hand.

LEONARD

Sweet old Louise? Drinking?

EAMES

Empty bottles piled up under her
bed, sir. With your permission,
I'll send the woman packing.

LEONARD

No, not Louise. She's been here
so long. Let's give her another
chance.

EAMES

As you wish, sir...Mr. Quail
and the other gentlemen are
growing quite impatient, sir.

LEONARD

I guess I've stalled this as
long as I could. This isn't going
to be easy.

QUINCY

Have a sherry. That'll calm your
nerves.

Quincy picks up the heavy, crystal decanter and starts to pour.
Eames watches the decanter, his eyes wide open in amazement.

EAMES

Good God!!!

LEONARD

What?

EAMES

(Points)

The decanter! It's floating in
air.

LEONARD

No, it's not.

(And he quickly grabs it out
of Quincy's hand)

It was just the wind.

(He pours some in his glass)

EAMES

The wind, sir? That bottle weighs
six pounds.

LEONARD

Don't argue with me, Eames. You're
just a butler. Now tell them I'm
on my way in.

EAMES

Yes, sir.

As he goes, he gives a suspicious look at the decanter. He
leaves.

QUINCY

I'll have to be more careful. I
don't come down here very often.

LEONARD

Are you coming in there with me?

QUINCY

Sorry. I've got to work tonight.
A lot of Bulgarians killed in a
train wreck.

Leonard nods, crosses to the door.

LEONARD

Wish me luck.

QUINCY

You'll think of something.

Leonard nods again and leaves.

CUT TO:

THE CENTER HALL.

Leonard crosses the hall, muttering to himself.

LEONARD

"Gentlemen, according to my trust,
I can withdraw up to one hundred
dollars cash without your approval.
..I'd like my one hundred dollars
in cash now, please...Thank you"...
I go out. I come back in..."Gentle-
men, I'd like my one hundred dollars
in cash now, please. Thank you"...
I go out. I come back in...Nah, It'll
take forever.

He opens the door to the drawing room. He smiles.

Gentlemen!

He goes in, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EAMES' ROOM

It is a small, sparsely decorated room. The Pembrokes never spend much on servants quarters. Quincy sits nervously as Eames paces angrily.

EAMES

Ten years I've schemed and planned
and plotted for this day and it
nearly gets blown over a cup of
hot cocoa. Why didn't you climb
behind the drapes when she came in,
you turd brain?

QUINCY

I thought it was you. I don't see
so good without my glasses.

EAMES

Then why didn't you wear your
glasses, you piss head?

QUINCY

It would look funny. Why would an
angel wear glasses?

EAMES

(Fuming, grabs Quincy by the collar)
We've convinced that tight wad
schmuck that he's dead. We've con-
vinced him that he needs 25 mill-
ion dollars in cash to get into
heaven. WHY THE FUCK WOULD HE
WONDER WHY YOU'RE WEARING A PAIR
OF FUCKING GLASSES???

QUINCY

I was just trying to use my head.

EAMES

Your head, you thimble brained idiot! I thought of everything. Every word in your head, every thought you've uttered. I thought of the car crash, the elevator, the skier from Shearson Hammill, the Six O'Clock News, everything. All out of my head. You are a no talented unemployed actor lucky to have this job and I am William Fucking Shakespeare, do you understand me?

QUINCY

I'm not unemployed. I did a commercial this year.

EAMES

I saw it. It SUCKED!!!

He throws Quincy back into his chair.

CUT TO:

THE DRAWING ROOM.

QUAIL, MALCOLM and the other eight trustees are all seated, all staring at Leonard in dumbfounded amazement.

QUAIL

25 million dollars???...In cash???
...Are you serious, Leonard?

MALCOLM

It's prohibited by your father's will.

LEONARD

I know. I know. But if I try to explain to you where I've been and what's happened to me and why I need the money and where it's going to, you'd never believe me.

QUAIL

Where have you been?

MALCOLM

What's happened to you?

STEPHENS

Why do you need the money?

JAMES

Where is it going to?

LEONARD

Alright. I'm going to tell you the whole ~~story~~ story. But you're going to think it's the dumbest thing you've ever heard....This afternoon I was in a car accident at the Riverside intersection. A man was killed. And it was my fault.

They all look at each other, worried.

QUAIL

Were there any witnesses?

LEONARD

Yes. A man named Quincy. Well, actually, I met Quincy after the accident. I got lost in the fog on a street where there are no houses but there was music playing.

They all look at each other.

STEPHENS

There hasn't been a fog around here since last April.

LEONARD

The fog wasn't down here. It was up there.

They all look up.

LEONARD

And then Quincy called my name. "We've been expecting you, Mr. Pembroke". And I never saw him in my life. Then he took me to an elevator. Some people were going up and some people were going down.

QUAIL

What building was this?

LEONARD

It's not in a building. It's just an elevator.

MALCOLM

You mean it was under construction?

LEONARD

NO!! The elevator's been there for a thousand years...Just listen and stop asking questions...And there were people on line waiting to get into the elevator. And the man in front of me was from Shearson Hammill.

QUAIL

Was this 25 Wall Street?

LEONARD

NO! NO!! It's nowhere!..And the guy from Shearson Hammill was sent down in the elevator because he was in a skiing accident and he was caught selling some bad junk bonds.

MALCOLM

And he got you for 25 million?. You don't have to pay him, Leonard. We'll bring him up on charges.

LEONARD

You can't bring him up on charges. He's dead.

QUAIL

He jumped off the building?

LEONARD

There is no building. And he didn't jump. He just went down in the elevator.

ASHCROFT

You mean it crashed?

LEONARD

NO!! They just take you down when you've done something bad. Mrs. Fields went up.

QUAIL

Who's Mrs. Fields?

LEONARD

The old lady who makes the chocolate chip cookies. She was good, that's why she went up. I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD SOUND STUPID.

QUAIL

Calm yourself, Leonard. Let's start again. You were in a car accident. A man was killed. Then a fog came up and someone named Quincy took you to meet a man from Shearson Hammil, who sold you some bad junk bonds and was killed going down in the elevator, and a woman who made chocolate chip cookies went up. Is that right?

LEONARD

I didn't buy anything....Let me think. Let me think...Okay. I'll try this. Did you ever see that movie with Warren Beatty? He's a football player and he gets killed in a tunnel only he's not really dead so they bring him up to heaven and James Mason says that they made a mistake and they'll find him another body. That's the place I went to.

QUAIL

You went to a movie today?

LEONARD

NO, GOD DAMN IT!!!! I was in the place that the movie was about. Only I can't remember the name of the movie.

MALCOLM

"Bonnie and Clyde"?

LEONARD

(Furious)

NO!!

STEPHENS

"Shampoo"?

LEONARD

No!!

ASHCROFT

"ISHTAR"?

LEONARD

NO NO NO!! FORGET IT!!

MALCOLM

"All the President's Men"?

LEONARD

No, for Cr^ose sakes, that was
Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford.

MILLER

"Splendor in the Grass"?

LEONARD

Forget the fucking movies, will
you?

