

HARRY STARKERS

by

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Based on the Award Winning Play: Voices and More Voices - Stage Reading performed at Tracy Roberts' Studio in Beverly Hills.

A romantic Film Noir dramedy for the longing heart in all of us.

Harry Starkers met the muse of his life during the finals of a seventh-grade spelling B state championship. And never stopped loving her. Even in print.

After his over-bearing father blamed his sudden death on paying for Harry's super-education, Harry Starkers closed his law practice to write wildly successful, cheesy suspense novels about the girl his father wouldn't let him ask to the seventh-grade dance because she wasn't of his faith.

But things have gotten out of hand and his wife has decided with the help of Harry's Psychiatrist to take matters into her own hands, and perhaps rid herself of Harry's craziness and the woman in his head forever.

Offstage actors can perform multiple voices, live or recorded, and their actions are reflected as shadows on the walls. As written, Harry Starkers is an innovative screenplay that creates an opportunity for a director and producers to use their full discretion on who will be seen on camera based on available actors and budget.

1- M and 12 Voices: 5 F - 7 M

FADE IN:

INT. HARRY STARKERS' DETROIT DINGY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Note: As written, we see only Harry and everyone else is projected as shadows. However, if we choose to do so, we may see Angle and Eddie when needed.

Note: Shot in Film Noir style, dark and edgy, with heavy forlorn shadows, cast from a single stand lamp, even though the dialogue somewhat absurd and comedic, it's delivered in a very heavily dramatic Film Noir tone, which may be sped up five percent in editing.

The key light in Harry's eyes is often from the lights outside his single window that overlooks the apartment across the way.

What we are about to experience is a roller coaster ride into Harry's insanity, driven by those voices around him, driving him faster and deeper into a crashing self destruction.

The story opens on the fifth floor of a rat infested, dingy, downtown apartment building. The single window has a ledge.

The walls are dark and water stained. The furnishing a mix matched left-behind junk.

A frayed chair and desk with a 1929 Underwood Typewriter sit against the far wall near the door, with the single standing lamp behind the chair to the left of the hall door, casting the shadow of the typewriter on the wall.

A garbage can is overflowing with crumpled bad ideas.

A filthy hotplate and a crummy painted refrigerator make up the kitchen in the corner. The bathroom is down the hall.

Centered, a broken-down couch is the bed. Rumpled sheets and a frayed blanket are on it. There is no pillow.

Empty beer cans, pizza boxes, and smelly deli bags are scattered about the room.

HARRY STARKERS (late 30s), with modest good looks, is unshaven and unkempt - perhaps hasn't showered in weeks.

He stands halfway out the hall door trying to get rid of his estranged wife, MARY, who sounds far from merry. So, he's not having much luck. Her shadow falls through the open door.

All other characters remain off stage and their actions are seen only as shadows on the walls, or just heard, regardless if they only exist in Harry's head or otherwise.

HARRY

You call me crazy ... but shooting at Peter, my poor innocent publisher, is perfectly sane behavior?

MARY (O.S.)

It is when you consider the target.

HARRY

You're lucky we have the same lawyer.

MARY

Just get rid of her, Harry, or I will.

Harry reaches into the hall as Mary pulls out a gun. Harry grabs it and tries to take it away.

HARRY

My gun? What are you doing done here with my gun? Give me that.

He pulls the gun away.

MARY

You think I'd come down to this dirt bag neighborhood unarmed? Now, let's end this book nonsense.

HARRY

You come close to Angel and I'll edit you out of my life.

Mary kicks Harry on the shins.

Harry backs into the apartment, hopping on one foot, leaning against the door, while holding his other very painful leg.

MARY

For Christ's sake, she's ruining our lives. And she's keeping you trapped in this hellhole - imprisoned like a stinking roof rat.

Mary tries to push her way into the room, forcing the door open. Her shadow looming larger on the wall.

But Harry blocks her way, when he realizes she's going for the finished pages behind him.

HARRY

You loved her when she bought you a matching Cadillac and mink.

MARY

I don't need all those things.
 (like a kitten)
 I just need you, Harry. Come home
 ... think of our child.

Harry does. The brat. Mary makes a move for his book again, forcing Harry to push her back this time.

MARY

Kill the tramp.

HARRY

Never.

Harry is forced to push her in the face to keep her out of door way.

MARY

You're out of your frigging mind.
 You sit at that goddamn typewriter
 and call it safe sex.

Harry finally is able to SLAMS the door.

HARRY

You're just jealous.

MARY (O.S.)

And you're sick. Please let me get
 you some help.

HARRY

Help? You really want to help?

MARY(O.S.)

Yes, anything, I love you.

HARRY

Then help me find a way to save
 Angel. Eddie'll kill her.

MARY (O.S.)

Let him.

HARRY

I can't.

MARY (O.S.)

Then I'm leaving.

HARRY

Good.

MARY (O.S.)
 And I'm calling Doctor Hart, then
 bringing back your mother.

HARRY
 (horrified)
 Don't you dare.

Harry opens the door holding the gun.

HARRY
 Mary. Mary.

But Mary is gone. Harry turns from the door. A condemned man.
 In mixed neon light from the window across his face, his eye
 twitches.

ALLEN WRENCH, (40's) a black quadruple amputee, and a
 neighbor across the way, yells into the open window.

ALLEN (O.S.)
 Yo, Hemingway, shut the hell up
 over there.

Harry goes to the window and sticks his head out.

HARRY
 Oh, am I disturbing All Your Inbred
 Children, Allen?

INTERCUT: INT. SHADOWS IN ALLEN'S APARTMENT/EXT. HARRY
 LEANING OUT HIS WINDOW - NIGHT

Allen is trapped in bed because of having no arms and legs.
 However, all we see is his shadow cast by the light from ALL
 MY CHILDREN on TV.

ALLEN (O.S.)
 Hey, listen, my man, I'm warnin' ya
 for the last umpteenth time. I hear
 any more bullshit, I'm callin' the
 De-troit P.D.

HARRY
 Then shut up. That'll solve half
 the problem.

ALLEN
 Well, listen, this broad of yours
 is constipatin' the hell out of me.
 Why don't you just turn on the
 tube, roll a doob, and forget about
 her for a spell?

HARRY

I don't have a television.

ALLEN

Too bad, these people don't live in rooms that smell like garbage. You should try it once in awhile. Maybe even clean up after yourself?

Harry turns to look at his filthy room. How much longer can he take this?

ALLEN (O.S.)

Hell, you're makin' my cockroaches feel so poor they're startin' to picket my nurse.

HARRY

Screw off, Allen.

ALLEN (O.S.)

You tease.

HARRY

I've got a book to finish.

ALLEN (O.S.)

So, listen my brother, that woman in your head ... she's got you so whooped, you be ...

Harry SLAMS shut the window. He covers his ears to block out Allen. It doesn't work.

ALLEN (O.S.)

... grabbin' your nuts like a squirrel in a snow storm.

Allen's voice FADES.

Harry uncovers his ears. A moment of silence as he stares at his typewriter. Then ...

ANGEL (V.O.)

(very sexy)

Help me, Harry - everybody wants me...

(echoing)

DEEAAAAD.

Harry's eyes widen as he looks towards ANGEL STYLE'S voice.

Sometimes seen only as a shadow on the walls, somewhat like Plato's Cave theory, Angel (late 30s) is running frantically towards the Grand Canyon in jeans, expensive boots and a suede jacket. She is a stunning image, just the same.

(Note: Plato has Socrates describe a group of people who have lived chained to the wall of a cave all of their lives, facing a blank wall. The people watch shadows projected on the wall from objects passing in front of a fire behind them, and give names to these shadows. The shadows are the prisoners' reality.)

An o.s. male's deranged LAUGHTER GROWS.

Harry dashes to his typewriter, RIPS out the page in it, CRUMPLES it ... and sits at the desk.

Dark suspenseful MUSIC and wild DESERT TONES swirl as Harry's imagination runs amuck.

EDDIE MEATS' shadow, (40's) a rich, handsome, evil villain, blasts after Angel... still LAUGHING.

Frightening, because we don't know what these shadows are or what they mean.

A loud ECHOING SCREAM from Angel.

HARRY

Angel?

ANGEL

(still running)

Harry, he's right behind me.

HARRY

Let Angel go, Eddie.

EDDIE

(running past Harry)

Give me one good reason I shouldn't kill her to get my life back. And she's all yours.

An even louder SCREAM by Angel.

Harry wheels towards Eddie. He holds up the crumpled page.

HARRY

Because you can't kill her if I don't write it. That's how books work.

Angel hides behind a bolder, trying to still her heart.

Eddie stops and looks around, winded, moving slowly towards Angel's BREATHING.

EDDIE

(wicked LAUGH)

You don't have to write it. All you have to do is think it ... and she's gone. Slam-bang - five hundred feet below. By the time anyone happens across her mutilated body, the scorpions will've raped her pretty little table-hopping face.

Harry covers his ears. It doesn't do any good. Eddie's cruel, o.s., ECHOING LAUGHTER fills his head.

He picks the manuscript off his desk. He takes a lighter and holds it to the pages.

HARRY

Let my Angel go.

Eddie, voice taunting, stops before Harry, his shadow cast across the desk, typewriter and wall.

Angel's shadow is in sight just around the bolder.

EDDIE

Come on, Harry. Let me bash her skull on the rocks.

HARRY

Back off, Eddie, or I'll burn you.

Eddie starts to LAUGH again, this time at Harry.

HARRY

I'll torch you like a Tiki Lamp.

EDDIE

Go ahead - see if I even flinch. You plan to have Angel kill me off anyway, don't you?

HARRY

Well, yes. But it's nothing personal. It's just what our readers expect Angel to do. You're the villain.

EDDIE

Whose fault is that? I didn't want to be a bad guy. I could've stayed a good guy if you would've let me. We had a great thing goin'.

(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)

But no, you had to get envious and write me into what I am today - a low-minded, backsliding pig. So don't blame me.

HARRY

But you're perfect. Good looking, filthy rich, unsuspecting. And I needed a perfect bad guy.

EDDIE

You threw my life away and made me just another dumb-cluck fall guy to motivate Angel in one more of your lousy murder mysteries. And now you plan to put my demise in a Hollywood movie. Well, I got news for ya, Pal. It'll happen over your dead body.

Eddie lurches out for Angel, grabbing her heel.

Angel SCREAMS again and pulls away, running with a limp. She stops and looks down at her boots. The heel has come off. This pisses her off.

ANGEL

Think of something, Harry. Look, we're ruining my best boots. Norman and I shopped for months all over New York City to find just the right color to match this blouse.

EDDIE

Don't even get me started on that little fink.

ANGEL

Shut up. Normy is the best shopping friend a girl could have.

Harry gets up from the desk, pacing.

HARRY

You're not just a fall guy, Eddie. You're a great criminal mind. Real people give up their freedom trying to be as felonious as you. And kill for the gregarious life you lead.

Eddie stops at Harry's table and sits, winded. Harry's shadow pours Eddie a glass of water from a pitcher. Eddie's shadow downs it.

EDDIE

Ahhh ... thanks. Frickin' hot out here. Sure, it's a great life, Harry. Cars, homes, booze, Angel. We were fallin' in love, but you set me up. Christ, can you blame me? So close to paradise only to find you two were only yanking my short hairs. I feel like a used dipper.

(hands the glass back)

HARRY

I'm sorry, but it's too late. I was planning to happily end the series with you two together, honest. But my publisher sold the series to Hollywood and they wanted to keep the series alive with Angel's exciting single life intact. They're the ones making me kill you off.

Angel crouches by a cactus. Eddie sneaks up behind her.

EDDIE

Tell me you'll let me live and I'll back off. You've got to promise to put it in writing, though. And make those Hollywood suits buy into it.

HARRY

How about life in prison? I'll give you a lovable cell mate with a life supply of KY Jelly, and the top bunk.

Angel SCREAMS as Eddie's shadow dives for hers only to end up hugging the thorny cactus.

A look of crazed desperation as Eddie's shadow pulls out the needles.

EDDIE

Aaahhh. That was low, Harry. Even for your tasteless books.

HARRY

(pacing)

I've peaked. I'm not thinking clearly.

ANGEL

Then lie down, get some rest.

HARRY

Oh, Angel, honey if I could sleep,
believe me I would.

ANGEL

Go ahead, take a break. I'll be
just fine. Meditate for awhile.
Picture positive thoughts. Like
Eddie's dead body for example.

