

defining edward

by
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A small, sparse yet untidy space. On a cluttered table sits an old pickle jar overturned, coins splayed out from it's mouth, an open economy size box of Alka Seltzer, a book entitled "The History of Art" and an old black and white photo of a man in his 30's wearing round glasses on a serious and prematurely aged face.

On the kitchen counter sits a mass of stolen single serving portions condiments and a nearly empty 26 of rye. The cupboards are plastered with post-it notes, many of which are reminders to buy turtle food.

An unkempt, thirty something man mulls about with a cheap phone cradled uncomfortably between his cheek and shoulder. This is EDWARD.

Edward stands at the counter and rips open packages of artificial sweetener. He shakes them, one after another, into a travel mug. He pulls a pill box from amongst the mess and dumps the contents into his hand: two small white pills, one blue. He places them onto his tongue and swallows them down with a few swigs of rye, as he stirs the mess in his mug with a dirty fountain pen.

Mug in hand, Edward walks to his drafting table and takes a seat on a stool. A cigarette burns in a broken novelty cup which reads "I love you", with a red heart.

EDWARD

Yes, I'm still here.

(beat)

But it's been a week. I'm almost out of medication.

(beat)

No, I understand my coverage. I just don't get why this is taking so long.

He sips his drink, sets the mug down and removes the pen from it. He wipes it off on his shirt and begins to work on something WE CAN'T SEE.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

There should be at least four refills on everything. I guess I'm not clear on what the problem is.

Edward massages his temples.

1 CONTINUED:

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Right. Ummhmm. Right.

(rolls his eyes)

No. It's just that I...

(beat)

Right... Yes. Sure. Thank you.

Edward HANGS UP the phone and DROPS it into the waste basket beside the table.

Edward stands and walks to the aquarium. It's filled with sand and little plants. A tropical background is displayed in the back along with a crude cardboard sign that reads "Manny's Place". Edward sulks at the emptiness.

He turns back to the table and stares at the DRAWING in front of him. It's a crude sexual cartoon depicting an old man having sex with a prostitute dressed as a girl guide. It's signed COBB at the bottom in thick letters.

Edward stares at the cartoon and massages the knot in his temple.

2 INT. NOODLE HOUSE - DAY

2

A no nonsense hole in the wall. An ancient ASIAN WOMAN stands at the counter, hunched over a chinese newspaper. Edward stands watching her. The woman doesn't budge.

*

EDWARD

Hi.

Nothing. Edward allows a smirk.

EDWARD

Good afternoon.

She continues to stare at the paper.

ASIAN WOMAN

(in Cantonese w/English subtitles)

I'm old, not deaf.

EDWARD

Is Jimmy around?

ASIAN WOMAN

Chicken Jimmy's good for nothing friend. I should have guessed.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

I called in for take out about
twenty minutes ago. It's for
Edward.

She looks over her glasses at him.

ASIAN WOMAN

Can't you see I'm reading!

EDWARD

Is Jimmy here right now? It's just
kind of a special order...
(apologetic)
I have a lot of food allergies.

The old woman pushes her paper away and looks at the brown
paper bags on the rack behind her.

ASIAN WOMAN

(in broken english)
You Eddie.

EDWARD

Yes, that's me.

She takes a bag from the rack and places it on the counter.
Edward looks at the bag, then reaches inside to spy the
contents of the container.

ASIAN WOMAN

Sic eighty fie.

EDWARD

You're sure this is my order?
Jimmy made this?

She stares at him.

Edward pulls exact change from his pocket and exchanges it
for the bag.

ASIAN WOMAN

(in Cantonese)
No tip, right?

EDWARD

Suckers...

Edward takes a handful of suckers from the jar on the counter
and stuffs them into his pocket.

2 CONTINUED:

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The old woman scowls and mumbles in Cantonese as she watches Edward leave.

3 EXT. PARK - DAY

3

The city center. A mess of concrete, steel and muted tones. It is strangely desolate.

Edward holds a styrofoam box in one hand and shovels noodles into his mouth with chopsticks held in the other. He eats as if he hasn't in a month, STUFFING clump after clump into his face. He takes in the landscape as he swallows hard and lets out a loud COUGH, nearly choking.

Edward swallows again, clears his throat and takes another large mouthful. As Edward chews, his expression changes. Curiosity first, then ALARM.

His tongue explores his mouth in a panic. He thrusts his hand to his mouth and HACKS into it several times. He looks at what he's just SPIT OUT. His eyes go WIDE.

INSERT - EDWARD'S HAND

containing half chewed, saliva covered PEANUT FRAGMENTS.

Edward stands and sends the remainder of his dinner SPILLING to the ground. His fingers scrape along his gums as he begins to cough again hysterically.

Edward's hands shake furiously as he frisks himself in a fit. Right pocket: empty. Left pocket: empty. Not the inside jacket either...

Edward begins to hyperventilate, his face growing pale. He checks the right pocket again and strikes gold, a pill bottle.

His hands shake terribly as he tries to remove the lid. The top comes off just as a coughing spell comes on, sending the bottle flying. It bounces, sending a single pill rolling out to land on the ground unprotected.

Everything is SPINNING. Edward tries to spot the pill, as he MUMBLES under his breath between coughing and spitting.

EDWARD

Peanuts... fucking peanuts...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

TWO SKATEBOARDERS ride past, not even acknowledging Edward.

He CHOKES and GURGLES between FRANTIC BREATHS, SHIVERING, SHUTTING DOWN...

CLOSE SHOT LOW ANGLE - SECOND SKATEBOARDER

crushes the pill as he rides over it.

Edward hears the CRUNCH and turns to see the pill bottle still intact. He reaches for it, but his legs fold underneath him...

He FALLS hard to the ground. His skull bouncing off the pavement.

FULL SHOT - EDWARD ON THE GROUND

motionless.

The pill bottle sits an arms length away.

FLASH TO:

4 WHITE

4

OVERLAPPING EMERGENCY ROOM NOISE. Stretchers being rolled. Paramedics reciting patient status. Doctors ordering medication.

5 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

5

Blinding white light pours in through the window.

The CAMERA travels up from the edge of the bed, finds the shape of feet under the sheets and continues up, revealing the figure slowly. Plastic ID bracelet. IV in arm. Hospital gown. WE STOP on Edward's face, as his eyes OPEN.

His eyes soak up the unfamiliar surroundings. The one window is a soft square of light which bleeds into room, washing the definition from it. He looks to the other side and sees two doors, one of which is open to reveal a small bathroom.

Edward touches the fabric of his gown and pulls at the IV in his arm. A second tug removes the IV completely. He lifts the covers and swings his legs out of bed.

Edward glances at the plastic ID bracelet on his wrist. He breaks it off and watches it fall to the floor. He looks to his bare feet, as if seeing them for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

Edward sees a pair of slippers near. He drags them over with his toes and then slips into them.

Edward walks forward and catches his REFLECTION in the bathroom mirror. He looks at the stranger, curious for a moment. He peels the bandage off his forehead to reveal a small wound.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- THE WOUND

as his reflection goes OUT OF FOCUS.

Edward loses interest. He walks to the other door, opens it and leaves.

6 INT./EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

6

Edward walks out of a door at the end of the hall and into the BRIGHT LIGHT of DAY.

He stops a few steps outside the door and surveys. He picks a direction and begins walking.

7 EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

7

Edward walks down the quiet street.

8 EXT. CITY LIMITS - DAY

8

Edward continues on, away from the blurred background of civilization.

9 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

9

Edward walks in the ditch along a lonely stretch of highway.

10 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

10

Edward traipses across a barren field. He slows and fixes his gaze on something in the distance. He stops.

REVEAL a NEGLECTED HOUSE in the middle of nowhere.

Edward watches the house. SUDDENLY he SMASHES his eyes closed and PAWS at his temples, as if to keep his skull from breaking open. He doubles over in pain.

Edward's eyes squint open and slowly he plods toward the house. His head screaming, his legs fighting him with every step. He starts to HUM loudly.

Edward stumbles and falls again, but quickly struggles to his feet. Still HUMMING, he looks up.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- THE HOUSE

shaky and off kilter.

Edward collapses. He fights to keep his eyes open, but slowly slips away to UNCONSCIOUS.

CUT TO:

BLACK

FADE IN:

11 ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- ROOM

11

The BLACK gives way to soft light and shapes, but nothing definable. It's all OUT OF FOCUS.

WE HEAR Edward BREATHING.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you in any pain?

A SHAPE moves close, a body to the voice.

SHAPE
Can you feel your hands? Fingers?
How about your toes?

The shape moves closer still, now looming over him.

SHAPE
Do you remember what happened? How
you got here?

WE PAN AWAY from the shape, first one way, then the other, but it's all OUT OF FOCUS.

SHAPE
Can you remember anything?

WE settle on the SHAPE again.

SHAPE
Try and relax. You're alright.

A FLUTTER. The darkness closes in again.

SHAPE
It's okay, I'm a doctor...

CUT TO:

11 CONTINUED:

11

BLACK

FADE IN:

12 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY

12

Neat, organized and bright like an inner city police office. Shelves on every wall filled with book after book, maps on display, a table with measuring devices and a geometry set and still more books. A large desk with papers and notes and a chalkboard behind it in the corner.

A FIGURE shuffles along the shelf on the far side of the room, pauses then moves again. Over and over.

Edward lies on a comfortable couch. His eyes FLICKER and CREEP OPEN.

The figure turns to acknowledge Edward. A conservatively dressed, bespectacled, stoic man in his 40's. This is BRIAN RADFORD.

BRIAN

Good morning.

Edward stares back at him. Brian steps OUT OF FRAME and then BACK INTO FRAME, his hands again holding more books to file.

BRIAN

How are you feeling?

Edward continues to stare forward. He carefully absorbs his surroundings.

BRIAN

You had a fall. About thirty yards from the house.

Brian approaches the couch.

BRIAN

You've been asleep for nearly seventeen hours.

(extending his hand)

I'm Brian Radford.

Edward shakes hands, but looks confused.

BRIAN

There's food, if you're hungry.

Edward spies a plate of food on Brian's desk. He shakes his head "no". Brian points at Edward's hospital gown.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Early release. Your attire.

Edward pulls the blanket down to examine his gown.

BRIAN

"Blue Hills." A hospital. You don't remember?

Edward shakes his head *no*. Brian pulls up a chair and takes a seat. He notices Edward's wound.

BRIAN

You've a small laceration here.
May I?

(examining the wound)

No infection.

(moves away)

Maybe we should start with how you got here.

Edward's eyes continue to wander around the room. He tries to speak, but a painful grimace forms as he CLEARS his throat.

EDWARD

(struggling)

Where's here?

BRIAN

My home. Fifteen kilometers south on the number seven, west of the 540. Not all that far from Hillspring. Do you know where that is?

Edward shakes his head.

EDWARD

Who are you?

BRIAN

My name is Brian Radford.

EDWARD

And you live here?

BRIAN

Myself and two boarders.

EDWARD

What day is it?

BRIAN

Wednesday. Does that mean anything to you?

Edward shakes his head. *

BRIAN *

I'd like to help you. *

(beat) *

Perhaps together we can discover some answers. What do you think about that?

Edward barely nods.

BRIAN

Would you put your feet on the floor and look straight ahead.

Edward, cautious, does as he's told.

BRIAN

Just continue to face forward and watch my finger as it moves in front of you.

Brian begins to move his finger in front of Edward's face. Edward follows with his head.

BRIAN

Just try and keep your head still.

Brian moves his hand. Again Edward follows with his head.

BRIAN

Try it with just your eyes following and your head not moving.

Edward concentrates. Brian moves his hand to the left and then to the right. Edward's eyes follow, his head fighting to move.

BRIAN

Good. That's good.

Brian takes his notebook and pen from the table and quickly scribbles in it.

BRIAN

Do you understand the term
opposite?

EDWARD

Opposite?

BRIAN

Contrasting. I'm going to say a
word and I'd like you to give me
another word that is as different
as possible from the word you have
just heard.

EDWARD

Okay.

BRIAN

Day.

Beat.

EDWARD

Dark.

BRIAN

Cold.