(He sobs on the table)

QUAIL

Alright, quiet everybody. Please.
...Leonard, let;s start over
again...You were in a car accid-
ent and you said a man was killed.

LEONARD

YES. I saw the body. It was on
television. They announced he
was dead.

MALCOLM

And this Quincy fellow. Was he
a policeman or was he a passerby?

LEONARD

No.

STEPHENS

Well, what does he do?

LEONARD

He's one of the men who wants
the 25 million dollars. He's a--
a--you know. He does er---

MALCOLM

Blackmail?

LEONARD

No. He's a white man.

QUAIL

And what does he want the 25
million dollars for?

LEONARD

For charity.

QUAIL

And you believed him?

LEONARD

Yes! They're going to buy rice
for India and corn and barley
for Africa.

QUAIL

They? Who's they?

LEONARD

Quincy and Garvey. Quincy works for Mr. Garvey.

QUAIL

And what does Mr. Garvey do?

LEONARD

He's in charge of the elevator.

QUAIL

He's an elevator man?

LEONARD

NO, FOR CRISE SAKES!! HE WORKS
FOR GOD!!

MALCOLM

And is he one of the men who wants the 25 million dollars?

LEONARD

Yes. YES!

QUAIL

So Garvey is an evangelist?

LEONARD

No. He's an angel. An angel. I said it, alright?

STEPHENS

An angel who wants 25 million dollars?

QUAIL

Is he a Broadway producer? That kind of angel?

LEONARD

(Looks up)

Mr. Garvey, where are you? I'll give you another million dollars if you'll help me.

QUAIL

Alright. Let me understand this. Mr. Garvey has a man named Quincy, who witnesses a car accident you're involved in, in which a man is killed and tells you unless you fork over 25 million dollars, he'll do what?

LEONARD

He'll send me to hell.

They look at each other, many of them snickering.

QUAIL

Leonard, don't you know you're a prime target for any unscrupulous opportunist to come along and bilk you for anything they can get away with? That's why you have a Board of Trustees, to protect you from people like that. That money will never go to charity. That accident was probably a set up. And I'll wager no one was killed in that accident. The whole thing is a giant hoax.

LEONARD

Wrong. Someone was killed. I know it.

MALCOLM

How do you know it?

LEONARD

BECAUSE I'M THE ONE WHO WAS KILLED!

They all stare at him in open mouthed amazement.

LEONARD

I know. I know. I always get that reaction. That's a hard one to swallow.

QUAIL

Very hard...What makes you think you're dead, Leonard?

LEONARD

Because I was the one on the Six o'clock news. I saw my body being carried away. They interviewed Eames at my house. He was crying and he said it was a terrible tragedy.

JAMES

Eames said that?

LEONARD

Yes. You can ask him. No, you can't ask him. He won't remember it.

STEPHENS

I saw the Six O'clock News, Leonard. I saw no mention of your death.

LEONARD

You did but you don't remember it either. They turned time backwards.

A lot of them go "ooh". This is getting bad now.

MALCOLM

They turned it backwards? You mean like daylight savings time?

LEONARD

No, you fuckfaced fuck brain fuck head!

QUAIL

Leonard, let's not turn this into "The Excorcist"...I'm going to be quite frank with you. This story doesn't sit well with me.

LEONARD

Oh! No kidding? I'm sorry it doesn't sit well with you. What do you think I'm sitting on when I tell you I'm dead?

MALCOLM

What does 'dead' feel like, Leonard? Sort of a general feeling of logi-ness?

LEONARD

(Starts for him)

You want to see what it feels like, Malcolm? How about 'almost dead'? I could show you that.

Miller restrains him.

STEPHENS

It might help us, Leonard, if we could meet this Quincy fellow. Can you arrange for us to see him?

LEONARD

You can meet him but you can't see him.

STEPHENS

Why not?

LEONARD

He's invisible.

STEPHENS

Gentlemen, I suggest we call a doctor. Or an ambulance. Or a rest home. This is a corporate emergency.

QUAIL

Hold on, Stephens. This is the last thing we want to show up in the newspapers. Leonard may be drunk or on pills.

LEONARD

You want to pump me?

(He lays on the floor, flat on his back)

Go on. Get a stomach pump. The only thing you'll find are two baby lamb chops.

QUAIL

Get up, Leonard...I'll tell you what I think. I think you're under a great strain. a nervous condition that happens to all prospective bridegrooms.

LEONARD

I'm not a prospective bridegroom. The wedding is off. I can't marry Wanda.

QUAIL

Yes, she told me. Why is the wedding off?

LEONARD

Because the funeral comes before the wedding. If you want me to stay engaged until then, fine with me.

QUAIL

Is this some ploy, Leonard, to get out of a marital commitment?

LEONARD

Right! I had myself killed because I'd rather be single...Look, I've got 33 hours before they come and get me. If I don't have the money, I'll be joining my father in hell.

JAMES

Your father is in hell?

LEONARD

Well, not yet. He's still falling.
 ...I know. I know. That doesn't sit
 well either...You'll all see what
 it's like when Quincy comes to get
 you.

MALCOLM

(Chidingly)

How will we know he's there if we
 can't see him?

LEONARD

(To Malcolm)

You see this, Malcolm?

(He shows him his fist)

Tell me if you know it's there.

Leonard smashes Malcolm in the face, who goes sprawling over
 his chair to the floor. The others all restrain Leonard from
 doing more, which he is trying to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. OF PEMBROKE MANSION- NIGHT.

We see one expensive car after another pulling out of the driveway.
 Eames is showing them to their cars.

EAMES

Goodnight, sir. Terribly sorry,
 sir.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

Leonard is sitting in a chair in the hallway near the front
 door. He is disconsolate, his head down. Quail and Malcolm are
 getting ready to leave. Malcolm holds a wet handkerchief to his
 eye.

QUAIL

You understand why we can't give
 you the money, Leonard?

LEONARD

Oh, sure.

QUAIL

What would our stockholders say
 if we told them why you wanted
 it?

LEONARD

It wouldn't sit well with them.

QUAIL

And I must insist you see a doct-
 or about this, Leonard.

LEONARD

What is he going to do? Perform an autopsy?

MALCOLM

Dead men don't punch that hard, Leonard.

(He rubs his eye)

QUAIL

And Wanda told me tonight she loves you more than ever. The wedding plans will be announced in this Sunday's society page.

LEONARD

Oh, good. It'll be in the same paper as my obituary.

Quail leans over.

QUAIL

I'm trying to understand what traumatic event has thrown you into this state, Leonard.

(Leans in closer)

By any chance, has your mother tried to contact you lately?

LEONARD

My mother? I'm not even sure she's alive. Why, have you heard anything?

QUAIL

No, no. I was just wondering.

LEONARD

I'll be seeing my father on Saturday, I could ask him.

Quail and Malcolm look at each other, confused as ever. They leave.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE-NIGHT.

Quail and Malcolm walking to their cars.

QUAIL

Leonard has either become a blithering idiot, or we're up against something we never counted on.

