

HARRY STARKERS

By

Karl J. Niemiec

Karl J. Niemiec
LapTopPublishing.com
Info@LapTopPublishing.com
317-379-5716

FADE IN:

EXT. BEAUTIFUL NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

JASON STARKERS (13) rides his bike with BASEBALL CARDS in the spokes, tossing papers at various targets as he goes. Other than Jason, we get the feel of peace and serenity.

The last paper he throws NAILS the front door of his own home. A sign on the mailbox reads: "THE STARKERS". The garage is open, into which Jason peddles his bike.

The front door opens to reveal MARY STARKERS (late 30's) in a robe, holding a phone. She reacts to the paper, knowing her son threw it. She picks it up and closes the door as...

... Jason goes into the house through the garage.

Parked in the garage are a Cadillac, a special edition Porsche prototype and a brand-new Harley.

JASON (O.S.)
Mom, I'm home. Feed me.

MARY (O.S.)
Wash your hands and sit at the table. I'm on the phone with Doctor Hart.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

His stuffy nosed sister, HARRIET (6), and brother BENJI (8) join Jason. The kids are sugar-enhanced monsters. Harriet has an ANGEL STYLE DOLL and Benji a NOISY gun.

HARRIET
Mommy's talkin' to Daddy's head shrinker.

BENJI
And Harriet picked her nose again.

HARRIET
I did not.

BENJI
Did too. I saw you.

HARRIET
My nose doesn't work.

JASON
Shut up, you booger heads. I want to eat. Mom, feed me.

MARY (O.S.)
In a minute.

JASON
I'll be late to the orthodontist.

Harriet tries to force air through her nose. It's blocked.

BENJI
Oh, gross. Mom, Harriet's playing
with her nose at the table again.

HARRIET
Am not, snort nose.

BENJI
Are too, mucus breath.

Jason covers his ears as the younger two GIGGLE and fidget.
Mary enters. She's not a morning person.

MARY
Benji, Harriet. Who taught you to
speak like that?

Both kids point at Jason.

JASON
Did not, you booger heads.

HARRIET/BENJI
Did too.

Mary takes cereal from the pantry. Sugarcoated everything.
She gives the kids chocolate milk. The kids dump on more
sugar. Mary goes for the coffee, she piles in Sweet & Low.

JASON
We find Dad yet?

MARY
Don't worry.

JASON
What did Doctor Hart say? Is Dad
really crazy this time or what?

The kids all make crazy faces at each other. Mary cuffs Jason
on the back of the head. He points fingers at the other two
kids.

MARY
Just eat. I'll find him.

HARRIET

Oh goody, we get to play find the daffy old man again.

BENJI

I bet he's in a downtown sewer.

HARRIET

Uh-uh. Jason said Daddy called from the Detroit Zoo. The monkey cage, and he's living on black bananas and monkey fleas.

MARY

Jason.

JASON

She wanted a bedtime story.

MARY

This is all your father's fault.

BENJI

I bet he's up Harriet's nose.

HARRIET

No wonder I can't breathe.

MARY

I've had enough of this talk. We're getting that nose fixed.

HARRIET

Can I get one like Angel Style?

Mary spits up her coffee into the sink.

EXT. THE STARKER HOME - MORNING

Mary piles the kids into her Cadillac. Before getting in herself, she kicks a tire on the Porsche. She's got the newspaper rolled up.

The Cadillac backs out of the driveway.

EXT. STREET - CADILLAC - MORNING

Mary drives away. In the back window Benji and Harriet are hitting each other on the arm. Just before they round a corner Benji locks his fingers around Harriet's neck and chokes her.

Mary reaches back, swatting them with the newspaper. Jason grabs the wheel.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN - DAY

Mary rounds a corner on foot. She stops in front of a bookstore and looks into the window.

On display is "POOR BROADS DON'T SHOP." A large animated photo of her husband, HARRY STARKERS, hangs alongside it.

Mary is appalled.

Inside, the happy STORE CLERK adds more books. He looks at Mary and smiles as SHOPPERS reach around him for copies. All the people wave. "Look, it's Mary Starkers."

Mary flips them all the bird. The Store Clerk the Shoppers are taken back, knocking the stack of books down.

Mary continues down the street and storms into a building.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mary marches down the hall. She stops in front of a door reading: PETER MITTLEFINGER, PUBLISHER. She enters, BANGING the door open.

INT. MITTLEFINGER'S - DAY

Mary barges past the SECRETARY (50's) and into Peter's office.

On the wall is a poster of Harry Starker's first book: "SICK PUPPIES IN DRAG." "Number One Best Seller" on it.

PETER, balding, (late 30's) looks up. He's on the phone.

MARY

Where's Harry, Peter?

PETER

Mary, what a pleasant surprise.

Mary takes the phone from him and hangs it up.

MARY

Where has he hidden himself this time?

PETER

I... don't --

MARY

Liar. I'm fed up with your bullshit, Peter. Now where's my husband?

PETER
Honest, Mary, I haven't....

Mary pulls out a small pistol.

MARY
You want to tell me now, or after
you bleed to death?

Peter knows she means business. He's weighing his options.
Even the window is locked and too far away.

PETER
That's not a toy, Mary.

MARY
No shit, Peter. One, two --

PETER
He just calls me once in awhile.

MARY
Liar. You'd sell your own mother
for one more of his best sellers.

PETER
Mary, sit down. Let me get you
something... anything....
(takes out a pill bottle)
Care for a Valium?

He BUZZES the intercom. Mary SHOOTs a hole in it. Peter jumps
back, even more scared than he was before.

He swallows four Valium with coffee.

PETER
Jesus Christ, Mary. He's a writer.

MARY
"Poor Broads Don't Shop", "Bitches
With Guns In Detroit" are not
writing, they're mindless trash.

PETER
They're based on real stories. And
real money makers.