EDWARD

(hesitating)

Uncold.

BRIAN

Sharp.

EDWARD

Smooth.

BRIAN

Calm.

EDWARD

Sad.

BRIAN

Happiness.

EDWARD

Mad... ness.

Brian looks back to Edward and conjures his version of a
smile.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Listen carefully. I have nine apples. You have four. I eat two and give three to you. You eat one and throw one away. We buy a dozen more and split them evenly. How many apples do we have?

Edward looks blank.

BRIAN

Take your time.

No answer comes.

BRIAN

A dozen is twelve. Two more than ten.

Brian stare is intense. Edward looks away, uncomfortable. He scratches at his wound and shifts nervously.

Brian waits for Edward to look at him. He never does.

BRIAN

Okay. That's fine. We're doing well.

(beat)

What about anything you can recall. Your name for instance. Maybe any name. Perhaps you see a picture or even hear a sound when you think about it?

*

*

Edward looks Brian up and down.

BRIAN

Is there an image or sound or a smell that reminds you of something. Anything?

Edward loses himself for a moment. His lips purse to make a sound, but then back off.

He looks back to Brian, a despondent look on his face.

EDWARD

I don't feel like talking anymore.

Brian appreciates the honesty.

*

Okay. BRIAN

13 INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

13

Small and simple. A bed and a small dresser with a stack of neatly folded clothes on top and two pair of shoes at the base. Edward stands just inside the room and listens to Brian at the door. *

BRIAN

... some clothes for you to change into. The fit should be close. Fresh towels in the top drawer. Bathroom at the end of the hall. Kitchen off the first right. Anything you need, feel free to knock on my door. I won't disturb you until supper.

Brian closes the door behind him.

Edward stands in the middle of the room. He turns one way, then the other, becoming oriented.

He moves to the bed and takes a seat on the corner.

Edward sits, listens... and waits. *

14 INT. HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

14

Two silhouetted figures stand close. It is a PRETTY WOMAN and EDWARD'S FATHER, the older looking man from the picture in Edward's apartment. *

They're body language is contrasting. The woman is irritable, while the man exudes calm. He lifts his hand to touch her face, but she walks away from him. *

The man hangs his head.

15 INT. DOORWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

15

YOUNG EDWARD, 8, leans against the door. His eyes sad.

PUSH IN TO EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - EDWARD'S EYES

as they close.

WE HEAR VOICES OVERLAPPED, dishes and cutlery CLATTERING, the EXHALE of the espresso machine.

CUT TO:

16 BLACK

16

MAN #1 (V.O.)
 What about the last cheque? The
 one from "Penthouse"?

*
*

EDWARD (V.O.)
 I don't know. I guess it's gone.

*

MAN #1 (V.O.)
 Well, then you've tapped
 everything. The bonds are gone.
 The ING account you ran through
 last month. I honestly don't know
 what you expect from me.

*

EDWARD (V.O.)
 I thought the ING account was for
 emergencies.

*

MAN #1 (V.O.)
 No, it was for your corporate tax,
 which you still owe.

*

EDWARD (V.O.)
 Well... I don't know. She emptied
 the joint account, so...

*

MAN #1 (V.O.)
 I don't wanna use the "B" word, but
 at this point it may be your only
 option.

*

EDWARD (V.O.)
 What "B" word?

*

MAN #1 (V.O.)
 Bankruptcy.

*

FADE IN:

17 INT. THE PLANET COFFEE HOUSE - DAY - MEMORY

17

Suits rush by, coffee is poured, muffins are stuffed into
 paper bags, money exchanges hands.

EDWARD (O.S.)
 I just need seven thousand dollars.

*

MAN #1 (O.S.)
 You owe ten times that.

*

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

Okay. Four and a half. Just to float me.

*

REVEAL MAN #1 as he steps to the head of the line. This is THE ACCOUNTANT.

*

THE ACCOUNTANT

(to counter staff)

Large chi tea and a bran muffin to go, please.

(to Edward)

So, you haven't heard from her?

*

*

EDWARD

Who Clare? You mean since she cleaned me out and bailed with that Pablo asshole?

(beat)

No. Look, three grand. That's it.

*

The Accountant flashes a look without turning.

EDWARD

I can't work without supplies.

*

THE ACCOUNTANT

Ink. Booze. Pills. And turtle food.

EDWARD

Don't have worry about the turtle food.

*

THE ACCOUNTANT

She took your turtle.

ANGLE ON EDWARD'S HANDS

as they stuff individual packets of grape jelly into his pocket.

The COFFEE SLINGER returns to the counter.

COFFEE SLINGER

What can I get you?

REVEAL Edward as he places his well worn travel mug onto the counter.

EDWARD

Triple Espresso, please.

17 CONTINUED:

COFFEE SLINGER

You want maybe a muffin or toasted
bagel with that?

Edward points to the baked goods on display.

EDWARD

Mmmm, no.

THE ACCOUNTANT

He's allergic to anything good for
you.

EDWARD

Apparently I have very little
common sense on top of having
absolutely no money. So, just the
coffee. He's paying.

WE HEAR KNOCKING.

18 INT. DOORWAY OUTSIDE ROOM - EVENING 18

A hand KNOCKS on the door.

19 INT. GUEST ROOM - EVENING 19

CLOSE UP - EDWARD

eyes open.

The door opens and Brian steps in to see Edward tucked into a
ball on a corner or the small bed, still wearing his hospital
gown.

BRIAN

I've made some food.

Brian waits.

BRIAN

I was quite sure you would be
hungry by now.

Edward finally blinks, his only sign of life.

BRIAN

Well. You're not up to it.
Unfortunate...

(bites his tongue)

(MORE)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BRIAN (cont'd)
I'll be having breakfast in my
room, early. Perhaps you'll be up
for that.

Brian closes the door. Edward stares at the same spot, lost within himself.

20 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

20

Quiet. Edward hasn't moved. Still in his gown, eyes now closed.

A hideous SCRAPING NOISE, metal on concrete, cuts into the silence. Edward's eyes open, immediately alert.

The SOUND RINGS OUT again and Edward sits up nervously. He stares at the door.

A LOUD HAMMERING erupts from the basement, echoing through the house. Edward inches to the edge of the bed and watches the floor, as if preparing himself for it to burst open. He counts along. This BANGING has rhythm, like a railway crossing bell. It stops.

21 INT. BASEMENT - DARK ROOM - NIGHT

21

A half full bottle of bourbon, a pack of cigarettes and a welding shield sit on a dirty metal table amongst a mess of tools.

A MAN enters FRAME, butts out on the table top and throws down a WORN STEEL HAMMER. His arms and hands covered in dirt and grease, he opens the bottle and pours a generous amount down his throat, his face obscured by the darkness.

He puts the bourbon back on the table, leaving it open and grabs the welding mask. He walks away from the table.

WE HEAR the ZAP of the torch as FLASHES of WHITE LIGHT interrupt the cold black of the cellar.

22 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

22

Edward lies on the bed, gently rocking back and forth. His eyes open, afraid.

23 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAWN

23

Breakfast for two ala Brian perfectly set out on the coffee table. Poached eggs. Seven grain toast, plain. Fresh blueberries.

Brian sits in a leather chair across from the couch, scribbling in his notebook.

BRIAN
(without looking up)
Good morning.

Edward stands just inside the door, dressed in the clothes left for him. Button up shirt, sweater vest, chinos and loafers.

EDWARD
(hesitates)
Good morning.

BRIAN
Please, join me. *

Edward crosses the room and takes a seat on the couch. Brian places the notebook on the table beside him.

BRIAN
You slept... well?

Edward soaks up the presentation that is breakfast. He reaches for a small bowl filled with sugar and artificial sweetener packets. As he takes five of the sweetener, he looks at Brian's cup. WE DON'T SEE WHAT EDWARD SEES. *

Edward looks to Brian and nods.

BRIAN
You're right. Sustenance first.
Discussion to follow.

Brian watches closely as Edward starts in on his meal.

The evidence of breakfast has vanished. Brian sits in his chair, while Edward hovers on the edge of the couch, an open book in his hands.

EDWARD
"The power to guess the unseen from the seen, to trace the implications of things, to judge the whole piece by the pattern, the condition of feeling life in general so completely that you are well on your way to knowing any particular corner of it...
(MORE)

24 CONTINUED:

EDWARD (cont'd)
...this cluster of gifts may almost
be said to constitute experience."

Edward looks up.

BRIAN
Did you have any problems
understanding any of what he said?

EDWARD
I don't think so.

BRIAN
But you have a question. *

Edward mulls it over.

EDWARD
About something else. *
(beat) *
I heard some noises. Loud noises
last night.

BRIAN
What kind of noises?

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - WOMAN'S FACE W/ GLASS *
pressed to the wall.

EDWARD (V.O.) *
It was a hammering. Like someone *
trying to break in. I don't know *
what it was... for sure.

BACK TO SCENE

Edward shuts his eyes and rubs his head.

BRIAN
Perhaps it was a dream?

Edward shrugs.

BRIAN
Dreams tell us that the mind is
working. It's a good sign.

Edward closes the book and places it on the table. He
studies Brian.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You're want answers, I know.

Edward stares back.

BRIAN

I stand corrected. You want my
opinion. *

(qualifies) *

To this point?

Edward nods.

BRIAN

I believe what you're suffering
from is a combination of retrograde
and anterograde amnesia known as
global transitory amnesia. This is
caused by cerebral ischemia, which
is a temporary decrease of blood
flow to part of the brain. This
can be brought on by any number of
things, but in your case was most
likely brain trauma from a rather
severe blow to your skull. *

Edward allows it to soak in.

BRIAN

But that is simply my theory. *

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - WOMAN'S FACE W/ GLASS *

processing information.

BACK TO SCENE

EDWARD

Will it come back?

BRIAN

With time. In pieces at first, but
with the proper stimulation, I
think we can recover the vast
majority of your memory.

EDWARD

How?

BRIAN
We exercise your mind.

25 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY - LATER 25

Brian stands over Edward who sits at his large oak desk.
Brian hands him an essay twenty pages thick.

BRIAN

Read this. When your done, I'm
going to ask you some questions.
This test is about comprehension.
You should start now.

Edward sets the paper in front of himself and begins.

26 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY - LATER 26

Edward still at the desk. He stares at the five wooden and
metal brain teaser puzzles in front of him.

Brian, notebook in hand, is perched on a chair in front of
the desk.

BRIAN

You have a limited amount of time
to solve all five puzzles. I will
tell you when you are at the half
way point. Start now.

27 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY - LATER 27

CLOSE UP - BRIAN'S HAND

writing numbers in chalk.

REVEAL the top third of the chalkboard covered in three
mathematical problems and a fourth problem with three blank
spaces with correlating numbers.

Edward's eyes dart around the board as Brian finishes.

BRIAN

We have just learned three simple
formulas. Apply them to solve the
top three problems. Then use your
answers to solve the final problem.

Edward's expression asks Brian if he's joking.

BRIAN

(serious)

There is no time limit on this one.

Brian offers the chalk. Edward takes it and begins.

28

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY - LATER

28

Edward is at the desk with a memory card game spread out in front of him. There is a small collection of 'pairs' off to the side. He's beginning to show the wear and tear of the testing. Brian watches and makes notes, reserved as ever.

Edward turns over a card to reveal a symbol, then turns another card with a different symbol. He sighs, discouraged, and turns the cards over again.

A POUNDING on the DOOR interrupts the testing.

BRIAN

Please continue.

Brian gets up, sets his notebook on the chair and walks to the door. Edward watches out of the corner of his eye.

Brian opens the door and leaning against the doorway smoking a cigarette is NICK, muscular and perpetually cool. His formerly white tank top is soiled with dirt and grease. A beer dangles from his other hand. A fair size hunting knife is sheathed on his belt.

BRIAN

(cold)

Nicholas.

NICK

Radford.

Nick shifts his head to look past Brian and sips his beer.

NICK

See you've got a visitor.

BRIAN

Must you smoke here? *

Nick exhales the smoke in Brian's face. *

BRIAN

(quiet)

This is not the time. What do you want?