MALCOLM

But what's the point of it all?

QUAIL

My hunch is, it's not his idea.
Someone's put him up to it. And
if it's not his meddling mother,
then who?

CUT TO:

INT. HALL.

Leonard starts up the staircase.

QUINCY

Well? Did you get the money?

Leonard screams in fright and falls down the stairs. Quincy
was walking directly behind Leonard. He rushes down to Leonard.

QUINCY

Sorry. I thought you saw me.

Leonard gets up.

LEONARD

What do you mean, get the money?
How could I convince them? I wasn't
that smart when I was alive.

They start up again. We hear Louise. She is at the bottom of
the stairs.

LOUISE

Mr. Pembroke? I left you some
hot milk next to your bed, sir.
It'll help you sleep.

LEONARD

(Looks at Quincy, then at her)
Oh. Oh, thank you, Louise. Very
thoughtful.

LOUISE (LOOKS AT QUINCY)

Will your guest be having any-
thing before he retires, sir?

LEONARD

Er, no. No, he won't. Goodnight,
Louise.

Eames appears at the foot of the stairs.

EAMES

(Furious)

LOUISE!!! I am not telling you
again. Go to your room and stay
there.

LOUISE

Very well.

She goes.

EAMES

(To Leonard)

Did she see anyone else this time, sir?

LEONARD

No. The same one.

EAMES

I thought so. I found another bottle under her bed..Well, sleep well, sir.

LEONARD

Fat chance.

He starts up stairs. Eames motions for Quincy to come down.
Quincy starts down. Leonard turns.

LEONARD

Where are you going?

EAMES

To bed, sir.

QUINCY

(To Leonard)

Just to get some fresh air. I hate being indoors.

LEONARD

Oh.

EAMES

Oh. Miss Novak called before, sir. Just wanted to know if she could be of any help.

LEONARD

Nice girl. Make sure she gets a nice letter of reference...Good-night.

He continues up.

EAMES ROOM.

CUT TO:

QUINCY is lying on the small bed. Eames pacing.

EAMES

Perfect! Everything is going exactly as I planned.

QUINCY

But they didn't give him the money.

EAMES

Of course not, you twerp. All good plots take twists and turns. By this time tomorrow, they'll be dumping the 25 million in his lap.

(He yawns)

Better get some sleep. Big day tomorrow.

QUINCY

Right. G'night.

He turns over to sleep. Quincy kicks him in the butt.

EAMES

I sleep in the bed, you putz.

QUINCY

(Looks around)

Where do I sleep?

EAMES

You're an angel. Fly around the fucking room.

He throws Quincy out of bed, onto the floor.

CUT TO:

A CLOCK.

It is on the night table next to Leonard's bed. The time is 2:30 a.m. The room is dark. We can hear the clock ticking loudly, exaggerated by Leonard's panic. He is wide awake,

LEONARD

My last 28 hours and I'm trying to sleep. Am I crazy? Do something! Enjoy yourself.

He ~~sits~~ on edge of the bed.

Sex!! What about sex?...Call Wanda. she'd be over in a minute. She'd use up the whole 28 hours.

He dials phone, then stops.

LEONARD (Cont'd)

But she's not the one I want. Jennie is...I've never even kissed her....
I could have sex with Wanda and think about Jennie.

He starts to dial, then stops.

What if I explained to Jennie that I only had 28 hours left? She likes me, I know.

He starts to dial.

Nah. She's probably not into dead guys.

He hangs up. He falls back into bed, picks up the TV clicker and turns it on.

THE TV SET.

We are on an old black and white movie. It suddenly goes to commercial. It is a haggard man, carrying lots of luggage, renting a car at Avis. The man is QUINCY. Leonard sits up, obviously surprised.

LEONARD

Quincy?....

(He rushes to see the set closer)

Quincy, is that you? Renting from Avis?

He throws on his robe and rushes out of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

THE CENTER STAIRCASE.

Leonard, calling out in a whisper.

LEONARD

Quincy? Are you in the house?

He rushes outside, looks around.

Quincy, where are you?

He rushes back inside the house.

Quincy?

LOUISE appears in her robe.

LOUISE

Are you looking for your guest, sir?
I saw him walking towards Eames' room.

LEONARD

No, you couldn't possibly see him,
Louise.

LOUISE

Whatever you say, sir....Would you like a little hot Postum, sir? It would help you sleep.

LEONARD

I don't want to sleep, Louise. I got a big, big sleep coming up tomorrow.

He crosses hall to Eames's room. He knocks on the door.

LEONARD

Eames! Open up! I've got to speak to you.

CUT TO:

EAMES'S ROOM.

Eames is in bed, Quincy sleeping on the floor. They both suddenly bolt up and look at each other in panic.

EAMES

Mr. Pembroke?

LEONARD

Open up. I've got to talk to you.

EAMES

One moment, sir. I was just washing my hair.

(To Quincy)

We can't let him find you here.

QUINCY

Why not? He doesn't think you can see me.

EAMES

I know that, you sot, but he can see you. And if he sees you, what are you doing here with me?...Get in the closet. Hurry.

It is a very tiny closet and they practically have to fold Quincy to get him in.

QUINCY

I'll choke to death in here.

EAMES

Then it'll be authentic, won't it.

He pushes Quincy's remaining arm in and jams the door shut. Then rushes to the front door and opens it.

Leonard comes in and looks around.

LEONARD

Were you talking to anyone just now?

EAMES

Yes, sir. To myself. I was having a meditation.

LEONARD

But I heard two voices.

EAMES

Ah, yes. I was talking to my late father. I sometimes call upon his spirit to help sort out my daily problems.

LEONARD

But you're English and your father sounded American.

EAMES

Ah, yes. He always tries to help me by adopting the voice of the country wherein we have our conversations.

LEONARD

(Looks at his head)

Does your hair always dry so quickly?

EAMES

Ah, yes. I have an extremely rare dermatological problem. The skin dries immediately upon contact with liquids. Never had to wear a hat in the rain in all my life....You wanted to see me, sir?

LEONARD

Eames, I'm going to tell you a story now that no one else seems to believe. You're my only hope....At six fifteen last night, my car was headed home through the River-Side intersection....

DISSOLVE to outside the house. The night is jet black.
DISSOLVE again as the first rays of light appear as the dawn starts to come up.

DISSOLVE back to the room. Eames, seated, is trying to keep his sleepy eyes open as LEONARD continues his story with great zeal.

LEONARD

---but Quail and the others won't give me the 25 million dollars. And Quincy and Garvey are going to send me down to hell.

EAMES

Good grief!

LEONARD

Only tonight I see Quincy on television doing an Avis commercial. Quail thinks this whole thing is a hoax. He doesn't want me dead because he wants me to marry Wanda. I don't know, maybe he's right.

EAMES

And you think this Quincy may not really be an angel?

LEONARD

I'm not sure. He was standing right next to me in the dining room and you didn't even see him. Louise sees him but she's a drunk, so who knows?