Eddie continues to climb. Reaching for Angel's foot. She
kicks him in the head. Eddie falls off and lands harshly.

He picks himself up, dusting himself off. He can't believe
this. His nose bleeds. He looks up at Harry.

EDDIE

Hey, I could've broken somethin'.

Eddie starts to climb again. Harry's failed again.

HARRY

There's no visible way out of this.

ANGEL

See, you've hypnotized yourself into
believing it. No thanks to that crumb.

Another heinous LAUGH by Eddie as he reaches the top.

EDDIE

You mind, that hurts my throat to
laugh so villainously all the time.
I've got a master's degree. You're
making me sound like some kind of
drugged out animal.

HARRY

Tough. Master this.
(gives Eddie the bird)

Angel SCREAMS o.s., as Eddie's shadow stands before Harry's
table.

EDDIE

Hypnosis-symosis, come on, Harry,
light my fire. I triple dare ya.

Harry grabs up the manuscript, waving it.

Eddie's shadow picks up the lighter and FLICKS it.

HARRY

If I do, you'll have nothing. No
homes, no cars, no women.
(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)

Nothing, just a lousy two-bit player in my first two books. You didn't even have a last name, barely a description at all.

EDDIE

To have lived as but a shadow in the minds of millions is better than never having been thought of at all.

Harry tries, but can't do it.

EDDIE

Ha, didn't think so.

Eddie flips Harry the lighter and runs after Angel again.

HARRY

I'll rewrite them all. I'll edit you out of the next printing.

Eddie stops and looks back at Harry. Disappointed.

EDDIE

Sure, edit me, edit your wife, you can't edit everything, Harry. Parts of your life are real.

HARRY

I'll call my publisher right now.

EDDIE

You're cold, man. Well, screw it. Make the call. Just remember, I never asked you to think of me in the first place.

Harry reaches for the phone.

Peter Middlefinger answers. In Harry's room, Peter comes over the phone's INTERCOM.

PETER (V.O.)

This better not be you, Harry.

HARRY

Peter, don't hang up.

PETER

Your wife is driving me kooky, you dizzy bastard. My secretary just told me Mary broke out all the windows of my car.

HARRY

I'm sorry, Peter, but listen.

PETER

That's it. From now on I lease.

HARRY

Will you listen? I figured a way out of this story. It's brilliant. I --

PETER

-- You finished it? It's that good?

HARRY

That's the beauty of it, Peter. It won't have to be good.

PETER

What the hell are you talking about? I almost O.D.ed over this. I'm having my calls forwarded to my hospital room. I'll break every bone in your body if this isn't the best thing you've ever written.

HARRY

You see? I'll go back to my first two books and rewrite Eddie out of our lives ... before we republish them.

PETER

We won't republish for three years.

HARRY

Make them a special edition.

PETER

The next time I get you out on the golf course, I'll beat you with my special edition four iron. Finish the book, you egghead. You're two months late already.

HARRY

These changes ... this isn't a menstrual cramp, Peter. It's a book. These kind of structure changes don't just biologically happen. Eddie won't back off. And I've painted Angel so far into a corner I've got my own footprints on my back.

PETER

I told you not to use his character again. He's too damn smart for you. Now you got him stuck in your head.

Harry makes a contemptuous face.

HARRY

Yeah, who would've figured that stinking bastard would be such an aneurysm?

PETER

Listen you, I've got a six figure deal in LA waiting with open arms for this goddamn book. You finish it the way they want. Today. And don't call me until it's done. Unless it's an emergency. Love ya, buddy, now get to work ... or else.
(hangs up)

HARRY

But....

Eddie starts a low o.s. LAUGHING that grows as Harry turns.

Harry grabs the lighter off the desk. Picking up the manuscript. Holding the lighter under it.

HARRY

I'm sorry, sweetheart, things are getting out of control. Peter's right, using Eddie again was foolish. Just have to start over.

Angel's shadow comes to a stop, out of breath. She sits on Harry's desk.

ANGEL

Harry, I suspect you subconsciously want me out of your mind.

HARRY

I'd go crazy if you left.

ANGEL

Then why are you letting Eddie spoil our happy ending?

HARRY

It's these producer notes. The plot doesn't work anymore. I can't, I ... not with these drastic structure changes. I just can't make it work.

Eddie's shadow sneaks around the rocks trying to find Angel.

EDDIE

She's right, Harry. You think I'd get caught dead in a desolate place like this if I had a choice? I'm only out here because of you.

Harry puts down the lighter and manuscript.

HARRY

Don't be reading subtext into it ... this is only meant to be light reading.

EDDIE

Yeah, the dumbing of American Lit by Harry Starkers. I can see it now, Professor. No wonder your mother's ashamed to admit you're her only son.

Harry

What do you mean by that?

EDDIE

I'm talking about your mother tellin' her relatives that her son is still a successful lawyer

HARRY

So what, I am a successful lawyer. Top of my class. I did everything my father wanted me to accomplish.

EDDIE

You know she denies that you write this crap. Even after seven books. And millions of sales. She still pretends to her friends you didn't walk away from it all to write this trash. Wasting your super-education.

HARRY

I paid my father back! It's my life.

EDDIE

And you made your own mother ashamed that you're part of hers. You're still a lousy, unappreciative son, if you ask me.

Harry picks up the lighter and manuscript and tries to burn it, but still can't.

HARRY
Somebody help me.

Harry throws down his manuscript, it scatters. Horrified by the pages scattering, he crawls around, picking them up.

Eddie fills the air with maddening LAUGHTER.

ANGEL
Oh, Harry, don't listen to him. I love you. Remember all the good thoughts we've shared?

Eddie LAUGHS and Angel SCREAMS as Eddie's shadow leaps down onto Angel's and their shadows roll around in the dirt, biting, scratching, kicking, and cursing.

Harry rushes to his typewriter with the pages. Piles them on the desk. Inserts a blank piece of paper and types.

Harry rips out the page. And puts in another and starts to type, then stops. Then starts again.

EDDIE
Face it, Harry, it's the perfect murder. No one knows we're out here. No one. Just you, Angel, and me. And three's a crowd, Harry. Think it.

ANGEL
Get off me, Eddie.

EDDIE
Think it. Let her die. Who will know? See it. Write it. It's deliriously hot. She gets lost, stumbles into the Grand Canyon of all places. I tried to save her, but couldn't. Why wouldn't they believe you? Think it. It's perfect.

ANGEL
You'll end up on those rocks - somehow. With the scorpions eating your face, not mine.

EDDIE
Oh yeah, how's that?

ANGEL
Harry will think of something. Eventually. Won't you, Harry.

Harry stops typing.

Eddie's shadow picks Angel's off the ground. She struggles hard. Their Shadows are right before Harry's desk on the wall. Harry covers his ears. It doesn't help. He's losing control. Eddie marches Angel towards the Grand Canyon.

HARRY

Stop.

Angel's shadow stops and Eddie's is forced to throw her over his shoulder. They stagger around like this. Angel kicks and claws at Eddie.

ANGEL

You need rest, Harry. Lie down.

Harry gets up and pulls a beer out of the frig.

Eddie's shadow falls down, momentarily losing Angel. Her shadow crawls away. But he catches her and they go at it again.

She punches him in the mouth. He pushes her face down in the dirt. Holds her there. Angel YELLS unintelligible curses into the dirt.

EDDIE

Lunch time, Harry? A little drinky-poo. Sloshing ourselves silly again today, are we? Doctor Hart won't like all this daytime drinking with the medicine he's got you on.

HARRY

It's just one beer. I need to relax, the pills aren't ... I need to get away ... I need to finish this goddamn story.

Harry goes over and lies on the couch. The phone RINGS.

EDDIE

The problem here isn't me. It's you.

HARRY

(hits the intercom)

Eddie, this is just a book. Now shut up so I can deal with this. Hello?

HART (V.O.)

Hello, Harry. This is Dr. Noah Hart.

HARRY

This really isn't a good --

HART (V.O.)
-- I just had a very disturbing call.

HARRY
I'm sure you did. Listen --

EDDIE
-- Tell him how much you play with
yourself. It makes 'em feel needed.

HARRY
I told you to shut up.

HART (V.O.)
Now, Harry.

HARRY
Not you, Doctor Hart. I'm not alone.

HART (V.O.)
Yes, that's why I called.

EDDIE
Tell him how you created this
gorgeous woman out of your
childhood fantasies.

HART (V.O.)
Harry?

EDDIE
And instead of making her a doctor,
a lawyer, or a mother ...

HART (V.O.)
Your family's very concerned.

EDDIE
... you chose to make her nothin'
more than a social wart on the face
of humanity.

ANGEL
How dare you? Tell him to shut up,
Doctor Hart.

HART (V.O.)
Harry, are you still with me?

HARRY
Doctor Hart, I really can't talk.

HART (V.O.)
Are they there? Are they speaking
to me?

HARRY

Yes. But I'm a writer, they're just voices. I'm okay. Tell my family --

HART (V.O.)

-- Hearing them is one thing, Harry. Seeing them and being with them concerns me. Your mother and your wife are --

HARRY

-- Tell them Angel's adventures concerns only me and my readers.

EDDIE

At least tell him how she's got no job, no goals. Just shoppin', fun, and crazy adventures. What kind of life is that?

HARRY

Don't listen to him, Angel. I've given you an ideal life because it works for your stories and nothing else.

ANGEL

And I love my life, Eddie.

Eddie pickers Angel's shadow up and holds it upside down by her ankles.

EDDIE

How do you like it now?

ANGEL

Tell him to put me down, Harry.

HARRY

Put her down, Eddie.

EDDIE

No. See, Doc. His view of women is so low he's made her incapable of realizing what he's done to her. And let's not get into his mother and wife relationships. Talk about backbiting. And that kid --

HARRY

-- Doctor Hart, can I call you later? I'm right in the middle of a very excruciating ending where I shut Eddie up for good. So maybe --

HART (V.O.)

-- I have a receipt here from a Quickie Liquor for thirteen cases beer.

EDDIE

That's because the only thing he's allowed her to be qualified for, Doc, is a high class party girl ... which she basically is anyway.

Angel kicks Eddie in the face, making him let go.

HARRY

Run for it, Angle.

Angle's shadow runs for it. Eddie's shadow goes after her.

HART (V.O.)

Harry? Harry, I think you still need my help. May I come see you? Or perhaps you could come out to my office.

HARRY

Doc, please don't listen to my family. I used most of that beer to bribe my neighbors into leaving me alone. All I really need is an hour or two of sleep. Just an hour or two to relax. No thinking - let my mind go - meditate

HART (V.O.)

Yes, are you taking the medication I gave you?

Angel's shadow comes back.

ANGEL

Wait, your wife leaves behind a gun knowing your state of mind. And now, this head shrinking quack keeps pushes pills on you? I don't know about these people in your life, Harry. They may be trying to get to me by hurting you.

HARRY

-- Aaahhhhh. stop it, you're all stressing me out. It's just ... I haven't slept in three days, Doc. The medication isn't helping at all. Look, I ... I've got to go.

HART

Take the medication, Harry.

HARRY

No. It gets me all muddled. I can't focus. And I'm getting ugly thoughts about everything. Including myself.

HART

Take them, Harry. I know what's best. Trust me. You need them.

ANGEL

Don't trust him, Harry.

EDDIE

Take a handful. Let's end it together.

HARRY

Will you leave me alone if I keep taking them?

(takes the pill, washing
it down with beer)

There, I took one. Goodbye.

HART (V.O.)

Harry? Don't go. Harry, don't hang up on me. Your mother is --

Harry clicks off the intercom. He's got another idea.

Harry rushes back to the typewriter and excitedly puts in a fresh piece of paper.

He stares at it a moment, then begins to TYPE. He stops. Starts, then stops again. Harry rocks back and forth in his chair.

HARRY

This sucks. I can't think of anything clever. I need something raw. Something biting. Gripping and painful. What is it? It's out there staring me right in the teeth. I know it ... what, what, what?. Come to me, come to me

Harry RIPS out the page. CRUMPLES it and tosses it into the pile of wadded up bad ideas near the trash can.

EDDIE

This is all your own fault, humdrum. You never should've stuck Angel's cute upturned nose into my import/export trade in the first place.

HARRY

Import/export - you're a diamond smuggler.

EDDIE

So what? Daddy didn't die paying for my education. I worked for who I am.

HARRY

You're a creep, Eddie, get over it.

ANGEL

Yeah, smuggling isn't an occupation. It's a crime.

