



AT WIT'S END

KARINA HALLE

# At Wit's End

A Screenplay by **Karina Halle**



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At Wit's End

INT. ZIEGFELD THEATRE - NIGHT

CREDITS ROLL over the frenzy of the Broadway musical, *Gentleman Prefer Blondes*. It is the legendary show's last performance. The audience gasps and giggles with delight. The rollicking cast dances and sings with joyful abandon. CREDITS FADE.

TITLE: NEW YORK CITY, 1951

The cast takes a bow to a ROARING standing ovation. Bouquets fly at the stage. In the corner of the stage we see one of the chorus girls, SIERRA HAYES, smiling broadly underneath her red mane.

INT. ZIEGFELD THEATRE BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

There is a flurry backstage. Cast members tear their hot costumes off and congratulate each other. The red-headed siren slides through the sticky crowd. WE SEE the hunger in men's eyes as they follow her every curve and sway.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

On a dark and deserted street behind the theatre, JAMES CHAPMAN looms in the shadows. A fresh, twenty-something boy with a baby face that he keeps hidden under a shady fedora. He glances at his watch.

On the main street ahead, people file out of the building, getting into cabs. No one ventures towards his puddle-strewn street. He looks around him and slowly starts towards the theatre.

There is the sound of a heavy door as it CREAKS open. James ducks behind a bloated dumpster.

Sierra emerges out of the theatre, taking a deep breath. She is thirty-one and would pass for younger, if the tired lines around her eyes didn't fight her youthful face.

She opens her clutch and sticks a cigarette onto her holder. She starts to walk purposefully down the street. She has a look about her that suggests a carnal, thirties style.

James waits in the shadows. Sierra glides by him. James REACHES out and with one hand over her mouth he pulls her into the shadows.

JAMES  
(whispering)  
Don't make a move and no one gets hurt.

Sierra relaxes slightly, then...

BAM!

She elbows him hard into the gut. James doubles over. She kicks him in the knee and as he grunts again she brings the clutch down on his head. She takes few steps back. He looks up at her, barely able to breathe.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Sierra...it's me. James.

SIERRA  
I know.

He tries to straighten up and ends up leaning against the cold dumpster.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
What on earth are you doing here?  
(lowers her voice)  
I thought I told you to meet me at  
the hotel.

He clears his throat.

JAMES  
I know, you did...wow, you really  
know how to hurt a man don't you?

She smiles slyly.

SIERRA  
I've done worse before.

She shakes her head and snaps out of it.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Now you know you can't be here.

She pushes him down the street.

JAMES  
Is Hayden here?

She looks nervously around her and shakes her head.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Why not? Where is he? I was hoping  
for a little one on one.

He raises his fists to his face and takes a macho stance. She rolls her eyes.

SIERRA  
He has his hands full.

JAMES  
He went to the Hampton's again.

SIERRA  
It's worse. She's in town.

JAMES  
So? It's your last performance.

SIERRA  
She told Hayden she didn't feel well, and so, what could he do?

James steps towards her and puts his hand on her shoulder.

JAMES  
Hey baby, I'm sorry. If I'd known he wasn't going to be here I would have a bought a ticket myself.

She shrugs his hand off of her shoulder and looks down at her hands.

SIERRA  
Oh, it's all right.

She looks up at him and gives him a brave smile. Then looks behind her at the busy road.

SIERRA  
Look, I better go. I'll see you in a bit.

He starts walking backwards away from her.

JAMES  
Room 12. I'll be waiting.

SIERRA  
I wouldn't have it any other way.

She starts off in the opposite direction.

EXT. THE HAYES BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

An ominous cloud blocks the moon. Beneath it, on a quiet Manhattan street, a modest brownstone townhouse.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In a small but tasteful first floor living room, HAYDEN HAYES (42) sits in a leather chair. His face is wryly handsome, his manner calm and still, and his tailored pajamas tie it all together into a dashing Cary Grant/William Powell package.

He stares out of the room and down the hallway to the front door and goes over his nails with a neat file. Beside him, the grandfather clock CHIMES loudly, one AM, and he jumps in his seat.

MOTHER (O.S.)

The play ended at nine, didn't it?

Hayden looks up to see his mother, EUDORA HAYES, standing behind him. She places a white hand on his shoulder, peering down at her son like a hawk eyes a mouse.

Her skin is heavily wrinkled and pale, making her look older than sixty. Only her eyes remain young, although they are dark and hidden under folds of skin.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Well?

HAYDEN

What are you doing up Mother? I thought you weren't feeling well.

He gets out of his chair and walks over to the bar. He picks up bottle of gin. She crosses her arms. He starts to mix himself a drink, anticipating what she will say next.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

This was her last night. She's probably out celebrating.

MOTHER

She's making a fool of you Sonny.

He sips from his glass like an elegant bird and shakes his head.

HAYDEN

Mother, please. Leave me alone.

MOTHER

Mother, please leave me alone. You know what happens when I leave you alone.

HAYDEN

Mother, don't start with this tonight. Please.

She ignores his plea and continues on.

MOTHER

I can see it with my own eyes, now that I'm here. What you do.

HAYDEN

(under his breath)

I thought envy was one of the seven deadly sins.

Her eyes turn on him.

MOTHER

A mother's love is not a sin.

HAYDEN

(blurts out)

Well, help me Jesus, it should be.

He awkwardly turns away, takes an anxious sip of his drink. She takes an intimidating step towards him.

MOTHER

After all I've done for you.

HAYDEN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

Her eyes cut into him for a minute until she turns around and sits down. She cracks her knuckles one by one. He gulps back the rest of his drink and wipes his mouth neatly.

MOTHER

Bullshit.

He doesn't say anything, just walks over to the window and stares out at the night.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Underneath it all, you're weak. A decent man has no use for a woman other than his mother. And you're tied to Sierra in shackles and chains. Too weak to let her go.

(beat)

Not even for me.

She sniffles slightly and Hayden turns to look at her suddenly forlorn face.

HAYDEN

You know it's not that easy. It's like I'm in a cage...can't you understand that?

MOTHER

(shaking her head)

For the last two years I've had to share you with a woman who's not fit for this earth. Sometimes I feel like I've lost my little boy.

She dabs at her eyes with a kerchief. Hayden walks over to her and kneels before her. He puts his hands over hers and looks up at her adoringly.

HAYDEN

You haven't lost me Mother.

He kisses her hands softly and tenderly.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

You never will. If I could get a divorce I would, but...

MOTHER

You haven't tried hard enough.

HAYDEN

I have, I have tried but she won't let me go! She wants to start a family, she wants-

In disgust she flings his hands off of hers.

MOTHER

You, Doctor Hayes, are incapable of anything.

Hayden lowers his head and looks at the ground.

HAYDEN

I'm sorry. I'll try harder.

He looks back up at her, studying her stone face.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Are you sure you are feeling all right? I, have some pills if you need them.



MOTHER

Trying to drug your mother, Hayden?

She gets out of her chair and starts to leave the room.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I'll expect my tea at seven  
tomorrow morning. Don't put so much  
sugar in it this time.

She exits, leaving Hayden on his knees, in front of the  
chair. He places his head in his hands.

EXT. THE HAYES BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The moon now hangs lower in the sky, waiting for dawn's  
approach. Sierra trots down the street and up the stairs to  
her Brownstone. A lone car putters down the street, slowing  
as it passes her. She looks around nervously.

INT. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open and she flounces into the hallway and  
locks the door behind her. As she turns around she is  
surprised to see Hayden standing in the hallway, watching  
her.

SIERRA

Good Lord Hayden! You scared the  
hell out of me!

He puts his finger to his mouth and points at the ceiling.  
She gives him an unapologetic look and takes off her coat,  
hanging it on the rack. Hayden walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He walks over to the table and sits down. Sierra enters  
curiously and leans against the wall. He doesn't look at her.

SIERRA

You weren't waiting up for me, were  
you?

HAYDEN

Maybe.

SIERRA

I'm flattered. Aren't you going to  
ask me how it went?

He folds his hands together, eyeing his nails.

HAYDEN

How did it go?

SIERRA

Pretty good, I think. Naturally some people did find it odd that my own husband wasn't there to bask in the glow.

HAYDEN

Naturally.

(beat)

So, what did you tell them?

She walks over to the table and sits down. She pulls out a cigarette from her case and lights it.

SIERRA

The truth. I told them that his mommy wouldn't let him come out to play.

A sly smile plays on her lips. He finally looks up at her.

HAYDEN

What did you do to your hair?

She anxiously feels her hair.

SIERRA

It was curled for the show. Do you like it?

HAYDEN

No.

She sinks back into her chair and takes a silent drag. He gets out of his chair and walks over to the cupboard. Doing so, he spies an art deco necklace on her neck.

HAYDEN

Did I give you that?

She looks down at it then up at him. She twitches.

SIERRA

Uh, no. No, this is from the play. I guess I forgot to give it back.

HAYDEN

You never wear my necklaces anymore, do you? Seems like such a waste.

SIERRA

I do wear them. Just last week I-

HAYDEN

Doesn't matter, doesn't matter.

He pours amber liquid out of a carafe and into a glass. He puts the glass in front of her and then pulls a few pills out of his pocket and places them alongside it. She puts the red pills in her mouth and swallows the liquid, grimacing.

HAYDEN

Picky, aren't we?

She takes another sip of her drink and tries to hide her disapproval this time. He glances at his watch.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

So. Do you mind me asking what you did all night?

SIERRA

I went to the 21 club with the cast. Cast party.

HAYDEN

Did you enjoy it? You looked like you did when you came in the door.

She frowns at him before speaking slowly. His eyes stay riveted on hers, the only part of him that doesn't fit his carefree facade.

SIERRA

What are you getting at Hayden?

A hurt look crosses his face.

HAYDEN

Who says I'm getting at anything Sierra? Do you not want me to be concerned with your well being?

SIERRA

I'm sorry. You just sounded like you were trying to...

HAYDEN

So suspicious of everyone's motives. Always thinking the worst of people. Especially of your husband.

SIERRA  
I said I was sorry.

HAYDEN  
Especially of my mother.

SIERRA  
(struck a nerve)  
What are you talking about? I've  
been nothing but nice to that...  
woman.

HAYDEN  
She sees right through you. Don't  
think she doesn't know psychology.  
She knows how you feel about her.

Sierra gets out of her chair.

SIERRA  
What, did she say something to you?  
Did she want me to miss the show  
just because she was sick?

HAYDEN  
Sit down Sierra.

Obediently she sits back down.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
No. But it would be nice to show  
some concern. You haven't once  
asked if she's all right.

She tries to talk but no words come.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
You only think of yourself. And I'm  
used to that, but she's not. I only  
wish you could fool her into  
thinking I married a decent woman.

Frustrated, she reached for another cigarette and lights it.

SIERRA  
Well if that's the way she feels,  
why bother coming to visit, huh?  
Why doesn't she just leave?

She blows smoke in his face. He reaches over and plucks the  
cigarette out of her mouth, breaks it in half and drops it in  
her drink, all in one elegant motion. He gets out of his  
chair and dusts off his pajamas.

HAYDEN

If that's what you want, I'll drive her home tomorrow. The servants are still on their weekend off but I can see how you wouldn't care. Every man for themselves, right?

He walks out of the room and up the stairs. Sierra watches him go, her face a mix of emotions. She picks up the glass of brandy and runs her fingers over it. Her face scrunches up and she throws it on the floor, it shatters everywhere.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Gray light streams in from the window. Sierra tosses in her small, single bed. The room is hers, decorated in pinks and lilac, frilly pillows and the works.

From outside a car HONKS. She opens her eyes at the noise and puts her hand to her head. She walks over to the window and peers out. A cab sits outside.

Hayden walks his mother out to the cab, putting her suitcases in the trunk. She gets in the back, and to Sierra's surprise, he gets in after her and the cab patters off down the street.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rains hammers down on the window, dark and gloomy. Inside her room, Sierra is sprawled across her bed, barely clad in a silk slip. There is a row of pill bottles on the bedside table. She is on the phone.

SIERRA

(into the phone)

I'm just not sure how long he will be gone. I know, Sugar.

(long laugh)

Yeah, you and the rest of the world. Buh-bye.

She replaces the phone on the receiver and opens a bottle of red pills. She pops a few in her mouth, swallowing them dry. The phone rings. She quickly snatches it up.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

(very sexy)

Hello you.

There is a pause and a shadow of surprise falls across her face and then is composed.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Hayden. What is it?

She listens intently, her eyes widening. She gasps softly and covers her mouth with her hand.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry dear. I am so sorry.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rain pours down on a funeral in procession. A casket is lowered into the ground while Sierra and Hayden huddle under an umbrella. A minister talks, then closes the bible and walks away.

The only other people there are two Hispanic maids, looking solemn in black garb and a round, middle-aged man.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Hayden walks over to the grave and looks over it. Sierra puts her hand on his shoulder and looks around her.

SIERRA

Wasn't much of a turn out. I thought your mother would have had a lot of friends.

He gives the grounds a wry once-over and nods his head.

HAYDEN

Never needed anyone but me.

SIERRA

And Columbus. I thought at least he would have been here.

HAYDEN

He's in Korea. The army called him in. I haven't been able to break the news to him yet.

SIERRA

That will be hard. You always talk about how close he is...was, with your mother.

He stares down at the grave. His cool face scrunching up slightly. His hands curl into fists.

HAYDEN

God, I wish...I wish this-

He pulls away from her and walks towards the parking lot. The umbrella goes with him, leaving Sierra engulfed in the rain. She trots carefully across the wet grass after him.

EXT. WIT'S END - DAY

A shiny, black car rolls down a quaint little street. Because of the rain, no one is walking about, giving the town a ghostly quality. Planted trees wave in the wind.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sierra, in the passenger seat, looks around her. Hayden is driving.