EAMES

That's strange. Just before you knocked, sir, my clothes closet door opened mysteriously by itself. And I felt a strange presence go past me, and the door closed again by itself. I think we should take a look, sir.

They cross to closet door and open it. Quincy is in there, clearly visible, gasping for breath. Eames looks through the closet.

EAMES

No, sir. No in there, that's for sure.

LEONARD

You don't see anyone? A pale man, gasping for breath?

EAMES

Should I, sir?

LEONARD

No. I guess not.

Eames closes the closet door with Quincy still in there.

LEONARD

It's dawn. 24 more hours. I'm going out, Eames. There's only one person left who can help me.....I hope.

He goes.

Eames quickly opens the closet door and Quincy falls out in a heap and lies in a bundle on the floor, breathless. Eames bends down over him.

EAMES

If I lose one dollar of the 25 million because you did an Avis commercial, you will go to Leonard's room and eat his entire fucking television set!!

He drops him on his head.

CUT TO:

LEONARD COMING OUT OF HIS ROOM.

He is wearing a sports jacket. It's an hour later. He starts hurriedly down the stairs, when Quincy suddenly joins him. They go down the stairs together.

QUINCY

Can we talk?

LEONARD

(Curtly)

No. I'm in a hurry...What were you doing in an Avis commercial?

QUINCY

I was an actor. That was the last thing I did before I died...Did you like it?

LEONARD

What were you doing in Eame's closet?

QUINCY

I was hiding.

LEONARD

Why? He can't see you.

QUINCY

I know. But you can.

LEONARD

So what?

QUINCY

I didn't want you watching me while I was on another case...Did you like the commercial?

LEONARD

What other case?

QUINCY

Eames. He dies on July 12th. I was observing his behavior to make sure we're sending him to the right place.

LEONARD

(Stops)

Which way is he going?

QUINCY

Up.

LEONARD

UP??? Why does he go up and I have to go down?

QUINCY

Because on his meager salary, he's given more to charity than you ever did in your whole life...Did you like the commercial?

LEONARD

(At the front door)

I'll tell you at the elevator.

He leaves, slamming door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD- MORNING.

Leonard's Buick is speeding faster than we've ever seen it.

CUT TO:

INT. LEONARD'S OFFICE.

The office is virtually empty. It is still early. Leonard enters his outer office. Jennie Kovacs is at her desk.

LEONARD

You're always here so early. Why?

JENNIE

In case you need anything.

LEONARD

I do.

(He grabs her wrist)

Come with me.

(He pulls her away towards outer door)

JENNIE

My pad and pencil.

LEONARD

You won't need it. And take off your glasses.

They ~~exit~~ ^{exit} out the front door.

CUT TO:

LEONARD and JENNIE in the car, speeding.
He pulls off to the side in a sudden stop.

90.

LEONARD

Answer me quickly...If this were your
very last day on earth, what would you
do with it?

JENNIE

I would cry. The whole day. Because I
would never see y—

(She catches herself)

—the sun and the trees and the sky and
everything that's beautiful...What would
you do if it were your last day?

LEONARD

I would spend it with you.

JENNIE

You would?

LEONARD

Why don't we do it? Now. Spend the
whole day together. I could be like the
kid I never was. You could show me.

JENNIE

You mean pretend that this was your
very last day on earth?

LEONARD

You never can tell. People fall off all
the time.

JENNIE

I would love to, Mr. Pembroke.

LEONARD

Lenny.

JENNIE

No, it's Jennie.

LEONARD

No, I mean call me Lenny. Like I was
a kid.

JENNIE

Okay..Lenny. What would you like to do
first?

LEONARD

Go fishing.

JENNIE

Great! I know just the place. About an hour from here.

LEONARD

An hour, heh?

(He looks at his watch)

Okay. One fish. We'd better hurry then.

He starts the car. He pulls out in a flash. They go about twenty feet, when the tire blows out and they stop.

LEONARD

Damn! I don't know how to fix it.

JENNIE

I do. It'll take me ten minutes.

She gets out of the car.

LEONARD

(Looks at watch again)

Could you make it in five?

CUT TO:

INT. QUAIL'S OFFICE -DAY

Quail pacing, Malcolm and Wanda seated.

QUAIL

I still think it's his old lady. She must be in touch with Leonard somehow. She gets him to concoct this insane cock and bull story about being dead. Temporary insanity is a great way to beat a breach of promise lawsuit.

MALCOLM

(To Wanda)

Leonard did promise to marry you, didn't he?

WANDA

Sort of. I promised to marry him.

(They scowl at her)

Not the same thing, heh?

His secretary on the interoffice speaker.

SECRETARY

Telephone, Mr. Quail.

QUAIL

I told you to hold all calls, didn't I?

SECRETARY

I thought it might be important. It's
a Dr. Garvey and Dr. Quincy.

QUAIL

(Looks at Malcolm and Garvey)
Garvey and Quincy?..Put 'em on.

WANDA

I'll marry him even if he's nuts. We
just won't go out as much.

CUT TO:

THE WAREHOUSE.

Garvey, behind the desk, Quincy at his side.

GARVEY

(Into phone)

Mr. Quail? I am Dr. Jonas Garvey
of the Mennon Psychiatric Institute
of Boston. Dr. Willis Quincy, my
associate is on the line with us.

QUINCY

(On other line)

Hello, Mr. Quail.

CUT BACK AND FORTH IN THIS SEQUENCE.

QUAIL

Garvey and Quail? You two were
the witnesses to the auto acc-
ident, weren't you?

(Covers phone with his hand)

I think we're about to get the
squeeze put on.

GARVEY

Witnesses, yes, but certainly not
to any auto accident. In regards to
Mr. Leonard Pembroke, I'm afraid we're
dealing with a much more serious
illness here.

QUAIL

Illness? What kind of illness?

GARVEY

One we consider to be of grave
psychiatric trauma.

QUINCY

Quite grave.

QUAIL

What are you talking about?

GARVEY

Something that can't be discussed lightly on the telephone. Dr. Quincy and I are flying in from Boston this afternoon. I must break precedent by informing you that Mr. Pembroke has been our patient for the past two months. We'll be examining him again later this afternoon and hope we can discuss the outcome of that examination with you and your colleagues shortly thereafter. Say at five at the Pembroke Mansion.

QUAIL

I must say this all sounds very hocus pocus to me, Dr. Garvey.

GARVEY

Has Mr. Pembroke tried to convince you that he is, in fact, a dead man?

QUAIL

Why, yes. He has.

GARVEY

If we don't convince him otherwise by daybreak tomorrow, he may indeed be brain dead for the rest of his life. Goodday, sir.

Garvey hangs up. Quail looks at the others.

QUAIL

(To Malcolm and Wanda)

Leonard's been seeing a couple of shrinks. They're talking about brain damage.

WANDA

Well, as long as the rest of it works---you know what I mean?

They look at her as if she's brain dead.

CUT TO:

A DRIED UP RIVER BED -DAY

Leonard and Jennie are staring at the light ripple of water trickling by. A shack that rents row boats and fishing tackle is behind them. The old proprietor stands by, sucking on a pipe.