EDDIE

Hey, it's a good clean business. I make beautiful women happy. I make American communities grow. Macy's should throw me a parade, I get so many hopeless men laid.

HARRY

Except the two Wall Street brokers who --

EDDIE

-- got in my way. Just like Angel here. They stuck their roaming noses up the wrong caboose.

HARRY

So you had them pushed in front of street cleaners?

EDDIE

Sorry, I'm a tidy guy.

HARRY

You're a no good murderer and you deserve to die.

EDDIE

At least I'm not a fairy writer.

HARRY

Now you're getting way out of line.

EDDIE

I'm also a desperate character. Come on, admit it. She's more you than I am.

HARRY

Yeah, well, I've known Angel longer.

EDDIE

And you can't kill her off any more than you can kill yourself. Because she is you. Isn't she?

ANGEL

Don't listen to this jerk, Harry. We know who I'm based on. And I'm sure she'd be flattered to know I'm her - even if it's a little twisted.

EDDIE

Like a friggin' corkscrew.

HARRY

What's so twisted? All writers need a muse. Even if I only met her that once and she doesn't know I still feel this way about her. It doesn't matter. I'll get you out of this mess somehow. Even if I have to climb up that cliff and save you myself.

EDDIE

Great, Chapter Thirty-five: the feeble writer gives up. Climbs into the story himself, and they live happily ever after. Husband and book. Only the novel's a bomb. Because the pages stick together. I can't wait for the sloppy reviews.

The phone RINGS. Harry backs away from it in horror.

This could only be one person ... his MOTHER.

His manuscript is scattered all over.

EDDIE (O.S)

Answer the damn phone. Or let's move on.

Harry opens the window. The phone continues to RING.

Reluctantly, he decides on what to do, moves over, and pushes the INTERCOM button.

HARRY

Hello, you've reached Harry Starkers' empty apartment.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Harry, it's your mother.

Harry makes a childish face.

HARRY
I'm sorry, but Harry is busy in his head writing at the moment, and can't come out to talk to anyone. Especially his mother.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Why do you do this to me?

HARRY
Please leave a number and the son you are ashamed of will call you back when he's finally killed off Eddie Meats.

Harry reaches for the intercom button to hang up.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Don't you dare hang up, Harry. Are you still there, Harry? Harry?

HARRY
What do you want, Mother?

EDDIE
Get rid of mommy, Harry. I can't keep chasing this twit forever.

ANGEL
You'll pay for that, Eddie.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Why are you still in this dump?

HARRY
(whining)
I'm still writing.

MOTHER (V.O.)
(mimics her son)
I'm still writing.

HARRY
I am.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Well I'm still mothering. And I want you home right now.

HARRY

No. Leave me alone. I'm not your little boy anymore. I'm married with a kid of my own.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Mary told me you threw her out of that rat infested hellhole.

HARRY

It's not that bad. It's got atmosphere.

ALLEN (O.S.)

Yeah, I can smell it all the way over here.

EDDIE (V.O.)

And cockroaches big enough to carry my luggage.

HARRY

Shut up.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Don't you talk to me like that, young man.

HARRY

I wasn't talking to you, Mother. I was talking to to to to to ... Allen my shithead neighbor.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Shame on you, Harry. The poor man's an invalid.

HARRY

He keeps it up and he'll be a ...
(out window)
VEGETABLE.

ALLEN (O.S.)

Look who's braggin'.

HARRY

Keep your big mouth shut.

Harry SLAMS the window shut.

MOTHER (V.O.)

I'm worried about you, son.

HARRY

We go through this every book.
Aren't you used to it yet?

MOTHER (V.O.)

But you've gotten noticeably worse
this time. All your neighbors are
complaining.

HARRY

Look, yesterday a crazy broad on
the third-floor shot her drunk
husband for beating her. Did I
complain? No.

MOTHER (V.O.)

They blame you for giving him beer.
And I don't like you being down
here by yourself. You've got money.
They could kidnap you or worse.

HARRY

I'm not by myself.

EDDIE

And he's got a gun.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Come home.

HARRY

Don't nag.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Doctor Hart seemed very concerned.
It's time.

HARRY

I'm taking the Meds.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Let Angel go, Harry. Mary told me
you threatened to edit her out of
your life.

HARRY

I didn't mean it.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Really, you can't threaten to end
a marriage, and not expect it to
have a derogatory effect on your
relationship.

HARRY

Okay, so I'm sorry. But I'm not getting rid of Angel because I love writing about her. She's a once in a lifetime character. She's exciting, beautiful, courageous, charming, sexy ...

ANGEL (V.O.)

Oh, Harry.

Harry starts to slowly BEAT his head on the wall.

HARRY

... and I love writing about her. It's not as though I'm cheating on Marry. I'm just having fun using my imagination for a living.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Have all the fun you want. But in your office as a brilliant lawyer. Not here like some self-imposed idiot locked in that hellhole writing such gibberish trash.

HARRY

(stops dead. Thinks)
Here. Here? Mother, did you say here?

MOTHER (V.O.)

Yes, I'm downstairs and I'm coming up to put an end to this nonsense once and for all. Now, which apartment?

HARRY

Stay away from me, Mother. I came here to be alone.

EDDIE (V.O.)

What are we? Compound subjects?

MOTHER (V.O.)

I'll be right up. Start packing.

Harry starts to answer but the INTERCOM cuts off. He runs to the window, throws it open. Sticks his head out.

HARRY

I'm warning you. No matter what you say - I'm not killing Angel.

INTERCUT - SHADOWS IN ALLEN'S APARTMENT/HARRY LEANING OUT HIS WINDOW

ALLEN

Then write me into the story, Harry.
Anything you want. immortalize me.
Please?

HARRY

(calmly)
I can't write you into the story,
Allen.

ALLEN

Why not? I've got nothin' better
to do. Let me save the stupid bitch.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry scowls and SLAMS the window shut. He paces.

But his shadow on the wall shows him typing away.

He puts his hands over his face when he sees it and the shadow fades.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Way to go, schmuck. Now you'll
never finish writing this piece
of unadulterated crap.

Harry sits at the desk and SLIPS in one last piece of paper.
He's got until his mother gets there.

Shadows on the wall grow as Eddie's grabs Angel's shadow
again and holds Angel upside down over the Grand Canyon by
her ankles. She faces out over the canyon.

ANGEL

Think hard, honey. My hair is
dragging in the dirt. You're a
genius at saving me. I can't wait
to hold you alone in my thoughts
again.

HARRY

Sssshh, Angel, I'm thinking.

Harry starts to TYPE wildly.

Eddie starts LAUGHING again and Angel SCREAMS.

WOLVES begin HOWLING o.s., coming closer and closer.

EDDIE

What is this? You've got to be kiddin', numbnuts?

HARRY

It'll do the job.

EDDIE

A pack of wolves, though? Why don't you just throw down a banana peel?

HARRY

It's nature's way of telling me I've run out of sensible ideas.

EDDIE

Am I in a suspense novel or the remake of "Call Of The Wild?"

HARRY

Put her down, or you'll go down in history as dying in the stupidest ending ever written in modern literature.

EDDIE

And the Hollywood yokels will yank Angel out of your mind so fast your head will implode. Besides you doofus, how will they stop me from droppin' her?

Eddie starts to use Angel as bate to save himself.

ANGEL

Oh, Harry, call off the wolves.

HARRY

Eddie.

WOLVES near, shadows growing bigger. Very mean and savage.

EDDIE

Christ, Harry, you lousy hack, call them off. Wolves haven't lived near the Grand Canyon in seventy years.

Harry pulls the page out of the typewriter and crumples it and tosses it with the other bad ideas.

The WOLVES shadows run off.

Harry POUNDS the typewriter, putting his head down and SNIVELS.

HARRY

How could I create a monster like you?

Eddie CHUCKLES wickedly.

EDDIE

Because I am you, Harry. Deep down inside, I'm you.

Harry slowly loses the battle with Eddie. He gets worse as Eddie's VOICE GROWS with power.

EDDIE

You don't get it, do ya, pal. I'm the dark-side that lurks deep in the hidden crevices of your heart. The gray misty matter of your mind. The part who of you must kill Angel once and for all. Kill Angel so you can live. Kill Angel so your wife can have you back. Kill Angel because your kid needs you. Kill Angel because she possesses you like a broken toy. Kill Angel because ... your mother says so.

HARRY

STOP TALKING.

Harry openly WEEPS.

ANGEL

Harry?

Harry stops crying, SNIFFS, and wipes his face.

HARRY

Don't worry, honey. I'm just letting go of a little tension.

EDDIE

You wimp. Ask your mommy if she ever had a son.

Harry uses the pitcher of water to wet a towel, wipes his face.

HARRY

You won't get to me, Eddie. You'll die like all the others. You can't have her and you can't kill her. And you're not part of my subconscious. You're just a voice. Do you hear me, Eddie? Just a petty voice in my head that I made up.

Eddie's shadow let's go of Angel, and his hands suddenly grab Harry's shadow around the neck and starts choking him.

Harry can see this and worse feels it. Eddie's trying to kill him!

EDDIE

Okay, fine, don't have an aneurysm. But hear this. She's no good, Harry. You don't know her like I do. She's driving you crazy. Just like she drives us all crazy. No one's good enough for her. No man but you ... because you never really loved your father.

HARRY

(struggling to talk)
That's not true. Let go. My father has nothing to do with my writing. Let go. You're killing me.

EDDIE

Not me, Harry, your hatred for him is killing you.

HARRY

He wouldn't even read it if he were alive. So there. He has nothing to do with this story. And never will.

EDDIE

No? Did you ever admire your father?

HARRY

That's confidential information I only share with professional help.

EDDIE

Really? Were you sad when he died? Did you even appreciate him for all he sacrificed for you? I doubt it.

Angel's shadow comes up behind Eddie with a rock and hits him in the back of the head.

Eddie drops to his knees as his hands fall off Harry's neck.

ANGEL

You appreciate how that feel?

EDDIE

Sure. Why not? I deserve my head bashed in for falling for a manipulating broad like you.

Harry sits back at his typewriter. His father is not a subject he deals well with.

HARRY

Then don't touch me again, or I'll put you in a straightjacket.

EDDIE

(still on his knees)

You don't admire anyone, do you? Not even your father. No man, no male image to pair your dream girl up with but yourself. And you can't have her either, can you. You see, I don't have to get to you. You've gotten to yourself. Your own sordid thoughts are like acid, corroding what's left of your rationality. Let's see how fast you type when they put YOU in a straightjacket.

HARRY

SHUT UP! I'm not crazy. I'm, I'm just tired. God, I'm so tired ... tired of this stupid story. Tired of you. Tired of everything.

ANGEL

Maybe everyone is right, Harry. Maybe I am no good for you. Maybe you should let me fall.

Angel's words fill Harry with manic-energy.

HARRY

Don't talk like that, Angel. Don't ever let me hear you say it. You're mine and no one's taking you away from me. I'll think of something.

ANGEL

Just checking.

EDDIE

(getting up)

You hear that? She's such a cold, calculating woman.

HARRY

Will you drop dead?

EDDIE

O-kaaaayyy....

Angel SCREAMS as Eddie grabs her and prepares to jump.

There shadows struggle.

HARRY

No no no, wait wait wait. Don't drop anything.

Harry goes to the window, catching a BREEZE. It really feels good. He closes his eyes and lets the breeze soothe his tortured soul.

EDDIE

Feels good, huh?

Harry nods his head. It feels unbelievably good. We HEAR distant seagulls.

HARRY

If only I could fly away like a seagull.

Harry starts leaning further and further out over the windowsill. He spreads his arms as though he's gliding.

EDDIE

You can fly. Come on fly, Harry. Take us all for a ride. Drifting, drifting, drifting --

ANGEL

Snap out of it, Harry.

INT/EXT. HARRY'S ROOM/WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT

Harry opens his eyes and freaks when he sees how far he's out the window. He nearly falls out in his haste to get back inside.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Think, my love, think. Get me down from here. I'm bored with all this desert air and dirt, and I want to go on to something else.

(suggestive)

Something Caribbeanish, something sexy, something moist

Harry hangs onto the windowsill. His body filling the open window.

HARRY

I'm trying, I'm trying. I'M TRYING!

ALLEN (O.S.)
How about tryin' to shut the hell
up?.

HARRY
Piss off, Allen.

A KNOCK at the door and a JIGGLE at the knob. Harry turns slowly from the window. Another KNOCK.

