

RADIO MARY  
by  
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Existential Films Inc.



6 INT. ESCALATOR, PARKING GARAGE - DAY 6

Mary takes a practiced step onto the escalator.

She waits patiently for the escalator to carry her to the top, steps off and resumes walking.

7 TITLE CARD: 8:58 AM -- ELEVATOR MUSIC 7

8 EXT. PLAZA, CENTURY CITY - DAY 8

MARY DELANY walks across the plaza and into an office tower.

9 INT. ELEVATOR CAB - DAY 9

Mary gets on.

HAYWARD, wearing a black baseball cap, follows after and stands behind Mary, a lone baseball cap in a crowd of suits.

Mary glances at her neighbor, a SILVER-HAIRED MAN in a bespoke suit.

MARY'S POV: dandruff on his coat shoulder.

Mary starts to say something to him but the elevator stops and the Man gets off.

The doors close. Mary's face is reflected in the polished aluminum doors.

The elevator cab empties of passengers as it climbs. Mary and Hayward are now the only passengers in the elevator.

HAYWARD

*Finally.* We're alone.

Mary gives a nervous glance.

HAYWARD

Call me Hayward.

She takes a step away.

HAYWARD

Do you believe in magic?

He lays a hand on Mary's shoulder, startling her. TINNY ELEVATOR MUSIC now fills the cab.

Mary backs away from Hayward and his hand falls away.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)  
*Do you believe in love at first sight?*

Mary takes another step away.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)  
*I do. With you.*

*NOTE: Mary's thoughts can sometimes be heard, and sometimes Mary can hear the thoughts of others. These voice overs are italicized.*

The elevator doors slide open and Mary stumbles off.

10 INT. CORRIDOR, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 10

Fearful, Mary backs away. Hayward stays on the elevator.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*You're a natural.*

MARY  
 What?

Hayward smiles and waves good-bye as the elevator doors close.

Unsettled, Mary rubs her shoulder. It hurts.

CUT TO:

11 INT. LAW OFFICE LOBBY - DAY 11

Mary steps through the upscale law firm's door.

12 INT. COFFEE ROOM, LAW OFFICE - DAY 12

Suit coat off, RAND FOLEY pours himself a cup of coffee. Mary comes in, looking rattled.

RAND  
 (smiles)  
 Hey.  
 (whispers)  
 You look fabulous.

Mary just nods. He belatedly notices she is upset.

RAND  
 Is something wrong?

MARY  
Something weird just happened.

RAND  
What?

MARY  
There was this creepy guy on the  
elevator.

RAND  
Did he harass you?

MARY  
He touched my shoulder.

RAND  
Your shoulder? Intentionally?

MARY  
I think so.

RAND  
That's harassment. Have you seen him  
before?

MARY  
No. Let's just forget it.

RAND  
Mary...

MARY  
Please.

RAND  
Okay.

Rand leans against Mary as he reaches for sweetener.  
They stand close, their body language office politics  
careful.

RAND  
So. What did you do last night?

MARY  
My laundry.  
(beat)  
What about tonight?

RAND  
I still don't know. The plane from  
Sydney arrives at noon. He could well  
cancel but it's his nickel, so...

MARY  
Are you angry with me?

RAND  
No. I could see you after.

MARY  
I don't want another late night.

RAND  
Then tomorrow.

MARY  
Tomorrow maybe?

RAND  
Tomorrow definitely.

A LAWYER comes into the coffee room, nods hello en route to the coffee machine.

Rand waves a discreet good-bye to Mary and leaves. Mary rubs her shoulder and puts down her cup of tea.

13 INT. LOBBY, LAW OFFICE - DAY 13

Walking out the door, Mary bumps into a MAN who is entering (TOM REESE).

Tom looks at Mary. She meets his gaze.

Tom shyly drops his eyes and they both continue in opposite directions.

14 INT. CORRIDOR, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 14

Mary winces and rubs her shoulder as she steps into the bathroom.

15 INT. BATHROOM, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 15

Mary takes off her jacket, unbuttons her blouse, cranes her neck to try and see her shoulder.

With trembling hands Mary gets her compact out of her purse, and holding it near her face manages to see her bare back reflected in the wall mirror.

Mary's neck cramps as she strains to see if there is a mark on her back.

Mary unfastens the bra's underwire.

As her bra comes off, Mary sees a red mark in the creamy field of smooth skin. She hums to herself.

MARY (V.O.)  
*...do you believe in magic?...*

Mary loses track of what she is doing, because she is doing too many things: holding the compact mirror in her right hand, reaching over her shoulder with her left, watching the reflection of a reflection.

Mary unzips her pleated skirt and steps out of it, folds it neatly and puts it on the counter beside her blouse. She's pleased with her tights.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Such a nice green.*

She takes off her tights and studies her body in the mirror.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Nothing weird.*

Mary dips and turns to the MUSIC, humming to herself. She dances across the bathroom.

MAN'S VOICE  
Mary?!

For the first time Mary notices the plumbing.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Urinals?*

MARY'S POV: the POV travels into the urinal.

Mary sees Rand.

RAND  
What are you doing?!

MARY  
There was a hand on my shoulder, then I felt it lower, but now...

RAND  
Mary...you're naked.

MARY  
Oh. Yes. Something is wrong.

16

INT. WAITING ROOM/CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

16

Mary looks over at Rand. MARY'S POV: his face is green.

Mary looks up at the light.

MARY'S POV: the light fixture is cool, fluorescent, humming softly. The POV travels down from the light fixture and glides out of the room. The POV wanders down the hospital corridor.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mary?

The POV stops moving.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mary?

17 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

17

Mary stirs out of her reverie, looks over and sees LAURA sitting across from her. There's a band-aid on Mary's arm; she's been given a shot.

MARY (V.O.)

*Why all the make-up, sis? Why all the pink?*

LAURA

*...Mary, you'll come stay at my house, for as long as you like, okay?*

ALBERT

*...we need to get the insurance sorted out...is Mary's coverage HMO or PPO?*

Albert, Laura's husband, smiles reassuringly at Mary.

MARY (V.O.)

*Cold, everywhere. Seems to have won.*

Mary places a finger on her sister's arm; Laura flinches back.

LAURA

*Ooh, you're freezing.*

MARY (V.O.)

*Please explain.*

RAND

*...I've got a call in to the firm's insurance agent and...*

Mary stares at Rand.

RAND (V.O.)

*(Mary hears Rand's thoughts)*

*Naked with me. Once upon a time. Three nights ago. Advice on over-medication? Dr. Ritter owes me. Or ask Reg.*

Mary turns away from Rand to stare back up at the fluorescent light.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Slipped out of myself. Can I not be  
 me? Waking up again. Here. Brighter.  
 Wrong. Please explain.*

The fluorescent light just keeps shining.

CUT TO:

18 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 18

Mary looks wasted. Laura comes in carrying a white nightgown.

LAURA  
 Here, this is really comfy.

As if dressing a child for sleep, Laura helps change Mary into the nightgown.

LAURA  
 Do you need anything else?  
 (she doesn't respond)  
 Mary?

MARY  
 What did they give me?

LAURA  
 I can't remember the name. Something  
 to calm you. Do you need anything?

MARY  
 Just some sleep.

CUT TO:

19 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 19

MARY'S POV: the light goes out.

Mary lies in a strange bed in a strange bedroom.

MARY'S POV: the curtained window, the closed door.

Mary climbs out of bed. Her bare feet pad across the bare floor. Mary tries the knob; it turns.

20 INT. HALLWAY, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 20

Mary steps into the hallway. She wanders down the dark hall. Light spills from the master bedroom.

21 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 21

Mary steps inside the doorway. Laura and Albert are asleep with the light on, turned away from each other.

22 INT. HALLWAY, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 22

Mary retreats back to the guest bedroom.

23 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 23

She gets back in bed, stares up at the dead light fixture, cries silent tears.

24 TITLE CARD: **SATURDAY 11:14 AM** 24

25 INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - DAY 25

DR. GLADYS GLASS sits in a chair opposite Mary. Her fingers tease the scarf draped across her shoulders.

MARY

I don't understand what happened.

DR. GLASS

What do you think happened?

MARY

Well...a strange man touched me on the shoulder and then I felt very strange.

DR. GLASS

Did he touch you anywhere else?

MARY

No.

DR. GLASS

What felt strange?

Beat.

MARY

I could hear him speaking without moving his lips.

Dr. Glass waits for more.

MARY

Is telepathy real?

DR. GLASS

What do you think?

MARY

It seemed real while it was happening.  
But now I don't know.

DR. GLASS

Has this ever happened before?

MARY

What?

DR. GLASS

Hearing thoughts.

MARY

No.

DR. GLASS

Can you hear thoughts now?

She listens for a moment.

MARY

No.

DR. GLASS

Was the man present when you undressed  
in the bathroom?

MARY

No.

DR. GLASS

Do you see any connection between what  
happened in the elevator and what  
happened in the bathroom?

MARY

One led to the other?

DR. GLASS

That sounds like a question.

MARY

It is a question.

DR. GLASS

Do you think there is a connection?

MARY

Yes. I went into the bathroom because  
it felt weird where he touched me.

DR. GLASS

What did you feel when you took off  
your clothes?

MARY

Cold.

~~DR. GLASS~~

~~And when you saw yourself naked?~~

~~MARY~~

~~Like I was looking at someone else.  
One of those "who is that person in  
the mirror" moments. I mean, I knew  
it was me, but still...~~

DR. GLASS

What are you thinking about right now?

MARY

What if I get...  
(searches for word)  
...disoriented again?

DR. GLASS

Are you afraid that might happen?

MARY

Yes.

26 EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 26

POV through the window: Laura eats ice cream from the tub standing at the freezer. She puts the ice cream away, turns off the lights.

27 EXT. MASTER BEDROOM WINDOW, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 27

POV through the window: Laura and Albert silently go through their bedtime routine.

28 INT. HALLWAY, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 28

MOVING POV: the empty hallway.

29 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 29

Mary lies sleepless in bed.

MARY'S POV: the dead light above, the closed door. Suddenly HAYWARD looms over Mary.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Hayward's  
thoughts)

*Hi.*

Mary recognizes him from the elevator.

MARY  
How'd you find me?

Hayward smiles. Mary now hears TRANCE MUSIC echoing in the room.

HAYWARD

Easy.

MARY

What did you do to me?

HAYWARD

I touched you.

Hayward kisses Mary's forehead. She inches away from him, afraid.

HAYWARD

You've got the knack.

(V.O., Mary hears  
Hayward's thoughts)

*You're not just a telepath, you're a  
musical telepath. My flesh and blood  
radio. Radio Mary.*

They listen to the music. Hayward strokes Mary's cheek.

HAYWARD

We're going on a field trip.

He takes her hand and slowly pulls her out of bed.

JUMP CUT TO:

30 EXT. LAURA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

30

Mary looks surprised to be outside, barefoot, in her nightgown.

