

DAYLIGHT BLEEDS

A Screenplay

by

Christopher Rodgers

WGA Reg No 125036-00

FADE IN:

EXT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

The rain comes down in sheets. Half a dozen police cars are parked on the street in front of the home. A few COPS shelter themselves on the front porch huddled together sucking down coffees and smoking cigarettes.

An unmarked car pulls into the makeshift driveway. A DETECTIVE gets out and walks briskly towards the front door. A YOUNG COP greets the detective to escort him inside.

YOUNG COP

It's a mess. A fuckin' mess. The place
is painted with blood.

The cop opens the door for the detective and they enter the home.

INT. MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

There is blood everywhere. Streaks of blood line the walls. The floor is saturated with it. The home is very small. The furniture is torn and tattered. In the middle of the floor a large blood stained sheet conceals a body beneath it. The detective and the young cop stand over the sheet. Long red hair remains uncovered by the sheet.

YOUNG COP

There she is... Well most of her. You'll
find the rest of her in the bathroom.

The detective crouches down and grasps the sheet. He slowly pulls it up so that he can see what it's hiding. When he finally does, he's so repulsed that he can only look a moment before turning away. He stands and turns to the cop.

DETECTIVE

Where is he?

YOUNG COP

Rossi's bringing him down to the
station as we speak.

They stand silently over the bloody sheet for a few moments.

YOUNG COP

Penny for yer thoughts?

DETECTIVE

Can't afford 'em. He's a monster
disguised as human.

The detective puts on his hat walks out the door and into
the rain.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

The rain is still coming down hard. The windshield wipers
are on full speed. OFFICER ROSSI sits behind the wheel.
She is a very attractive woman with long blond hair tied up
in a ponytail. She is no older than thirty. JOHN DOE sits
in the back seat. He is about the same age as Rossi. His
hair is long and unkempt. His white T-shirt is soaked with
blood and drops remain on his face. His arms are covered
with tattoos.

JOHN

Yer too pretty to be a cop.

Rossi doesn't say a word.

JOHN

Hear me? You should be getting
paid to undress not to arrest

She still doesn't respond.

JOHN

Ever been violated by a man?

ROSSI

No.

JOHN

Always a first time.

ROSSI

If you're trying to get a rise
outta me, it ain't gonna work.

JOHN

I bet lots of men get a rise outta
you. I know I do. Women like you
make it easier for our kind to
survive

ROSSI

Too bad for you huh? Your days are
numbered.

John makes eye contact with her in the rearview mirror.

JOHN

Nothing's gonna change my world.
But it's only fair that I know
the name of the bitch who's gonna try.

Officer Rossi continues driving through the heavy downpour.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium is crammed with a few hundred smart attentive-looking PEOPLE. They're listening to a panel of a half-dozen distinguished-looking DOCTORS on a stage before them. The doctors sit along a table with their names printed on a tag in front of them. A large banner hangs from the ceiling that reads, "The Minds behind the Criminal Mind"

A female STUDENT stands up to ask a question. She holds a magazine in her left hand and raises her right to be acknowledged.

STUDENT

This question's for Dr. Bryant.

All eyes turn toward DR. IAN BRYANT at the far end of the table. Bryant is an older gentleman with long white hair. He is dressed immaculately and carries a European air to him.

BRYANT

(smiles)

There are other doctors here. I'm
sure my colleagues would like to
share the attention.

The panel chuckles along with the audience, however the female student remains quite serious. She holds the magazine high into the air for everyone to see.

STUDENT

In this issue there's an article
that states that the only way to
both punish *and* rehabilitate a
criminal is to strip that criminal
of his entire memory.

BRYANT

That's quite brilliant. Who wrote
it?

Again the panel laughs. The student isn't amused.

STUDENT

You did. I thought we were moving forward to new solutions and not just reverting back to archaic answers. Creating zombies Dr Bryant? Haven't we been there and done that?

The room falls silent in anticipation of Bryant's response. Bryant is no longer smiling.

BRYANT

Can you open up that article and read me where I endorse lobotomies.

The student frantically searches through the article realizing that all eyes are on her.

BRYANT

Hurry now. My fellow doctors here aren't ones to waste time.

STUDENT

I can't find it.

BRYANT

That's because it's not there. After treatment the patient is still a completely sane, completely healthy, individual. But he won't know who his mother is or where his car's parked. He

BRYANT

(con't)

will no longer act upon his violent tendencies because the source of those tendencies will have been removed.

The student sits down. Bryant leans back in his chair smugly. A doctor at the end of the table named IAN TODD speaks up.

DR. TODD

And how do you plan on testing this theory, doctor?

Bryant takes a sip from his water and looks in the direction of DR. TODD.

BRYANT

We're not planning. We're doing. But I'm afraid, in case you were wondering, those plans are not open for public discussion.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - NIGHT

The streets are deserted. The sun has not yet risen. Street lamps provide the light for the street and the near by pier. An ambulance SCREAMS around the corner and comes to a halt by the pier.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

John Doe lies unconscious on a stretcher. He is now clean-shaven. The tattoos on his arms are gone. His long hair has been trimmed short. He's wearing a T-shirt, jeans and a pair of tennis shoes. The back doors open.

TWO PARAMEDICS pull John and the stretcher off the ambulance. One of the men grabs a suitcase and places it next to John on the stretcher.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY -NIGHT

Swiftly, the paramedics wheel John over to a park bench on the pier. They lift him off the stretcher and sit him on the bench. They take the suitcase and place it next to him on the bench. The paramedics return to the ambulance and speed off with SIREN blaring. John remains unconscious on the park bench.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY -DAY

The sun has risen. John is remains asleep on the bench. The pier is now filled with JOGGERS, FISHERMEN, AND ROLLERBLADERS. Seagulls SQUALK noisily above the pier. Suddenly, John's eyes open wide. He examines the pier. His face wrought with confusion.

JOHN (V.O.)

Somewhere between the day of my birth and today I lost myself.

A GREY HAIR wearing headphones over her ears takes a seat next to John. The music from her headphones is too loud. He looks her with a blank stare.

GREY HAIR

(speaking loudly)
Glorious mornin' isn't it?

John doesn't respond to her question.

JOHN
Where... Where is this?

The woman pulls the headphones away from her ears.

GREY HAIR
Come again?

JOHN
Where is this?

GREY HAIR
Paradise.

JOHN
Who... Who am I?

GREY HAIR
You're on your own with that one.

The woman stands up and places the headphones back over her ears. She jogs away from John.

JOHN
(shouts to woman)
Who can?

John tries to stand but his legs are unsteady and he falls back on the bench. The old woman has continued jogging down the pier oblivious to John's question. He sits in a daze for several moments before spotting the suitcase next to him. He opens it slowly and sees that it is filled with clothes. He searches through the clothes looking for clues. The clothes consist of Hawaiian shirts, shorts and a pair of sandals. John stuffs the clothes back in and notices a map tucked in one of the inner pockets. John removes the map and opens it up. It is a subway map of New York City.

John stands up and begins walking along the pier. His movements are slow and deliberate. He reaches into his pocket and sees that he has a few dollars and a set of keys, but no wallet or any identification. The key chain is shaped like the Chevy emblem. He spots a beaten Camaro covered with rust and a severely faded coat of paint. It is not the car itself that grabs his attention, but it's New York license plates. He removes the keys from his pocket

and slips them into the lock. The door unlocks. He shakes his head in disbelief and jumps into the car.

INT. PARKED CAMARO -DAY

The car's interior is as worn as its exterior. John immediately opens the glove compartment looking for some sort of ID. The only thing he finds is a small handgun. He slams the compartment shut.

JOHN
(frustrated)
Shit.

He looks around the car momentarily before seeing his reflection in the rearview mirror.

JOHN
Who the hell are you?

John places the key in the ignition. It takes several attempts before the engine turns over. He pulls into traffic. He doesn't notice the green Taurus that pulls out behind him and follows him along the road.

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

The living room is large, but not lavishly furnished. There are only a few pieces of furniture scattered about. A grand piano sits alone by the window without a bench. John spots a dark, liquid substance on the floor and leans down to touch it. He examines it closer and sees that it's blood. He wipes the blood on his pants. An undistinguishable sound comes from one of the far corners of the home.

JOHN
(nervous)
Hello?

His voice ECHOES throughout the large house. He sees the blood trails off toward the stairs.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hello.

The voice is distinctly female but does not echo like John's. John spins around to see who is speaking to him, but finds that he is still alone.

JOHN
Who are you?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm Helen.

John looks around frantically for the woman.

JOHN
Where are you?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
No. Where are you?

John begins to follow the trail of blood.

JOHN
Tell me who am I?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
You're one guilty sonuvabitch.
You've done some very bad things.

JOHN
Guilty? Of what? What things have
I done?

John doesn't receive a response. He continues to follow the trail of blood. He finds himself at the foot of a grand staircase. He's startled to see a body of a woman laying halfway up the stairs. The woman looks to have been about forty. Her white nightgown is soaked in blood. John swallows hard and starts making his way up the stairs.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Where you going? Don't you know what
killed the cat?

John ignores the voice and continues up the stairs.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Camaro's parked on the side of the road in the middle of the desert. There are no signs of civilization for miles around. A police car pulls up behind him.

INT. PARKED CAMARO - DAY

The car is cluttered with food wrappers and dirty clothes. John's head leans against the steering wheel. His clothes

are drenched in sweat. He twitches and moans as he continues dreaming.

FOOTSTEPS cut through the desert sand approaching John's car. SHERIFF IKE TURNSTILL leans through John's window. Turnstill is an older, but still physically imposing man. A toothpick dangles from his mouth. He grabs John's shoulders and shakes him. John is startled back to consciousness.

TURNSTILL

Hey son, wake up. You'll get yerself killed sleeping out here.

JOHN

(groggy)

Ah shit... Where am I?

TURNSTILL

You're in West Bumblefuck, better known as Nevada. If you hear somethan cookin, it's your brain.

Turnstill uses the toothpick to pick his teeth. He's surveying John's car.

TURNSTILL

Havin' problem with the vehicle?

JOHN

No, the car's fine. I'm the one in need of a tune-up

TURNSTILL

You ain't gonna get it out here. Down the road you'll find plenty of places to rest a heavy head.

JOHN

Unless they're free, they won't do me any good.

Turnstill looks at John and analyzes the situation briefly.

TURNSTILL

Here, do this. There's a place not more than five miles from here. It's called Mabel's. I know Mabel real well. Just tell her Ike sent ya.

That's me. And she'll set you up.
Okay?

JOHN
Yeah... Sounds good. Thanks.

TURNSTILL
Now that you know my name, how bout
you? What's yours?

JOHN
John.

TURNSTILL
Gotta last name or do ya just
use one like that broad on the TV?
What's her name?

Turnstill looks skyward for the answer. John cuts in.

JOHN
Madonna?

TURNSTILL
Nah, that ain't the one, but it
illustrates my point just the same.
If I tried to pull that shit, people
just get me mixed up with the
thirty-fourth president of these here
United States.
(scratches his head)
How it god's good name did I get
talkin' bout this?

JOHN
Haven't a clue.

TURNSTILL
Oh yeah. Can I sneak a peak at yer
license?

JOHN
Am I in trouble?

TURNSTILL
No. No. No trouble at all. I just
wanna take a look to make sure you
got everything ship shape. It's what
we men in blue do to pass the time.

John slowly reaches into the glove compartment. Turnstill watches closely. John grabs something out of the sheriff's sight and pauses a few moments. Quickly, he snaps his hand out of the glove compartment and produces a gun. He points the gun at Turnstill, but is surprised to see that Turnstill already has already done the same.

TURNSTILL

That wasn't too bright. Out in this part of the country we do everything mighty slow, but the one thing we do awfully fast is pull a pistol. If you move I won't have any other option but to place a bullet in your head.

JOHN

That seems to be the situation.

John looks desperate. His lip trembles and sweat pours down this face. Despite this he tries to create a veil of bravado.

JOHN

You can pull a pistol, but can you pull a trigger. How's the arthritis? Feeling confident old man?

TURNSTILL

I can shoot a stinger off a bee from a hundred yards.

JOHN

Big words from a man your age.

TURNSTILL

Calling me a liar? Those who call Sheriff Ike Turnstill a liar don't go to bed happy... Sometimes not at all.

JOHN

Those buzzards up there aren't waiting for me.

Turnstill looks skyward for a moment, giving John time to fire a bullet into his shoulder. Turnstill falls backward. John shoots again. This time he hits him in the leg. Turnstill tries to aim his gun at John, but his shoulder is too badly injured and his gun falls harmlessly to the ground.

JOHN

Godammit! Look what you made me
do.

John throws the pistol on the passenger seat and starts the car. Turnstill lies on his side. Blood flows profusely from his wounds. The Camaro speeds off down the road scattering dirt all over the road and Turnstill.

EXT. MABEL'S -DAY

The Camaro pulls into the empty, dirt lot in front of the cafe. The exterior of the cafe is none too inviting. John steps out of the car and walks toward the entrance. He checks over his shoulder to make sure that no one is coming down the road.