NICK

A book.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

And what 'book' would that be?

Nick jams his cigarette in his mouth and reads off the back of his hand.

NICK

It's called "The Art of War". Some little gook wrote it. You know the one I'm talking about?

BRIAN

Yes, I know it. You realize it's philosophy, not a comic book.

Nick's stare turns angry. He smiles viciously at Brian.

NICK

Fuck you, Radford. Just get me what I came for.

They exchange looks.

BRIAN

Wait here.

Brian pushes the door closed in Nick's face as he turn back into the room. Nick stops it with his foot and eases it back open, now with a clear view of Edward. Nick pulls a long haul on his cigarette as he studies him.

NICK

How's it going?

Edward looks up at Nick. His eyes slowly move to Brian, who is retrieving "The Art of War" from a high shelf. Edward looks back to Nick, who has stepped into the room.

NICK

Hey, c'mere fer a sec.

Edward pushes himself away from the desk and cautiously walks to Nick. They line up one another. Nick extends his hand.

NICK

How are ya. Nick.

Edward shakes hands, then begins to shift nervously.

NICK

You got a name?

Edward shrugs nervously. Nick watches him, more curious. *

Brian returns with a book. He holds it out to Nick, who doesn't take his eyes off Edward. *

BRIAN

I want this back, Nicholas.

(to Edward)

Go ahead and finish the test, it's fine.

Edward turns back to the desk.

NICK

What the fuck was that?

(to Edward)

Yeah, nice meeting ya. Best of luck in figuring out your ass from a hole in the ground.

(takes book)

This is what you do up here?

Brian stares back at Nick, unapologetic.

NICK

Great.

Nick turns to go. Edward takes his seat at the desk.

NICK

(stopping at the door)

Hey, Space for Rent...

(beat)

... I'll see ya around. *

Edward looks out of the corner of his eye to the door and quickly turns his attention back to the desk. Nick gives Brian a little cocksure smile as he leaves. Brian closes the door on his heels. *

Edward glances over the cards. He turns one over, then turns over another with a MATCHING SYMBOL. A small victory. *

The CAMERA MOVES along a bookshelf, scanning title after title.

Edward stands in front of a large bookshelf in the corner of the room, his eyes eat up the titles one after another. Cradled in his arm are four books. He reaches to the shelf and pulls out a book called "Reptiles Life: a study of the species". He places it on top of the others.

Edward walks to the desk. He stops and watches Brian, who sits referring to a large textbook and making notes, lost in his own mind.

EDWARD

I'm going to take these to my room,
if that's okay.

Brian glances up.

BRIAN

That's fine.
(returns to his work)
Get some rest. I'll see you first
thing in the morning.

EDWARD

Alright.

Edward continues to observe Brian.

BRIAN

Sorry, is there something else?

EDWARD

No.

Edward leaves.

Edward sits on his bed engrossed in the book on reptiles. He turns the page.

INSERT - REPTILE BOOK

a picture of a desert turtle.

Edward turns the page...

MATCH - CLOSE UP - ELSEWHERE

A woman's hand drawing on a canvas with conte crayon.

30 CONTINUED:

MATCH - CLOSE UP - BRIAN'S ROOM

Brian's hand writing in the notebook.

31 SERIES OF SHOTS 31

- A) Edward turns the page.
- B) A woman's hand drawing, the picture evolves.
- C) Brian draws a diagram in his book, a circle with lines attached to smaller circles.
- D) Edward turns the page.
- E) The woman's drawing of a man's face.
- F) Edward turns the page again.
- G) Brian's diagram, more lines, more scribbles.
- H) The woman's hand mixes paint.
- I) Another page turns.
- J) Paint applied to the canvas.
- K) Brian's detailed diagram eats up the page.
- L) More paint mixing.
- M) Another page, almost through the book.
- N) Brush stokes.
- O) Edward closes the book.

32 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 32

Brian at his desk, the diagram completed. It's an overcrowded page of words, numbers and symbols.

REVEAL the chalkboard behind him, filled with an earlier version of the same diagram.

33 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK 33

The Pretty Woman walks down a dusty road, leather bag in hand. She slows and eventually stops. She hangs her head. Her gloved hand brushes away the tears running down her cheek.

34 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 34

Edward opens his eyes. He takes the book and places it next to the stack of books on the floor beside his bed.

Edward picks up an empty glass from the beside table and crosses the room to the door...

35 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 35

Edward moves forward in the dim light, cautious. He shows signs of fear as he disappears into the darkness. We want him to go back. With brave apprehension, he rounds the corner to...

36 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 36

Edward walks in and feels his way to the sink, his eyes still adjusting. He finds the cold water tap and fills his glass. He gulps the water down, allowing the tap to run, then fills it again. He turns the faucet off and sets his glass down on the counter. The silence is uncomfortable.

Edward opens a cupboard to find it empty. He moves to the next cupboard and opens it slowly to reveal...

*
*

37 OMITTED 37 *

38 INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT/STUDIO - BATHROOM - NIGHT - MEMORY 38

... The medicine cabinet. Inside nothing but a worn out toothbrush and a variety of over the counter pain medications and various pill bottles, some labelled, some not.

*

Edward takes a container and opens it. Empty. He returns it, takes the second and discovers that it is also empty. He opens the next in line, finds one pill and pops it into his mouth.

INSERT - PILL BOTTLE LABELS

which read in no specific order: for migraine headache, for nausea, with meals for stomach pain, relief of allergies, twice daily for depression.

Edward opens the fourth container and shakes a pill onto his hand. He hesitates and then shakes the bottle again forcing the last pill to tumble out. He swallows them down and chases with a couple sips of rye from a dirty glass on the edge of the sink. He puts the empty container back on the shelf and closes the cabinet. WE SEE the suffering in his EYES as he closes...

39 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

39

... the cupboard door. Edward looks down and sees the JAR of PEANUT BUTTER in his hand. *

Edward places the jar on the counter and stares at it, disturbed. SUDDENLY A MATCH STRIKES. Edward turns abruptly to see Nick sitting at the table, lighting his cigarette.

NICK
Find what you're looking for?

EDWARD
Water. Just some water.

NICK
Couldn't sleep.

EDWARD
I was reading.

NICK
No.
(heavy sigh)
I couldn't sleep. Been thinking about all that testing the Debate Club President's been putting you through.

Edward watches him, nervous.

NICK (CONT'D)
That self serving, know-it-all, little, faggot really helping you out or what? *

EDWARD
(hesitates)
Brian?

NICK
Duh. Who else? *

EDWARD
He's a very... smart man. It's me that's slowing things down. I don't know. Sometimes I can't keep up. I get tired. Confused. Everything's a test, everything. Remembering which way I like to part my hair is a test. *

(CONTINUED)

Nick smokes and ponders.

NICK

His lab rat: Amnesia Boy.

(beat)

You ever stop and wonder why?

EDWARD

Why?

NICK

Why he's trying so desperately to help you?

Edward thinks about it.

NICK

Hey, no big fucking whoop. Just a question. Just one more to a head already crammed full of 'em, I bet.

(beat)

You run into the broad yet?

EDWARD

I'm not sure what you mean. *

NICK

The chick, Anna. She rents a room down the hall. Nice tits. A bit of a headcase, but an extremely fuckable piece of ass, if you can handle the boho, tofu, center your chi, salad eating type. Too many dried flower arrangements and spiritual bullshit for me. Know what I'm sayin'?

Beat. *

EDWARD

I should get back.

Nick squints a warning at him.

NICK

Yeah... Don't forget your water.

Edward turns, picks up his glass and walks out.

Nick smokes and allows a subtle smile to peak through the darkness.

40 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY 40

Brian is reading the book "Memory: Remembering and Forgetting in Everyday Life." He stops and looks at his watch. His face tightens as he glances toward the door, then resumes reading.

41 INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY 41

Mid-morning. Edward wakes, dishevelled. He rubs the grit out of his eyes and drags himself from the bed wearing Brian's pajamas. Edward scratches himself and walks to the door, only half awake. *

42 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 42 *

Edward shuffles down along, his pace quickens as he closes in on the door at the end. He grasps the doorknob and pushes, but it's locked. *

Edward tries rattling the doorknob again. Nothing. He shifts his feet and KNOCKS on the door. He counts to three in his head and moves to knock again as the door OPENS. *

She stands in the doorway, her hair WET, the skin of her cheeks and neck FLUSHED from the heat. This is ANNA.

ANNA
(embarrassed)
Sorry. I couldn't hear over the water.

Anna glances at Edward and quickly averts her eyes. Edward stands staring awkwardly.

ANNA
Nice to meet you.

Anna hurries past him. Edward's stare follows.

PUSH IN to a CLOSE SHOT of EDWARD'S EYES.

43 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY 43

PULL OUT from a CLOSE SHOT of EDWARD'S EYES.

Edward is sits on the couch, his mind elsewhere.

Brian sits across from Edward, notebook in hand. He stares intently, waiting. Finally, he CLEARS HIS THROAT.

Edward SHIFTS his focus to Brian.

BRIAN
You are not concentrating.

EDWARD
Sorry.

BRIAN
You were thinking about...
(beat)
Anna. Am I right?

EDWARD
I met her this morning.

BRIAN
And you spoke with Nick about her.

Edward silence gives him away.

BRIAN
She prefers to keep to herself. We
try to respect that.
(beat)
Let's continue.

Edward's eyes are filled with questions.

44 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 44

Edward approaches the door to his room, his face buried in the book "Memory: Remembering and Forgetting in Everyday Life." He opens the door...

45 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 45

... and pulls his eyes from the book and stares forward.
REVEAL a CONTE SKETCH OF EDWARD propped up on the dresser.
Edward walks to the drawing and takes it in his hands to study it closer.

EDWARD
I know you.

CUT TO:

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- MOVING DOWN THE HALLWAY

in TOTAL DARKNESS, which gives way to a DIM LIGHT as he rounds the corner...

46 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING - FLASHBACK

46

Young Edward and his FATHER, the man from the picture on Edward's shelf, sit quietly at the table. The sound of cutlery scraping against plates periodically breaks the silence.

Young Edward stops pushing his food around and simply watches as his dad scoops up every last morsel on his plate.

Edward's Father wipes his lips with a napkin, pushes his plate away and lights up a cigarette.

Young Edward looks across the table to an EMPTY CHAIR. His Father watches and smokes with the same stern expression.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

*

Edward stops. He takes a deep breath and rubs his head a moment, then continues three steps. SUDDENLY Edward clutches his temples. In obvious pain, he STAGGERS forward.

*

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- HALLWAY

now shifting in and out of focus, unstable, GROWING DARK.

Edward LOSES HIS BALANCE and FALLS. His skull bouncing off the floor. This mirrors his initial fall at the park.

Edward lies on the floor, disoriented. A trickle of blood runs down from his temple.

He pushes himself up, clawing his way up the wall. On his feet again, he catches his breath and struggles to get his bearings.

47 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

47

Edward meanders down the hall with some effort. He sees the outline of a doorway within the dirty yellow pool of the hall light.

Edward stops at the door. He rubs his temple again, painting a smear of blood across his forehead. He KNOCKS. Nothing. He KNOCKS again.

ANNA (O.S.)

Hello?

Edward hears movement inside the room. Then the door INCHES OPEN and Anna peeks out.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

Hi. ANNA

EDWARD

I wanted to thank you for the
portrait.

Anna smiles self-consciously. The door OPENS a bit more.

ANNA

You're welcome.
(notices the blood)
You're bleeding?

EDWARD

It's okay. I just have a little
headache. Got a little dizzy.

ANNA

Do you want to come in? Sit down
for a moment?

EDWARD

Okay.

Edward enters. The room is deliciously warm and inviting. Candles burn, beautiful PAINTINGS and DRAWINGS adorn the walls. Edward inhales deep, entranced by the artwork.

ANNA

Do you like them?

EDWARD

They're amazing.

Edward catches her smile and forms his own... for the first time. Anna cringes as she sees his cut.

ANNA

That doesn't look good.

Edward realizes what she's talking about as she touches his head and examines the wound closer. His eyes drink her up innocently enough. He's obviously smitten.