Mary looks back at the bedroom window they crawled out of, window still open. She looks in at Albert, who snacks at the kitchen table.

Hayward leads Mary by the hand as they sneak along the backyard fence and out the back gate.

31 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

31

Mary stands and marvels at the sights and sounds of night. Hayward nudges her to start walking.

MARY

I'm supposed to be asleep now.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Hayward's  
thoughts)  
(MORE)

HAYWARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Sooner than you think sleep will be  
 obsolete. It'll all be one long dream,  
 unrolling like a highway, no traffic,  
 no stop lights. Just pure glorious go.*

MARY (V.O.)  
*Can you hear me all the time?*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)  
*Can I?*

MARY (V.O.)  
*But I can only hear you when you talk  
 to me?*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*So it seems.*

MARY  
 I...  
 (V.O.)  
*Don't panic.*

HAYWARD  
*You're cute.*

CUT TO:

32 INT. TEXAS TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT 32

Hayward drives, Mary rides shotgun.

MARY'S POV: palm trees and streetlights glide by overhead. A billboard for a theme park called *DIZZY LAND* streaks past.

33 EXT. HILLSIDE LANE - NIGHT 33

Mary looks down at her bare feet as she walks down a dark street. She looks up and sees Hayward walking beside her.

Hayward and Mary crest the hill, revealing a carpet of city lights below. Hayward studies a row of hillside houses.

Mary hears the BEATING BLADES of a helicopter. Hayward looms close to Mary. She looks up at the sky. He sees her eyes wandering and brusquely pushes her away.

Hayward continues down the road without her. Fearful, Mary hurries to catch up.

34 INT. DEN, HILLSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT 34

The house is mostly dark. Hayward enters. With tentative steps, Mary follows after.

MARY  
Whose house is this?

Hayward looks around. CLOSE-UP: a piece of mail addressed to "Tony Taylor."

HAYWARD  
Tony's.

CLOSE-UP: a screenplay with Tony's name on it.

HAYWARD  
A screenwriter.

CLOSE-UP: movie poster, Tony's name as a producer in the credit block.

HAYWARD  
And a producer. He made this movie.

CLOSE-UP: the poster is for "The Monkey Man."

HAYWARD  
About a serial killer. How 'bout that?

Hayward wanders out of the room. Mary follows after.

35 INT. TONY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 35

Hayward looks at the bed, at the hot tub on the deck.

HAYWARD  
What do you think happens here?

Mary is afraid to answer. Hayward smiles.

CUT TO:

36 INT. DECK, HILLSIDE HOUSE- NIGHT 36

The cover is off the hot tub; the water burbles. Wet footprints lead into the bedroom, the bed clothes tangled. Hayward and Mary are gone.

CUT TO:

37 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 37

Mary lies in bed, eyes closed. She opens her eyes, looks around.

MARY'S POV: her feet under the sheets, the dead light fixture.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Hayward?*  
 (OUT LOUD)  
*Hayward?*

No reply. Mary pulls back the sheet and looks at her feet: grass-stained.

38	TITLE CARD: <b>SUNDAY 1:13 PM</b>	38	
39	<del>EXT. BACKYWARD, LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY</del>	39	*
A39	INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY	A39	*

RAND

Hi, Mary.

Rand lays a hand on Mary's shoulder, gives her a light hug hello.

RAND

You okay? You seem better.

MARY

Than what? Better than Friday?

RAND

(sighs)

Yes. Would you like to go out?

MARY

Yes. And not come back.

RAND

Laura says it's okay to take you for a ride. It'll do you good to get out.

Mary doesn't reply.

RAND

A change of scenery. Come on.

40	EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY	40	*
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A very suburban house. Rand leads Mary out the front door, Laura watching.

As they walk toward Rand's car, parked on the curb, Mary sees Hayward on the sidewalk, approaching.

Mary sees Hayward and panics. Hayward grins and gives her a 'thumbs up.'

Mary gets in Rand's car.

MARY'S POV: Hayward watches her drive away.

41 INT. RAND'S LEXUS - MOVING - DAY

41

Rand steals a glance at Mary, assessing her.

He puts a hand on her knee. Mary stares at his hand, then she stares at her own reflection in his mirrored sunglasses.

RAND

Like 'em? Five bucks at Venice Beach.

They stop at a red light and Rand leans close to Mary, inviting a kiss.

MARY

When were you in Venice?

RAND

Yesterday.

MARY

With who?

RAND

A client. Don't be paranoid.

The light changes and Rand starts driving again.

MARY

Sorry. I'm a mess.

RAND

No sorry necessary. You're recharging.

(off her look)

Getting your charge back. Like a battery.

Mary stares out the passenger window. She hears HOUSE MUSIC and nods in time to the beat.

MARY

I like that song. Turn it up.

Rand gives Mary a strange look.

RAND

Turn what up?

Mary sees the stereo dial is dark.

MARY  
You know how you can hear a song in  
your head?

RAND  
Yes? And?

MARY  
That's all.

Rand clicks in a CD and Mary can now hear SALSA MUSIC.  
It's a battle of the bands, House versus Salsa, a  
cacophony.

MARY  
Turn it off.

RAND  
But I thought you liked Salsa.

MARY  
I don't like all Salsa. I don't like  
this.

RAND  
You did.

MARY  
I lied.

Quietly annoyed, Rand turns the CD off.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY

42

They sit in the parked car. Rand looks at Mary. Mary  
looks at Rand.

RAND  
It was nice seeing you.

MARY  
Why?

RAND  
It's nice seeing you doing better.

MARY  
What's going to happen?

RAND  
You'll get better. This is just a  
blip.

MARY  
And us?

RAND  
I like being with you.

MARY  
You mean being with me, as in "being with me."

RAND  
Huh?

MARY  
You know what I mean.

Rand stiffens, doesn't respond.

Then Rand kisses Mary on the cheek. She doesn't move. He kisses her on the lips. She doesn't move. She sees his disappointment.

MARY  
I know what you want.

RAND  
For you to be better.

MARY  
You want to fuck me.

Rand is shocked.

MARY  
You *don't* want to fuck me?

Flustered, Rand doesn't know what to say.

Mary nods to herself as she makes a decision.

She kisses Rand. A steamy, crawling kiss, her hands slithering inside his shirt, touching him expertly, raising a groan.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Here, take this back home and stroke yourself silly. I'll be inside your brain and sticky on your hand. I'll be the last thing in your head when you go to sleep. Run along home. Keep thinking you fucked a fool.*

Mary skips out of the car, energized.

RAND  
Hey, where are you going?

MARY  
Inside.

RAND

But...

MARY

Can't I just kiss you--

RAND

Yes, of course--

MARY

--and have it stop there?

RAND

Yes, but...

Rand feels breathless with desire, and angry, as he watches Mary glide back up the sidewalk to Laura's front door.

43 INT. HALLWAY, LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY 43

MARY'S POV (MOVING): the walls that she walks past.

Super-imposed over Mary's POV of her feet is Rand's POV:

RAND'S POV (MOVING): the view through the car window of the brown hills he drives past.

44 INT. RAND'S CAR - MOVING - DAY 44

Rand glances over at the passenger seat, remembering Mary. He presses a hand into his groin.

He inserts the Salsa CD.

Rand listens for a moment then ejects the CD. He opens the window a crack and pushes the CD out.

45 CLOSE-UP - CD (EXT. ROAD - DAY) 45

The CD hits the pavement. A tire RUNS OVER it.

46 INT. BEDROOM, RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT 46

Rand hurries in, pulls down his pants as he gets down on his knees and roots through his DV tapes.

He finds a tape, fumbles it into a DV cam, stabs at buttons.

47 TV SCREEN (INT. RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT) 47

Mary and Rand naked, doing naked things.

48 INT. BEDROOM, RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

48

Rand rolls onto his back, his hands find their home.

RAND

Mary...

CUT TO:

49 INT. KITCHEN, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

49

Mary, Laura, and Albert eat apple crumble. Laura and Albert's V.O. thoughts play simultaneously in Mary's head.

LAURA

(V.O., Mary hears Laura's thoughts)

*Do my nails gray next time, tomorrow?  
Needs a pinch of salt. Mary, you eat  
so damn noisy. Salt kills snails.  
Escargot. Volvo. Vulva. Vesuvius. In  
vitro. Does Mary like Dylan? And mind  
the parking meters, what song is that  
from? Bet Albert knows. Forgot olive  
oil. Fucking damn, great, another trip  
to Trader Joe's, etc.*

ALBERT

(V.O., Mary hears Albert's thoughts)

*Opera? Try liking it again? Apples,  
Adam and Eve, red...pants too tight?  
Because the drier was too hot? Or I'm  
gaining weight? Only order shrimp if  
it's 100% fresh and no more mayonnaise  
EVER, Thai or barbecue or Thai  
barbecue, is barbecue an American  
word?, etc.*

Mary stops eating, dismayed to be hearing Laura and Albert's endless and overlapping thoughts.

Mary abruptly stands and walks out of the kitchen.

LAURA

Is something wrong?

MARY

Tired. Going to sleep.

Albert and Laura exchange a look.

LAURA (V.O.)

(Mary hears Laura's thoughts)

*What if she gets worse?*

Mary walks out of the room.

MARY'S POV: moving through the kitchen, down the hallway. Fragments of Albert and Laura's words vanish into a sea of WHITE NOISE.

CUT TO:

50 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 50

Mary lies sleepless in bed.

MARY'S POV: the dead light fixture above.

Mary closes her eyes. She opens them again.

MARY'S POV: HAYWARD stands over her.

Mary freezes.

Hayward crooks a finger, gesturing "come with me," then stretches his fingers toward Mary and takes hold of her hand.

51 EXT. LAURA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT 51

Hayward pulls Mary out the guest bedroom window.

Mary's bare feet pad across the grass.

Hayward take Mary's hand and leads her out the back gate.

52 TITLE CARD: 11:58 PM -- BRAIN CONDOMS 52

53 EXT. TONY'S HILLSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT 53

The house that Hayward visited with Mary. Tonight the multi-level dwelling is all lit up.

54 INT. DEN, HILLSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT 54

TONY TAYLOR sits in his boxer shorts, smoking a joint and watching a music video.

Tony looks over and is startled to see Hayward and Mary standing inside his den. Tony mutes the music.

HAYWARD

Got a story line for you, Tony.  
Perfect for a double threat such as  
yourself.

TONY  
How'd you get in here?

HAYWARD  
It could be a book or a movie or an  
apocalyptic mini-series.

TONY  
(puts the roach down)  
I didn't invite you in.

HAYWARD  
My story's about a virus. You get  
infected just from getting touched.

Hayward sits down beside Tony. He grabs Tony's wrist.  
Tony startles at Hayward's touch.

~~HAYWARD  
I know it's been done before.  
Everything's been done before. It's  
all about the execution, right?~~

MARY'S POV: A SOFT PULSE OF COLOR SPREADS FROM TONY'S  
WRIST TO SHROUD HIS ENTIRE BODY.