Mary points her gun at Peter.

MARY
Where is he? I'm a very good shot.
I won't kill you right away.

(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)

I'll just make you bleed slowly,
quite painfully, and probably with
a lot of noise.

Peter gulps more pills as he thinks it over. Realizing he's made a bad mistake taking more. He reaches for a pen. Mary follows his movement with the gun.

Peter writes an address. Slides it to Mary. He's rapidly being overwhelmed by the Valium. And knows he's in trouble.

Mary doesn't care. She picks up the page, reads it and makes a disapproving face.

MARY

How could you, Peter?

PETER

He's almost finished. Give him
another day or two. Three tops.

Mary picks the Valium bottle off the desk.

MARY

I've given him three months.
(reads the label)
He's coming home today, one way
or the other. He needs help, Peter.
(puts pills in her purse)
I've made another appointment
with Doctor Noah Hart.

Peter's head starts to droop. He's gone through this with Mary on almost every book.

PETER

I'll be the first to admit it's
gotten a little out of hand this
time.

MARY

He abandons his family for months.

PETER

But he's not hurting himself. His
readers love the books. He's my
hottest author. Besides, Harry
lives to write. You'd only lose him
if you try to take that gift away
from him, Mary. I don't know where
his passion comes from, but God,
his books are --

MARY

Trash. They're about trash and that woman he writes about... IS TRASH.

Peter is feeling very mellow. Fighting to keep his head up.

PETER

Ah, come on, Mary, lighten up on the poor guy. Angel's not real.

Mary puts her gun away.

MARY

This is the last book my husband is writing for you, Peter. I hope you live to publish it.

Mary storms out.

PETER

Mary, please we've got a movie deal on this one. We're talking big dollars.

The outer door SLAMS as the Secretary enters Peter's office. Peter's head DROPS down onto his desk.

PETER

I'll sue the bitch.

SECRETARY

Anything fatal this time?

Peter can't even open his eyes.

PETER

No. Get me my lawyer. And call 911. I think I'm about to O.D.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - DAY

The fifth floor of a rat infested, sleazy, Downtown Detroit apartment building. The single window has a ledge.

The walls are water stained and the furnishing is mix matched left behind junk.

A frayed chair and a desk with an Underwood Typewriter sit against the far wall. A garbage can is overflowing with crumpled bad ideas.

A filthy hot plate and a small crummy painted refrigerator make up the kitchen. The bathroom must be down the hall.

A broken-down couch is the bed. Rumpled sheets and a blanket are on it.

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

HARRY STARKERS (late 30s), unshaven and unkempt - perhaps hasn't showered in weeks, stands at the door trying to get rid of Mary. He's not having much luck.

HARRY

You call me crazy... but shooting at my publisher is perfectly sane behavior?

MARY

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 steps into the hall as Mary pulls out her gun. Harry grabs it and tries to take it away from her.

HARRY

Give me that.

He pulls the gun away.

HARRY

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

Mary kicks Harry on the shins.

Harry re-enters the apartment hopping on one foot 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 pushes her way into the room, forcing the door open. Sees the finished pages and goes for them.

Harry blocks her way, when he realizes what she's doing.

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 the kids.

Harry does. The brats. Mary makes a move for his book,
forcing Harry to grab her again.

MARY

Kill the tramp.

HARRY

Never.

Harry is forced to pick her up from behind and carry her back
to the door.

MARY

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

Harry pushes Mary back into the hall. He 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, and
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.
His eye begins to twitch.

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. ALLEN'S APARTMENT/EXT. HARRY LEANING OUT HIS
WINDOW - DAY

Allen is trapped in bed because of having no arms and legs.
The place is very neat. ALL MY CHILDREN is on TV.

ALLEN

Hey, listen, my man, I'm warnin'
you 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.
(MORE)

ALLEN (cont'd)
 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?

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

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.

INT. ALLEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

He's stuck in bed.

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

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

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.

EXT. DESERT ABOVE THE GRAND CANYON - DAY

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

Angel (late 30s) is running frantically towards the Grand Canyon in jeans, expensive boots and a suede jacket. She is stunning just the same.

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. In fact, everything in Harry's apartment is now at the canyon. Couch, desk, typewriter, refrigerator.

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

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

INTERCUT - HARRY/ANGEL/EDDIE - DESERT ACTION - DAY

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. Angel 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 bad guy.

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'. 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 mystery. And now you plan to put my demise on film.

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 to find these in New York City.

EDDIE

Don't get me started on that little faggala.

ANGEL

Shut up, Narmy is my best shopping friend.

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 lives 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 pours him a glass of water from a pitcher. Eddie downs it.

EDDIE

Thanks. It's a great life, Harry. Cars, homes, booze, Angel. We were falling in love, but you set me up. Christ, can you blame me? So close to paradise only to find you two were yanking my short hairs. I feel like a schmuck.

(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 and Angel's stimulating single life intact.

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.

HARRY

How about life in prison? I'll give you a lovable cell mate.

Angel SCREAMS as Eddie dives for her only to end up hugging the thorny cactus.

A look of crazed desperation as he pulls out the needles.

EDDIE

Aaahhh. I want to be a free thought. Aaahhh. Like a bird... aahhh.... as I had been, aahhh.... minding my own business, aahhh.... not hurting anyone... aahhh. That was low, Harry. Even for your tasteless books.

HARRY

(pacing)

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

EXT. DESERT - LOW CLIFF - DAY

Angel climbs. Eddie starts up after her.

ANGEL

Then lie down, get some rest.

Harry is at the top, looking down at them.

HARRY

Oh God, 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.

EXT. DESERT PLATEAU - DAY

Harry watches Angel run by.

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. He
looks over the ridge at Harry.

EDDIE

You mind, that hurts my throat to
laugh so villainously all the time.

HARRY

Touch.