PROPRIETOR

It's been bone dry about a week now. That's the bad news. The good news is it's supposed to rain like the dickens by daybreak tomorrow.

LEONARD

The good news is worse than the bad news.

PROPRIETOR

HUH?

JENNIE

It's still early. There are some wonderful hills up there to climb and we can have lunch after.

LEONARD

I like that you don't get disappointed at anything.

JENNIE

Why should I? I'm having a wonderful time.

(She takes his hand, leading him up the hill)

Are you bored?

LEONARD

No. But the rest of my life was.

They start up the hill.

CUT TO:

QUAIL'S OFFICE.

He paces as Malcolm and Wanda look concerned.

QUAIL

Let's all pray that Leonard is sane because if he's non compis mentus, they can bring in a new management board and my reccommendations wouldn't mean diddley.

MALCOLM

I was worried about that last night.

(Takes out paper from case)

I drafted a new agreement for Leonard to veto any new management takeover. All we have to do is get him to sign it before he takes that mental test

QUAIL

Damn brilliant idea, Malcom.

WANDA

(Looks at Malcolm appreciatively)

Are you combing your hair differently or are you suddenly more attractive to me?

CUT TO:

THE TOP OF THE HILL -DAY.

95.

There are climbing up some steep rocks. Jennie is above Leonard, reaching down to help him up.

JENNIE

Give me your hand, Leonard.

(She can't quite reach it)

Reach, Leonard. Just think about going up.

LEONARD

I've been doing that since yesterday.

She reaches down, grabs his wrist and pulls him to the top.

JENNIE

See! We made it.

LEONARD

You're not afraid of anything, are you?

JENNIE

Well, you can only die once.

LEONARD

Yeah, but sometimes it takes two trips.

JENNIE

(Looks around)

Isn't this the most beautiful view in the world?

LEONARD

(Looks at her)

Yeah. If the mountains and the sky weren't in the way.

JENNIE

(Looks away embarrassed)

You better watch your step. They say there are some old deserted mines and tunnels around here.

LEONARD

Don't worry about me. Right now I'm walking on YAHHHHHH!

Leonard screams as he and Jennie both disappear as the ground seems to open up beneath them.

CUT TO:

QUAIL'S OFFICE

MISS MONTEZ, his secretary, is facing Quail's anger.

QUAIL

What do you mean, he's missing?
Missing where?

MONTEZ

I don't know, Mr. Quail. All I know is, he left the building early this morning with Miss Novak. He hasn't kept a single appointment in his book all day.

WANDA

Novak? That mousey looking mousey little secretary?

QUAIL

Well, you find him, young lady, and you find him before five o'clock.

MONTEZ

It's a quarter to four. Where do I look?

QUAIL

Heaven and hell, Miss Montez. Then try in between.

CUT TO:

THE BLACKNESS OF THE MINE.

Leonard lights a match and looks around. It's hard to see anything.

JENNIE

Are you alright?

LEONARD

Oh, yeah. I'm sorry I landed on top of you.

JENNIE

I didn't mind.

They look at each other closely. He holds the match up.

LEONARD

I never noticed it before. Your eyes are yellow.

JENNIE

No, that's the match. They're green.

LEONARD

Oh...I suppose we should start walking. Give me your hand....
I said give me your hand.

JENNIE

I did.

He sees that he has it.

LEONARD

My God. They're that soft.

He is looking at her again.

JENNIE

Your match is going out...You'll
burn your fingers.

The match burns out in his fingers. He doesn't flinch.

LEONARD

Didn't feel a thing.
(It's pitch black)
You're even pretty when I can't
see you.

JENNIE

....Are you going to kiss me?

LEONARD

I was thinking about it.

JENNIE

I can't wait that long.

We hear them kiss.

LEONARD

Sorry. That was your nose, wasn't
it?

JENNIE

It's okay. It's still felt great.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAIL'S LIMO.

It's on the road, heading for Pembroke's estate.

QUAIL

What if somebody put this Novak
girl up to keeping Leonard away?
What if they're all in on it? Garvey,
Quincy, Novak, Leonard's mother.

MALCOLM

Let's not get paranoid, Jonathan.
I think this is all a lot simpler
than we think. Let's hear the facts,
then make our decisions.

WANDA

(Looks at Malcolm)

Even if I do marry Leonard, I don't see why you and I still can't be friends?

QUAIL

Wanda! Put a cork in it!

CUT TO:

THE DARKENED CAVE.

Leonard lights another match.

LEONARD

That's my last match.

JENNIE

Leonard, if anything happens to you, I would never forgive myself.

LEONARD

Listen, Jennie, there's something I've got to tell you. Even if we do get out of this place alive, you'd be the only one getting out alive.

JENNIE

What do you mean?

LEONARD

Oh, God, I hate telling this story... Anyway, yesterday evening, I was driving back from work. And suddenly, at the Riverside intersection, this car bumps into me. Just a teeny little bump---

CUT TO:

INT. PEMBROKE HOUSE-NIGHT.

The drawing room.

Quail, Malcolm and Wanda wait impatiently.

QUAIL

I can't believe I'm going to all this trouble to get my daughter married to a man who told me he died yesterday.

MALCOLM

(Seated on sofa)

There's a plot going on here alright, but something tells me we're not dealing with professionals. There's something too amateurish about it.

WANDA

(Sitting on arm of his chair)]
I don't know whatever gave me the idea
you were just a tight assed lawyer?

The door opens and Eames enters, followed by Garvey and Quincy.

EAMES

Mr. Quail, Miss Quail, and Mr.
Stephens. May I present Doctors
Garvey and Quincy.

GARVEY

I understand Mr. Pembroke is not at
home.

QUAIL

He's been missing all day. He and
his secretary. I've got the whole
company out looking for him.

GARVEY

I'm not surprised. The condemned
man searching frantically to escape
his inevitable punishment.

MALCOLM

May I ask what you mean by that,
Dr. Garvey?

GARVEY

I understand Mr. Pembroke has
been telling you some fanciful tales
about Dr. Quincy and myself.

QUAIL

Asking 25 million dollars to keep
quiet about an accident is a bit
more than fanciful.

GARVEY

I know that he told you his acc-
ident was fatal. Did he also tell
you that Quincyhere was his heavenly
escort and that I was God's right
hand man, so to speak?

MALCOLM

You think he really believes this,
Doctor?

WANDA

(To Malcolm)

Good question, honey.

(She rubs his arm)

GARVEY

Oh, yes. He believes it. And he believes we asked him for 25 million dollars in cash, to be donated to charity, thus saving his miserly soul from burning in that eternal fire of hell.

QUAIL

What brought his illness to your attention, Doctor?

GARVEY

His manservant, Eames.

EAMES

I had been noticing Mr. Pembroke's strange behavior for some months now. Talking to empty chairs in the dining room. Hearing voices in my closet. I thought he had been under a great strain lately and so I sought outside help. I hope I haven't done the wring thing.