INT. MABEL'S -DAY

The cafe is small and poorly lit. Sunlight filters through the cafe's dirty windows. A ceiling fan spins hopelessly above the front door. There is a long counter and a number of unoccupied booths. One wall is covered with black and white photos. MABEL stands behind the counter working on a crossword puzzle. She is an older woman who looks about ready for retirement. The front door opens and John strides in wearily. He takes a seat at the counter in front of Mabel.

MABEL

You look tired soldier. Rough day?

John nods in agreement. Mabel wipes down the counter in front of him with a wet rag. John still looks frazzled.

MABEL

You know what they say. A bad day just makes all the rest even better. What can I get ya?

JOHN

Well... Ike sent me. He said you could set me up with a meal.

MABEL

Broke?

JOHN

That ain't the word.

MABEL

Well the word around here is Chili.

JOHN

Sounds good.

MABEL

It's the best in the area.

(laughs)

It's the only in the area.

Mabel goes into the kitchen and continues the conversation through a window between the two rooms.

MABEL

So where, dare I ask, did you see
my husband? Got a lead foot do ya?

JOHN

(surprised)

Your husband?

MABEL

Yeah, Ike's my hubby. He left that
out I guess.

JOHN

Just said you two were tight.

MABEL

As two peas in a pod.

(breaths deeply)

Married when this country was a
smaller place.

John stands up and walks over to the wall lined with photos. There is one of a young man and woman in uniform looking very happy and very much in love. Mabel pokes her head through the window.

MABEL

That's us. Right after Korea.

JOHN

Look like the happy couple you always
read about.

MABEL

Were, are and always will be.

John walks over to a booth by window. He takes the gun from his waistband and sets it down on the seat beside him. His

eyes continue to drift out the window waiting for trouble.
Mabel returns to the dining area holding John's chili.

MABEL

I knew he was the one when he came
into the infirmary. It was just a
flesh wound, but he was crying like a
baby. He took one look at me and let me
tell you, he thought he was Patton.
I've never seen tears evaporate so fast
in my life.

(beat)

Here's your chili, eat up.

JOHN

(sullen)

Thanks. Just hope I can still find
my appetite.

INT. DESERT - DAY

Ike crawls back to his car. His clothes are soaked with
blood. A green Taurus with tinted windows and California
plates pulls up behind the police car. A man known as
OEDIPUS steps out of the car. He is a lanky man in his mid-
forties. He's bald and dressed in a blue leisure suit. He
walks to where Turnstill lies.

TURNSTILL

(breathing heavily)

Please... I need help.

OEDIPUS

I may be a lot of things, but
unfortunately for you help's not one
of them.

Oedipus removes a gun from the holster and trains it on Ike.

TURNSTILL

(frightened)

Hey... Hey... What are you doing?

OEDIPUS

Close your eyes and I promise you
won't hear death coming.

TURNSTILL

This country has gone to shit!

Oedipus shoots Turnstill twice. Turnstill lays motionless.

OEDIPUS

I'll second that emotion.

Swiftly, Oedipus drags Turnstill's body back to his patrol car. He puts the sheriff into the driver's seat and starts the car. He then wedges Turnstill's shotgun against the gas pedal. The engine ROARS. Oedipus turns on the police lights and SIREN. He shuts the door and leans into the open window to put the car into drive. The car accelerates and travels about fifty yards before it veers off the road. It kicks up dirt as it travels over the flat desert continuing to pick up speed. Oedipus watches as it disappears over the horizon with a dead man behind the wheel

INT. MABEL'S - DAY

The sun sets quietly over the distant mountains. Mabel stands by the window looking at a tower of smoke in the distance. John remains seated in the booth by the window. He doodles on a napkin. He writes out "Helen" in big bold letters and draws an apple right beneath it. He takes the napkin and crumples it.

John watches a big rig pulls up right outside the window. He grabs his gun and holds it by his side. RANDY, a large burly man steps out of the truck and enters the cafe. His face is dirty and unshaven. His hair is long and wild. He's wearing a flannel shirt, a pair of jeans, and black snakeskin cowboy boots. Chewing tobacco drips from the side of his mouth. He walks over to Mabel.

RANDY

Where's the bathroom?

MABEL

(pointing to the back)

Through there.

He heads toward the bathroom.

MABEL

(to Randy)

Hey, Paul Bunyan. That sign don't say public bathroom does it? You gonna buy something?

RANDY
Not before I'm done draining my
blue ox.

Randy laughs and walks into the bathroom

MABEL
For Christ's sake people this ain't
a soup kitchen. This is supposed to
be a place of business

The front door swings open. JOY, a pretty woman in her mid-twenties rushes in. Despite her clearly pretty features, she looks tired and dirty.

JOY
(to Mabel)
Whose car is that out there?

Mabel points to John. Joy runs over to John's booth. She plops herself down on the seat across from him. John looks annoyed. He is still clutching the gun firmly under the table. Joy speaks very quickly obviously panicked by something.

JOY
Hey mister. I need a ride.

JOHN
This is the end of the road for
me. No passengers.

JOY
C'mon man.
(beat)
Did you see that guy who went into
the bathroom?

John nods.

JOY
I think he's kidnapping me?

JOHN
You think?

JOY
He's giving me a ride sure, but from
what he's saying it's not gonna be
free. He's psycho. I mean if he

heard me talkin' to you like this
I dunno what he'd do.

JOHN
Then stop talking to me.

JOY
(panicked)
If you don't help me he's gonna rape
me and kill me. You want that on
your conscience?

JOHN
How do you know I got one? And what
makes you think he'll do this to you?

JOY
I just know. Maybe it's female
intuition. Maybe it's the clothes. He
looks like a rapist. He's got their
uniform on. Hey look, you ask a lot
of questions for someone who doesn't
give a shit.

JOHN
I'm just bored.
(points to Mabel)
You wanna ride? Ask her.

JOY
I got money. I can pay you.
John's eyes widen with curiosity.

JOHN
How much?

JOY
A lot.

JOHN
What if he comes out?

JOY
He won't. Last stop he was in the
john for a half-hour. He eats a lot
of pork.
(urgently)
Now please let's go!

JOHN
You said you have money?

JOY
Yeah plenty.

JOHN
Give me ten bucks.

JOY
Okay.
(reaches into her purse)
Here.

John takes the money and walks over to Mabel.

JOHN
This won't be enough to repay
you, but it's better than nothing.

MABEL
It's double your bill. I'll take it.

John heads toward Joy who is holding the door open.

JOY
Let's go.

John and Joy run outside to the car. Mabel walks over to the door as they drive away. The car kicks up a cloud of dust as it takes off down the road.

MABEL
God must have loved dumb people,
he made so damn many of them.

Randy walks out of the bathroom and sees the cloud of dust outside. He runs over to the window and watches the car grow smaller as it distances itself from the cafe. He notices John's crumpled napkin with "Helen" and the apple doodled on it. He looks at it closely and then throws it back on the table.

INT. MOVING CAMARO -NIGHT

The car is flying down the highway. The sun has set. John is driving. He is using the wipers in an effort to get dirt off the windshield, but they only make it worse.

JOY
How can you see where you're
going?

JOHN
I can't.

JOY
Where are you going? Wait, let me
guess.

JOHN
Go right ahead.

JOY
You're a salesman?

JOHN
Would you buy anything from me?

JOY
A preacher?

JOHN
Do I look like someone who cares
what god says?

JOY
I give up then. Let's start with
your name. I'm Joy.

JOHN
My name's John.

JOY
So what's your story John?

JOHN
You first?

JOY
(playing with her hair)
Me? Well, that's easy. I wanted
to be an actress but found out I got
a face for radio. So I'm calling it
a day and heading home.

JOHN
Little hard on yourself don't you
think?

JOY
What do ya mean?

JOHN
You know what I mean.

JOY
(smiles)
Sure, but I just wanted to hear
you say it. It sounds better than
when it's just rattling in my head.

Joy looks at herself in the mirror on the visor above her.

JOY
I look like shit.

JOHN
I don't think anyone would care
out here.

JOY
Your turn.

JOHN
I'm going home too.

JOY
Where's home?

JOHN
New York.
(beat)
I think.

JOY
You think? Hey, I don't know much,
but I know where home is.

JOHN
Yeah well it's easy for you. But
for me it's a little more difficult.
I've lost my memory.

JOY
(laughs)
Oh really? Amnesia? Don't try to
write scripts cause that one's been

played out.

John looks hurt by her comments.

JOHN

(angry)

Hey, I didn't really expect you to believe but you don't have to laugh at me. Unless you're trying to piss me off.

JOY

And I don't wanna see you angry right? Not gonna hulk out on me are you? Been exposed to too many gamma rays out here in the desert John?

JOY

(con't)

Replaced your memory with a mean streak?

John steps on the brakes and the car comes to a SCREECHING halt. Joy head almost slams into the dashboard. There is nothing around them but flat rock for miles.

JOY

Asshole. I coulda got a concussion.

JOHN

Get out.

JOY

Here? You gotta be kidding?

John just looks at her without saying a word. He obviously isn't kidding.

JOY

C'mon it's the middle of the fuckin' desert.

JOHN

And if you're lucky that rapist will pick you up. At this point you stand a better chance with him than me.

John opens his door. Joy watches him with a surprised and confused look on her face.

EXT. DESERT -NIGHT

Johns gets out of the car and marches over to the passenger side door. He opens it and forcibly removes Joy from the car. He locks the door and shuts it.

JOY

(yelling)

You can't leave me here!

JOHN

Watch me.

John gets back into the car leaving her standing in the road. The car pulls away. Joy makes a halfhearted attempt to run after it.

JOY

(yelling)

Wait, my bag. You got my bag!

The car doesn't stop. Joy stands in the middle of the road watching the taillights grow dim.

JOY

Asshole.

She picks up a rock and throws it towards the car, but it's too far away to make a difference.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Joy walks along the highway with her hands folded across her chest trying to stay warm. Headlights approach swiftly from the west. The car is Oedipus' green Taurus. It stops beside Joy. The window rolls down and Joy sees Oedipus sitting behind the steering wheel. She continues to walk.

OEDIPUS

Looks like you can use a ride.

JOY

Very perceptive.

OEDIPUS

Hop in.

She stops walking and leans into the car's window

JOY

You're not some psychopath are you?

I don't take rides from psychopaths.

OEDIPUS

I'm no psychopath. I'm one of the good guys.

Joy opens the door and gets in.

INT. TAURUS -NIGHT

Oedipus drives while Joy stares aimlessly out the window.

JOY

I had a goldfish once.

OEDIPUS

Yeah... So?

JOY

He was better company than you.

OEDIPUS

I'm not big on conversation. It lets me get unfocused. In my business, if you lose your focus, you're screwed.

JOY

What is your business?

OEDIPUS

None of yours.

JOY

(ticked)

Saw that one coming. Do you at least got a name?

OEDIPUS

Oedipus.

Joy gives him a funny look.

OEDIPUS

He was a tragic figure. I'm a tragic figure. It fits.

JOY

Now I can see why you steer clear of conversation.

They continue down the road in silence.

INT. ROOM 110 - NIGHT

The motel is of the roach variety. The paint is peeling from the walls and the sinks drips. There are two beds. John is sitting on one watching a fuzzy TV and eating fast food burgers. There is a loud KNOCKING outside, but it's not coming from his door.

JOY (O.S.)

Hey, asshole... I'm back.

The KNOCKING persists. John gets up and walks toward the door.

EXT. ROOM 108 - NIGHT

The motel sits in the middle of nowhere. Joy knocks on the door one over from John's. She continues to pound on the door with her fists.

JOY

I know you're in there!

JOHN (O.S.)

(laughs)

No. I'm in here.

Joy looks over and sees that John poking his head out of room 110. She runs towards him intent on attacking him, but John slams the door shut. Joy tries to open it but it's locked. She now pounds on his door.

JOY

Open the door asshole. You got my bag!

JOHN (O.S.)

I'm not opening the door until you calm down.

JOY

Give me my bag!

JOHN (O.S.)

Are you calm?

JOY
(louder)
Yeah, I'm calm!

JOHN (O.S.)
You don't sound calm.

JOY
I'm calm dammit! Open the fuckin'
door.

John opens the door.

INT. ROOM 110-NIGHT

Joy rushes in and jumps on John. John grabs her arm and throws her on the bed. She sees her purse lying on the bed and snatches it. She opens the purse up and searches through it. She doesn't find what she's looking for and throws it at John. John remains calm throughout Joy's tirade.

JOY
Where is it?

JOHN
Where's what?

JOY
Don't give me that shit. You
know what I want. Where's the
money?

JOHN
Oh that. It's not in the bag.

JOY
You can't have it. It's mine.
It's my money!

JOHN
You can have it but only on one
condition.

JOY
What?

JOHN
I become your personal accountant.

JOY

What?

JOHN

I'll hold on to your money. If
you want a sandwich? No problem.
A souvenir. Just ask. Got it?

JOY

Yeah, plain as day. I'm being
kidnapped.

JOHN

You're free to walk out that door.

Joy looks to be finally calm. She sits down on the edge of
the bed. John sits down on the bed opposite her.

JOY

Why the sudden change in philosophy?
Thought you didn't want any passengers?

JOHN

Two reasons
(beat)
I'm finding out this world is much
more livable with money number one.
I need it. You got it.