Angel SCREAMS o.s. Harry and his things are there as Eddie
climbs up and 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 picks up the lighter and holds it out. FLICKS it.

HARRY

If I do, you'll have nothing. No homes, no cars, no women. Nothing, just a lousy two-bit player in my first two books. You didn't even have a 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 and his things appear beside Eddie.

HARRY

I'll call my publisher right now.

EDDIE

You're cold, man. Well, screw it. Make the call.

Eddie moves after Angel. Then stops.

EDDIE

Just remember, I never asked you to think of me in the first place.

Angel disappears behind rocks. Followed by Eddie. Harry reaches for the phone.

INTERCUT - INT. HARRY'S ROOM/PETER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

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

PETER

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

This isn't a menstrual cramp, Peter. It's a book. These kind of editing 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 like some damn brain-fart.

Harry makes a contemptuous face.

HARRY

Yeah, who would've figured?

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.
(hangs up)

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

INTERCUT - HARRY/ANGEL/EDDIE - ABOVE THE GRAND CANYON - DAY

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 is wrong. I'll just have to start over.

Angel comes to a stop, out of breath. She crouches in the shade of a rock formation.

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

Some stories just don't work out the way you outline them.

Eddie 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? I'm only here because of you.

Harry puts down the lighter and manuscript.

HARRY

Don't be reading subtext into this... this is 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 picks up the lighter and manuscript and tries to burn it, but can't.

HARRY

Somebody help me.

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

Eddie fills the air with maddening LAUGHTER. He perches on a large rock, overlooking Angel and Harry.

Angel sneaks along the rock, unaware of Eddie above.

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 leaps down onto Angel and they 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 hot. She gets lost, stumbles into the Grand Canyon of all places.

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 picks Angel off the ground. She struggles hard. Right before his desk. Harry covers his ears. It doesn't help. He's losing control. Eddie marches Angel towards the Grand Canyon.

HARRY

Stop.

Angel stops and Eddie 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 falls down, momentarily losing Angel. She 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.

HARRY

It's just one beer. I need to relax... 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 none of Angel concerns
anyone but me and my readers.

EDDIE

At least tell him how she's got no
job, no goals... just shoppin' and
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

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 those kids --

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 --

ANGEL

That's telling him. Besides, if I
wanted to work, I would, Doc.

EDDIE

Yeah, at what?

ANGEL

Well... I ... I haven't thought
about it much... but if I want to,
Harry would think of something
appropriate.

HART (V.O.)

I have a receipt here from a Quickie Liquor for quite a lot of 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 pushes Eddie off and runs for it. Eddie goes after her.

HART (V.O.)

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

HARRY

Doctor, please don't listen to my family. I use most of the 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, perhaps some medication could --

HARRY

Aaahhhh. I can't turn off my mind. It's just... I haven't slept in three days, Doc. Look, I... I've got to go.

HART (V.O.)

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

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

EXT. DESERT - OVERLOOKING THE GRAND CANYON - DAY

Harry and his things appear. He goes back to the typewriter and excitingly 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.

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)

Gripping and painful. What is it?
It's out here 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 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

At least I worked for my wealth.

ANGEL

Smuggling isn't an occupation. It's
a crime.

EDDIE

Hey, it's a good clean business. I
make women happy. I get 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, Harry?

ANGEL

Don't listen to this jerk, Harry.
We know who I am. And I'm sure
she'd be flattered.

HARRY

Don't worry, Angel. 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 keep sticking
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.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT

His manuscript is scattered all over.

EDDIE (V.O.)

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

Harry opens the window. The phone continues to RING.

Reluctantly, he 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 to the phone.

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

HARRY
Please leave a number and Harry 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?

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 to come down from there, and get home right now.

HARRY
No. Leave me alone.

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 blamed you. And I don't like you being down here by yourself.

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

No.

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 Harry, 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 great character to write about. 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 her. I'm just having fun.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Have all the fun you want. But at home 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 - 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 bitch.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harry scowls and SLAMS the window shut. He paces.

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.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

Eddie still holds Angel upside down over the canyon. Harry and his belongings appear beside them.

ANGEL

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

HARRY

Sssshhh, Angel, I'm thinking.

Harry starts to TYPE wildly. Eddie starts LAUGHING again and Angel SCREAMS.

WOLVES begin HOWLING o.s., moving 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 mystery 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.

THE WOLVES

Near. Very mean and savage.

EDDIE

Christ Harry, call them off.

HARRY

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

THE WOLVES

run off.

INTERCUT - HARRY/EDDIE AND ANGEL

Harry POUNDS on 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 your subconscious, 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 you Harry. I'm the dark-side that lurks deep inside the hidden crevices of your heart. The gray misty matter of your mind. The part who 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 kids need you. Kill Angel because she possesses you like a toy. Kill Angel because... your mother says so.

HARRY

STOP TALKING.

Harry openly WEEPS.

ANGEL

(uncertain)

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 and wipes the dust from 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.

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

That's not true. My father has nothing to do with my writing. He wouldn't even read it. So there.

EDDIE

No? Did you ever admire your father?

HARRY

That's confidential information.

EDDIE

Were you sad when he died? Did you even appreciate him? I doubt it.

HARRY

I don't want to talk about him.

EDDIE

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.

HARRY

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.

Harry paces the cliff.

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

HARRY
Will you drop dead?

EDDIE
O-kaaaayyy....

Angel SCREAMS as Eddie prepares to jump.

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

Harry goes to the Canyon's edge, 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.

HARRY
If only I could fly away like a
seagull.

Harry starts leaning further and further out over the cliff.
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 - DAY

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 and I want to
go on to something else.
(suggestive)
Something Caribbeanish, something
sexy, something wet....

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. Anther KNOCK.

MOTHER (O.S.)
(winded)
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.

INT. ALLEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

ALLEN
If I had the insurance I'd put
myself in, pinhead.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

LOUDER KNOCKING.