SIERRA

I'm excited to see the house...

She looks at Hayden, who just stares straight ahead. She speaks fast yet forced as if she's afraid of silence.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

It's been awhile. I wonder if I'll notice any of the changes your mother made to it. I often heard you two talking about the new garage.

Hayden stares ahead. Sierra nods at the town whizzing past her window.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

This little town never seems to change, does it?

HAYDEN

Only the circumstances.

EXT. DUNE ROAD - DAY

The rain is down to a drizzle as their car cruises down the country road. The Atlantic crashes on one side, while wet cows huddle on the other. They pass by a huge, red Burma Shave billboard reading:

"Although insured, remember Kiddo; they don't pay you, they pay your widow."

EXT. HAMPTONS HOUSE - DAY

The car slows down and pulls up in front of huge iron gates.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hayden honks the horn.

SIERRA

Can't you open the gates yourself?

He waves her away.

HAYDEN

Parker doesn't mind. He'll feel  
insulted if I ignored his duties.

SIERRA

(under her breath)

It's not really his duty anymore,  
is it?

He honks the horn again and cranes his neck forward. The house is devoid of any light or life.

HAYDEN

(TO SIERRA)

You better open the gates.

She sighs and opens the door. She runs through the rain, nearly falling in the mud. She opens the large gates and Hayden motors through. She watches him drive up to the house, then scampers after him, soaked to the bone.

EXT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The car stops in front of the house and Hayden gets out. It is large and white with three towering stories, surrounded by tall trees and a guest house. Sierra catches up.

INT. FOYER - DAY

The door opens and Sierra and Hayden step into an ornate hall with marble floors, a high ceiling with chandelier and a grand staircase. It is dark and quiet. Hayden pats her wet shoulder.

HAYDEN

I'll go see if he's here.

He walks off to the right of the staircase and down another hall, disappearing around the corner. Sierra wipes her feet and walks into the large hall.

She peers around the corner to the left where she eyes a heavy-looking door. She opens it with a slow creak and peeks inside the dark room.



PARKER (O.S.)  
(English Accent)  
Hello.

Sierra jumps a mile and whirls around to see a tall man standing by the door. A light flicks on and reveals him. He is hired butler, DAVIS PARKER (34), a refined, Gregory Peck-ish man with broad shoulders and a fancy suit.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare  
you Ma'am. I didn't hear you come  
in.

He talks with an English accent, smooth like a polished instrument. Sierra takes her hand off her chest and lets out a sigh of relief.

SIERRA  
Oh. No, that's all right.

She holds out her hand.

SIERRA  
I'm Mrs. Hayes.

He shakes it and nods.

PARKER  
Yes, I know. I was expecting you,  
just not so soon. I am the butler.

Hayden comes back into the hall.

HAYDEN  
Parker. I thought you had left. I  
was honking the horn for you.

PARKER  
I'm sorry Sir. I was in the garage.

Parker holds his arms out for their coats. Sierra looks at him puzzled at his outstretched arms and then blushes.

SIERRA  
Oh, sorry.

She takes off her coat and places it on his arms. Hayden chuckles and does the same. Parker walks over to the closet and places the coats in them.

PARKER

How was the funeral? I'm sorry I missed it.

SIERRA

It was a very lovely service.

He turns around and gives her a sad smile.

PARKER

This must be very tough on you as well Mrs. Hayes. You must think of me as a heartless beast for not being there.

SIERRA

Oh, no, I-

HAYDEN

Parker isn't one for funerals.

Hayden pretends to wipe his eyes.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Too emotional.

Sierra gives Parker a shy smile. He nods.

PARKER

That I am. Plus, there was so much I had to do around the house today. Just putting things away, things of hers...well it was kind of like I was attending a very private burial. It's been a while for you, hasn't it?

She looks around her.

SIERRA

I haven't been here since our wedding.

Parker smiles at the both of them.

PARKER

Must have been a lovely wedding, I can only imagine. It's too bad I had to meet you now under such circumstances. I'm sure Mrs. Hayes adored you.

She gives Parker and embarrassed smile and looks at the ground, knowing the truth.

PARKER

Anyhow, you two must be starving.  
I'll have some lunch prepared for  
you right away.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

A cozy looking room, complete with an oak dining table. Paintings of birds adorn the walls and in the corner sits a sheet-covered birdcage. Hayden and Sierra sit at the table munching on a few sandwiches.

Sierra seems to devour hers while Hayden only nibbles at it. She notices Hayden's cup is empty and she grabs a pot of coffee off the table and fills it up.

Hayden notices but doesn't say anything. Instead he looks up at Parker who has just entered the room. He stands by the door to the kitchen and Hayden gives him a warning look. Parker nods and leaves the room. Hayden looks to Sierra.

HAYDEN

How is your lunch?

SIERRA

Oh, it's quite good.

HAYDEN

Could you see yourself eating like  
this everyday?

A laughing smile appears across her face.

SIERRA

Sure. Means I wouldn't have to  
cook.

HAYDEN

Good. Then it's settled.

SIERRA

What's settled?

Hayden sips delicately from his coffee, in no hurry to respond to Sierra's questioning eyes. He puts the coffee down and folds his hands across his chest, leaning back in his chair. He stares at her intently.

HAYDEN

I'm about to tell you something dear and I want you to listen. It may seem a little unfair to you, but under the circumstances...

SIERRA

What is it?

HAYDEN

I don't know how hard mother's passing has been on you. I can imagine how you might feel partly responsible for her death.

She looks confused and he continues.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I mean, I know how guilt transference can play with your mind. When your first husband... you...well, that's all history now. I just want you to know that I don't blame you for what happened, I-

SIERRA

Blame me? Hayden I don't understand.

HAYDEN

You might if you didn't interrupt me.

SIERRA

Sorry.

HAYDEN

Sierra, you know I have inherited this house.

She nods.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I've decided to sell the brownstone. This will be our home now. I thought you should know.

Her mouth drops open. Her eyes are panicked.

SIERRA

Thought I should know?  
Hayden...darling, we can't just  
move here. We can't leave the city.

HAYDEN

Why not?

SIERRA

Well, well because of your work.  
And my work.

HAYDEN

I'll be able to pick up my practice  
here easily. The only psychologist  
here is Doctor Anderson and he's  
hardly that.

SIERRA

But what about Broadway? I can't  
work here, I-

HAYDEN

Acting is not work Sierra. It's a  
silly profession. You only wanted  
to act once you heard that Marilyn  
Monroe grew up in an Orphanage too.

Sierra bolts up out of her chair.

SIERRA

That's not true!

He sighs and gestures for her to sit down. She does so, but  
is still shaken.

SIERRA

I'm sorry, but that's not true  
Hayden. You know what acting means  
to me. And my friends...

His eyes narrow slightly at the mention of her "friends".

HAYDEN

Yes your friends. Frankly Sierra,  
you don't need any friends,  
especially those ones. You run  
around with the wrong crowd Sierra  
and that's going to stop when you  
move here. Besides you don't need  
them. You have me.

She shakes her head and absently looks down at her plate. Hayden, in a gesture of kindness, reaches across the table and grabs her hand. She looks up at him, vulnerably.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I know it's a big step for you. But I'm just doing what's right for you. For us. You can start being a wife, we can start being a family. It's what mother would have wanted.

She looks away from his pleading eyes. He shakes her hand until she looks at him again.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Maybe I can get it right this time. Maybe we both can. Please. Do this for me.

EXT. DUNE ROAD - NIGHT

The car rolls down the road under a moonlit sky, splashing over orphaned puddles.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Hayden sits at the wheel, his eyes focused on the road ahead. Sierra looks over at him, then leans her head against the window. She cranes her neck up and stares at the moon above, that bathes the farmland in silver light.

She stares at the moon for a few moments, deep in thought. She closes her eyes, opens them. Silent moments pass. Hayden gives her a curious look out of the side of his eyes. A sly smile appears at the corner of his lips. Anticipating.

SIERRA

I'll do it.

She turns to look at him. The sly smile is gone, replaced by a wide grin.

HAYDEN

I knew you'd come around.

SIERRA

It's just not going to be easy. I'm going to need your support, your help. It's difficult...change.

HAYDEN

Of course.

SIERRA

You don't understand. It's all going to be different now. It just has to be.

HAYDEN

It will be different. I know what you're afraid of. Everyone's afraid of change. But I'll help you adjust. It won't be like it was. I won't let you regress. I'm here.

She nods, looks away.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Hey, hey look at me when I'm talking to you.

She obediently looks at him.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

You do understand? It will be different. But you have a doctor by your side. I'll see you through.

She smiles gratefully and puts her head on his shoulder.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Just put all your trust in me. Give me your resistance. And I promise I'll take care of you.

EXT. HAYES BROWNSTONE - DAY

A grey, hazy afternoon. A small moving truck sits outside the house. Sierra and Hayden stand in front watching two men carry a dresser past them. Hayden gives his wife's shoulder a light squeeze. She looks up at him and smiles.

EXT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun shines down on the white house, the moving truck pulls away from it.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - DAY

Parker walks down the hall with a large box in his hands. Sierra walks beside him, another box in hand. Hayden opens the door at the end of the hall.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

They step inside. The room is very large and divided into two levels, one for sleeping and one for living. Sierra gasps.

PARKER  
I do believe this will be your  
room, Mrs. Hayes.

She looks at him as if he has two heads and drops the box.

SIERRA  
No. It's too much.

She moves across the room while Parker sets his box down. She peeks out the picture windows and onto the backyard.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Oh, and it has a view of the pool  
and everything. I can even see the  
ocean from here!

Parker and Hayden exchange a wry look.

PARKER  
The master suite. Only the best for  
the lady of the house.

Sierra looks over at her husband and softens slightly.

SIERRA  
This was your mother's room wasn't  
it?

Hayden nods slowly.

HAYDEN  
Well, now that you know where  
everything is, we should get  
unpacked.

SIERRA  
What's upstairs? I've never been up  
there before.

Parker clears his throat and speaks in his delicious accent.

PARKER  
Upstairs, Ma'am?

Hayden puts his arm around his wife.



HAYDEN

If you want to take a look, you can. It's just the attic and the billiard room. No one has used that room since my father died.

She looks over at Parker for his opinion.

PARKER

Miss Hayes never liked anyone to go in that room. Too much dust.

Parker manages a smile.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I better start dinner.

He leaves the room. Sierra looks at Hayden.

SIERRA

You know, you don't have to give me her room. The guest rooms downstairs looked nice enough.

HAYDEN

Don't be silly. It's yours. I'm sure she doesn't mind.

She glances apprehensively above her and then smiles.

SIERRA

You know Hayden. For the first time in a while...I actually feel happy. It's scary but...

She walks over to the windows.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

It's almost as if I feel free to do whatever I'd like. Like I have hope now.

She stares out at the grounds. Behind her, Hayden's face takes on a strangely sad look.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Do you know what gives me hope? Us. You give me hope. You always have.

She turns around to look at him, noticing.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

He shakes his head and smiles.

HAYDEN

What? Oh, nothing. Bit of a headache that's all. Didn't sleep very well last night. A tad apprehensive, I guess.

SIERRA

Now you know how I feel.

HAYDEN

Are the pills not working anymore?

She shakes her head.

SIERRA

Maybe I'm starting a tolerance.

HAYDEN

We'll go into town tomorrow. I'll get you some more. Maybe we should start upping your dosage.

He points at the boxes.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Better start with those. Don't want your nice clothes to wrinkle.

He exits the room and shuts the door. She stares at the door than turns her attention to the window again. As she stares at the golden trees and late sun, she smiles.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sierra lies in the dark, staring at the ceiling. She sighs and pops some pills on her night stand. She looks around at the rooms mysterious shadows. She nestles deeper into her pillow and closes her eyes.

CRASH!

The sound of billiard balls BREAKING. Her eyes fly open and she becomes absolutely still. The sound of a ball slowly ROLLING across the floor above her. It stops, leaving her waiting for more.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hayden is sitting at his desk. He rolls up his pant leg, takes his nail file and makes a long cut along his shin.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun streams through her window as birds outside chirp with the new day. Sierra turns underneath her covers, still asleep.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

Hayden is sitting around the table, reading *Photoplay* magazine and filing his nails, when Sierra stumbles into the room bleary-eyed. She yawns and sits down. He gives her a smile and then admires his nails.

HAYDEN

Well, how was your first night's sleep?

She stretches her arms out over the table.

SIERRA

Not very good. I took double my dosage, like you said, but nothing. I could've sworn someone was playing billiards upstairs.

Hayden takes a sip from his coffee.

HAYDEN

You're just imagining things, my dear. No one was playing anything last night. I told you to ease up on your brandy before bedtime.

She starts to massage her forehead and groans.

SIERRA

I think the doctor is on the right track for once. I feel like my head is going to explode.

Hayden pours her a cup of coffee and hands it to her.

HAYDEN

Here. Coffee always helps.

She takes a sip, then grimaces, puts the cup back down.

SIERRA

What kind of coffee is this?

HAYDEN

Only the best coffee in the world.

SIERRA  
Just tastes funny, that's all.

Hayden puts his attention back to the magazine.

HAYDEN  
Aren't we picky? Never deny a  
personality aspect, dear. Even if  
you weren't aware of it. Picky is  
as picky does.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Picky, picky, picky!

Sierra jumps in her seat and looks wildly around her.

SIERRA  
What on earth was that?

Hayden barely looks up.

HAYDEN  
It's only Jasper.

SIERRA  
Jasper?

HAYDEN  
Behind you.

Sierra whips around to see the birdcage. A small parrot  
lumbers around inside the cage. She gets to her feet and  
walks over to the cage, lets out a little laugh.

