

pure

Written by
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EXT. LANDFILL - NIGHT

A SMALL GREEN PLASTIC BAGGIE, tied with a white twisty tie, soars through the night sky. It turns downward in a gentle arc, then lands with a soft wet thunk in a sea of trash.

Another baggie lands in the debris.

And then another.

And another. Each lands with the same wet thunk, a fair distance from the others.

REVEAL

the entire twenty acre landfill. It's calm; whatever residents the landfill may have deserted it for the night. Its mechanical dragons, hydraulic lifts and cranes and bulldozers, looming in silhouettes, are left to guard the booty.

Among these monsters, on the edge of the landfill, stands a single man.

HARRY WREN hurls another baggie out into the landfill. He is a large, brawny man, attractive and neat. He wears horn rimmed glasses.

He finishes tossing the baggies, then turns to head for his car, parked fifteen feet back.

The car's engine is running. The RADIO plays. The trunk is open. Harry clicks his tongue on the roof of his mouth -- a quirk of his. He walks around to the trunk.

Inside is a pile of small green baggies.

Harry grabs the remaining baggies and carries them toward the landfill. On his way, the twisty tie on one of the bags unfurls. Something tumbles out of the bag, and lands in the dirt.

It's a human jaw.

HARRY

Aw, crud.

Harry wipes the dirt from the jaw, and places it back in the bag. He ties it again. He walks to the edge of the landfill, and begins tossing the baggies once more.

EXT. DANE HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Yellow two-story, lower middle-class, suburban home. A single window on the first floor is lit.

INT. DANE KITCHEN

GAVIN DANE, a thin, expressionless boy of eighteen, is standing in his kitchen. He is naked except for a too-small T-shirt.

Gavin is holding out his arm, palm upward. A black rectangle is drawn on his forearm with a Sharpie. A number of stick-pins are imbedded within the boundaries of the rectangle. He takes another pin from a plastic container. He works it into his flesh. He grimaces.

INT. DANE FAMILY ROOM

CASEY DANE, Gavin's mother, ties the belt on her robe as she descends the stairs into the family room. Casey's a benign but weathered woman, unable to cope with her son's instability. She hears him grunt quietly. She stops.

CASEY

Gavin?

INTERCUT Casey coming through the FAMILY ROOM, and Gavin in the KITCHEN.

GAVIN

looks toward the other room as he hears his mother.

CASEY (O.S.)

Gavin, why are you still awake?

Gavin begins to yank the pins from his arm and stuff them back into the container.

CASEY

hesitantly steps forward. Light spills from the kitchen in front of her.

CASEY

Is tomorrow a holiday?

GAVIN

stuffs the last of the pins into the container.

CASEY

enters the kitchen.

Gavin swirls to face her, holding his bloody arm behind him.

GAVIN

There's a full moon tomorrow night.

CASEY

Why do you have your arm behind your back?

GAVIN

It's just more comfortable that way.

CASEY

(cautiously hopeful)
Are you holding a cigarette?

GAVIN

No.

CASEY

What- what is it?

GAVIN

Nothing.

Casey turns from her son. She walks to the refrigerator.

CASEY

You're too old to walk around the house without any pants.

Gavin looks down at his penis.

GAVIN

I forgot.

He wraps a dishtowel around his waist. It barely fits. Casey pulls a heavy pan of food from the refrigerator. She drops it on the counter.

CASEY

I went overboard with the lasagna.
You want some?

Gavin nods.

LATER

Gavin and his mother sit at the table across from one another, eating, silent. Gavin keeps his arm behind his back. He is sniffing in a slow, rhythmic fashion. He uses his right hand to alternate between fork and knife.

The television is on a stand beyond the table, between them. A COLLEGE PROFESSOR speaks. He's part of a panel. The professor's dialogue is strictly in the BACKGROUND of Gavin and his mother's silence.

PROFESSOR

(on TV)

-today in academia no knowledge is forbidden. But I, for one, can't help but wonder whether the Victorian matron, who, upon hearing Darwin's theory, exclaimed, "Descended from the apes! My dear, let us hope that it is not true, but that if it is, let us pray that it will not become generally known!" had a point.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry springs up INTO FRAME. His eyes are lit as if in the midst of a vision.

HARRY

Lucy. Wake up.

Harry is in bed. His bedroom, like his entire house, is streamlined and clean. Beside him in the bed is LUCY TYROS, a quiet, pouty and pretty woman of nineteen. She wakes, blinking over her shoulder at Harry.

LUCY

Again?

HARRY

Shut up.

LUCY

Okay.

HARRY

Shh! Pick up the pencil.

Lucy stares at him.

HARRY

Christ. It's happening now inside my head.

(snaps his fingers)

Come on! Take it down.

Lucy rolls her eyes. She takes her time in turning on the lamp beside her. She picks up a piece of paper and pencil from the night stand. She scoots her back up the headboard. She readies the items in front of her.

LUCY

Okay. Say words.

HARRY

The baby didn't have a name as we know it-

HARRY

- because sea monsters speak in sounds the human mouth could never make -

LUCY

The baby didn't have a name as we know it, because sea monsters-

Harry is perturbed by her reading out loud.

HARRY

Do you have to do that?

LUCY

What?

Pause. Harry tries to keep his temper.

LUCY

Okay, okay. I'm not a expert writer-

HARRY

It's inside of me now, Lucy, and you're fucking it up! It's going away. Goddammit. Just hold-

Harry closes his eyes. Calms.

HARRY

Read that first part back to me.

LUCY

I thought you didn't want me to read out loud, but, okay, I will. 'The baby didn't have a name as we know it-'

HARRY

Okay, all right. The baby didn't have a name as we know it, because sea monsters speak in sounds the human mouth could never make.

Lucy writes, and mouths the word to herself.

HARRY

The baby's name was half a squawk and half a song, something like, but not really at all, Eeegsel.

Lucy sets the pencil in her lap.

LUCY

Harry, I wouldn't know how to spell that in a half-zillion years.

HARRY

E E E G- Oh, fuck it.

Harry grabs his glasses off the night stand. He puts them on. He gets out of bed.

HARRY

Just give me the piece of paper.

He snatches the paper from her. Lucy lies back down, rolling away from him.

HARRY

I really appreciate this, Lucy.

Lucy places the pillow over her head. Harry stares at her for a moment. He moves out of the bedroom.

INT. HARRY'S DEN - LATER

Harry sits at an easel, nervous. His hand moves in deft strokes, drawing an illustration for a children's book. In the drawing is a baby sea monster. Beside the easel is a lazy Susan with jars of ink and pens. Also in the room: an antique typewriter, camping gear, a large trunk, a punching bag.

Harry sits back in his seat, still. He appraises his artwork.

He yanks the sheet from the easel, crams it in a trash can.

He clips on another sheet of paper. He starts anew.

DISSOLVE TO:

Harry working on a new baby sea monster.

DISSOLVE TO:

Harry sketching the giant sea monsters around him.

DISSOLVE TO:

Harry drawing an underwater sea monster village. His ink pen accidentally bleeds, blotching out a starfish tower.

Harry destroys the piece again. He stands. Paces.

He pushes a curtain aside. He prays to the sky: not in desperation, but a genuine petition.

HARRY

God. The magic... Bring it back.
Show me the way to bring the magic
back. God. Please, God.

EXT. SINGLES BAR PARKING LOT - LATER

Harry steps out of his car and onto the blacktop parking lot. He's rolling a piece of white chalk between his fingers. In his other hand: a six pack of beer.

Beside him, the large singles bar thumps with disco music. Young people, a fair percentage of them in a drunken stupor, head to and from the bar.

Harry crouches a few feet behind his car. On the blacktop he draws a chalk circle two feet or so in diameter.

He sits on the trunk of his car. He pops open a beer. He sips. Harry gazes at the white circle. People walk past it on their way in and out of the bar. Some feet come close to the circle. None enter it.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (O.S.)

Hi.

Harry lifts his head. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN is standing there. She is a little drunk, and obviously attracted to Harry. Her FRIEND is with her.

HARRY

Hey.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

What are you looking at?

HARRY

Oh, just, you know, ruminating.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

You going inside?

The beautiful woman shifts her weight. She stumbles. Harry looks down at her high-heeled shoes. One foot is now planted on the rim of the circle.

HARRY

No. I'm waiting for somebody.

The woman's friend grabs her arm and pulls.

FRIEND

Come on!

Harry watches the woman's feet again. They just miss the circle. They click clack away and into the bar.

Harry lies on the trunk of his car and looks up at the sky. Then, while on his back, he sees two more drunk young women coming from the club.

CINDY is an attractive but insecure young woman wearing conservative clothes; MARIA is slovenly with hair hanging in her face. They walk toward him.

CINDY

Where's the car, Maria?

MARIA

Shit, Cindy, I don't remem -

CINDY

Jesus.

Cindy stops directly in front of Harry, arms akimbo, searching the parking lot with her eyes.

Harry sits up on his trunk. He looks at her feet: Cindy is standing in the center of the white chalk circle.

Cindy continues looking around, then sees Harry staring at her. Harry smiles warmly, and with a surprising amount of charm. Cindy looks away.

Then she looks back at him. Their eyes connect.

INT. CINDY AND MARIA'S FAMILY ROOM - LATER

Cindy and Harry fall through the front door, making out. Maria enters after them. She kicks the door shut with her foot. Cindy spots something.

CINDY

Oh, shit, the plants.

Potted plants are lined up on the windowsill. Their leaves are turning brown. Cindy looks back at Harry. Her hands flutter like birds in front of her as she speaks, nervous.

CINDY

Make yourself comfortab- I mean, I know that's a cliché, a stupid thing to say, right? Just, bear with- I'm not in the habit of doing this.

Cindy moves away from Harry. She disappears into a kitchenette. The SOUND of WATER RUNNING.

Harry looks around the house; it's purposefully kitschy, slightly sub-hip.

He looks over at Maria, who is drunkenly pulling off her shirt, revealing the bra beneath. Maria pushes play on an answering machine. The VOICE of a MEXICAN MAN emerges:

MEXICAN MAN (O.S.)

Wha-? Who the fuck is- Is Carlos there- Shit, man, what the fuck is- Damn!

The voice clicks off. Maria and Harry stare at each other.

Cindy comes out, carrying a water pitcher.

CINDY

I just- I haven't fed these since I got back in town on Wednesday. Software conference in Phil- you don't care.

Harry grabs her from behind. Cindy reacts with a combination of alarm and exaltation.

HARRY

It's just the two of you live here?

Cindy nods. As she does, she drops the pitcher and it spills its contents onto the floor.

CINDY
Oh, God. Oh, shit.

She scrambles into the kitchenette. Harry looks at Maria, who's now sitting on the couch watching a situation comedy and smoking a cigarette.

Cindy comes out, holding onto some paper towels. She realizes she's unraveling the whole spool. She yelps. She tugs, tearing away the sheets. She kneels.

Harry crouches beside her. Cindy whispers as she frantically blots the water.

CINDY
I'm sorry. Really. I've never done this, you know. Just brought a guy home. I mean, people do - and that's fine! But I've never - I mean, I think it's good for me, because I have a hard time- enjoying mys- letting go-
(stops scrubbing)
I'm sorry. I'm an asshole.

HARRY
No. You saw me in the parking lot, and you had a feeling about me, right?

Cindy, not making eye contact, shrugs, smiling shyly.

HARRY
Well, that's how I felt about you.

Harry looks through an open door down the hall.

HARRY
Is that your bedroom?

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cindy and Harry fall back onto the bed, kissing passionately, undressing one another. After a moment Harry unglues his face from hers.

HARRY
Hold on a minute. I'll be right back.

CINDY
What's wrong?

HARRY
I need to use the little boy's
room.

CINDY
Okay.

Harry pulls himself up off the bed and towards the door.

CINDY
Is something wrong?

HARRY
No.

CINDY
You're not leaving, are you?

HARRY
No. Of course not! Come on.
I'll be right back.

Harry opens the door and walks out.

INT. CINDY AND MARIA'S FAMILY ROOM

Harry shuts the door behind him. He composes himself.
He looks at Maria, who is on the couch, asleep, snoring.

Harry saunters over to her, stopping in front of her
sleeping body; she looks delicate like this.

Harry stares at her for a moment.

Then he begins to strangle her.

Maria's eyes snap open. She lets out a small yelp. Harry
clamps a hand over her mouth. Maria fights; she scratches
Harry's arm with her nails. But his strength overpowers
her.

She dies. Harry watches with dim interest.

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harry reenters the room. He softly shuts the door behind
him. Cindy is reclining on the bed, propped on some
pillows.

HARRY
Told you I'd be right back.

Harry sits on the edge of the bed.

CINDY
Is everything okay?

Harry nods.

CINDY
I thought I heard you... like,
holler or something.

HARRY
Oh, no. That was your roommate...
I was killing her.

Cindy laughs nervously. They stare at each other.

HARRY
Cindy, I like you. In a different
world I could imagine... dating.
Going to Sandra Bullock movies or-
It's probably not important that
you know, it's even selfish of me
to tell you, really, but... the
things I'm going to do, I don't
enjoy them.

Cindy, frozen, stares at him. Her eyes well up with tears.