She is more entranced than troubled by the vision.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Hayward's  
thoughts)  
*Dig the light show?*

Tony stares at Hayward's hand on him.

TONY  
That's very interesting and uh...

He starts to reach for the roach, but Hayward restrains  
him.

HAYWARD  
Here's the twist -- there's no  
protection from this virus. There's no  
brain condoms. \*

Tony starts to stand, but Hayward pushes him back down.

TONY  
Hey, call my office tomorrow and we'll  
set up a meeting to discuss the... \*

HAYWARD  
Relax, Tony. Don't just talk to fill  
dead air.  
(V.O., Mary hear Hayward's  
thoughts)  
*Mary.* \*

Mary stands very still.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Mary, come here and join us.*

MARY (V.O.)  
*If I don't move then maybe I'm not here.*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Don't make me repeat. On the couch, next to the meat.*

Mary doesn't move. Hayward gives her a stern look.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*On the couch.*

Fearful, Mary goes and sits on the couch.

~~TONY~~  
~~It's a great idea, great...—~~

Hayward places a hand on Tony's arm. BLUE LIGHT SPARKLES.

~~TONY—~~  
~~You can get infected just from getting touched?—~~

HAYWARD  
 You made a movie about a serial killer. You must know a lot about them.

TONY  
 That was a long time ago. I've become a better filmmaker.

HAYWARD  
 A more "honest" filmmaker?

TONY  
 Trying to be.

HAYWARD  
 Try being really honest.

TONY'S AURA GLOWS BRIGHT, METAL GLINTS in Hayward's hand, BLOOD SPARKLES as it greets the air. Hayward's hand moves in a wide, sawing circle around Tony's chest.

CLOSE-UP: Mary closes her eyes.

MARY (V.O.)

*He can't keep my eyes open. Please.  
Big questions and between the  
questions, a bigger darkness between  
heart beats. The darkness where I  
sleep, between blinks. Why can't I  
leave? Please.*

HAYWARD (V.O.)

(Mary hears Hayward's  
thoughts)

*Pretty please?*

Mary opens her eyes.

MARY (V.O.)

*I don't want to be here.*

HAYWARD (V.O.)

(Mary hears Hayward's  
thoughts)

*No one does.*

55      TITLE CARD: **MONDAY 6:51 AM**      55

56      INT. GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING      56

Mary wakes, opens her eyes.

MARY'S POV: the light fixture on the ceiling, sunlight streaming through the closed window.

Mary pulls back the sheet and looks at her feet: grass-stained.

57      INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY      57

A DOZEN PATIENTS, MEN AND WOMEN, sit in a circle. Dr. Glass leads the therapy group.

WOMAN

*...I was twelve when my Mom married  
Nick and he seemed nice at first  
but...*

DR. GLASS (V.O.)

(Mary hears Dr. Glass's  
thoughts)

*Incest, incest, incest -- gimme a  
break.*

Mary looks surprised to be hearing Dr. Glass's thoughts.

MARY (V.O.)

*Wow, here we go again.*

Mary looks at a LEAN WOMAN sitting next to Dr. Glass.

LEAN WOMAN (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears his thoughts)  
*If I count backwards from a thousand  
 and if this session ends exactly when  
 I get to zero then that means I will  
 live forever. 1000, 999, 998...*

MARY (V.O.)  
*I can hear...everyone?*

Mary looks at the BEARDED MAN sitting next to the Lean Man. The Bearded Man stares at Mary.

BEARDED MAN (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears his thoughts)  
*Check out those white panties.*

Blushing, Mary averts her eyes and quickly crosses her legs.

BEARDED MAN (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears his thoughts)  
*Damn!*

THE TELEPATHIC VOICES OF ALL THE PATIENTS BUILD TO A LOUD BABBLE. Mary covers her ears, but it doesn't help.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Stop! Make the voices stop! Music!*

Mary hears a CLARINET.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Good! Great. Drown it out.*

The clarinet gets LOUDER and the telepathic voices get SOFTER. Mary uncovers her ears. It makes no difference. She covers her ears again.

Mary sees that Dr. Glass is watching her. Embarrassed, Mary uncovers her ears and places her hands in her lap.

The telepathic voices are gone and the BRIGHT SOUND OF A CLARINET FILLS THE ROOM.

58 TITLE CARD: 11:32 PM -- DEAD AIR

58

59 EXT. PARK ("COFFEE SHOP") - DAY

59 \*

Mary sits in a booth, alone with tea and toast.

MARY'S POV: as her eyes travel across CUSTOMERS, she HEARS THEIR THOUGHTS.

CUSTOMERS (V.O.)  
 (various)  
*...fifteen percent of seven-fifty is  
 what?...*  
*...wonder if she's wearing  
 underwear...*  
*...they really get you on the  
 beverage...*  
*...I do not want to see Timmy  
 tonight...*

The customers' voices die out. Mary hears SURF MUSIC --  
 tremolo guitar, Farfisa organ, primitive sax.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)

*Mary.*

Mary looks around.

MARY'S POV: no sign of Hayward.

A heavy hand falls on her shoulder. Mary startles.

Hayward now stands beside Mary.

HAYWARD  
 Surf music. Where's *that* coming from?

MARY  
 I don't know.

HAYWARD  
 You.  
 (beat)  
 How 'bout jazz? Think jazz, Radio M.

The guitar and Farfisa drop out of the music, and the  
 sax bends the melody into bebop.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)  
*Yeah, girl, much better.*

Hayward takes a bite of toast. Mary looks around the  
 coffee shop.

MARY  
 Can anyone else hear?

Mary looks behind her -- Hayward is gone.

But the music isn't.

CUT TO:

60 INT. BEDROOM-HALLWAY-DEN, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 60

POV SEQUENCE: the POV travels out of the bedroom, down the hallway, and into the den.

Tony sits on the couch, watching music videos.

MARY (O.S.)  
Are you dead?

Tony smiles, stands, looms close.

MARY'S POV: Tony unzips her dress, it falls to her feet.

CUT BACK TO:

61 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 61

Mary opens her eyes.

MARY'S POV: the dead light fixture, the curtained window, the doorknob.

Mary hears FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

MARY'S POV: a shadow appears in the crack underneath the closed door.

Mary closes her eyes again, squeezing them tight.

62 EXT. BACKYARD, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 62

Mary opens her eyes, surprised to be outside in her nightgown. The night is grainy and quiet, like a silent movie. Hayward pulls Mary by the hand through the back gate.

Hayward leads her to his old Texas Truck and they drive away.

63 INT. TEXAS TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT 63

Mary sits against the passenger door, as far away from Hayward as she can get.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Where are you taking me?*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Hayward's thoughts)  
*Exploring.*

MARY (V.O.)  
*I'd rather not.*

HAYWARD (V.O.)

*I disagree.*

Mary looks through the windshield.

64           POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD (INT. TEXAS TRUCK - MOVING -           64  
NIGHT)

POV THROUGH WINDOW: Following behind a car, as it turns onto a residential street and pulls into a driveway. A MAN gets out with a bag of groceries. Hayward's finger enters the frame as he points.

HAYWARD (V.O.)

(points)

*What do you think about him?*

Mary doesn't know what to think.

CUT TO:

65           INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT           65

POV SHOT: walking behind a SOLITARY LADY SHOPPER.

HAYWARD (V.O.)

Or her?

Hayward reaches his hand forward. His hand hovers over the lady's shoulder. His hand retreats.

Hayward studies Mary's face, laces his fingers with hers and they walk hand in hand through the shopping mall, Mary still in her nightgown. She gets stares from other shoppers.

CUT TO:

66           EXT. PARK ("COFFEE SHOP") - NIGHT           66   \*

Hayward and Mary sit in a booth. On the table is a strawberry milkshake with two straws. Hayward sucks. Mary doesn't.

Hayward scans the CUSTOMERS, and Mary follows his gaze.

MARY'S POV: coffee shop Customers. Mary can HEAR THEIR THOUGHTS.

CUSTOMERS (V.O.)

(various)

*...if I tell him we're breaking up  
then he can't dump me...*

(MORE)

CUSTOMERS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*...pay the interest on the Visa and  
 just use the American Express this  
 month and...  
 ...has this milk gone bad?...*

As Hayward starts speaking, the Customers's thoughts  
 fade away:

HAYWARD  
 You order a vanilla shake and then you  
 think, darn, I should have picked  
 strawberry. But all you can do is  
 guess what you want and if you get it  
 wrong, there's always the next snack.  
 It's not like vanilla's the end of the  
 world.

CUT TO:

67 INT. TEXAS TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT 67

Craning to look up, Mary sees stars streak past, then  
 slow to a lumbering crawl. GRAVEL CRUNCHES as the tires  
 slow.

MARY'S POV (MOVING): suburban houses as seen through the  
 passenger window.

HAYWARD  
 What is a choice, really? Do you make  
 a choice, or does a choice make you?

68 TITLE CARD: 11:44 PM -- HOLE IN THE SKY 68

69 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 69

Mary walks down the middle of the street.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)  
*Dead air.*

MARY (V.O.)  
*Huh?*

Hayward walks ahead of Mary, a silhouette in black.

A break in the clouds -- the moonlight brightens.  
 Hayward stops and turns to look at Mary.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)  
 (MORE)

HAYWARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*When Radio Mary's turned off it's all  
 dead air. (alt: When your radio's  
 turned off it's all dead air)*

MARY'S POV: Hayward steps close and stares at Mary. He kisses Mary. Initially surprised, Mary gets into it.

Hayward abruptly stops kissing Mary and pushes her away. She stumbles. Hayward walks on ahead.

JUMP CUT TO:

They are walking again.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Walking? When did we start walking?*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)  
*Baby steps.*

MARY (V.O.)  
*Baby steps?*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)  
*And teething. Tonight you teethe.*

Hayward stops and stares at a house. Mary follows his gaze. To her the house looks like any other.

Hayward strides through the front door.

Suddenly, Mary is alone. She panics and hurries after Hayward.

70 INT. DEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

70

Mary enters and sees:

A high ceiling with wood beams.

JAKE (tan, good-looking) and CINDY (a dirty blonde in a bikini) sit on the couch. They look very nervous. Jake stands. He's spooked that Mary wears only a nightgown.

JAKE  
 Hey -- you're trespassing.

Hayward just stares.

JAKE  
 Please leave.

Hayward smiles.

MARY (V.O.)

*They're scared.*

HAYWARD (V.O.)

(Mary hears Hayward's  
thoughts)

*What about the music?*

JAKE

What do you want? Money?

HAYWARD

It ain't a numbers game.

Hayward approaches. He touches Jake's hand but does not take the wallet. Jake is confused.

Hayward touches Cindy's cheek. She flinches and scurries behind the couch. Cindy fumbles with a black silk kimono, its dragon trembling on her back.

MARY (V.O.)

*Jake Shankar...Cindy Welton...how do I  
know their names?*

HAYWARD (V.O.)