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

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MOTHER is a frump of a lady.

MOTHER

Don't be silly. Open this door.

Mother JIGGLES the knob again.

HARRY (O.S.)

You asked for it.

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

Harry climbs out on the window ledge.

HARRY

I'm out side. Happy?

MOTHER

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
yard and I'll go back in.

INTERCUT - INT. ALLEN'S ROOM/EXT. HARRY'S ON LEDGE - DAY

ALLEN

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
God, 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. Randy the candy striper's
only on TV for five minutes a day -
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.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

Eddie holds Angel beside Harry who is now poised at the edge
with them.

EDDIE
That's it, we're jumping.

HARRY/ANGEL
I don't want to die...

INTERCUT - EXT. STREET/EXT. LEDGE/INT. ALLEN'S ROOM - DAY

A POLICE CAR stops below the window as SIRENS fill the air. Tires SCREECH, as a CROWD begins to form below.

POLICEMAN
All right, mister, what the hell is happening up there?

ALLEN
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 lunch?

MOTHER
He's my son, Officer.

Mother walks up, stands next to the POLICEMAN, and looks up at Harry.

MARY
And my Husband.

Mary joins them, looking up at Harry.

JASON
And my dad.

Jason, picking his braces, joins them, looking up.

HARRY
Jason, why are you out of school?

JASON
I had an orthodontist appointment. Mom said I could come and watch so I don't hate her if she puts your 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

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 write.

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.

POLICEMAN

Whichever.

HARRY

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

POLICEMAN

And I've gotta lunch 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 nice 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. My first word wasn't momma or dad. 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. I haven't had a free beating in years.

JASON

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

MARY

No.

JASON

Ah, fudge sickles.

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.

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.

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, people 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'
thoughts of my own.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Stop it, Eddie.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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 over to his typewriter, throwing the pages into the air.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

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. Say goodbye.

Harry pulls the TRIGGER.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

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 in v.o.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The crowd stands in shock.

POLICEMAN
 Hey, what's happening up there?

INT. ALLEN'S ROOM - DAY

ALLEN
I think Hemingway just shot
himself... again.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mary and Mother run into the building.

MARY/MOTHER
HARRY.

Jason follows, picking his teeth.

JASON
Mom, can Benji and I drive Angel's
Porsche in the funeral?

The Policeman reaches into his car.

POLICEMAN
(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.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

Harry's eyes open. WIND still blowing. Pages still swirling.

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.

CLOSE ON EDDIE

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. DUST fills the air. Eddie's fighting to remain standing.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

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

EDDIE
Oh, sweat Jesus, Harry she's bitin'
them. AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH.....

Eddie falls off the cliff.

CANYON FLOOR P.O.V. - EDDIE/ANGEL

he falls, SCREAMING, and she hangs at the edge of the cliff.

TOP OF CANYON

Eddie's VOICE FADES as Angel HUFFS and PUFFS, struggling to climb up the edge of the rock 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.

TOP OF CANYON

Angel 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.

ANGEL
Oh, Harry, we did it.

HARRY

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.

She comes over and sits in Harry's lap. Harry takes out a hanky. Tries to wipe her face, but Angel 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.

ANGEL

Gee, do I have to walk in these boots?

HARRY

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

ANGEL

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

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

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

HARRY

Nothing could stand in my way,
Angel Style.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mother, Mary, Jason and the Policeman fill the hall outside Harry's apartment. An AMBULANCE'S SIREN approaches outside.

Heads from other lowlife tenants fill all the doorways. THREE DIRTY GHETTO KIDS play with a fire extinguisher filled with water. They NAIL Mary as she goes by. She stops to SWAT at them with her purse, CURSING.

INTERCUT - INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - DAY

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 runs down the side of his head.

Suddenly the door CRASHES in. The door is filled by the Policeman with his gun drawn. Harry and the Policeman stare at each other.

POLICEMAN

You hurt bad?

HARRY

I missed.

POLICEMAN

That's good. Now drop the gun.

Mary enters behind the Policeman. She's dripping wet.

MARY

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

MOTHER

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

TWO AMBULANCE DRIVERS show up with a gurney.

POLICEMAN

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

MOTHER

This is all your fault.

MARY

Why is it all 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.

Mother and Mary look at each other. They agree on one thing... Angel must go.

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 creep into the room. Harry moves away from them along the wall to the window.

POLICEMAN

Okay, Harry, we're taking you home.

Jason sticks his head into 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. But, Mom, 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, throwing more tension into the room. Until finally he hands it to the Policeman.

HARRY

I just need some peace and quiet.

Immediately the two Ambulance Drivers are on Harry. Holding him down and eventually strapping him to the gurney.

HARRY

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

They wheel Harry down the hall. Harry's neighbors APPLAUD.
Calling him NASTY NAMES in a couple different languages.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Harry is wheeled out, and carried down the stairs. Mary is
there putting Jason in her Cadillac. PEOPLE gather around.

A TV NEWS REPORTER and her CREW are there, setting up.

Harry SCREAMS about needing to go home as he is loaded into
the ambulance.

The Three Ghetto Kids gather around Jason's opening window.

KID

You know the murderer?

JASON

Sure, he's my dad.

The Kids all turn to Jason with respect.

Mary gets in the Cadillac and SLAMS her door. Lighting a
cigarette.

KID

Yo, dawg, he really your old man?

JASON

Yeah. He's crazy.

KID

That's fly. Our old man's not crazy.
He just wants to go postal 'cause the
man keeps him from workin'.

KID TWO

Damn straight. And drunk.

JASON

If they put my dad away, I get his
Harley.

KID

Oh, dawg, that's bad. If our old
man goes back to work, we only
getsta eat. You think we can trip
on your Harley?

Before Jason can answer, Mary stomps on the gas and SQUEALS out of there. So Jason yells out the window.