EXT. LANDFILL - LATER

Harry tosses the last of the small, plastic bags into the landfill.

He walks back to his car. Gets inside. Buckles his seat belt.

A MUFFLED SQUEAK.

Harry looks at the rear-view mirror, aimed into the back seat.

CINDY is there, beneath a tarp, bound. Her eyes are open. Her mouth is gagged.

INT. HARRY'S DEN - DAWN

Harry sits at his easel, his pen in his hand, drawing a baby sea monster. Unlike last time, his hand moves fluidly, effortlessly. Harry seems to be in some sort of trance - his lids are heavy, his eyes flutter.

He rips off one sheet - a page finished.

He draws an adorable little girl looking into the eyes of the baby sea monster as it uses its tentacles to crawl on shore.

He rips off another page.

Then another.

FADE TO:

EXT. DES TORRES HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A sign outside the school reads: "Des Torres High School for Gifted Students."

INT. DES TORRES HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Gavin and some other high school students sit in a circle. It's a group therapy session. Gavin is not paying attention. He stares out the window. MS. DAMMERS, the school psychologist, sits in the circle.

BRIDGET is speaking. Two of the tougher-looking students, MICHAEL and TONY, watch her with disdain.

BRIDGET

And then he became a fish- No, no.
First his face shifted, into like
a lion. It wasn't exactly, but-
And then he became a fish. And
then I woke up. It was the weirdest
dream ever. Freaked me out.

MS. DAMMERS

Thanks, Bridget. Does anyone else
have something they'd like to share
with the group?

No one volunteers. Ms. Dammers notices Gavin staring out the window.

MS. DAMMERS

Gavin Dane.

Gavin turns toward her.

MS. DAMMERS

What are you looking at?

GAVIN

Sky.

MS. DAMMERS
 Maybe you ought to join the group,
 Gavin. How are you today?

Gavin, almost imperceptibly, shrugs.

MS. DAMMERS
 You've been taken off the
 amitriptyline?

Gavin nods.

MS. DAMMERS
 And has that affected you? No
 hallucinations or-?

GAVIN
 I got a pet hamster.

RICKIE, a hyperactive student, throws up his arm, squealing
 with his mouth closed, desperate to speak.

MS. DAMMERS
 Yes, Rickie.

RICKIE
 I want to confront Gavin.

MS. DAMMERS
 All right. But do it appropriately.

RICKIE
 That is a lie, Gavin. I'm ninety-
 nine percent certain that that's a
 lie. You're lying here now just
 like you did about the pet snake
 and the pet dog.

MS. DAMMERS
 Gavin, are you telling us the truth?
 Did you get a pet hamster?

GAVIN
 No.

Rickie claps his hands. He sits back in triumph.

MS. DAMMERS
 Why did you lie, Gavin?

Gavin watches the clock. The second hand is moving toward
 three o'clock.

MS. DAMMERS
 Gavin?

Gavin continues watching the clock.

MS. DAMMERS

Gavin?

Gavin begins to gather his books together.

MS. DAMMERS

Gavin.

The second hand hits twelve. The school bell RINGS. The students stand to leave; the school day is through.

INT. DES TORRES HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin heads down the hallway, through the sea of students. He pulls a book from his backpack and reads it as he walks. Rickie approaches him.

RICKIE

Why do you always do that?

GAVIN

Do what?

RICKIE

Read a book while you walk. How can you do that?

GAVIN

I just do.

They exit the school.

EXT. DES TORRES HIGH SCHOOL

Gavin and Rickie exit the school grounds and head down the road.

RICKIE

What's it about?

GAVIN

It's about archetypes and symbols.

RICKIE

Sure, sure. I've studied that. Give me an example of one.

GAVIN

This.

Gavin shows him a picture in the book. It is a lizard curling in on itself.

GAVIN

It's the lizard chasing its own tail.

RICKIE

What's it for?

GAVIN

It's the eternal circular motion of life.

RICKIE

Right.

GAVIN

It appeared across the world, in many different cultures, all at once. There's a map. China, India, Ireland.

Rickie spots something ahead. He disappears from Gavin's side. Gavin, with his nose in the book, doesn't notice.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE

Gavin walks along the sidewalk, passing Harry Wren's home.

A hand snatches the book from Gavin's fingers. It's Michael. With him are Tony and another boy, SIGGY, a young man with a very bad case of acne. Gavin stops.

MICHAEL

Hey, Dostoyevsky.

GAVIN

My book.

Michael eyes the page and snickers. He circles Gavin as he reads out loud. He mock-lectures him. Gavin doesn't react.

MICHAEL

'The lizard could also function as a signpost of the Return, primarily the return of a soulmate from a previous lifetime.' Hmm.

Siggy pretends to masturbate.

SIGGY

Uh! My soulmate! Uh! Uh!

MICHAEL

'As it appeared simultaneously in these cultures, with no connecting link from one to the next, one could be persuaded -'

Gavin knocks the book from Michael's grip. The book lands on Harry's lawn. Gavin stares at the ground.

For a moment, there is silence. Michael stares at Gavin. He chuckles.

Michael punches Gavin in the stomach. Gavin collapses. Siggy and Tony swiftly join in. The three of them give quick, short kicks to Gavin's side. It only lasts for a few seconds.

Siggy leans in toward Gavin.

SIGGY

You know, this is pretty depressing, Gav. Getting beaten up like this. Something you might want to do is go home and try to kill yourself again.

Michael and Tony laugh; they can't believe Siggy had the balls to say it.

Gavin squints up at Siggy's laughing face.

GAVIN'S POV

A swirl of acne on the side of Siggy's face is in the definite shape of an X.

GAVIN

(muttering)

X marks the spot.

Gavin, almost in a trance, goes to touch Siggy's face.

SIGGY

What the-

Siggy slaps Gavin's hand out of the way. He punches him.

SIGGY

Fucking freak.

The boys turn and walk away.

TONY

I think he was gonna kiss you,
Siggy.

MICHAEL

Nah, he just saw one of them big
fucking zits he wanted to pop.

SIGGY

Hey, shut up!

Gavin pushes himself from the ground. He wipes dirt from his face. He stumbles up the lawn. He leans over to grab his book, just a few yards away from a first floor window, when something stops him.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

Lucy Tyros is inside the house, cleaning the window with spray cleaner.

Gavin stares at her.

After a moment, Lucy sees the boy staring. She stares back, blankly. She does not look away. They stand there and stare at each other for a few moments.

Then Gavin catches himself. A bit embarrassed, he picks up the book. He heads off the lawn and up the street.

Lucy watches him go. Then she resumes cleaning the window. She works to get rid of a particularly stubborn spot.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

Harry enters the front door, wearing a suit. He carries a briefcase and a coat.

HARRY

Lucy!

Lucy scurries to him. She pokes his arm.

LUCY

Hello.

Harry hands her his trench coat and his briefcase. She carries them toward the kitchen.

HARRY

Don't drag the coat, Lucy.

LUCY

I'm short!

Harry rolls up his sleeves and follows Lucy.

HARRY

I wrote eight pages last night. I didn't sleep. But I wrote eight pages. I did two full illustrations. Lucy, I think this is my masterpiece. Remember how I told you I was waiting for it? I think this is it.

LUCY

Dinner's almost ready. I mixed together some different types of things.

Harry nods. He enters the kitchen behind her.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN

Lucy sets down Harry's things. She walks to the stove and peers in some pots. Harry leans in over her. He brushes her hair from her eyes.

HARRY

I'm sorry about last night.
Sometimes the creative process can-

Beneath his rolled up sleeve, Lucy notices the scrapes on his forearm that Maria had given him.

LUCY

What happened?

Harry gives her a quizzical look. She points to his arm. He sees it.

HARRY

Fuck. Get some hydrogen peroxide.

Lucy walks toward the cabinet, looking glum.

LUCY

I know where you got those scratches.

HARRY

You do?

LUCY

Yes.

HARRY
I doubt that, Lucy.

Lucy opens the cabinet door and removes some hydrogen peroxide and cotton balls.

LUCY
I do too.

HARRY
Where?

LUCY
I'm not saying.

Harry pulls a chair away from the table and sits.

HARRY
Do you want to hear the truth?

LUCY
No.

Lucy kneels in front of Harry and begins to clean the wound. Harry smiles.

LUCY
Where?

HARRY
Last night there was a fire down the street.

LUCY
I didn't hear any sirens.

HARRY
They have a new kind of fire truck now, Lucy. It's quieter, so as not to impose on the community. I saw the flames from my den. I ran. I was the first one there. The family had gotten out safe. But they had left their pet rabbit on the second floor. A little girl was crying out its name.

LUCY
What was its name?

Beat.

HARRY
Pooky. Pooky Bug, actually.
(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

So, what else could I do? I climbed a tree. I jumped from the tree through an open window on the second floor. I grabbed the rabbit, for the little girl. They kept it in a bassinet, which struck me as strange. Then-

LUCY

What's a bassinet?

HARRY

What a baby sleeps in. So I jumped again for the tree. But, I missed. I missed the tree, Lucy. And I fell. And look what the branches did. They scraped up my arm.

LUCY

If you fell so far, why are you alive?

HARRY

Do you want to hear the sad part?

LUCY

You're lying.

HARRY

I wish that was the case. Do you want to hear the sad part?

LUCY

No.

(beat)

What?

HARRY

I lived because the rabbit acted as a safety mat. It got crushed. The little girl was screaming and sobbing. The firemen began to beat me with the hose because I had ruined the little girl's life.

Lucy finishes cleaning his arm. She screws the cap back on the hydrogen peroxide. She notices the price tag on top.

LUCY

Ninety-nine cents.

Harry sits back. He pats his hands on his lap. Lucy stares at him. Harry pats his lap again.

Lucy reluctantly crawls onto his lap. Harry squeezes her there.

HARRY
Don't worry, little Luce. If I
fell with you I'd shift my weight.

Harry kisses the top of her head. He reaches his hand down under Lucy's ass. He fondles her there. She stays still.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The full moon is bright in the black sky.

INT. DANE DEN

Gavin sits on the inside window ledge, framed by the window. He's gazing out at the moon. His book is in his lap. Behind him, the den is covered with bookshelves full of books, ranging from science fiction to the classics to pop trash.

Gavin sings a quiet song:

GAVIN
Moon, moon, I am prone before you.
Moon, moon, I am prone before you.

INT. DANE HALLWAY

Casey Dane, all dressed up, hurries down the hall, carrying her pocketbook. She snaps the clasp on a gold bracelet around her wrist. She stops at her son's door. She raises her hand to knock. She stops when she hears him singing.

GAVIN (O.S.)
Moon, moon, I am prone before you.
Moon, moon, I am prone before you.

Casey is moved as she listens to her son. She knocks.

CASEY
Gavin, that's beautiful.

INTERCUT the HALLWAY and DEN

GAVIN

looks at the door. He's irritated.

GAVIN

What?

CASEY (O.S.)

What you're singing. It was nice.

GAVIN

I don't know what you're talking about.

CASEY

stares at the doorway for a moment.

CASEY

Gavin, I'm going out for the evening. I have a date. Mack. You remember Mack.

GAVIN

grunts in affirmation. He is back to reading his book.

CASEY (O.S.)

So I should be home by one. Maybe two. But don't worry about me, don't wait up.

GAVIN

I'll try to restrain myself.

CASEY (O.S.)

Gavin. There's still some lasagna left in the fridge if you want some. Okay? You be good, okay? I'll see you in the morning.

CASEY

walks away down the hall.

GAVIN

stands up next to the window. He sings again.

GAVIN

Moon, moon, I am prone before you.
Moon, moon, I am prone before you.

Gavin does a strange dance in the center of the room, looking at himself in a mirror. He opens the window. The wind blows in on him.

GAVIN

Moon, moon, I am prone before you.

Gavin moves the furniture aside, so that there is a clear path between him and the window.

GAVIN

Moon, moon, moving furniture.

Gavin places the heel of one foot against the wall opposite the window, assuming the running position.

GAVIN

Moon, moon.

Gavin runs across the room and leaps out of the window.

EXT. DANE'S BACKYARD

Gavin lands in his backyard. He looks up at the moon.

GAVIN

Follow the moon. Follow the moon.
The month of June. Don't sing
more of your silly moon tune.

And begins walking. CUT IN CLOSER.

GAVIN

See truth soon. Gavin the goon.

Beat. CUT IN CLOSER.

GAVIN

Boom.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin heads down a long, suburban street. His arms are crossed tightly in front of him. He's chilly. He's gazing up at the moon.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin stops. He looks up at the moon, and then down to where it has led him: Harry's house. The house seems to have no lights on.

Gavin walks to the window where he saw Lucy earlier in the day. He cups his hands around his eyes, leans against the glass, and peers inside. No one is there.

He walks to the next window on the house. He does the same thing. That room is also empty.

He walks to the side of the house.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE (SIDE)

Gavin looks in the window of a game room. There are some board games on the table.

He walks to the rear of the house.

EXT. HARRY'S BACKYARD

One of the rooms on the second floor is lit. Gavin steps backwards, giving himself a clearer view.

His heel collides with a rusty trap door that leads to a cellar a hundred feet or so behind the house.