MOTHER (O.S.)
(winded, heavy accent)
Open ... this door, son.

HARRY
Who is it?

MOTHER (O.S.)
Don't who is it me. Open this door,
right now.

HARRY
Mother, please.

ALLEN (O.S.)
Shut your window, momma's boy. I'm
watching General Hospital.

HARRY
One more word out of you, Allen, and
I'll put you IN General Hospital.

EXT/INT. THROUGH WINDOW ALLEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shadows on the wall.

ALLEN (O.S.)
If I had enough insurance, I'd put
myself in, pinhead.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LOUDER KNOCKING.

HARRY
Mother, if you don't leave, I'll
climb out on the window ledge until
you call me from home.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Don't be silly. Open this door.

Mother JIGGLES the knob again.

HARRY
You asked for it.

INT/EXT. HARRY'S ROOM/WINDOW LEDGE - DAY

Harry climbs out on the window ledge.

HARRY
I'm outside. Happy?

MOTHER (O.S.)
Don't be crazy. Harry? Harry!

HARRY
Gee, it's really nice out here,
Mother. What a view. Look, the
Ambassador Bridge.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Come back in the window. Right now.

HARRY
Go home. Wave from the tree in the
front yard and I'll go back in.

ALLEN (O.S.)
What are you doin', Hemingway?
You a writer or a pigeon?

HARRY
It's my mother. She won't leave me
alone. Nag nag nag. Push push push.

ALLEN
Hum. Now, your mother-in-law I
could understand jumpin' for. But
your own momma?

HARRY
You don't know my mother.

ALLEN
Is she fat?

HARRY
I never ... yeah, I guess she's a
little plump.

ALLEN
How about an introduction. Fat
broads dig me.

HARRY
Geeze, you're sick.

ALLEN
Hey, I'm lonely.

HARRY
I just want to write in peace.

ALLEN
So write and give the rest of
Motown the day off.

HARRY
I can't. I've got a block.

Harry squeezes his head as though to wring out an idea.

ALLEN
Tough crap. You know how much these
soaps are costing me? Randy the candy
striper's only in them for three
minutes an episode - and I ain't got
the fingers to pause this shit - so
shut the hell up or jump.

HARRY
Sorry.

ALLEN
You're sorry. Randy will never want
to meet me. Unless you writer me in.

HARRY
What really happened to you, anyway?

ALLEN
I told you, I fell into a canyon.

Both Angel and Harry SCREAM. He covers his ears.

Behind Harry, through window, Eddie holds Angel, their
shadows are on the wall.

EDDIE (O.S.)
That's it, we're jumping.

HARRY/ANGEL
I don't want to die.

Sounds of a POLICE CAR stops below the window as SIRENS fill
the air. Tires SCREECH, as noise from a CROWD begins to form
below.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
All right, mister, what the hell is
happening up there?

ALLEN (O.S.)
He's drivin' me bonkers.

POLICEMAN
Who was that?

ALLEN
Allen Wrench in 502. And this fool's been trippin' me out of my frickin' mind for three months. Get him the hell off the ledge so I can watch my bitter-sweet Randy Candy in peace.

POLICEMAN
All right son, who are you and why are you trying to ruin my dinner?

MOTHER (O.S.)
He's my son, Officer.

MARY
And my husband.

JASON (O.S.)
And my dad.

HARRY
Jason, why are you up so late?

JASON
Mom said I could come and watch so I don't hate her if she puts your crazy butt away.

HARRY
Mary, did you have to drag our son into this?

MARY
Our son needs to see what a nut his father is so he'll think twice about quitting a perfectly good law practice and becoming a demented writer like you did.

MOTHER
You're not putting my son away.

MARY
He needs professional help.

MOTHER
He needs his mother.

HARRY

All I need is to save Angel.

JASON

Hey Dad, if you jump, can I have your Harley?

MARY/HARRY

No.

JASON

Ah, butt nuts.

ALLEN (O.S.)

Your son's a real sweetheart.

HARRY

His mother frustrates him.

POLICEMAN

Will someone tell me what he's doing up there?

HARRY

I'm just trying to rewrite a book.

POLICEMAN

Well be merciful, man. Get back in that window and set your bottom in front of your computer.

ALLEN

Typewriter. Clack clack clack. All day, all night long.

POLICEMAN

Whichever.

HARRY

I can't. I've got a block.

POLICEMAN

And I've gotta dinner date.

ALLEN

And Randy's on now, so shut 'em up.

HARRY

They're trying to kill Angel.

POLICEMAN

What? Who is?

HARRY

They are - they hate her.

MOTHER

Harry, I'm coming back up there.

HARRY

Stay where you are. You set one foot in this building and I'm coming down on the sidewalk express.

JASON

Please, Mom, can I have Dad's Harley?

MARY

No, Jason. Now hush or I'll put you on a bus. And get your finger out of there.

JASON

Ah, son-of-a-Bakin'-Soda.

ALLEN

You've got a cruddy family, Harry. I'd jump again, too.

HARRY

We're trying to break him of swearing.

POLICEMAN

Will someone tell me who Angel is and where she's at now.

HARRY

She's hanging upside-down over the Grand Canyon.

POLICEMAN

Well hell, that about explains everything, doesn't it.

MOTHER

Officer, she's in his head. He's a writer, and he's, well --

JASON

-- a pervert.

MARY

Jason.

JASON

What? You said he has sex with his typewriter.

Mary SLAPS Jason.

JASON
Dad, Mom hit me again.

ALLEN
Hit the little brat once for me.

HARRY
Shut up, Allen. Mary, he's only repeating your words.

POLICEMAN
Will you people cut it out? Now who's Angel?

MOTHER
Angel Style. She's the main character in his trashy books.

HARRY
And they're making me kill her off.

POLICEMAN
You mean, you're Harry Starkers?

HARRY
Well, yes.

POLICEMAN
I'll be an alligator's meal. I love your books.

MOTHER
Don't encourage him. They're trash. He's got a Law Degree and what does he do? He writes trash for a living.

HARRY
And it's your fault.

MOTHER
Did you hear him? Now it's my fault my super-kid's a garbage man.

JASON
Wow. Wait until I tell the kids at school my dad's a perverted garbage man.

MARY
Taxi. Jason, get that taxi. You're going home.

HARRY
Super-kid? You didn't want a baby, Mother. You and Dad wanted an IBM.
(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)

My first word wasn't momma or dad-da.
It was ONE.

MOTHER

We wanted to give you a head start.
Look at the advantage it gave you.

HARRY

Advantage? All my peers hated me.

ALLEN

Poor little Harry never had friends.

HARRY

Shut up. How would you like to grow
up without friends?

ALLEN

How would you like to grow old
without arms?

POLICEMAN

Mr. Wrench, please stay out of
this. Now son, you can't kill off
Angel - I love reading about her.

HARRY

You do? I love writing about her.
She's my soulmate. The best friend
I ever had. Thanks to my parents.

POLICEMAN

Hell, all the guys love her down at
the twenty-third. We trade your
books back and forth. I'm reading
"Bitches With Guns In Detroit"
right now. Boy, you come up with
some --

ALLEN

Who the hell cares?

POLICEMAN

Mr. Wrench, if I have to come up
there --

ALLEN

-- Come on up. Bring your nightstick.
Haven't had a free beating in months.

JASON

Hey Dad, when I come visit you in
the loony bin, may I bring my pals
and try on your straightjacket?

MARY

No.

JASON

Ah, fudgesicles.

POLICEMAN

Son, if you want to save Angel,
start writing.

HARRY

I can't.

ALLEN

He's mentally constipated.

HARRY

I've got writer's block.

ALLEN

Same thing, ain't it.

JASON

Dad's a shithead? Oops, it slipped.

MARY

Take him home, Mother.

MOTHER

You take him home. My son needs me.

HARRY

I don't know what to do, Officer.
Eddie Meats will kill her if I even
think it. He even tried to kill me.

POLICEMAN

Eddie Meats, huh?

HARRY

Yeah, the import/export guy. I
barely described him in my first
two books.

POLICEMAN

Oh, right, the good lookin' guy,
with the whirlpool charm about him.
Boy, he seemed like such a nice
guy, too.

EDDIE (V.O.)

See, Harry, even cops liked me.

HARRY

Turns out he's been importing stolen diamonds from South Africa all this time. He's a bloodless killer. Ice in his veins.

POLICE

Jesus, no kiddin'. Sounds bad for Angel. Well, you've got Detroit's finest behind you, son. Give him hell, Harry.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Won't your readers be disappointed.

Harry turns to look into the window.

HARRY

Shut up, you bastard. Or I'll hang you from your nose hairs.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Come back in, Harry - I'm gettin' bad ideas of my own.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Stop it, Eddie.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry comes back into the room. He scoops up a handful of pages. Buries his face in them.

Eddie's shadow grabs Angel's shadow by the ankles again but this time he is holding her upside down *facing him* at the edge of the Grand Canyon.

JASON (O.S.)

Hey, Dad, can I sit in Angel's Porsche while you're cooped up and pretend?

MARY (O.S.) HARRY

NO.

JASON (O.S.)

Ah, rodent hair-pie.

Harry rushes his typewriter, throwing the pages into the air.

WIND swirls as the falling pages WHIP around.

ANGEL

Quickly. I'm slipping, Harry.

Harry puts a piece of paper in the typewriter and stares at it. Nothing comes to him.

He takes out Mary's gun. Looks at it. Places it to his head.

EDDIE
I win, Harry.

Harry pulls the TRIGGER.

Harry's body SLAMS against the wall and he slides off the chair to the floor.

Manuscript pages still float from above.

Angel SCREAMS bloody murder. Eddie LAUGHS wickedly.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
Hey, what's happening up there?

ALLEN (O.S.)
I think Hemingway just shot himself... again.

MARY/MOTHER (O.S.)
HARRY!

JASON (O.S.)
Mom, can I drive Angel's Porsche in the funeral?

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
(into car phone)
This is Adam Mokowski. Get me an ambulance and back up, pronto. I've got Harry Starkers. Yeah, the writer. I think he just killed himself. I know, I loved that one.

Harry's eyes open. WIND still blowing. Pages still swirling. Eddie's and Angel's shadows standing over Harry.

EDDIE
You coward. You missed.

ANGEL
Thank heavens.

EDDIE
And to think I thought you had big ones.

Suddenly an idea hits Harry. He gets up and starts TYPING feverishly. He LAUGHS maniacally as the WIND picks up around him and his blood runs down his face onto the pages.

CLOSE ON EDDIE'S AND ANGEL'S SHADOWS.

EDDIE

Hey. What are you thinkin'? Hey.
No, you bastard. Stop. Don't think
that. Not that. AHHHH. She's...
bitin' me. AHHHHH. Let go you....

Below, Angel is biting Eddie on the balls. Eddie's fighting to remain standing.

Harry continues to LAUGH as he TYPES with WIND, PAGES and DUST whirling around his shadow. Revenge at last.

EDDIE

Oh, sweat Jesus, Harry, she's
bitin' them. AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH.....

Eddie's shadow falls off the cliff.

As Eddie falls, SCREAMING, Angel's shadow hangs at the edge of the cliff.

Eddie's VOICE FADES as Angel's shadow HUFFS and PUFFS, struggling to climb up the edge of the rock wall, as her shadow triumphantly grows on the wall.

Harry continues to TYPE wildly. Angel looks down at Eddie.

ANGEL

Let us know when you hit rock
bottom, Eddie.

HARRY

You can do it, Angel.

Angel continues to struggle.

HARRY

That a girl. Reach once more.
There, I knew you could do it.

She pulls herself up and sits at the edge. She looks down.

EDDIE'S VOICE agonizingly stops as the distant brittle THUD of his body CRUSHING on the rocks RISES from five-hundred feet below.

Angel shadow on wall dusts off her hands.

As Harry types "The End" and takes out the page to study it. A great big satisfying smile covers his face.

Intercut Harry by himself and their shadows on the wall.

ANGEL
Oh, Harry, we did it.

HARRY
No, you did it, beautiful. Let's go home.

ANGEL
Ummm... Harry?

HARRY
What, sweet thing?

She gets up and dust herself off. Her face, hands and clothing are all dirty.

ANGEL
How do you feel about the Virgin Islands? No story, just you and me this time. A little vacation.

Angel's shadow moves over and sits in Harry's shadow's lap.

Harry's shadow takes out a hanky. Tries to wipe her face, but Angel's shadow takes it from him and dabs at his head wound.