JOY

I'm just trying to figure out how
this is not a kidnapping.

JOHN

Would you stop with the kidnapping
already. You need a ride and I ain't
free. If you....

JOY

And two?

JOHN

And two. I've got something to
prove to you. To everyone.

JOY

That being?

JOHN

The truth. I need you to believe me.

JOY

If I say no?

JOHN

Then I keep the twenty-five grand.

Joy stands up and paces gently in the center of the room.

JOY

Normally, I would just tell you
to go to hell.

JOHN

But?

JOY

(she hesitates)

But I need a ride and it might be
interesting?

John smiles.

JOHN

Interesting I can guarantee. I'm
gonna shower.

He stands up and walks to the bathroom.

JOHN

(con't)

You can stay here if you'd like.

INT. TAURUS - NIGHT

Oedipus is asleep in his car. John's motel is just across the street. A trail of drool streams from his mouth. An envelope rests between the windshield wiper and the windshield. Oedipus' cell phone RINGS. Oedipus is jolted into consciousness. The phone continues to RING. Oedipus searches the messy car frantically for the phone. He finally finds the phone between wedged between the seats and holds it to his face.

OEDIPUS

Hello?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Stay awake Oedipus. You did well today.

OEDIPUS

It's nice to be appreciated, but what

about my money.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Open your eyes and ye shall find.

The man on the other end hangs up. Oedipus puts down the phone. He notices on the envelope on the windshield, opens the window and grabs it. Inside the envelope is a wad of cash. Oedipus smiles, but his smile melts as he looks around for the person who left the envelope.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 110 -NIGHT

John is in the shower. WATER runs in the b.g. The bathroom door is open slightly and John and Joy are holding a conversation. Joy searches through John's clothes for the money.

JOY

(loudly)

Hey. You say that you don't remember anything?

JOHN (O.S.)

Nothing.

JOY

Don't that piss you off?

JOHN (O.S.)

What do ya think?

JOY

I guess that means you're a virgin.

JOHN (O.S.)

What!?

JOY

I said, I guess that means you're a virgin.

The shower water stops running. Joy jumps into bed and pretends she's been watching television the whole time.

JOHN (O.S.)

(defensive)

No, it doesn't.

JOY
Well technically.

John exits the bathroom dripping wet. He is wearing a pair of shorts and has a towel draped around his shoulders.

JOY
(talking fast)
I mean if you can't remember then
you don't know for sure. I mean you
could've been a priest or something.

JOHN
(dubious)
A priest?

He goes back into the bathroom.

JOY
It's cool though cause the first
time is often the best time. You
don't even know what it's like to
kiss a girl.

John exits the bathroom now dressed in shorts and a t-shirts.

JOHN
Yeah well, you may think that now,
but put on my Nikes and it's a
different story.

JOY
You don't even know when your
birthday is, or how old you are.

John walks over to the bed closest to the window. He turns down the sheets and lays down.

JOHN
I try not to think about it too
much. The only time I remember
anything that might have something
to do with my past is when I dream
and I plan on doing some dreaming
right now.

JOY
(very interested)
So when you're asleep-

JOHN
Hello? Weren't you listening? I meant
right now as in right now. Night Joy.

JOY
Okay... Okay. Goodnight.

John shuts off the light leaving Joy in the dark.

INT. ROOM 110 - NIGHT

The room is dark. John is asleep in his bed. Joy is kneeling on the floor quietly searching through John's things for the money. She looks upset when she can't find it. She slowly crawls over to John's bed. Joy begins to pull back his sheets, when suddenly he grabs her arm. She SCREAMS in fright.

JOHN
Which package are you looking
for? Yours or mine?

Joy looks at him, but doesn't say a word.

JOHN
Go back to bed.

John rolls over turning his back on Joy. Joy crawls back into bed disappointed and humiliated.

INT. ROOM 110 -DAY

A small sliver of sunlight filters through the shades. Joy is asleep in bed. John's bed is empty. The door opens and an explosion of sunlight fills the room. John walks in holding a couple of coffees

JOHN
(loudly)
Rise'n shine sleeping beauty.

Joy rolls over in bed, obviously groggy.

JOY
What time is it?

JOHN

Quarter to ten. Got some coffee
here to put some gas in your tank.

JOY
I don't drink coffee.

John slams her coffee on the table next to the bed.

JOHN
You do now.

JOY
I'll drink what I want. And not what
some coco bird tells me.

JOHN
Hey, your loss. But you don't got
much ground to stand on. I had
four flat tires that I had to fix
thanks to you.

JOY
Guilty as charged.

JOHN
Hey, no problem. You paid for the
replacements.

Joy rolls her eyes in disgust.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S -NOON

Denny's is filled with the usual lunchtime crowd. John and Joy wait for the hostess to seat them. John looks very edgy. His eyes shift in all directions as they wait. A HOSTESS escorts them to a table in the middle of the room. The hostess is her mid-forties with a couple teeth missing and a bad hair month.

JOHN
(to hostess)
Do you got something a bit more
private?

HOSTESS
Take a look around. We're jammed.
(she lowers her voice)
You ain't nobody famous are you?

JOY
He's the Zodiac killer.

It takes the hostess a few seconds to realize she's joking.
She forces a laugh.

HOSTESS
If you wanna wait for a table in the
other room be my guest.

JOHN
Forget it. This is fine.

John and Joy take a seat. The hostess walks away

JOY
What's with you?

JOHN
What's with you? Maybe, I *am*
Zodiac killer. And you could've
just tip her off. You don't know.

JOY
Just having a laugh at your expense,
but the whole privacy thing freaks me
out.

JOHN
I don't like being seated out in
the open like this. It makes their
job easier.

JOY
(confused)
Who's job?

JOHN
The people watching us?

JOY
(doubtful)
Watching us?

JOHN
Yeah watching us. Watching me at
least.

JOY

C'mon John, Why would they be watching you? You gotta be the most boring man I've ever met. It's like watching a corpse decay.

JOHN

I just got the questions. Someone else has the answers. And they're watching.

JOY

Maybe that's cause your paranoid and you just think you're seeing these people.

JOHN

Maybe I am. But just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean they're not there

JOY

You need to chill out. You know that?

(beat)

Take some time off. Watch a comedy.

JOHN

A comedy?

JOY

So you can see what's funny is. If you wanna make the mysterious people job harder, just smile. It'll make them think yer up to something.

The conversation ends and they look at their menus.

INT. DENNY'S - DAY

John stands by the counter paying the bill. Joy waits by the door. He sees a pile of newspapers laying by the register. He picks one up. The lead story is about Sheriff Ike Turnstill's death. A photo shows the charred remains of his patrol car in a ditch. The headline reads, "Veteran Sheriff Burned in Black Rock". John's mouth drops. Joy notices and walks over to him.

JOY

What's wrong?

He shows her the paper.

JOHN

Proof that I'm not paranoid.

She holds the paper trying to figure out what she should be looking at.

JOY

I don't get it.

He takes the paper back and tosses it on the counter.

JOHN

It's better that you don't.

He pays the check and heads for the door. Joy follows right behind.

JOY

Hey, if I'm gonna be on the road with you better start telling me what's going on in that head of yours. I'm nervous enough as it is.

JOHN

A little anxiety is good for the soul.

Joy does not look happy with that response.

EXT. DENNY'S - DAY

Joy and John exit Denny's. They turn the corner and head for the car. Randy exits his truck and begins to walk toward them. He's wearing the same clothes he was the day before.

RANDY

Well look who it is.

JOY

Shit!

John and Joy stop walking. Joy looks frightened. Randy swiftly approaches them.

RANDY

I want my money bitch!

JOY
(softly)
John?

JOHN
Yeah?

JOY
Can you fight?

JOHN
I dunno.

Randy continues to walk towards them.

JOY
Can you run?

JOHN
Yeah.

JOY
Show me!

The Camaro is about fifty feet away. Joy takes off towards the car, with John following close behind. Randy begins to run as well. He's faster and begins to catch up. He is about to overtake them when a car speeds out of out of a nearby parking space and slams into Randy. Randy flies over the hood and lands on his face several yards away. The car is Oedipus' green Taurus.

Joy reaches the car, but John stops to watch the injured Randy lie in pain in the middle of the lot. Oedipus gets out of his car and walks over to Randy. Joy is already in the car.

JOY
C'mon! Let's go!

Randy tries to stand up. Blood drips from his nose. Oedipus stands besides him and kicks him in the stomach. Randy rolls over onto his back. John hustles over to the car. Oedipus continues to pummel Randy.

INT. MOVING CAMRO -DAY

John sits behind the wheel still trying to regain his breath. The car speeds through traffic leaving the parking lot far behind. The road runs along a small river.

Neither, John or Joy aren't speaking. Suddenly, John pulls the car off the road. He parks it on the shoulder.

EXT. PARK -DAY

John jumps out of the car and marches toward an open area by the river where a few picnic tables are set up. Joy stays in the car momentarily before getting out to follow him.

JOY
(shouts)
What's up? Where you going?

John continues toward the river. Joy struggles to keep up.

JOY
John, stop!

John steps onto the picnic table. He stands on it looking out over the water. Joy stands beneath him, but he continues to ignore her.

JOY
What the hell are you doing?
Have you lost your mind entirely?

She tugs at his pant leg. He looks at her blankly.

JOY
Hello?

JOHN
(irate)
Leave me alone.

JOY
What's wrong John?

JOHN
I'm angry. Fuckin' pissed and
I'm not gonna drive angry or fuckin'
pissed.

JOY
Hey, I gotta license too. I'll drive.

JOHN
It's you I'm angry at!

JOY
Me? Why?

JOHN

You must think I'm dumb as a rock.
Fuckin' gigantor back there was
ready to kill us which forced me
to think... Why?

JOY

Whatcha come up with?

JOHN

You really wanna know?

Joy nods her head reluctantly.

JOHN

Here it is.

He reaches into his pocket and tosses a wad of cash into the
air. The cash flutters to the ground all around them.

JOHN

The root of all evil.

JOY

Are you crazy?!

In a frenzy she falls to her knees and begins collecting the
money. John jumps off the picnic table and watches her
collect the money feverishly.

JOHN

(mutters)

Typical female.

Joy is too busy stuffing money down her blouse to hear him.

JOHN

Joy.

She doesn't acknowledge him.

JOY

Joy!

Finally, she looks up.

JOY

What?

JOHN

I'm done being angry so I'm leaving.
If you wanna come? Fine. If not?
That's fine too. The ties that bind
have been severed.

Joy watches him as he heads toward the car. She looks down at the money she's holding. She looks dejected, but continues to collect the money anyway.

INT. PARKED CAMARO -DAY

The car remains parked by the river. John sits behind the wheel waiting. He doesn't look to see if Joy is coming. As he leans over to start the car the passenger door opens and Joy gets in. She has money stuffed all over her body. Bills hang out of her pockets and her blouse.

JOY
Just want you to know I had no
choice. I needed the money just
like you.

John starts the car.

JOHN
The situation's dead far as I'm
concerned. And I'm not concerned.
Alright?

Joy nods in agreement. John checks the traffic and then pulls out.

EXT DENNY'S - DAY

PARAMEDICS have arrived to aid Randy who is laying on the ground trying to maintain consciousness. COPS have also arrived on the scene. A TALL COP walks over were Randy lies. Randy's face is covered in blood

TALL COP
Who did this to you?

RANDY
(painful)
A green Ford shithead.

The cop is taken aback at the answer. Randy struggles to sit up but fails.

TALL COP
Shithead? Hey buddy, I'm just

trying to help.

RANDY

Don't want your help. I'm gonna...

Randy's eyes roll to the back of his head as he loses consciousness.

TALL COP

(to paramedics)

Get this trash out of the parking lot
before I fine you all for littering.

Swiftly, the paramedics throw him on a stretcher and take him to the ambulance.

INT. MOVING CAR -NIGHT

It is early evening and the car is speeding along a deserted stretch of road amid acres of cornfield. Joy toys with the radio. She stops tuning it when she comes to a song she likes. John reaches over and shuts it off.

JOY

Hey?

JOHN

When I'm driving I pick the music.

JOY

But you don't listen to anything
and you won't let me drive.

JOHN

That's right.

Joy shifts focus from the radio to something up on the road ahead.

JOY

(cheerful)

Oh wow.

Up ahead a Ferris wheel looms over the tall crops.

JOHN

(unenthusiastic)

You're easy to please if a Ferris
wheel does it for you?

JOY

Oh stop. They're great. If you're driving along and see a Ferris wheel you gotta stop. It's like a law or something.

JOHN

I think I'm entitled to a couple broken laws.

JOY

Oh c'mon John. It'll be fun. It's time to grab some memories man.

The Ferris wheel grows closer as they continue down the road.

JOHN

Forget it Joy. We ain't stopping.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL -NIGHT

John and Joy are sitting on the Ferris wheel a hundred feet up in the air. Joy looks to be having a blast. She is munching on cotton candy. John looks bored. Joy opens the door and peers down to the crowds waiting below.

JOHN

Dammit Joy, close the door!

JOY

'Fraid of heights?

JOHN

No, I'm afraid of hitting the ground.

Joy spits and watches it as it hurdles towards the ground. She closes the door and returns to her seat next to John.