He almost trips, but regains his balance. He peers up at the lit room.

A BLUR OF FLESH AND WHITE

flashes across the window. It passes again; it is the girl.

LUCY is in her underwear. She holds a squeegee bottle. She stops in the window, where some plants are on the ledge.

Lucy squirts what is obviously too much water into the plants. Unsatisfied, she squirts some more. The water runs down the side of the house. The water is not clear; it's a greenish color, filled with growth-enhancing chemicals.

Gavin notices a rivulet running down below the window, where the brick is spattered with cement.

The water runs between the bricks, turning a hard right angle, and then down again into the circular furrows of a large cement patch. The water fills up the furrows, little by little, until it has formed the shape of a snake.

Then suddenly two water "arms" and two water "legs" sprout out of the side of the figure.

Gavin stares in awe: the water in the cement has perfectly formed the shape of the lizard chasing its own tail. He looks up at Lucy, and then back at the lizard again.

GAVIN

The Return.

Gavin's eyes roll up in his head, and he faints.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM

Lucy looks out the window at the boy lying tangled in the grass. She sits down in a chair in front of the window. She stares at him and fidgets with things on the ledge.

She doesn't know what to do.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATER

Harry drives. A shopping bag is on the seat beside him. A LIVELY POP SONG plays on the radio. Harry occasionally sings along, without passion.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE

Harry pulls into the driveway. Parks. He looks inside his bag. It's loaded with various medical supplies: bandages, ointments, medicines.

He carries the bag out of the car. He walks past the side of the house and to the backyard.

EXT. HARRY'S BACKYARD

Harry crouches next to the cellar door. He pulls some keys from his pocket. He starts to unlock a padlock there when he spots Gavin's unconscious body.

Harry stares at the boy.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Harry bursts through the backdoor, carrying Gavin in his arms. He drops him onto the kitchen table.

HARRY

Lucy!

Lucy walks into the kitchen. She stands at a safe distance from Gavin.

HARRY

This kid was out cold on the lawn.

LUCY

He fainted.

HARRY

You saw him?

Lucy nods.

HARRY

Why didn't you help him?

LUCY

I didn't know if he was dangerous, Harry. I didn't know what to- I was waiting for you!

HARRY

Let's see if we can revive him. Get a glass of water. And, Lucy, the first aid kit -

Lucy darts out of the kitchen. Harry yells off after her.

HARRY

It's downstairs, on the shelf behind the furnace.

LUCY (O.S.)

That's not where it is!

HARRY

What?

LUCY (O.S.)

I put it somewhere else!

Beat.

HARRY

You ought to tell me if you change the place where you put the fucking first aid kit, Lucy. What if I cut my finger off? How would I give myself fucking first aid?

Harry shakes his head in wonderment. He lifts Gavin to the sitting position. Gavin blinks, waking.

HARRY

Hey. Kid. Hey.

Gavin looks around.

HARRY

My name's Harry Wren. Wren, like the bird. You know where you are?

GAVIN

No.

HARRY

This is my house. You passed out on my lawn. You drunk?

Gavin shakes his head. Harry steps back.

HARRY

It's all right if you are. Kids drink. It's a thing they do. I just want to know because it will make a difference in how we treat you from here on in.

GAVIN

I'm not.

Lucy enters, carrying the first aid kit and a glass of water. She hands the glass to Harry, and Harry hands it to Gavin. Gavin sees Lucy and looks away. He sips from the glass.

HARRY

This is Lucy Tyros. She's my house manager. Right, Lucy?

LUCY

No.

Gavin nods. Harry circles Gavin, examining him.

HARRY

What's your name?

GAVIN

Gavin.

HARRY

Can you spell it backwards for me?

GAVIN

(quickly)

N-I-V-A-G.

HARRY

Hm. Add an 'a' and your name's an
anagram for 'vagina.'

GAVIN

(overlapping)

I know.

Harry looks at Lucy.

HARRY

His mind seems to be all right.

Lucy holds out the first aid kit.

LUCY

What about this?

HARRY

I don't care.

(to Gavin)

You live around here?

Lucy slams the first aid kit on the kitchen counter,
protesting its lack of use.

GAVIN

Off Red Sparrow.

HARRY

That's pretty close. What do you
do, go to school?

GAVIN

High school. Des Torres.

LUCY

Are you retarded?

Harry gives Lucy a disapproving look. She shrugs.

LUCY

That's where the retarded kids go
to school.

GAVIN
Not retarded. Disturbed.

HARRY
Are you disturbed?

Gavin shrugs.

HARRY
Just another label. What'd you do
to land yourself in disturbed
school? Did you murder someone?

GAVIN
Pills.

HARRY
You tried to murder yourself.

GAVIN
Sort of.

HARRY
It's your prerogative, if you want
to. To kill yourself. You still
want to?

GAVIN
No.

HARRY
Good. Only the boring ones should
kill themselves.
(loudly)
Lucy!

LUCY
I'm right here.

HARRY
Oh. Make me some Cream of Wheat.
I'm hungry. I'm going to give
Gavin here a ride home, and by the
time I come back, your Cream of
Wheat should be ready. And I don't
want instant, Lucy. I saw it in
the cupboard. You can throw that
shit out.
(to Gavin)
Everyone wants to save time. And
what suffers? Quality.

INT. HARRY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Harry alternates between looking at the road and at Gavin. He sees a man getting the mail in his shorts, without a shirt.

HARRY

What about that guy? What a cunt.

Gavin doesn't say anything.

HARRY

Tell me if you believe in God, Gavin.

Gavin doesn't say anything, then shrugs.

HARRY

I believe.

Gavin looks out the window as they pass a street. His eyes follow it.

GAVIN

That was the street you were supposed to turn on.

Harry doesn't turn around.

HARRY

Let me ask you another question.

Gavin is turned around looking at the street behind them.

HARRY

Look at me.

Gavin looks at him.

HARRY

Do you believe in coincidences?

Pause.

Gavin shrugs.

HARRY

Coincidences are for the weak. I believe that currents run below the surface of the earth. They connect people. Situations. Thoughts. They're invisible to all but a few. I missed your street.

Harry pulls in a driveway on the side of the road, and then backs out, heading in the proper direction.

HARRY

I've been praying. And God speaks to me on- Maybe you think I'm strange.

Gavin shakes his head.

HARRY

On occasion He speaks to me. God. And He told me that I would receive a catechumen. Do you know what a catechumen is, Gavin?

GAVIN

No.

HARRY

I didn't either. After God said it to me, I had to look it up.

GAVIN

Turn there! Up there!

Harry turns.

HARRY

A catechumen is one who's instructed in a subject at an elementary level. And the interesting thing is that when I came home tonight you were lying unconscious on my lawn.

GAVIN

And turn there!

Harry turns again.

HARRY

Which house?

GAVIN

The yellow one.

HARRY

The color of melancholy. Very sad.

Harry pulls into the Danes' driveway. He turns to Gavin. Most of Harry's face is covered in shadows.

HARRY

Stop by again soon, Gavin.

GAVIN

I don't think I want to be, not
right now, a catechumen, if that's
all right. Because of school.
Sorry.

Gavin gets out of the car. Shuts the door. Walks toward
the front of the house.

Harry turns on the radio, turns it up loud. He backs out
of the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Lucy is in bed, on her side, awake.
The doorway opens. The light from the hallway falls upon
her. The door closes.

Harry lifts the covers. He crawls into bed behind her.
He kisses the back of her neck. He reaches around to
grab her breasts. Lucy continues staring straight ahead.

HARRY

It's Tuesday.

LUCY

Harry?

HARRY

Yeah.

A framed picture of a white dog is on Lucy's bedside table.
She grabs it and holds it up behind her to show him.

LUCY

This is a picture of the kind of
dog I would want.

HARRY

Where'd you get that?

Beneath the covers, Harry removes Lucy's underwear.

LUCY

It came with the frame. Please,
Harry, can't I have a puppy?

HARRY

No, Lucy. You'd get bored with
taking care of it.

Lucy closes her eyes. She grabs onto the night stand for stability. Harry thrusts himself inside of her in one jolt.

Lucy winces in pain. She tightens her grip on the night stand.

Harry thrusts in and out of her a few times and then he's finished.

Lucy opens her eyes in relief as he leaves her body. Harry rolls over onto his side. He pulls the covers up around himself.

He folds over the top of the covers, pressing them down neatly around his body. Closes his eyes.

Lucy takes the framed picture of the dog from the table. She stares at it as if into another, more beautiful world.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - MORNING

A tall building in metropolitan downtown. Men and women in suits move rapidly in and out.

INT. FITZGIBBON, CRANE, & SEIGL, FRONT DESK

The phone rings. A RECEPTIONIST answers it.

RECEPTIONIST
Fitzgibbon, Hut, and Seigl.

The Receptionist sits at the front desk of the large law firm. With her is another receptionist, TRACY.

Harry enters, wearing a suit. He leans towards Tracy.

HARRY
Good morning, Tracy. You smell nice.

TRACY
You're late again, Harry.

HARRY
That shakes me up.

TRACY
Harry, please, look these over before you see Earl.

HARRY

Mm.

TRACY

He's shitting over this Turner personal injury claim.

HARRY

Mm.

TRACY

I swear to God.

HARRY

I love you, Tracy.

TRACY

Harry! I think my boyfriend might have a problem with that!

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, please.

HARRY

I love you too, Ellen. I love both of you. In fact, I was thinking the three of us -

Tracy tosses a staple remover at him. Harry catches it. He sashays down the hall.

INT. HARRY'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry plops down into his swivel chair. He flips on his computer.

EARL SIEGL, Harry's boss, an overweight, stern-looking man, appears in the cubicle entrance.

HARRY

Hey, Earl.

SIEGL

Harry, last night I was looking in your files for a letter we sent Turner. And I found something else on there. Something of yours. A story.

Harry is taken aback.

SIEGL

Now you claim not to have a computer at home, which means, I don't know how I can be mistaken, you must have been writing it here. True?

HARRY

I don't think you have the right to look at my personal things, Mr. Siegl.

SIEGL

Actually I do. In fact, that stuff belongs to the firm since it was written on company time.

HARRY

Sometimes I stay late, sir. I do my own work after.

SIEGL

Well, I don't know when that is. I've never seen it.

Harry remains silent.

SIEGL

Just don't let it happen again.

Siegl begins to leave.

SIEGL

And, Harry, after reading it, I think you ought to be pretty damn grateful for your job here. A butterfly that only has one wing and saves the world?

Harry watches Siegl exit. He's furious.

HARRY

(mouthing, silent)

Fuck.

He crumples a piece of paper and tosses it at the floor. He kicks a thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Gavin crosses Harry's lawn. He is carrying a bouquet of painted carnations.

INT. HARRY'S FRONT ROOM

Lucy is vacuuming the carpet and listening to a ROCK SONG on iPod headphones. There is a KNOCK at the door. Lucy doesn't hear it.

GAVIN'S HEAD and the flowers appear in the front window behind her. He raps on the window, loudly. Lucy hears it. She sees Gavin and turns off the vacuum cleaner.

She opens the window, but leaves the iPod on. Gavin holds the flowers out to her. He stutters slightly.

GAVIN

These are for taking me in off the grass.

LUCY

(loudly)

What?

GAVIN

(louder)

These are for taking me in off the grass.

LUCY

I can't hear you!

Gavin points to his ear. Lucy realizes that she has the headphones on. She turns off the iPod and pulls the headphones off. She looks at them.

LUCY

They become a part of your head.
Why are you at the window?

GAVIN

You didn't hear the door.

LUCY

Who are those flowers for?

GAVIN

For you.

Lucy seems slightly panicked.

LUCY

Me? Why?

GAVIN

For taking me in off the grass.
(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

The grass was wet. Maybe I could have died.

LUCY

But Harry brought you in. I thought maybe you were some sort of psychopath. You're very skinny.

Lucy cautiously takes the flowers from him. She turns them in her hands, becoming more enchanted with them as she does. She buries her face in them and smells.

LUCY

My face will break out if I keep stuffing my head in them. But it's worth it.

Lucy stares at Gavin. Her features give in a little. She presents herself formally:

LUCY

Maybe you would like to come in.

Then she swirls and runs to the bookshelf to get a vase.

Gavin looks around the window, wondering how he is supposed to get in.

Finally, he crawls in through the window. He looks around the room as Lucy puts the flowers in a vase.

Lucy stands on her tiptoes, reaching to put the flowers up on a shelf. Her skirt rises. Gavin notices the back of her knees. Then he looks away, embarrassed.

Lucy halts, thinking of something intently. Finally, as if grasping the answer, she swirls around.

LUCY

Would you like some nickels?

GAVIN

Nickels?

Lucy rushes over to a small table, nodding.

LUCY

Look.

Lucy waves her hand over a pile of nickels.

LUCY

Harry won't use nickels.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

He thinks they make his pockets too heavy. And I use a MasterCard at the grocery store, never any real money. I asked him what I was supposed to do with all the nickels, and he said to throw them away. But throw away money?

GAVIN

You can go to the bank and put them in a machine and then it will give you dollar bills.

LUCY

I don't know how to go to the bank. Will you take the nickels? Please?