HARRY
Ouch... I don't know. Haven't been there... yet.

ANGEL
You really need some rest, darling. A little pampering wouldn't hurt... maybe a stitch or two.

HARRY
And some fun.

ANGEL
Lots of fun. And I know just the perfect places to pamper --

HARRY
I bet you do.

Angel gets off Harry and starts the long walk back as her shadow gets smaller

ANGEL
Gee, do I have to walk in these broken boots?

HARRY

Just to the nearest dirt road. The
guy who picks you up has a nice
truck, and buys you a cold beer.

ANGEL

Men. Oh, well then. Will I see you
there, Harry Starkers?

Harry is still smiling as he scoops up his pages and the
typewriter.

HARRY

Nothing could stand in my way,
Angel Style.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR IN THE HALLWAY

SOUNDS of Mother, Mary, Jason and the Policeman fill the hall
outside Harry's apartment.

An AMBULANCE'S SIREN approaches outside.

LOUD POUNDING on the door and more SIRENS from outside his
window.

Harry picks up the gun and backs away from the violent
POUNDING. Blood still runs down the side of his head.

Suddenly the door CRASHES in.

Behind the open door is filled by the Policeman with his gun
drawn. Harry and the o.s. Policeman stare at each other.

Thier shadows caused by the light in the hall over shadowing
Harry' on the wall behind him.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

You hurt bad?

HARRY

I missed.

POLICEMAN

That's good. Now drop the gun.

Mary pushes behind the Policeman. He holds her off camera.

MARY

Oh, my God, Harry, look what you've
done to us.

MOTHER

What do mean us? That's my son with
the hole in his head.

TWO AMBULANCE DRIVERS show up with a gurney. All their shadows add to the confusion as they blend on the wall.

POLICEMAN

Help's here, Mr. Starker. Drop the gun.

MOTHER

This is all your fault.

MARY

Why is it my fault?

MOTHER

You're his wife. You promised to love and cherish him.

MARY

It's that woman in his head. And if you really want your son back, you'll help me fix it so she never interferes with us again.

DRIVER ONE

Who we got, Mokowski?

POLICEMAN

Harry Starkers.

DRIVER TWO

No shit, I read his stuff all the time.

MOTHER

Don't encourage him. It's trash.

ALLEN (O.S.)

Hey, Harry, drop the gun before someone accidentally panics and shoots you... or even better... me.

Harry looks at the open window.

HARRY

I just want to go home, Allen.

MARY

We're taking you to the hospital.

HARRY

But my book is done. I just need to go home now, Mary.

The Policeman and the Ambulance Drivers shadows creep into the room.

Harry moves away from them along the wall toward the window.

POLICEMAN

Okay, Harry, we're taking you home.

Jason sticks his head near the door.

JASON

I bet they put him in a rubber suit. Hey, Dad, can I use your golf clubs this summer?

Mary grabs Jason by the ear and marches him down the hall.

MARY

That's it, young man. I've had it with you today.

JASON

Ouch, my ear. I want to see if he shoots anyone.

MARY

No. You're heading home on a bus.

JASON

Ah, boogers, you never let us have any fun. No wonder dad's a fruitcake.

ALLEN

Yo, Harry, I've barely known your family for what, ten minutes, and I already hate them more than mine. You sure you want to go home?

POLICEMAN

Give me the gun, and it's all over, Harry.

MOTHER

Please, Harry?

Harry raises the gun as he moves closer to the door, throwing more tension into the scene. Until finally he's close enough to hand it to the Policeman.

HARRY

I just need some peace and quiet.

Immediately the two Ambulance Drivers pull Harry O.S into the hallway. We HEAR them and see their shadows holding him down and eventually strapping him to the gurney.

HARRY (O.S.)

Please, really... this isn't
necessary. I just want to go home.

We HEAR them wheel Harry down the hall. Harry's neighbors
APPLAUD o.s. Calling him NASTY NAMES in a couple different
languages.

ALLEN

Are you kidding me? I can't hear a
goddame thing Randy is saying with all
this bullshit yelling!

GALE WIND

(over ALLEN'S TV)

I'm Gale Wind and this is the
breeze on the street from BS TV
News.

Harry SCREAMS.

GALE WIND

(continuing)

I'm standing in front of the
ambulance. From what I can gather,
Detroit's most celebrated author of
such best selling suspense novels as
"Bitches With Guns In Detroit," "Poor
Broads Don't Binge Shop," and my
personal favorite, "Your Boy Friend
Has Three Nipples," has apparently
just shot himself in the head. Now,
I'm not clear on the details, but
from what I've gathered, Harry
Starkers just finished what might
prove to be his last, yet greatest
book: "Falling Men Must Die". Gossip
has it, that Hollywood has finally
struck a deal with Harry's publisher,
Peter Middlefinger. Something Harry
always vowed would happen over his
dead body. How prophetic. Excuse me,
ma'am, but aren't you Harry Starker's
mother?

MOTHER

Oh, stuff it, you vulture.

ALLEN

Hey, now your news antennas are
screwing with my reception. I can't
see or hear a thing.

(MORE)

ALLEN (cont'd)
 Harry, you crazy bastard. I want my
 Randy Candy!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - WINTER - NIGHT

A lit sign indicates the YPSILANTI REGIONAL PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. Snow drifts across the near empty parking lot.

INT. WHITE PADDED CELL - NIGHT

A viewing window and a locked door. An intercom is near the window. The room is dimly lit. Nothing else in the room, but Harry in a straight jacket and his shadow.

MONTAGE - CLOSE ON HARRY - NIGHT

In many heavily sedated positions. Ending back in a fetal position in the corner... until....

EDDIE (O.S.)
 Wake up, Harry.

Harry GROANS and rolls over, showing his face in the light. He looks bad, crazed and perhaps dangerous with the bad SCAR on his forehead from shooting himself.

EDDIE (O.S.)
 Rise and shine, Starkers.

Harry's one eye slowly opens. He's groggy.

HARRY
 Leave... me... alone.

EDDIE (O.S.)
 Harry, it's me. I'm back from the
 dead.

Harry's other eye opens and they try to focus.

HARRY
 Eddie? Is that you?

Eddie's shadow steps into the light.

He is terribly mangled and decayed from his fall into the Grand Canyon. Shadows of worms and other nasty bugs crawl on him.

EDDIE
 What are you thinking about me for,
 huh? Isn't rippin' my cobbles off
 once good enough for ya?
 (MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)

Isn't droppin' me five hundred feet onto my noggin enough revenge? Or did you dig me up to drag my corpse through the streets. So the whole world could watch you feed upon your morbid necrophagous tendencies?

HARRY

Jesus, Eddie, it is you.

Harry sits up and looks around him, trying to clear his head. Sniffs the air.

HARRY

And you smell terrible.

EDDIE

Me? Have you gotten a good whiff of your own aura lately? What have you done to yourself?

HARRY

Huh? Nothing... I've done nothing.

Eddie's shadow walks around examining the room.

EDDIE

So, this is Hollywood. I hate to say it, Harry, but this reminds me of a padded cell. I can't see shit out this window.

Harry keeps blinking, trying to clear his head. Eddie's shadow moves o.s. Harry looks relieved thinking he's gone.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Over here. Hey, this is a padded cell.

Eddie's shadow reappears from the other side of the room. Harry is disappointed.

EDDIE

So, ah, how long you been hanging around this mental dump?

HARRY

I don't know... three... four months... year maybe... I don't know.

EDDIE

What are they givin' ya? Got any left?

HARRY

What? No... God my head's in a bog.
Eddie, it's good to hear from you.

EDDIE

I bet.

HARRY

No no... I mean it. They've got me
all messed up. We've got to talk.

EDDIE

Talk? Us? We've got nothin' to talk
about, pal. The quicker you forget
about me, the better off I'll be.

HARRY

I need your help.

EDDIE

You had Angel bite me on the
gonads, Harry. We're through.

Eddie's shadow FADES in the darkness.

HARRY

Eddie. Eddie? Eddie, I need you.
Eddie? Look, I'm sorry. Okay?

EDDIE (O.S.)

You mean it?

HARRY

I need your help to get me out
of here. Please?

Eddie's shadow walks back into the light.

EDDIE

Sure, now you need me. Okay, what
the hell, it's either you...
(picks a scorpion off)
(his face, looks at it)
... or these guys. So what's
bugging you?

HARRY

Hollywood. They tried to bring in
new writers to rewrite our story.

EDDIE

You can't go around having your
heroine biting dudes on the jewels,
Harry. Who'd want to play the part?
What the hell did you expect?

Harry struggles to get up. He can barely stand.

HARRY

A little respect wouldn't've hurt.

EDDIE

It's a business, Harry.

HARRY

Well it started out as art.

EDDIE

Pardon me while I tune my violin.
So, where's what's her face?

HARRY

(lets out a big sigh)
Angel... Angel... left me.

EDDIE

(trying hard not to laugh)
What? You're pulling my short hairs
again, right?

HARRY

No.

EDDIE

No bull... that's great... I'll be
a mother.... Ah, ignore me while I
grovel in your gloom... but this is
possibly the greatest moment of my
life... or un-life, whatever. So,
why?

Harry just shakes his head in sorrow.

EDDIE

Come on, please? I knew she would
eventually.

HARRY

The trial. They raked her through
the coals.

EDDIE

Yeah, so..?

HARRY

I never should've pulled the trigger.

EDDIE

No, you never should've missed.

HARRY

Thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK:

CLOSE ON Harry's agonized EYES. He sinks further and further into despair as the sounds of Harry's family and fans in the COURT ROOM at his SANITY HEARING fills his head including voices of Mary, Mother, the Policeman, Allen Wrench, DR. NOAH HART, and Peter Middlefinger.

JUDGE

Order, order... or I'll throw you all out of my courtroom.

The courtroom quiets down.

JUDGE

Answer the question please.

MARY (O.S.)

(on witness stand)

Oh, yes, he's quite mad, Your Honor. You see, it's this woman... she's in his head. And he, well... talks with her. It's not normal. Did you know he takes vacations with her. I found this in his desk. Just one airline ticket. Not with me, not with the kids... but with her. He says he's just researching his damn books, but I know what she's doing. And after he got out of the hospital this last time. While those nice Hollywood people tried to fix his story. You should've seen him. He ranted and raved and locked himself in the men's room of the Fisher Building. It was so embarrassing. The Fire Department had to go in through the fourteenth floor window. He once took his gun and threatened to edit me out of his life... the same day he tried to... to... kill himself with it. That Angel Style is driving the poor man crazy.... You've got to help us. You've got to do something for his own good. Oh, please help us save him.

END FLASHBACK.

Eddie's shadow looks down at Harry's shadow on the wall.

EDDIE

(with pity)

Holy deadlock. Sounds like you've got a stagnated marriage there, pal. Not to mention a bummed-out old lady.

HARRY

She doesn't understand. She thinks Angel is driving me crazy.

EDDIE

Shit, I told you that. Oh yeah, sorry. How's the chow around here?

HARRY

It sucks.

EDDIE

Figures. Hell, you sure know how to choose your women. A buster, a biter, and a nagger. No wonder you hate them.

HARRY

Just drop it, Eddie. I can see this isn't leading us anywhere.

EDDIE

Hey, what do you want from me? You had me rotting in a canyon for over five months... in both paperback and hardcover, and there's no tellin' what stench those Hollywood writers had planned for me.

HARRY

Well, go on back. You're negativity isn't any help.

EDDIE

Come on, I want to contribute. Look at me, I'm rotting like cream cheese. A couple more months I'll be worm dip. Can you imagine what this smells like in High-Def?

HARRY

No. I'm not sure. I'm not sure what I was thinking. You're the last character I need counseling from.

EDDIE

Okay, but listen pal, if you've got a moment, I've got a few ideas anyway.

HARRY

I'm not interested.

EDDIE

Then screw you, man. If you don't want to write about me, then why the hell am I back in your head?

HARRY

You crept in while I was unconscious.

EDDIE

Deep down inside you need me, Harry.

HARRY

No I don't. I don't need anybody. Especially not you.

EDDIE

Everybody needs somebody, even if that somebody is nobody anybody wants.

HARRY

Go away, Eddie.

EDDIE

Then let me go, goddamn it.

Harry closes his eyes. He tries to forget Eddie.

EDDIE

I'm still here.

Harry moves to the intercom and pushes it with his nose.

HARRY

Doctor Hart.

HART (V.O.)

Yes, Mr. Starkers?