JOHN

You're like a ten-year-old?

JOY

Where's your sense of adventure? You're like a black hole sucking everyone's good time. Look around. You can see three states from up here.

JOHN

All I see is corn.

JOY

John, you should be happy. You've
been given a fresh start at life.
You've got no guilt. Take advantage.
I'd give anything to be guilt free.

John looks sullen. He stands up. The car shakes.

JOHN

Who says I don't have guilt?

He opens the door and looks down. Joy laughs thinking that
he's just fooling around

JOY

I thought you said you were afraid
of falling.

John looks down toward the ground ignoring Joy completely.

JOHN

A mere second is all that it would
take to alleviate the pain

Joy realizes that he's not playing around and pulls John
back to his seat.

JOY

Jesus John... Remember that guilt
thing I was just talking about? Well,
you'd fuck that up royally if you
jumped. Imagine what I'd feel.

JOHN

But why do you even care? What stake
do you have in my life? I've been
nothing but an asshole to you this
entire trip. I don't get it. Why
are you still here?

Joy doesn't respond. She is at a loss for words.

JOHN

(continued)

Are you that desperate for attention?

JOY
(quiet)
Maybe I don't have a stake, but I
do care. I dunno why.
(beat)
God, am I that desperate? What am
I doing up here?

Joy's eyes fill up with tears. She can't hold back her emotions any longer. Her head falls into her hands. She's now sobbing uncontrollably. John watches her cry momentarily before he puts his arm around her.

JOHN
Don't cry. A girl named Joy should
never shed a tear. I'm the bad guy
here. I should be the one crying.

Joy looks over at John. She wipes the tears from her eyes.

JOHN
If you promise never to cry again, I
promise I'll try to have fun.

Joy smiles warmly. John does the same

EXT. FAIR - NIGHT

John and Joy stroll through the park. John looks happy. He is smiling and laughing. He seems oblivious to the CROWDS around him. A young BOY, runs into John's leg. The boy is momentarily disoriented before he sees his parents. He runs over to them.

JOY
Cute kid.

JOHN
I wonder if I have any kids.

JOY
Wow. That is a curious thing.
(laughs)
I don't see you as a daddy.

JOHN
It may turn out true.

JOY

You're kids would have a field day
with that memory of yours.

(child's voice)

But dad, you already punished us.
Hey dad, we showed you our report
card yesterday.

They both laugh heartily, but John's face suddenly becomes
serious. His eyes focused on the crowds up ahead. Joy
looks at him and then scans the crowds.

JOY

(concerned)

What is it John?

Finally, within the crowds of people Oedipus' figure stands
out. Joy still can't see anything.

JOHN

Hold on.

John sprints ahead leaving Joy yards behind. John bumps
shoulders with a CLOWN and doesn't stop to apologize. He
runs through the lines and past the rides. Finally, he ends
up at the far end of the park where he runs out of room.
The area is deserted. Oedipus is nowhere to be seen. Joy
catches up with him. John raises his hands in frustration.

JOHN

(breathing hard)

I saw him.

JOY

Who?

JOHN

Him. I saw him. I dunno who he
is. My stalker.

JOY

Don't flatter yourself.

JOHN

I swear. He's everywhere I go.

JOY

You know how your minds all messed
up? Maybe it's messed up in other ways.
Maybe you see people that look like
this guy and you just think it's him.

JOHN

Whose side are you on here? My mind's fucked, but my eyes aren't. This guys a freak. Definition of the word. He belongs in one of these tents.

JOY

And you saw him?

JOHN

Yeah, he was right there! I'd recognize his shiny chrome dome anywhere.

JOY

All right John. Take it easy. I'm sure you'll cross paths with him again.

She puts her arm around him and escorts him back towards the rides. A few moments later Oedipus steps out from behind a large, electric generator.

OEDIPUS

You got that right little lady. Not gonna let a piece of ass like you outta sight.

EXT. PARKING LOT -NIGHT

John and Joy exit the carnival. John looks relaxed. He's working on an ice cream cone with some help from Joy.

JOY

Feelin' better? We can always take another spin on the Ferris wheel if you'd like.

JOHN

That's okay I'll pass.

They continue along towards the car.

JOHN

You know, I'm glad you forced me to come along.

JOY

Really?

JOHN

Yeah, I need your strawberry smile
outlook on life.

JOY

It's the only one that works.

John puts his arm around her waist.

JOY

And I see it's contagious. Better
watch out were beginning to look
like a happy couple. Don't want
people to get the wrong idea.

John smiles as they reach the car.

JOY

Hey, can I drive? I know these
parts better than you. This is
where I grew up.

JOHN

Only if you promise not to kill me.

He tosses her the keys.

INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

Joy drives along a quiet stretch of road. A friendly song
plays on the radio. She sings quietly with the music. John
is asleep in the passenger seat. His feet rest on the
dashboard.

FADE OUT:

INT. HALLWAY -NIGHT

John is dreaming again. He finds himself in the upstairs
hallway. Blood saturates a oriental rug that lies on the
floor. Light spills out from a room at the end of the hall.

VOICE (O.S.)

John, where are you?

John spins around to find the origin of the voice, but is
unable to find anyone.

JOHN

Helen?

He continues toward the light at the end of the hall.

INT. BEDROOM -NIGHT

The room is well furnished. A GIRL no older than eighteen is gagged and tied to a large wooden rocking chair. Blood stains her shirt. Her eyes widen when he enters. She is terrified. As John walks closer, she becomes even more frightened. Her body trembles uncontrollably.

JOHN
(soothing)
I'm not gonna hurt you.

She doesn't seem to believe him. John tries unsuccessfully to remove the gag from her mouth. He moves on to the knot around her wrist, but is unable to remove that either. He sees a bloody knife lying on the bed and grabs it to cut the rope. The girl shakes violently as he moves for the knife. John drops it on the bed.

JOHN
Are you Helen?

She doesn't respond. She isn't listening.

JOHN
Listen to me! Are you Helen?

She looks confused.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
John. Stop hiding from me.

The voice is not coming from the room.

JOHN
Dammit who are you!

He looks back down to the girl hopelessly.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKED CAMARO -NIGHT

The car is parked. John wakes suddenly from his dream. His foot hits the windshield cracking the entire passenger side of the window. He's drenched in sweat. He looks over to the

seat next to him but there is no one there. Joy is gone. The engine is on and the headlights shine on an abandoned building directly in front of the car. A dilapidated sign reads "Oakside Skating Rink". John opens the door and steps out of the car.

EXT. SKATING RINK -NIGHT

The building sits in the middle of nowhere. Weeds have overtaken the parking lot. Nearby buildings are boarded up and abandoned. John looks around for Joy outside of the building but she's not there. John sees the rink's opened doors and walks in.

INT. SKATING RINK -NIGHT

The roller-skating rink is a disaster. The walls are marked with graffiti. The floors are covered with trash and dirt. The video game machines lie on their side broken. Much of the rink itself has become a trash dump. A few dozen bags of trash litter the center rink. The lights over the rink have been stripped of their bulbs leaving the car's headlights as the only source of light.

Joy stands by the edge of the rink. She looks sorrowful. A tear streams from her eye. John approaches her slowly from behind. She doesn't see him.

JOHN

Brings back memories?

She's frightened by John's presence and dries her eye. John realizes that she was surprised to see him and puts his hands on her shoulders to comfort her.

JOHN

I'm sorry Joy. Didn't mean to...

JOY

It's okay. I was losing reality there. Slipping into another time.

JOHN

A happier time?

JOY

A different time. God, I must've circled this rink ten thousand times.

JOHN
That a lot of miles.

JOY
I was just thinking that. And when
it was all said and done I hadn't
gone anywhere. Just one big circle.
A big waste of time.

JOHN
It's all a big circle Joy. Like it
or not. Ashes to ashes and dust
to dust.

JOY
The part in the middle doesn't have
to be. I left this town after high
school. I had dreams of going
somewhere and being someone, but
look at me. I'm back where I started.

Joy begins to walk around. She focuses her eyes on various
places in the building. She points to an area behind the
arcade.

JOY
You see right there?

JOHN
Yeah.

JOY
That's where I kissed Jeremy
Franklin.

JOHN
Your first?

Joy nods her head. She smiles but her face is still grief
stricken. John walks up behind her. He turns her around
and looks her in the eye.

JOHN
I don't understand why you're so
sad. You've at least got the
memories. Look at me. No matter

JOHN
(con't)
how hard I try. I can't remember
anything. Nothing that makes sense
at least.

JOY

Have you ever considered that a good thing? You don't know who you were. Maybe there aren't any good memories and this whole thing is a blessing.

JOHN

In that case close your eyes.

JOY

What?

JOHN

Close your eyes.

Joy rolls her eyes, but does as John asks. John leans in really close to Joy and whispers in her ear.

JOHN

Pretend I'm Jeremy Franklin.

He kisses her on the lips. They kiss for a several seconds. Joy opens her eyes and smiles.

JOY

You kiss a lot better than Jeremy.

JOHN

Beginners luck.

JOY

Wanna see where we went after the prom?

Joy grins seductively and they kiss again. They are standing in the middle of the skating rink. For a moment the rink has taken on its old personality as John and Joy continue to kiss.

EXT. PARADISE MOTEL - NIGHT

The motel is like any other. It has a fifties, neon light look to it. John's Camaro pulls up with John behind the wheel. Joy is sitting right against him nibbling on his ear.

INT. ROOM 3-B - NIGHT

The motel room is much larger than the first. It has a kitchen, but only one bed. John and Joy enter the room. Joy runs into the room first. She jumps up and down on the bed like a ten-year-old. John throws his suitcase on the floor and rushes over to Joy. He tackles her on the bed and begins to remove her clothes. She giggles loudly.

JOY

John.

John is too busy undressing her, to hear her. She grabs his head and makes him look at her. Her voice has taken a serious tone.

JOY

John. Listen to me.

JOHN

Okay, I'm listening.

JOY

Help me break the cycle. I'm from here but this isn't where I belong.

JOHN

Then come with me to New York.

JOY

I'm not desperate am I?

JOHN

No... No. If either of us are desperate it's me. I need you with me. Back at that café I was ready to do something stupid. Something that would have changed the course of my life, if not ended it. But fate sent you to make sure that wasn't gonna

JOHN

(con't)

happen.

Joy smiles. She takes his hand and holds it to her face.

JOY

I believe you John. Everything you've ever said. I trust you John, now please take me.

John turns off the light.

FADE OUT:

INT. ROOM 3-B DAY

The room is pitch dark. Joy lies asleep in bed all alone. John is nowhere to be seen. The floor CREEKS and Joy opens her eyes. She can see the silhouette of a man creeping towards her. She tightens her grasp on the sheets, but doesn't move. The man continues to grow nearer until he is close enough for Joy to hear him breath.

JOY

John?

JOHN

Yes.

Joy's hand shoots for the light. She turns on the switch and sees John hovering over her with a gun pointed only inches from her head.

JOY

(calm)

What are you doing John?

JOHN

I trusted you Joy. You lied to me.

John's face is red with anger. Joy seems nervous.

JOY

You can't do this John?

JOHN

I thought you were Jesus, but you're only Judas.

JOY

I'm sorry.

JOHN

Too late for apologies.

Joy is crying now, but her body remains petrified by fear.

JOY

Please John no!

John doesn't respond. He slowly puts pressure on the trigger.

JOY
(shouts)

NO!

John pulls the trigger and the GUNSHOT echoes throughout the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 3-B NIGHT

Joy is sitting in up in bed. Her faces is moist with sweat. Her body trembles. Her sudden movements awake John. He throws his arms around her to comfort her.

JOHN
It's okay Joy.

JOY
(pleadingly)
John, I'm sorry.

JOHN
It's okay Joy. It's okay.

They rock back and forth as he tries to calm her.

JOHN
We all have our nightmares.
EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The gas station is located in semi-crowded area. There are plenty of nearby stores and residences. The station itself has a small convenience store attached. The Camaro pulls into the station and stops by an available pump.

INT. PARKED CAR - DAY

John sits behind the wheel with Joy next to him. She plays with her hair as he wait for an attendant.

JOY
Can you go in and get me a
devil dog?

JOHN
You're legs working? Why do I
have to go in and get it?

JOY

Cause I'm asking.

JOHN
What's in it for me?

JOY
Quick lesson pal. Never ask a girl
what's in it for me.

JOHN
I think it's a legit question.

JOY
Oh do you. Well then here's a legit
answer.

Joy grabs her breast and shakes it a bit.

JOY
How do you like them apples?

JOHN
All right good point.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

John jumps out of the car. An ATTENDANT walks over to meet him.

JOHN
Filler up.

The attendant walks over to pump and John continues on to the store.

INT. STORE - DAY

The store is the normal convenience store with frosty drinks and lotto machines. John walks into the store RINGING the bell over the door. The CASHIER watches John as he starts down the aisle. The cashier is a large black man in his late forties. He searches for the Devil Dogs. He finally finds it and grabs a couple from the rack.

The cashier walks over to John slowly. His nametag reads LUTHER.

LUTHER

Raymond?

John pays Luther no mind. He puts some of the devil dogs back on the rack. Luther puts a hand on his shoulder and John looks over to LUTHER.