JASON

Sure, come hang... we got lots of food. I live at 15232 Juniper Berry Lane in Bloomfield Hills. 492....

Mary shuts the electric window on Jason, catching him by the throat and choking him off before he can give the Kids his full phone number.

ON NEWS REPORTER

Standing in front of the ambulance as Harry still SCREAMS inside. Mother is having an argument with the Policeman.

NEWS REPORTER

From what I can gather, Detroit's most celebrated author of such best selling mysteries as "Bitches With Guns In Detroit," "Poor Broads Don't Shop," and my personal favorite, "Your Neighbor Has Three Nipples," has apparently just shot himself in the head. Now, I'm not clear on the details, but from what I've heard, Harry Starkers just finished what might prove to be his last, yet greatest book: "Falling Men Must Die." And gossip has it, that Hollywood has finally struck a deal with Harry's publisher, Peter Mittlefinger. Something Harry always vowed would happen over his dead body. How prophetic.

The ambulance DRIVES off. Harry's Mother stands there completely confused and pissed off.

NEWS REPORTER

Excuse me, ma'am, but aren't you Harry Starker's mother?

MOTHER

Oh, stuff it, you vulture.

Mother storms off. The News Reporter just smiles into camera.

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.

MONTAGE - CLOSE ON HARRY - NIGHT

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

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

Harry GROANS and rolls over, showing his face in the light. He looks bad, crazed and perhaps dangerous.

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

Harry's eyes slowly open. He's groggy.

HARRY
Leave... me... alone.

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

Harry's eyes focus.

HARRY
Eddie? Is that you?

Eddie steps into the light. He is terribly mangled and decayed from his fall into the Grand Canyon. 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 you? 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.

EDDIE
No, it's the Brady Bunch.

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

HARRY
You smell terrible.

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

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

Eddie 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 moves o.s. Harry looks relieved thinking he's gone.

EDDIE (O.S.)
Over here. Hey, this is a padded cell.

Eddie 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... years... 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 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 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... 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 that
trigger.

EDDIE
No, Harry, you never should've
missed.

HARRY

Thanks.

FLASHBACK: INT. COURT ROOM - SANITY HEARING - DAY

The room is crushed with Harry's family and fans. Mother, the Policeman, Allen, DR. NOAH HART and Peter are there. Mary is on the stand. Mary looks at Dr. Hart. He nods to her.

MARY

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.

(holds up a airline ticket)

Just one 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. And 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 my 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.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Eddie looks at Harry with pity.

EDDIE

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 and a biter. 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. I'm just feeling angry.

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.

Harry's eye begins to twitch again.

FLASHBACK INT. COURT ROOM - SANITY HEARING - DAY

Harry's Mother sits in the witness stand.

MOTHER

Harry first wrote short stories about Angel Style in seventh grade. Who knew? He got A's too. 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. On his fourth birthday he added science and history, 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'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 things. Why, if his father were alive, he'd set Harry strait. Why....

END FLASHBACK.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

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.
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.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Jason stands there with his hands on the glass. He's two years older and completely frustrated. He POUNDS on the glass trying to get Harry to wake up.

JASON
Dad? Dad. Daaaad...

HARRY (V.O.)
Please, Jason, go outside and play.

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

Harry roles over and sits up.

HARRY (V.O.)
What? Eddie? What do you want,
Eddie?

Jason backs off from the glass.

EDDIE (V.O.)
What, am I speaking in metaphors?
Listen to your son.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

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 in. It's about Mom
and Doctor Hart.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

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

HART
Hello, Jason. Let's not disturb
your father just yet.

JASON
I want to talk with him. Alone.

HARRY (V.O.)
Jason?

HART
How do you feel, Mr. Starkers?

HARRY (V.O.)
Doctor Hart?

HART
Yes. I'm here with your son.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Harry sits up.

HARRY
Can we take off this jacket? I
don't like my children to see 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...

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is empty, just Harry through the looking glass.

HARRY (V.O.)

... for the first time.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - SPRING - NIGHT

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

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Doctor Hart, Mary and Jason, Benji and Harriet enter and begin to watch Harry through the glass.

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

MARY

He's not writing, is he?

HART
Drawing.

MARY
Is he --

HART
-- getting any better?

Mary and Doctor Hart look into each other's eyes. There's romance there.

HART
I'm afraid not.

They're having problems keeping their hands to themselves. Jason doesn't like this one bit.

JASON
Dad will get better, you'll see.

HARRIET
I don't know. He looks kind'a crazy to me.

BENJI
Shut up.

HARRIET
It's still a free country. Daddy, I got my nose fixed like Angel's.
(breathes deeply)
Mom, Benji farted.

BENJI
Did not.

MARY
Hush, or I'll make you play with the nurse again.

The two kids stand at attention.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

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

Eddie enters from the shadows. 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?

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Doctor Hart, Mary and her children stand watching. Hart
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 (V.O.)
Nothing. Why don't you go back to
wherever you came from?

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

HART
Sssshhhhh.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

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 goes over to the window. He makes faces.

EDDIE
It's not natural to have these
people watching us.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Looks up from his pad.

HARRY (V.O.)
They're also listening, so keep
your mouth shut.

MARY
He knows we're here and he still...?

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

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

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 moons the glass.

HARRY
Stop it, Eddie.

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

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Hart and Harry's family watch.

HARRY (V.O.)
Keep your furry butt to yourself.

MARY
Really, Harry.

HARRIET
Who's got a furry butt?

BENJI
You do.

JASON
Shut up, you guys. I want Dad to
come home, Mom.

MARY
So do I, dear. Who's he talking to?

HART
Eddie Meats.

MARY
From "Falling Men Must Die"? But
he's dead.

HART
According to Harry, he's now the
un-dead.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Harry is thinking.

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 E-Bay.

HARRY

(stops, alarmed)

Don't you dare sell the Porsche.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary SMACKS Jason on the head.