SIERRA  
I didn't know your mother had a  
bird.

The parrot blinks sweetly at her and she smiles.

HAYDEN  
Yes. A pain in the neck, if you ask  
me.

Sierra sticks her finger through the cage and wiggles it,  
trying to touch its feathers.

SIERRA  
Say something else Jasper. Say  
"Hello." "Hello."

The bird bites her finger. She yelps and withdraws it.

SIERRA

Ouch, you stupid bird! Jesus.

Hayden starts to file his nails again.

HAYDEN

Be careful, he bites.

She gives him a look and sucks on her finger.

SIERRA

Yeah, thanks.

She moves over to the kitchen and goes through the doors.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She is startled to see Parker standing just around the corner. Was he eavesdropping? She smiles awkwardly, still a little jumpy.

SIERRA

Oh, well, good morning Parker. How are you?

PARKER

Very well, Mrs. Hayes. And you?

She walks across the kitchen towards the coffee pot, taking in her unfamiliar surroundings.

SIERRA

Silly bird just bit me.

He peeks at her finger.

PARKER

Yes, well I always told Miss Hayes that she would bite too if she were trapped in a cage.

She nods. He walks over to the sink and wets a rag.

PARKER

Just put a cold compress on it. Should be fine Mrs. Hayes.

As he places it on her finger, she looks over his shoulder, towards the breakfast room.

SIERRA

(whispering)

We don't have to be so formal with each other. So why don't you call me Sierra and why don't I call you by your first name? Or don't butlers have first names?

PARKER

I have been requested by Mr. Hayes to call you Mrs. Hayes.

SIERRA

Do you have to do everything he says?

PARKER

It runs in my family.

SIERRA

Oh, was your father a butler?

PARKER

No, I never knew my father. But my mother was a chambermaid.

SIERRA

How long have you been her butler for? Danvers was the butler last I was here.

His face scrunches up elegantly.

PARKER

Ah yes, Danvers took over for me for a while when my mother was ill. Actually I started working for Miss Hayes in 1940.

SIERRA

And that would make you how old?

PARKER

How old are you?

SIERRA

An actress never reveals her secrets.

PARKER

Neither do butlers.

And at that, he leaves out the door and into the hall.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Sierra, walks along a deserted beach, kicking up sand with her feet. The sky is cloudy and the Atlantic grey. She walks over to the water's edge and stares at the endless horizon.

She turns around, walking up the sand dunes. As she climbs to the top, she looks straight ahead, up the long lawn, past the pool and the servant's cabin and to the house.

She strolls up the lawn towards the ominous building. But something from the woods catches her eye. She turns her head to see an old woman standing at the edge of the tall trees. It is Eudora Hayes, grey and still, watching her.

Sierra gasps and freezes on the spot. She blinks hard but the woman is still there. She quickly glances at the house and then back at the woods. The old woman is gone. Sierra looks around her, worried, and starts for the house.

EXT. WIT'S END - MORNING

The opulent yet sleepy town of Wit's End. The streets are wide and lined with oak trees and little shops. A few shiny cars motor past and people stroll down the street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sierra and Hayden walk down the street, arms awkwardly entwined. Sierra watches everything around her with curiosity as she slurps on an ice cream cone. A bit of it dribbles on Hayden's sleeve. He stops, annoyed.

HAYDEN

Look what you did.

He fishes a handkerchief out of his breast pocket and dabs at it. She can't help but giggle.

SIERRA

I'm so sorry.

Hayden ignores her, his attention on the other side of the road. GARY WARNER (40), a slender man with a cane and a panama hat walks gaily. Hayden turns to her, quickly gestures to a bench beside them.

HAYDEN

Will you excuse me.

She looks across the road at the man.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

He trots across the road like a deer, narrowly getting hit by a car. Sierra licks her cone, watching the two men embrace and walk around the corner. She sits down on the bench and sighs. More ice cream falls on her neat sweater.

SIERRA

Oh, damn it.

She fishes a napkin out of her purse and dabs at it. When she looks back up, a ragged looking old man is standing before her. She gasps, surprised and he smiles, showing only gums. He leans close to her, his voice raspy.

OLD MAN

It's the nights that are the hardest. When you can't sleep. That's when they come.

He starts laughing and shuffles off down the road, disappearing behind a bunch of parked cars. Sierra has her hand to her chest, looking frightened and bewildered. She looks around her to see if anyone noticed. No one had.

EXT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Hayden pulls the car up to the gates and honks the horn. Sierra sits nervously. He looks at her curiously.

HAYDEN

Is something bothering you?

SIERRA

I'm fine...just feel a bit out of it, that's all.

HAYDEN

I know...

As Parker emerges from the house, Hayden reaches into a bag on the floor behind him and pulls out two slender boxes and gives them to her.

SIERRA

What is this?

HAYDEN

Open them.

She looks at them in awe and opens them. Inside the boxes are two cardigans, one red, one green.



SIERRA

Oh, they're gorgeous. Oh Hayden,  
thank you.

He eyes the ice cream stain on her sweater. She holds them up  
to her and smiles with all her might.

HAYDEN

Just don't spill ice cream on these  
ones.

Parker opens the gates. As they drive through Sierra looks up  
at the house, at the third floor windows. There is an OLD  
WOMAN standing at one of them. Sierra lets out a scream and  
Hayden slams on the breaks. The woman in the window  
disappears.

SIERRA

Oh my God! Did you see that?

HAYDEN

What?

Parker comes hurrying up to them as Sierra leaps out of the  
car.

PARKER

What happened?

She starts pointing frantically at the window.

SIERRA

I just saw a person in the window!  
There's someone in the house!

HAYDEN

Sierra calm down. What are you  
talking about?

He looks over at Parker for an answer.

PARKER

There is no one in the house, Sir.

SIERRA

No! I just, I swear to God, I just  
saw a woman standing at the window.  
On the third floor. I swear it!

Parker adjusts his collar and marches forward.

PARKER

If you swear it...

INT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Hayden, Parker and Sierra are walking up the staircase towards the attic and billiards room, the door looming before them. Parker is in front, armed with a shotgun, followed by Hayden with Sierra trailing behind.

SIERRA  
(whispering)  
Is the gun really necessary?

Parker gives her an annoyed look and puts his finger to his lips. He slowly starts to turn the knob and then-

BLAM!

He kicks the door open and leaps guerilla-style into the room. Dust flies out onto the staircase. When it settles, she and Hayden step cautiously into the room.

The room is overly large with a majestic billiards table in the middle, covered by a white sheet. Chairs and couches are pushed up against the wall, also covered.

Parker moves across the groaning floor. He opens a door to the left and peeks inside. Then he closes it and lowers his gun.

PARKER  
All clear.

SIERRA  
What, what's in the room?

HAYDEN  
It's just the attic.

Hayden and Parker exchange a look while Sierra starts to roam around the room peeking underneath the white covers and around tables.

SIERRA  
But - I swear. I saw someone  
standing at the window. A woman.

She moves over to Parker and tries to open the door to the attic.

PARKER  
I wouldn't go in there if I were  
you.

SIERRA

Well why not? It's my house.

HAYDEN

It's all right, you can take a look. It's just that there is no light in there. And lots of bugs.

Sierra opens the door and peeks inside. The attic is huge, cold and crammed with everything, including a rusting kitchen sink.

SIERRA

Even the kitchen sink. What is all this stuff?

She gingerly steps inside, followed closely behind by Parker.

PARKER

After Miss Hayes - after the accident, we decided it would be best to store all her belongings in here. Things that were of rich sentimental value.

Sierra stumbles over something in the dark and falls against a shelf. The shelf moves and a box comes crashing off of it and onto the floor. Hundreds of various crucifixes scatter at her feet. Sierra jumps backwards into Parker.

SIERRA

Oh my god! What is this?

Hayden pushes past them and starts to pick it all up.

HAYDEN

(annoyed)

Look what you've done now. These are Mother's crucifixes. She collected them.

SIERRA

I can see that. Horrible things. I'm getting out of here.

She rushes out of the room. Hayden and Parker exchange a look.

INT. SIERRA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the ornate looking bathroom, Sierra preens her hair in the mirror. She is wearing the shapely green sweater that Hayden had given her and she adjusts it, smiles at her reflection.

INT. DINING ROOM- SUNSET

Hayden sits around the dining table, stirring a snifter of brandy with a spoon. He places the glass across from him where a hot meal is laid out.

HAYDEN

Sierra? Your dinner is getting cold!

SIERRA (O.S.)

I'm coming!

She appears in the doorway looking ravishing. She grins seductively and does a little twirl around the room.

SIERRA

Well, what do you think? How do I look?

She stops in front of him and he looks at her sadly.

HAYDEN

You didn't like the other one?

Her face falls.

SIERRA

What? No, no I love the other one too.

He holds up his hand.

HAYDEN

Fine, fine, I understand. Just tried to be nice, that's all.

SIERRA

Hayden, I liked the other one too. I just thought green was...I'll go put the red one on right now.

HAYDEN

No, no, forget it. Sit down and eat. It's getting cold.

She sits down and stares blankly at her food. Hayden takes a bite of roast and eyes her.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Not hungry either?

Parker enters the room holding a gravy boat. He places it on the table and starts to leave. Sierra looks at him.

SIERRA

Wait, Parker. Where are you going?

He exchanges a quick look with Hayden.

PARKER

The kitchen needs to be cleaned up.

SIERRA

Well you can do that later, can't you?. Why don't you sit down and have dinner with us. Please?

Hayden gives her a look.

HAYDEN

Another time dear, Parker is very busy.

He leaves the room and Hayden turns his attention back to Sierra.

HAYDEN

Sorry dear. Looks like you are stuck with me tonight.

Sierra shoves another mouthful of food into her mouth, seemingly content with that answer. She reaches for the glass of brandy and drinks from it. Hayden smiles at the sight.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hayden stands in front of the window, undoing his tie. There is a knock at his door. He looks at it nervously.

HAYDEN

Parker?

SIERRA (O.S.)

It's me. Can I come in?

He looks around him.

HAYDEN

Just a second.

He walks over to the bed and takes an open day planner off of it. He slides it under the bed as the door handle starts rattling. It's locked. He unlocks the door and opens it a crack. Her face peers up at him.

SIERRA  
Why is it locked?

HAYDEN  
I'm changing.

SIERRA  
Can I come in?

He pauses before opening the door. She walks in the room and looks around her.

HAYDEN  
What is it?

SIERRA  
I just wanted to apologize.

HAYDEN  
Apology accepted. Now what are you apologizing for?

He sits on his bed and pulls off his socks. He folds them neatly and places them gently on the bed. Sierra comes over and sits directly on top of them.

SIERRA  
I don't know. It's always something, isn't it?

She reaches for his hand and he stiffens up awkwardly.

SIERRA  
Hayden, did you mean what you said?  
About us deserving a second chance  
to get it right?

He nods slowly.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Hayden, I want a child.

He lets out an exasperated sigh, closing his eyes.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
This is our chance. I need a child.  
You don't understand how badly I  
need this.

He pulls away from her and gets up.

HAYDEN

Oh, Sierra, do we have to talk about this now?

SIERRA

Starting a family Hayden, you know how much that means to me. How much I want it.

HAYDEN

You never know what you need. First it was being a dancer, then it was being a singer, and an actress. You always have this crazy idea that-

SIERRA

Is that what you think this is? A crazy idea? If that's what you think, then I don't know what I am doing here!

She starts to leave but he grabs her arm rather roughly.

HAYDEN

No, wait. I hear what you are saying. I just can't deal with it tonight. It's been a long day. It's been a long week.

He lets go of her arm and starts to undo his belt buckle.

HAYDEN

We'll deal with this tomorrow, I promise. I do.

She nods and leaves the room. As soon as the door shuts, he walks over to it and locks it, letting out a big sigh of relief.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sierra is just walking away from the door when she hears it lock. She turns around to look at it, shut out.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sierra is sprawled across the bed, awake and staring at the ceiling. A loud THUD. Sierra bolts upright and listens. There is the faint sound of voices, people YELLING.

Sierra rubs her arms and looks around. She slides out of bed, flicks on the light and walks over to the door. She opens it cautiously. The light falls into the empty hall.

GROAN. The sound of the attic door opening. The faint sound of footsteps from above follow.

SIERRA  
(whispering)  
Hayden?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She looks down the hall. His door is closed. She tiptoes forward. She stops in front of the staircase and looks up. The door to the billiard room is open.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Hello? Parker?

She starts to climb the stairs. She stops on the last step, afraid to go inside. With a deep breath she slowly pushes the door. It opens wider with a MOAN.

She steps in, the moon shining in through the open curtains. She notices the pool table. The sheet is off and the balls are scattered across.

Then the SOUND of a door slamming downstairs. Sierra hightails it out of there. She clatters down the stairs and into her room where the light has been turned off. She flips the light on.

She peers at her bed. She steps closer until she's above it. Something is poking out under the corner of her sheet. Her hand hovers above it and then quickly throws the sheet back.

Her bed is covered by dozens of CRUCIFIXES. All different shapes and sizes. Everywhere. Sierra stumbles backwards, trying to grab on to a wall for support. She races out of her room and barges into Hayden's.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She runs over to him, asleep in his bed and shakes him.

SIERRA  
Get up! Get up! Hayden, there's  
someone in the house!

He moans and rolls over.

HAYDEN  
Go away.

Near tears, she starts pounding on him.



SIERRA

Hayden please! There's someone in the house. Someone was in my room, the, the crucifixes are all there! Someone's here!

He opens his eyes.

HAYDEN

This better not be a joke.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

With one hand around him like a vice, she leads him into the room. The lights now off, she flicks them on. The sheets are ruffled on the floor. No trace of a crucifix anywhere. She grabs her head.