*Just let it pour in.*

(OUT LOUD)

Mary, meet Jake.

JAKE

You know my name?

HAYWARD

Information. In the air.

Jake waits. He does not want to provoke.

MARY (V.O.)

*He's thirty-one. She's twenty-nine. He  
has a little boy. She's had an  
abortion.*

HAYWARD (V.O.)

*I'm pleased that you are listening so  
well, Mary. Just listen and they'll  
tell you everything.*

(OUT LOUD)

Do you believe in magic?

JAKE

Please, just take whatever you want.

HAYWARD

Magic, in a young girl's heart.

(V.O.)

*How 'bout cueing up some music, Mary?*

Mary stands very still.

CINDY  
He's going to kill us.

HAYWARD  
And who says dying is such a bad deal?  
Why is everyone so wiggled-out about  
dying?

JAKE AND CINDY RADIATE AURAS OF COLORED LIGHT. Mary  
takes a step back.

Cindy and Jake speak but Mary doesn't hear anything.  
COLORED LIGHT SPURTS FROM JAKE AND CINDY'S MOUTHS.

MARY (V.O.)  
*This is not real. Not.*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*No, baby, this is what's really real.*

Cindy and Jake run out of the room.

Mary stares at the doorway they exited through.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Pretty colors. I should be afraid.*  
(OUT LOUD)  
Please. Let's go.

Hayward strides out of the room. Mary stands alone,  
reluctant to move.

Mary hears SCREAMS. Her look of fear softens.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Why?*

Mary hears loud PSYCHEDELIC GUITAR MUSIC.

MARY (V.O.)  
*...and? Music?*

Hayward returns.

HAYWARD  
That's right Mary, crank it up, I like  
it loud.

The music gets LOUDER.

MARY (V.O.)  
*The air. Purple haze.*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*YES! Isn't this the BEST?*

MARY (V.O.)  
*But what about the victims?*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Victims is a poor choice of word. How about "inductees"? Because they can hear the music, too, when they get inducted, when they fly up to the hole in the sky. Here, come with me and feel the colors. They feel blood-rush-amazing when you set them free.*

Hayward puts his hand on Mary's back and pushes her along.

71 INT. HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT 71

MARY'S POV: a bloody handprint on the wall, a trail of blood on the tiles.

DARK COLORS COLLECT LIKE TOXIC SMOKE NEAR THE CEILING.

Hand on her shoulder, Hayward pushes Mary down the hallway, through the thick purple air, and into:

72 INT. BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT 72

MARY'S POV: a bedroom messy with clothes, a door knob that Hayward forces open to reveal:

73 INT. BATHROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT 73

Cindy cowers behind the clear shower curtain, her mouth wide in a SILENT SCREAM. The only sound Mary hears is ELECTRIC GUITAR.

Hayward nestles against Mary's back, his arms guiding hers, like teaching her a golf swing, leading Mary to Cindy.

CINDY'S AURA GLOWS PURPLE FLECKED WITH RED, QUEASY COLORS.

MARY (V.O.)  
*I'm seeing...what?*

Hayward guides Mary's arms around Cindy.

MARY (V.O.)  
*I'm feeling...what?*

HAYWARD  
 Excited.

Hayward forces Mary to envelop Cindy with her arms, just as Hayward envelops Mary with his own arms. Mary enfolds Cindy as Hayward enfolds her. CINDY'S AURA PULSES AND GLOWS.

MARY

No.

HAYWARD (V.O.)

*Don't be afraid.*

MARY

No.

HAYWARD (V.O.)

*Don't be afraid to enjoy it.*

Cindy's purple and red aura EXPLODES SLOWLY INTO A BLINDING BALL OF LIGHT.

MARY (V.O.)

*I know the moment she was born and the exact minute she dropped out of high school, about Bob who made her cry, everything, I know everything INSTANTLY.*

THE BALL OF LIGHT FLOATS UP THROUGH THE CEILING.

HAYWARD

The hole in the sky.

Mary feels Cindy limp and broken in her arms.

MARY (V.O.)

*She doesn't feel good anymore, she feels awful now, the worst.*

(OUT LOUD)

You made me kill her! Made me!

HAYWARD

Baby steps.

Hayward holds Mary tight against Cindy's dead body.

MARY

No. I would never kill anyone.

HAYWARD

You just did.

The last guitar note reverberates and THE MUSIC GOES DEAD.

Hayward takes Mary by the hand and leads her out of the bathroom and...

74 INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

74

...into the kitchen. Hayward helps Mary step over JAKE'S DEAD BODY.

HAYWARD  
Rice Krispies or bran flakes?

MARY  
Huh?

HAYWARD  
Any preference in breakfast food?

Mary nods a horrified *no*.

Hayward selects the Rice Krispies and sprinkles cereal over the body.

MARY  
I don't understand.

HAYWARD  
I'm leaving a clue.

MARY  
You want to be caught?

HAYWARD  
So. Do you get it?

Mary is afraid to answer.

HAYWARD  
Give up? Of course. You always give up.

Hayward sprinkles more Rice Krispies.

HAYWARD  
Cereal killer.

CUT TO:

75 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

75

Mary lies sleepless in bed.

MARY'S POV: the curtained window, the closed door.

CUT TO:

76 TITLE CARD: **TUESDAY 11:11 AM**

76

77 INT. HALLWAY - KITCHEN, LAURA'S HOUSE - MORNING

77

MARY'S POV: Mary steps out of her room. She walks toward the kitchen and sees:

Albert with his coffee and the *L.A Times*.

ALBERT

Morning. You're up early.

Mary nods and sits down at the table. She looks tenuous and wasted.

ALBERT

What's wrong?

MARY

Well...

ALBERT

Rough night?

Mary nods.

MARY'S POV: the newspaper is upside down. She sees an article with upside down "murder" in the heading.

ALBERT

Want the newspaper?

MARY

No.

They sit in an awkward silence.

ALBERT

I'm late.

He clears his cup and but leaves the newspaper on the table.

MARY'S POV: Albert leaves the room. Mary backs away from the newspaper and retreats back to the guest bedroom, shutting the door behind.

CUT TO:

78 INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - DAY

78

Wearing her hair in a demure ponytail, Mary sits across from Dr. Glass.

DR. GLASS

How are you feeling today, Mary?

MARY

Not very good, thank you.

Dr. Glass waits for more.

MARY  
I feel scared.

DR. GLASS  
Of what?

MARY  
Of the man.

DR. GLASS  
The man who touched you?

MARY  
(hesitates)  
Yes.

DR. GLASS  
Have you seen him again?

Mary considers her answer.

DR. GLASS (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Dr. Glass's  
thoughts)  
*She's hiding something.*

Mary tenses up.

MARY  
In what sense?

DR. GLASS  
In any sense.  
(V.O., Mary hears Dr.  
Glass's thoughts)  
*Is my diaphragm in my purse?*

MARY  
What if I have seen him again?

DR. GLASS (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Dr. Glass's  
thoughts)  
*If this guy's real then it's a police  
matter.*

Mary looks alarmed. Dr. Glass is puzzled by her  
reaction.

DR. GLASS (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Dr. Glass's  
thoughts)  
*But...schizophrenia?*  
(OUT LOUD)  
Have you seen him?

MARY

No. I haven't seen him again.

DR. GLASS

What's bothering you Mary?

(V.O., Mary hears Dr.  
Glass's thoughts)

*How can I date a man named "Ken"?*

MARY

(flustered)

I've just been having bad dreams.

DR. GLASS (V.O.)

(Mary hears Dr. Glass's  
thoughts)

*Lying?*

MARY

And the man was in my dream...and then  
I woke up, scared.

DR. GLASS (V.O.)

(Mary hears Dr. Glass's  
thoughts)

*Definitely lying.*

(OUT LOUD)

What did the man do in the dream?

Mary tries to figure out a convincing reply.

MARY

Weird dream stuff.

DR. GLASS (V.O.)

(Mary hears Dr. Glass's  
thoughts)

*Why is she lying?*

(OUT LOUD)

Can you be more specific?

Mary hesitates.

DR. GLASS

When you woke up, how did you feel?

A long beat.

MARY (V.O.)

*Say something -- he's waiting!*

(OUT LOUD)

What?

DR. GLASS

How did you feel when you woke up?

(V.O., Mary hears Dr.  
Glass's thoughts)

(MORE)

DR. GLASS (CONT'D)  
*I need to pee...she's wondering  
 whether to trust me. Is she paranoid?*

MARY  
 I didn't feel paranoid.

Dr. Glass reacts to "paranoid" and Mary winces, as if she's been caught mind-reading.

Dr. Glass strokes her scarf and studies Mary.

DR. GLASS (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Dr. Glass's  
 thoughts)  
*She's watching my fingers...?*

Mary shakes her head no. Dr. Glass looks suspicious.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Let it be over, let it be quiet, let  
 me go home and be alone. Please.*

Mary bends down and fusses with her shoelace, careful to avoid looking at the doctor.

MARY (V.O.)  
*How long have I been tying my  
 shoelace?*

Looking up, Mary sees Dr. Glass's lips moving, but she can't hear a thing.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Will the colors start again? Try not  
 to look afraid.*

PULSES OF COLOR COME OUT OF DR. GLASS'S MOUTH.

Dr. Glass stands. Mary understands that she is also supposed to stand.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Oh this is bad. Try smiling. Smile!*

CUT TO:

79

INT. CORRIDOR, MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

79

Mary stands alone in utter silence.

Then the silence starts to fill with sound: the RATTLE of an ELEVATOR, the WHOOSH of the air conditioning, the CREAK of a mail cart -- A THOUSAND OFFICE NOISES THAT BUILD TO A CRESCENDO.

CUT TO:

Silence.

CUT TO:

80 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 80

Mary lies sleepless in bed.

MARY'S POV: the closed window, the closed door. Mary gets out of bed, walks to the door. She tests the knob: it turns. She steps out of the room.

81 MARY'S POV - MOVING (CONTINUOUS) (INT. HALLWAY, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT) 81

Walking past Laura and Albert watching TV, unnoticed, as if invisible.

82 MARY'S POV - MOVING (CONTINUOUS) (EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT) 82

Walking outside.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*You can't just walk away.*

CUT BACK TO:

83 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 83

Mary opens her eyes, looks around.

MARY'S POV: the closed window, the closed door.

84 TITLE CARD: **WEDNESDAY 1:17 PM** 84

85 INT. KITCHEN, LAURA'S HOUSE - DAY 85

Mary and Laura sit opposite each other, with cups of tea, a small overnight case at Mary's side.

LAURA  
Are you sure you want to go back home so soon? Back to living alone?

MARY  
Yes.

LAURA  
 You don't have to.  
 (V.O., Mary hears Laura's  
 thoughts)  
*Can she cope? I mean, what if...?*

MARY  
 I feel fine. Don't worry.

LAURA  
 I'm not worried...it's just  
 that...never mind.