LUTHER
Raymond? Man it is you?

John shoots him a quizzical look.

LUTHER
It's me man.
(points to nametag)
Luther.

JOHN
What? Raymond?

LUTHER
(confused)
You're not Raymond Hathaway?

JOHN
I dunno.

LUTHER
Sorry, man. You look just like this
dude I spent some time with back
when.

Luther begins to walks away.

JOHN
Luther wait!

Luther turns around.

LUTHER
Well are you Raymond or are you not?

JOHN
Yeah. Yeah, of course I am. I'm
just fuckin' with ya.

Luther gives John a big hug.

LUTHER
You've always were a ball buster. I
guess some things don't never change.
How are things goin' down witcha?

John doesn't look like he knows what to say.

JOHN

Things have been strange. Just tryin'
to get my life back together.

LUTHER

I hear ya. Things are always hard
after graduation. The world ain't
ready for us and we ain't ready for
world. Know what I mean?

JOHN

So yer doing okay?

LUTHER

Yeah you know. Not great but it's
something. Ain't a bad town to
live in.

JOHN

Miss New York?

LUTHER

What you talkin' bout? I ain't never
set foot on that island. That's where
you're from not me.

JOHN

Sorry. I forgot.

LUTHER

You ain't living here in Vernon are
ya?

JOHN

Nah... Just passing through.

The sound of several quick car HONKS interrupt the
conversation briefly. John looks outside and sees that Joy
is honking the horn.

There are now several CUSTOMERS waiting on Luther to get
behind the counter.

LUTHER

Man, you ain't changed a lick since
we be roommates.

JOHN

I don't even remember those days.

LUTHER

I got it blocked too. Don't ever
wanna go back. Prison will change
a man and I ain't talkin' no positive
change either.

John looks surprised when Luther says "prison". He doesn't
know what to say next. Joy continues to honk the horn and
the customers look annoyed.

LUTHER

Hey man. I hate to cut this short
but I got a job I be needing to get
back too and it looks like you're
woman ain't thrilled either.

Luther leans into John's ear.

LUTHER

(whisper)

You don't need to pay for those.
They're on me.

John smiles and walks out the door.

INT. PARKED CAR - DAY

Joy waits impatiently for John to return. Finally the door
opens and John hops in. He tosses Joy her Devil Dogs and
starts the car.

JOY

What took you so long? Where you
applying for a job?

She looks at the Devil Dogs.

JOY

I said one. I didn't say a half
dozen.

John pulls out of the station and back out into traffic

JOHN

Would you shut up for a second? You
never let me talk.

JOY
Go right ahead.

JOHN
Thank you.
(beat)
I found out something about my past.

JOY
(surprised)
What? What did you find out?

JOHN
My name.

JOY
No way... What is it?

JOHN
Raymond Hathaway.

JOY
You sound like a dork.

JOHN
A dork is find with me. I have
a fuckin' name. Now the hunt begins.

JOY
Where do we start?

JOHN
The library.

John slams his fist against the steering wheel in
jubilation.

EXT. VERNON LIBRARY - DAY

The library is just a small house with ugly metal siding.
John's Camaro pulls up. John and Joy exit the car and walk
toward the library.

JOY
I betcha anything this town's got
nasty low S-A-T scores.

JOHN
How you figure?

JOY

Just look at this place. You can always judge an town by looking at its library.

JOHN

I'll remember that when I'm looking to settle down.

JOY

I'm serious. They might have the best little league field in the county, but they couldn't tell you how to get to the library.

JOHN

There's more to you than meets the eye.

JOY

You just have to peel away the layers.

JOHN

(grins)

I thought we did that already?

JOY

That was only skin deep my man.

They enter the library.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The library is small and poorly lit. John and Joy are standing by the librarian's desk. The librarian isn't there nor is anyone else.

JOY

Where's the librarian?

John shrugs his shoulders.

JOY

(impatient)

Hello... Is anyone here?

LIBRARIAN (O.S.)

I'm here. I'm here.

John and Joy turn around to see the LIBRARIAN, a little old lady, walking through the front door.

JOY

Oh I'm sorry. Sign said you're closed.

LIBRARIAN

Nah, we're open. I live in house just next door and my soaps are on and I'm can't bring a TV over here or else the town council does their li'l chicken dance over my pension. If you get what I'm dishin'?

JOY

Aren't you afraid that someone will rob the place?

LIBRARIAN

(laughs)

Well that is the purpose. This is a library after all. Anyway who robs books nowadays.

The librarian takes a seat at her desk and puts on a pair of reading glasses.

LIBRARIAN

So what type of assistance are ya lookin' for?

JOHN

I need a Manhattan phone book.

LIBRARIAN

Manhattan. Sure we got that. I've been there loads of times. My youngest did his schoolin' there.

The librarian struggles back to her feet. She walks toward the back. The arthritis in her knees is obvious.

LIBRARIAN

Just be a minute.

JOHN

You know, I think your little theory's right.

JOY

I'm a lot more than a pretty
face.

The librarian returns holding a phone book. She hands it to John.

LIBRARIAN

Here ya go.

John takes a quick glance and sees that it says "Manhattan" on the cover. He begins to leaf through it, but looks confused. He checks the front cover once more and hands the phone book back to the librarian.

JOHN

I need Manhattan, New York. Not
Manhattan, Kansas.

Joy laughs. John tries to hold it in. The librarian examines it closely. She doesn't believe that she could have been wrong.

LIBRARIAN

Well, I can't guarantee that we got
it. If you can get there in a day
we got it, but anything further it's
a crapshoot.

The librarian returns to the back. John and Joy watch her as she looks for the book mumbling something inaudibly to herself.

LIBRARIAN

Ah... Here we go.

She takes the book off the shelf and brings it over to John.

LIBRARIAN

It's a bit old...
(to Joy)
Probably older than you.

The white pages have turned yellow and the front cover is about to fall off. The date on the cover reads "1972". John checks to make sure that it's the right one.

JOHN

This is the one.

John takes the book over to the nearest desk. Joy watches John as he frantically searches through the book.

JOHN

(loud)
Here it is!

LIBRARIAN

Sssshhhhh.

John and Joy look at the librarian. The librarian points to a "QUIET PLEASE" sign. John rolls his eyes while Joy shrugs her shoulders.

JOHN

Sorry.
(whisper)
Here it is.

He points to a name in the phone book while Joy looks on.

JOY

Hathaway. Raymond

JOHN

That's me.

JOY

Well... It's not actually you. You would have been what--five or six? It's gotta be your dad.

JOHN

I knew that. Just checking if you're following along.

She points to the address.

JOY

Gramercy Park, sweet.

JOHN

What does that mean?

JOY

Means you got money handsome.

John looks over to the librarian. She's sorting through some books not paying much attention to her visitors. Slowly, John tears the page from book and tucks it into his pocket. He walks back over to the librarian.

JOHN
(to librarian)
Thanks.

John hands her the phone book. He starts to head for the door, but turns back to the librarian.

JOHN
You know... There are books in
here that would make your silly
soaps look like nursery rhymes.
You really should take advantage.

The librarian looks at him dumfounded. Joy grabs him and pulls him away.

JOY
Thanks for that public service
announcement.

John laughs and they exit the library.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Randy lies in his bed starrng at the ceiling. He is badly bruised but alive and well. Slowly, he begins to remove the tubes that are attached to him and struggles to his feet. Randy grabs his clothes and begins to put them on. He walks towards the door half-dressed. He glances out the door and down the hall. He sees no one and quickly exits the room.

EXT. 7-11 -DAY

The convenience store sits is a typical mid-western store. A few CUSTOMERS walk out of the store with their purchases in hand. Joy stand besides a pay phone outside the store. John comes out from the store holding a pack of cigarettes. He takes a cigarette from the pack and lights it.

JOY
Didn't know you like nicotine?

JOHN
Oh yeah. It's good stuff. I just
forgot I was addicted to it.

John enjoys his cigarette for a few moments. Joy taps her foot impatiently.

JOY

Well? Are you gonna call or we just gonna stand here like a couple of teenagers on a Friday night?

JOHN

Take it easy. I'm just thinking bout what I'm gonna say.

He finishes the smoke and tosses it out into the parking lot.

JOY

How bout? Hey dad. What's up? Anyway don't get your hopes up too high. That phone number probably doesn't even exist anymore.

JOHN

I can always count on you for that shot of confidence.

He picks up the phone and starts dialing. She grabs the phone and hangs up.

JOHN

(ticked)

What are you doing?

JOY

You're retarded. How are you gonna call New York from a pay phone in Kansas?

JOHN

Collect.

JOY

You can't call collect. Not a good way to start a conversation.

JOHN

I don't got two hundred quarters.

JOY

I got something better.

Joy looks into her bag. She pulls out a calling card.

JOY
Use this. For that special occasion.

He takes the card and dials the number. His hands are shaking.

JOY
(soothing)
Take it easy John. You got nothing to lose.

The phone rings twice before someone picks up. A male voice answers. The voice sounds harsh and old. He is RAYMOND SR.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
Hello?

JOHN
Is this the Hathaway house?

RAYMOND (O.S.)
(wary)
Yeah this is Raymond Hathaway. Who's this?

JOHN
This is your son.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
Sonuvabitch.

The phone goes dead.

JOHN
Dammit.

He redials the number.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
Can't you leave well enough alone?

JOHN
Don't hang up.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
Give me a reason not too.

JOHN
Cause I'm blood.

Raymond doesn't answer. His BREATHING is loud and forced.

JOHN
Still there? Dad?

RAYMOND (O.S.)
I'm not finding this humorous. I'll
have you arrested.

JOHN
For what?

RAYMOND (O.S.)
Impersonating a dead man.

JOHN
But I'm alive dad and I'm coming
home.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
If you're alive then you would know
never to call me or to set foot in
this house ever again.

Raymond Hathaway hangs up once more. John slams the phone
down on the receiver.

JOHN
Dammit! Why won't he talk to me?

JOY
Call him again.

JOHN
Fuck 'em...Next time he talks to me
I'll be looking him straight in his
eyes. Let's see him try to avoid me
then.

JOY
You sure that was your dad?

JOHN
Yeah, it makes sense. He's Ray senior
and I'm Ray junior. There's one

thing I don't get though.

JOY

What's that?

JOHN

He said I was dead.

JOY

Strange... Maybe, he means dead
in his eyes but not, you know, really
dead dead.

JOHN

No. I think he meant dead as in dead.

JOY

Maybe you're a ghost John.

JOHN

Very funny.
He walks over to the car.

JOHN

Let's go pay him a visit. He's
got explaining to do.

INT. TAURUS - NIGHT

Oedipus is back behind the wheel. He is tailing right
behind John's Camaro in a busy stretch of highway outside of
Chicago. The city's skyline grows closer as they continue
down the road. Oedipus' phone rings.

OEDIUPS

Yeah?

VOICE (O.S.)

He's going to New York.

OEDIUPS

I'm all over it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Make sure he makes it there.

OEDIPUS

I said I'm all over it. He's not
more than thirty yards from me right
now.

VOICE (O.S)
Don't get caught. He's on to you
already.

OEDIPUS
I'll do my job. You do yours.
(hangs up)
Whatever that is.

Oedipus tosses the phone onto the seat next to him as he
continues to drive.

INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

John and Joy are driving along the same stretch of highway
near Chicago. John looks in this rear view mirror and sees a
swarm of headlights behind him. Joy staring aimlessly out
the window.

JOHN
We're not safe.

JOY
Ah oh. Paranoia has reared it's
ugly head once more.

JOHN
I'm not listening to you anymore. I
may not have any memories but I got
feelings. And I'm feeling eyes burning
a hole in the back of my head.

JOY
Let 'em.

JOHN
What?

JOY
Let 'em watch ya. They haven't done
anything to ya yet have they?

JOHN
Well no.

JOY
Maybe they'll see how boring you are
and go home.

JOHN
Or how annoying you are.

JOY
It's a possibility.

JOHN
In any event when we get to Chicago
we're dumping this piece of shit on
wheels and taking the train.

JOY
All the way to the big apple?

JOHN
All the way.

JOY
Sounds like a plan.

John continues to drive. Joy's eyes focus on the side mirror and the cars behind her.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY

It is early morning. The station is crammed with COMMUTERS. Everyone is in a hurry including John and Joy. They board their train for New York.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The train is only half filled with PASSENGERS. John and Joy make their way towards the back of the car.

JOHN
We're travelin' in luxury today.

He opens the door to their private compartment.

JOY
Sweet. I'll admit. Paranoia has
it's perks.

They enter the room and close the door behind them.

INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY

The compartment is small but private. Joy rests her sleeping head against the window. John sits directly across from her looking at a ray of sunlight that lights up the room. John puts his hand up and blocks the path of the sunlight casting a shadow in the middle of the room

JOHN

I sat there in amazement of the power I had over the sun. With just my hand I had blocked the sun's ninety-three million mile journey only inches from it's final destination... It was a silly notion, but one that I knew I had before.

FADE OUT:

INT. COMPARTMENT -NIGHT

John is playing solitaire with a deck of cards while Joy looks out the window sullenly. John looks up from his game to look at her.