SIERRA

Oh my god. No, no this can't be. The crosses, your mothers crosses. They were here! They were!

She runs up to the bed and starts running her hands over the bed.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

I was just upstairs, I-

He looks at her sharply.

HAYDEN

What were you doing upstairs?

SIERRA

I heard footsteps! There was someone up there.

HAYDEN (shaking  
his head)

I don't know what's wrong with-

SIERRA

THERE WAS SOMEONE UP THERE! I was there!

He walks out of the room and peers up at the staircase.

HAYDEN

How could you have been? Parker has the door locked.

She shakes her head, not believing this.

SIERRA

No, no, I was up there, the  
billiards table. The balls, they  
were everywhere.

Hayden gives her a tired look.

HAYDEN

Have you taken your sleeping pills  
tonight?

SIERRA

Yes, but that has nothing to do  
with it!

HAYDEN

If you've taken your pills then why  
weren't you sleeping?

She opens her mouth to say something.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

If I were you I'd stop worrying  
about bogey man and start worrying  
about yourself. Now please try and  
get some sleep.

He walks out of the room and shuts the door. Sierra collapses  
to her knees, not sure of what to think.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Parker scrapes some eggs out of the pan and on to plate,  
which he places on a breakfast tray and carries out of the  
room.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He comes through the swinging doors and places the tray on  
the table. He glances at Sierra who is sitting around it,  
looking haggard and tired, with her head in her hands.

PARKER

Here you go. A good breakfast  
should make you feel better.

She looks up at him and smiles weakly. She reaches over for a  
cup of coffee.

SIERRA

Thanks Parker.

He nods and starts to leave.

SIERRA

Hey, uh, do you mind eating with me? I mean, you don't have to eat, but I'd really like the company. Hayden won't be back until noon.

PARKER

Say no more.

He smiles and sits down across from her. She takes a sip of her coffee and nearly spits it out.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

Looking disgusted, she wipes her lips.

SIERRA

God, oh, I'm sorry but it's terrible.

She looks apologetically at Parker.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to insult your coffee making skills, but here you try it. It's like turpentine.

She hands him the cup but he shakes his head adamantly.

PARKER

No, uh, I'm allergic to coffee beans.

SIERRA

Really?

He nods.

PARKER

You know, sometimes amphetamines can affect your taste buds. Makes things taste off.

SIERRA

How did you know I was on...those?

PARKER

I know you take something to get you out of bed in the morning.

She shakes her head.

SIERRA

No, not this morning. I haven't had any use for Benzedrine. I can't sleep, that's my problem now. My whole body, my mind feels out of whack.

PARKER

You know, Sierra, sometimes all you need is a little fresh air.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Parker and Sierra converse as they walk through a golden meadow, towards an oak-filled wood. In the background sits the house, like a lion. Parker gives her an inquisitive look.

PARKER

So, you didn't like her, I take it.

SIERRA

No. I tried to. But she wouldn't have it. She was determined to hate me. Anyone who took her son away from her.

PARKER

You saw her as a clingy, possessive woman?

SIERRA

No. I think it's worse than that. I think it's something I can understand. It's fear.

PARKER

You talk about her as if she's still alive.

SIERRA

She'll always be alive. Her shadow follows Hayden wherever he goes. I don't think he'll ever be able to shake her.

PARKER

I think you're right.

Another flock of ducks fly overhead. Sierra watches them go wistfully.

SIERRA

But, even so, I know he's going to have a hard time without her. I don't think he has many close friends he can confide in.

Parker looks surprised.

PARKER

No? Most people view Hayden as a very influential man.

SIERRA

That doesn't mean you have friends. It just means you have control over people. That's the way it works with him. Even his best friend...

Parker leans over and plucks a long piece of grass out of the ground.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

You've met Columbus, haven't you?

PARKER

Oh, yes. Quite a few times. He's one of the soldiers that Hayden... treated...isn't he? The shell shock.

SIERRA

Yes. One of them. He helped so many boys with his treatment. But Columbus...he brought him back from the edge of madness, whatever that means. After that, I think he felt he owed Hayden everything. Everyone feels that way about him sooner or later.

PARKER

Do you?

SIERRA

Sure. He did the same for me. I wouldn't be surprised if Columbus hung around because he felt he owed him soul, his existence. Of course, that's just my thinking.

PARKER

You've never met him?

SIERRA

No, unfortunately. Hayden doesn't like to share. Maybe he's afraid we'd compare notes.

She gives Parker a quick smile which he doesn't return. Technicolor leaves crowd the ground and the skies as they approach the woods. Sierra takes a deep breath.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

I've forgotten what this feels like. In the city, you almost forget that there are seasons, and leaves and sky.

They both look up as a flock of noisy ducks fly above. She smiles at the sight.

PARKER

Makes you want to fly, doesn't it?

SIERRA

Makes me happy to know that at least something can.

INT. BACK PORCH - SUNSET

Sierra sits on the back porch just outside the kitchen. She has a book in hand but is staring at the sky and just smoking. Her eyes look empty, her face worn. A flock of geese fly by. As she watches them go, her eyes grow wet.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

In the darkness, Sierra creeps silently down the hall. She eyes the attic door suspiciously but keeps walking. She knocks lightly at Hayden's door and hears a muffle from inside.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She opens the door and steps inside. Hayden is lying in bed with his eyes closed.

HAYDEN

What is it?

SIERRA

Are you asleep?

HAYDEN

Yes, dear, I am fast asleep.

She rolls her eyes and lies down beside him in bed. He still keeps his eyes closed.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
What do you want?

SIERRA  
Oh, nothing.

HAYDEN  
Good.

SIERRA  
It's just I'm getting...

She puts her hands on his chest and starts to unbutton his pajama shirt.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
...lonely, in my room.

HAYDEN  
Don't you have a radio in there?

Sierra is undeterred.

SIERRA  
I think you know what I mean.

She climbs on top of him and starts to kiss him. He struggles underneath her weight.

HAYDEN  
Sierra, please. Not tonight.

SIERRA  
Not tonight, not ever.

She plants her lips on his, scratches his chest with her red nails. He kisses her back. They fumble like hungry adolescents. There is nothing easy about it.

She begins to suck on his neck and he lets out a slight moan. Taking that as a sign, she begins to slip his pants off. As she starts to rub him the wrong way, he tries to break free.

HAYDEN  
Sierra, stop it. You know I can't.

She ignores him and grabs his hand, directing it to her silk-covered breast. She covers his mouth with hers. He drowns on his next words.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
Stop it! Get, get off me!

She will do no such thing. Her hands wander below.

SIERRA  
Shut up! Just shut up. Please, just  
let me do this.

She grinds into him. The brazen sexuality of her flimsy gown  
against his bare skin is too much.

HAYDEN  
I SAID STOP IT!

With sudden force he throws her off the bed. She lands on the  
floor with a thunk. He quickly jumps out of bed and covers  
himself with the blanket.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
Who the hell do you think you are?

Sierra can barely look at him. She sniffles and gets to her  
feet.

SIERRA  
You said things were going to be  
different!

She rubs her backside and steps towards him. She tries to  
grab the sheet from him but he won't let go.

HAYDEN  
Just leave me alone!

SIERRA  
You said we had changed!

Her heart breaks with the words and she starts to pound on  
his chest, crying.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
You said we could start anew! Like  
a husband and wife. You, you are  
supposed to let me love you Hayden!

Hayden shoves her slightly backwards.

HAYDEN  
You've gone mad again! Get out of  
here!



SIERRA

You are my husband! You are my husband! You owe me this. You are supposed to love me!

HAYDEN

What does love mean to you in that messed up head of yours? Huh? You have no idea.

He roughly grabs her by the arms and pushes her out the door. She stumbles into the hallway and he shuts the door in her face. She falls onto the floor in a sobbing heap, an endless stream of tears.

EXT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - MORNING

The early sun shines down on the house, making it glow.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Hayden is smartly dressed and on the phone. His diary is open in front of him.

HAYDEN

(into the phone)

That's right. I was wondering if the medication I ordered was ready today. It was 200 of Thorazine and 0.25 of LSD-25. Yes, LSD-25.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sierra is asleep in bed. There is a knock on the door. Slowly the door eases open and Parker pokes his head in, carrying a breakfast tray. He walks over to Sierra and stands above her for a few minutes.

He sets the tray down reaches into his suit pocket. He removes three yellow tablets, puts them on the table. He moves over to the window and rolls up the curtain. Streams of light shine in. Sierra groans and stirs.

PARKER

Good morning.

Sierra jumps and grabs her chest. She looks over at Parker and lets out a sigh of relief.

PARKER (CONT'D)

So sorry. I didn't mean to startle you.

PARKER(cont'd)

I thought I would bring you  
breakfast here. We were afraid you  
would never wake up.

She nods and looks at the tray.

SIERRA

Oh. Well, thank you Parker.

She moves bit but suddenly grasps her forehead.

PARKER

What's wrong?

SIERRA

My head. I didn't fall asleep until  
five this morning.

PARKER

I know. I don't blame you. I  
brought you your pills. Hayden  
suggested you take three this  
morning. After what happened...

She eyes the pills and picks them up. She raises her  
eyebrows.

SIERRA (vaguely  
horrified)

How come you know? Did Hayden tell  
you what...happened last night?

PARKER

Tell me? I was there.

She looks away, racking her brain for vague memories. She  
looks back at Parker who has just sat on the corner of her  
bed.

SIERRA

How, how could you have been there?  
You weren't there.

PARKER

Why, it was my room you came  
running into.

SIERRA

What? What are you talking about?

PARKER

You were pounding on the door.  
Screaming something about hearing  
voices and that someone was-

SIERRA  
Someone was what?

PARKER  
That someone was after you. Some  
woman. Don't you...?

She shakes her head. Parker reaches over and hands her a  
glass of orange juice.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Perhaps you don't. Hayden must have  
given you too many sedatives. But  
he had to. You just wouldn't calm  
down. You better take your pills  
now.

She morosely pops the pills into her mouth and swallows them  
without the juice.

SIERRA  
I didn't...I mean, I know what  
happened with...

She avoids looking at Parker.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Oh, I feel so foolish. I'm so sorry  
for causing you trouble, Parker. I  
don't know what's wrong with me.  
This is so strange. Where is  
Hayden?

PARKER  
He's on the phone, making a few  
calls. He's rather concerned about  
you. He says you haven't acted  
like this for a while.

SIERRA  
He's right.

PARKER  
He's worried about you.

SIERRA  
He's not worried. He's excited.

Parker looks at her sympathetically.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
He likes a challenge.

PARKER

You must not say things like that.  
He wants you to go into town with  
him today. He thinks you ought to  
get out of the house.

Sierra looks at him anxiously.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Hayden drives while Sierra sits quietly on the passenger  
side. He glances at her.

HAYDEN

You're awfully quiet today.

She doesn't look over at him.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Well? Do you want to talk about it  
or what?

SIERRA

Talk about what, Hayden? About  
what happened last night? Not  
particularly.

HAYDEN

It's nothing to be ashamed of. You  
just lost your head. I've seen  
cases like you, when they've just  
woken up from a nightmare. You get  
disoriented.

SIERRA

That's not what's bothering me.

He looks at her, surprised.

HAYDEN

It's not? It should be bothering  
you.

She narrows her eyes and gives him a hard look.

SIERRA

Why makes you say that?

He opens his mouth to say something.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

I know I haven't been feeling up to  
par lately.

SIERRA(cont'd)

But we've been through this before.  
I'll get through it as long as I  
have your support, right? So, I  
can't sleep. So, so I can't  
remember all of what happened last  
night. That doesn't mean...

HAYDEN

Doesn't mean what?

SIERRA

It doesn't mean it's anything to  
really worry about. At least, it's  
not what I'm really worried about.

HAYDEN

Sounds like you're making excuses  
for yourself.

SIERRA

Do you ever even listen to what I'm  
saying? Don't tell me what I should  
be concerned with.

HAYDEN

So you're saying that flipping out  
over a bunch of imaginary  
crucifixes, thinking that someone  
is after you, some lady is in the  
house, isn't a concern? Plus not  
being able to sleep despite a double  
dosage of pills. I don't have to  
bring out the DSM to know that's  
cause for a lot of concern.

She folds her arms and looks out the window at the hazy  
sunshine.

SIERRA

You just said it was nothing to be  
ashamed of.

HAYDEN

I was just trying to make you feel  
better.

SIERRA

Well, you've done a bang-up job  
Doctor Hayes.

He gives her cool glare and sets his mouth in a determined  
line.

EXT. WIT'S END - AFTERNOON

Sierra is standing outside of a diner, leaning against the wall and watching people and cars go past. A young lady walks past and gives Sierra an overly insincere smile. Sierra gives an unsure smile back.

She looks across the street to where two middle-aged woman are staring at her. Just standing still and staring right into her eyes. Sierra looks away nervously just as Hayden comes out of the diner holding a soft drink.

Hayden hands it to Sierra. She takes it and looks back across the street. The two ladies are gone. She looks up and down the road but they are nowhere to be found.

SIERRA

Where did...?

HAYDEN

Where did what, dear?

She catches Hayden giving her his shrink face. She shakes her head.

SIERRA

Nevermind.

She sucks on the drink while Hayden grabs her arm and starts to pull her down the street.

HAYDEN

My friend Gary owns an antique store. I told him we would stop by.

She nods and Hayden opens the door to small shop with the sign "ANTIQUES & THINGS".

INT. ANTIQUES & THINGS - CONTINUOUS

The bell above the door rings as Sierra and Hayden step into a large, dark antique shop. The man behind the counter is Gary Warner, whom Sierra recognizes from before.

GARY

Hayden, how nice of you to drop by.

HAYDEN

Gary, I'd like you to meet my wife Sierra.