MARY  
 Sorry I've been such a bother.  
 (V.O.)  
*Out, out, out!*

LAURA  
 You don't have to go. You can stay  
 with us as long as you like. I'd  
 really like you to stay.

MARY  
 No. Thanks.

LAURA  
 Are you sure?

MARY  
 I'm fine, I really am.  
 (V.O.)  
*Ask again and I'll scream.*

LAURA  
 Really?

MARY (V.O.)  
*Aarrgghh!*  
 (OUT LOUD)  
 Really.

CUT TO:

86 INT. LAURA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY 86

MARY'S POV: through the windshield, travelling down the  
 street. Mary glances at Laura then back out the window.

87 EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 87

Mary gets out of Laura's car. She looks apprehensive.

LAURA  
 Are you sure about this?

MARY  
Please don't ask me that again.

LAURA  
You look uncertain.

MARY  
Laura, please. I'm not.

Mary walks toward the building. She turns and sees Laura watching. Mary motions to Laura to drive. Laura waves a tentative good-bye and drives away.

Alone, Mary looks apprehensive.

88 INT. MARY'S APT. - DAY 88

Mary unlocks and opens the front door. She studies the room then cautiously enters.

She looks around, confirms that she is alone, then locks the door.

89 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 89

Mary lies sleepless in bed.

MARY'S POV: the rice-paper overhead light, the lava lamp on the night stand, the barred windows.

Mary hears FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

MARY'S POV: a shadow appears in the crack underneath the closed front door.

Mary sits up, stares fearfully at the shadow.

MARY  
(whispers)  
Hello?

No answer. The shadow retreats.

Mary stares at the crack of light under the door, then lays back on the pillow, that much more sleepless.

90 TITLE CARD: **THURSDAY 7:59 AM** 90

91 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - MORNING 91

Mary lies awake in bed. The ALARM CLOCK BEEPS. Mary's bare feet wearily descend to the floor and her toes find their way into her bunny slippers.

92 OMITTED ~~EXT. PICO BLVD. MORNING~~ 92

93 INT. MARY'S CAR - MORNING 93

Mary stares at the traffic light.

COFFEE MAN (V.O.)  
(fades in)  
*...damn, I should have gotten a latte  
with a double shot...*

Dismayed, Mary looks over and sees:

MARY'S POV: a Prius in the lane next to hers. A MAN sips from a paper coffee cup.

COFFEE MAN (V.O.)  
*...and one sugar, what's the harm?...*

The light changes and the Prius pulls away.

COFFEE MAN (V.O.)  
(fades out)  
*...or switch to macchiato?...*

\*

Mary stares after the Prius, processing what she just overheard, then belatedly starts driving again.

SUV WOMAN (V.O.)  
(fades in)  
*...never ever again let her bully me  
into apple juice...*

Mary looks over and sees:

MARY'S POV: a WOMAN drives an SUV, with a TODDLER DIVA enthroned in a car seat in back.

SUV WOMAN (V.O.)  
*...fifteen minutes late is, what,  
twelve dollars down the toilet plus  
parking...*

The WOMAN'S VOICE FADES OUT as the SUV turns onto a side street.

SWEET YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
(SHOUTS)  
*You bitch! You fool!*

Shocked, Mary looks over and sees:

MARY'S POV: A sweet-looking YOUNG WOMAN in a Honda, wearing headphones, bopping her head to music.

SWEET YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
*Yo bitch yo! I kill you ho!*

Mary slows down to let him drive ahead.

She looks warily over at the next car to pull abreast.

94 INT. ESCALATOR, PARKING GARAGE - DAY 94

MARY'S POV: the escalator hypnotically keeps forming steps.

Looking uncertain, Mary takes a tentative step on -- and gets carried away.

95 EXT. PLAZA, CENTURY CITY - DAY 95

Mary walks across the plaza. She tries to look upbeat as she goes into the office tower.

96 INT. ELEVATOR CAB - DAY 96

Mary gets on the elevator with a CROWD OF SUITS, pleased to be part of the going-to-work crowd.

The elevator empties as it climbs.

Mary sees that she is alone with a man. A BLACK BASEBALL CAP HIDES HIS FACE.

The elevator stops. Panicked, Mary hurries off.

97 INT. SECOND FLOOR, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 97

Fearful, she looks back at the elevator and sees:

The black baseball cap belongs to a MESSENGER, a vinyl document bag slung over his shoulder. He is puzzled by Mary's jittery behavior.

The elevator doors close. Mary stands alone, on the wrong floor.

MARY  
(whispers to herself)  
Don't panic.

She presses the "up" button and waits.

DING. The doors slide open. Apprehensive, Mary looks inside.

MARY'S POV: the elevator cab is empty.

Mary takes a tentative step on board, then skittishly steps back off. She lets the elevator doors close.

Mary gives herself a "you're being foolish" look and presses the "up" button again.

98 INT. CORRIDOR, LAW OFFICE - DAY 98

Mary walks through the office, completely alone, no one else in sight.

99 INT. COFFEE ROOM, LAW OFFICE - DAY 99

Mary comes in, looking uncertain. She starts to make a cup of tea. Rand appears in the doorway.

RAND

Hi.

He swoops over to give Mary a peck on the cheek. She steps back, as if attacked. Rand is dismayed by her reaction.

RAND

You look fabulous.

MARY

You always say that.

RAND (V.O.)

(Mary hears Rand's thoughts)

*Utterly, completely fuckable.*

(OUT LOUD)

And I always mean it. Why didn't you let me know you were back?

(V.O., Mary hears Rand's thoughts)

*Hint of a shadow where her nipple rubs against her blouse.*

Mary frowns at the thoughts she hears.

RAND

Let me buy you lunch.

MARY

I'm not sure about today.

RAND

Your first day back. Let's celebrate.

MARY

I need to get back into a routine.

RAND

Lunch is routine.

MARY

Maybe.

A LAWYER comes into the coffee room, nods hello en route to the coffee machine.

Mary takes her tea and leaves. Rand watches her go.

100 INT. MARY'S CUBICLE, LAW OFFICE - DAY

100

Wearing transcribing headphones, Mary contentedly types away.

Rand appears in the cubicle entrance. Mary glances at him then focuses back on her work.

Rand waits at the cubicle entrance. Finally:

RAND

So. Lunch?

MARY

(takes off headphones)

What?

RAND

Lunch?

MARY

I need to keep working. This is taking longer than it should.

She puts the headphones back on. Rebuffed, Rand steps away from her cubicle.

101 INT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

101

Mary stands at the counter, finishes paying for a sandwich.

RAND (V.O.)

(Mary hears Rand's thoughts)

*...buy her flowers or a fruit basket?  
No, flowers and a fruit basket...*

Mary sneaks a glance back. Rand stands two people behind in line.

RAND (V.O.)

(Mary hears Rand's thoughts)

*...I'm being stupid and obvious...  
accidentally-on-purpose? Casual  
contact, act surprised, a friendly low-  
key hello?*

Mary turns and faces Rand.

RAND  
(flustered)

Hey.

Mary smiles, amused that he is flustered.

MARY  
It's okay.

She stands beside him in line. Rand is quietly pleased.

102 TITLE CARD: **FRIDAY 11:19 AM -- FACE IN THE CLOUDS** 102

103 EXT. PLAZA, CENTURY CITY - DAY 103

Mary and Rand sit side by side on a bench, finishing their sandwiches.

RAND  
We could have dinner.

MARY  
(smiles)  
Lunch and dinner?

RAND  
I didn't buy you lunch. You wouldn't let me.

MARY  
Maybe.

RAND  
We can meet at a restaurant. Or I can pick you up. Or we can walk somewhere close by right after work.

Mary considers.

RAND  
Don't eat dinner alone. Not when you don't have to.

MARY  
Let me see how I feel.

RAND  
You have to eat anyway.

MARY  
Rand.

Mary stands. He stands.

RAND  
I'll call? Or you call me?

MARY  
I'll call you.

RAND  
So. Later then -- maybe. You coming up?

MARY  
In a minute.

Hopeful, wanting to end on an upbeat, Rand hurries away.

Mary starts walking toward the office tower but stops when she sees:

MARY'S POV: the revolving doors are gone, RAINBOW AURAS now trail everyone on the plaza.

Mary stops, gasps for breath. The sun darkens.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Don't panic.*

The plaza is now completely EMPTY and dead silent.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Where's the revolving door?*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Hayward's thoughts)  
*You thought that if you kept to safe, public places, that if you saw me you could handle the situation.*  
(beat)  
*I am not a situation.*

MARY  
No.  
(V.O.)  
*Where is he? What should I say? He hears this. He hears everything.*

Fearful, Mary tilts her head up and sees HAYWARD'S FACE IN THE CLOUDS.

MARY  
How did you get to be up there?

Hands balled into fists, she fights to stay calm.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Don't panic.*

Mary sits down on a concrete bench. She doesn't dare look up.

HAYWARD  
You thought that you could just walk away?

AN ORCHESTRA TUNES UP.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Beethoven? The Ninth?*

Hayward laughs from the clouds.

HAYWARD  
The Ninth, Mary. Your taste is improving.

MARY  
I've never really listened to Beethoven.

HAYWARD  
You must have sometime.

Mary stares down at her shoes. The concrete brightens with renewed sunshine. Mary looks up.

MARY'S POV: Hayward's face is gone, the clouds blow away.

MARY  
Are you the wind too?

MARY'S POV: The revolving glass door is back in its usual place. The lunch crowd is back on the plaza.

BEETHOVEN'S NINTH STILL FILLS THE AIR.

Mary turns her face up to the sky and closes her eyes.

104

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

104

Unsettled, Mary walks cautiously toward her cubicle. No one else is in sight.

Mary sits down in her cubicle. She puts on her transcribing headphones -- then immediately takes them back off.

With tentative steps Mary walks up to a window. She looks up at the sky.

MARY'S POV: the sky is a cloudless desert blue.

Relieved, Mary retreats back into her cubicle. She puts the headphones back on, presses *play*, and tries to work.

105 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 105

Lost in thought, Mary buttons up a man's pajama top and climbs into bed.

MARY'S POV: the cottage cheese ceiling sparkles like a star field in the wash of lights from passing cars, the colored lumps ooze inside the lava lamp.

The TELEPHONE RINGS but Mary ignores it. The ringing stops.

Mary closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

106 SCREEN IS BLACK. 106

Mary MOANS.

CUT TO:

107 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - LATER 107

Mary opens her eyes.

Blue light flickers on the ceiling. Mary slowly wakes to the reality of the room. The TV is on.

Hayward reclines in bed beside Mary, shirtless, smoking.

He sees that Mary is awake. He offers her the smoke. She shakes her head *no*.

MARY

What happened?

HAYWARD

What didn't?

He motions her closer. She obeys.

Mary snuggles against Hayward. He gives her a fierce hug.

Mary closes her eyes.

JUMP CUT TO:

Mary opens her eyes. Hayward stands over her. He rips off the comforter, scaring her.