ANNA

Come and sit. I'll clean it up.

Anna walks to a dresser and pulls out a cloth and a bandage, as Edward watches. He sees her easel in the corner, a piece just started.

EDWARD

Sorry, I disturbed you.

Anna goes to a table where an old style pitcher and basin sit. She pours water from the pitcher into the basin and soaks the cloth.

ANNA

No, you didn't.

Anna wrings the cloth and turns back toward Edward. She gestures toward a chair. Edward takes a seat as Anna begins to clean the wound.

EDWARD

I guess I was hoping you might have...

ANNA

Have what?

EDWARD

Some books about art.

ANNA

Books? Yes, I have some books. *

A pregnant pause.

EDWARD

I'm sorry I interrupted your work. *

ANNA

It always finds me. *

(pointing to her heart)
... here. So, you don't have to be sorry.

EDWARD

Sorry.

ANNA

(snickers) *

Brian was right.

EDWARD

About what?

ANNA

About you being like a fish...
trying to breath air.

Anna unwraps the bandage and places it over the cut, pressing it down gently. She presses a kiss to his head. *

ANNA

Better. Now, how about all that
stuff locked away inside here? *

Edward shrugs.

ANNA

Brian is helping you, right?

Anna steps back and examines Edward. She makes a face. *

ANNA

His clothes. Do you like them?

Edward looks at himself, then back to Anna.

ANNA

He's a bit stiff, isn't he?

SWISH PAN TO:

CLOSE UP - HOLE IN WALL

obscured by furniture.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - EYE THROUGH GLASSES

watching.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - PEN WRITING ON PAPER

recording.

Edward stands staring at the wall of art. Anna stands beside him brushing his hair. Edward's shirt is different, less conservative. The short sleeve button up and sweater vest he was wearing hangs over the chair behind him.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- ANNA'S ARTWORK

Children dancing.

A man at a window.

A couple sitting at a table holding hands.

A boy playing with a toy plane.

A woman standing alone in the tall grass, a storm looming.

Edward stares at the drawing of the woman. There is a certain sadness to it.

ANNA

She was a woman of extremes, that one.

EDWARD

It's sad. But still beautiful.
Who is she?

*

ANNA

My mother... when she was young.

Anna smiles and steps back. She takes Edward by the hand and leads him to the small mirror on the wall. He allows himself a moment to absorb the subtle transformation.

EDWARD

I'm envious of you. Of your talent.

Anna barely keeps her face from turning sour.

ANNA

I like your hair much better this way.

EDWARD

(turns to gallery wall)
I wish I could see things... the way you see them.

*

*

Anna returns the hairbrush to the dresser. Her face sad again.

ANNA

I hate it that I don't know your name.

(MORE)

49 CONTINUED:

ANNA (cont'd)
 (angry with herself)
 Sorry.

Edward is brought back to the cold reality. *

EDWARD
 It's okay.

Edward's expression is weary. He opens his mouth to say something, but nothing comes to mind. *

ANNA
 Well, I... think you look very handsome.

Anna immediately regrets having said anything. Edward scratches the bandage.

ANNA
 Don't worry. It'll come back.

Edward stares back in silence, unsure of anything. *

ANNA
 (timid)
 It's all going to come back.

50 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

50

Brian sits at his desk. The lamp on the desktop the room's only light. He stares into the darkness.

WE HEAR the INHALE first, then a glimpse of SMOKE.

NICK (O.S.)
 Doesn't seem to me like your little plan is working out all that well.

ANGLE BRIAN

pensive.

NICK
 I won't say *I told you so*. *

*
*

WE HEAR the DOOR CLOSE.

51 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BRIAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

51

Nick allows himself a triumphant smile.

52 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

52 *

REVEAL Edward's face buried in a thick art book, examining an image. He sits in the same chair, but now faces Anna, who is perched on a stool in front of her easel.

ANNA
Keep your head up.

Edward lifts his chin.

ANNA
(as she sketches)
Artists are pushed to interpret
what obsesses them. And
intellectuals do the same, but they
are fenced in by logic. You know,
figures and laws... formulas.

Edward flips the page. More pictures and text. His eyes dart back and forth.

ANNA
"We work in the dark. We do what
we can. We give what we have. Our
doubt is our passion, and our
passion is our task. The rest is
the madness of art."

Her words hang in the air.

EDWARD
(without looking up)
Henry James.

ANNA
You referred to it as a gift, but
most days it's a curse.
(finally hearing him)
I thought you couldn't remember
anything?

EDWARD
What do you mean?

ANNA
You knew that quote was Henry
James.

Edward shrugs and scratches the bandage. SUDDENLY, Edward's eyelids grow heavy as he starts to LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS.

(CONTINUED)

Edward quickly JERKS ALERT and sends the book off his lap and onto the floor. *

ANNA *
Are you okay? *

Anna approaches Edward, concerned.

ANNA
Your head?

Edward gets ahold of himself.

EDWARD *
I'm okay. I'm fine... Sorry.

ANNA
Your sure?

Edward nods. Anna picks the book up off the floor and hands it to Edward. She goes back to her easel. He shakes off the spell and looks down at the image now in front of his eyes.

INSERT - 19TH CENTURY DRAWING

a hill on the prairie at dusk, with a figure standing near a large tree.

Edward studies the drawing and rubs his bandage, which has started to stain with BLOOD.

ANNA(O.S.)
See, very handsome.

Edward looks up to see his LIKENESS in conte crayon staring back at him. Anna's smile is apprehensive.

EDWARD
(half kidding)
Who's that?

Anna offers the conte crayon, but not without apprehension.

ANNA
Your turn.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT *

WE FIND Nick in the DARKNESS, as he WRAPS his hands. *

CONTINUED:

NICK

It's not like I don't know it. I
fuckin' know it. But no, too
fucking mission control to listen
to me... you fuckhead. You think
e' gonna just sit back and take
fucking orders. Yeah... yeah.
That sounds likely.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

53

INT. ANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

53

Anna sits on a chair, with a sketch pad and pencil in hand.

Edward stands behind the easel, occasionally forcing the
conte crayon in his hand to touch the paper in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

He furrows his brow at the work thus far, then shifts his look to Anna.

Edward watches his hand lay another heavy stroke on the paper. His face disapproves, but his hand fights him to continue. He scratches at the bandage, now thoroughly BLOOD STAINED.

Another dark sweep of the conte. Edward pulls his hand away, frustrated. Anna shifts her look to Edward.

ANNA

Try not to force it...

CLOSE UP - EDWARD'S HAND

creating a detail of the sketch. *

SMASH CUT TO:

A FIST SLAMS INTO THE HEAD OF A PUNCHING DUMMY.

54 INT. NICK'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

54

WE DON'T SEE THE WHOLE ROOM, just pieces. One bare bulb hangs over Nick as he PUMMELS the dummy, swaying in time with the HEAVY RAP METAL POUNDING out of the stereo.

55 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

55

Edward's hand works the paper with quick aggressive strokes. WE SEE only pieces.

ANNA

Just let it happen.

56 INT. NICK'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

56

Nick's dirty white tank top is soaked with sweat. His cheap silver chain with a charm in the shape of a shovel, dances around his neck. His arms and shoulders flex as he hits the dummy relentlessly, GRUNTING and SWEARING, spittle flying.

The dummy's face has some WRITING on it. WE CAN'T quite make it out.

57 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

57

Edward wipes a film of perspiration from his brow and continues, hurried.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- A DETAIL OF THE DRAWING

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

messy and undisciplined.

The conte crayon BREAKS in half as Edward presses into the paper, nearly tearing it. Edward stops. He rubs his head in pain.

INSERT - EDWARD'S SKETCH

a crude rendering of Anna.

Edward, discouraged, turns to look at Anna's wall of art.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- ANNA'S DRAWINGS ON THE WALL

an unfair comparison.

58 INT. NICK'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT 58

Nick's fists POUND the dummy HARD. Over and over, an unrelenting machine.

59 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT 59

Anna touches Edward's arm and looks at his work.

ANNA

Try and relax. Don't rush it.

*

60 INT. NICK'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT 60

ANGLE NICK

teeth clenched hard as he PUMMELS his target. The hate swells.

61 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT 61

SUDDENLY Edward turns and TEARS the sketch off the panel it's taped to.

ANNA

What are you doing?!

Edward RIPS it in half.

ANNA

STOP IT!

Edward TEARS it again. Anna tries to pry what is left away from him, but he PUSHES her back.

ANNA

No...

Edward continues to SHRED the picture. He grabs pieces off the floor to rip them into smaller bits. Anna HIDES herself in the corner, tears flowing.

ANNA

Please... stop it...

Everything stops.

They stare at one another. Anna's face wet with tears. Edward's chest heaving.

EDWARD

I don't have it. I'm not like you.

Pain ERUPTS on Edward's face. He clutches his head in his hands and doubles over in AGONY. Anna moves to help him.

EDWARD

Don't touch me!

Edward stumbles back, then forward, KNOCKING over the easel. Anna watches, terrified.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- ANNA

and the room ROCKING, SHIFTING IN and OUT of FOCUS.

Edward hurries clumsily to his feet and STAGGERS toward the door.

ANNA

(to herself)

This isn't right.

Edward reaches the door and uses it to support him. He tugs on the knob, but it refuses to open. A trickle of blood runs down from the SOAKED through bandage on his forehead. Edward pulls again. This time it OPENS.

ANNA

Please... you don't have to leave.
It's okay.

EDWARD

I'm not like you.

Edward DRAGS himself out of the room.

62 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 62

Edward SLAMS the door behind him. He catches his breath as he claws at his skull. He backs away from the door, not taking his eyes off it, as if waiting for it to burst open.

63 INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT 63

Nick, his handwraps still on, takes a drag on his smoke, then turns and walks to a dirty table. He picks up and unfolds a single paper. WE DON'T SEE WHAT HE'S LOOKING AT. He crumples the paper up.

*
*
*

64 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 64

Edward shuffles himself down the hall, each step a chore.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- HALLWAY

as the LIGHT FLICKERS, REVEAL on Brian's doorknob, a DO NOT DISTURB SIGN.

65 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT 65

Brian sits at his desk. His finger marks a paragraph in the book, but WE FIND his eyes on the door. As quickly as Brian was distracted, he returns to his work.

*
*

66 INT. HALLWAY - SAME MOMENT 66

Edward continues on, dejected.

67 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 67

Edward slumps down onto the floor, exhausted. He rests his head in his hands and freezes there. A statue.

68 INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT/STUDIO - NIGHT - MEMORY 68

Edward shifts in his bed, beads of sweat glistening on his forehead. He flops around, unable to be still.

He pushes the covers aside and HAULS himself out of bed. He walks to the center of the room and stares into the emptiness.

Edward walks to his disaster of a kitchen and grabs a mickey of rye. He heads for the bathroom, but stops study the vacant aquarium.

EDWARD

I hope she made you into soup.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

CLOSE UP - EDWARD

eyes searching, unsure of where he is.

Silence... broken by the SOUND of a DRAG ON A CIGARETTE. A glowing CHERRY burns hot. It hovers and then fades in the darkness.

WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS.

69 INT. BASEMENT - DARK ROOM - NIGHT

69

Edward sits on the floor, nervous. A figure stops behind Edward, their outline just barely visible.

70 INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

70

The door FLIES open. Edward is THROWN into the room like a sack of potatoes. He SKIDS across the shag carpet and lurches to a stop in the middle of the room.

Edward squints as the bare bulb hanging from the ceiling switches ON, as it SWINGS back and forth. The light is blocked momentarily by a chair FALLING toward him. Edward has no chance to react. It LANDS on him, PINNING him to the floor.

A silhouetted figure steps into view. The figure looms over Edward, leaning on the chair. It's Nick.

NICK

Space for Rent. Now... what could
you looking for down here?

Nick takes a seat in the chair and cranes his neck down, poking his dirty, chiseled features into Edward's face. Nick SNIFFS Edward, his silver chain with it's little SHOVEL CHARM hangs in Edward's face.

NICK

You smell like what's-her-face.

Edward avoids Nick's stare.