JOHN

You feeling alright?

She nods.

JOHN

You don't look so good. What's the matter?

JOY

Just thinking.

JOHN

'Bout what?

JOY

Things.

JOHN

Tell me about these things.

JOY

I can't.

John stands up in frustration.

JOHN

This isn't gonna work if you don't let me in. The popular thing is to hide things from me. Don't be the popular girl.

Joy stands as well. She's on the verge of tears.

JOY
Secrets aren't easy on anyone
especially the person holding them.

JOHN
Call me stupid, but I don't
understand what you could possibly
hiding from me.

Joy gets into John's face. The argument escalates.

JOY
Exactly! And you can't. Not now.
I don't wanna hurt what we have.

JOHN
(defensive)
But what do we really have? We don't
have trust and without that we have
nothing.

JOY
(depressed)
Why are you doing this? Can't you
just let a good thing happen? If you
can't leave well enough alone then
maybe I should leave you alone too.

John doesn't respond to her statement.

JOY
I'm thirsty...I'm gonna get a soda.

John sits back down dejected.

JOHN
Get me one too.

Joy walks out. John tries to go back to his game of cards
but can't. He throws the cards on the floor. He leans
back in his seat and looks to the sky for answers.

INT. DINING CAR - DAY

The dining car is tightly packed. A small bar is situated
by the entrance. PASSENGERS are eating lunch and reading the
daily paper. Joy stands by the bar. The BARTENDER walks
over to get her order.

JOY
Can I get a soda?

BARTENDER

Want me to put something in it.
Looks like you could use a little
pick-me-up.

JOY

Just pour it. I don't need to be
knocked on my ass today.

The bartender pours her a soda and brings it over to her.

BARTENDER

One hundred cents.

Joy is set to pay when the person next to her slides a
dollar to the bartender. Joy looks over to see Oedipus
standing next to her.

OEDIPUS

On me.

The bartender takes the dollar and leaves. Joy turns to
face Oedipus.

JOY

Small world.

OEDIPUS

Yes it is. Biting the big apple too?

JOY

Yeah if that's what you wanna call
it. Thanks for the soda.

Joy takes her soda and starts to walk away. Oedipus grabs
her shoulder to stop her. She turns around.

OEDIPUS

Sorry, bout the other day. It wasn't
my intention to act the part of the
asshole.

JOY

Well you pulled it off very well.

OEDIPUS

I apologize.

JOY

Yeah whatever. You're forgiven or something. Now I better get back to the room. My ice cubes are melting.

She tries to leave again but Oedipus stops her again.

OEDIPUS

What would you say to dinner with me in New York?

JOY

I'd say go away. I'm busy.

OEDIPUS

Busy huh? You mean that guy you're with? Doesn't seem your type.

JOY

Oh yeah? And you are? Listen pal, I assure you that my type isn't a freak like you and-

Joy's face goes white. She can't complete her sentence.

OEDIPUS

(dead serious)

You don't have to resort to name calling.

Quickly, she exits the dining car heading back to her compartment.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joy continues through the narrow halls. She looks panicked and checks behind her several times to make sure that she's not being followed.

INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY

John is cleaning up the playing cards he tossed to the floor. The door swings open and Joy walks in with her soda. She takes a seat across from him.

JOHN

Where's my soda?

JOY

Didn't get you one. Take mine.

She hands him the soda.

JOY

(concerned)

Listen. You know that guy you said
you saw at the fair? The guy who's
stalking you?

JOHN

Yeah?

JOY

Describe him.

JOHN

Describe him? Why?

JOY

Please. Just do it.

JOHN

Alright well, he's tall. Real tall.
Maybe six-foot-six. Dress like...

John pauses while he tries to think of the right word.

JOY

Like a guy trapped in the seventies?

JOHN

Exactly! Why do you know this?

JOY

He's on this train. He bought me
that soda. And remember when you
left my ass out to dry in the desert?

JOHN

Yeah?

JOY

He's the one that picked me up.

JOHN

You never told me that.

JOY

It never seemed relevant. But
when I saw him in the dining car
something clicked. He was a freak,
just like you described.

JOHN

Fuckin' definition of the word.

John gets up from his seat. He removes the gun from his waistband. He removes toward the door, but Joy blocks his path.

JOY
Where you going with that?

JOHN
Where's he gonna hide now? I've
got questions for him and I'm guessin'
it'll take some force to get 'em to
answer.

Joy gets out of his way and John opens the door.

JOY
Stay away from harm.

JOHN
No fears.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

John walks through the corridor with a look of great determination across his face. He has his right hand tucked in his pocket holding on to the gun.

INT. DINING CAR -DAY

John enters the dining car. The car is filled with the same passengers as before, but John doesn't see Oedipus. On the other side of the car, he spots a man holding a newspaper to hide his face. John notices that the paper is turned upside-down. Slowly, John walks toward the back of the car. Oedipus peers over the newspaper and sees John looking at him. John motions him to stand, but Oedipus shakes his head. He shows Oedipus the gun and quickly conceals it again. He leans over to whisper in Oedipus' ear.

JOHN
Let me introduce myself. I'm John.
Now get the fuck up.

Oedipus nods and does as he's told.

EXT. BETWEEN CARS -DAY

There is a small platform between the train cars. The sound of the ENGINE combined with the WHEELS gliding over track makes it an extremely loud area. The door to one of the cars opens and Oedipus and John walk out. John removes the gun from his pocket and holds it at Oedipus. He takes a gun from Oedipus' waistband.

JOHN

(shouting)

Did you use this to kill Sheriff Ike?

Oedipus smirks.

OEDIPUS

(sings)

I shot the sheriff, but I didn't
shoot the deputy.

JOHN

Shut up!

John tosses Oedipus' gun beneath the train.

OEDIPUS

So now that you got me. What's your
next move big guy? Gonna shoot me?

JOHN

Should I?

OEDIPUS

I don't think a man should kill
another man unless he's got a
really good reason.

JOHN

Depends what you consider a good
reason. Why are you following me?

OEDIPUS

I'm not following you.

John hits Oedipus across the face with his gun. Blood drips from his nose and lip. Oedipus uses his hand to wipe it from his face.

JOHN

(increasingly angry)

Don't give me a fuckin' reason. I'll
ask one more time. Why are you
following me?

OEDIPUS

It's what I'm being paid to do. I'm
your guardian angel.

John raises his gun to hit Oedipus, but Oedipus raises his
hand.

OEDIPUS

Stop! Think about it. If I were out
to harm you, you'd be harmed. If I
were out to kill you, you'd be dead
right now. So get your gun out of my
face.

JOHN

Nah... Not yet... I hold the power so I
make the rules. Who's paying you to
protect me?

OEDIPUS

I know about as much as you do. I'm
just a two-bit private dick who got
a mysterious phone call from someone
with a shitload of cash.

JOHN

Any names?

OEDIPUS

None... Look I'm just here to protect
you.

JOHN

Then why hide from me?

OEDIPUS

Hey, that's the orders that were given.
I not supposed to make direct contact
with you. This meeting is gonna cost
me.

JOHN

What do you mean?

OEDIPUS

If I don't follow the specific rules
I don't get paid.

JOHN

How are they gonna find out?

OEDIPUS
I'm not the only one following you.
I'm quite sure of that fact.

JOHN
Who else?

OEDIPUS
Shit man I dunno. It could be the dude
that collects the tickets or that chick
that's got you around her finger.

JOHN
Leave her out of it.

OEDIPUS
Just watch your back. I dunno why
they picked me. I'm just a hack. I'll
admit it. But those guys. The others.
They could sneak up on their own shadow
and give it a scare.

The door to the car behind John swings open knocking the gun
from his hand. The gun lays on the platform momentarily
before falling to ground below. An EMPLOYEE steps out on to
the platform.

EMPLOYEE
What's going on out here?

JOHN
Just havin' a conversation.

EMPLOYEE
Have it somewhere else. You can't
be out here.

The employee holds the door open so that John and Oedipus
can go back inside. John steps back in with Oedipus right
behind him.

INT DINING CAR - DAY

John enters the car. Slowly, they make their way through
the passengers. John grabs a knife off a table and slides
it into his pocket.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

John leads Oedipus through the corridor as they near his compartment. The hall continues to narrow as a group of BUSINESS MEN head right for them. John holds the knife firmly in his hand. John looks at Oedipus before the men reach them. As the men squeeze by John unlocks the door to his compartment. He spins around holding the knife up.

JOHN

All right get in.

Oedipus is gone. In his place is an old BLUE HAIR.

BLUE HAIR

Oh my

John drops the knife.

JOHN

Oh... Sorry. Thought you were
someone else.

The blue hair takes off down the hall. John goes back into his compartment.

INT. COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Joy is asleep on the seat. Across from her John is also sleeping. He stirs in his sleep. He is dreaming again.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

John finds himself in the large Manhattan townhouse. Each time he dreams the mansion becomes more detailed. The once bare walls are now lined with exquisite paintings. The naked floors are now covered with beautiful oriental rugs. John walks slowly down the hall.

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

The parlor is now filled with expensive furniture. The piano is now polished and equipped with a bench. Above a marble fireplace rests a portrait of a family. In the portrait there is a mother and a father along with two children. A girl and a younger boy

HELEN (O.S.)

John... Where are you John?

JOHN

Helen?

HELEN (O.S.)

(louder)

John. Where are you?

JOHN

The piano. I'm by the piano.

John notices a gothic mirror hanging on the wall. He walks over the mirror. The image looking back at him is a younger version of himself. There is blood splattered on his face. He sees long scars that are scattered all over his naked torso.

HELEN (O.S.)

Why'd you hurt them John?

JOHN

I didn't want to.

HELEN (O.S.)

But you did. That's what matters.
You destroyed your family.

JOHN

No!

John slams his fists into the mirror. The mirror shatters and falls to the floor. He holds up his hands and stares at his blood-covered hands. He breathes heavily. There is a KNOCK at the front door. John makes for the door but the dream ends before he reaches it.

INT. COMPARTMENT -NIGHT

New York City is now well within view. John and Joy are both asleep

There is KNOCK at the door. They are startled back to consciousness. The TICKET COLLECTOR pokes his head into the compartment.

COLLECTOR

We'll be arriving in New York in five minutes.

The ticket collector is gone as quick as he came shutting the door behind him.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

COMMUTERS jam the station. There are streams of people everywhere. John and Joy take an escalator up to the main concourse. Once they reach the main level they look around. John's face is pale and he's sweating profusely.

JOHN

Ever have the feeling you're being
watched?

JOY

Yeah... About two seconds ago.

Joy glances over to John.

JOY

Jesus John. You're falling apart.

She reaches up and combs his hair with her fingers and
straightens his shirt.

JOHN

I'm okay. Or at least I will be
when this is all over.

They continue for the door.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

John and Joy exit the station. It is raining. Pedestrians hold umbrellas as they pound the pavement outside of the station. A fleet of cabs waits for passengers. John and Joy get into the nearest available yellow car.

INT. CAB -NIGHT

John and Joy sit close together in the back of the cab. The CAB DRIVER listens to some wild INDIAN MUSIC. The music is loud and fast moving. Joy looks at John concerned.

JOY

You had a dream on the train?

John nods.

JOY

What do you see in these dreams?

JOHN

(troubled)

I can't...

JOY

John, let me into your world. Tell me what you see.

JOHN

Why do you care?

JOY

Cause I'm a part of the journey now. I've let you inside me, not let me inside you.

John pauses for a few moments before speaking. His mouth trembles slightly and he falls into a trance.

JOHN

I'm only sixteen. I'm covered in blood.

JOY

Is it your blood?

JOHN

I don't think so... I don't hurt... They're others in the house... They're hurting.

JOY

Did you hurt them?

John shakes himself out of the trance.

JOHN

I dunno... Maybe... I..I... Forget it. I can't do this.

JOY

C'mon on John, you're hurting too. Time doesn't heal old wounds.

JOHN

I wanna stop.

JOY

Let's change the subject.

JOHN

No, I mean, I don't think I wanna know anymore. I wanna stop this

altogether. Get the hell out of this
fucking town.

JOY

But you're dreams. They won't stop.

(beat)

The question is can you live with your
dreams? Or in this case your nightmares
if you end the journey now?

Joy rubs John's leg to comfort him. The car comes to a
halt.

DRIVER

Five- fifty.

JOY

C'mon John. We're here.

John takes a deep breath. He pays the cab driver and gets
out of the car.

EXT. MANSION -NIGHT

The cab pulls away leaving John and Joy on the sidewalk.
They match the address on the large stately townhouse with
the one from the phone book. Slowly, John walks up the
stairs to the front entrance. The large brownstone is old
and in poor condition. The large bushes out front have
grown out of control. The house is dark. There is a brass
mailbox with the name "Hathaway" engraved on it. Joy
remains on the sidewalk.

JOHN

This is the place.

John stands in front of the door without doing anything. He
looks too nervous to ring the bell.

JOY

Go on. Ring the damn thing.

John swallows hard and rings the bell. The DOORBELL echoes
loudly throughout the mansion. No one answers the door.

JOY

No one's home.

JOHN

Looks like yer right let's go.

He heads down the stairs, but Joy grabs his arm.