Gavin stares at her. He nods.

GAVIN

Okay.

Lucy squeals lightly in triumph. Gavin starts picking up the nickels and putting them in his pockets. Lucy shovels them into his pockets as well.

Lucy grabs Gavin's sleeve and pulls him toward the kitchen.

LUCY

Come here.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN

In the kitchen, Lucy opens up one of the cabinets. There is a box of Crunchy Munchies cereal on the shelf. Lucy points at the box.

LUCY

Would you like those Crunchy Munchies? Harry doesn't like them.

GAVIN

What about you?

LUCY

I only eat toast for breakfast. Would you like them?

GAVIN

Okay.

Lucy hands him the cereal. She opens a cabinet below the sink.

LUCY

What about mix? Would you like that? It's Cajun.

Gavin nods. She hands him the packet. Inside the cabinet, Gavin sees an open wooden case with velvet padding.

A REVOLVER sits in the case.

GAVIN

What's...?

LUCY

Harry's gun. But I know how to use it in case someone breaks in. Harry taught me how to shoot someone in the face.

GAVIN

Cool.

Gavin pokes the gun. Lucy sits back down on the floor.

LUCY

Gavin, do you play games?

Gavin nods.

LUCY

We could play games, maybe, sometime. Harry hates games. He says that they use up life. I say, 'Harry, come on, play a game.' He's, like, 'No.' I've bought a lot of games with the MasterCard since I've been here, but I have to play both sides. Battleship is ruined that way. But Monopoly- I think games test mental processes.

GAVIN

My IQ is 147.

LUCY

That's big?

Gavin nods.

GAVIN

Are you and Harry married?

LUCY

No.

Lucy pushes herself up from the floor and to another cabinet.

GAVIN

Are you his girlfriend?

Lucy pulls a coffee mug out of the cabinet.

LUCY

We never use this cup.

(hands him the cup)

When I was fifteen I was down on the river front, I had run away, there was no one there, and Harry said I could stay here for a night. And then I came, and then there were lots of things to do here, like clean.

Lucy crawls up onto the counter and opens a cabinet up high. She gathers up more things that she doesn't use.

LUCY

And then I never left.

Lucy hops down off the counter and hands the things to Gavin. She leans back against the counter. She counts to herself.

LUCY

That was four years ago. Whew. One of the things I like best about being here is the MasterCard, and gathering things together for the house, making it like a palace. It was a mess before I came here. Harry sure needs me.

GAVIN

Are your parents dead?

LUCY

No. But I decided to go. My stepdad used to do stuff. Pigtales, office clips, etcetera. You know, the same old story, you've heard it a thousand times.

Gavin and Lucy are silent for a moment.

The SOUND of a CAR pulling up in the driveway is behind them.

LUCY

I'm sorry I thought you were a psychopath. Maybe you'll come back again when Harry's not here. And fill some of my time.

GAVIN

Okay.

LUCY

Now he's here and the fun is over. Like every day.

INT. HARRY'S FRONT ROOM

Harry walks in the front door. Lucy wanders out of the kitchen, and goes to him. Gavin follows, holding all the items that Lucy bestowed upon him. Harry doesn't see him. He looks at Lucy, but doesn't greet her.

LUCY

Your face is in that position.

HARRY

What position?

LUCY

The sadness one.

Harry notices the boy behind her.

HARRY

Hey, Lucy. Gavin's here.

Gavin waves to him. Lucy twirls around and opens her mouth in surprise. She points at him.

LUCY

How did he get in here? Look, he's trying to steal our things!

Gavin is shocked. He looks back and forth, as if searching for an escape route.

LUCY

Just kidding.

HARRY

You really want all that crap or were you being nice?

GAVIN

I want it.

HARRY

I knew you'd come back, catechumen.

Gavin nods without confidence.

HARRY

Let's grab a drink.

GAVIN

A what?

HARRY

I had a bad fucking day, I can't tell you.

LUCY

Harry's a paralegal. They're like lawyers, only not as important.

HARRY

Let's run down to Gary's Tavern.

GAVIN

They'll ask for ID and see I was born in 1995.

HARRY

The bartender's a friend of mine.
Lucy, put Gavin's things in a bag.
(to Gavin)
You don't want to hang around here too long.

Harry points to Lucy when she's not looking, turns his finger in circles next to his head - she's crazy.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A quiet bar, dimly lit.

INT. GARY'S TAVERN

Harry and Gavin play a fast-paced and competitive round of air hockey. They are both adept. The battle is furious, grand, even cosmic.

Eventually, Harry sinks the puck in Gavin's goal.

HARRY

You're pretty good at air hockey,
for someone who doesn't work out
or anything.

Gavin looks around. He presses the air hockey paddle
against his cheek. Harry drops in more quarters. The
machine whirs to life.

HARRY

Me, I used to be a fat guy. I
weighed over three hundred pounds.
Every day was miserable. Until
one day- Take that thing off your
face, it'll give you mono.

Gavin takes the paddle from his cheek. He's intrigued by
Harry's story.

HARRY

One day I woke up and I said, 'Fuck
this.' I took my fat pitiful self
and turned it into-

Harry drops a puck onto the air hockey field.

HARRY

Me.

Harry knocks it straight into Gavin's goal. Gavin looks
down at it.

GAVIN

That doesn't count.

HARRY

It counts. Always be ready. I
was distracting you with my
weakness.

The bartender, KLEMENT, passes by. Harry slaps his empty
beer mug on a stool next to him.

HARRY

Klement.

Klement picks up the empty mug. Gavin surreptitiously
takes a puck out of his goal. He moves it up against his
body, trying to make it so that Harry won't see.

KLEMENT

Don't listen to this guy, kid.
He's crazy.

HARRY

You're the crazy one!

KLEMENT

Hah!

Klement carries the empty mug away. Harry watches him go.

HARRY

That's guy's a piece of shit.

Gavin tosses the puck onto the field and quickly knocks it toward Harry's goal. But Harry reacts instantly, throwing down a block and slapping it out of the way. They hit it maniacally back and forth.

As they compete, Gavin looks up and spots the bullies from school, Michael, Tony and Siggy, playing pinball. They don't see him. Due to this distraction, the puck whizzes by him and into his goal.

Harry follows Gavin's line of sight to the guys around the pinball machine. Klement sets a new beer by Harry's side.

HARRY

You know those guys?

GAVIN

They go to my school.

HARRY

Why not.

GAVIN

Harry.

HARRY

Gavin.

GAVIN

Yesterday, when you said that thing about people, that they see below the surface?

HARRY

Mm.

GAVIN

How did you know if I...?

HARRY

How did I know that you saw the
currents that ran below the surface
of the earth?

Gavin nods.

HARRY

Same way I know you have blue eyes.
I gotta take a piss.

Harry departs. Gavin walks to the bar and sits on a stool.
He drinks from a mug of beer there. He looks at the TV
in the corner.

INSERT - TV - EXT. MARIA AND CINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

A DETECTIVE is being interviewed on the front lawn.

DETECTIVE (ON TV)

-And that's all we're able to
disclose about the disappearances
at this time.

INSERT - TV - NEWS STATION

The scene CUTS TO a news desk with a ANCHORPERSON. On a
screen behind the reporter are pictures of Maria and Cindy.

ANCHORPERSON (ON TV)

There has been no trace of either
Cindy Chapell or Maria Kassidian
since their disappearance in North
County over a week ago. Anyone
who has information leading to the
recovery of the two women should-

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL takes the stool next to Gavin. He yells out
loudly.

MICHAEL

Hey, Gavin, you look really cool
drinking that beer! I mean it!
You look really cool!

SIGGY

Hey, Dane.

Siggy rolls his finger around in his mouth and sticks it
into Gavin's beer.

Gavin just stares downward, both hands cupped around the mug.

INT. TAVERN BATHROOM

Harry uses a urinal. A DRUNK MAN urinates beside him. Harry glances at the man's face, the man glances at him, and they catch each other.

HARRY

Hey.

DRUNK MAN

How's it going?

They retain eye contact. They are both urinating for a very long time.

HARRY

We've got a pissing contest. See who can piss the longest.

DRUNK MAN

Heh. I am so fucking wasted.

HARRY

People like you a lot, don't they?

DRUNK MAN

They do.

Harry stops pissing.

HARRY

You win.

Harry zips up. He turns around to walk out of the bathroom.

DRUNK MAN

Bye.

Harry exits the bathroom.

INT. GARY'S TAVERN

As Harry walks toward the bar, he sees the boys hassling Gavin. He stops. Observes.

MICHAEL

Uh, Mr. Bartender, I think you better check this guy's ID.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I think he's only fourteen or so.
Look at him.

KLEMENT
No, he isn't. He's a friend of
mine. He's thirty-two.

MICHAEL
Oh, now, I beg to differ, Mr.
Bartender. In fact, I can almost
say that I know he is not thirty-
two. Which means you'd be involved
in an illegal activity.

KLEMENT
Guess what.

MICHAEL
A chicken's butt?

KLEMENT
You're out of here. Now.

MICHAEL
Give me a fucking break.

KLEMENT
Now.

Michael lashes out, knocking over Gavin's mug of beer.

MICHAEL
Screw you.

Michael jumps off his seat. Tony slaps Gavin's face,
hard.

KLEMENT
Get the hell out of here.

Michael and the other boys kick and swat things out of
their way as they move toward the door. They exit.

The bartender fills a new mug for Gavin.

KLEMENT
Assholes.

HARRY walks to Gavin's side. He grabs Gavin's arm, yanking
him off the stool. He moves toward the door.

HARRY
Come on.

EXT. TAVERN PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

As Harry and Gavin exit the bar, they see the boys goofing off around their own car. Harry yanks Gavin in front of him, holding him there. Harry whispers in his ear.

HARRY

Yell 'Fuck you,' Gavin.

Gavin shakes his head.

HARRY

Yell 'Fuck you.'

GAVIN

I can't.

GAVIN'S CLASSMATES

are still joking and laughing next to their car. They don't see Harry and Gavin.

HARRY

Sorry, Gavin. This has to be done.

Harry twists Gavin's arm behind his back and pushes it up hard. Gavin squeals.

The boys look over and see him.

HARRY

Yell it.

GAVIN

You guys suck! You suck! I hate you! I hate your guts!

The boys, angry, walk quickly toward them.

Harry lets go of Gavin's arm. He rustles Gavin's hair.

HARRY

Good boy.

Harry steps in front of Gavin. Siggy is stopped by him.

SIGGY

What's your fucking problem, ma-?

Harry punches Siggy in the face. There is a loud pop. Siggy screams. He falls back onto the concrete.

Then Harry grabs Michael by the neck, punching him hard twice, knocking him to the ground.

He kicks Tony in the stomach, making him collapse. He stomps on Tony's fingers, breaking them.

As Siggy tries to get away, Harry tackles his legs. He smashes Siggy's face into the pavement.

The three boys writhe on the ground around Harry. Harry looks at Gavin. He is breathing heavily. Harry smiles.

Harry grabs Michael and lifts him part way off the ground.

HARRY

Here, get off the ground for a second.

Holding onto Michael's hair, Harry forces him to face Gavin. Gavin stands there, not knowing what to do with his hands.

HARRY

Hit him.

GAVIN

My mom's going to wonder where I am.

Harry pulls harder on the back of Michael's head.

HARRY

Take back what he stole. Hit him.

GAVIN

Harry...

HARRY

We'll go home and see your mother after you hit this guy in the face.

Gavin begins to weep. He shakes his head. Harry is calm.

HARRY

Fine, Gavin. That's all right. I'm going to hold up this fuck's head all night. Into tomorrow. Until you hit him. But neither you nor I are leaving until you hit him.

Harry stares at him.

HARRY

No one wins unless someone loses,
catechumen.

Gavin moves forward a little bit. He brings his hand
into Michael's face, very lightly.

Harry is disappointed with the effort.

HARRY

Gavin. Please.

Gavin hits him again.

HARRY

Good boy. Harder.

Gavin hits him again, harder this time. He is sobbing
profusely.

HARRY

Yes, Gavin. Harder.

Gavin hits him again, and again, and again. Gavin's rage
unfurls and he screams as he sobs and punches Michael.
Harry hollers, a demonic wail of fury and celebration.

CUT TO:

INT. DANE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Gavin lumbers inside the house. He walks into the family
room and sets the bag of things Lucy gave him onto the
couch.

CASEY, on the other side of the room, turns on the lamp.

CASEY

Where were you?

GAVIN

Friends'.

CASEY

Friends'? You should have called,
Gavin. I didn't know where you
were.

GAVIN

I should have called.

CASEY

It's never happened before.

Gavin shakes his head.

CASEY
So it's okay. I was just worried
is all. Are you all right?

GAVIN
I'm all right.

Casey nods. She begins to head up the stairs.

CASEY
Turn off all the lights before you
go to bed, okay?

GAVIN
All right.
(beat)
Mom.

Casey stops, looks at him.

GAVIN
I love you.

Instantly, tears roll down Casey's face. She sits down on the stairs, unable to speak. She cries into her hands.

CASEY
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's just
that you haven't said that since
you were a little boy.

GAVIN
I didn't mean much by it.