JASON

Ouch.

MARY

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.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Harry is trying to get up.

JASON (V.O.)

She wants to take the money and 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.

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.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary backs away from the glass.

MARY

You're sick, Harry. Sick.

Doctor Hart comforts her.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Harriet starts CHANTING "DADDY'S CRAZY" in v.o.

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.

Harriet continues to chant "DADDY'S CRAZY."

BENJI (V.O.)

Shuuut uuuuppp!

MARY (V.O.)

Come here, you two. Nurse.

JASON (V.O.)

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

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

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

Benji chases Harriet around the room as she continues to chant.

HARRY (V.O.)

What? You traded my Harley? Why?

MARY

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

Were not. We were just pretending.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Eddie is disgusted with it all.

EDDIE

Kids. We gotta get home, Harry.

HARRY

Let me out of here, Hart.

HART (V.O.)

Give us a minute, Mr. Starter.

Harry paces back and forth. Eddie 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?

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary has her hand over Jason's mouth. The NURSE has the others two kids by the collars, marching them out.

MARY

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

HARRY (V.O.)
Then why can't you see I'm needed
at home?

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

HART
It's obvious that you're still
feeling a bit troubled, Mr. Starkers.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Harry thinks it over.

HART (V.O.)
We just feel that you need a little
more time here to work things out.

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.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

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

HARRY (V.O.)
Mary... Mary?

Harry stands there in front of the glass. Waiting.

EDDIE (V.O.)
That's it, I'm outa here, pal.

Eddie fades into the shadows.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Harry realizes they have left him hanging.

HARRY
Noah... Haaaarrtt... Nooaaahh
Haaaaarrttttt...

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

HARRY
Noah. Haaarrrrttttttttt... Aahhhhh...

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

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Noah Hart helps Mary Starkers into her Cadillac. They linger there a moment. Jason is seething as the younger kids run around in the rain. Meanwhile, on the breath of the STORM...

HARRY (V.O.)
I want out of heerrreeee.

FLASH BACK: INT. DOCTOR HART'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry lies on a couch. A single light is on his face. It's just before the trial. He speaks to DOCTOR Hart.

HARRY
Frankly Doctor, 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
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. Has anyone mentioned my trying to electrocute my father for that? I almost did, you know. Should've named me Franklin Edison.

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. 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 off. But there we were. 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.

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)

Not my mother, not my father. Not even me. No one, but her. She new I could win. I saw it on her lips, a slight smile for me. She was happy. 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. Me this dorky kid and her a picture of beauty. 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 three wonderful kids. Okay, they're monsters, but they're 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. 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.

END FLASHBACK.

BLACK

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

ANGEL (V.O.)

Har-ry, Har-ry, Harrrrr-rrrry,
Haaaarrrrr----rrrrrryyyyy....

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

Harry is in his straight jacket again. Angel 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 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

We were dancing. Where are we?

EDDIE

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

Eddie frees her. Angel slaps him. She sees Harry and crawls to him.

ANGEL

Oh, my God.

Angel rolls Harry over and SCREAMS.

EDDIE

Cut the dramatics, Stella.

ANGEL

Why didn't you tell me?

EDDIE

Like you really care.

ANGEL

I do care.

EDDIE

I told you he needed to see you.

ANGEL

I didn't know he was like this. 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 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'm not insensitive.

EDDIE

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

ANGEL

What happened... after I left, I mean?

Eddie 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. So whatever you do, don't mention anything about his father.

ANGEL

His father?

Harry bolts up.

HARRY
 (hysterically)
 Rot in hell, you cruel bastard.
 It's not my fault you're dead.

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

Angel takes him in her arms 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... everything is okay.

HARRY
 Am I awake?

EDDIE
 Disgustingly so.

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

ANGEL
 In the Virgin Islands sulking.
 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.
 (checks his pupils)
 What have they given you?

EDDIE
 Forget it. He's got none 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 dad.

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.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Harry tries to get up but can't.

HARRY (V.O.)

My god, Peter, where have you been?

PETER

Rehab. And interviewing law firms.
 I've stopped by several times to
 see you though. But the last time
 you were reciting passages from the
 1966 Encyclopedia Britannica, volume
 fourteen, Libido to Mary - Duchess
 of Burgundy.

HARRY (V.O.)

I was?

PETER

Verbatim. I checked.

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

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, shit, shit. 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.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Trying to remember his conversation with Jason.

HARRY (V.O.)

I did? Yes, yes, I did. I've decided to rewrite "Falling Men Must Die."

Peter shuffles his feet but doesn't say anything.

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

Harry is worried by the silence.

HARRY

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

PETER (V.O.)

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

HARRY

A year? What are you getting at?

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

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

PETER

The movie deal fell through.

HARRY (V.O.)

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. A big Hollywood ending.

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.

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

Stands up, facing the window.

HARRY

What the hell does that mean?

PETER (V.O.)

It doesn't matter because...

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Suddenly looking very tired of dealing with this.

PETER

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

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

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?

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

This is hard for Peter.

PETER

It's Mary. She's sold off all your personal things. And put the money into the house. Now she's divorcing you. 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 the kids 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.

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

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

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

PETER (V.O.)
 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.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Confused by he silence. Looks at his watch. He needs to get
 somewhere soon.

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

Peter makes a move to leave.

HARRY (V.O.)
 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.

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

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.

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

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

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

PETER

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.

PETER

Actually, Harry, 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.

HARRY (V.O.)

Annie Mercy?

A red light is blinking on and off. Peter checks his watch. His time is up.

PETER

Yeah, you might have known her. Look, I got to go call her.

HARRY (V.O.)

No Peter, wait.

PETER

Hang in there, Harry.

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.

INT. 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.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - EVENING

Mother has tears running down her face. She tries her best
 not to let Harry know she's crying.