QUINCY

Not at all, Eames. As a matter of fact, on nights that I visited Mr. Pembroke for examination, he behaved as though I were invisible.

EAMES

I can verify that as well as Louise, our housekeeper.

MALCOLM

But why would he think of two eminent doctors as angels of God?

WANDA

This guy thinks of everything.

CUT TO:

THE CAVE.

Leonard is still holding the match.

LEONARD

...so I get to this elevator and all these people are on line. This broker from Shearson-Hammil, some sweet little old lady who makes chocolate chip cookies...

CUT TO:

THE DRAWING ROOM.

GARVEY

Patients often identify with their

GARVEY (Cont'd)
analysts. Many fall in love with
them or see them as parental or
authority figures.

QUINCY
What greater authority than God
Himself? And his doctor's as God's
messengers?

QUAIL
But why does he think he's dead?

GARVEY
Because he doesn't feel alive.

QUINCY
He feels unloved because he suspects
people only care about his money.

WANDA
My God! I tried so hard to protect
him from people like that.

MALCOLM
Then why does he want to give away
25 million dollars to charity?

GARVEY
Because he thinks God has asked
him to. God, ergo, his conscience.

EAMES
What a brilliant theory, sir. You
have my total admiration.

CUT TO:
THE CAVE. Leonard is still holding the lit match, though it has
burned way down.

LEONARD
...And then I saw the CBS Six O'
clock news. And they announced I was
dead. And they interviewed Eames. And
he was crying and said it was a
terrible tragedy.

JENNIE
But don't you find it strange that---

LEONARD
That no one saw the show? No. Be-
cause after they showed it, they turned
time backwards.

JENNIE
No, I mean that the match is still
burning?

LEONARD

(Looks at lit match)
I guess I've been so busy talking.

CUT TO:

THE DRAWING ROOM.

QUAIL

So what happens now? I call off the wedding and Leonard spends the rest of his life talking to the drapes?

GARVEY

He believes he has until daybreak tomorrow to redeem himself. I suggest we let him do it. If not, his condition may remain permanent.

MALCOLM

You mean just let him give away 25 million dollars?

GARVEY

I mean let him play out his drama. He must have God's approval, otherwise he is doomed to live out his days in ~~put~~gatory.

WANDA

That would put a snap in the honeymoon.

GARVEY

When he comes home, you must all pretend to believe his story. Quincy and I will play out the parts he has created for us. Once he has handed us the money, Leonard will be redeemed in God's eyes. We will, of course, return the money to you, minus our customary fee, AND Leonard will return, not just going to heaven, but a second chance at life. He would be indeed, born again.

WANDA

Jesus, one of those guys?

EAMES

(To Garvey)

Then are you suggesting, sir, that the bank be called now, and have the money delivered here in cash tonight?

GARVEY

Yes. Exactly. Thank you, Eames.

QUAIL

Well, in for a penny, in for 25
mill. Get the money, Malcolm.

Malcolm crosses to the phone.

CUT TO:

THE CAVE.

The match is still lit.

JENNIE

I don't care how it feels to you,
Leonard, you can't be dead. Not
the way you kissed me before.

The match goes out.

JENNIE

Hold me, Leonard. I'm scared.

LEONARD

(Looks off)

What's that?

They look off. In the distance, we see two darts of light, as if
the reflections of eyes of some dark, sinister animal.

JENNIE

Oh, my God!

LEONARD

Shh! Maybe he hasn't seen us.

But it seems to be coming closer. We hear a low growling sound.

JENNIE

It's coming closer, Lenny. Let's
run.

LEONARD

Alright. Take my hand...NOW!

They start to run as fast as they can. The two eyes beast seems to
be gaining. It growls louder as it gains on them. They are running
but losing ground fast. They freeze against the wall and suddenly
the "monster" is upon them. The two eyes are head lights and the
'monster' is a large Greyhound Bus that speeds by them. They realize
they are in a tunnel.

CUT TO"

EXT. PEMBROKE HOUSE-NIGHT.

A beer truck drives up to the house. Leonard and Jennie jump out
of the front cab, waving their ~~hands~~ ^{heads} to the trucker, then rush on up
to the house.

LEONARD

(Looks at his watch)

A halfhour before daybreak. I
guess it's all over for me.

JENNIE

I believe in miracles, Leonard.
One happened for me tonight.

He takes her in his arms and kisses, and the frontdoor opens.
Louise stands there, looking on happily.

LOUISE

Oh, Mr. Pembroke. Thank God you're
alright. We were worried to death
about you.

(Smiles at Jennie)

Hello, Miss Jennie.

JENNIE

(Smiles)

Hello, Louise.

LOUISE

They're all in the study, waiting for
you, sir. Mr. Quail, Miss Quail, and
the gentleman who's been your guest the
past few nights.

LEONARD

Quincy? You saw him again.

LOUISE

Wasn't I supposed to?

They rush past her into the house.

CUT TO:

THE DRAWING ROOM.

Leonard and Jennie rush in. Quail, Malcolm, Wanda and Eaves in
one corner of the room. Unseen by Leonard, is Garvey and Quincy.

QUAIL

Leonard! Leonard, my boy! Can you ever
forgive us? We just didn't know.

LEONARD

Didn't know what?

GARVEY

(Appears)

That you were telling the truth.
The time was growing short, Leonard,
so I took it upon myself to invite
your friends here and to make it all
known to them.

QUINCY

They know everything, Leonard.

LEONARD

Oh, that's wonderful...By the way,

LEONARD (Cont'd)
everyone. I know you can't see Mr.
Garvey or Mr. Quincy. They're stand-
ing right over there.

QUAIL
Yes. Of course. We can see them.

EAMES
And we all had a lovely chat, sir.

GARVEY
(Shrugs to Leonard)
We do this in extreme cases.

QUAIL
(Opens a large duffle bag on
the floor)
And here's the 25 million, Leonard.
In cash. Just delivered. The ele-
vator is going up for you tonight,
Leonard.

LEONARD
(Feels the money, then shakes
Quail's hand)
Thank you, Jonathan. And start giving
to charity yourself. It's a lot cheaper
in the end.

WANDA
(To Leonard)
Hey, guy! Forget about me?

LEONARD
(Crosses to her)
Oh, Wanda! Listen, I'm sorry
about---well, being dead and all.

WANDA
Hey, those things happen, Len.

LEONARD
Oh, Wanda. This is Jennie. She
helped save me.

WANDA
Oh? It's 'Jennie' now?

LEONARD
We've become very very good friends.

WANDA
Really? Is she dead too?

EAMES
Not that it's my place to say, Mr.
Garvey, but shouldn't we be moving

EAMES (Cont'd)
along...for Mr. Pembroke's sake?

GARVEY
Yes, yes, Eames. Quite right. You
and Quincy help carry out the money
to Leonard's car.

MALCOLM
Couldn't he just give you the
money here?

GARVEY
Ah, yes. Except for Heavenly proto-
col. The pact we made was for Leonard
to return with his gift to the point
of his departure from this life.

LEONARD
The Riverside Intersection.