INT. GAVIN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Gavin looks in the mirror, a serious, almost grim expression on his face. He's pulling aside his shirt's collar in one hand. In the other, he's holding a thin-tipped Sharpie. He draws a black rectangle on the flesh below his collarbone.

Gavin slaps himself with the pen, then, inside the black rectangle. He does this a few times. The flesh turns red. Gavin sets down the pen. He picks up an Exacto knife.

Gavin's face hardens. He cuts lightly below his collarbone. Then suddenly, he stops.

He stares at himself in the mirror. Second thoughts. He goes to start again, then stops.

GAVIN

No more cutting, Gavin. You're strong.

Gavin strikes a majestic pose in the mirror, then quickly deconstructs it by making some weird faces.

He presses his fingers over the tiny line of blood and walks to his dresser. A box on his dresser is stocked with medical aids. He grabs some ointment from the box. As he does, he accidentally knocks over a roll of Ace bandages.

The roll unravels, rolling across the room. Gavin watches it: it seems to be moving with a life of its own.

The bandage rolls out of the room. Gavin follows it.

INT. DANE HALLWAY

The roll drops down over the stairwell and into the family room.

INT. DANE FAMILY ROOM

The roll bounces off a couch, rolls across the carpet. It stops at the TV.

Gavin walks over to the roll. He bends to pick it up when the TV suddenly SNAPS ON.

INSERT - TV - EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

An old man, HERMAN, is leading a reporter around; it's a puff piece on carousels.

REPORTER (V.O.)

-but Herman Wise, native of Scotland, Missouri, has been designing and carving carousels for over sixty years.

CUT TO Herman being interviewed beside another carousel.

HERMAN (ON TV)

Some men may find the keys to their heart in food. I found that the key is in the carousel.

BACK TO SCENE

The TV shuts off.

Gavin stares at the blank screen.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CELLAR - NIGHT

Harry opens the cellar door; starlight enters. He descends a stairwell. Upon reaching the bottom, he flips a light switch and the room is exposed.

Against one wall is a metal cage homemade from sheet metal. Instead of bars, the cage is spotted with numerous rectangular cut-outs. We can see sections of CINDY through them.

Her lips: sewn crudely together with thick purple twine so that she can't open her mouth.

Her thigh: covered in purple welts and sores.

Her hand: wrapped in bloody bandages, missing a few fingers.

Cindy's eyes move slowly until they come to rest on Harry. She doesn't react. She's deadened to fear.

The garish room around the cage contrasts Cindy's pitiful condition. Murals of cartoon animals adorn the walls, in bright colors, though flaking and dulled from the years. The animals speak in word balloons:

A monkey says: **SACRIFICE MAKES YOU SMARTER**

A panda maintains: **REDEMPTION/VIVISECTION/GODFOOD**

And an ostrich: **PAIN IS COMMERCE**

HARRY glances at Cindy. He clacks his tongue against the roof of his mouth. He passes the cage and opens a cabinet against the wall. The cabinet is filled with surgical devices and medicines.

Harry grabs a scalpel, some bandages and an anti-bacterial lotion.

He unlatches the cage door, crawls down on the floor in front of Cindy. Cindy, still seemingly somewhere else, doesn't move. Harry grabs one of her ankles and pulls it toward him. She lamely tries to yank it free.

HARRY
Quit moving, Cindy.

Harry places the bottom of her foot against his chest. He brings the scalpel toward her little toe, when he glances up at her face; something distracts him. He ignores it, and presses the blade against her toe. But again, he stops, distracted. He looks at her head. A speck of paper is in her hair.

Harry reaches for the speck. Cindy snaps her head back and squeals.

HARRY
Hold on. You got something in
your hair.

Harry snatches the speck from her hair and flicks it aside.

Cindy's tearful eyes bear in on him.

Harry looks away. He brings the scalpel to her little toe.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lucy is looking out the window and into the backyard. The cellar door opens and Harry emerges. The framed photograph of the puppy is in front of her. Lucy picks it up and gazes at it.

LUCY
It's not fair.

FADE TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Gavin is in the soda aisle, clutching a large plastic bottle of tonic water. At the end of the aisle, he spots Michael. Michael's nose is taped up. His eyes are blackened. His lip is split and swollen.

GAVIN
Michael.

Michael sees him, but keeps walking. Gavin trots to the end of the aisle. He catches up with him by the meat counter.

GAVIN
Michael.

Michael stops. He has a mason's trowel with a price tag.

MICHAEL

What do you want?

GAVIN

I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

No one's going to snitch on you,
if that's what you're apologizing
about.

GAVIN

It's not.

Michael nods.

Pause.

MICHAEL

I've been rethinking my life, Dane.
I've decided to become a policeman.
To use my talents for the betterment
of, for people and- To change,
you know, destruction, things like
that that I've been on.

GAVIN

Good.

MICHAEL

I need to start working out a little
bit more. A policeman needs to
stay fit.

GAVIN

Yes.

MICHAEL

After my rib heals.

GAVIN

Sorry.

MICHAEL

You said that. Who was that guy?

GAVIN

My friend, I guess.

MICHAEL

Fucking strong.

GAVIN

I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

You're not that sorry. You enjoyed it.

GAVIN

Not very much.

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

Well, I got to go. My old man is puttying up the roof. He wants me to be like his assistant.

GAVIN

Okay.

MICHAEL

I'll see you around.

Michael turns to go.

EXT. HARRY'S DEN - DAY

Harry is trying to draw, but it isn't going well. He gets frustrated, and rips up the sheet he's working on.

He leaves.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lucy GRUNTS as she pulls a huge bag of birdseed from a closet and plops it on the floor. Harry emerges behind her, putting on a sweat suit.

HARRY

I'm going out.

Lucy just looks at him as he opens the door, but he turns to her, angry.

HARRY

'Good-bye'?

Lucy waves good-bye.

HARRY

Lucy, my masterpiece is falling apart here.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm having to go further, do things
I never thought I'd have to do.
The least you can do is use your
mouth!

LUCY

Bye.

Harry shakes his head and slams the door shut as he leaves.

INT. DANE KITCHEN - DAY

Casey removes a cake from the oven. The kitchen is covered with balloons and streamers, ready for a party. Casey turns to set the cake on the counter, when another timer goes off.

CASEY

Gavin! Gavin!

Casey's sister-in-law, BETH, enters the kitchen. She switches off the other timer.

BETH

He went to get tonic water, Casey.

CASEY

My son? Gavin? Trying to be
helpf-? Can you move these chips?

Beth runs over and moves some chips on the counter so that Casey can set down the cake.

BETH

He said he was going to stop at
some friends' on the way home.

CASEY

What?

BETH

He said you told him he could invite
some friends.

CASEY

Oh, I told him that two weeks ago!

BETH

He has his own way about him.

Casey stops, thinking.

CASEY

What friends?

EXT. HARRY'S BACKYARD - DAY

It's a beautiful, sunny and blustery day. Lucy is filling a bird feeder with seed. The wind blows her hair in her face. When she's done filling, she straightens the seed in the feeder with her hands, forming a perfect mound.

Gavin walks around the side of Harry's house and into the backyard. He sees Lucy.

He stands there, about forty feet or so away, watching her. He does this for a few moments.

Then Lucy sees him. They have to shout at each other, since they're so far apart and the wind is so strong. Neither one makes an effort to get any closer.

GAVIN

I came here to invite Harry to a party.

LUCY

What?

GAVIN

I came here to invite Harry to a party!

LUCY

Harry's not here.

GAVIN

Oh.

LUCY

What?

GAVIN

Oh!

LUCY

He left. But he was wearing a jogging costume.

GAVIN

He went jogging?

LUCY

He was dressed for it.

She looks at a couple birds that have landed in the feed.

LUCY

These birds are ruining everything.
They're stomping on it like a bunch
of assholes.

(to bird)

Stand on the edge, retardo!

(to Gavin)

What kind of party?

GAVIN

Barbecue.

LUCY

Oh. Are those fun?

GAVIN

No, not at all... My mom said I
could invite friends.

They stare at each other.

GAVIN

Well I better go. My mom will get
mad if I don't come back.

LUCY

Okay.

Lucy returns to straightening the bird feeder. Gavin
stares at her for a moment.

GAVIN

Bye!

LUCY

Bye.

Gavin departs.

Lucy tries to get a bird on her finger, but it flies away.

EXT. SIEGL'S HOME

Harry, clearly agitated, stands on the porch of an upper-
class suburban home. He's in his sweat suit and holding
a paper bag. He stares at the door, not moving. He can't
seem to make up his mind whether to ring the bell.

INT. SIEGL'S HOME

Siegl is on his back, using a Thigh-Master. He is
sweating, barely able to push his legs together.

He hears the DOORBELL. He pushes himself from the ground with great effort and goes to answer it.

He opens it. He's surprised to see Harry.

SIEGL

Wren?

HARRY

Heard your wife and kids went out of town, Mr. Siegl.

SIEGL

Yes?

HARRY

So I was on a Sunday jog. I was in your area and so forth. Thought you might enjoy a good Belgian beer.

Harry shows him the beer in the paper bag.

SIEGL

Well, um, that's kind of you. Kind of you. But I have a lot of papers on my desk.

Harry squeezes past Siegl, entering the house. He cracks open a beer and holds it out toward Siegl. Siegl, not knowing what else to do, takes it.

HARRY

Beautiful place. How many people did you have to fuck over to afford it?

Harry cracks himself open a beer and plops down on a recliner.

SIEGL

You have a strange sense of humor. I have to admit, the others in the office seem to find something in it. I never quite get it.

Harry sips from his beer.

SIEGL

Why are you here?

Harry looks at a Sears portrait of Siegl with his wife, teen daughter, and young son on the mantle.

HARRY

I told you. Tracy told me your family was going away for the weekend. When my girl's not around, the house feels sort of empty.

SIEGL

Well, I enjoy my peace.

Siegl looks towards the back hall. Harry stares out the window.

HARRY

Nice view. You know, I wouldn't call what I am a serial killer.

SIEGL

What?

HARRY

A serial killer has a ritualistic, usually sexual reason to murder. And they enjoy it. For me, it's a practical science. No one has come close to suspecting, because I don't get hung up on eccentricities. Putting some Post-It note with a rhyming clue on a dead body. That's idiotic. And I get rid of them entirely. Why in the fuck would I need an earlobe collection, right? And I never, fucking never, kill anyone I know personally... But that last one. Shit.

Harry gulps his beer. Siegl looks on, afraid, but unsure.

SIEGL

I don't find this funny. I'd like you to leave.

Harry stands and walks around, toying with Siegl.

HARRY

The first time, I was maybe fifteen. It was the neighbors' dog. Salami. I tortured the poor fucking thing. Cut him apart, bit by bit. Cleaned the wounds, bandaged- I'm gifted medically. Eventually, I had this breathing husk. No legs. No eyes. I stood over him and felt his pain rise up into me and become something else. Strength. Talent.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Guilt? Sure. Every day I had to walk by Xeroxes on telephone poles. 'Fifty dollar reward for our beloved pet.' Sad.

(beat)

After about three weeks my hand slipped and the scalpel slit his throat. That night I went upstairs and wrote my first story. It was about a boy and his dog and their many adventures together.

SIEGL

You're sick.

HARRY

It's no different than what you do. You're a trial lawyer. Winners. Losers. No one gets anything unless someone else hurts.

SIEGL

I want you out of here or I'm going to call the police.

HARRY

I don't enjoy taking away innocent lives, Mr. Siegl. But you- You should have kept your nose out of my personal things.

Siegl attempts to run away. Harry takes off after him. Siegl, surprisingly nimble, makes it to the front door. He swings it open.

SIEGL

Help! Help!

Harry grabs Siegl around the neck. Harry looks around the street as he pulls his employer back inside. He slams the door shut. He hurls Siegl to the carpet. He seizes a fire iron from the fireplace.

HARRY

Your eyes.

He brings the iron into Siegl's back. Siegl screams and tries to crawl away.

HARRY

Have corrupted.

He strikes Siegl again.

SIEGL

No! No!

HARRY

My work!

Again, Harry brings the iron into Siegl, and then again. Eventually, the screaming stops, and Harry stops swinging.

He stares at Siegl's body. He looks down at his hands and jogging suit, covered in blood. He drops the fire iron.

And it's then a vague shape appears in the hallway behind Harry.

Harry feels the presence and he turns to see Tracy - one of the receptionists at the front desk of the law office, standing there in her underwear, wearing one of Siegl's dress shirts.

She starts to cry and turns, and runs -

HARRY

Tracy! No. Wait - Wait!

Harry takes off after her.

EXT. SIEGL'S BACKYARD - DAY

Tracy stumbles out of the house and into the backyard. She's trying to scream, but can't really find the breath to do so.

She sees the neighbor's house, and runs toward that.

INT. COP CAR

TWO COPS drive along the suburban streets. MAY ROSE's voice comes from the police radio.

MAY ROSE (O.S.)

-a disturbance at fifty-one Halstead--
Neighbor heard a cry for help-

The driving cop speaks into the radio.

DRIVING COP

We're right there, May Rose. We'll
check it out.