NICK

And you don't look so good...

Nick reaches out and pokes the blood stained bandage on Edward's forehead. Edward CRIES OUT in pain.

NICK

What happened? Lover's tiff?

(CONTINUED)

Nick lights a cigarette.

EDWARD

I fell.

NICK

Yeah, whatever. I heard the yelling. You think I'm a fucking idiot?

EDWARD

(nervous)

No.

NICK

So what were you doing? Slippin' her the ole meat bat, weren't ya?

EDWARD

Talking. Just talking.

Nick pauses for a drag, never taking his eyes off Edward.

NICK

I think you fucked her.

Edward is confused for a moment.

EDWARD

No.

NICK

No, you didn't fuck her?

EDWARD

Umm... I don't think that...

NICK

So, you're not sure?

EDWARD

I didn't do that.

NICK

Do what?

EDWARD

What you said.

NICK

Fuck?

EDWARD

Yes.

NICK

Her.

EDWARD

Right.

NICK

You didn't.

EDWARD

I didn't.

Nick raises his eyebrow and smokes.

NICK

You don't look comfortable.

EDWARD

Ummm...

Nick waits.

EDWARD

(hesitates)

No... Not really, no.

Nick gets off the chair and yanks it off Edward. He tosses it to the side of the room where it lands against the wall with a THUD.

Nick turns back to Edward and lifts him to his feet. Nick takes a few steps to his unmade bed and grabs a huge remote control. He pushes a button and the rest of the lights switch on, the room now ILLUMINATED.

NICK

Nick's place.

The room is a shrine to the life of a testosterone overloaded bachelor guy. Body building and action movie posters, well endowed scantily clad women, Frank Frazetta style fantasy art and sports team banners adorn the walls. A mini fridge, large television, stereo and video game console clutter the floor across from the bed. A weight bench and a punching dummy fill the corner near the door. Tools, dirty socks, porn magazines, and beer cans litter the floor.

Nick makes his way to the fridge. He pulls a six pack from it and kicks the door shut. He pulls a beer from the plastic ring and cracks it.

Nick chugs his entire beer down and follows it with a LOUD BELCH. He crushes the empty can and with a blind skyhook, sends it into the green garbage bag taped to the wall, already full of crushed cans. Edward is entranced by the ritual.

Nick stands and pumps his fists in the air, letting out a triumphant HOWL. He smokes his cigarette down to the filter and thrusts a beer toward Edward.

NICK

You like video games?

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - NICK'S HANDS

work the game controller like an eleven year old arcade champion.

DOLLY to EDWARD'S HANDS

slow and tentative.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

WE HEAR MUSIC and CROWD NOISE from the TELEVISION.

NICK

Fourteen nothing. How can you suck that bad? The Devils are the best fucking team in the league!?

EDWARD

I don't think I really understand the game.

NICK

Fuck it.

Nick finishes his beer. He grabs another two beers and hands one to Edward, who still has one in his hand.

NICK

So, what do you bench?

72 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

72

Brian's desk is an organized mess of papers, reference material and handwritten notes.

WE HEAR the SOUND of CHALK dancing on a blackboard.

Brian is tired. He holds his notebook in one hand, scans it quickly, then turns back to the blackboard and continues to write. He stops, quickly RUBS part of it out with the side of his hand, then makes the correction. It's messy and un-Brian like.

Brian wipes the perspiration off his brow and tries to shake off the fatigue.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- NICK'S FACE UPSIDE DOWN

YELLING, cigarette dangling from lip.

CLOSE UP - EDWARD

his face contorted.

73 INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

73

Edward lies on the weight bench. He struggles to press a bar with few plates on it. Nick hovers over him, spotting.

NICK

C'mon. One more. C'mon!

Edward's arms SHAKE as he pushes the bar up slowly. His twisted expression unintentionally comical.

NICK

C'mon... one more.

EDWARD

(out of breath)

I can't. I can't do it.

NICK

I bet ya professor needle dick
could do more than this, you
fuckin' pussy.

*
*
*

Edward allows the bar to sink back to his chest, mouth breathing in preparation. Edward tries to concentrate, but his mind is elsewhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. COUNTRY HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK 74

Early winter. Young Edward walks in the yard. He looks up at the tall trees surrounding the house. He watches his breath hang in the air, the cold strangely comforting. *

Young Edward makes his way around the side of the house, still blowing hot air from his mouth. He turns and catches his reflection in the window of the house. He moves closer and discovers his father inside the kitchen, holding a framed picture. *

ANGLE YOUNG EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- EDWARD'S FATHER *

as he raises the picture of his wife to his face. *

Edward's father pulls the frame to his chest and sobs quietly. Young Edward turns away, vexed. *

75 INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT 75 *

Edward SCREAMS out as he tries to push the bar up. It's barely moving.

NICK

I'm gonna leave you here to die with this fucking barbell on your throat, Clean slate. I swear... I fucking swear I will. *

Edward pushes the bar up with a GURGLING WAIL. Nick sets the bar into it's gate.

Edward lies limp, drained. Nick walks away, taking another drag on his cigarette. He grabs the bottle of bourbon off the night table.

NICK

You feel that?

EDWARD

(in agony)
The pain? *

Nick takes a swig.

NICK

That's what it takes.

Nick walks to the weight bench and YANKS Edward upright. He offers the bourbon. They trade looks, Edward still out of breath. Edward reaches for it as Nick pulls it away, straight faced. Nick extends his arm again.

NICK

Really. Go ahead.

Edward looks skeptical, but reaches only to have it pulled away again. Nick offers it a third time and Edward GRABS it out of Nick's hand with a hint of attitude.

NICK

(impressed)

You're learnin', Space for rent. I think you're finally gettin' it.

Edward puts the bottle to his lips and takes a mouthful. He swallow hard and grimaces.

Zeppelin-like blues/rock SEEPS out of the stereo. Edward sits in a beanbag chair flipping through a porno magazine. He skims it like a supermarket flyer.

Nick sits on his bed, back against the wall, bottle in hand. He pulls the cigarette from his mouth and stubs it out into a pile of butts, all the while studying Edward carefully.

EDWARD

I can't open some of the pages.

Nick smiles.

NICK

Means that was a good one.

Edward flips a couple pages, then puts the magazine down amongst the mess on the floor.

EDWARD

I'm just not sure I understand.

NICK

You know, I'm just looking for a change, that's all.

(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)

I never really thought about things being different. Not 'till you showed up.

EDWARD

What do I have to do with it?

NICK

You collapse in the yard. Wake up, no fucking clue. Where you are... who you are... nothing. A bit fucking weird? Maybe, but it got me wonderin'... What happens when there's no more past.

EDWARD

No past?

NICK

Not that it never happened, but that there's no... no... point of... fuck. You know?

EDWARD

... reference?

NICK

Exactly. No point of reference. There's a past, somewhere sure. But you can't remember it, so how can it effect you? It means fuck all now. Everything that's been done really is fucking done, because it's all new again.

(beat)

It's new to you.

Edward lost look gives him away.

NICK

(frustrated)

You know, like if you pissed your pants at fucking buddies twelfth birthday. And for all of junior high you're known as Mr. Pissy Pants. Fine. Take it further.

(MORE)

76 CONTINUED:

NICK (cont'd)

Let's say you got hammered with your brother's fucking whore of a wife, you end up fucking her, she's pregnant with your kid, he finds out, goes nuts and gets locked up for the rest of his days for shooting five John Does and a clerk cause the fucking corner store across the street was sold out of his brand of smokes. You get it?

*

EDWARD

Even if those things did happen, did they really if you can't remember them.

Nick lights another cigarette.

NICK

Bingo.

EDWARD

Like the "If a tree falls in the forest" thing.

Nick replays it to make sure he heard right.

NICK

How do you know that?

EDWARD

I don't know. I just remembered it.

77 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

77

Anna sits on her floor and arranges RIPPED pieces of PAPER.

CLOSE UP - ANNA

dried tears, eyes puffy.

WE SEE the bits of paper form a COLLAGE, built from the remains of Edward's portrait of her.

Anna listens to FOOTSTEPS in the hall growing LOUDER. The door OPENS.

ANGLE ANNA

full of trepidation.

REVEAL Brian in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

BRIAN

It's okay. We're going to fix things.

78 INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

78

Nick sits on the edge of the bed.

NICK

Well, seems to me like we've broken some new fucking ground here. That so called doc, that asshole, has you doing all those stupid tests. All you needed was a few beers and to shoot some guy shit.

A bonding moment. Edward smiles.

EDWARD

So, Nick? What do you want to change about your life?

Nick smirks and takes a slug from the bottle. He studies Edward.

NICK

You really wanna know?

79 INT. HOT WAX RECORD STORE - DAY - MEMORY

79

Vintage rock posters cover the walls, collectors editions high on shelves and under glass and wall to wall compact discs filed alphabetically.

Edward stands at the counter pulling cds from an army surplus canvas bag. THE OWNER stands across the counter and rifles through the selection. Edward's glance shifts to the sullen owners coworker, a PRETTY GIRL perched on a stool immersed in a book. Edward looks back to the owner and meets his glare. Edward conjures a smile that attempts an apology.

THE OWNER

One twenty cash or one fifty trade.

EDWARD

Cash will be fine.

THE OWNER

You gotta sign for it.

EDWARD

Fine.

The Owner opens a drawer and rummages. Edward returns to admire the young woman, who is now dressed as a WHORE/GIRL SCOUT. Her garish red lips almost clown-like. Edward turns away quickly to find the owner eyeing him.

The Owner pushes a pen and a small photocopied form toward Edward. He signs it and the Owner rings it in the machine.

Edward shifts his look again, the girl is back to NORMAL.

Edward hears the cash register drawer close and turns to see the owner counting out the money on the counter.

EDWARD

Thanks.

Edward takes the bills from the counter and flashes a feeble smile at both of them. He stuffs the cash into his pocket and leaves.

CUT TO:

INSERT - ADULT MAGAZINE

open to display one of EDWARD'S CARTOONS.

INSERT - EDWARD'S HAND

rests on his crotch, a cigarette burned down to the filter between his fingers.

80 INT. NICK'S ROOM - DAY

80

Edward's eyes flutter OPEN. He reclines twisted and pretzel-like on the bean bag chair. He stretches his neck one way, then the other, wincing horribly. He is hungover.

Edward's eyes scan the mess for Nick, but he is nowhere.

81 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

81

Edward enters from the basement stairs, peeking his head into the empty room. He walks to the sink and CRANKS the taps OPEN. He cups his hands under the flow and SPLASHES water onto his face. He takes a mouthful, spits and turns the taps off. He leans against the sink looking terribly ill.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Do you know what time of day it is?

Edward, embarrassed, turns to see Brian.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea?

EDWARD

No.

BRIAN

You've missed our morning session.

EDWARD

Sorry.

BRIAN

You'll forgive me if I seem to question the sincerity of your apology. It's simply your brew master stench that is putting me off.

Edward mops the water from his face with the back of his hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What exactly were you doing down there until now? I do mean besides drowning yourself in all the grand weak excess that is our dear Nick? Allow me to hypothesize. It began with a challenge of some sort, some contest of strength or witlessness, which was then celebrated by ingesting copious amounts of liquor. No doubt you spent hours comparing the defensive strategies of the top professional sports teams? And at some point, reviewed and discussed scenes from Nicholas's collection of classic adult films whilst listening to arena anthem rock music at just enough of a decibel to keep myself and poor Anna in a state of restless umbrage all through the night.

(beat)

Thank you so much for that.

Edward hangs his head.

BRIAN

I have a simple question that desperately requires an answer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

BRIAN (cont'd)

(beat)

Do you want to get better?

Silence.

BRIAN

I'm afraid I am guilty of assuming that you want to... have the desire to feel whole again. Perhaps I am wrong in that.

EDWARD

I'm not feeling that good right now, Brian.

BRIAN

Am I supposed to feel pity? Is that it?

EDWARD

(suddenly angry)

I don't care what you think.

BRIAN

What did Nicholas fill that fragile mind of yours with?

EDWARD

Don't patronize me.