MARY

Why me?

HAYWARD

Why not?

CUT TO:

108 INT. TEXAS TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT 108

Mary sits against the passenger door, still wearing only the man's pajama top. Hayward drives, eyes on Mary not the road.

MARY'S POV: streetlights haloed in fog glide past.

109 TITLE CARD: **FRIDAY 12:13 AM -- THE DEAD WEIGHT AFTER** 109

110 EXT. ALLEY, RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT 110

Mary topples out of Hayward's Texas Truck. WAVES CRASH somewhere nearby.

Hayward stalks ahead without looking back and Mary follows.

MARY'S POV: the back of a house, an open gate, window panes glowing yellow in the fog.

111 EXT. BACKYARD, RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT 111

Hayward pushes Mary against a closed backdoor, spins her around to face the door. Hayward KNOCKS on the door.

Through the window Mary sees Rand approaching. He's thrilled to see her.

Mary looks toward Hayward, who is hidden from Rand's view.

Rand enters the alarm code and opens the door.

RAND

Mary!

Rand puts his hands on Mary's shoulders, then his lips on hers.

RAND

You came.

Rand strokes Mary's neck. She does not resist; he inches closer.

Rand kisses Mary. He waits for her to object but she doesn't.

He kisses Mary greedily. As Rand pulls Mary over the threshold she glances back.

MARY'S POV: Hayward smiles then disappears from view.

112 INT. BEDROOM, RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

112

Rand fumbles with the buttons on Mary's pajama top. The flannel tears. He hurries to undress himself.

RAND

Wow. I did not expect this.

Rand smiles, hopping on one foot, his pants in a tangle. Then he is naked except for undershirt and socks.

RAND (V.O.)

(Mary hears Rand's thoughts)

*Couldn't help yourself, Mary, too long between fucks...*

(OUT LOUD)

Remember the tape I made of us?

(V.O., Mary hears Rand's thoughts)

*...fucking, all different kinds of fucking....*

MARY (V.O.)

*Was he always this little?*

Rand presses against Mary, panicked that she might flee.

MARY (V.O.)

*Skin, hair, two slightly different bodies, one part slips inside the other, why does that itty-bitty slippage matter so much?*

Rand breaks the embrace to fiddle with a DV camera. He pulls Mary down and positions her on top of himself.

RAND

You're mine, aren't you?

MARY (V.O.)

*You're so ridiculous.*

RAND

Does that tickle?

MARY (V.O.)

*That's not why I'm smiling.*

RAND  
 Say you're mine.  
 (V.O., Mary hears Rand's  
 thoughts)  
*All mine, again. But. She used to do  
 so much more...*  
 (OUT LOUD)  
 Say you're mine.

MARY  
 What?

RAND  
 Mine.

MARY  
 What do you mean 'mine'?

RAND  
 Say it please say it...

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Hayward's  
 thoughts)  
*Hot stuff.*

MARY'S POV: Hayward appears. Hayward shuts off Rand's DV camcorder.

113 CAMCORDER VIEWFINDER (INT. BEDROOM, RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT) 113

The image of Rand and Mary turns to STATIC then goes dead.

114 INT. BEDROOM, RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT 114

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Feeling hot and bothered?*

Hayward covers Mary's hand with his own. His fingers stroke Rand's shoulder but Rand doesn't notice the extra fingers.

A PULSING COLOR SURROUNDS RAND, THE GLOW OF HIS AURA.

Mary and Hayward's fingers stroke and RAND'S AURA BRIGHTENS.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Look what you're letting that boy do.  
 You're too easy, Mary.*

MARY (V.O.)  
*You put me here.*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*I didn't put his cock inside you.*

Rand's bright red aura excites Mary. Despite herself, she's enjoying it.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Feeling something again? Some dire desire?*

MARY  
 You brought me here.

RAND  
 What?  
 (V.O., Mary hears Rand's thoughts)  
*...please make this the best fuck ever...*

MARY  
 I didn't want to come.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Didn't want to come?*

RAND  
 I'm coming...are you coming?

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Well? Are you coming? Are you coming?*

RAND'S AURA GLOWS FIRECRACKER RED.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Needs a squeeze.*

Hayward nestles behind Mary.

RAND  
 (surprised by Hayward)  
 What -- wait -- who are you?

HAYWARD  
 I came with her, we all came, we're all coming.

Hayward guides Mary's arms to hug Rand.

RAND  
 Hey...  
 (V.O., Mary hears Rand's thoughts)  
*Mary? Who's he?*

Mary feels Hayward's strong hands on her shoulders, pushing her against Rand. Rand's eyes widen.

RAND  
Who...are...you...?

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Squeeze.*

MARY (V.O.)  
...no...

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Squeeze please.*

MARY (V.O.)  
...yes...

Mary squeezes.

MARY (V.O.)  
*...it's only sex isn't it and it feels  
so good...*

RAND  
No...

MARY  
No.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*Do you really mean no?*

MARY  
Yes!

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
*You don't want to stop not really.*

MARY (V.O.)  
No...

RAND  
...no...

MARY  
Oh...

HAYWARD  
Hole in the sky, M, dig that hole.

MARY  
Yeah...

RAND'S AURA **EXPLODES** IN GLORIOUS COLOR THEN SIZZLES AND SHOOTS UP THROUGH THE CEILING.

MARY (V.O.)  
*...oh...that again...*

The dead weight after: Mary's arms around lifeless Rand.

Mary looks around, her post-coital panic building.

MARY

Hayward?!

Mary pulls her arms out from under Rand and crawls away from him.

MARY

Hayward?

MARY'S POV: Hayward is gone. Rand's head rests at the wrong angle.

MARY

He brought me here.

But Rand isn't listening. Mary closes her eyes.

MARY (V.O.)

*And when I open my eyes it will be my ceiling, I'll be back in my own room when I open my eyes again. Please.*

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: Mary opens her eyes.

CUT TO:

115      TITLE CARD: **2:54 AM -- TUNED TO A DEAD CHANNEL**      115

116      INT. BEDROOM, RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT      116

Mary stares at the television screen, tuned to a dead channel, pure STATIC. The blue light plays over Rand's body, naked and dead.

SERGEANT VANDERHORN stands guard inside the bedroom door. Mary sits on the bed, wearing an over-sized bathrobe.

DETECTIVE TOM REESE (who Mary bumped into in the law office lobby) enters.

VANDERHORN

Hey, Tom.

TOM

Hey.

Tom takes in the scene.

VANDERHORN

You're late. They just transported the vic. She was still upstairs when I got here. I put the robe on her. Her name is Mary Delany.

\*  
\*

TOM  
I've seen her before.  
(off Vanderhorn's  
reaction)  
She works in Century City.

VANDERHORN \*  
How well do you know her? \*

TOM \*  
I saw her in passing at a law office, \*  
that's all. \*

Tom goes over to Mary. \*

TOM \*  
Mary? I'm Detective Tom Reese. Are you  
all right?

Mary gives a smile of recognition.

MARY  
Oh, I remember you.  
(beat)  
No, I'm not all right.

TOM  
Mary? Tell me what happened.

MARY  
It happens in the gaps.

TOM  
What gaps?

She looks at him, too exhausted and distraught to  
answer.

TOM  
Tell me.  
(beat)  
Tell me everything you can remember.

Mary stares at him.

TOM  
What happened?

MARY  
He...well...

TOM \*  
Can you stand up, Mary?

Mary stands and the sash of the robe falls loose,  
revealing her nakedness. She tries to cover herself but  
she needs help. Tom re-ties the sash.

TOM

~~Where are her clothes?~~

VANDERHORN

~~No clothes I could find. We need to  
get forensics up here.~~

~~Tom nods, distracted.~~

VANDERHORN

~~Right, Tom?~~

TOM

~~Yes, Van, send 'em up.~~

~~Vanderhorn gestures for Tom to join him in the doorway,  
out of Mary's hearing.~~

VANDERHORN

~~How well do you know her?~~

TOM

~~I saw her in passing at a law office.  
That's all. How much longer do we  
have?~~

\*  
\*

VANDERHORN

~~I'll go upstairs and see.~~

\*  
\*

~~Vanderhorn nods and leaves. Tom and Mary are alone.~~

TOM

You knew the deceased?

Mary looks confused.

TOM

The deceased.  
(nods at body)  
Rand Foley.

MARY

Oh. I thought you said did I know the  
diseased.

TOM

Well did you?

MARY

Yes.

TOM

Did you kill Rand Foley?

MARY

By fucking.

~~Tom stares at her; it's a lot to take in. Vanderhorn and other COPS come into the room.~~

~~TOM~~

~~I'm going to handcuff you now, Mary.  
Please put your hands behind your  
back.~~

~~Mary does as she is told; Tom disappears from her sight.~~

~~EXTREME CLOSE UP: Tom's hand encircles Mary's wrist,  
then he SNAPS handcuffs on. Mary's trapped fingers  
stretch futilely toward Tom's, then go slack.~~

CUT TO:

117 TITLE CARD: 4:41 AM -- THE CLOSEST THING TO DROWNING 117

118 CAMCORDER VIEWFINDER (INT. BEDROOM, RAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT) 118

A CAMCORDER FLARES TO LIFE. A handheld, DV image. Mary's dress fills the frame.

RAND (O.S.)

Okay, we're rolling. Unzip! Unzip!

Mary's hand comes into frame and starts to unzip her dress.

RAND (O.S.)

And...off! Mary. Off!

The dress is lowered, revealing bra and panties.

Mary leans forward until her face fills the frame. The camera jostles.

RAND (O.S.)

Hey!

With a violent camera move, RAND APPEARS ON SCREEN wearing a shirt and tie and nothing else.

RAND

Okay. Yeah. Sure.

Mary's hand reaches into frame. She gently takes hold of his tie and YANKS HARD -- pulling Rand violently into the lens with a BANG. He lurches back.

RAND

Too rough!

CUT TO:

119 INT. ROOM, COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT 119

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: Mary opens her eyes.

MARY'S POV: a dark screen of the bracket-mounted TV.

She hears someone approaching, HUMMING.

MARY'S POV: Hayward appears in the doorway.

Hayward steps into the room. She waits for him to speak. He waits for her to speak. Finally:

He climbs into bed. She doesn't resist.

MARY

How many times have we been together?

HAYWARD

It ain't a numbers game.

Hayward puts his hands over her eyes.

MARY'S POV: the hospital room goes dark.

Mary hears HAYWARD HUMMING TO HIMSELF as he leaves.

CUT TO:

120 INT. ROOM, COUNTY HOSPITAL - MORNING 120

Mary is curled up in bed, white-gowned, with sleep-twisted hair.

Tom sits down in the only chair and watches her sleep.

TOM

Mary.

Her eyes shine to life and she smiles at him. Tom smiles back.

TOM

Mary, it's Detective Reese.

MARY

Tom.

TOM

Yes. How are you feeling?

MARY

Okay.

TOM

You're implicated in Rand Foley's murder.