MOTHER
 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.

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

INT. PADDED CELL - EVENING

Harry wipes his eyes.

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

INT. VIEWING ROOM - EVENING

Mother BLOWS her nose.

MOTHER

You've never told me that before.

HARRY (V.O.)

I know.... I'll be home soon. Okay?

MOTHER

I love you, son. And if writing can make you happy... I promise to accept that. It's your life. 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 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 (V.O.)

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.

INT. PADDED CELL - EVENING

Mother openly cries. Harry wipes his tears away again.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Peter's waiting. 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. Whatever you like and send them from me.

MOTHER (V.O.)

But --

HARRY

-- Please. Buy some for Dad, too.

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 and Eddie 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 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... 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 one
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 and Eddie begin to FADE into darkness. But Angel bolts
back to Harry 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.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

ANNIE MERCY-SINGER. She's an angel, and professionally
stylish. What a knockout.

ANNIE
I'm Annie Mercy-Singer. Peter sent
me. I'm a lawyer with Singer and
Masterson.

HARRY (V.O.)
Annie? Annie Mercy? It's me, Harry.

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Not getting it.

ANNIE (V.O.)
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 --

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

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?

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Harry is stunned.

HARRY

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.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Annie is knocked back realizing Angel Style is her.

ANNIE

Angel Style... is me?

HARRY (V.O.)

Every last word.

ANNIE

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

HARRY (V.O.)

You moved me. My mother called you?

ANNIE

Yes. I knew Peter from the old....
Oh, Harry, I love your books. How?

INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Nearly jumping up and down.

HARRY

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

ANNIE (V.O.)

Don't worry, Harry. I'm with you
now. Everything will be okay.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Standing in front of the camera on a bright sunny day.

NEWSCASTER

I'm standing in front of the
Ypsilanti Regional Psychiatric
Hospital. Today is the day Harry
Starkers emerges from these
facilities. 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 has decided
to rewrite the ending to "Falling
Men Must Die" to create a new happy
ending. Or hopefully for his fans, a
new beginning. Back to you, Tim.

EXT. BLOOMFIED HILLS - HARRY'S HOME - MIDNIGHT

The Moon is full in the misty sky. Waiting alone in the
driveway is Harry with two shovels and a flashlight.

A car pulls up into the driveway and Peter gets out. He's
upset about something.

PETER

We're doing what?

HARRY

Digging up my father.

PETER

That's it, that's it, I'm out'a
here.

Peter gets back into his car.

HARRY

Peter wait. I need your help.

PETER

Let me get this straight. After all we've gone through, you now want me to make out a fifty-thousand dollar check to an Allen Wrench. A man you lived next to for what, three months? Okay, it's only money. But now, under a Full Moon, in the middle of the night, you want me to help dig up your father. After he's been dead for over ten years. Am I getting this straight? Because if I'm leaving anything out, Harry, you be sure to let me know. All right? You crazy phsyco.

HARRY

It's for publicity, Peter. The press will eat it up.

Peter gets out and goes to the back and opens the trunk. He takes out his four iron.

PETER

Come here, Harry.

Harry looks into the trunk, expecting to put the shovels in it. He backs away when he sees the look in Peter's eyes.

HARRY

What are you doing with that?

PETER

Just hold still. I want to introduce you to a special friend of mine. Mister Four Iron.

Peter follows Harry around the car. Harry drops the shoves as he tries to keep away from Peter. They circle the car faster and faster.

HARRY

Peter, this isn't funny.

PETER

I won't hurt you, Harry. I'm simply gonna bash in your skull. Now hold still.

Peter swings. Harry leaps out of Peter's reach. Peter BASHES in a side window of his car.

HARRY

Calm down, Peter. It's not what you think.

PETER

Oh, I've got a clear mental picture.

Peter swings again and BASHES out another window.

HARRY

Look what you're doing.

PETER

It's leased. Now hold still.

Peter swings again and puts a DENT in the hood.

HARRY

I buried fifty-thousand dollars on top of my father's coffin.

PETER

(stops)
You what?

HARRY

Fifty-one thousand-dollar bills.

PETER

Fifty?

HARRY

My first book royalty. Remember?
I asked for it in cash.

PETER

Thousand?

HARRY

I promised my father I would only dig it up if I needed it.

PETER

Dollars?

HARRY

Mary doesn't know about it. Unless Dr. Hart told her. So we got to hurry.

PETER

In the dirt?

HARRY

I figured we could say it came from you... like an advance on the rewrite.

PETER

On top of your father's --

HARRY

-- That way, neither of us loses anything.

PETER

And you want me to help dig?

HARRY

Don't you see it? We'll make five times that from the local publicity alone.

Peter picks up the shovels and throws them into the trunk along with the four iron. Closes it. He brushes the glass from the front seat and gets in.

HARRY

Well, what do you think?

PETER

Shut-up and get in before I change my mind.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Peter stands nervous in the f.g. with the flashlight. In the b.g., Harry kneels over a freshly filled in hole near a modest tombstone. Large dogs BARK in the distance. The Moon brakes through casting an eerie light.

Finally, Harry gets up and joins Peter. They walk fast to the car.

PETER

You feel better?

HARRY

Yes. I had a few things I wanted to say to him. Thank you, Peter. I feel peaceful. You're a good friend.

PETER

Are you kidding? For only twenty-grand, I'd'a dug up my whole family.

HARRY

I never understood my father.

PETER

Few sons do.

HARRY

He only wanted what was best for me. He just wanted me to be what he never felt he was. Someone special.

PETER

I hear that.

HARRY

He loved me. I never realized that until recently. He was hard on me. Drove me and he pressured the piss out of me. But under it all he loved me. It must've killed him to think I didn't understand. I understand now. I understand. I had to come here and tell him that. So I can be as good a father as him.

PETER

I'm glad for you, Harry.
(flashes the money)
Now leave the rest to me.