BRIAN

Your anger is suffocating this conversation.

EDWARD

This is interrogation. The conversation starts when you stop questioning me.

Brian doesn't bite.

BRIAN

Are you finished?

(beat)

Good. When you act in such a way that forces me doubt your character, you call yourself into question. Are you so ignorant as to threaten the one who has taken you into his home and is exhausting himself trying to help you?

Edward massages his head.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

No. I didn't mean... No.

Brian's stare pries into Edward's skull.

BRIAN

Who are you able to trust? Who has proved that they are, in fact, your ally? This is what you need to ask yourself.

Edward avoids Brian's glare.

BRIAN

I think we have said all we can here. Rest that head of yours. We'll have a full day tomorrow what with all the work we've missed today.

Brian leaves.

Edward enters to find Nick sitting on the chair in the corner, smoking. Edward does his best to hide his disappointment.

NICK

(snickering)

Little rough around the edges.

EDWARD

Nick.

Nick hands a glass of TOMATO JUICE to Edward.

NICK

It'll help your head.

Nick offers Edward a cigarette. Edward shakes his head.

NICK

How was the slap and chat?

EDWARD

Sorry?

NICK

The visit to the principal's office.

(MORE)

82 CONTINUED:

NICK (cont'd)
I knew you'd catch shit for hanging
out with: the trouble maker.

Edward has a sip.

EDWARD
You two are such... opposites.

NICK
Hey, I know what and how that
little pencil neck thinks, don't
fucking kid yourself. *

EDWARD
He was mad, but... it was more than
that. *

NICK
He was disappointed.

EDWARD
I got angry. I shouldn't have done
that.

NICK
Bullshit. You know what I see?
He's obsessed. Obsessed with
putting those screws of yours back
in place. Fillin' the little boxes
up with info, even if it's not the
right info, know what I'm saying?
(beat)
The mad scientist. And you're his
baby, Clean slate. His monster. *
*

Edward contemplates all this.

NICK
Bet he was nervous. Hmm? Almost
scared even. Cause he's a control
freak. He has to identify every
fucking thing. Put it in it's
slot, create a file on it and test
it. He's gotta push the buttons,
turn all the knobs, have his
fucking knobby digits on all the
pieces. But you... he feels you
slippin'.

Nick stands and walks to the door.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

NICK

That fucking piece of shit you
better watch out for. He's the one
you can't trust.

Nick leaves. Edward is more confused than ever. He puts his
juice on the night table and flops onto the bed, his mind
overflowing. He closes his eyes.

83 EXT. PORCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

83

The PRETTY WOMAN stands at her easel assessing her
WATERCOLOUR LANDSCAPE. A cigarette burns between her
fingers. She takes a pull on the cigarette and turns around
to watch Young Edward as he draws on a sketch pad. She
smiles and returns to her work, setting her cigarette on the
wooden railing. *

Young Edward continues to draw, his pencil shading the trees
in the picture. He stops and looks up. The pretty woman is
GONE. Young Edward looks out into the open prairie, his eyes
a little empty. He turns his attention back to his drawing. *

DOLLY TO THE RAILING

REVEAL the cigarette BURN MARKS.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - EDWARD'S EYES

reflecting the light of...

84 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNA'S ROOM - DAY

84

Edward stops at the door.

EDWARD

Anna?

Edward knocks cautiously and is surprised to find the door
ajar.

EDWARD

Are you here? Anna?

Edward pushes the door open slowly...

85 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

85

Edward scans the room. There are new sketches and paintings strangely scattered about. Edward walks into the room and picks up one of the sketches.

INSERT - ANNA'S SELF PORTRAIT

unusually messy and uncontrolled, dark and isolated.

Edward puts it down and glances at the others. More of the same. He walks to the stool in front of Anna's easel and sees the History of Art book which sits opened to the SAME DRAWING of the FIGURE AND THE TREE..

Edward spies a make up compact on the bed and picks it up. He opens and closes it. He turns and looks up at the door to find Anna standing silently, staring back at him. She looks as if she hasn't slept all night.

Anna's eyes move to her sketches on the floor. Edward's glance follows, before meeting her's again.

EDWARD

The door was open.

ANNA

I know.

Anna watches him suspiciously as she steps further into the room.

EDWARD

You've been busy. Must have been up all night.

ANNA

The Sandman forgot to visit.
(lost for a moment)
How's your head?

*

Edward's fingers touch the blood caked dressing.

EDWARD

It's fine.

Anna looks out the window.

ANNA

It's cold, don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

I'm not sure.

ANNA

I feel it. I know what it's like.

Anna is somewhere else.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Time to stockpile. Hoard. Time to fill your fat bellies full.

Edward watches her, eerily fascinated.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So we'll be ready for the long sleep. Like a bear, right?

Anna flashes a fragile smile.

ANNA

Just like a bear.

Edward walks toward Anna, but she moves away. He stops as close to her as she will allow.

EDWARD

You look tired, Anna. Maybe you should try to rest.

Anna mulls it over.

ANNA

(sober)

Not yet.

Anna's face scolds. Edward reads it and leaves quickly.

86 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

86

Edward sits on the floor in the dark. He holds a WOMAN'S COMPACT OPEN in his hand. He stares into his REFLECTION in the tiny mirror... looking for answers.

87 EXT. PORCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

87

A pretty woman stares out into the distance, nothing but the lonely prairie in front of her.

She fidgets with her wedding ring. It's heavy on her finger.

DISSOLVE TO:

88

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY

88

Brian sits in his leather chair, pen poised to write in the notebook on his lap, as he watches...

Edward at the desk, hovering uncomfortably over a TEST PAPER. He wipes the occasional bead of sweat from his brow. *

INSERT - EGG TIMER

as it hits ZERO and RINGS LOUDLY.

Edward stops reading. His face relieved and disappointed at the same time.

Brian walks to the desk and takes the test papers. He shuffles through them and stops abruptly.

BRIAN
You didn't finish.

EDWARD
I ran out of time.

Brian proceeds to RIP the test into pieces.

EDWARD
(shocked)
What are you doing?

BRIAN
A condition of the examination is finishing in the time allotted. You didn't complete the test. The results must be viewed inconclusive in that eventuality.

Edward is demoralized.

BRIAN
I have to test your short term memory now. I'll let you do this test again following that.

Brian drops the remains of the test into the waste basket beside the desk and makes his way to file on the shelf.

EDWARD
No.

Brian freezes, the file in his hand. He turns to face Edward.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
(puzzled)
No?

EDWARD
No more tests.

Brian allows a subtle smile.

BRIAN
Really?

EDWARD
I can't do it. *

BRIAN
You have to challenge your mind in
order to strengthen it.

EDWARD
I don't want to do anymore tests,
Brian.

Beat. *

BRIAN
Then I can't help you.

Edward backpedals.

EDWARD
I'm tired. I'm just tired, Brian. *

BRIAN
I'm loathe to admit it, but I am
partially to blame. I saw it when
you first woke, in this very room.

EDWARD
I just need some rest.

BRIAN
The truth is: you don't want to be
helped. You fight all my attempts
to heal you. Your every thought is
a roadblock.

Edward grimaces as the headache returns.

EDWARD
That's not true.

BRIAN

Because you would prefer to remain
lost, wouldn't you?

EDWARD

(hesitates)

No.

BRIAN

That sounded particularly certain.

EDWARD

You know, Nick says that... *

BRIAN

(interrupts)

Please. Nick's observations never
fail to display his lack of
knowledge with respect to basic
human nature. *

EDWARD

Why do you... hate him? *

BRIAN

I don't. At all. I'm simply
confused at how you've arrived at
accepting the drunken grease monkey
philosopher as your new guiding
light. How terribly brave of you.

EDWARD

It's not just Nick, it's Anna too. *
She thinks you're rigid and *
obsessive. *

Edward desperately massages his head, as Brian watches him. *

BRIAN

Look at you. You're falling apart.
You're fear has overcome you. The
truth? Most victims of severe
amnesia never fully regain their
memories. Why do you think that
is?

No reply.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Perhaps it is because they choose
not to remember. *

(beat)

(MORE)

88 CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now you understand why I can't help
you.

(beat)

Please leave this house. *

Edward's heart sinks. Brian observes the damage of his
words. *

EDWARD

I don't know where I'll go. *

Edward's eyes are full of fear. *

EDWARD

Please, I don't... I don't know
where... I should go. *

BRIAN

Anywhere you like.

Edward's eyes plead to Brian to reconsider.

BRIAN

(icy)

Anywhere besides here. *

Brian turns away.

Edward pulls himself together and leaves.

89 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

89

Edward drags himself down the hall, his head POUNDING. He
stops and leans against the wall, trying to get a grip on
things...

90 SERIES OF SHOTS - BARELY PERCEPTIBLE FLASHES

90

A) Edward looking into his empty aquarium.

B) Edward in the noodle house.

C) Edward on the phone, in his apartment.

91 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

91

Edward takes several steps and reaches the door of the guest
room. He opens it just enough to get inside, then closes it
quickly.

CLOSE ANGLE - A DOOR OPENS

and a figure in BLACK BOOTS steps out.

92 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - DAY

92

Anna sits on a chair at the edge of her bed, perfectly still.
Her head down...

92 CONTINUED:

92

... her face submerged in her basin full of water. Her paint and charcoal covered hands rest limp beside the basin. *

Suddenly, Anna lifts her head from the water, her wet hair PLASTERED to her face.

CUT TO:

93 ANGLE ON BOOTS 93

walking with purpose.

94 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 94

Brian hears the FOOTSTEPS growing LOUDER.

95 INT. GUEST ROOM - SAME MOMENT 95

Edward ROCKS back and forth on the floor, as he holds his pounding head.

96 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BRIAN'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT 96

the figure stops at the door and FORCES it OPEN.

97 INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 97

Brian turns to the door.

REVEAL NICK

an almost pleasant smirk on his face.

NICK

Hi there.

Brian icy cool hardly cracks.

CLOSE UP - NICK

the smirk turns to a scowl.

98 INT. GUEST ROOM - EVENING 98

Edward cradles his head as he sits on the floor and scans his only possessions: his hospital gown and slippers, the sketch Anna drew of him, one book on memory and another on reptiles.

Edward picks up the memory book and THROWS it across the room, then returns his head to his hands. *

*
*

99 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - EVENING

99

Anna stands at her easel, swaying uneasily. She TILTS to one side as STABS her conte crayon repeatedly at the paper before her. Her hands are heavily SOILED with CONTE, CHARCOAL and PAINT.

Her head JERKS to catch her reflection in the mirror hanging on the wall just behind the easel. Anna's eyes dart back and forth between the mirror and the conte drawing.

Anna's stare freezes on her own reflection. She's a bit of a MESS. She moves her head this way and that, keeping her stare fixed on her reflection the whole time.

Anna thrusts her nose in the air and slowly EXTENDS her neck. She PAINTS a dark streak along her jaw. First one side, then the other.

Anna shows her teeth. She runs her tongue across the top row. She FLICKS her tongue like a snake. THEN, as quickly as she started, she stops.

Anna presses her other hand to her face and SMEARS a MUDDY STREAK ACROSS her CHEEK. It's a ritual. It's preparation for war.

She looks back to her SELF PORTRAIT and WE SEE it for the FIRST TIME: a warped version of a human head, it's gender undeterminable. Anna's portrait only amplifies her anxiety and isolation.

Anna looks back to the mirror and grips her face in her hands, SMUDGING the charcoal grime into her skin.

100 INT. GUEST ROOM - EVENING

100

Edward stands holding the reptile book open in his hands. He flips pages and stops.

INSERT - REPTILE BOOK

the familiar picture of the desert turtle.

As Edward stares at the picture, his confusion is replaced by cognizance. SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED by a KNOCK on the DOOR.

Edward, turns and opens the door to...

REVEAL NICK

as he leans into the room, cigarette in his mouth. WE DON'T SEE NICK'S HANDS.

NICK
(peeking in)
Checking for overdue library books?

Edward turns away from Nick.

EDWARD
I'm causing problems here.

Nick takes note of Edward's bits and pieces on the floor.

NICK
So?