MARY

I know. I mean, I can guess.

TOM

The coroner says that Rand Foley died of a heart attack. But there was significant pre-mortem bruising that does not easily correlate with you, with your body strength.

He pauses to give Mary a chance to speak. She doesn't.

TOM

Was there someone else with you?

Mary quietly nods yes.

MARY

He brought me there.

TOM

A man brought you to Rand Foley's house?

MARY

He's taken a lot of interest in me. I haven't been able to...

(searches for word)

...dissuade him.

TOM

Who?

MARY

(very quietly)

He can hear.

TOM

Who can hear?

MARY

He can hear everything.

TOM

Who?

Mary doesn't answer.

TOM

I want to help you but I need to know what you know to do that.

She takes a breath, makes her decision.

MARY

Hayward.

TOM  
Tell me about Hayward.

Mary doesn't respond.

TOM  
Did Hayward know Rand Foley?

MARY  
He knows everything about me.

TOM  
Did Hayward kill Rand Foley?

Mary barely nods yes.

MARY  
It seems real and then it doesn't.  
Like sex. You know how sometimes sex  
can seem like a dream after it  
happens?

TOM  
Go on.

MARY  
It was sexual, and, and I'm  
embarrassed.

He waits for more.

TOM  
What else can you tell me about last  
night?

MARY  
I'm trapped. I lie to myself and say  
that I don't want to be, but I am.

TOM  
What does Hayward look like?

Mary looks panicky.

TOM  
I know you're afraid but it doesn't  
help to hide your knowledge of him.

MARY  
I'm afraid to sleep because I'm afraid  
of my dreams.

Mary smiles shyly. Tom tries to smile back.

CUT TO:

123

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

123 \*

Mary walks down the corridor with Laura and Albert,  
toward the elevator. \*

LAURA \*

I wish you'd reconsider and come back  
home with us. \*

MARY \*

I'm okay. \*

LAURA \*

You're in denial. \*

MARY \*

I wish I could be. \*

LAURA \*

What do you mean by that? \*

Mary doesn't answer. \*

LAURA \*

You look tired. \*

MARY \*

Sorry I've been such a bother. The  
detective offered me a ride home. \*

LAURA \*

I'm not letting some detective drive  
you home. \*

MARY \*

He's been nice. \*

LAURA \*

You're lucky. \*

MARY \*

Lucky? \*

LAURA \*

That he believes you. What if they  
charged you? What if we'd had to post  
bail? \*

ALBERT \*

Ouch. \*

LAURA \*

(looks at Mary in rearview  
mirror)  
What's that look? \*

MARY \*

Luck's a funny word to use. \*

LAURA \*  
Tell me a word that's not funny. \*

MARY \*  
Okay. No word's funny. \*

LAURA \*  
Why are you arguing? I'm on your side. \*

MARY \*  
I wasn't. \*

LAURA \*  
You're under suspicion. \*

MARY \*  
I know. It's not funny. \*

LAURA \*  
(suspects she's being \*  
mocked) \*  
I need to find you an attorney. \*

ALBERT \*  
What about Brandon? \*

LAURA \*  
Jesus, Albert, he's a tax lawyer. \*

ALBERT \*  
But he knows people. \*

MARY \*  
I can talk to someone at the firm. \*

They get on the elevator and the doors close. \*

124 EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DAY 124 \*

The Infiniti pulls to a stop in front of the small,  
bland apartment building that Mary lives in.

Mary looks up at the clouds, glad, then apprehensive. \*

Mary hears BAGPIPE MUSIC. \*

MARY \*  
Do you hear bagpipes? \*

Albert and Laura look at each other, not sure how to  
respond. \*

LAURA  
 (looks at Mary in vanity  
 mirror)  
 You're not wearing a safety belt.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALBERT  
 No need. We're here.

\*  
\*

Mary gets out of the car and stretches, smiles up at the blossoming jacaranda tree.

Albert and Laura stay in the car, windows and doors closed, talking in low voices.

BAGPIPE MUSIC fills the air. Mary smiles at the wands of purple jacaranda blossoms framed against the sky.

Mary waits for Albert and Laura to drive away but they don't. They watch Mary.

Finally, Mary waves and walks toward her building. She grows apprehensive as she approaches the door.

Mary turns and sees Albert and Laura still watching her. She waves good-bye again and goes inside.

125 INT. BACK PATIO (APARTMENT BUILDING) - DAY 125

Mary stares at her front door. She cautiously approaches and gingerly puts the key in the lock.

126 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - DAY 126

Mary unlocks the door. She peeks inside, then hesitantly enters.

MARY  
 (quietly)  
 Hello?

Relieved there is no answer, Mary closes the front door. She sits down on the bed, looks around the room, at a loss.

127 EXT. OCEAN PARK BLVD. - NIGHT 127

Mary steps out of a corner market, carrying a bag of pasta.

Vanderhorn stands against a wall fifty feet away, watching. He starts to follow Mary.

VANDERHORN (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Vanderhorn's  
 thoughts)  
 (MORE)

VANDERHORN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*...really need some new shoes, eighty  
dollars good-bye...what a sleepwalker,  
Mary Mary quite contrary, don't have a  
clue do you?*

Mary glances back at him.

VANDERHORN (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Vanderhorn's  
thoughts)

*Fuck!*

Vanderhorn turns away from Mary, to face a shop window.

He sneaks a peek -- Mary has stopped.

VANDERHORN (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Vanderhorn's  
thoughts)

*She's stopped...?*

Mary starts walking toward Vanderhorn.

VANDERHORN (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Vanderhorn's  
thoughts)

*What the F?*

Vanderhorn abruptly turns away from Mary and studies a store window.

VANDERHORN (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Vanderhorn's  
thoughts)

*I've been made?*

Mary walks past Vanderhorn, a little smile on her face (that he doesn't see).

VANDERHORN (V.O.)  
(Mary hears Vanderhorn's  
thoughts)

*Guilty as a fish. Huh? What made me  
think that?*

Vanderhorn resumes following Mary.

She stops. Vanderhorn stops.

Mary starts again. After a beat, Vanderhorn starts again.

129 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 129

Mary stares intently at pasta water boiling on the stove.

CUT TO:

130 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 130

Mary sits at the table, stares at a bowl of plain pasta, not eating.

The PHONE RINGS. Mary tenses but does not answer it. The RINGING STOPS.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Mary startles. ANOTHER KNOCK.

TOM (O.S.)

Mary?

Mary opens the door, smiles.

MARY

Tom.

TOM

Miss Delany.

Mary gestures Tom inside. She steps toward him; they stand close together.

TOM

I've placed you under surveillance.  
You're being watched, for your  
protection.

MARY

All night?

TOM

(nods)  
Yes.

MARY

You don't need to stay outside.

TOM

Not me. Sergeant Vanderhorn is  
stationed outside. I'm heading up the  
investigation so I've got things to  
do.

Mary looks worried.

TOM

You'll be okay. I'll stop by in the morning.

He nods good-bye and leaves.

131 EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

131

Vanderhorn sits in a police sedan parked in front. Tom crosses the dead lawn.

MARY (O.S.)

Please don't go.

Tom turns and sees Mary hurrying across the lawn, barefoot. Mary's eyes look wild, desperate.

MARY

Can I make you a cup of tea? Or coffee? I can make you coffee.

Tom studies her.

TOM

Okay.

Mary smiles and starts back to her apartment. Tom goes over to Vanderhorn's car.

TOM

I'm going back to talk to her.

VANDERHORN

Yeah?

TOM

Stay awake.

VANDERHORN

Can she make *me* a cup of coffee?

131A EXT. COURTYARD OUTSIDE MARY'S APT - NIGHT

131A

Tom approaches, knocks on door. Mary answers.

132 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

132

Tom steps inside. Mary makes tea.

MARY

Is herbal okay?

TOM

That's fine.

She brings over two mugs of tea. They sit down at the table. And wait for each other to speak.

MARY

He takes me. And I let him.

TOM

Who takes you? Hayward?

(Mary nods yes)

Are you in a relationship with Hayward?

MARY

You mean, is he my boyfriend?

TOM

What kind of relationship do you have with this man?

MARY

(leans close, whispers)

He touched me.

TOM

(quietly back)

He touched you sexually?

MARY

He re-arranged my molecules.

Tom studies her.

MARY

It sounds crazy and it is. Am I guilty?

TOM

Are you?

MARY

Of what?

TOM

You tell me.

MARY

If he made me then I'm not.

TOM

Were you coerced?

MARY

Yes.

TOM

Coerced to do what?

MARY

To fuck.

Tom waits for more. Finally:

TOM

Anything else?

She's reluctant.

TOM

Well, then...you've got my number.

MARY

It's hopeless.

TOM

No, it's not.

MARY

(leans closes)

Please don't go.

TOM

Sergeant Vanderhorn is very capable.  
He'll be just outside all night.

MARY

I feel safer with you.

TOM

(considers)

I can stick around for awhile.

MARY

Thank you.

TOM

(stands)

Thanks for the tea.

MARY

(with a bit of a smile)

Oh -- you wanted coffee.

With a bit of a smile back, Tom leaves. Mary stares at his untouched tea mug.

CUT TO:

133

EXT. ALLEY, MARY'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

133

Sitting in his police sedan, Tom looks up. He sees Mary's window curtains billow in the wind.

He picks up his walkie-talkie.

TOM

Radio check.

VANDERHORN (V.O.)

Yo. There are some kids smoking dope  
across the street.

TOM

Let 'em.

Tom puts the walkie down and looks up. He sees Mary's  
shadow on the curtains.

The back gate swings open and Mary appears. She climbs  
into the front seat of Tom's car.

MARY

I can't stay up there alone.

TOM

You don't have to stay. You can do  
whatever you like. Carry on with your  
life.

MARY

I don't have a life. That sounds so  
whiny -- sorry.

TOM

Don't be.

Mary nods. They sit in an awkward silence.

TOM

Is there something you want to tell  
me?

MARY

I do, but I don't know where to begin.

TOM

Begin anywhere -- begin in the middle.

MARY

I feel guilty.

TOM

Of what?

Mary sees something through the windshield and startles.

MARY'S POV: from the street-side of the apartment  
building, A BALL OF LIGHT (AN AURA) SHOOTS UP INTO THE  
SKY.

Tom looks in the same direction but sees nothing.

MARY

Did you see it?

Tom scans the alley.

TOM

See what?

Mary looks up at the sky -- it's dark again.

MARY

It seemed close.

Tom studies the sky. He studies Mary.

TOM

What is it, Mary?

She shakes her head, won't answer. Then:

MARY

Thank you, for trying.

She gives his sleeve an affectionate squeeze. Tom looks surprised.

Mary hurries out of the car and back up the stairs to her apartment.

134 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 134

Mary steps back into her apartment, wipes away tears.

She sits down on the edge of the bed. Bows her head. She hears the SPLASH OF WATER: a bath is running.

Fearful, Mary creeps toward the bathroom.