EAMES
(Looks at clock)
Six o'clock, sir. Eighteen min-
utes to daybreak.

LEONARD
(Rushing around)
Goodbye, Jonathan. In my memory,
would you give the entire company a
half a day off today?

QUAIL
With pay?

LEONARD
(Thinks)
....Maybe a minute of silence would
be better.
(To Malcolm)
Malcolm, I want you to double Miss
Novak's salary.

MALCOLM
No one has ever had their salary
doubled at Pembroke, Ltd.

LEONARD
Oh. Well, explain that to her, 'will you?
(He crosses to Wanda)
Wanda, I'm sorry it never worked out.

WANDA
Well, listen, one day I'll be dead
too and who knows-----?

He nods, Crosses to Jennie.

LEONARD

Today was the best day of my whole life, Jennie.

JENNIE

Oh, Leonard. Take me with you. Please.

LEONARD

It doesn't work that way, Jennie. But maybe one day, when you're a very, very old lady----well, that wouldn't be so good either.

JENNIE

No. I mean in the car. Just to the Riverside intersection. Just to say goodbye.

Leonard looks at Garvey.

GARVEY

I don't have it in my heart to say no.

EAMES

(Looks at clock)

Six oh four, sir. We must go.

They all rush out of the room. Quail grabs Garvey by the arm.

QUAIL

I appreciate all you've done, Doctor. But just to be on the safe side, do you mind if we follow you in our car?

GARVEY

I would lose respect for you as a banker, sir, if you didn't.

QUAIL

(Grabs him again)

And to be doubly sure, suppose Eames goes with you in your car?

GARVEY

Even in heaven they call you the White Fox.

QUAIL

(Smiles)

Really?

CUT TO:

THE OUTER HALL.

Quincy and Eames are carrying the duffle bag with the money. Leonard and Jennie come out, followed by the others. Louise stands anxiously at the door.

LOUISE

(To Leonard)

Would you be wanting some brekfast, sir?

LEONARD

Louise, I won't be coming back any-more...Oh, maybe on a Halloween night or something...I know this will be hard for you to understand, but I have to go out now and get killed in a car accident. It's not bad because I've done it before...Jennie'll explain. Goodbye, Louise. Thank you for everything...And take the weekend off.

LOUISE

(Tearfully)

Goodbye, sir. Drive carefully.

EXT. OF HOUSE - DARK

Eames and Quincy have put the duffle in the car.

LEONARD

(To Eames)

Eames..Good, old faithful Eames. I'd like you to have---

EAMES

Please, sir. Nothing at all. Don't mar this touching, final moment with gifts of mere sentimental value.

LEONARD

I understand. But if you want, take some old photos. Anyway, I'll be seeing you on July 12th.

EAMES

July 12th?

LEONARD

(To Quincy)

Does he know? —

(Quincy shakes head 'No')

I'll see you around. Goodbye, James.

EAMES

John.

LEONARD

Goodbye, John.

He gets in the car, Jennie beside him. .

LEONARD

(Calls out)

Goodbye. I'll miss you all.

OTHERS

Goodbye. Goodbye, Leonard.
'Bye.

LEONARD

Goodbye. Take care. Stay healthy.
Goodbye.

As soon as he drives off, Garvey, Quincy and Eames rush to their car. Quail, Wanda and Malcolm rush to the second car. They all pull away quickly.

LEONARD IN HIS CAR.

CUT TO:

LEONARD

That was nice. Kind of ghoulish,
but sweet.

JENNIE

(Tearfully)

Oh, Leonard.

The camera pans back over his shoulder. MARTY, as usual, is on the floor with his black jack.

GARVEY'S CAR.

CUT TO:

GARVEY

Jesus, I never thought we'd pull
this off.

QUINCY

(To Eames)

What makes you so sure they'd
all go for it?

EAMES

The sheer stupidity of it. It's
why TV is so popular.

QUAIL'S CAR.

CUT TO:

QUAIL

I hope the police don't stop us.
I'd hate to explain what we're all
doing.

110.
CUT TO:

GARVEY'S CAR.

QUINCY
(Turns on CB)
Angel One to Angel Two. Angel
one to Angel Two.

CUT TO:

HUGO'S CAR.

He is parked at the Riverside Intersection.

HUGO
(Into CB)
Angel Two, ready and waiting.

CUT TO:

GARVEY'S CAR.

QUINCY
(Into CB)
Payday. It's Payday.

He switches off radio.
Eames looks back, sees Quail's car behind.

EAMES
Get ready with the oil slick.

cut to;

LEONARD'S CAR.

LEONARD
We'll be at the intersection
soon.

JENNIE
Leonard, don't do this. Turn
around. Drive to Mexico. Any-
where.

LEONARD
I can't. I promised Garvey.
Besides, it's my destiny. We all
have our destiny.

JENNIE
My destiny is to be together
with you.

LEONARD
And we will be. For the next
three or four seconds.

CUT TO:

HUGO'S CAR.

111.
He sees Leonard's car approaching. He starts his car at a right angle to Leonard's.

GARVEY'S CAR.

CUT TO:

EAMES
(Looks back)
NOW!!!

Garvey pulls a lever on the dashboard.

THE STREET.

CUT TO:

A large amount of oil pours out of Garvey's car onto the street.

QUAIL'S CAR

, CUT TO:

MALCOLM
Look out!!

But it's too late. Quail loses control of the car and it goes skidding on the oil slick and off the road, over a parked car and through a plate glass window.

THE SKY.

CUT TO:

Daybreak begins. We see the first rays of sunshine coming up on the horizon.

LEONARD
There it is! I'm right on time.

He pulls over and stops the car.

You have to get out here, Jennie.

JENNIE
No, Leonard, no. I want to stay with you. No matter what happens.

LEONARD
It's not your time yet, Jennie.
My God, your eyes are orange.

JENNIE
No, that's the sunrise.
(She kisses him)
You wait for me up there, Leonard. Even if it's seventy or eighty years, you wait for me.

LEONARD
Okay. But if you get married, I think you should tell your husband about it.

He kisses her. opens the door, she gets out.

CUT TO:

HUGO'S CAR.

He heads straight for Leonard's car.

LEONARD

Please, God, take care of Jennie
and don't let this hurt too much.

Hugo's car hits Leonard's car just as Marty jumps up from the back seat and hits Leonard over the head.

CUT TO:

GARVEY'S CAR.

They pull up to the accident. Garvey, Quincy and Eames jump out of their car.

Jennie sees the accident and goes rushing across the street to Leonard's car.

EAMES

Get the duffle bag. Hugo, Marty,
get him into the car.

Hugo and Marty lift Leonard out of the car as Quincy and Garvey get the money bag out. Jennie rushes up to them.

JENNIE

Put him down! What are you doing?

EAMES

It's alright, Miss Novak. We're
doing this for Leonard's good.

We suddenly hear a police siren.
Leonard starts to come to.

LEONARD

....Where's the elevator?

EAMES

(To Marty)

Idiot! Give me that.

He grabs the blackjack and knocks Leonard out again.