EDWARD
I'm leaving.

NICK
Right. For where exactly?

Edward's eyes dance around nervously, as he searches for some kind of answer.

Nothing. Edward shrugs.

NICK
Well, before you run off... I got a little something you should take a look at.

Nick follows Edward in. Everything looks as Edward remembers, except now there is a LARGE OBJECT covered with a SHEET in the middle of room.

Nick walks around behind the object, as Edward stops in front and studies it.

NICK
(anxious)
Well?

Edward looks back, blank.

NICK
Just pull the fucking cover off!

Edward nods. He grabs hold and PULLS the sheet off.

SLOW TILT UP TO REVEAL

a BODY strapped to a TREE of TWISTED, WELDED STEEL.
Covering the face is a psychotic looking CARTOON CHARACTER
MASK.

ANGLE ON EDWARD

eyes wide, disturbed.

EDWARD
(whispering)
What have you done?

Nick grins, glowing with pride.

NICK
Whadya think, Clean slate. Wanna
say 'hi' to our wacky mystery pal?

Nick pulls the mask off.

It's Brian. His glasses gone. His head twisted back,
lifeless.

Nick raps his knuckles on Brian's head.

NICK
Hmm? Sounds hollow.

Nick throws the mask to Edward, who catches it. He stares at
the mask and notices the BLOOD SMEARED on it. Edward looks
at Brian's body again, sickened, but unable to turn away.

EDWARD
He's dead?

NICK
Yeah. I actually just meant to
scare the prick, but then I was
having so much fun... I just kinda
got carried away.

Edward drops the mask. Nick walks around the body and stops
face to face with Brian.

NICK
(to Brian)
You had to fight me on everything,
didn't you. Every little detail!
(MORE)

101 CONTINUED:

NICK (cont'd)
You're a stupid cunt, you know
that? No, a know-it-all stupid
cunt, which is way fucking worse.
Now look at you.

(to Edward)
Everyday a fucking battle. Every
fucking day! Goddamn! I feel so_
much better.

Edward is on eggshells.

EDWARD
This is wrong.

NICK
(angry)
HEY! Tough decisions are necessary
in the course of maintaining
order!!

(calms down)
You had better fucking believe it.

Edward winces at the pain in his temple.

EDWARD
I don't know... I don't know what
you've done, but I know action has
consequence.

*

NICK
What are you blabbin' about?

EDWARD
You just killed a man.

Nick thinks about it for a moment.

NICK
Did I?

Nick hands Edward Brian's leather bound notebook. WE SEE the
LATEX GLOVES Nick is wearing as Edward does. Edward looks at
the journal in his hands. The blood on his fingers from the
mask. It sinks in. Nick grasps Edward by the cuff.

NICK
I don't think those are my
fingerprints that are all over him.

Nick SNATCHES the notebook away. He walks behind the body
and drops the book down on the bed. He pulls a cigarette
from a package next to it and lights up.

(CONTINUED)

NICK
What did dickhead call it? Global
transitory amnesia? Could cause
you to be emotionally unstable, I
bet.

(faces Edward)
Shit. I bet you don't even
remember doing it.

Nick smiles. Edward is horrified. He tries to stay calm as
he eases back toward the door.

NICK
You watch cop shows? Insanity is
always the way to go. Hey, fuck
c'mon... I'm a witness. And you
are definitely not in your right
mind.

Nick chuckles.

Edward spins around and runs out the door.

CLOSE UP - NICK

nonchalant.

RACK FOCUS TO BRIAN.

ANGLE BRIAN'S P.O.V. -- THE DOOR

wide open.

102 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 102

Edward races up from the basement, out of breath. He tears *
through the room, out the other end toward the hall.

103 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 103

Edward races to a halt at the door. He POUNDS hard on it.

EDWARD
Anna! Anna! Open the door!

Edward tugs and turns the door knob with no success.

EDWARD
(impatiently)
ANNA!

104 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 104

WE SCAN the room, which is now tidy, everything in it's right place. Past dried flowers, past the bookshelves, past the wall of art, now with only one picture.

EDWARD (O.S.)
Anna, please!

Past the bed, past the window...

105 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 105

Edward hammers the door with his fist. He jerks his head to peer down the dark, empty corridor. Edward catches his breath.

EDWARD
Anna, please open the door! Nick's killed Brian. He's going to say I did it. He's made it look as if I did it! Anna!

106 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 106

CAMERA MOVING past the easel, to the dresser to...

REVEAL ANNA

dressed provocatively.

Anna puts the final touches on her heavy 'make up' in front of the mirror. In front of her are tubes of paint and conte crayons.

107 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 107

Edward shifts nervously.

EDWARD
I know you're there. I know you're in there. I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - NICK'S GLOVED HAND

cigarette dangling as WE move through space.

108 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 108

Edward leans against the door, desperate.

108 CONTINUED:

108

EDWARD
 (to himself)
 Please...

109 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

109

Anna watches herself in the mirror. WE SEE her FULL VIEW for the first time. It's a dark transformation. Her eyes shift to the door, then back to her reflection.

CLOSE UP - NICK'S GLOVED HAND

fingers brush against the wall.

110 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

110

CLOSE UP - EDWARD

without hope.

EDWARD
 (whispering)
 Anna...

111 INT. ANNA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

111

Anna makes her way across the room and wraps her hand around the door knob slowly. She hesitates for a second. Anna SMELLS something as she OPENS the door. SUDDENLY, Edward PUSHES the door with his shoulder, arms at his sides. His head hangs forward, unsupported. Anna's sixth sense goes off, but too late.

A FIST SLAMS into her jaw, ROCKING her, but she stays on her feet, SWAYING, DAZED...

Another vicious PUNCH to the FACE sends Anna to the floor, unconscious.

REVEAL NICK

in the doorway, holding Edward's limp body up with his left hand.

Nick shakes out his fist and frowns at his knuckles.

NICK
 Must be gettin' fucking old.

112 SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

112

A) A paintbrush mixes blood red paint.

112 CONTINUED:

B) Edward's father shovels dirt into a hole.

C) Small hands work to wash paint from their fingers.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 CLOSE UP - EDWARD 113
as his eyes BLINK open.

114 INT. NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT 114 *

Edward wakes to find himself sunk into the beanbag chair, his arms TIED behind him, his mouth TAPED.

Still groggy, he lifts his head slowly to survey the room. WE HEAR the MUSIC and CROWD NOISE before WE SEE Nick working the game controller.

NICK
Yeah! Hat trick!

Nick yanks off his baseball cap and frisbees it at the television.

NICK
You know, this is really not your game.

Nick turns to look at Brian, PROPPED UP in a plastic folding chair beside him. The cartoon MASK which covers his face, stares into his chest. The game controller sits in his lap.

Nick SMACKS Brian hard enough to FLOP his head back to stare at Edward. Edward turns away disgusted. He lifts his head.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- NICK'S ROOM

with Anna, UNCONSCIOUS and TIED to the same METAL TREE that Brian's body was strapped to.

Edward looks closer and sees Nick's HAMMER on the floor, not far away.

NICK
Whew. I'm parched.

Nick walks past Brian and PUSHES him over. Brian's body falls lifeless onto the bed.

Nick crosses in front of Edward en route to the WHISKEY BOTTLE on the bedside table.

A PISTOL sits next to the bottle. Nick picks up the bottle and takes a long swig. He catches Edward eyeing the gun.

NICK
(gesturing to the gun)
You want that?

Nick puts the whiskey bottle down and picks up the pistol. He shifts the weight of it back and forth between his hands. He raises the gun and aims it at Edward face.

Edward squirms a bit, then shuts his eyes and braces for it.

NICK
Oh, wait a sec.

Nick holds the gun on Edward and reaches into his pocket and stuffs something into the barrel. He takes aim again and fires. WE HEAR a CLICK.

A SUCTION DART hits Edward in the FOREHEAD. It sticks for a brief moment, then falls to the ground. Nick tosses the toy gun on the bed.

NICK
(to Edward)
Don't be an asshole.

WE HEAR Anna STIR. Edward turns his attention to her.

Nick grabs the bottle again and ambles toward her. He stops a few feet away to look her up and down. He smiles and continues his approach. He leans in close to SNIFF her. Anna opens her eyes slowly to discover Nick, just inches away.

NICK
I like the new look.

Anna rolls her tongue around the inside of her lip, tasting the blood. She avoids his glare. Nick touches Anna's face, pressing his thumb against her lip. Anna winces.

NICK
Nice work, partner.

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

NICK
Whatever. You don't think he's guessed that you're in on it?

Anna looks to Edward.

ANNA

Why would he. He knows you're a liar.

NICK

Me taking care of Radford... that was part of our little agreement. But this wicked witch, dominatrix, evil baby sitter thing must be part of something else, hmm? Or are the cracks just starting to show.

(beat)

Either way...

*
*

Nick's hand finds it's way to Anna's breast.

NICK (CONT'D)

You should be happy. This could open up some new opportunities for you.

Anna fights the tears away.

NICK

I'm going to have to teach you the ropes, of course. But, you know, someone has to do it.

ANNA

(breaking down)

What?! What do you want?

NICK

I want what's coming to me. I want fucking all of it.

(turns to Edward)

Right, Clean Slate?

Edward stares back, EYES WIDE.

NICK

Deer in the fucking headlights.

(laughs)

You know, I just realized why you're so fucking funny, Space for Rent. Your weakness is that you don't have a clue. About who you are, what the fuck you're doing. Nothing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NICK (cont'd)

But... your strength is that you don't have clue, about who you are or what the fuck you're doing. C'mon. That is so tragic, it's fucking beautiful.

Nick turns back to Anna, who struggles to hide her fear.

NICK

And you...

Nick takes another gulp of whiskey, finishing the bottle. He tosses it aside, as his other hand disappears underneath Anna's dress. Anna grimaces.

NICK

Just another dirty, little, self centered whore. Just like all the rest.

(savors the moment)

Keep cutting, one piece at a time... Ooh yeah, this is gonna be good.

(whispering)

Don't give up on me too quick.

Edward struggles with his restraints, trying to work his hands past his butt and legs. He sees Brian's mask still staring at him, but SOMETHING IS DIFFERENT. Edward can't identify it.

CLOSE SHOT - NICK

drunk with power and control.

NICK

My rite of passage.

Anna tries to hold it together.

ANNA

You can't do this...

NICK

It didn't honestly appeal to me 'til I realized just how much you'd hate it.

Nick gets a rougher. Anna's expression is stone, aside from the tears streaming down her face.

Nick pulls his hand from under Anna's dress and unbuckles his belt. He pulls his knife from his belt and sets it on the dresser against the wall.

ANNA
(under her breath)
You can't win this.

Nick looks back at Edward, who stares back from the beanbag chair, still fighting to get free.

Nick's teeth clench tight.

NICK
I already have.

Nick holds a calm, subtle smirk.

CLOSE UP - ANNA

anticipating... but it's something ELSE.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - EDWARD'S EYES

foreseeing.

SUDDENLY, a THICK BOOK SMASHES down on Nick's HEAD.

He BOUNCES off Anna and SLUMPS... still WOBBLING.

NICK
Fuck!

The book CRASHES down again on Nick. A THIRD BLOW knocks him to the floor UNCONSCIOUS.

The figure hovers over Nick. It's Edward. Or is it?

ANGLE Edward

looks on in DISBELIEF from the beanbag chair.

ANGLE Brian

sans mask, as he drops the book and picks up his glasses.

ANGLE ON THE BOOK

"The Art of War" by Sun Tzu.

Brian puts on his glasses and launches a stare at Anna. She tries to pull herself together.

Brian turns away and goes to Edward. He pulls the tape off his mouth first, then unties his hands.

EDWARD

I thought you were dead.

BRIAN

It's amazing what you can accomplish with a careful mix of chemicals...

BARELY PERCEPTIBLE FLASHBACK - EDWARD

mixing and swallowing pills.

BACK TO SCENE

BRIAN (CONT'D)

... in conjunction with an ancient Hindu meditation. It is possible to slow the metabolism, heart rate and breathing to nearly imperceptible levels.