HARRY

Could you bring in something to help me sleep?

EDDIE

You mean, make you sleep.

HARRY

Shut up.

HART (V.O.)
Sorry?

HARRY
Not you, Noah. Him.

HART (V.O.)
Oh.

HARRY
He's back.

HART (V.O.)
I see. What are you feeling, Harry?

HARRY
Anger, confusion... I don't know...
maybe boggled and furious.

HART (V.O.)
That's fine. Take some deep breaths
and I'll be right with you.

HARRY
Thank you... thank you.

EDDIE
Drugs are not the answer, Harry. I
don't think these people mean you
any good. Are you listenin'? Harry?

Harry's eye begins to twitch again.

FLASHBACK INT. COURT ROOM - SANITY HEARING - DAY

CLOSE ON Harry's face as Harry's Mother sits in the witness
stand. A murmur from the crowd. The Judge POUNDS the gavel.

JUDGE
Continue, please.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Harry first wrote short stories
about Angel Style in seventh grade.
Sweet and innocent things. Who knew?
He got A's too. So expressive. But
Harry always got A's. His father,
God rest his soul, was always so
proud of Harry. He read to him every
night. Simple math, new math,
algebra. And at night he played
records of Beethoven and Mozart.
(MORE)

MOTHER (V.O.) (cont'd)

On his fourth birthday he added science and history videos, until Harry started developing this eye twitch, and the doctors - what do they all know - suggested less informative material. Naturally they didn't understand what a super-child we really had. He's a brilliant lawyer. He actually helped people. He's not crazy. He's tired. He needs to come home and get some rest and forget about this writing. I tried once to read his drivel. Terrible terrible. How he thinks of such evil people. The things he's put that woman in his head through. And the sex?! Certainly didn't learn that talk around our house. Why, if his father were alive, he'd set Harry strait. Why....

END FLASHBACK - FADE TO BLACK

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT - MONTHS LATER

Harry is drugged out in the corner again.

JASON (V.O.)

Dad? Can you hear me, Dad? Wake up.

HARRY

(an eye opens)

Huh?

JASON (V.O.)

It's me, your son.

HARRY

(looks with one eye)

Huh?

JASON (V.O.)

I need to talk to you.

HARRY

(closes the eye)

I just want to sleep.

JASON (V.O.)

It's Mom. She's been acting weird.

HARRY

Who are you?

JASON (V.O.)
 It's me, Jason. Your son. Remember?
 I swore a lot to get your attention.
 But, you didn't give a shit?

HARRY
 Jason? Is that you? You sound --

JASON (V.O.)
 Yes. And yesterday was my birthday
 again. Mom didn't even remember.

HARRY
 I'm sorry, Jason, my head is real
 foggy. Mom, your birthday?

JASON (V.O.)
 Mom hasn't been coming home at
 night.

HARRY
 I missed your birthday?

JASON (V.O.)
 Two of 'em. But that's not the
 point.

HARRY
 I just need to go back to sleep.

JASON (V.O.)
 Dad, wake up. I think Mom is
 getting... you know... laid.

HARRY
 That's nice... I'll talk to you
 later, Jason... happy birthday.

Jason's shadow is behind the VIEWING ROOM window glass. He stands there with his hands on the glass. He POUNDS on the glass trying to get Harry to wake up.

JASON (V.O.)
 Dad? Dad. Daaaad...

HARRY
 Please, Jason, go outside and play.

EDDIE (O.S.)
 Hey, Harry, wake up. Your kid's
 tryin' to talk to you.

Harry roles over and sits up.

HARRY

What? Eddie? What do you want,
Eddie?

Jason's shadow backs off from the glass.

EDDIE (O.S.)

What, am I speaking in metaphors?
Listen to your son.

Harry lifts his head.

HARRY

Okay, okay....

JASON (V.O.)

Dad? You're talking to yourself.

HARRY

Yeah, okay... what?

JASON (V.O.)

They're down the hall signing
papers. I snuck away. It's about
Mom and Doctor Hart.

Just then Dr. Noah Hart's shadow enters behind the view
glass. Jason tries to cover up what he's doing. There's no
love lost between these two.

HART (V.O.)

Hello, Jason. Let's not disturb
your father just yet. Let go of the
button.

JASON (V.O.)

No. He needs to hear this. I want
to talk with him. Alone.

HARRY

Jason?

HART (V.O.)

How do you feel, Harry?

HARRY

Doctor Hart?

HART (V.O.)

Yes. I'm here with your son.

Harry sits up.

HARRY

Can we take off this jacket? I don't like my child seeing me this way.

HART (V.O.)

I'll take it into consideration.

HARRY

Would you?

HART (V.O.)

Of course.

HARRY

Oh, Noah... if you decide to take off my jacket, could you manage to provide me with a note pad and pen?

HART (V.O.)

No sharp objects, Harry. Sorry.

HARRY

Crayons? Can I at least have Crayons?

HART (V.O.)

Well --

HARRY

Just Crayons?

HART (V.O.)

I'll see what I can do.

HARRY

Thank you.

JASON (V.O.)

I gotta go, Dad. Bye.

HARRY

Jason? Jason? Jason.. Doctor Hart, I was speaking with my son... for the first time.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - SPRING - NIGHT

A lit sign indicates the YPSILANTI REGIONAL PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. Rain drifts across the near empty parking lot.

INT. WHITE PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Doctor Hart, Mary, and Jason begin to watch Harry through the glass. Their shadows jockey for room against the glass.

Harry sits in the corner without his straight jacket and has a drawing pad and Crayons.

MARY (O.S)
He's not writing, is he?

HART (O.S.)
Drawing.

MARY
Is he --

HART
-- getting any better?

There's romance there in their voices.

HART
I'm afraid not.

Their shadows are having problems keeping their hands to themselves. Jason's shadow doesn't like this one bit.

JASON (O.S.)
Dad will get better, you'll see.

MARY (O.S.)
Hush, or I'll make you play with the nurse again.

Harry continues to peacefully draw. His back is to the viewing window.

Eddie's shadow enters growing on the wall as he nears Harry. More alive than he looked before. He even wears a nice suit now.

EDDIE
What gives?

HARRY
What's it to you?

EDDIE
It's nothin' to me. Thanks for the Brooks Brothers, though.

Eddie moves to see his reflection in the glass.

EDDIE

Notice I don't look so cryptic anymore. What's up?

Doctor Hart's, Mary's, and Jason's shadows stand watching. Hart's shadow glancing down at Mary's butt as she leans over to turn on the intercom to Harry's room. Jason doesn't miss this.

HARRY

Nothing. Why don't you go back to wherever you came from?

MARY (O.S.)

Oh, my God... he's --

HART (O.S.)

Sssshhhhh.

Eddie turns on Harry.

EDDIE

Hey, you are where I came from.

HARRY

So?

EDDIE

Write something and get me out of here.

HARRY

So now you need me.

EDDIE

Why am I here, Harry?

HARRY

Far as you're concerned, I'm drawing.

EDDIE

Listen, don't be using me... I'm not dying again.

HARRY

Don't worry, you won't.

Eddie shadow goes over to the window. He makes faces.

EDDIE

It's not natural to have these people watching us like we're baboons or something.

Harry looks up from his pad.

HARRY
They're also listening, so remember
baboons don't talk.

MARY (O.S.)
He knows we're here and he still...?

HART (O.S.)
It comes and goes. He seemed to be
just fine... until just after the
New Year.

Eddie turns to the glass.

EDDIE
Why? They can't hear me. Hey, you
bunch of demented Peeping Toms,
take a good look at this.

Eddie's shadow acts like baboon and turns to moon the glass.

HARRY
Stop it, Eddie.

EDDIE
Just doin' what you wish you could.
So, hurry up, I'm goin' stir-crazy.

HARRY
Keep your furry butt to yourself.

MARY (O.S.)
Really, Harry.

JASON (O.S.)
I want Dad to come home, Mom.

MARY (O.S.)
So do I, dear. Who's he talking to?

HART (O.S.)
Eddie Meats.

MARY (O.S.)
From "Falling Men Must Die"? But
he's dead.

HART (O.S.)
According to Harry, he's now the
un-dead.

Mary's voice now comes over the intercom.

MARY (V.O.)

Harry?

Harry looks up at the glass.

HARRY

Come on in, Marry. I want to talk.

MARY (V.O.)

You're looking better today.

EDDIE

How about me? I'm almost human again.

Harry shoots Eddie a look, while forcing a smile at Mary.

HARRY

Mary, I want to go home.

MARY (V.O.)

The doctors would like to wait a little while longer.

HARRY

I'm fine, Mary, honest. I haven't heard Angel's voice... jeez, I don't know in how long.

EDDIE

And it's been over a year since he stopped masturbating. Happy?

JASON (V.O.)

She's trying to sell Angel's Porsche, Dad. She put it on Carmax.

HARRY

(stops, alarmed)

Don't you dare sell the Porsche.

Mary; shadow SMACKS Jason's shadow on the head.

JASON (O.S.)

Ouch.

MARY (V.O.)

Of course I wouldn't, dear.

HARRY (V.O.)

Noah, I want out of here. Now would be soon enough.

HART

We'll get you home as soon as we can, Harry.

JASON (V.O.)

She wants the money to redo the bathrooms. OUCH. Come home, Dad. Ouch. Mom keeps hitting me.

Harry makes it to his feet and calmly walks up to the glass.

HARRY

Honey bunch?

MARY (V.O.)

Yes, darling dumplings.

HARRY

Stop hitting the kids. And if you sell the Porsche to remodel our bathrooms, I'll do much more than just edit you out of my life.

Mary's shadow backs away from the glass.

MARY (V.O.)

You're sick, Harry. Sick.

Doctor Hart's shadow comforts Mary's.

EDDIE

Way to go, mouth. Now we'll never get out of here.

HARRY

I don't care. Mary. Do not, do you hear me? Do not touch Angel's Porsche, or my Harley.

JASON (V.O.)

Or me, you bitch. Ouch.

HARRY

Now, Noah, I want out of here. I'm as sane as you or the next guy.

JASON (V.O.)

Dad, Mom traded your Harley in for a new dishwasher. So it'd match the new fridge and tile.

Jason's shadow holds onto the counter as Mary's shadow pulls his feet. Doctor Hart's shadow tries to force Jason's hand off the intercom button.

HARRY

What? You traded my Harley? Why?

MARY (V.O.)

Jason kept trying to start it. And I caught three little ghetto brats from that evil neighborhood you wrote in... pushing it down the street. They were stealing it.

JASON (V.O.)

Were not. We were just pretending.

Eddie is disgusted with it all.

EDDIE

Kids. We gotta get you home, Harry.

HARRY

Let me out of here, Hart.

HART (V.O.)

Give us a minute, Harry.

Harry's shadow paces back and forth. Eddie's shadow paces the other way. They walk THROUGH each other. Stop and look back.

HARRY

I've got to get home before she gives all my clothes away.

JASON (V.O.)

Too late. And Doctor Hart keeps eyeing Mom's ass. Ouch.

HARRY

Ahhhh. Are you cheating on me, Mary?

Mary's shadow has her hand over Jason's mouth.

MARY (V.O.)

Don't be ridiculous, Harry. We're married. We're in this together.

HARRY

Then why can't you see I'm needed at home?

MARY (V.O.)

I do see. And you'll be home soon, darling. I promise.

HART (V.O.)

It's obvious that you're still feeling a bit troubled, Harry. We just agree that you need a little more time here to work things out.

Harry thinks it over.

HARRY

Mary, tell Peter I'm ready to do the script. Tell him to come see me.

MARY (V.O.)

... Okay, Harry.

HARRY

Do you still love me? I mean, despite everything? You know, for better and all that?

MARY (V.O.)

Of course I do.

HARRY

Then please don't sell the Porsche. It's Angel's, a prototype, and the last of it's kind.

MARY (V.O.)

I'll tell Peter. I'll see you in a few days. Be well, Harry.

Mary's shadow turns away and exits, dragging Jason's shadow behind her. Dr. Hart's shadow follows, holding the door.

HARRY

Mary... Mary?

Harry stands there in front of the glass. Waiting.

EDDIE

That's it, it's hopeless, they're screwing you royal and there's not a thing you can do to free us from inside this cage. I'm outa here, pal.

Eddie's shadow fades into the shadows.

Harry realizes they have left him hanging.

HARRY

Noah... Haaaarrtt... Nooaaahh
Haaaarrtttt...

Harry starts to THRASH around the room... pulling out his hair and BEATING himself with his drawing pad.