JENNIE

LEONARD!!

EAMES

Get her in the car.

Hugo grabs her, struggles and carries her to the car as the others get Leonard into their car. The police drive on from opposite direction. Garvey's car hits the police from the side, sending them crashing into a wall. Garvey backs out and drives off.

INSIDE CAR.

GARVEY

Why didn't we just leave these
two there?

EAMES

Too untidy. I want us all back
at the warehouse.

CUT TO:

THE WAREHOUSE.

The fog is as thick as ever. The heavenly music is playing.
Slowly, Leonard gets up on his feet, holding his head.

LEONARD

Wow! I hope they have aspirins
up here.

(He calls out)

Quincy?...Quincy, I'm here.

He hears someone moan. He looks around.

LEONARD

Who's that?

We see ~~JENNIE~~ ^{JENNIE} get up, stand above the fog, holding her jaw.

LEONARD

Jennie??...Oh, my God, Jennie!
Not you!...What happened?

JENNIE

I was trying to help you after
the crash. And then someone hit
me.

LEONARD

I told you to stay on the corner.
Gee, I'm sorry, Jennie...So young.
So young.

JENNIE

Where are we?

LEONARD

At the way station. We'll be going
up together, Jennie. Because I
gave to charity and because you're
just naturally wonderful.

JENNIE

It was Eames who hit me. Leonard,
we have to call the police.

LEONARD

(Smiles)

Why would Eames hit you? And there are no phones up here. Don't you see, Jennie? We're dead.

JENNIE

Who's dead?

LEONARD

You and me. Look around. Where do you think you are?

She looks around.

JENNIE

It looks like an old warehouse.

LEONARD

Silly goose. We're one step away from heaven. The elevator's right over there. Come, I'll show you.

They start to walk.

JENNIE

No, Leonard. It's a warehouse. On 14th and Clancy Street. This used to be a night club. I was here.

They arrive at the elevator.

LEONARD

See!.....I wonder where everyone is.

(He looks up. The elevator is way up)

They must have just gone up.

The elevator suddenly starts down.

I know it's kind of hoaky looking but they haven't changed it in thousands of years.

The elevator stops at the landing. The doors open automatically. They look in. Lying on the floor of the car, bound and gagged are Garvey, Quincy, Hugo and Marty.

LEONARD

Mr. Garvey? Quincy? What happened?

We hear Eames voice behind him.

EAMES

I've learned uncharitableness
from you, Leonard.

(They turn. Eames has a gun on them)
Why share when you can have it ALL
for yourself?

He steps aside, revealing the duffle bag of money.

JENNIE

I told you, Leonard. It was all
a hoax.

LEONARD

You mean I'm not dead? I'm alive?
...I knew it, I knew it! I had a
hunch I was alive.

EAMES

You had a genius for making money,
sir, but an abysmal failure at
spending it. I will rectify that
in a cozy little beachhouse in Rio.
...Now if you will kindly step into
the elevator, I will send you two
lovebirds where you belong..in heaven.
Then I shall cut off the electricity,
where, if you're lucky, they'll find
your remains about six months from
now.

LEONARD

Eames, don't do this. I'll pay you
anything you want, if you just let
us go.

EAMES

Really? Another 25 million?

LEONARD

....How much if you just let Miss
Novak go?

EAMES

Cheap to the end. Your father
taught you well, Leonard.

A woman's voice behind Eames.

WOMAN

Almost as well as he taught me.

We cut around and see Louise holding a gun on Eames.

LEONARD

Louise?

LOUISE

Leonard's inability to be charitable was his father's doing. not his. I was his wife and he made me scrub floors in that mansion. That's why I was determined to spend my life in changing Leonard. I'm sorry I left you when you were a child, Leonard, but I've been trying to make it up for years.

LEONARD

Mother? You're my mother?

LOUISE

I came to work for you the week after your father died. I was ashamed of deserting you, but knew your lawyers would have fought me forever not to give me custody for fear it was the money I was after.

LEONARD

How did you get the job?

LOUISE

It was simple. The salary was next to nothing. No one else wanted it.

LEONARD

But why didn't you ever tell me?

LOUISE

To protect you. People would be more wary of your mother than your housekeeper. I saw everything that went on. It was even easier to discipline you because children don't listen to their mothers as much as their nannies...And there was never a night that I didn't go in and kiss your forehead goodnight.

LEONARD

Was that you? I always thought it was Eames. I was worried about him.

LOUISE

So was I. I knew about his little scheme for six months now. But I never stopped it. Someone had to teach you charitableness and if I couldn't do it, at least I found someone who could.

EAMES

You may have been a loving mother,
madam, but you were a dreadful
housekeeper.

JENNIE

There was always something I liked
about you, Louise.

LOUISE

I felt the same about you, dear.
That's why I sent a letter to
Jonathan Quail giving me final
approval of Leonard's marriage
instead of a financial ~~settlement~~ **SETTLEMENT.**
Wanda Quail will never be Wanda
Pembroke.

LEONARD

I know, Mother.
(Puts arms around Jennie)
Because Jennie is going to be
Wanda Pembroke.

CUT TO:

PEMBROKE MANSION-DAY

The front hallway table is filled to overflowing with wedding
gifts. Silver trays and silver dinner sets and silver coffee
urns, etc. The gifts go as far as the table is long.

Leonard and Jennie come rushing in from outside. He is in after-
noon wedding attire, she in a white wedding gown, holding her
wedding bouquet. They run halfway up the stairs and stops. All
the wedding guests have followed them into the Center Hall.

Jennie turns her back and tosses her bouquet over her shoulder
to the waiting throng. It lands in the hands of Wanda Quail.
LOUISE, now in a proper dress, takes the bouquet away from Wanda
and hands it to another girl.

JENNIE

Thank you all for coming to our
wedding. And I'm sure that you'll
all understand that Leonard and I
are going to donate your generous
wedding gifts to help the needy all
over the country.

There is applause from everyone.

QUAIL

And your co-workers at Pembroke,
Limited, wish to congratulate you,
Leonard, for your ~~charitable~~ **charitable** donation
of fifty million dollars to help feed
the cold, the hungry and the homeless
of the world.

Applause.

LEONARD

Well, it's something I've wanted to do for a long time.

JENNIE

Now we've got to change for our honeymoon. I love you all, especially my new mother. See you all later. Bye. Bye.

She and Leonard rush up the stairs.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM. Leonard crosses to the closet and Jennie starts to undo her dress.

JENNIE

Come on, Leonard. We've got an hour to get to the airport.

LEONARD

I know. I just wanted to give you my wedding gift.

JENNIE

But we said we were going to give away all the wedding gifts.

LEONARD

I know. But this is something special I got for you.

(He puts the box on the bed)

I hope you like it, honey.

JENNIE

I know I will.

(She takes the top of box off)

It's beautiful...What is it?

LEONARD

(Takes it out)

It's a Chinese cooking wok. And it comes with this bamboo spoon. And you get all these knives and six copper soup plates and a little cup to save the fat....

They are happily FREEZE FRAMED.

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