JOY

Not so fast. Just because there's
no one home doesn't mean we can't
go in.

JOHN

You mean breaking and entering?

JOY

Well I promise I won't do much
breaking. That is, if you really
wanna go in?

John leans against the railing while he ponders the
question.

JOHN

Of course I wanna see... But I
just don't know if I'm ready.

JOY

This whole trip was all preparation
for what's on the other side of the
door. So if you ask me you're ready.

John throws his hands in the air.

JOHN

All right. All right. Let's do it.

Joy searches through her pocketbook for the right tools.
She removes a small screwdriver and begins to work on the
lock while John stands guard.

JOHN

How did you learn-

John stops mid-sentence and try to pretend he didn't say
anything at all.

JOY

(continues working)

What?

JOHN

I didn't say anything. Nothing.

JOY

There is no such thing as nothing.
What were you gonna say?

JOHN

Well, I was just gonna ask you where
you learned to pick locks?

Joy stops working on the lock to face John.

JOY

Are you afraid of me?

JOHN

No... No, of course not.

JOY

Then why not just ask me.
Seems like a harmless question
to me.

JOHN

Well... It's just that you're so
protective of your past I didn't
know how you'd take it.

JOY

I'm not a criminal John if that's
what you were thinking. My dad's
a locksmith. And during the summers,
I was too.

She grasps the handle and opens the door.

JOY

And I'm not that protective. You
just gotta learn to ask the right
questions.

Joy walks into the home and John follows right behind.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

The foyer is decorated very elegantly. A large chandelier
hangs over the black and white checkered floor. Despite the
elegant nature of the place the interior is very dirty.
Cobwebs grow from every corner of the room.
Both John and Joy search for a light.

JOHN

Do you see a light?

JOY

Looking... Here we go.

She hits the switch and the chandelier lights up the entire first level. Joy looks at the apartment in amazement.

JOHN

It's like a museum.

Joy SNEEZES

JOHN

God bless you.

JOY

God wouldn't have to bless me
if he didn't give me all these
allergies. I'll tell you what though.
god blessed you with a place like
this.

JOHN

I don't belong here.

They continue to search through the apartment for clues.

EXT. MARRIOTT - NIGHT

The Marriott is located in the heart of Times Square. A cab pulls in front and Oedipus steps out holding a small suitcase. A DOORMAN opens the door as he enters the hotel.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -NIGHT

The hallway at the hotel resembles any other. The elevator doors open and Oedipus walks out looking for his room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The small room overlooks the bright lights of Times Square. Oedipus throws his possessions on the floor and closes the drapes. He removes his shoes and collapses on his bed. He toys with a Rubik's Cube.

INT. FOYER -NIGHT

John and Joy are still surveying the dusty room. Joy seems to be looking at the room from afar, only admiring it's grandeur, while John looks more closely at the various objects in the room. He picks up several little trinkets and photos. Studying each with great care.

JOY

And to think you used to call this place home.

JOHN

Yeah, it's wild.

JOY

I bet you got laid a lot in high school.

John leaves the parlor and walks down the hall. He disappears into the darkness of the surrounding rooms.

JOY

Where you going?

JOHN (O.S.)

The parlor. This way.

Joy takes off after him.

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

The parlor looks the same as it did in his dream except that the room is showing its age. The piano in the corner has lost its shine. The portrait on the wall is off-centered. Pieces of the shattered mirror still lay on the floor. A street light outside enters through a naked window casting an eerie glow into the room.

The door opens and John walks in. He stands by the doorway in awe. He is shocked that the room resembles the room in his dream. Joy enters right behind him. John spots the mirror and walks over to it.

JOHN

This is the mirror from my dream.

He sees the pieces of glass on the floor and crouches down to get a better look. Blood covers much of its reflective surface.

JOHN

Well I'll be goddammed. It's my

blood.

Joy moves toward the mantle to take a look at the family portrait that hangs over it.

JOY

Do you suppose the kid in pic's
you?

JOHN

I've considered it.

JOY

This is too weird.

JOHN

It's weirder through my eyes. Just
like I remember.

JOY

So much for amnesia.

JOHN

What's even more amazing is that
every dream became more vivid. My
memory was growing stronger. At first
it was a bare room, with just the piano,
but the more I dream the more details
I remember. And it's the details that

JOHN

(con't)
scare me.

JOY

So? What are you saying?

JOHN

I'm just saying that throughout this
whole...journey I've had this overwhelming
sense of guilt. As if somehow I'm
responsible for what happened here.
So...I don't want you to think anything
differently about me if we find out that
I may have been some psychopathic
killer. Okay? I'm not capable of that...
At least not now.

JOY

I could have told you that.

JOHN

Let's go upstairs. As I recall, that's where all the action took place.

John exits the parlor with Joy right on his heels.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The lobby is busy. CUSTOMERS are checking in. The front door opens and Randy enters. Randy is dressed stylishly. His hair is no longer out of control. It is pulled back into a ponytail. He is wearing an expensive leather coat and he's clean shaven. He looks completely different. The only thing that has remained the same are his black cowboy boots. Randy walks over to the desk. An female EMPLOYEE greets him.

EMPLOYEE

(cheerful)

Hi. Welcome to the Marriott. How can I help you?

RANDY

I'm wondering if you can help me find someone.

He slides a fifty dollar bill on the counter. The employee seems interested.

EMPLOYEE

(whisper)

So, who you looking for?

Randy smiles.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -NIGHT

The upstairs decor is similar to downstairs. A low wattage bulb lights the hallway. There are several doors, most being closed. John looks around before deciding which room to enter

JOY

Which room?

JOHN

The one at the end of the hall's a bedroom. That's where my sister was tied up... In my dream.

JOY

Your sister? How do you know?

JOHN

She's the girl in the portrait. I'm
gonna check out that room first.

John walks down the hall towards the room.

JOY

I'm just gonna hang back and check
out these rooms.

John isn't listening to her.

INT. BEDROOM #1 -NIGHT

The bedroom is decorated like a girl in her teens would have liked it. The calendar on the wall says 1982. A picture on the bureau shows a girl about fifteen sitting on a horse wearing a large smile. He picks the picture up and gingerly touches the glass with his fingers

JOHN

I'm so sorry Jen.

He pauses for a moment.

JOHN

(mutters)

Shit...Your name is Jen. How could
I have forgotten your name?

John continues to survey the room. He sees a chair next to the bed.

INTERCUT DREAM SEQUENCE

As John looks at the chair he has an extremely brief flashback to his previous dreams. He sees Jen tied up to the chair bloody and in pain. The room is clean and vibrant.

The dream causes John to momentarily lose his balance. He falls backwards onto the bed dropping the picture to the floor. The glass CRASHES as it hits. John looks disconcerted.

INT. ELEVATOR -NIGHT

The elevator is small and has gold mirrored walls. Randy stands alone in the elevator. He removes a gun from his waistband and attaches a silencer to it. He holds it by his

side. Randy looks at himself in the mirrored wall and checks his teeth. The doors open.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY-NIGHT

Randy moves down the hallways towards Oedipus' room. He continues to hold the gun by his side. When he reaches Oedipus' room he KNOCKS loudly.

INT HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Oedipus is still working on the Rubik's Cube. The puzzle is almost solved. He ignores the first knock. Randy KNOCKS again. Oedipus puts the cube down on the nightstand and stands up.

OEDIPUS
Who the hell is this?

Randy knocks once more.

OEDIPUS
Cut it out... I'm coming.

Oedipus heads wearily towards the door.

OEDIUPS
Who are you?

RANDY (O.S.)
Room service.

Oedipus grabs his gun as he walks by the desk. He checks to make sure it's loaded.

OEDIPUS
Don't want it. Can't afford it

RANDY
It's complimentary sir.

Oedipus looks through the peephole and sees Randy standing outside his room. Randy hides his gun behind his back.

OEDIPUS
(to Randy)
Don't look like room service.

INT HOTEL HALLWAY -NIGHT

Randy watches the peephole and notices it has darkened when Oedipus looks through. Oedipus pulls his head away from the peephole and light filters through. Randy takes his gun and aims it inches from the peephole.

RANDY

You better take another look.

The peephole is darkened once more as Oedipus looks through the hole.

OEDIPUS

Now I don't see nothing.

Randy pulls the trigger several times shooting right through the peephole and into Oedipus' head. His body makes a THUD as it falls against the floor. Randy calmly puts the gun away and heads back towards the elevator. Blood seeps under the door and on to the rug in the hallway.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-NIGHT

John has just exited Jen's bedroom. Joy is nowhere to be seen. John stops to look at painting of a sunset over the ocean, which is hanging on the wall. The painting is very common one and does not fit the decor of the home.

JOY (O.S.)

John! Get in here.

JOHN

Where are you!?

JOY (O.S.)

End of the hall. Master bedroom.

John hustles down the hall to the very last room.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The master bedroom is lavishly decorated, but like the rest of the house, it's in poor repair. The ceiling has large water stains. However, it looks as if it has recently been lived in. The sheets on the bed are new. Books lie open on a desk. A TV in the corner is on, but is only receiving a snowy reception. John comes bounding in.

JOHN

What is...

John sees Joy standing over by a large recliner. A MAN lies in the chair. He is dead. His eyes are wide open and his skin is snow white. In his right hand he is holding a phone. John slowly approaches the dead man. The man's clothes are dirty. The man looked to be in his mid-sixties.

JOHN
(shocked)
Jesus.

JOY
Must've had a heart attack.

JOHN
Thanks to me.

JOY
How do ya figure?

JOHN
Joy. He's still got the phone
in his hand. Must've scared him
to death when I called.

JOY
But why would your call scare him
that much? John, help me out here.

John begins to pace around the room. He looks deep in thought.

JOHN
He's afraid of me.

JOY
Why's he afraid of you?

JOHN
Cause I killed everyone else.

JOY
Who?

JOHN
My mom and my sister.

JOY
Why did you kill them John?

JOHN
(he points to the body)
Cause of him.

JOY
You killed them because of him?
I don't understand.

JOHN
(agitated)
That's because you weren't here. You
didn't see what he did to them. You
never heard their cries for help.

JOY
What did he do?

John throws the television off of the desk in anger. It
sparks as it breaks on the floor.

JOHN
(loudly)
Why are you asking me all these
fuckin' questions?

JOY
I'm just trying to help you get
through this.

John's eyes tear up and Joy walks over to console him.

JOHN
(calmly)
I keep thinking I'm some sorta
monster for doing what I did, but I
had reasons.

JOY
Why did you kill them?

John pulls away from Joy. He is motionless and his face
expressionless.

JOHN
I just wanted to end their pain. My
dad was a powerful person in this
town but it doesn't compare to the
power he had in this house. If I
didn't do something it never would
have stopped.

JOY

You could have just killed him couldn't you?

JOHN

I should have only because that's what he deserved, but it wouldn't have ended their pain. I had to kill them.

John and Joy stand in the center of the room looking for something to say to each other. Both have become uncomfortable in each other's presence. Finally Joy steps away. She walks over to the desk and grabs a book that's lying there. She holds it up so John can see it.

JOY

Have you ever read this book?

JOHN

What's it called?

JOY

Daylight Bleeds.

JOHN

May have. Couldn't tell you

John turns his back to Joy and walks over to the dead man.

JOHN

The old man really fell apart. I'm glad I ruined his life and then I got to kill him. Who says life isn't fair.

He leans in really close to the dead man.

JOHN

(whisper)

You got what you deserved.

Suddenly, John reaches up and grasps the back of his own neck. He shouts in pain and spins around to see Joy standing right behind him. She is holding the book in her left hand and a syringe in her right. She drops the syringe on the floor and it breaks.

JOHN

What the hell are you doin'?

JOY

(soothing)
I'm sorry John. I have no choice.
They're watching.

John stumbles backwards. He grabs the bed for support, but cannot find the strength to remain on his feet. He's unconscious before he hits the floor. Joy stands over him looking sorrowful.

Seconds later large floodlights are powered up and the room becomes as light as day. The sound of several sets of FOOTSTEPS are heard running up the stairs.

JOY
I'll protect you John. I promise.

FADE OUT:

INT. WHITE ROOM -DAY

The large room is shaped like a box with bleached white walls and a shiny black floor. One whole is made up of a large mirror. In the center of the room John is strapped into a large table that is tilted forward so much he is almost standing straight up. He is fully awake. His eyes shoot around nervously. His clothes have been changed. He is dressed like a patient in a hospital.

The door opens. An INTERN wheels a TV and VCR in on a cart. The wheels SQUEAK as it's being pushed. The intern doesn't as much as glance in John's direction.

JOHN
Hey! Where am I?

The intern parks the TV cart directly in front of John.

JOHN
Where am I? You little prick
answer me! Tell me where the fuck
I am!

The intern shuffles out. John's face turns red in frustration. He struggles to free himself, but is tied in too tightly.

BRYANT(O.S.)
You're back home John.

Dr. Bryant circles the table until he fall into John's view. He's wearing a lab coat and is holding a copy of the book, "Daylight Bleeds".

JOHN
I'm sure as hell not home.

BRYANT
According to a jury made up of your peers you are.

JOHN
My name is Raymond Hathaway and I live in New York.