He smiles at her and when she offers her hand he takes it and places a kiss upon it.

GARY

Charmed. You are a very lovely lady.

She smiles and then, a bit off balance, falls to the right a little. She steadies herself on the counter.

GARY

Are you alright dear?

She straightens herself up.

SIERRA

Oh, yes. Sorry, I felt a bit dizzy for a minute.

Hayden peers into her. She looks away, at the rest of the shop.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

You have a lot of nice things here.

GARY

I specialize in nice things. Go ahead, look around. Maybe your husband will buy something for you.

She wanders towards the back of the store, while Hayden remains at the counter talking with Gary. Sierra passes by a shelf full of old birdcages. She frowns at a painting of a sky filled with black birds.

Hayden looks over his shoulder as he sees Sierra disappear into the depths of the store. He turns back to Gary.

HAYDEN

You know Gary, I was thinking about having a housewarming soiree this weekend.

GARY

Really? Do tell.

Sierra picks up a musty brass box and plays with the lid. She peers over a row of faded glasses and dishware.

HAYDEN

The house really is set up for socializing. It's never had a chance to prove itself.

GARY

Don't tell me you've told Nora  
Abrams about this because after me  
and Bill...she'll probably throw  
her Tom Collins in my face.

Hayden leans in closer to Gary and smiles.

HAYDEN

(lowering his voice)  
I don't think she's too pleased  
with me either.

Sierra pauses in front of a shelf lined with little  
figurines. A rhinestone encrusted dancer catches her eye. She  
picks it up and admires it. She closes her eyes and puts her  
cool drink to her forehead.

HAYDEN

Sierra?

He walks away from Gary and down the musty row where Sierra  
is standing. He sees her with her drink to her forehead.

HAYDEN

Hey, are you all right?

She glances at him.

SIERRA

I'm fine.

She shows him the dancing figurine.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Isn't this just darling?

Hayden looks it over.

HAYDEN

I guess. You like it?

She nods and he takes the figure from her. He flips it upside  
down and sucks in his breath at the price.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

No, you don't like it.

He waves the figurine at Gary.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Hey Gary, are you kidding me with  
this price?



GARY

A man has to eat you know.

HAYDEN

Eat where? The Rainbow Room?

Hayden looks back at Sierra.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Why would you want something like  
this anyway? It may not be cheap  
but it looks like it.

He glances at his watch, while Sierra forlornly places it  
back on the shelf. He looks over at Gary.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(to Gary)

Do you know if Roberto's is open  
for lunch today?

GARY

If you can call it lunch.

Hayden turns back to Sierra.

HAYDEN

Let's get a bite to eat in town. I'm  
a bit tired of Parker's cooking.

He pulls her in front of him and she walks down the aisle  
towards Gary. While her attention is focused straight ahead,  
Hayden quickly grabs the figurine off of the shelf and stuffs  
it in his pocket, making sure they didn't see.

HAYDEN

I'll call you about this weekend  
Gary.

GARY

Ta-ta you two.

Sierra gives him a wave and they exit the store.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sierra starts to walk off in one direction but Hayden grabs  
her by the arm and pulls her in the other. As he does so he  
slips the figurine into her straw bag in one fluid motion.  
She doesn't notice.

SIERRA

What's this weekend?

HAYDEN

I've decided to throw a little party.

SIERRA

Like a wake?

Bothered by that comment, he pulls Sierra along a little faster.

HAYDEN

No, like a cocktail party.

SIERRA

Oh, I don't know Hayden. I don't think I'm ready for a party. All those people...

HAYDEN

Don't you want to be introduced into society? Make an impression?

She shrugs as he leads her to the restaurant Roberto's.

SIERRA

No, yes. I guess so.

HAYDEN

Sure you do. You know, it may not look it, but this little hamlet has a thriving theatre scene. Jack Condon will surely be there. He owns the End Theatre. Make a good impression on him this weekend and who knows.

She seems to think that over and gives Hayden an anxious smile as they walk into to the restaurant.

INT. ROBERTO'S - AFTERNOON

In a half-filled restaurant, Sierra is leaning across a table towards Hayden while he reclines in his chair, filing his nails. Half-eaten plates of pasta crowd their table.

SIERRA

Do you think I'll need a new dress?

HAYDEN

I'm not made of money. You have perfectly good outfits in your closet.

SIERRA  
(smiling)  
I know. I just want to look good  
for you. And for your guests.

A young WAITRESS comes by and picks up their dishes.

WAITRESS  
Will there be anything else?

HAYDEN  
Just the check please.

She walks off and Hayden reaches into his suit pocket. He peers into it anxiously then relaxes.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry dear, but I think I put  
my checkbook into your purse.

He watches her intently as she reaches down for her purse and passes it across the table. He takes it and rifles through it. His face grows dramatically confused as he pauses and looks up at Sierra.

SIERRA  
Is it not there?

With his eyes focused squarely on her face, he slowly pulls out the dancing figurine. Sierra's eyes nearly fall out of her head. Hayden grits his teeth and throws the bag across the table, lands in her lap. He waves the object in her face.

HAYDEN  
How did you get this?

She shakes her head, speechless.

HAYDEN  
(raising his voice)  
How did you get this?!

SIERRA  
I, I, I don't know, I swear. I put  
it back on the shelf.

The waitress returns with the check and places it on the table. Hayden doesn't take his eyes off Sierra whose face is growing red with embarrassment.

HAYDEN  
You stole this, didn't you?  
Couldn't have it so you stole it.

The waitress gives Sierra a disapproving look and walks off. Sierra shakes her head, her eyes growing wet.

SIERRA

Hayden, please. I didn't steal it, I...

HAYDEN

Trying to make a fool of me, huh? If you didn't steal it, then how did it get in your bag? Answer me that.

SIERRA

I said I don't know. Maybe, maybe it fell in. Maybe I wasn't thinking and I...

HAYDEN

You stole this from my good friend. Do you know how ashamed I am of you right now?

She looks around her, ashamed herself. A few people are looking over in her direction.

SIERRA

Please, Hayden, people are looking.

HAYDEN

Let them look.

He abruptly gets out of the chair and reaches over for her bag. He rips it out of her hands and searches for his checkbook.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I would have expected this a few years ago, but not anymore. You aren't a thieving orphan anymore Sierra. You don't have to steal.

He takes the checkbook out of the bag and violently writes out a check. He throws it down on the table and then grabs Sierra by the arm and pulls her out of the chair. He slams the figurine into her hand.

HAYDEN

Here! You are going to take this back to Gary's and you are going to personally apologize to him for shoplifting.

He starts to pull her towards the door, past the tables of watching eyes. Tears start to stream down her face as she shakes her head adamantly.

SIERRA

No, please, don't do this to me. I didn't steal anything, I didn't mean to do it. Please.

He pulls her out onto the street, leaving behind a hushed group of diners. They pause for a few minutes before continuing with their meals and small talk.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Parker is standing in the kitchen pouring COFFEE out of a pot and into a mug. He takes a long sip of it and closes his eyes. The sound of the front door SLAMMING. He hastily throws the contents of the coffee cup into the sink.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Hayden is standing by the front door. Parker walks into the room to see Sierra in tears, running up the stairs. He looks at Hayden.

PARKER

What happened?

Hayden speaks loud enough for Sierra to hear as she reaches the top of the stairs.

HAYDEN

Nothing I can't handle Parker. You just better keep a close eye on the silverware.

Hayden gives him a smirk and walks up the stairs.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sierra is on her bed, crying into her pillow. The room is growing dark as the sun sets behind the curtains. She rolls over and stares at the bathroom where the light is on but the door is shut. She wipes her eyes and stares at it, sniffles.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Hayden is at his desk in his room, writing into his DAY PLANNER. A crowded group of bottles, pills, vials and syringes rest beside him on the desk. On the radio, Count Basie's "Hey Pretty Baby" is playing.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The music continues to play over as Sierra gets up off her bed and walks cautiously over to the bathroom door, puts her hand on the knob and stares at the light that floods in through the bottom of the door. She slowly turns the knob and opens the door.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden reaches over and picks up a bottle of clear liquid. The label on it reads "BENZEDRINE". He takes a swig of it and smacks his lips together, satisfied.

INT. SIERRA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She steps into the bathroom. The curtain around the bathtub is closed tightly around it. She takes a step towards it. There is a slow drip coming from the bathtub. She reaches out with one hand towards the curtain.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden reaches over his desk and picks up a small vial. He checks it over and then writes down in his journal.

Insert: Day Planner

Tuesday - 3 spoonfuls of Benzedrine 9:00 AM. 3 caplets at 10:00 PM.

Wednesday - 3 spoonfuls of Benzedrine 8:00 AM. 4 caplets at 9:00 PM.

INT. SIERRA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She slowly curls her hand around the curtain and then yanks it open. The faucet is dripping red blood into the blood-filled tub. Sierra covers her mouth and stumbles back. She closes her eyes tightly. Then opens them.

The tub is now as normal, completely dry with no drips. She lets out a shaky sigh of relief and puts her hand to her chest. She steps back a few steps and sits down on the floor next to the toilet, covering her face with her hands.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden smiles to himself and writes something else down. On the section listed as SATURDAY he writes:

Insert: Day planner

Saturday - D-DAY - 5 spoonfuls at 9:00 AM. 3 caplets at 3:00 PM. 0.25 of LSD-25 in Brandy carafe. First drink at 6:00 PM. Watch for signs after 40 minutes. Make sure Doctor Anderson is present.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden underlines the last sentence with a red pen and then shuts his book. He reaches over and takes three red pills out of a Benzedrine pill bottle and gets out of his chair and walks over to the bathroom.

He fills up a glass by the sink with water and then looks at the pills in his hand. He closes his hand over them and walks over to the door. He opens it and steps into the hall and walks down towards Sierra's room. MUSIC FADES.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Clouds fill the sky, the Atlantic's dark waves churn beneath.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sierra is lying in bed, tossing and turning violently underneath the covers. On her bedside table is a half-drunk glass of water. She rolls over and pummels her fist into her pillow, letting out a small cry.

She sits up and grabs her head. Tears fall from her eyes. She kneads her hands around the corners of the blanket and tries to rip them apart. She can't and she lets out a sob. She reaches over and picks up the glass.

She screams as she throws it against her door. It crashes on impact, sending glass everywhere. She throws herself down onto her bed again and continues to sob. The door opens and a worried looking Hayden in his pajamas pokes his head in.

HAYDEN

Sierra?

He steps gingerly over the glass and over to her. He sits on the bed.

HAYDEN

Sierra what is it?

She raises her head and at the sight of him she throws her arms around him. He shrugs her off, so she is just clinging onto his arm for dear life.

SIERRA  
I can't sleep. I can't sleep. Oh  
Hayden, help me.

She sobs onto his arm.

HAYDEN  
Have you taken your pills?

He eyes the bedside table where the glass of water was.

SIERRA  
Yes! I did, I did, they don't work  
anymore...oh God, all I want to do  
is sleep. But I can't, I can't! I  
can't!

She looks up at him, her wet eyes pleading.

SIERRA  
Why aren't I sleeping Hayden?  
What's wrong with me?

He shakes his head.

HAYDEN  
I don't know what's wrong with you  
Sierra.

SIERRA  
Yes you do! Yes, you always know  
what's wrong with me. You've got to  
help me...I can't take much more of  
this...I'm seeing things, I'm doing  
things...like today. I can't take  
much more of this. I'd shoot myself  
in the head to get some sleep.

He gets up and walks over to the window. She tries to hold  
onto him but lets go.

HAYDEN  
Don't be so foolish Sierra.

SIERRA  
Well then help me. Help me, please  
as my husband, as my doctor.

HAYDEN  
I'll help you if you let me.  
Remember what I said in the  
Beginning. You have to give me your  
resistance.



He walks back over to the bed. She stares up at him and nods.

HAYDEN

Good. Now just relax and listen to me. Give your mind to me.

He sits down and places his hand on her forehead, slowly pushing her back until she's lying down.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Now close your eyes

She closes them.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

And remember that night that Richard died.

Her eyes jump open.

SIERRA

No, please don't.

HAYDEN

Do it.

He reaches over and shuts her eyelids with his fingers.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

How did you know he was dead?

SIERRA

Because. He was.

HAYDEN

How did he do it?

SIERRA

With...his razor blade.

HAYDEN

Where?

SIERRA

The bathtub. Hayden, we have already talked about-

HAYDEN

How did you find him?

SIERRA

I was, I was calling for him.  
Dinner was ready. There was no  
answer.

HAYDEN

So?

She takes a deep breath.

SIERRA

So, I went upstairs to get him. And  
I went into the bathroom. And there  
was no one there...but...

She lets out a sob. He shakes her.

HAYDEN

But what?

SIERRA

No...

HAYDEN

Sierra!

SIERRA

But I heard the faucet dripping in  
the tub. Oh Hayden, I can't do  
this. Don't make me!

He raises his hand above her face, ready to slap her.

HAYDEN

I said do it! You heard the faucet  
dripping...

SIERRA

And I drew back the curtain...and  
there he was. With his eyes  
closed...he looked so peaceful for  
once. So happy...I wanted to join  
him too. So I climbed into the  
tub...and I held onto him...because  
he swore he would never leave me. I  
couldn't let him go. I swore I'd  
never let him go.

Her voice breaks and tears spill down her cheeks. He lowers  
his hand.

HAYDEN

Why do you think he did it?

SIERRA  
Because...I don't know.

HAYDEN  
Because of you?

SIERRA  
I...I don't know.

HAYDEN  
Because you expected too much of  
him. He could never please you, no  
matter what he did.

SIERRA  
Oh, God...

HAYDEN  
You did feel guilty for his death.  
You still do. Don't you?