EXT. SIEGL'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Tracy arrives at the back door of the neighbor's house. There is a dog chained up in the backyard, BARKING LIKE CRAZY at her. She turns and sees Harry running out of her house next door, and toward her.

She SLAMS on the rear door.

TRACY
PLEASE! PLEASE, OPEN UP! EARL
WAS KILLED!! PLEASE!!

Harry is getting closer.

TRACY
NO!!

She turns and runs again, but Harry dives at her, stumbling. He grabs a part of the shirt she's wearing, pulling it -

The shirt tears out of his grip, and the girl starts SCREAMING at the top of her lungs.

EXT. SIEGL'S HOME

The police car parks in front of the house. The two cops get out of the car, and they head laconically toward the front door.

Then they hear Tracy's SCREAMS. They can't tell where it's coming from - Siegl's house? - and they move quickly toward Siegl's front door.

EXT. SIEGL'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry catches up to Tracy again, and he grabs her from behind. He wraps his hand around her mouth, violently pulling her back.

HARRY
No, Tracy, please. Shh! Shh!
You don't understand!

Tracy fights him, hard. She kicks her legs as she's lifted off the ground.

She reaches back, scraping her nails along Harry's neck, which definitely hurts.

HARRY
No! Please! You don't understand!

INT. SIEGL'S HOME

The two Cops enter the house and see Siegl's corpse.
They look on in horror.

DRIVING COP
Oh my God. Oh my God.

OTHER COP
Where'd those screams come from,
Jack?

They look around, and see the hallway leading to the back.

EXT. SIEGL'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry, understandably worried, drags Tracy around the side of the house as he continues holding his hand tightly over her mouth and nose as he twists her neck. She is suffocating.

HARRY
Hold on! Just hold on a second!

Tracy spasms one final time.

HARRY
Hold on.

She dies. It takes Harry a moment to realize this. When he does, he lets her fall to the lawn. He looks down at himself. He's now a bloody mess, covered in blood, his face scratched up and bleeding.

He's upset with himself.

HARRY
Fuck. Harry. Fuck.

He hears the cops nearby -

OTHER COP (O.S.)
You take down there!

Harry begins running.

EXT. VARIOUS BACKYARDS - MOMENTS LATER

Harry runs from one backyard to the next, turning around occasionally to see if anyone is behind him.

He sees a wooded area behind the homes and he runs into it.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Harry is wading through a creek, waist deep, splashing water onto himself, trying to clean off the blood.

EXT. DANE BACKYARD - LATER

The family barbecue is in full swing. There are folding tables with disposable tablecloths, Styrofoam plates and cups. The extended family mingles and eats.

GAVIN

is doing a strange dance for a little girl, PAMELA. He is holding a plate of potato salad in one hand. He improvises a song:

GAVIN

My name is Pamela
I'm a little goof ball
See how I dance
Like an idiotic twerp!

Pamela squeals with laughter.

PAMELA

I don't dance like that!

GAVIN

Do too.

PAMELA

I most certainly do not.

GAVIN

Then how do you dance, then?

PAMELA

Like this.

Pamela does a ridiculous little twist.

GAVIN

Ah, you wouldn't last for two days
on the Chautauqua circuit with
that thing! They'd throw tomatoes
at you!

Pamela laughs harder.

PAMELA

Oranges!

GAVIN

Pies!

PAMELA

Pop-Tarts!

GAVIN

Dead monkeys!

Pamela squeals and runs away. Gavin runs after her, acting
like a monkey himself. He passes a small tree.

HARRY is hiding behind the tree.

Gavin stops, and walks back to him.

GAVIN

Harry.

HARRY

Psst!

GAVIN

I already saw you.

HARRY

Something to think about in the
future is number one, don't lose
your head, and number two, if you
set rules for yourself, stick to
the fucking rules.

GAVIN

You have mud all over you.

HARRY

I need a wet towel. And a jacket.

GAVIN'S UNCLE AND AUNT

are watching their nephew from across the lawn, where
Harry is hidden by the tree.

UNCLE

That boy is getting crazier and crazier. Look, Leota, he's talking to a tree!

Gavin hands Harry the potato salad and walks toward the back door of his house.

Harry waits. He takes a bite of potato salad.

INT. GAVIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin takes a jacket from his closet.

INT. DANE UTILITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Various relatives are gathered, chatting. Gavin enters. He opens up a cabinet and removes a towel. He places it in the sink, running water over it.

ANOTHER UNCLE

Somebody spill something again, Gavin?

GAVIN

Your wife's drunk again. She vomited on the barbecue pit.

The uncle looks away, ashamed. Gavin walks out of the utility room and into the backyard.

EXT. DANE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin hands Harry the towel and the jacket.

GAVIN

Here.

Harry wipes his face with the towel.

HARRY

There's something I need to show you.

GAVIN

What?

HARRY

I wanted to wait. But I need to show you now. Come to my house.

Gavin looks around the backyard.

GAVIN

Today's my grandma's birthday.
She has pancreatic cancer.

HARRY

But this is important.

Gavin nods. He and Harry walk off together. Gavin brings the potato salad with him.

CASEY,

on the other side of the yard, watches her son walk off with this strange man.

INT. HARRY'S DEN - LATER

Harry pulls the enormous trunk away from the wall. He unlocks it with a key. He opens it. The trunk is filled with the oversized children's books.

HARRY

Twenty-two books, Gavin. A
lifetime. A lifetime's worth of
work.

Gavin looks at the manuscripts in awe: "THE BUTTERFLY WITH ONE WING," "THE NEW, IMPROVED RAPUNZEL," and more. Harry touches "EGGPLANT THE SEA MONSTER."

HARRY

This one's new. It's nearly
finished. It's my masterpiece,
Gavin.

Gavin brushes them with his fingers. Harry puts his hand on the boy's back.

HARRY

You wouldn't believe what I have
to go through to write these things.

(beat)

You're the first one to see them.

(beat)

Does it feel like discovering
America?

GAVIN

A little.

HARRY

Pick one up.

Gavin picks one up: The Butterfly with One Wing. The artwork on the cover is like something out of time.

As opens the cover, it's a magical moment. Gavin looks at the artwork and tears come to his eyes.

Inside, the artwork of a sad little butterfly, it flickers, just a bit - an almost imperceptible movement and life.

Tears come to Gavin's eyes as he continues to read.

LATER

Gavin and Harry sit amongst the books. Gavin is reading a different book now - probably the last of all the books. He wipes more tears from his eyes as he finishes it. He closes it, apologizing for his emotions -

GAVIN

Sorry.

HARRY

I've kept them pure, Gavin. I haven't profited from them in any way. Their one purpose is to create a sense of wonderment in unformed souls. That would be worth a lot to do that, don't you think?

GAVIN

Yes. Why are you showing me?

HARRY

If something happens to me I need someone to take care of these.

GAVIN

What would happen?

HARRY

Today I made an error in judgment.

GAVIN

What kind of-?

HARRY

If something happens. I want you to publish them. One every two years. Share some money with Lucy.

GAVIN

Why don't you have Lucy do it?

HARRY

Lucy doesn't understand literature.
When I saw you lying on my lawn,
Gavin, that was when I knew. You're
the midwife.

GAVIN

The what?

HARRY

You were born to deliver me.

INT. HARRY'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

LOUD, FESTIVE MUSIC emits from the turntable.

Gavin is drunk. He is crawling across the floor and
laughing hysterically.

Harry and Lucy are dancing, laughing with their arms around
each other. Harry has a bottle of bourbon in one hand.
He guzzles it. They dance by Gavin and Gavin opens his
mouth. Harry pours bourbon down his throat. Gavin laughs,
spitting most of it up onto the carpet.

Harry spins Lucy off to the side, where she dances by
herself with her eyes closed. Harry dances for the two
of them as if performing.

Harry pulls up Gavin and they dance together. Gavin's
face falls into Harry's chest as he laughs hysterically.
They hug each other. Gavin twirls away, doing a dance by
himself.

He and Lucy come together, as if by accident, and dance
with their arms around each other. Harry dances behind
them. Gavin and Lucy stare at each other. Their smiles
disappear.

FADE TO:

INT. DANE STAIRWELL/UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Gavin, drunk, drags the trunk of books up the stairwell.
Casey approaches him from the bottom of the steps.

CASEY

Gavin, what do you have?

GAVIN

Something Harry gave me. And don't
open it up! A rule.

CASEY

Was he the man you left the party
with?

GAVIN

Blah, blah, blah.

CASEY

You're drunk.

GAVIN

Oooo!

CASEY

Don't talk like that to me, Gavin.
Who is he?

GAVIN

Persnickety, persnickety.

Gavin starts laughing and almost falls down. He arrives
at the second floor with the chest.

CASEY

Gavin. Dammit. Gavin.

GAVIN

Leave me alone.

Casey follows him up the stairs.

CASEY

I'm your mother.

GAVIN

You're not my mother.

Gavin drags the trunk across the second floor.

CASEY

You're drunk.

GAVIN

You're not my mother. I have a
new family now.

Gavin pulls the trunk in through the doorway of his
bedroom.

CASEY

Gavin, you're drunk!

INT. GAVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gavin slams the door.

GAVIN

Eat a poo!

Gavin giggles, collapsing to the floor.

INTERCUT BEDROOM AND HALL

CASEY

I am not going to eat a poo!

Gavin giggles behind the closed door.

CASEY

You're grounded, Gavin, that's it,
you're grounded, you hear?

Casey stares at the door, not knowing what else to say.

CASEY

You're drunk!

INT. THE CELLAR - NIGHT

CLOSEUP: HARRY. He's still drunk as well.

HARRY

God was kinder to Abraham than me,
Cindy. In the last moment, he
pulled him back from killing his
son. Me, he pushed further. Again
and again.

Harry pauses. He presses a particularly large scalpel
against his lips.

HARRY

Sometimes I'm afraid. Sometimes
I'm afraid that I've made some
sort of miscalculation. But I
know- I know I would have never
done these things, this, if not
for beauty. If not for love.

There is a flash of scalpel across skin, slicing it, and
a muffled scream.

Another slash.

And then another.

INT. FITZGIBBON, CRANE, & SIEGL - DAY

Harry, wearing a turtleneck sweater, walks into the law office. He looks around and sees everyone there is distraught. The Receptionist is flushed and talking to a co-worker at the front desk. She turns and sees Harry. She breaks down in tears, running towards him.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, Harry.

She hugs him. Harry is confused, but he hugs her back. He looks at her.

RECEPTIONIST

Harry, didn't you hear? It's Tracy, and Earl. They were murdered at his house this weekend.

Harry blanches. He again looks around the offices. Everyone is sad. For some reason, he seems surprised by this, uncomfortable with it.

He also sees, in a glass office in the back, two PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES talking to one of the law partners.

RECEPTIONIST

Tracy and Earl, Harry - I knew about it. I knew it was a mistake. I tried to tell her, Harry.

HARRY

(re: Detectives)

Who's... that?

RECEPTIONIST

They're detectives. Seeing if anyone knows anything. Tracy's boyfriend is in custody. That son-of-a-bitch. He was always so jealous. I told her this was a mistake.

Harry is confused.

INT. LAW OFFICE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harry moves into the bathroom, looking upset. He paces there for a moment.

Then he leans on the sink, trying to gain his breath.

He looks at himself in the mirror, and pulls down the turtleneck collar to see the deep scrapes there from Tracy.

EXT. DES TORRES HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Harry sits in his car. He's parked next to the school. Camping gear is secured to the top of his car.

Students file out of the school, the end of the day.

GAVIN ambles past the front of the car. Harry beeps the horn lightly, and Gavin turns to see him. Gavin smiles. He approaches Harry's open window. Harry looks nervous.

HARRY

Hey.

GAVIN

Hi.

HARRY

Gav.

Gavin sees some suitcases and an easel in Harry's back seat.

GAVIN

You going somewhere?

HARRY

Just out of town for a couple of days. There were some problems at work I need to... get away from. So I took a couple of days off.

Gavin looks at the camping equipment on the roof.

GAVIN

Camping?

HARRY

I don't like hotels. Anyway, I just wanted to let you know I was going.

Harry pats Gavin lightly. He lets his hand rest there on Gavin's neck. Gavin touches Harry's hand. Harry looks legitimately touched.

GAVIN

I had- it was fun.

HARRY

Yeah.

Harry notices the small cut, and part of the Magic Marker rectangle below Gavin's collar bone.

HARRY

What's that?

Gavin covers it up.

GAVIN

Nothing.

Harry stares at him.

GAVIN

It doesn't matter. I'm not going to do it anymore.

Harry nods. He puts the car into drive.

HARRY

I'll see you in a couple of days. Stop by and see Lucy. She likes you.

Gavin nods. Harry smiles at him, slightly, and takes off.

EXT. HARRY'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Gavin knocks on Lucy's front door. Lucy opens it. She smiles when she sees him.

LUCY

Hello.

GAVIN

Hello.

LUCY

I made gumbo.

GAVIN

Oh.

LUCY

I wasn't sure what's in gumbo. I put peppers in it, and chicken. Meat. Onions. Four tomatoes. Harry's in Illinois.

GAVIN

I knew he was somewhere.