135 INT. BATHROOM, MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 135

MARY'S POV: Hayward relaxes in the shower.

HAYWARD

It's been *ages* since we've had a shower together. Join me.

Mary backs away from the bathroom door.

JUMP CUT TO:

136 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 136

Hair still wet, towel draped across his shoulders, Hayward leans against the kitchenette counter.

HAYWARD

I'll make us an omelette. You love my omelettes.

He opens the refrigerator, puts eggs on the counter, looks for other ingredients.

HAYWARD

Shallots? Any shallots?

Hayward stares at Mary, as if reading her mind.

HAYWARD

No shallots. Drag.

He turns back to the refrigerator and carries on with the omelette prep.

He cracks a couple of eggs. He chops garlic with a big knife.

Mary eases into the kitchenette. She slides a drawer open and selects a knife. Nervous, Mary holds the knife behind her back.

Hayward stirs the eggs in a glass bowl, a whirlpool of yolk. He pours the beaten eggs into a hot pan and it SIZZLES.

HAYWARD

Shall we call him up for a snack?

MARY

Who?

HAYWARD

Mr. Nice Guy.

Hayward floats toward Mary. He stands close.

HAYWARD

You're very cute.

MARY

I liked last night. It's horrible that I liked it.

Hayward smiles.

Mary jerks her arm forward. Her knife punctures his shirt. Hayward looks surprised; he bleeds.

HAYWARD

Wow.

She stabs again.

HAYWARD

Sweetheart. Fuck. You care.

He raises his own knife. Mary dashes for the front door.

137 INT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT 137

MARY (V.O.)

*Tom!*

Tom jumps out of the car.

TOM

(into walkie)

Vanderhorn, I heard something, I'm going in. Over.

(beat)

Vanderhorn?! Over!

138 EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 138

Tom bounds up the stairs, pistol in hand. The door is ajar.

TOM

Mary?!

He pushes the door open.

139 INT. MARY'S APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT 139

Tom sees blood splattered on the kitchen floor. Smoke rises from the burning omelette.

TOM

Mary?! Mary!

Bracing his gun Tom pivots into the bathroom: empty, no Mary.

TOM

(into walkie)

Goddammit, Vanderhorn, report! Report!

140 INT. FRONT STAIRS, MARY'S APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT 140

A trail of blood drops leads through the open front door. Tom follows the trail.

141 EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT 141

Tom hurries across the lawn looking for Mary. He sees Vanderhorn sprawled lifeless inside his car, head thrown back.

TOM  
Vanderhorn! Jesus!

Tom checks Vanderhorn for a pulse.

TOM  
(into walkie)  
Dispatch, I've got an officer down. I  
need paramedics and back-up.

Gun drawn, Tom looks -- moves -- looks -- follows a trail of blood.

142 EXT. PARK - NIGHT 142

The jacaranda tree, heavy with purple flowers, sways in the wind.

Tom swiftly crosses the street and enters the park.

MARY (V.O.)  
*Tom.*

He stops, looks left, right, behind.

MARY (V.O.)  
*...tom...tom...*

Tom sees the bloody knife in Mary's hand.

TOM (O.S.)  
Are you injured?

Mary doesn't respond.

TOM  
Put down the knife, Mary.

She nods *no*, her eyes fixed on something.

TOM'S POV: he follows Mary's eye line and sees a MAN half-hidden in the shadow of a jacaranda tree. The Man holds a knife.

Tom stakes his position, his angle of fire narrow enough to cover both Mary and the Man.

TOM  
You. Drop the knife.

Hayward ignores Tom, smiles at Mary.

TOM  
 Are you Hayward?  
 (beat)  
Are you Hayward?  
 (to Mary)  
 Is he Hayward?

MARY  
 Yes.

Tom points his gun at the dark silhouette, still mindful of Mary's knife.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Tom and Mary both hear  
 Hayward's thoughts)  
*Got her dead to rights.*

The voice in his head puzzles Tom.

MARY  
 He's playing his games.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Tom and Mary both hear  
 Hayward's thoughts)  
*Not a game.*

Hayward ripples like a mirage then reappears closer to Mary.

TOM  
 Don't move! Place your hands over your head!

Hayward turns to face Tom, his shirt blood-soaked, glistening. Tom can now see Hayward's face, dead eyes above a winning smile.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Tom and Mary both hear  
 Hayward's thoughts)  
*See how she cut me?*

TOM  
 Both of you, put down your knives!

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Tom and Mary both hear  
 Hayward's thoughts)  
*Save yourself, Tom.*

Gun pointed, Tom keeps focused on Hayward and Mary's knives.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Tom and Mary both hear  
 Hayward's thoughts)  
*SHE'S THE KILLER.*

MARY  
 That's a lie, I'm not a killer, he  
 made me--

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Tom and Mary both hear  
 Hayward's thoughts)  
*Liar, liar-*

MARY (V.O.)  
 (Tom hears Mary's  
 thoughts)  
*--made me--*

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Tom and Mary both hear  
 Hayward's thoughts)  
*-pants on fire.*

MARY (V.O.)  
 (Tom hears Mary's  
 thoughts)  
*--made me!*

Tom, unsettled by the voices, tries to not look  
 confused.

HAYWARD (V.O.)  
 (Tom and Mary both hear  
 Hayward's thoughts)  
*She likes to do it.*

TOM  
 Put down the knife.

HAYWARD  
 A great, great squeeze. Goes down  
 easy. Fuck her and see. Or watch me.

Hayward steps toward Mary.

TOM  
 Halt!

HAYWARD  
 Or you'll shoot?

Tom keeps his gun steady.

Hayward nimbly sidesteps behind Mary. Tom has no clear  
 shot.

MARY (V.O.)

*No! NO!*

Mary and Hayward spin around, offering Tom no clear target. Knives flash.

Mary steps back, gasps for breath. Hayward smiles and, knife in hand, steps toward Tom.

TOM

Halt!

Undeterred, Hayward takes a giant step toward Tom.

Tom has a clear shot -- he FIRES.

Hayward smiles as he stumbles toward Tom. His knife falls point first and stabs into the ground.

Mary sways on her feet.

Hayward lurches toward Tom.

Tom jumps back from Hayward's falling body and keeps his gun pointed at Hayward's prone figure.

MARY'S POV: HAYWARD'S GRAY AURA LEAKS, SPREADS LIKE A STAIN, GETTING BIGGER, DISCOLORING THE AIR.

As if in a trance, Mary steps toward Hayward, raises her knife, tensed to stab him again.

MARY'S POV: HAYWARD'S GRAY AURA SHATTERS -- GLITTERING SHARDS THAT FLOAT AWAY --

THE LIGHT IS GONE.

TOM

Mary. Put down the knife.

Mary doesn't take her eyes off Hayward's body.

TOM

Are you hurt?

(no response)

Drop the knife.

She shakes her head *no*.

TOM

Mary, you *must* drop the knife.

Tom cautiously approaches. He grabs Mary's wrist and yanks it hard; her knife falls to the ground.

Gun pointed, Tom approaches Hayward, kicks his knife away. He nudges Hayward with a shoe.

When there is no response, gun aimed, Tom bends down and feels Hayward's wrist for a pulse.

HAYWARD GRABS HOLD OF TOM'S HAND.

Tom jerks his hand back, as if stung. Tom tenses, ready to fire again.

Hayward's hand relaxes and goes completely limp. He's dead.

MARY'S POV: A GLOWING BLUE AURA NOW CLINGS TO TOM'S SKIN.

MARY  
He touched you.

TOM  
What?

MARY  
He touched me.

Mary stares at his arm. Tom follows Mary's gaze.

TOM'S POV: A BLUE AURA PULSES AROUND HIS ARM AND HAND.

Tom tries to brush the aura away.

TOM  
Is there anyone else?

MARY  
Things go wrong when he touches you.

TOM  
*Mary.* Is there anyone else?

MARY  
Us.

TOM  
Besides us.

Mary looks at Tom, entranced and horrified by his aura.

TOM'S POV: PULSING COLOR SURROUNDS MARY, THE GLOW OF HER AURA.

Tom looks confused. He hears a SIREN.

Mary tilts her head, as if listening.

MARY  
I can't hear the voices anymore.  
They're gone.  
(steps close)  
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)  
 When you fly up to the hole in the  
 sky, where do you go?  
 (looks up)  
 Is he just quiet?

Tom sees a bloodstain spreading across Mary's white blouse.

Mary slips down and lies on a bed of purple jacaranda petals.

Tom hears COP VOICES, RADIO TRAFFIC, GARBLED COMMANDS.

Tom drops to the ground, feels Mary's pulse.

MARY (V.O.)  
*I'm dying.*

TOM  
 No.

MARY (V.O.)  
*I've never died before.*

Tom holds Mary's hand. MORE SIRENS.

TOM (V.O.)  
 (Mary hears Tom's  
 thoughts)  
*Why does this light feel so good?*

MARY (V.O.)  
*Auras...*

Mary tries smiling.

TOM  
 Don't let go.

TOM'S POV: MARY'S AURA SHATTERS INTO SPLINTERS OF LIGHT THAT FLOAT AWAY. THE SPLINTERS OF LIGHT DISAPPEAR IN THE DARK.

THE LIGHT IS GONE.

Tom looks from the sky to Mary.

TOM (V.O.)  
*Mary...?*

She's dead.

Black cop shoes trample the purple petals.

COP VOICES  
 Tom!

Cops loosen Tom's grip on Mary's hand and gently pull him away from her body.

COP VOICES

She's dead...The guy's dead too...

CAMERA FLIPS UPSIDE DOWN: Tom feels himself falling up to earth, curling fetal on the bed of fallen petals.

COP VOICES

Jesus, Tom, are you injured?

TOM'S POV: flashlight beams streak across his eyes.

CUT TO:

143 POV SEQUENCE (EXT. PARK - NIGHT)

143

TOM'S FANTASY: the Cops holster their pistols and head back to their cars, leaving behind the bodies of Mary and Hayward.

Mary opens her eyes, smiles and stands. She takes hold of Tom's hand pulls him into the frame.

Tom and Mary walk together, fingers entwined, through the park.

CUT BACK TO:

144 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

144

Tom looks at Mary, at her blood-stained blouse.

COP VOICES

What the hell is wrong with him? Tom?

TOM

I'm infected.

Tom looks up at the sky, his face haggard with dirt and blood.

A helicopter searchlight circles in the sky.

TOM

He's up there.

COP VOICES

Tom's really lost it.

Hands grab Tom, help him stand, lead him away. He keeps staring up at the sky.

Tom hears BEATING WINGS AND DRUMS.

TOM (V.O.)  
*Can't they hear?*

A ball of light congeals in the sky. HAYWARD'S FACE APPEARS IN THE CLOUDS.

TOM (V.O.)  
*Can't they see?!*

HAYWARD  
Do you believe in magic?

Tom stares up at the sky. Hayward smiles down at him.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: Tom closes his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

\*