Brian steps back as Edward quickly goes to work untying his own ankles. Edward doesn't notice the BLOOD TRICKLING from his temple.

Edward gets loose and rushes to Anna. He undoes the straps and Anna rushes into his arms, SOBBING. Edward comforts her in a tight embrace. Brian watches with a cool eye.

Edward pulls away from Anna to look in her eyes.

EDWARD

You okay?

ANNA

No. I don't think so. *

Edward holds her again, his concern showing. Anna holds him tight, but raises her eyes to meet Brian's glare. She looks away.

EDWARD

It's okay. It's over.

Edward pulls away enough to see Anna's face. He studies her. The fragile mask of paint and charcoal, interrupted by streaks from her tears. Edward sees through it. And a connection is made. Anna knows it. She has stirred new feelings within him.

ANGLE Brian

on the outside of it all.

Edward feels the wetness on his cheek. He wipes at it and sees the blood on his fingers.

LOW ANGLE - ANNA'S FEET

as Nick stirs.

Anna catches the Nick's movement out of the corner of her eye and KICKS him HARD in the ABDOMEN.

ANNA

You cocksucking motherfucker!

Anna loses it as she KICKS and STOMPS Nick's limp body...

ANNA

YOU CAN'T EVER FUCKING TOUCH ME!
NEVER, EVER, EVER TOUCH ME!!

... OVER and OVER.

EDWARD

Anna... stop. Stop it.

Edward GRABS Anna's arm, but she FIGHTS to continue laying the boots to Nick. Edward struggles with her, catching a glimpse of her eyes, burning with hatred.

Edward finally PULLS Anna off Nick and RESTRAINS her. She catches her breath and and calms herself. *

Anna looks at Edward, her eyes full of regret. She leans in and kisses Edward on the cheek. She pulls him into another embrace. *

ANNA *

(whispering) *

Don't let go. *

Edward enjoys the intimacy for only a second when he realizes something is TERRIBLY WRONG. He turns to the dresser to see Nick's knife GONE. He spins back toward Anna and finds Brian beside them.

BRIAN

It's all about choices.

(beat)

Isn't it?

Anna's body suddenly STIFFENS. Edward looks to see Brian digging Nick's knife into Anna's back.

Edward is horror stricken, as Anna SAGS in his arms. He clutches her desperately.

EDWARD

No!

*

Brian steps away as Edward drags Anna to the beanbag chair. Edward crouches beside her... watches her chest heave... listens to the GURGLING breaths. Anna coughs and BLOOD seeps out from between her lips.

EDWARD

Anna...

*

*

Edward glances up as Brian approaches, knife out.

EDWARD

You people are all fucked.

BRIAN

The pot calling the kettle black.
(waves the knife)
Stand up.

Edward rises to his feet.

BRIAN

Restrain him.

Edward looks to Nick's unconscious form on the floor. His eyes drift back to Brian.

*

BRIAN

We are going to finish this.

Edward walks to Nick and with great difficulty LIFTS onto his back and LEANS him against the steel TREE. One by one, Edward straps Nick's rag doll body in...

BRIAN

(whispering)
An empty vessel drifts along,
searching... for nothing...

Nick's wrists first...

BRIAN (CONT'D)

A car with no driver, barrelling
down the dark highway...

Followed by the waist belt...

BRIAN (CONT'D)

A boat with no captain... adrift at
sea...

Then his ankles. Edward continues working, but his eyes are ELSEWHERE.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
A plane with no pilot... it's
engines on fire...

Edward stands up and soaks up the image before him.

BRIAN (CONT'D) (O.S.)
All of them destined to... crash.

CLOSE UP - THE SHOVEL CHARM

around Nick's neck.

Edward's eyes hold on the CHARM. Edward stare shifts to
check for signs of life, but Nick remains unconscious.

Edward slides his hands in behind Nick's head to the back of
his neck and works the clasp on the chain.

CLOSE UP - NICK

still out.

Edward concentrates, closes his eyes and undoes the chain.

CLOSE UP - NICK

as his eyes open.

Edward slowly eases his hands from around Nick's neck. Nick
SPINS his head quickly and catches Edward's forearm by the
teeth, BITTING into it HARD. Edward SCREAMS...

Edward PUNCHES Nick in the head, but it's having no effect...

Edward drives his KNEE up into Nick's crotch, forcing him to
let go. Nick CRIES OUT. Edward reels back and clutches his
arm, it's a bloody mess. He opens his hand and looks at
Nick's shovel charm.

Edward looks up at Brian then to his arm. It's a BLOODY
mess. His eyes shift back to Brian.

BRIAN
Your dear Anna is gone.

Edward looks past Brian to Anna, slumped over, unmoving...

EDWARD
Another trick.

ANGLE Edward

his eyes move back to Brian.

BRIAN
(turning to squint)
No. I'm afraid not.

Edward's hand works behind his back.

BRIAN
Just you and I, working together.
The way it should be.

Brian turns in time to catch the sight of Edward, as he RUSHES at Brian, his hand clutching the HAMMER in full SWING.

The HAMMER SMASHES it into Brian's temple. The very same spot where Edward's own wound is.

Brian CRUMPLES backward, the knife falling to the floor.

Brian lands HARD, his body already limp. A huge GASH spills blood from his left temple.

ANGLE Edward

breathing heavy.

Edward watches him, as if waiting for him to get up. Brian lies perfectly still. *

Edward drops the hammer and steps toward Brian. He studies him for a moment, then removes Brian's GLASSES and places them on his own face.

Edward watches for movement as he backs up, slowly, away from everyone. Suddenly he stops, his eyes FIXED on something. WE SEE Brian's notebook on the bed.

Edward retrieves the book and flips it open. The pages are filled with Brian's handwriting but with no breaks for individual words or paragraphs. He flips the pages. It's all the same. A recording of constant, streaming thought which makes NO SENSE. It's all gibberish.

Edward puts the book down and moves to Anna. He squats down beside her and stares, upset. He notices something in her closed hand and pulls her fist up to her torso.

114 CONTINUED:

114

In her hand: a SCRUNCHED PAPER. He pries Anna's fingers open, removes the paper and unfolds it.

INSERT - CRUMPLED COPY OF 19TH CENTURY DRAWING

a hill on the prairie at dusk, with a figure standing near a large tree.

Edward stares at the picture. THE COGS ARE TURNING. He takes one last look at Anna, then looks into his open palm: Nick's SHOVEL CHARM. He closes his hand.

Edward stands and backs his way out. He stops at the edge of the room, astonished by the carnage.

HIGH ANGLE - NICK'S ROOM

WE SEE the devastation.

Edward turns and leaves.

ANGLE Anna

eyes open, she cringes and swallows hard.

115 INT./EXT. BACK DOOR - MORNING

115

Edward looks at the charm in his hand and then opens the door. He steps into it the murky daylight.

116 EXT. SHED BEHIND FARMHOUSE - MORNING

116

An old, yet sturdy little building. Edward notices the ancient padlock. He tugs at it, but it holds. Edward steps back and KICKS it HARD. The lock BREAKS APART. He pushes the door open.

117 INT. SHED BEHIND FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

117

Edward steps in, brushing through the cobwebs. It seems empty. He continues to search in the dim light. Then he sees it.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- CORNER OF THE SHED

an old shovel.

BARELY PERCEPTIBLE FLASHBACK - EDWARD'S FATHER

returning the shovel to the shed.

BACK TO SCENE

117 CONTINUED: 117

Edward grabs the shovel and leaves.

118 EXT. FARMHOUSE SPREAD - MORNING 118

Edward walks through the empty pasture, shovel in hand. WE SEE cluster of trees in front of him.

119 EXT. FARMHOUSE SPREAD - TREES - MORNING 119

Edward meanders through the poplars. His head turns this way and that, searching for something familiar.

120 EXT. PRAIRIE - MORNING 120

Edward marches through the grass. He stops suddenly.

ANGLE EDWARD'S P.O.V. -- THE LONE TREE

on a slight hill just in front of him.

Edward jaw tightens. He looks back toward the house and continues forward.

121 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONE TREE - MORNING 121

Edward approaches and is instinctively drawn to a spot. He starts to dig.

WIDE SHOT - EDWARD

digging.

122 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONE TREE - DUSK - FLASHBACK 122

WE SEE a figure digging. WE HEAR his BREATHING. *

REVEAL Edward's father.

123 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONE TREE - MORNING 123

Edward stands in a shallow hole. He wipes the beads of sweat off his brow and tosses the shovel out of his way.

Edward crouches and digs in the dirt with his hands.

He HITS something solid and continues to push the soil aside. It's LUGGAGE, a small TRAVEL CASE.

FLASHBACK - DIRT ROAD - 1974

The same CASE drops to the ground.

124 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONE TREE - CONTINUOUS 124

Edward opens the case. Some remnants of women's clothing, make up, a few paint brushes and a Henry James novel, "The Wings of the Dove", perfectly preserved.

*
*

FLASHBACK - FARMHOUSE PORCH - DAY

The pretty woman reading ALOUD from the same book.

125 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONE TREE - CONTINUOUS 125

Edward is exhausted, but he continues to sweep the dirt away. His eyes fill with TEARS.

FLASHBACK - DIRT ROAD - 1974

Edward's father PLEADS with the pretty woman, his wife, as she PULLS away from him, determined.

126 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONE TREE - CONTINUOUS 126

Edward is horribly disturbed by what he finds.

FLASHBACK - DIRT ROAD - 1974

CLOSE UP - EDWARD'S FATHER

conflicted.

Edward's mother pulls her arm free from her husband's grasp.

CLOSE UP - EDWARD'S FATHER

his fist closes tight.

127 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONE TREE - CONTINUOUS 127

Edward in disbelief. His entire body overcome with sorrow.

EDWARD

No.

FLASHBACK - DIRT ROAD - 1974

Edward's father enraged, HAMMERS his FIST down onto the back of his wife's skull.

Edward's mother FALLS hard to the ground. Her skull bouncing off the road, just like Edward.

127 CONTINUED:

FULL SHOT - EDWARD'S FATHER

standing over the body of Edward's mother.

ANGLE EDWARD'S MOTHER

lifeless.

ANGLE EDWARD'S FATHER

falls to his knees in agony, tears flowing.

*

REVEAL Edward as he watches his father hold his mother's limp form, NOW WITHIN THE FLASHBACK.

Edward is frozen in shock.

SUDDENLY, Edward FALLS forward as if HAMMERED by a blow to the skull himself.

128 SERIES OF SHOTS

128

A) Anna sketch is of the whored up girl in the record store.

B) Nick swallows pills and chases with bourbon.

C) Brian's coffee saucer littered with empty sweetner packs.

D) Nick's punching dummy with the word 'brain' written on it.

*

E) Brian at his desk with the picture of the tree.

*

F) Nick looking at the picture of the tree, then crumples it.

*

G) Anna surveys the carnage, then leaves Nick's room.

*

129 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONE TREE - CONTINUOUS

129

Edward trembles and struggles to stay conscious. His eyelids slowly SINK.

ANGLE Edward

sprawled on the ground.

CUT TO:

130 BLACK

130

Silence.

Broken by AMBIENT HOSPITAL ROOM NOISE...

130 CONTINUED:

... and then...

DOCTOR (V.O.)
Mr. Cobb?

Silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP - EDWARD'S EYES
as they open, slowly.

131 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

131

The DOCTOR stares back at Edward.

DOCTOR
Mr. Cobb.

Edward looks at the Doctor, then at the room around him.

Edward takes note of the bed, the IV in his arm and his gown. He touches his head and finds the small, clean, white bandage taped to his temple. His expression relates the sense of DEJA VU.

DOCTOR
Nice to have you back with us. How
are you feeling today?

The Doctor scans his chart, then looks back to Edward.

No response.

DOCTOR
Do you remember what happened?

Edward's eyes reveal his memory, as it LEAKS back into his thoughts. He remembers everything.

DOCTOR
What about your name?

The Doctor waits for it.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES INTO EDWARD'S FACE.

EDWARD
Edward.
(beat)
My name is Edward.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

Everything is the just the same, except for the fact that it is totally different.

THE END