LUCY
Have you ever eaten gumbo?

Gavin shakes his head.

LUCY
Well, then, come in and eat some.
(rolls her eyes)
You won't even know if it's gumbo
or not!

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN

Lucy and Gavin sit at the table, eating gumbo.
They don't say anything for a long, long while.
Then:

GAVIN
Mmm.

LATER

Lucy and Gavin are standing at the sink. Lucy washes dishes. Gavin dries them.

INT. HARRY'S GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy and Gavin sit across from each other at the dining room table, playing Battleship.

	LUCY
B4.	
	GAVIN
Miss. D2.	
	LUCY
Miss. E3.	
	GAVIN
Miss. A3.	
	LUCY
Miss. E5.	
	GAVIN
Miss. A7.	
	LUCY
Miss. C4.	

GAVIN

Miss.

INT. HARRY'S FRONT ROOM

Lucy and Gavin are eating cookies, sitting on the floor in front of the television. Gavin is cutting up a folded piece of paper. He sets down the scissors and opens it up, revealing a long string of globule shapes.

LUCY

What's that?

GAVIN

It's the shape of being an idiot.
A lot of times.

LUCY

What would you do if I threw this
cookie at you?

Gavin contemplates this. He's not sure what he'd do.

LUCY

I'm going to try.

Lucy chucks the cookie at Gavin. It strikes him in the head. Lucy laughs. Gavin stands up. Lucy flinches as if he's going to hit her, but he doesn't come near her.

Instead, he walks around the room. He has a little grin. He carefully hides a cookie in his palm, walks behind Lucy, and crumbles it onto her head. Lucy squeals.

She stands up, backing away from him.

She takes a sip from her soda and spits it on him. She runs off into the hall.

Gavin sweeps up his soda and takes a huge gulp from it, filling his cheeks.

INT. HARRY'S HALLWAY

Lucy looks back over her shoulder, screaming, as she runs away from Gavin. He is having a difficult time from laughing with his cheeks full of liquid.

INT. HARRY'S GAME ROOM

They circle the table, facing off against each other. More liquid dribbles over Gavin's chin as he laughs.

They throw books from the bookshelves at each other and run out of the room.

INT. HARRY'S HALLWAY

Gavin chases her through the hallway again and into the kitchen.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN

Lucy takes a ketchup bottle off the counter and squirts Gavin with it.

Gavin spits the soda out of his mouth at her, but there is so little left it doesn't make an impact.

Lucy runs out of the kitchen.

INT. HARRY'S FRONT ROOM

Gavin tackles Lucy as she squeals. He brings her to the ground. She continues squealing as she tries to get away, but he pins her wrists above her head. Gavin enters a daze as she squirms beneath him. He lies still on top of her.

Lucy stops moving. She stares up at him. They stare at each other, breathing heavily.

LUCY

Your cock is hard.

Gavin jumps off of her. He sits, facing away from her. He pulls his knees against his chest. Lucy stays lying on her back, looking at the ceiling.

LUCY

Are you in love with me?

GAVIN

No.

LUCY

You look at me all the time. You look at my ass.

GAVIN

That's a lie.

LUCY

Do you think I'm pretty?

GAVIN

No way.

Lucy gets up and sits down next to him. She stares at his profile. He won't return her gaze.

LUCY

Are you in love with me?

GAVIN

No.

LUCY

Do you think about being with me?
Have you ever tried to imagine me
naked?

GAVIN

Shut up.

Lucy looks at Gavin's crotch.

LUCY

Do you want to stick it in me?
Wonk, wonk, wonk.

GAVIN

I have to go home. I already got
in trouble once for staying here
late!

Lucy embraces Gavin tightly. She leans over and kisses his cheek hard, with her eyes closed, like a little girl practicing against the mirror. She backs away.

LUCY

Are you in love with me?

Gavin shakes his head no. Lucy kisses him again, more sensuously this time. She kisses him on the face, closer to his lips. She grabs hold of his chin, trying to pull his lips onto hers.

Eventually, she's successful, and Gavin kisses her back.

Lucy pushes him backwards onto the ground, kissing him frantically, flushed, making small noises. Lucy unzips her pants, pushing his hand inside. She sits up bobbing against his hand. As she does, she rubs both hands against the outside of his crotch.

Lucy begins to orgasm, and, as she does, Gavin does too. Lucy brings her face down into his, mashing her face against his -- not her lips, just her face -- and clutching him tightly.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lucy is in Gavin's arms. He cradles her from behind. She holds onto his arm. They are both staring forward.

LUCY

Did you read Harry's books?

GAVIN

Nine.

LUCY

What are they about?

GAVIN

I guess, bliss.

LUCY

Are they the kind you would buy in a store- What's the kind of - ?

GAVIN

A bookstore.

LUCY

Would you buy them in a bookstore?

GAVIN

Yes. I would definitely buy them. Even now. Even though I'm not a kid.

LUCY

And you like books?

GAVIN

Yes.

Long pause.

LUCY

Are you in love with me?

Long pause.

GAVIN

Yes.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

Three young people with backpacks, ROB, CARL, and GWEN, sit around a campfire with Harry.

They twirl hot dogs on metal pokers over a fire, laughing and joking and smoking pot.

Gwen eyes Harry.

GWEN

You camp out here often, Harry?

HARRY

No, Gwen. I've actually never been to this site.

ROB

Being out here all alone though, man, don't you go kind of crazy just being with yourself like that?

GWEN

I think it'd be great, just out here all alone, nothing between me and nature.

CARL

I think it's just cool for us, to just happen by somebody with the major dogs.

Carl holds up his hot dog. Harry takes a hit off the joint.

HARRY

You folks been backpacking all by yourselves, or are there others of you wandering around here?

GWEN

No, just us. We'll be out here-what?

ROB

Three days.

GWEN

Three days or so. Carl and I have to be back to work on Monday.

Harry takes his hot dog off the poker and puts it on a bun.

CARL

You guys want to hear a joke I head the other day? I don't know if it's that funny or -

ROB
No, not your joke, dude.

CARL
Dude.

GWEN
Yes. Go ahead, Carl.

CARL
Okay. So these four nuns die, and they go up and they're standing at the gates of heaven, and Saint Peter-

Harry sticks his poker through Carl's neck. Carl falls back onto the ground as a fountain of blood spouts from his neck.

Gwen jumps up and screams. Rob backs away.

ROB
Oh, motherfuck, oh motherfuck!

Harry swings the poker across Gwen's face, knocking her over. He stabs the poker into her, leaving it there.

ROB is running away. Harry tackles him, bringing him to the ground. Rob turns around and punches Harry twice, two good blows, knocking him back. Harry is surprised.

ROB
You're crazy, motherfucker!

Harry is on the ground, reeling from the punches. Rob looks over to Gwen, who's unconscious. He looks over at Carl, who is now dead.

ROB
He wanted to be an orthodontist!

Harry pops up in front of Rob.

HARRY
You're strong. I should have seen that.

Rob looks down at Gwen, realizing he can't run without leaving her there.

He runs.

Harry chases him up a hill through some trees. He grabs hold of Rob's arm, and they tumble down the hill.

Harry punches him, but Rob grabs the sides of Harry's head and smashes it into a rock. Harry knocks him backwards and jolts upward. Harry kicks him into unconsciousness.

Harry drags Rob a few feet away from Gwen.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Gavin and Lucy travel down the aisle of a supermarket. Gavin pushes a shopping cart full of crap food. Lucy runs ahead gathering items.

Gavin stops next to a freezer. He picks up some vanilla ice cream.

GAVIN

What about this?

LUCY

That's gross. I don't eat foods that are white.

Gavin puts it back. They move on.

GAVIN

Nothing?

LUCY

Nope.

GAVIN

Milk?

LUCY

Uh uh.

GAVIN

Mayonnaise?

LUCY

Noooo.

GAVIN

Cream of Wheat?

LUCY

Cream of Wheat's not white. It's beige. I eat all foods that are beige. Toast is beige. I wonder what Harry's doing now. Something fun, I bet.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT

Harry is grabbing onto Rob's head and cutting off one of his eyebrows.

Rob and Gwen are propped up, tied to the structure of the tent. Their arms are out wide. Their feet hang over the ground. Their mouths are wrapped over with duct tape a number of times. Only Rob is conscious, screaming through the tape.

When Harry is finished cutting off the eyebrow, he holds the eyebrow in his hand and looks at it.

HARRY

Caterpillar.

INT. SUPERMARKET

Lucy holds onto the edge of the cart, riding on it as Gavin pushes it quickly down an aisle.

LUCY

Stop! Stop!

Lucy jumps off.

LUCY

I'm gonna go get some Hostess.

You get some-

(she thinks)

Batteries!

Lucy disappears.

Gavin rolls the cart down the aisle, when he notices a long, long crack in the floor. He follows it.

He follows it out of the aisle and into the main length of store. The line curls, and Gavin focuses on it, curling along with it -- following it like he followed the moon and the Ace bandage. Other shoppers have to get out of his way as he jerks left and right.

The crack turns down another aisle. Gavin quickens his pace. The line turns sharply. It runs straight into the shelf.

Gavin stops the cart. He looks from the line, straight up the shelves.

A "GILA FLAKES" CEREAL BOX

is on the top shelf. On the box is a cartoon lizard.

Gavin looks around to see if anyone's watching, then he lurches, grabbing the box. He almost drops it in his haste.

Gavin examines the box. He looks at the back. The back reads:

FIND YOUR WAY TO THE CELLAR AND YOU
WILL GET THE SECRET SPECIAL SURPRISE!

Beneath the words are a cartoon maze leading into a cellar.

Lucy appears at the end of the aisle, holding an armful of products.

LUCY

Stuff! What are you looking at?

Gavin holds up the box for her to see.

GAVIN

This.

LUCY

What? They're just Gila Flakes. Harry used to eat Gila Flakes all the time. Till one day he woke up and decided they were stupid. He didn't want to eat them. He threw them at my head!

GAVIN

Oh.

Lucy drops her products in the cart.

LUCY

Come on! Shopping's cool!

Lucy hurries down the aisle. Gavin puts the Gila Flakes in the cart. He follows her.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

MUSIC plays.

Harry's easel is in the center of the tent. He is drawing. Robert and Gwen are still propped, on either side of him, awake and sobbing. They are both mutilated.

Harry paints in a mystic reverie, the loops and swirls coming from his ink pen without effort.

CLOSEUP -- A PERFECT BABY SEA MONSTER

CLOSEUP -- A WONDERFUL LITTLE GIRL

CLOSEUP -- THE ULTIMATE SEA MONSTER CITY

Harry tears off the page in a fluid arc, sets it beside him, and starts in on the next.

He throws his head back, his eyes closed in ecstasy. His hand moves automatically in front of him, as if being guided by God. **AND THE IMAGES COME TO FLICKERING LIFE,** *partially animated, floating in and around Harry as he draws in the tent - a happy little girl wearing an underwater sea helmet holding the hand of her baby sea monster friend and floating around the underwater city.*

The campers squeal.

FADE TO:

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

A phone is RINGING on the counter. Through the window behind it, we can see Lucy and Gavin GIGGLING and planting flowers in the backyard.

The answering machine answers:

HARRY (O.S.)

Hey, this is Harry, leave a message.

BRANCH (O.S.)

Hi, Harry, this is Amy Branch, one of the detectives on the case of your old boss, Earl Siegl. I was wondering if you could give me a call back at your earliest convenience at 636-880-

EXT. HARRY'S BACKYARD

Lucy is using a spade to dig a new hole at the end of the row of flowers.

Gavin takes a flower from a small crate, cupping the plant in his hands. He drops it into Lucy's hole.

Lucy starts digging another one.

Gavin looks around the backyard. He looks at the cellar door where he almost tripped the first night he was there.

GAVIN

What's that?

LUCY

Cellar.

GAVIN

Cellar.

LUCY

I'm not allowed to go in there.
Harry goes in there a lot.

GAVIN

What's in there?

LUCY

A dog.

GAVIN

A dog?

LUCY

I told Harry I wanted a dog. A small white one with hair that grew in different directions. But Harry said no. And then he went out and got a dog for himself, because he doesn't like to share anything. It's not fair.

GAVIN

You think a dog could be considered... a Secret Special Surprise?

LUCY

A Secret-? Yes, definitely!

GAVIN

I like dogs.

Gavin walks toward the cellar. Lucy puts down the spade and follows him.

LUCY

Sometimes I've heard crying, that's how I know.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

It whimpers because it's waiting for Harry to come home. Then he plays with it, gets scrapes on his arms, and tells me big fat lies about saving rabbits that he crushes with his own weight.

Gavin kneels in front of the cellar. He pulls on the doors. They won't open. He cups the padlock in his hand.

LUCY

But I don't know how to get in!

Gavin leans over. He closes one eye and tries to peek through the crack.

GAVIN

I can't see anything.

LUCY

There are keys. I don't know where.

Gavin lifts his head, remembering something.

GAVIN

Do you have a- Do you have a carousel?

LUCY

What?

GAVIN

A merry-go-round... round thing with the horses. The key might be in the carous-

LUCY

I know what a carousel is.

Lucy thinks.

LUCY

Oh.