She nods, her eyes still closed and wet.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
And you feel the guilt for your  
mother's death. Because you were  
born. And your father left you  
because he blamed you for that.

SIERRA  
I know...I know...

HAYDEN  
And my Mother. If you hadn't  
insisted that I drive her home that  
day, she would still be alive.

She opens her eyes and looks up at his grim face.

SIERRA  
Is that what you think? Do you  
think it's my fault?

HAYDEN  
Should I think that?

SIERRA  
I...

HAYDEN  
All of this guilt, all of the  
things you have done to people.

You have driven them away, everyone you have ever loved. They have all left because of you, because you just wouldn't leave them alone. You expect too much of everyone, and give too little. Sometimes you wish I hadn't found you that day, lying on the bathroom floor.

She tries to roll over but he grabs her shoulders and rolls her back, forcing her to look at him.

HAYDEN

No wonder you are going mad. When you no longer know how to live with yourself, that's when the mania begins. I don't know how you manage to live with yourself. I know I couldn't.

He leans over and plants a long kiss on her lips. Her eyebrows raise to the heavens in pure confusion. He pulls back and walks towards the door.

HAYDEN

Now, try and get some sleep.

He gives her smile and shuts the door behind him as he exits.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

Sierra is standing at the birdcage peering in at Jasper who flits around inside. She doesn't look too good, with dark circles under her puffy eyes. Parker comes out of the kitchen with a pot of coffee and fills her cup on the table.

PARKER

Decaf, like you asked.

She doesn't turn around.

SIERRA

Has the bird ever been out of its cage?

PARKER

Uh, not to my recollection.

SIERRA

Maybe we should let him loose.

PARKER

I don't think he would be able to fend for himself. Why don't you sit down Mrs. Hayes.

She turns around and gives him a wary smile and makes her way over to the table where she sits down. She raises the coffee cup to her lips as he stands, watching her.

SIERRA

You sure it's decaf?

PARKER

It's Sanka. 97% caffeine free. Easy on the nerves...or so the ad says.

She takes a sip and smiles.

SIERRA

Now that's what coffee is supposed to taste like. Here, you-

She tries to offer him a sip but then withdraws.

SIERRA

Oh, right. Your allergy.

Hayden appears in the doorway wearing a fine suit. He flips his fedora on to his head.

HAYDEN

I'm heading out now.

Sierra doesn't turn to look at him, just sips her coffee.

PARKER

Very well Sir.

HAYDEN

I see the coffee agrees with you now Sierra. I thought it might. You sure you don't want to accompany me to town today?

She shakes her head no. He shrugs.

HAYDEN

Suit yourself.

He gives Parker a wave and exits into the hall. When the front door SHUTS, Sierra looks up at Parker. He pulls out a chair and sits down.

PARKER  
How are you feeling?

SIERRA  
I must look like hell.

PARKER  
Even when you look like hell, you  
still happen to be the best looking woman  
in New York state.

She smiles and then abruptly reaches out for his hand. She holds on to it for dear life.

SIERRA  
What's going to happen to me  
Parker?

PARKER  
I don't know what you mean.

SIERRA  
Don't you? Doesn't Hayden tell you  
what he's going to do with me?

Parker looks taken aback. He looks away from her.

PARKER  
Mr. Hayes...what makes you think...

She pulls on his hand.

SIERRA  
Because. I know. I know the way he  
thinks. The look in his eyes. He  
thinks I'm going mad. And so what  
if I am? What's going to happen to  
me?

Parker sighs.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Please, Parker, you know something.  
Is he...is he going to send me  
away? To an institution?

PARKER  
If you get worse...he might.

She drops his hand and gets up.

PARKER

But that's a last resort. I've heard him talking to other shrinks...you might be fine.

SIERRA

And if I'm not?

PARKER

I don't know much about this Sierra. Please don't ask me.

She starts pacing around the breakfast room.

SIERRA

I know what he did to those boys. Electroshock, insulin-shock. Lobotomies. Do you know what that is? They tie you down, with straps and put something in your mouth so you don't bite your tongue off...

Parker can't help but shiver.

PARKER

(snaps at her)

Please, don't talk about this! You'll drive yourself crazy.

He covers his ears briefly with his hands. She pauses and gives him a sad look.

SIERRA

I'm sorry Parker. I'm just so scared.

He looks at her and his face softens. She looks so small standing there. He walks over to her.

PARKER

Don't be scared Sierra. You'll be fine.

He puts his arms around her and she melts into them. She buries her head in his chest. He stares off at the birdcage with a distant look in his face.

SIERRA

Why are you so good to me when no one else is?

PARKER

How can you say that? What about  
your husband? What about God?

She snorts.

SIERRA

God? What has God ever done for me?  
I've never seen any sign of God in  
all my life.

PARKER

My father used to tell me that it  
is difficult to believe in God, not  
because he is so far off, but  
because he is so near.

She looks at him inquisitively.

SIERRA

Your father told you that?

PARKER

All the time.

SIERRA

Your father sounds like a good man.

PARKER

(nodding)

He was.

SIERRA

I thought you never knew your  
father.

Parker raises his eyebrows, caught off-guard.

PARKER

Oh, well, I meant that  
theoretically. You know, we were  
never very close.

She nods, a little uneasy. He pats her on the back.

PARKER

Now, why don't you take a long  
bath. Might help you relax.

SIERRA

A bath?



INT. BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

A fully-clothed man sits slumped over in a blood filled bathtub.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sierra covers her head with her hands and shakes it back and forth.

SIERRA

No!

She slowly opens her eyes to see Parker staring at her.

PARKER

Or a shower. Whichever.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hayden and Sierra sit around the dinner table. She picks at a few steamed carrots while he takes a dainty sip of his martini. He eyes her up and down.

HAYDEN

Oh, I almost forgot.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small jewelry box. He reaches across the table and hands it to her. She takes it gingerly and gives him a quizzical look. He nods and she slowly pops it open.

Inside is a necklace. She gasps and takes it out of the box. It has a very long rhinestone chain with a big, fat ruby pendant. It swings back and forth, catching the light.

SIERRA

I don't understand...

HAYDEN

I thought it would match your red dress for this Saturday.

SIERRA

Oh, Hayden...I told you yesterday...I don't think I should be present for that.

His face scrunches up in frustration.

HAYDEN

See what I mean? I try and do something nice for you and you don't even appreciate it.

SIERRA

I do appreciate it Hayden. I really do. But now, I don't think I'm fit to meet other people. Do you?

He reaches across the table and grabs the necklace. She holds on and pulls it towards her.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

HAYDEN

I'm taking it back.

He tries to rip it out of her grasp.

SIERRA

Fine, fine, I'll be there, I'll wear it in front of everyone. You don't have to be so dramatic.

He lets go of the necklace and leans back in his chair. He takes a cool sip of his drink while she looks down at the necklace in her hands. Hayden reaches over and tips up her chin and gives her his most charming smile.

HAYDEN

Hey, chin up. You'll be all right. I promise you.

She closes her eyes at his touch and manages a tiny smile in return.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Under the raining sky, the tops of the trees shake and swirl with the night. The property is dark and silent. Waiting.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sierra is sitting up in her bed, and listening, straining her ears. The faint sound of someone SINGING. She moves silently over to the door and opens it.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She walks a few steps forward as the sound comes clear. Frank Sinatra crooning "When You're Smiling". She looks at Hayden's closed door and then slowly creeps downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters the living room where a single lamp is lit. The records spins on the player. She looks around and moves over to it. As she does so, we see a shadow loom behind her. Sierra feels it too. She stops dead.

Very slowly, she turns around. The face of Eudora Hayes is right there.

Sierra cries out in pure horror and stumbles backwards, tripping over the coffee table. She falls into the curtains.

By the time she straightens herself up, the mother is gone from the room. Parker appears in the doorway in his pajamas.

PARKER

What happened? I heard you scream.

SIERRA

I saw her! She was just here. Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Hayes! The record, the music...

Parker eyes the record player. The music stops as he bends over to unplug it. As he does so he reveals Mother standing in the doorway. Sierra covers her mouth. This time she is unable to scream. Frantically, she points at the apparition.

PARKER

(frowning)

What is it?

He follows her pointed finger and looks behind him. The woman is still there. He looks back at Sierra.

PARKER (CONT'D)

What are you pointing at? There's no one there.

Sierra nearly faints.

SIERRA

What? What? She's standing right behind you! Oh, God!

Parker looks behind him again but doesn't see Mrs. Hayes standing there. She grins eerily. He looks back at Sierra.

PARKER

Sierra, please, you are scaring me.  
I don't see anyone.

Hayden enters the room where mother is standing but doesn't notice her either. He looks at his hysterical wife.

HAYDEN

What's going on down here?

PARKER

She's having delusions.

Sierra watches as Mother calmly walks out of the room, passing behind Hayden.

SIERRA

I'm not having delusions...she's,  
she's....your mother Hayden, she's  
here.

Hayden looks around the room puzzled and eyes Parker.

PARKER

She thinks she sees your mother  
walking around.

Hayden shakes his head.

HAYDEN

That's it Sierra. Tomorrow I'm  
bringing Doctor Anderson, to the  
party and you are going to tell him  
exactly what's going on here.

Sierra shakes her head as Hayden puts his arm around her and leads her out of the room.

HAYDEN

Hopefully he will know what to do  
with you.

The horrid look of a trapped animal falls on her  
face. EXT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun shines down brightly on the house.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Parker is in the kitchen cutting up vegetables and arranging them on a platter. Hayden enters the kitchen and walks over to him.

HAYDEN

How are the vegetables coming?

He takes a mushroom and pops it into his mouth. He looks around the kitchen. He looks at his watch.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

You know, people will be here in four hours. Which reminds me, I should give Sierra another dosage. Do you mind bringing her up a drink?

Parker shakes his head, keeping his eyes on the vegetables. Hayden frowns.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

What was that?

PARKER

(American Accent)

You bring it up to her.

Hayden slowly folds his arms across his chest and leans in towards him, unfazed at the fact of Parker's new accent.

HAYDEN

What is that supposed to mean, exactly?

Parker puts down the knife and looks Hayden squarely in the face.

PARKER

It means you can bring her your own God damn drink.

He turns away.

PARKER (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I don't know if I can do this anymore.

HAYDEN

You don't know if you can?

Hayden reaches into his pocket and brings out his nail file. He holds it like a knife.

HAYDEN

You have to. You don't have a choice. You knew what you were doing from the beginning.

PARKER

I just didn't think it would go this far, Hayden.

Hayden slides his finger over the dull side.

HAYDEN

You brought this upon yourself. You owe me.

Parker turns around and stares at Hayden running his fingers over the file, the menace in its gleam.

PARKER

Everyone owes you something, don't they? You just use people...

Hayden's features grow softer as he reaches out with his other hand and places it warmly on his shoulder.

HAYDEN

I don't use you. I need you. It's just for tonight remember...once Doctor Anderson gets here, it will all be over. I promise you.

He walks over to the fridge and opens the door.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Now, if you won't bring her her orange juice, then the least you can do is take my medical bag and keep it in your room for tonight. But take the vial of LSD-25 out first. We still need that.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sierra sits cross legged on her bed, looking ravishing in a deep red strapless gown with a wide crinoline skirt and matching gloves. Her hair is waved in all the right places and her lips match her necklace. She stares at the wall.

HAYDEN (O.C.)

Sierra! You better come down here! Guests will be coming soon!

Her face takes on a picture of quiet agony and fear. She glances at her clock which reads 6:01.

HAYDEN (O.C.)

I opened up a bottle of brandy for you!

She closes her eyes and takes a breath as deep as her girdle will allow.

INT. FOYER - EVENING

Hayden, with a glass of brandy in hand, and Parker stand at the bottom of the staircase. Sierra slowly walks down the hallway and appears at the top of the stairs.

HAYDEN

You look wonderful, dear.

PARKER

Like a genuine movie star. You're going to give Rita Hayworth a run for her money.

She walks down the stairs and Sierra manages a little smile and a little more color appears on her heavily rouged cheeks. She takes the drink from Hayden's hand. Parker heads off to the kitchen.

PARKER

I'm going to open a bottle of the bubbly for us Hayden.

Hayden reaches out and touches her necklace.

HAYDEN

I knew this would work out. Do I have excellent taste or what?

SIERRA

It is lovely Hayden. Thank you.

HAYDEN

Do you feel any better?

SIERRA

Not really.

HAYDEN

Then drink up. Brandy always quenches the nerves.

Parker comes back out to them holding two glasses and a bottle of champagne. Sierra takes a sip of her drink and Parker's face looks conflicted at the sight. Hayden gives him a look and takes a glass.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
Let the bubbles flow.

Parker hands him his other glass and pops the cork on the bottle. It goes sailing across the hall and champagne spritzes everywhere. Sierra lets out a happy cry. He fills the glasses and Hayden raises his in a toast.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
Here's to a memorable party.

EXT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A car drives up to the house and a man in a tux gets out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sierra is standing at the record player, searching for a record. She puts her hand to her forehead and wipes some sweat off.

HAYDEN (O.S.)  
Sierra, I'd like you to meet  
someone.

She turns around to see Hayden, now looking devilish in a tux, with DOCTOR ANDERSON, a stocky man with glasses who resembles a penguin.

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
I'm Doctor Anderson. But you can  
call me Barry if you'd like.

She glances at the clock which reads 6:45 and makes her way over to the man. He shakes her hand. Sierra tries to hide her contempt which he notices.

DOCTOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Hayden told me to come a little  
earlier. He hoped I could have a  
talk with you.

Hayden smiles at her broadly. She nods reluctantly.

SIERRA  
Oh...all right. Uh, here sit down.

She gestures at the couch and he obliges.



HAYDEN

I'll get you something to drink  
Barry.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

Manhattan, please.