BRYANT
On that note let me read you something from this book. I think you'll find it interesting.

Dr. Bryant removes a pair of reading glasses from his pocket. He opens the book and turns it to the first page.

BRYANT
Page one. Line one. My name is Raymond Hathaway. I live in New York.

He slams the book closed.

BRYANT
(con't)
Sounds familiar?

John nods his head nervously.

JOHN
I wrote that?

BRYANT
No, fraid not. This book isn't about you. You're about the book?

JOHN
What are you talkin' about?

BRYANT
Everything you know. All your memories. Comes from this book. We read it to you when you were undergoing treatment. A

little experiment we thought up. Your mind decided to adopt it as your own.

The door opens and Joy bursts through. She is holding some papers.

JOY
Dr. Bryant, I have some papers for you to review.

BRYANT
Dr. Kalen can't you see I'm busy with our patient.

Joy looks over at John, but not directly into his eye. John looks lost and confused.

JOHN
Dr. Kalen? What's going on? Where you in on this too?

Joy walks over to John.

JOY
Of course. It was my job. This is an experiment you know? What legitimate experiment doesn't have an observer.

JOHN
I don't get it. What about the dead man?

BRYANT
The mourge's filled with them.

JOHN
Why was I picked?

BRYANT
Because society has turned it's back on you. But we haven't.

JOY
I always told you that you're important.

JOHN
I do recall that. You told while you were fucking me. But then again

I guess you were fucking me all along.

Bryant looks at Joy angrily.

BRYANT

That wasn't in your report.

JOY

I'm sorry. It didn't seem relevant..

BRYANT

That's fine. Just amend your report to account for any physical contact with the subject

JOHN

I'm not a subject! I'm fuckin' human being!

BRYANT

Get to it doctor.

JOY

Yes sir.

Joy finally makes eye contact with . She looks sympathetic as she exits the room.

BRYANT

You're must calm down John.

JOHN

Calm down! How can I calm down?
You're telling me my life's a fraud.

BRYANT

I assure you John, you're no fraud.
What we've learned from you is immeasurable. You've created a better future for this entire country.

JOHN

Don't call me a hero and fuck me at the same time.

BRYANT

You should be thanking me. Instead of rotting away in prison, you are helping

us take very important steps in answering the all important question when it comes to dealing with the criminal mind.

JOHN

And what's that?

BRYANT

Nature versus nurture.

JOHN

You must've taken more than my memory cause I'm not following you.

BRYANT

Quite simply... Is the criminal mind criminally minded at birth or is it a learned.

JOHN

So you took li'l old me and wiped me clean?

BRYANT

So to speak. You were a real malcontent before. We took your amoral identity and replaced it with an immoral one. It's all in little differences. Those are the things that make things work.

Bryant turns around and heads for the door.

JOHN

Answer me this doctor... Who's Helen?

Bryant turns around and walks back toward John. He seems very interested.

BRYANT

Pardon?

JOHN

Who's Helen? Is she in that book?

Bryant stumbles momentarily for an answer.

BRYANT

No, John. She's not.

JOHN

Who is she then?

BRYANT

Tell me what she looks like... Describe her.

JOHN

I've only heard her voice in my dreams.

BRYANT

Then I can't help you. She's probably just a figment of that burned out imagination.

JOHN

You're the one holding the match.

Bryant walks over to the television.

BRYANT

I almost forgot.

He turns on the television and exits the room. The TV is dark. Then a segment of a television news broadcast comes on. A TAN ANCHOR comes on to report the story. The volume is turned on extremely loud.

ANCHOR

Today in Midfield, twenty-seven year old Darren Knight was arrested for the brutal slaying of his live-in girlfriend Tonya Davis.

They show video of John being escorted out of his house in handcuffs by Officer Rossi.

ANCHOR

...Knight, a janitor at Midfield high school allegedly stabbed his girlfriend sixty-five times only months after his parole for a similar stabbing in 1989.

The video cuts to crime scene photos. There is the bloody apartment. The dead body on the floor. John turns his head to avoid seeing the images on the television, but he can't block out the sound.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The observing room is a small dark room on the other side of the mirror. Joy and Bryant watch John squirm. John moves his head from side to side avoiding the images on the television.

BRYANT

Who is Helen? Any considerations
doctor?

JOY

None. He never mentioned any Helen.
Maybe we left some of his memory
intact.

BRYANT

(defensive)

Impossible... It's either all there or all
gone. Nothing could have remained.

JOY

There's gotta be somewhere we
missed. Nooks and crannies where
information is stored.

BRYANT

Then why just a name? Wouldn't there
be an association?

JOY

Maybe it was a lover?

Bryant laughs.

BRYANT

You saw what he did with his previous
lovers doctor. You know his profile.
He was picked because he was incapable
of love.

JOY

Perhaps we were wrong.

Luther enters the room and greets Bryant and Joy with a handshake. He's dressed in a lab coat as well.

BRYANT

Ah, Dr. Morrison how was your trip
to the Midwest?

LUTHER

Very good. Although I've gotten word of some bad news.

BRYANT

Let's hear it.

LUTHER

I just spoke with Dale's right hand man and they're pulling the plug. No more test subjects. They're a little nervous.

BRYANT

That's not bad news for us. Just for the guy in there.

Bryant points to John. John's still in the room struggling with the video.

JOY

We can't send him out again.

BRYANT

Oh no? We're not left with much choice... Unless you wanna take his place.

JOY

No. It's untested...We... We're doin experiments on top of experiments! The results won't be worth the paper it's printed on.

Bryant pauses a few moments before speaking. He is collecting his thought so not to explode.

BRYANT

When the student questions the teacher nine times out of ten the student's wrong. So if you want to question me you better have the research to back it up. It's my experience versus your lack there of.

JOY

Somethings are just wrong.

BRYANT

But it's my call and I want you to

prep him for another run... He is a convicted murderer Dr Kalen. You must not lose sight of the goal.

JOY
What is that goal? Please remind me.

BRYANT
The greater good for humanity. Simple. Keep the streets safe. Not get to work.

Joy exits the room. Bryant walks over to the window and watches John. Luther stands Bryant and watches them both.

BRYANT
I made a mistake by sending that woman into the field. I'm not about make it again.

LUTHER
Want me to keep an eye on her?

BRYANT
Not necessary. It's already being handled.

Luther walks causally out of the room while Bryant keeps his eye trained on John.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The room looks similar to most operating rooms you'd find in a hospital. However, this one is larger and houses equipment foreign to most hospital rooms. John is strapped into the operating table. He is conscious and extremely nervous. TWO GUARDS stand by the front door. The doors open and Joy comes bounding in. She notices the guards and walks over to John.

JOHN
What's going on Joy? Why am I strapped into this table?

She turns her back to shield herself from the guards. She grabs a blood pressure gauge and pretends to be working on John.

JOY
(speaking quickly)
There's nothing I can do. I'll

help you on the other side.

JOHN

(panicked)

Where are they sending me?

JOY

They're sending you underneath the sky.

JOHN

What?

JOY

I'm not gonna waste my time. You won't have a memory in a few minutes. I gotta say what's important. I love you John. As you are now. And because I do I'm gonna help you.

JOHN

Will I see you again?

JOY

No... I'm sorry. That's the price of freedom.

JOHN

What's freedom if it can't be enjoyed.

The doors open and a TEAM of doctors and nurses enter led by Dr. Bryant. Joy pulls away from John.

BRYANT

Away from the patient Dr. Kalen.
Your work here is done.

Joy steps back and allows the team to surround John and the operating table. John struggles as they inject him with tranquilizers and attach various wires to his skin.

JOHN

Leave me alone!

Bryant puts on a pair of gloves. A NURSE wheels over some tools. Joy watches the proceedings from afar. Dr. Bryant picks up a very large needle. It is filled with a blue transparent liquid. He holds it over John's head. John tries to scream but can only manage a whimper.

FADE OUT:

INT. SUBWAY STATION -NIGHT

It is very late at night. The subways are empty. John lays on the ground. He is dressed like a homeless man. His shirt is stained, his pants torn and his shoes are missing its shoelaces. John's face is dirty and his hair is greasy. John's asleep. A phone RINGS in the distance.

A train approaches. The station vibrates as it nears. It comes to a halt and a YOUNG COUPLE exits and take a seat on a bench on the opposite platform. The phone continues to ring.

John wakes up gradually. Suddenly, he sits up. He looks around confused. He stands up slowly. His movements are slow and deliberate. He moves toward the phone which is located on the other end of the platform.

He reaches the phone and grabs it.

JOHN

Hello?

JOY (O.S.)

(on phone)

You don't know me, and my name is unimportant..

JOHN

But who am I? What's my name?

JOY (O.S.)

You'll find that out later. I'm gonna help you escape.

JOHN

From what?

JOY(O.S.)

Just listen. Take the next train to the Seventh Avenue stop. There you'll find a post office on the northwest corner. Inside, you're left hip pocket you'll find a key.

John reaches into the pocket and pulls out the key.

JOY (O.S.)

That key unlocks a post office box. In that box you'll find all the information that you're looking for. Just make sure you're not followed. You got it?

JOHN

Yeah, but I got a question.

A train is approaching.

JOY (O.S.)

What?

JOHN

Who's Helen?

JOY (O.S.)

Dammit John. You need to find that out for yourself.

JOHN

My name is John?

Joy hangs up the phone. The train comes to a halt at the station. John walks toward the doors as they open. He notices the couple make the same move. Neither John nor the couple enters the car. They watch each other motionless. The doors begin to close. John runs into the subway car.

INT. SUBWAY -NIGHT

The doors close. The couple didn't make it on. The subway car moves leaving them behind and John alone on an empty subway car. He takes a seat.

INT. POST OFFICE -NIGHT

There is a giant wall of post office boxes. An OLDER GENTLEMAN is reading his mail by the window when John enters the room. He takes one look at John and his clothes and leaves the premises. John removes the key from his pocket and matches the number on the key with the corresponding box. John opens the box and removes a large envelope. He carries it over to the counter and empties it's contents

His eyes are drawn to dozens of photos that are scattered about. He sees a picture of himself as a child on the beach. Another shows him in a military uniform with a crew

cut. There is a driver's license and a passport. The name on both read John Harriman.

John spots a smaller envelope. Inside that envelope are airline tickets to South America along with a few thousand dollars in cash. John smiles.

INT. PLANE -DAY

It is a bright beautiful day. The plane is filled with passengers. John sits in first class. He is wearing new clothes, a new haircut, a clean-shaven face.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT walks over and pours John some juice.

ATTENDANT

Anything else?

JOHN

No, I'm good.

The attendant moves down the aisle looking for empty glasses. A few rows back from John she passes Joy who is reading a fashion magazine. The attendant continues to make her back towards the back of the plane. At the very back of the plane Randy sits. His look has completely changed. His hair is cut short and dyed blond. He's dressed like a surfer. The attendant pours him some juice.

EXT. CAFE -DAY

The sidewalk cafe is located in a remote town somewhere in the midst to the Andes Mountains. John sits alone drinking a cup of coffee and reading a book peacefully. He doesn't see Joy approach carefully from behind. She is dressed as a tourist with a camera dangling around her neck. She walks up right behind him and places her hands over her eyes.

JOY

Guess who?

JOHN

My waiter with my coffee.

JOY

Wrong.

John takes her hands off his eyes and turns around. He sees Joy but he doesn't say a word.

JOHN

What... What are you doing here?

JOY

You told me to meet you here.

Joy takes a seat across from John. The waiter comes over to the table. Neither John nor Joy notices that the waiter is Randy.

JOY

Can I get a coffee? A real coffee.

Randy goes over to pour Joy a coffee. He pours a cup of coffee and removes a test tube from his pocket. The test tube is filled with the same blue liquid that was injected into John. He pours the contents into Joy's coffee and walks back over to their table. Joy takes long sip of coffee. Randy walks away.

JOY

They call this stuff the best in the world.

She takes another sip and puts the coffee back down on the table.

JOY

Wow... Packs a punch alright.

Joy grabs her head.

JOY

(drugged)

Damn... I'm-I'm

Joy goes unconscious. She falls backward in her chair. John jumps up from his chair to help her. He takes a sniff of Joy's coffee. He looks for Randy but he's gone.

JOHN (V.O.)

She never was the same. After a lengthy coma she had lost her memory as well. She couldn't tell me a thing about my past or even hers. Not even her name. Was she Helen? I'll probably never know. But I have my doubts. Doubts count for something I guess.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is small but decorated very nicely. Officer Rossi gets dressed for work. She puts on her Midfield Police uniform. She buttons up her shirt while she watches television. She grabs her gun and slides it into the holster. She grabs her watch checking the time as she places it on her wrist.

ROSSI
Oh man not again.

She grabs the keys off of the coffee table and heads out the front door. She is only outside for a few moments before she rushes back in.

ROSSI
If your brain wasn't attached I
swear you'd lose it

She grabs her badge from the table and pins it on her shirt. We can see her nametag under the badge. It reads "Helen Rossi". She looks at herself in the mirror briefly and takes off out the door.

EXT. APARTMENT -DAY

She takes one step outside and looks at the clear blue sky and smiles.

ROSSI
Looks like another glorious
day here in Midfield.

THE END