HARRY

Noah. Haaarrrrttttttt... Aahhhhh...

He falls to his knees, reaching up to the heavens. His face twisted and tormented, seeking compassion.

HARRY

I want out of heerrreeee.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASH BACK:

Tight on Harry's eyes, as he lies on a couch in Doctor Hart's office. All we see is a single light on Harry's face. It's just before the trial. He speaks to Doctor Hart who's o.c.

HARRY

Frankly, Doctor Hart, I don't see the big deal. I admit I might have gone beyond the normal realm of noble behavior at times. But to point fingers at me and paste unnecessary labels on my back like suicidal is... I'm not suicidal. I know, I know... I attempted to shoot myself in the brain. But it wasn't me I was trying to kill. It was Eddie. And I admit it does sound similar, but hey, I was sane enough to miss.

HART (O.S.)

Point taken.

HARRY

And this hatred towards my father. You didn't know him. So how could you possibly see the whole picture? He wanted so much for me to be a savior. The answer to all Mankind's problems. If not for my mother, he would've named me Moses Mohammed or Jesus Einstein. I'm telling you, the guy had it in for me from day one. For example, when I was six, I begged my father to buy me a bicycle so I could keep up with the other kids. Do you know what he bought me? A used Encyclopedias set.

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)

Has anyone mentioned my trying to electrocute my father during a science project? I almost did, you know. Should've named me AC DC.

HART

Yes. Let's delve further into this anger.

Harry thinks for a moment.

HART

It's okay. I'm here for you.

HARRY

Well, in the seventh grade my father forbade me to ask the most beautiful girl in the neighborhood to a social dance because she wasn't from my school. The next semester she must have moved because I never saw her again.

HART

Ah yes, I see. You experienced your first love.

HARRY

It wasn't just love to me. It was destiny. We were both deadlocked in a state spelling B final for over four hours. Just the two of us from the same neighborhood. It was unheard of. But there we were. Me a big nerd and her the picture of cool. And the way she looked at me when they drew necrophagous, the feeding on of dead bodies, out of the tumbler. I'll never forget her eyes. No one thought I'd spell it right. Not my mother, not my father. Not even me. No one, but her. She knew I could win. I saw it on her lips, in those eyes, a twinkle of a smile. She was actually happy for me. And I was inspired. She was my living angel and even then had such breathtaking style.

HART

So, things could've been different?

HARRY

If my father had let me ask her out? She might have said no.

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)

But as it stands, I've written about her ever since. I don't know about you, Doctor, but I don't consider this any worse than a guy who masturbates on a daily basis. And that is hardly grounds for putting me away. I do support my family adequately and it's not as if I don't love my wife. She's given me a wonderful kid. Okay, he's a monsters at times, but he's healthy.

HART

Let's get back to your father.

HARRY

Halfway through Law School, Father got hit by a street cleaner. He bent down to pick up a shiny nickel. On his death bed he said if my law schooling hadn't cost him every nickel he had, he wouldn't have been scrounging around in the gutter when he could've lived like a king. I hated him for telling me that. When I sold my first book, I went and dug down to his coffin and left fifty grand in thousand dollar bills. If I ever need it, I'll dig it back up. But until then, the bastard and I are even. He's dead - and my life's a living hell.

HART

Or perhaps he did what he did because he believed in you, Harry.

HARRY

He didn't hate me?

HART

Sounds like he was a good man and just wanted you to be more than he thought he could be. Somebody.

END FLASHBACK.

BLACK

From off in the VOID Angel Style's VOICE begins calling...

ANGEL (O.S.)
 Har-ry, Har-ry, Harrrrr-rrrrry,
 Haaaarrrrr----rrrrrrryyyyy....

INT. WHITE PADDED CELL - DAY

Harry is in his straight jacket again. Angel's shadow is thrown in from the shadows. She's in a tasteful beach outfit. Looking tanned, gorgeous... and bound by the hands.

ANGEL
 You creep, keep your vulgar hands
 off me.

Eddie's shadow appears wearing a loud floral shirt and cotton shorts, looking good and healthy. He struggles to untie Angel's hands.

EDDIE
 Look who I found? It took me awhile
 but I finally found her suckin' up
 to some rich pimp down in the Virgin
 Islands.

ANGEL
 He was the Governor and we were
 just dancing at a charity ball.
 (looks around)
 Where are we?

EDDIE
 In Harry's tomb if we can't find a
 way out of this dump. Look at this,
 no WiFi or cable outlet.

Eddie frees her. Angel slaps him. She sees Harry and her shadow crawls to his. We see her shadow holding Harry's.

Angel rolls Harry over and SCREAMS.

ANGEL
 Your face is scared.

EDDIE
 Cut the dramatics, Stella.

ANGEL
 Why didn't you tell me?

EDDIE
 Like you really care.

ANGEL
 I do care. Look what they did to
 him.

EDDIE

I told you he needed to see you.

ANGEL

I didn't know they were doing this to him. If I had, you wouldn't've had to kidnap me.

EDDIE

Why would I spoil all the fun?

ANGEL

Which, by the way, you'll see hard time for.

EDDIE

Uh-uh, unless he rewrites the story, I'm still legally dead. And if he does, I got my hunches you'll be feelin' a lot different about me soon.

ANGEL

Never. You're the scum of the oceans. The ring around the toilet bowl of life. The doo-doo on the front lawn of heaven.

EDDIE

You know, for a dumb blond you can be pretty stupid and insensitive at times.

ANGEL

I am not insensitive.

EDDIE

No? Look what you've done to the poor chump.

ANGEL

Me? I told you. This is his wife's doing. What happened... after I left, I mean?

Eddie's shadow goes over to the window to check his hair. He takes out a comb and starts combing it. Using spit to hold it down.

EDDIE

Hollywood. The suits got to him. Pushed him over the edge. But he wouldn't give you up. He fought them to the bitter end.

(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)
So whatever you do, don't mention
anything about his father.

ANGEL
His father?

Harry bolts up.

HARRY
(hysterically)
Don't die, I understand, I
understand... I under....

Angel SLAPS Harry's face. Harry snaps out of it. His eyes
slowly focus on Angel's. He starts to cry.

Angel's shadow takes Harry's shadow in her arms again and he
openly WEEPS as they have a moment together and just rock
back and forth.

ANGEL
It's okay, Harry, it's okay...
Everything will be okay. I'm back.
I've been such a spoiled brat. But
I'm back now... no one will hurt
you again.

HARRY
Am I awake?

EDDIE
Disgustingly so.

HARRY
Angel... you look... so... tan.
Where have you been?

ANGEL
In the Virgin Islands sulking and
waiting for you.

HARRY
I couldn't get away... they found
my ticket... and I thought... you
were mad at me.
(big burden lifted)
Oh, Angel, I've missed you so much.

ANGEL
I wasn't mad at you, Harry. Oh,
honey, it must've been terrible. I
was mad at them for destroy us.
(checks his pupils)
What have they given you?

EDDIE

Forget it. He's got zip left.

Angel pulls away. Harry plops down on the floor.

ANGEL

What's he doing here? I didn't...
(spits in disgust)
... bite him for nothing.

Eddie starts HUMMING the wedding march.

HARRY

Don't start, Eddie.

ANGEL

Harry, I don't like the sound of
this.

HARRY

Eddie, why do you have to be such a
horse's tail all the time?

EDDIE

Because, basically, unless we find
someone to pin it on, I'm still a
double murderer. I pushed two guys
in front of street cleaners, remember.
By the way, I love how you stole
the idea from you father.

ANGEL

Pin it on? What and on whom?

HARRY

That's part of what we've got to
talk about.

PETER (V.O.)

Harry? It's me, Peter.

Harry gets up on his knees and crawls over to the window.
Harry tries to get up but can't.

HARRY

My God, Peter, where have you been?
My wife is trying to kill me.

PETER (V.O.)

Calm down, Harry. No one is trying
to kill you. I've been in rehab.
And interviewing law firms. I've
stopped by several times to see you
though.

(MORE)

PETER (V.O.) (cont'd)
But the last time you were reciting
passages from the 1966 Encyclopedia
Britannica, volume fourteen, Libido
to Mary - Duchess of Burgundy.

HARRY
I was?

PETER (V.O.)
Verbatim. I checked.

Harry thinks, smiles, knowing why.

HARRY
Jesus. Sorry, it was a thing with my
father. It's funny, I feel as though
a heavy guilt has been lifted off my
soul. My father was a shit. Shit,
shit, shit. But he loved and pushed
me because he dreamed that I'd be
somebody someday. And I am because
he did. Damn, I feel good.

PETER (V.O.)
That's nice, Harry. Look, your son
left me a message about you needing
to see me. So I've been stopping by
on and off for over a month.

Trying to remember his conversation with Jason.

HARRY
I did? Yes, yes, I did. I've
decided to rewrite "Falling Men
Must Die." And retitle it Falling
Men Won't Die.

Peter shuffles his feet but doesn't say anything.

Harry is worried by the silence.

HARRY
Well... isn't that good news? You
know, for the script's sake?

PETER
Yes, Harry, it is. Especially if
you had told me a year ago.

HARRY
A year? What are you getting at?

Peter is very sad to have to tell Harry the bad news.

PETER
The movie deal fell through.

HARRY
Through what? Find someone else.

PETER
It's not that easy. There's money
and lawyers involved.

HARRY (V.O.)
I'm working on a happier ending,
though. The big Hollywood ending
with the surprise twist they
wanted.

PETER
I'm glad to hear that, Harry, I
really am. But there's not much
we can do now until it goes into
turnaround.

Stands up, facing the window.

HARRY
What the hell does that mean?

EDDIE
It means we're taking it face down,
Harry.

PETER (V.O.)
It doesn't matter because...

Suddenly feeling very tired of dealing with this.

PETER
... there's another thing....
Everything you own at the moment,
all your writing, the house, will
be tied up in court for awhile.

Harry is completely confused.

HARRY
What for? What did I do? I haven't
killed anyone. I'm not a drug
dealer, bank robber, or a child
molester... I'm just --

PETER (V.O.)
-- getting divorced.

HARRY
What?

This is hard for Peter.

PETER

It's Mary. She's sold off all your personal belongs. And put the money into the house. She's not trying to kill you, she's divorcing you.

EDDIE

What's the difference?

ANGEL

See, I told you she was up to something. And that doctor too, I bet his fingers are all over this.

PETER

Get this. Our lawyers are representing her, so they dropped us. Jason called me, so I went over and had a talk with Mary. She's asked me to tell you. That's why I'm here today. To tell you she's moved Jason to Florida.

HARRY (V.O.)

The Porsche, my Harley, golf clubs, everything?

PETER

Everything. She's put it all into one pot. To split it right down the middle. Clean and simple. But if it makes you feel better, Harry, I bought back your metal woods. And you can have them back at half what I paid for them.

Thinking this all over.

HARRY

You're a prince, Peter. So, Mary's divorcing me. That should make my mother happy. What about future book royalties, foreign and domestic?

PETER (V.O.)

She's asking for half. Unless we can agree on a flat figure. I'm sure that's what they want.

HARRY

They? There's someone else already?

PETER

Yes, look --

HARRY

What about my mother? Where does she stand in all this?

PETER (V.O.)

That reminds me, she's down stairs. Listen, I've got to go make some calls. Is there anything I can do for you right now?

Harry thinks, but doesn't answer.

Peter is confused by the silence.

PETER

Harry? Harry, is there any.... Your mother will be here in a minute.

Peter's shadow makes a move to leave.

HARRY

Peter wait. Peter... there's been a mistake. Peter?

Peter just shakes his head.

HARRY (V.O.)

Get me out of here, Peter. Please? Get us an honest lawyer.

PETER

Your mother's way ahead of us. We've taken on a new firm we can trust... headed by a knockout from our old neighborhood. Your mother found her.

This worries Harry greatly. Not knowing what his mother has done.

HARRY

Peter, wait. Who is she? Do I know her?

PETER (V.O.)

I'm sorry, but Dr. Hart left word for you not to be disturbed too long. Said, it's best for the divorcé trial if you're not ranting and raving about voices in your head.

HARRY

Left word? Where the hell is he? I want to speak to him right now.

This is getting very hard for Peter, knowing Harry's fragile state.

PETER

Look, I'm not supposed to tell you this. But, he's in Florida... with Mary. He's helping her get settled. Apparently, he's removed himself from your case, as of yesterday.

HARRY (V.O.)