Hayden leaves the room. Sierra sits in an armchair, facing  
Doctor Anderson.

DOCTOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Hayden tells me you haven't been  
acting yourself lately.

SIERRA

Well...you know Hayden.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

He's dearly concerned.

SIERRA

I've just had trouble sleeping.  
That's all. I'll be fine.

She starts fidgeting, rubbing her hands over each other. He  
notices.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

You don't have to pretend that  
everything's OK. I'm not here to  
judge, just listen.

She stares at him blankly.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

Tell me in your words, exactly what  
happened last night.

She starts fidgeting even more, looking around the room.

SIERRA

I feel silly talking about it.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

About what exactly? What do you  
feel reluctant to talk about?

SIERRA

They think I'm going crazy...I know  
they do.

She abruptly gets off the couch and walks back over to the  
record player.

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
And why would they think that?  
Because you haven't been sleeping,  
is that right?

SIERRA  
Yes.

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
And you have been seeing an old  
woman in the house. You think it's  
your mother-in-law.

She whips around, her face fiery.

SIERRA  
I don't think. I know it is! I saw  
her with my very own eyes! She was  
here, in this room last night!

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
But no one else saw her...

SIERRA  
She was here!

She looks away and starts to fiddle with the record player.  
Hayden enters the room with the doctor's drink and hands it  
to him.

HAYDEN  
So...have you been cooperating  
Sierra?

She doesn't look at him, she picks up a record and starts  
twirling it over and over in her hands.

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
I'm not sure if this is the best  
time Hayden. She seems a little  
agitated.

She puts the record down and faces them.

SIERRA  
I'm just anxious. Just anxious.  
It's this party I know, it's been  
making me feel anxious all week.

She sits back down on the chair. Her foot starts tapping  
rhythmically against the floor. She seems to listen to it,  
entranced. Doctor Anderson eyes Hayden, who nods. He then  
turns to Sierra.

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
Would you excuse us Sierra.

The doctors walk out of the room, whispering and glancing back at her. She watches them exit with a look of fear. She grabs hold of her necklace and slides the pendant back and forth on the chain in an anxious fashion.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The doctors walk into the dining room which is set up nicely with shiny silverware, punchbowls and immaculate appetizers.

HAYDEN  
So, what do you think? This is grounds for commitment, isn't it?

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
Oh, no. Don't go jumping the gun here. I really don't think you'll have to put yourselves through that.

Hayden looks away, licks his lips.

HAYDEN  
Look, Barry, I know what I have been seeing here. Classic case of delusion, she's displaying every symptom that my soldiers had.

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
But that was war. That's different.

Hayden puts his hand on his shoulder and looks at him sternly.

HAYDEN  
It's not different. What those boys had to deal with was death...this is the same for Sierra. She has never come to grips with all the death around her. It's eating her alive...just ask Parker. He'll tell you.

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
I believe you Hayden.

He takes off his glasses and cleans them with a handkerchief.

DOCTOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
But this could just be anxiety,  
which she is clearly displaying  
right now. I know you want to help  
her, but let's just wait and see  
if it gets any worse, all right?  
I'll have a talk with her later.

Doctor Anderson puts his glasses back on, moves over to the table and pops a broccoli in his mouth.

DOCTOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Ah, broccoli. The most feared of  
all vegetables.

As he shoves several pieces into his mouth, Hayden simmers in the background. Doctor Anderson faces Hayden and speaks through his full, green mouth.

DOCTOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
If I were you, I'd also keep her  
away from the Brandy.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Parker pours some brandy into Sierra's empty glass. She is leaning against the wall, observing the room with a little smile on her face. There are many well-dressed couples mingling about the room. It looks like a swanky affair.

PARKER  
What's so funny?

She takes a sip and lets out a giggle.

SIERRA  
These people. I don't know any of  
them.

PARKER  
And that's funny, why?

She seems to think about it.

SIERRA  
I'm not sure. But it makes me  
laugh. You make me laugh.

She reaches over and ruffles up his hair. Chagrined he looks around him and steps back a bit.

PARKER

Better watch it. Took me all night  
to get it right.

She lets out a little giggle, then closes her eyes and sinks deeper against the wall.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Maybe you should ease up on the  
brandy, Sierra.

SIERRA

Oh yeah? You're the one who keeps  
filling up my drink.

She smiles and looks at him. His attention is focused across the room on Hayden who is in a conversation with someone else, but watching them like a hawk.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Besides, this is only my second  
glass.

Hayden gives Parker a look and then continues talking to his friends. A woman in her late thirties, MONA LAMBTON, walks up to Sierra, her long gown trailing behind. Parker nods politely at the woman, whom Sierra doesn't notice.

MONA

I just had to compliment you Mrs.  
Hayes on your lovely home.

Sierra jumps and looks at the woman standing right beside her. She lets out a little giggle than tries to compose herself.

SIERRA

Oh. Why thank you. Haven't you been  
here...what's the word...before?

MONA

Why no. Though my husband and I  
have always driven past and  
wondered who lives in such a nice  
place. Now we know.

Parker watches the two ladies apprehensively. Sierra nods at the woman, then starts blinking hard.

MONA (CONT'D)

Something in your eye, my dear?

Sierra shakes her head and looks back up at Mona. Through Sierra's POV we see Mona take on a watery shape, in pale green colors.

SIERRA

I...

Sierra closes her eyes hard and then opens them. Now we see Mona and Parker peering down at her like elongated, dark figures without a face. Sierra steps back in horror and looks away. When she looks back at them, they look normal again.

MONA

(to Parker)

Is she alright?

SIERRA

I'm fine. Sorry...my eyes are playing tricks on me.

Mona gives her a wary look.

MONA

All right. Well, I'm going to go find my husband.

She walks across the foyer, passing by Hayden and Doctor Anderson who are walking towards Sierra. Mona leans in as she walks past.

MONA (CONT'D)

I think your wife is feeling a little overwhelmed by all this.

Hayden and Doctor Anderson exchange a quick look and approach Sierra and Parker. Sierra is staring down into her drink, swirling the glass around.

HAYDEN

How are we feeling Sierra?

DOCTOR ANDERSON

It's been a wonderful party, so far.

She nods.

SIERRA

I...yes...party. It's very...

HAYDEN

Sorry I've been too busy socializing  
my dear wife. I've missed you  
though. Have you missed me?

Hayden puts his arms around her waist and pulls her to him. Sierra looks up at him in surprise and from her POV we slowly see Hayden turn into a watery demon with sickly green skin, with holes for eyes and a wide, sharp smile.

He starts to kiss her, quite passionately. Doctor Anderson gives Parker a good-humored look and nods at the loving Husband and wife. But Parker's face has grown cold.

Sierra tries to fight the demon off of her, pushing him back and screaming her head off.

SIERRA

Oh, God! Someone help me, someone  
help me! Where's my husband,  
where's Hayden!!!

Hayden holds on to her and looks at everyone around him in shock. She starts kicking and pounding on him.

HAYDEN

Sierra, darling, it's me!

From her POV we still see the demon whose spidery arms have a good grip on her. We see his mouth moving but don't hear anything come out. She looks around at the room, everyone else taking on a moving shape, betraying their true form.

Doctor Anderson makes a move for Sierra and grabs on to her arm. She screams and tries to bite him.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

(to Hayden)

We have to get her out of here!

Hayden looks at Parker, standing lifelessly with the beaker of brandy in his hand, staring blankly at the horrific scene unfolding in front of his eyes. Except for Sierra's screams, the whole party has fallen silent.

HAYDEN

Parker, help us!

Parker shakes his head and walks out of the room. Hayden looks like he is going to explode from annoyance but Doctor Anderson and him manage to drag her out of the foyer and up the stairs. The party watches them go in awe.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hayden has Sierra pinned down beneath him on the bed, but she's still trying to fight him off. He yells over at Doctor Anderson who's hovering nervously above.

HAYDEN

Quick! Go into my bedroom, in the medicine cabinet I have a syringe of Thorazine for emergencies.

The Doctor nods and runs out of the room. Hayden looks down at Sierra's horrified face, her dilated pupils and smiles viciously.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Now you know....

He starts to kiss her on her mouth, on her neck, on her chest. She screams, struggling desperately.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Now you know what it feels like to be me.

He stops kissing her just as Doctor Anderson comes back into the room with the Thorazine syringe. Through Sierra's POV we see Doctor Anderson is a scary-looking penguin/demon with a needle that keeps growing larger and larger.

SIERRA

God doesn't understand, he doesn't understand!

He puts the needle into her arm, her eyes roll to her side, trying to get a good look at it. She keeps struggling but slowly quiets down. Her breathing becomes labored and her eyes start to flutter. Hayden gets off of her. She is still.

HAYDEN

Now do you see what I have been through?

Doctor Anderson sits down on a chair and takes a deep breath. He gestures at the open door.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

Better close the door.

Hayden closes it. Sierra opens her eyes and stares at the two of them but is unable to move.



HAYDEN

What am I supposed to do with her?

DOCTOR ANDERSON

Has she ever had an outburst like this before?

HAYDEN

Yes, all the time.

Sierra frowns with great effort.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

How come you didn't tell me about them earlier?

HAYDEN

I was ashamed...I'd do anything to protect my poor wife. But...

DOCTOR ANDERSON

But you think committing her will protect her?

HAYDEN

It will protect us.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

What do you mean?

Sierra struggles to keep her eyes focused on them.

HAYDEN

I didn't want to say anything. But, she's been attacking me. Sometimes with a knife.

He rolls up his sleeve to show a fresh cut on his arm. Her eyes widen.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

This was from this morning. She didn't like the way I made her coffee.

He rolls up his pant leg to show a scar.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

This was from a few weeks ago. I was just walking past her bed. She was hiding under it with a nail file.

Sierra shakes her head.

SIERRA

No....

The Doctor looks over at her and then back at Hayden.

HAYDEN

It's true. She's been so proud of it. How she's been able to scare me.

The doctor watches Sierra lying in her nice dress on the bed, her hazy eyes trying to plead with him.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

I see. What about your butler? Has she done anything to him.

Hayden pauses.

HAYDEN

Uh, well...no.

The Doctor gets up.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

Hayden if I were you I'd gather up your guests, get them to leave...

HAYDEN

I'm pretty sure they have done that already.

DOCTOR ANDERSON

And don't worry about Sierra. She has enough Thorazine to knock out a horse. I'll be back in the morning.

HAYDEN

You're leaving? Are you getting the commitment papers?

DOCTOR ANDERSON

I'll be bringing a colleague of mine.

He starts towards the door, her eyes follow them, but just barely.

HAYDEN

It's a clear case of insanity Doctor. I don't see why we-

DOCTOR ANDERSON

I want to talk with her in the morning, Doctor Hayes. Unless she becomes a threat to herself, tries to commit suicide, I don't think an institution is the answer yet.

He opens the door and steps into the hall with Hayden.

DOCTOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

It's a changing world, Doctor Hayes. What may have worked for you in the forties, may not work for you in the fifties. There is always another way.

They shut the door behind them, leaving Sierra alone in the dark. She tries to move her mouth to speak, but she can't. Her eyes close.

EXT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain starts to fall down. All the cars outside are gone.

INT. HAYDEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hayden is standing in front of his open medicine cabinet. He reaches into it and pulls out his shaving razor, staring down at its glinty blade. He folds it over and closes the cabinet. In the mirror we see Parker standing by the bathroom door.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sierra groans and stirs. She opens her eyes and look around the room. From her POV we see that her vision is still blurry, a sickly green color and weaving around like water. She sits up groggily and tries to get out of bed.

SIERRA

(barely audible)

Parker...

She steps onto the floor and nearly falls over but steadies herself on her bed.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Parker, help me...

She stumbles over to the door and reaches for the knob. It takes all of her concentration to grasp it. She opens it and peers out into the empty hall. Hayden's door is closed but light shines from underneath it. She shuts her door.

She sneaks past his door, still wearing her dress, and eases herself down the staircase, holding onto the bannister for dear life. She steps on to the foyer, but her heels click on the tiles. She takes them off, looking around her warily.

INT. HAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hayden eyes Parker in the mirror.

HAYDEN  
You're back I  
see.

Parker looks at his razor blade.

PARKER  
(American accent)  
What are you doing?

He looks down at the blade in his hand.

HAYDEN  
Oh, this? Nothing for you to worry  
about.

PARKER  
You've gone mad Hayden. You can't  
do this.

HAYDEN  
I've always done what has to be  
done. I've come this far.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Sierra closes the kitchen door and steps out into the rain. She sees Parker's little cabin with its lights on. She starts running towards it, weaving back and forth like a drunk. She slips on the wet grass but keeps going.

She walks up to Parker's door and rattles it. It swings open and she steps inside.

INT. SERVANTS QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Inside is a small kitchen with a sitting table and another room with the door closed.

SIERRA  
Parker...are you...please...

She stumbles into the kitchen but nearly falls over. She leans against the counter and tries to catch her breath.

She looks down at the counter and sees a half drunk cup of coffee. She stares at it, puzzled.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Hayden...he...he's trying....

She looks down the counter at an almost empty coffee pot. She looks around her.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Parker? Why....

She inches over and peeks in a half-open cupboard. It's filled with tea and gelatin powder but also a few bags of coffee. Confused, she makes her way across the kitchen and over to the other room. She opens the door.

INT. PARKER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She steps inside and looks around her. From her POV the room is spinning around but some things look clear. It's a very tiny room with small bed, dresser and table stacked with papers and a paper bag.

She stumbles around, dizzy, and knocks over the small table. It lands with a loud thunk. She covers her ears and watches papers fly around the room. She closes her eyes at the sight and when she opens them she gasps.