Lucy covers her mouth with her hand.

LUCY

Why would it be there?

GAVIN

I think that's where it is.

She nods. She begins walking backwards, toward the house, excited.

LUCY

Should I go in? See if it's there?

GAVIN

Okay.

Lucy pivots and runs into the house. Gavin kneels on the cellar doors. He puts his mouth against the crack.

GAVIN

Hello, dog. Hello, dog. Hello.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Harry is in his car, driving home. A pop song is playing on the radio. He taps the rhythm on the steering wheel and sings along. He's in a fine mood.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM

A small, WIND-UP CAROUSEL sits on Harry's dresser.

Lucy runs to it. She picks it up. She looks around it, behind it. She shakes the carousel. A horse falls off. She puts it back on.

There is no key. She sets the carousel down.

Lucy lightly punches the dresser. She starts to leave.

At the doorway, she stops. The light of revelation fills her eyes. She dashes out.

EXT. HARRY'S BACKYARD

Gavin still has his mouth against the cracks. He is barking like a dog into the cellar.

INT. HARRY'S DEN

Lucy runs into the den.

A PLASTIC LAZY SUSAN sits on a small table. Jars of ink, pens and nibs are on it. Lucy twirls the lazy Susan in a circle, then stops it with her hand.

There, in the center, is a large key ring.

Lucy squeals. She cups the keys in her hands. She runs out of the room, holding them out in front of her.

EXT. HARRY'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy scrambles onto the back porch. She holds up the keys for Gavin to see. She squeaks joyfully.

MOMENTS LATER

Lucy tries the different keys in the padlock. Finally, one of them unlocks the lock.

Gavin swings open the door. It is fairly dark inside.

They jump onto the steps.

INT. CELLAR

Gavin and Lucy walk down the steps.

GAVIN

I hear it.

LUCY

Hello, doggie. Don't be afraid.

GAVIN

It stinks in here.

Lucy finds the light switch on the wall.

LUCY

Lights.

She flips on the overhead light. Gavin and Lucy can see the rectangular cut-outs and into the cage.

CINDY

is there. Her eyes are empty sockets stuffed with cotton. Her nose has been removed. She has no arms or legs. The rest of her body is a mass of scars and sores. The young girl writhes like a sick, dying worm. She is barely alive.

Lucy and Gavin stare. They move slowly to opposite sides of the cage. Lucy looks at Gavin.

LUCY

It's not a dog.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE

Harry pulls up into the driveway.

Harry grabs a couple of suitcases from the back seat. He walks toward the front door.

INT. CELLAR

Lucy falls in closer to the cage, holding onto one of the rectangular openings and peering inside. She whispers.

LUCY
911, 911, 911.

Gavin gets closer to the cage.

LUCY
We have to call 911, Gavin.

INT. HARRY'S FRONT ROOM

Harry is holding his suitcases, looking around for Lucy.

HARRY
Lucy! Lucy!

He walks into the Kitchen.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN

Harry looks around, holding the two large suitcases.

HARRY
Lucy!
(muttering)
Dammit. What am I going to do
with all this stuff?

Harry sees a tray of newly-baked cookies on the table. He sets down his suitcases. He picks up a cookie, and takes a bite out of it.

As he does, he sees out the window and into the backyard. He moves closer. The cellar door is clearly open.

Tosses down the cookie. Rushes to the kitchen. Flings open a cabinet door.

THE REVOLVER is there, lying in its case. He grabs the gun. Knocks open the chamber to make sure it's loaded.

It is.

Harry hurls himself out the back door.

EXT. HARRY'S BACKYARD

He moves across the back lawn. He stuffs the gun in the back of his belt.

INT. CELLAR

Lucy glances across the cage at Gavin. Gavin cannot stop staring at Cindy. Lucy backs away from the cage.

LUCY

Come on. Come with me, Gavin.

Gavin continues staring.

LUCY

Come on.

Finally, Gavin steps away from the cage. Lucy starts up the stairs. Gavin looks back at Cindy as he follows her.

Lucy gazes up the stairs.

HARRY steps into the cellar's opening.

Lucy backs away from him.

Harry comes down the stairs.

HARRY

What are you doing down here?

CINDY whimpers softly at the sound of Harry's voice.

HARRY ignores her.

GAVIN

You tortured her.

HARRY

I took you off the streets, Lucy.
One room. I told you one room was
off limits. I think I have a right
to my own private space, don't
you?

Lucy nods.

GAVIN

She was a girl.

LUCY

Harry, we need to finish planting the flowers.

GAVIN

I thought you were my friend.
You're an - you're an asshole.

Beat.

HARRY

I am not an asshole.

GAVIN

Fuck you.

HARRY

Don't be saying that.

LUCY

They're in the sun. Their roots will dry out.

GAVIN

I'm going to take her out.

HARRY

Hold on, cowboy -

GAVIN

I'll take her out. I'll bring her up near the cars driving by. And everyone will see.

HARRY

That's - Listen.

GAVIN

Everyone will know what you are. The cars driving by will say, 'I'll never read his books.'

HARRY

You're overreacting.

LUCY

The flowers! Upstairs! Dry roots, Harry!

(crying)

We thought there was a dog in here.

Harry is losing his cool.

HARRY

Listen. I asked you, Gavin, if it would be worth a lot to create a sense of wonderment.

GAVIN

That's not - NO.

HARRY

You can't take something out of the pot unless you put something back in. God chose me!

GAVIN

That's not God.

HARRY

It's God.

GAVIN

Fuck you.

HARRY

I told you-

Harry grabs the back of Gavin's neck and slams his face into a cut-out on top of the cage. Pins him there. Gavin stares down at Cindy.

CINDY screams through her sewn lips. She thrashes a couple of times, a last gust of life, as Harry speaks.

HARRY

Look, Gavin! Wipe away the veils people put up to hide what the world really is! The veils of business, and competition! This is in the hearts of everyone!

GAVIN

Not in my heart.

LUCY

Stop, Harry!

HARRY

Yours, Gavin. Face it. This is nothing that other people haven't done! One can only succeed at the expense of another. I've simply reduced the mechanics of existence to its pure essence!

Cindy grows silent. Her body is limp. She's not breathing.

Tears are in Lucy's eyes.

LUCY

She's dead.

Harry slowly lets go of Gavin's neck.

HARRY

Well, there. All right? Your big dilemma is solved. There's no one to save. She's fucking dead.

Gavin starts going through the keys, trying out each one on the cage padlock.

HARRY

So let's go have some of those cookies in the kitchen. All right? And the two of you can forget that you ever saw -

Gavin opens the cage door.

HARRY

Gavin. Gavin, What are you doing?

Gavin crawls inside the cage.

HARRY

Gavin.

Gavin wraps Cindy's body in the tarp, and begins to lift her. He steps out of the cage with her.

GAVIN

I'm going to bury her.

Gavin moves past Harry and up the stairs.

HARRY

Hey. That's not how we do it.

Gavin keeps walking up the stairs.

HARRY

Stop, Gavin. Stop. Stop.

Harry looks at Lucy.

Lucy stares, dead-eyed and numb. Harry is disgusted.

EXT. HARRY'S BACKYARD

Gavin emerges up into the backyard, cradling Cindy's body. He looks over the yard; the green grass, flowers, and blue sky surround him. Tears spill down his face.

HARRY walks up behind him. He circles to face Gavin, blocking him, placing his hand on Gavin's shoulder.

Lucy walks out of the cellar behind them, near catatonic.

HARRY

Be rational.

Gavin is crying. He pivots, yanking the girl's body away from Harry. He screams, far louder than we've ever heard him before.

GAVIN

DON'T TOUCH HER!

HARRY

Let me-

Gavin swings away again. Harry scuffles around Gavin, trying to grab the body from him as Gavin keeps pulling it away.

HARRY

Gavin.

GAVIN

Get away!

HARRY

Gav-

GAVIN

Fuck you!

HARRY

Give me, Godda-

Gavin clutches Cindy's body against his chest as he crumples in tears.

GAVIN

I'm going to bury-

Harry strikes Gavin, hard, knocking him onto the grass. Gavin wipes the blood from his mouth. He starts to stand again. He goes to lift Cindy's body again.

Harry pulls the gun from his belt. He strikes Gavin with the gun.

Lucy backs away.

Harry looks up and sees her.

HARRY

Stay the fuck there, Lucy!

Harry slams the gun into Gavin's face again, and again, and again. He is angry, an animal, utterly driven by emotion.

He flips Gavin onto his stomach. He pins Gavin's wrists with his knee. He stuffs the gun into the back of his belt again. He rips off part of Gavin's shirt and begins to tie his hands together.

HARRY

Now YOU go in the fucking cage,
Gavin. I work and I work. It
never stops. I thought you were
something- but you're just another
hurdle.

Harry stops. He feels something behind him.

LUCY

appears, over his shoulder. She's taken the gun from Harry. She slowly lifts it and points it at the back of his head. Cocks it.

HARRY

Lucy.

Harry turns toward her.

Lucy pulls the trigger. The bullet clips the side of Harry's head, enough to knock him back and daze him. He looks up at her, holding his hand over the wound.

HARRY

No! Wait!

Lucy pulls the trigger again. Half of Harry's face disappears, but he still shouts, holding out his hand.

Lucy pulls the trigger again.

Harry lies on his back. His head is almost completely gone. His arms flip up and down with nerves.

Lucy stares blankly forward.

Gavin struggles to lift Cindy's body. He falls. He tries again. This time he's able to stand straight. He cradles Cindy in his arms.

FADE TO:

INSERT - CARD - "SOME YEARS PASS"

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

CLOSEUP: A WOMAN'S HAND

is signing an illustration in a children's book. The signature reads "Lucy Tyros." She closes the book.

The cover reads,

EGGPLANT THE SEA MONSTER

By Lucy Tyros

REVEAL LUCY

She is a few years older, wearing makeup and a pretty dress. She hands the book to a YOUNG WOMAN. The young woman is very excited.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh, thank you, Ms. Tyros. Your books they've really - they've changed my life. They're the most beautiful things in the world.

Lucy nods. She's thinking of something else.

The young woman turns away. Behind her is an enormous line of people, waiting to have their books signed.

A DISPLAY STAND

of books authored by Lucy Tyros is beside the signing table, featuring "EGGPLANT THE SEA MONSTER," "THE BUTTERFLY WITH ONE WING," and others.

A WHITE MARKER BOARD

is on an easel beside the display. It reads: "LUCY TYROS BOOK SIGNING, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 2 P.M."

EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Gavin, also a few years older, of course, moves along the long line of people curling around the building. He is holding a paper bag.

He pushes himself in between the people in line.

GAVIN

Excuse me. Sorry.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Lucy looks up and sees Gavin. She smiles. She looks over to a BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE.

LUCY

I'm going to take a break.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE

Sure, Ms. Tyros.

Gavin makes sure Lucy sees him pointing to a door on the side of the bookstore. He walks over and through it. Lucy gets up. The Employee speaks to the crowd.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE

Everyone, Ms. Tyros will be back in ten minutes!

Lucy crosses the store, following Gavin through the door -- her fans gawk as she passes them, awed by her presence.

INT. BOOKSTORE STOCK ROOM

Gavin is sitting on a stack of boxes in a room of books and boxes of books. Beside him, a large roll-up door leading to the delivery dock is open.

A park lies behind the bookstore. It is an overwhelmingly beautiful, sunny day. BIRDS SING.

Lucy and Gavin give each other a peck on the lips. Gavin hands Lucy some packaged food from his paper bag.

GAVIN
Ding Dongs. Coke. Disgusting
Fritos.

LUCY
I'm going to die from no food!

Lucy tears open the Fritos. Gavin stuffs half a Twinkie
into his mouth.

GAVIN
How's it going?

LUCY
It's boring. Sometimes I think
I'll never forgive you for making
me write the book! They ask me
questions that don't make sense!

GAVIN
I didn't want to write 'em.

Lucy spots something out the doorway, in the park.

LUCY
Oh!

GAVIN
What?

LUCY
I think I saw a rabbit!

Gavin looks. He doesn't see anything.

GAVIN
You know what I think I saw?

LUCY
What?

GAVIN
A guy with a cat's head on his
human body.

Lucy laughs -- this seems to be the funniest thing she
has ever heard. She covers her mouth.

LUCY
You know what I saw?

GAVIN
What?

Lucy can hardly speak through the laughter.

LUCY

A- A- A- A guy with an- an eyeball
on his- on his- on his- his butt!

Lucy doubles over.

GAVIN

A guy with an eyeball on his butt?!

Lucy nods. Gavin laughs, spitting Twinkie everywhere.

GAVIN

No. An orange and then the peel
started unpeeling and then you
know what was inside?

Lucy shakes her head.

GAVIN

A little tiny me!

LUCY

A King Kong with a bird's head!

GAVIN

A deformed guy!

They both fall in uncontrollable hysterics OUT OF FRAME,
onto the floor.

Suddenly, Lucy stops laughing.

LUCY (O.S.)

Oh! There it goes again!

Lucy and Gavin stand back up INTO FRAME.

They stare out of the doorway and into the park (directly
at US), looking for the rabbit.

FADE OUT.

THE END