Yesterday? Oh great, isn't this just flawless? He's playing hide the angry thermometer with my wife and stealing half of everything I own by keeping me hopped-up on drugs.

ANGEL

Knew it. Don't let them take me from you, Harry.

EDDIE

Stop it, Angel. This ain't about us. It's about them.

PETER

Actually, Harry, you've been in here over two years, and I think they just fell in love.

HARRY (V.O.)

Fine, I don't care. Just get me the hell out of here before something permanent happens to me. Like rigor mortis.

PETER

One way or another I'll get Annie Mercy-Singer down here today. The weird thing is, I got the feeling I've known her for years.

HARRY (V.O.)

Annie Mercy?

Peter's shadow checks his watch. He's got to go.

PETER

Yeah, you might have known her. The weird thing is, I got the feeling we were friends for years the moment I we met. Look, you'll like her, I got to go call her. There's no reception up here.

HARRY (V.O.)

No, Peter, wait.

PETER

Hang in there, Harry. She's a busy woman, and I got a small window to catch up with her. I'll just be down stairs.

HARRY (V.O.)

But --

PETER

Get some rest.

Peter leaves.

HARRY (V.O.)

I don't want Annie to see me like this. Peter. You don't understand. Please, don't let her see me like this. Peter? Talk to my mother. She'll explain, all right? Peter? Peter, ask my mother. Peter? Peter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHITE PADDED CELL - LATER THAT EVENING

Harry stands before the window looking up at it as a child, remorse on his face.

HARRY

Mother?

MOTHER (V.O.)

Yes.

HARRY

I'm very sorry.

Mother shadow on the glass tries her best not to let Harry know she's crying.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Sorry for what?

HARRY (V.O.)

Sorry for all the trouble I've caused you. Sorry for not ever appreciating what you and Dad sacrificed for me. I know you two went without things for me. You wearing those old dresses, him that old suit, and driving that old car. I know it was for me. I know.

MOTHER

Oh, Harry, I'm your mother... you don't have to appreciate me.

Harry wipes his eyes.

HARRY

Yes I do. There's still a few things I need to work out about all this. But I want you to know that... Mother, I love you.

Mother' shadow BLOWS her nose.

MOTHER

You've never told me that before.

HARRY

I know.... I'll be home soon. I'll get Mary out of our lives, and we'll be a family again. Okay?

MOTHER

I love you, son. And if writing can make you happy... I promise to accept that. It's your life. It was a mistake not to understand that. I've been reading your fan mail. Readers love you... they love Angel. I've read some of the early stories. There's passion there. I wasn't able to see before. If a woman can make a man love her like that, then she ought to know it. Because any woman would feel lucky to be loved in the way you love your Angel.

HARRY

Mother... thanks... thanks for everything you and Dad gave up for me to go to school. I'll make it up to you soon. I promise.

Mother openly cries. Harry wipes his tears away again.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Peter's waiting for me. If I don't
 leave now, my eyes will fall out.

HARRY
 It's okay, Mother. I'll see you soon.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 I'll be waiting for you, son.

HARRY
 Mother? Buy yourself some flowers.
 And a new dress. Whatever you like
 and send them from me.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 But --

HARRY
 -- Please. Buy some flowers for
 Dad, too. The ones he liked.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Okay then, I will. Thank you, son.

Harry smiles up to his mother.

HARRY
 The expensive ones.

Harry waits until he's sure his mother is gone and begins to
 calm himself by pacing the cell.

Angel's and Eddie's shadows enter. They've been making
 love... all day. They're being overly kissy-face.

ANGEL
 Oh, Edward, you big trouser mouser.

EDDIE
 I didn't know I had it in me.
 Jesus, I can't take my hands off
 you. Hey, Harry, did your mother
 leave yet?

HARRY
 She's gone. I think she did
 cartwheels on the way out.

EDDIE
 Why do women cry so much when
 they're happy?

HARRY

Probably for the same reason you both sounded like you were dying all day.

ANGEL

Why, Harry, you were listening.

HARRY

When you two finish sucking on each other's anatomies, would you mind taking a moment from your bliss to parley matters with me.

EDDIE

Parley away, old bean.

ANGEL

Hasn't your lawyer showed up yet?

HARRY

Soon. Look, I've decided on how to get you off the hook, Eddie.

EDDIE

You mean... me and Angel can --

HARRY

-- Forever, if you want.

ANGEL

What about the diamond smuggling?

HARRY

All part of the same frame job.

ANGEL

By whom?

HARRY

Well, the perfect person would be someone who was secretly in love with you. Someone you've known for a long time who would object to you and Eddie being together.

ANGEL

I can't think of anyone who'd hate him more than my mother.

EDDIE

I can. That little faggala of a friend of yours.

ANGEL

Not Norman. Oh, please don't make it Normy. Who will I shop with? And he's such a --

EDDIE

-- back stabbing little weasel. I can see him now. He uses his gay South African ties to plant the diamonds. In return, he supplies them with donations through his charity drives and gets me out of his way in the process.

ANGEL

But he doesn't even like girls.

HARRY

It didn't necessarily have to be for sexual reasons, Angel.

EDDIE

Just havin' a broad... ah... a beautiful lady like you on a guy's arm can open a lot of doors.

ANGEL

You mean, I was just a dumb piece of jewelry to Norman?

EDDIE

Don't take it so hard, Angel. If I couldn't get it up just lookin' at you, I'd still want you around my neck.

Angel kisses Eddie on the cheek.

ANGEL

Edward, you say the sweetest things. Trash Norman, Harry.

HARRY

It's getting a little thick in here.

ANGEL

Oh, Harry, I've got a wonderful idea.

EDDIE

Oh-oh, hold on to your suitcase.

ANGEL

Make Allen the killer.

HARRY

Who?

ANGEL

Allen Wrench... you know, that nasty man in 502.

EDDIE

The soap opera quadro? Gee, Angel, that's kind of rickety.

HARRY

I don't know. She may be on to something.

EDDIE

The guy can't even scratch himself. How's he supposed to kill anyone?

ANGEL

See? Who would suspect him?

HARRY

He did ask to be in our book.

EDDIE

Who am I to argue? Just get me off the hook.

HARRY

The more I think about it, the more I like it.

ANGEL

We can still trash Norman if you want. He could be the brains.

HARRY

Right. Maybe Norman sets up the diamond smuggling... and makes you think it's all legit because of the charities... a perfect fall guy... using Angel's beauty and charm to keep you distracted... but the killer is really Allen... a secret flame.

EDDIE

The flamer will really love you for this one, Harry.

ANGEL

I've got it. Why don't we dedicate part of the book proceeds to Allen's medical care. The press will eat it up.

HARRY

There is that fifty-grand buried on my father's coffin.

EDDIE

Hell, why not go whole-hog and get Randy the candy striper to present the check?

ANGEL

That's a fantastic idea.

HARRY

Okay, consider it done. Now why don't you two run along and have a good life. I've got to straighten out my own for awhile.

ANGEL

Don't you want our help?

HARRY

I've got to work on this mystery myself, Angel.

Eddie and Angel turn to leave.

EDDIE

Well, so long. Keep a stiff upper groin.

HARRY

I will. Take care of her, Eddie. And thanks for everything.

EDDIE

(hugs Angel)

I got the better deal.

ANGEL

Will you ever write about us again?

HARRY

Maybe someday. I love you, Angel... I really do. You're the best thought this writer ever had. So long.

Angel's and Eddie's shadows begin to FADE into darkness. But Angel's bolts back to Harry's shadow and gives him one last hug and a kiss.

ANGEL

So long, Harry. I love you, too. You're the greatest.

Angel runs o.s. behind Eddie.

Harry stands there a moment. He wipes away a tear.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Mr. Starkers?

HARRY
Yes.

ANNIE MERCY-SINGER's shadow appears on the glass. She's an angel, and professionally stylish. What a knockout.

ANNIE (V.O.)
I'm Annie Mercy-Singer. Peter Middlefinger sent me. I'm a lawyer with Singer and Masterson.

HARRY
Annie? Annie Mercy? It's me, Harry.

ANNIE (V.O.)
(not getting it)
Yes, I know.

HARRY
Harry Starkers. From seventh grade.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Mr. Starkers, your mother --

HARRY
I know, you don't remember me. And believe me, I never wanted you to see me like this. Are you married? Of course you must be. Mercy-Singer.

ANNIE (V.O.)
I was... but look I --

HARRY
You're divorced?

ANNIE (V.O.)
Widowed. Look, I don't think --

Annie reacts as Harry spells out loud.

HARRY (V.O.)
N E C R O P H A G O U S... the
feeding on of dead bodies.

ANNIE
Oh, my God. That was you? From the seventh grade spelling B championship?

HARRY (V.O.)
You remember me?

ANNIE
Who could forget? How could a seventh grader even know a word like that?

HARRY (V.O.)
Easy, just have a father like mine.

ANNIE
I can't believe it's you. I wanted you to ask me to the Halloween dance. Why didn't you?

HARRY
(stunned)
You really wanted to dance with me?

ANNIE (V.O.)
In the worse way. I tried looking for you later on, but my family moved around a lot. And I was too shy to call you more than once.

HARRY
You called?

ANNIE (V.O.)
I left a message with your father.

HARRY
I tried calling you a million times. I thought of you almost everyday. But I kept hanging up.

ANNIE (V.O.)
That was you? Why didn't you say something?

HARRY
I just couldn't. And I got married right out of high school. You were such a little angel. And what style.

Annie is knocked back realizing Angel Style is her.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Angel Style... is me?

HARRY
Every last word.

ANNIE

Oh, Harry, I don't know what to say. The things you wrote.

HARRY

You moved me. My mother called you?

ANNIE

Yes. I met Peter, he's from the old.... Oh, Harry, I love your books. How?

Harry's nearly jumping up and down.

HARRY

It doesn't matter. I want to see you. Please, get me out of here.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Don't worry, Harry. I'm with you now. Everything will be okay. No one will hurt you again.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIRGIN ISLANDS - BEACH - DAY

Over a transistor radio placed in the sand:

GALE WIND (V.O.)

I'm Gale Wind. And this is the breeze from the street. A great day for Harry. A great day for his fans. But what's more important, a great day for Angel Style and Eddie Meats. As we reported earlier, Harry's retitled book "Falling Men Won't Die" and new happy ending, or hopefully for his fans, a new beginning is again another number one best seller. And this just in, out of the padded cell and through the exhausting courthouse, Harry Starkers and his estranged wife, Mary Starkers, voted the wife mystery readers most love to hate - have settled out of court as Harry vacations in the Virgin Islands.

(MORE)

GALE WIND (V.O.) (cont'd)

As Mary was quoted as saying: "I'll get my new life, and he'll get his old books." As you know, the court threw out Harry Starker's sanity case because as Harry so colorfully put it: "Doctor Noah Hart was playing hide the angry thermometer with my wife, while keeping me drugged and unconscious." Enjoy the rest of your life, Harry. And please, keep writing. That's the breeze from me. I'm Gale Wind, so back to the BS TV News Studio.

O.S., Annie's shadow through an umbrella and a visible Harry sit in the sand under the umbrella reading. Happy as can be. Sipping cocktails, laughing. Madly in love.

Annie finishes the new draft of "Falling Men Won't Die," as we see her shadow put down the book in the sand

ANNIE (O.S.)

I love you, Harry.

HARRY

Love can save the world, Annie.

ANNIE (O.S.)

And I'm very much looking forward to reading your next book.

HARRY

What next book?

ANNIE

Please? I can't wait to read my lover's latest best seller. God, just the thought drives me wild.

She attacks Harry, pulling him o.c. and covers him with kisses. Harry pulls back onto camera and looks Annie's shadow in the eyes. She's telling the truth.

HARRY

That's good. It just so happens I do have a new idea.

ANNIE

Tell me.

Annie lies back expecting a story.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Harry. Yo, lover boy.

Harry glances over to the next blanket and large umbrella.

ANGEL AND EDDIE - BEHIND ANOTHER LARGE UMBRELLA

are sitting on the blanket. Their shadows cast on the inside of the umbrella, as she waves and blows Harry a kiss. Eddie's shadow tips his fruit drink.

Harry tips his drink back and smiles as he turns to Annie.

HARRY

Oh, no you don't. You'll just have to wait and read the book like the rest of my readers.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Why you.

Annie pulls Harry back o.c., and covers him with kisses again. Harry rolls on top. Their shadows kiss as deep as the ocean.

FADE OUT.

THE END