EXT/INT. ALLEN WRENCH'S ROOM - DAY

Allen is surrounded by REPORTERS, his NURSE and Peter.

2ND NEWSCASTER

We're here in Allen Wrench's room, a veteran quadruple amputee, to present a personal gift from the prolific writer, Harry Starkers. Mr. Wrench, just how did you get to know Harry Starkers?

ALLEN

See that window across the way? That's where Harry wrote "Falling Men Must Die."

2ND NEWSCASTER

Yes, but how did you actually meet?

ALLEN

Well, the friggin' guy used to stand out on that ledge and --

2ND NEWSCASTER

And here representing Harry Starkers is his publisher and personal friend, Peter Mittlefinger. Peter, why isn't Harry here now?

PETER

Well Bill, Harry's home rewriting.

2ND NEWSCASTER

Just why is Harry rewriting his latest book to install Mr. Wrench as the killer? And donating the book advance proceeds to "The Allen Wrench Foundation?" Clearly, a man Harry hardly knows.

PETER

Harry just wanted to help someone who was in need of decent health care.

ALLEN (O.S.)

More like I had to beg the friggin' squirrel before he went nuts.

2ND NEWSCASTER

Yes... and that's incredible. And what you have here is an advance check, isn't that right, Peter?

PETER

Yes, for fifty-thousand dollars.

ALLEN (O.S.)

Holy-cropola.

The Newscaster steps aside.

ALLEN

(big cheesy smile)

Like I was sayin', my buddy Harry is one generous and crazy guy.

2ND NEWSCASTER

And to present Mr. Wrench the check. From General Hospital, Randy Cruiser.

RANDY CRUISER enters. She's as hot as sand. Built to the hilt and most likely blond all over. Allen can't believe his eyes.

RANDY

I'd just like to say, I'm honored that Harry Starkers thought of me. And if he's ever in need of an actress... my picture and resume are in the mail.

2ND NEWSCASTER

Isn't that rich? Peter?

PETER

Here you are, Randy.

RANDY

Thank you, Peter. Allen, on behalf of Soap Stars everywhere, we want to thank you for being such a deviated fan.... Congratulations.

Randy places the check on Allen's chest. Bends to give him a big kiss on the forehead and sticks her tits in his face.

Allen looks at them. As does everyone else.

2nd Newscaster steps in front of Allen and Randy. The rest of the room APPLAUDS.

RANDY

Why, Mr. Wrench, I believe your lead pipe is bursting.

The room breaks out in LAUGHTER.

2ND NEWSCASTER

(embarrassed)

Ah well, ah... that's it from The Motor City. Back to you, Tim.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - NIGHT

A 3RD NEWSCASTER stands at the bottom of the steps.

3RD NEWSCASTER

Out of the padded cell and into the courthouse. Tomorrow, Harry Starkers and his estranged wife, Mary Starkers, voted the wife mystery readers most love to hate - are expected to settle out of court.

(MORE)

3RD NEWSCASTER (cont'd)

As Mary was quoted as saying: "I'll get my children, and he'll get his books." 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." That's it from here. Back to you, Tim.

EXT. BLOOMFIELD HILLS - HARRY'S HOME - DAY

The garage is open and vacant. The whole house is vacant.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Under the TAP-TAP from Harry's Underwood. Empty bedrooms, empty bathrooms, empty kitchen, empty den, empty closets.

INT. HARRY'S EMPTY LIVING ROOM - DAY

Finally, Harry sitting on the bare wood floor in front of an empty fireplace. Nothing else is in the room except his typewriter and two stacks of typing paper. He just sits there for a moment before TYPING "The End."

ANNIE (O.S.)

Your mother told me you were here.

HARRY

Annie....

ANNIE

Day dreaming?

HARRY

Just a little.

ANNIE

I'm surprised you decided to keep the house.

HARRY

It's practically remodeled.

ANNIE

I missed you at court today.

HARRY

The kids weren't there anyway.

ANNIE

She settled. Your books are all yours.

HARRY

Really?

ANNIE

You get the kids on the Holidays.
In fact, Jason wrote a letter. He
wants to live with you. He thinks
you're the coolest.

HARRY

Wow.

ANNIE

Just sign these papers.
(hands Harry papers)
And of course, half the house,
minus the cost of the personal
things she sold of yours. Like --

HARRY

-- Angel's Porsche and my Harley.

ANNIE

It's all there. Look it over.

HARRY

I've been staying at my mother's.

ANNIE

I know. So what's next?

HARRY

I don't know. I was thinking of a
little vacation. Something warm.

ANNIE

Something Caribbeanish, something
sexy, something wet?

HARRY

Something much like that, yes.

Annie takes out a plane ticket and hands it to Harry.

ANNIE

The very one she took from you.

Harry looks at the ticket. He looks disappointed. Annie leads
him to the front door. Pulls out a second ticket.

ANNIE

This one's mine.

Harry's face lights up.

EXT. HARRY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

In the drive is Angel's Porsche. Harry can't believe it.

HARRY

Annie. You did this for me?

ANNIE

Are you kidding? It's mine. Isn't it?

Harry goes to Annie. She drops her briefcase. They kiss.

EXT. VIRGIN ISLANDS - BEACH - DAY

Annie and Harry sit under an umbrella reading. Happy as can be. Sipping cocktails, laughing. Madly in love. Annie finishes the new draft of "Falling Men Must Die."

ANNIE

I love you, Harry.

HARRY

Love can save the world, Annie.

ANNIE

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 and covers him with kisses. Harry looks her 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 about thirty yards to the next blanket.

ANGEL AND EDDIE

are sitting on the blanket. Angel waves and blows Harry a kiss. Eddie 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

Why you.

Annie covers him with kisses again. Harry rolls on top. And they kiss as deep as the ocean.

FADE OUT.

THE END