Down at her feet, spilling out of the bag are prescription bottles, some empty, some not. She picks some up and peers at them. She can barely read the label that says Benzedrine, Demoral. She falls to her knees and starts searching.

She comes across the liquid bottle of Benzedrine which is almost full and scribbled across the label in red is "Tasteless". She looks down at the other bottles and lifts up a piece of paper that was lying beneath them.

It's a photograph, a small one of Parker in an army uniform, laughing with a plain-clothed man. The other man is Hayden. Sierra drops the photograph and puts her hand to her head. Then she gets to her feet and looks around her.

She walks over to the closet and peeks inside. She sees the shotgun as well as a few other rifles. She hastily grabs the shotgun and then stumbles out of the room.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

She runs out of his cabin and into the rain. She eyes the house and then runs off towards the road.

EXT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She runs up the driveway to the big gates and opens them. It's a painful effort but they open. She runs back, to the garage, kicking up mud all over her dress.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

She runs into the garage and throws open the door to the car. She throws the shotgun in the passenger seat and then starts looking for the keys. She checks the overhead flap, the ignition, the container in between the seats but nothing.

She gets out of the car and starts for the door, pauses and opens the car door again and grabs the shotgun.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

A door beside the closet opens and Sierra steps into the hallway. She looks around her, up the stairs and then scurries across the hall, passing by her shoes she had taken off earlier.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She creeps into the kitchen and goes over to the key rack above the counter. She grabs the car keys and is about to step back into the hall when...

HAYDEN (O.S.)

You have never understood anything,  
have you?

Sierra freezes, then closes the door until its open a crack. She peers out into the hall.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Hayden is standing at the bottom of the stairs and Parker is coming down after him. Hayden steps backwards onto Sierra's shoes.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Her eyes widen at the sight.

INT. FOYER -CONTINUOUS

Hayden looks down at the shoes and picks them up. He stares at them for a few nerve-wracking moments and then tosses them aside without care.

PARKER  
(American accent)  
If I wanted to help you, I'd  
tell you to keep your voice  
down.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sierra's mouth drops open and she blinks hard, trying her best to understand his new accent.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Hayden looks up at the second floor.

HAYDEN  
She's out like a light. I'll deal  
with her later.

He fiddles with his razor blade. There's a loud squawk from the breakfast room. He eyes it, annoyed then walks into the breakfast room. Parker follows.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sierra watches them disappear and then anxiously eyes the swinging door to the breakfast room. She rests the shotgun on the counter and creeps over to the door, putting her ear on it.

INT. BREAKFAST - CONTINUOUS

Jasper is flitting around anxiously in the cage. Hayden goes over to it.

PARKER  
You won't be dealing with anything,  
Hayden. I won't let you.

Hayden lets out an amused chuckle and covers the cage with a sheet.

HAYDEN  
Won't let me? Why you are finally  
starting sound like a man.

He turns around, crosses his arms and faces Parker.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
It's too bad your intelligence has  
not followed that same pattern.  
What do you propose to do about it?

Parker looks around the room nervously. He eyes the kitchen door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sierra is listening with her ear to the door.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayden follows his gaze.

HAYDEN

Don't be foolish now. A knife isn't going to help you. Nothing can help you, except for me. Old habits die hard.

PARKER

This is murder Hayden.

HAYDEN

Murder? Who said anything about murder? Such an ugly word. Having someone committed isn't murder, my friend.

Parker takes a step towards him.

PARKER

That's what you think.

HAYDEN

It's what I know.

Parker lunges for him and pins Hayden up against the wall. His face is bursting with rage as Hayden calmly faces him.

PARKER

That's what you don't know! I know. I'm the one who's been there Hayden. Don't tell me that she won't die in there, because she will. She will just as I did!

Parker holds him up against the wall.

HAYDEN

I saved you Columbus, and you know it. The old part of you died. The naive Columbus died.



INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sierra takes her ear off the door.

SIERRA  
(mouths the word)  
Columbus?

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Parker is still holding him in place.

HAYDEN  
There's no way out of this. There never was. If you go to the police, they'll arrest you. I can pin it all on you, I'm respected in this town, in this nation. All that you are is a lonely old soldier who's gone off his rocker. A jealous boy, trying to drive his master's wife insane.

Parker thinks about that, loosens his grip. Hayden pushes him away and straightens his bow-tie.

HAYDEN  
We are at the end, Private.

He flips open his razor blade.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sierra slowly inches away backward from the door, not sure what to do. From behind her we see an ominous shadow looming, coming closer until Sierra backs right up into it. She lets out a scream, turns to see Eudora Hayes with shotgun in hand.

The door swings open and Hayden and Parker/Columbus leap into the room. They are shocked to find Eudora aiming a gun at Sierra. Hayden looks between them both.

HAYDEN  
What the hell is going on here?

Sierra looks at him and then at the mother staring her down, at the barrel of the gun. She backs up a few steps into the wall. Hayden moves towards his mother.

HAYDEN  
Mother, please, put the-

She swings the gun briefly in his direction. He stops.

MOTHER

She knows everything.

Sierra shakes her head.

SIERRA

I, I don't understand. What's...why  
is she...

Parker and Hayden exchange worried looks. Sierra cannot believe her eyes.

SIERRA

She's alive...you aren't dead.

Mother tightens her grip on the shotgun.

MOTHER

Just when you think you've gotten  
rid of a person...

Parker inches a step closer to Mother and the gun. Sierra covers her face with her hands.

SIERRA

I don't understand this. Why? Why?

Her face flips up and she takes a step closer to Hayden.

SIERRA

You lied to me! You lied to me, you  
made me feel...as if it was my  
fault! You monster! You monster!

She lunges for Hayden and tackles him to the floor. They land with a thud. She's weak but the adrenaline is pumping and manages to get a in a few wallops to his face. Mother pumps the gun loudly.

MOTHER

You get off of my son!

With one arm she rips Sierra off of Hayden and throws her into Parker. Hayden scampers to his feet, smooths back his hair. Mother has the gun on Parker and Sierra now.

MOTHER

I've always thought the two of you  
were the same. Like ungrateful  
leeches, sucking off my only child.

PARKER

Miss Hayes, please put down the gun.

MOTHER

Why? So you can take it from me? Turn it around on us like you were planning? I heard what you were saying. We all heard.

She eyes Sierra.

MOTHER

But it is too late. It's too late.

HAYDEN

But it's not. We can fake it...

He holds up the razor blade. Sierra's eyes widen.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

When Doctor Anderson comes back in a few hours, he'll see what she has done. We can put her away.

MOTHER

And what if he doesn't? I think you've underestimated this doctor. And overestimated yourself.

Sierra eyes Parker. He gives her a short nod and starts inching towards Mother and Hayden.

MOTHER

I knew you were in over your head! You aren't the doctor you think you are. You are nothing but a fraud.

HAYDEN

Mother, she is insane. Everyone tonight saw that!

SIERRA

I am not insane!

Hayden takes a step towards her.

HAYDEN

How do you know Sierra? How can you be the judge of that?

SIERRA

You've been drugging me, poisoning me. It's not in my head...I know it's not. Tonight, there was something...

HAYDEN

It's always been in your head Sierra. I just found a way for you to notice it.

SIERRA

But why? Why bother?

Hayden rolls his eyes, seeming glib. Then his face suddenly fills with rage.

HAYDEN

Did you really expect me to live the rest of my life in a trap? Tethered to a woman like you? A vile, cheap, tramp? An orphan?

She looks as hurt as she'll ever be. Hayden continues on like a raving looney.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

What else was I supposed to do? Huh, Sierra? Just try and ignore you? Well, I tried, but you always manage to find some way to snivel into my life. Why couldn't you just have left? Why couldn't you let me divorce you?

Tears begin to fall down her face.

SIERRA

Because I love you...

HAYDEN

Because you are selfish. This was the only way Sierra. This was the only way I could ignore you for good.

Sierra look at Columbus/Parker.

SIERRA

(to Parker)

Why did you do this?

He looks down at his feet, at the floor. His face crumbles.

PARKER

You know why I did. You have always known why.

He looks up at Hayden.

PARKER (CONT'D)

But I never wanted to hurt her. I just wanted to please you. To help you...but it can't end this way. She'll give you a divorce Hayden. You'll be free.

Sierra nods slowly and Hayden opens his mouth to say something.

MOTHER

We can't take that chance.

Hayden fiddles with the razor. Sierra inches back in horror but Mother keeps the gun on her.

HAYDEN

I'm sorry Sierra...but this is the only way.

He starts striding towards her with blade in hand. She tries to escape and Parker pushes Hayden aside. A blast of smoke, the sound of a shot. Eudora shoots Parker in the side and he falls to the ground. Sierra lets out a scream.

Hayden stumbles backwards, looking down at his friend in shock. Sierra tries to make a run for it, but Mother pumps the gun again. She has it on Sierra, although her face is also a little softened, almost horrified at what she's done.

Hayden drops to his knees and cradles Parker in his arms, blood spilling everywhere. He is dead and Hayden's eyes begin to water. He looks up at his mother in vain. As her eyes meet his, she toughens up, any trace of remorse, washed away.

MOTHER

I had to do it Hayden. I would have had to do it anyway. You know he would have gone to the police. We couldn't afford the suspicion. You saved his life Hayden. You had the right to take it away.

HAYDEN

(through gritted teeth)  
You took it away.

MOTHER

We are the same person. A mother's child is just an extension of herself. We were one, always will be. That love can't die.

Sierra shakes herself out of her shock and takes a tiny step towards her, violently brushing the hair out of her face.

SIERRA

He doesn't love you! He's afraid of you...everyone is afraid of you, the way you use them, the way you...you control them. He despises you.

HAYDEN

Sierra!

Eudora lowers the gun ever so slightly and gives him a look.

MOTHER

She's lying.

SIERRA

I'm not! It's the truth! I know, I'm the one who's been living with him for the last few years, not you. I know what he says about you. I know how he feels.

MOTHER

(shaking her head)  
You're lying.

SIERRA

He may have not loved me, but he loved the fact that I wasn't you!

MOTHER

Hayden...is this why you married her?

SIERRA

Tell her Hayden. Tell her how you really feel.

He shakes his head and holds Parker's lifeless form even closer to him.

HAYDEN

This can't be happening.

SIERRA

But it is happening Doctor Hayes.  
This is your time to confront your  
demons. Make them go away. Tell  
her!

HAYDEN

No...

SIERRA

Tell her! (MORE)

He lowers his head and begins sobbing, unable to look at them.

HAYDEN

It's...too hard.

Eudora's jaw drops, her face crumbles, the gun lowers lightly. Sierra eyes them both warily, making sure their attention is focused on each other. She inches closer to the gun.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Mother. I know you mean  
well...but...you make me hate you  
sometimes.

She gasps loudly.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I wanted to pretend you were dead.  
I wanted this charade to go on  
forever. When I looked at your  
grave, I just thought, why? Why  
couldn't this have really been you?  
Why couldn't you really be dead.

He looks up at her tears in his eyes.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

MOTHER

After all I've done for you.

Sierra is now very close to Mother.

HAYDEN

After all you have done for  
yourself!

This is what you did to father,  
this is what you are doing to me. I  
can run my own life mother! I can  
be my own person!

MOTHER

And this is what happens when you do  
that. When you don't have your  
mother around twenty four hours a  
day. You mess things up, you marry  
a conniving tramp.

Mother points at where Sierra was standing but doesn't see her anymore. She wheels around to see Sierra standing right behind her. In a blink of an eye, Sierra reaches for the gun. Eudora holds on. They struggle for a few moments until...

BLAM! A shot goes off. Hayden watches them in horror. We see Sierra and Eudora with looks of shock on their faces, still clutching the gun. Then Eudora slowly falls backwards onto the floor, a bloody hole in her neck.

She lands with a thud. Sierra stumbles back a few feet, drops the gun. Hayden cries out and crawls over to his mother. He hugs her, crying.

HAYDEN

Oh I'm sorry Mother. Mother...Oh  
Mother, I didn't mean it. I didn't  
mean any of this. I failed  
you...oh, God.

He continues to hold her, sobbing. Sierra watches them both, her face drained of any emotion.

EXT. HAMPTON'S HOUSE - DAWN

Sierra has a blanket wrapped around her dress as she talks to a DETECTIVE. There are a few ambulances parked outside and officials bustling about. A stretcher wheels by with a small, covered body on it. She watches it, looks at the detective.

SIERRA

I know I should feel guilty. But it  
was like she was dead all along. I  
had already made peace with it.

DETECTIVE

Don't worry about that Mrs. Hayes.  
We know it was in self-defense. You  
know in my thirty years on the job,  
I have never seen anything like  
this before. It's the kind of thing  
you only hear about.



Doctor Anderson approaches her.

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
How are you feeling Sierra?

She gives him a small smile.

SIERRA  
I'm not sure.

She looks around her, at the rising sun.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
But the world looks different.  
Shimmering, more alive.

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
It's the hallucinogens.

SIERRA  
I don't mind. As long as I can  
feel.

She watches as Hayden is led out of the house in handcuffs by three hulking officers.

SIERRA (CONT'D)  
Will he get help?

DOCTOR ANDERSON  
I think so. I've seen many cases  
that involve psychiatrists.  
Sometimes, it's too much to make a  
living off the insanity of others.  
I hope you understand what's going  
to happen to him. It won't be easy.

She nods.

DOCTOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
But, I know one of the best doctors  
in the country. He'll try and help  
your husband. But only time will  
tell. Until then, you're on your  
own.

Her eyes smile at that thought, and a few birds fly low over  
the horizon, past the sun.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

Sierra takes the sheet off the cage and opens the door to the cage. Jasper gives her an inquisitive look and hops closer to freedom, but doesn't leave the cage.

SIERRA

At least now you have a choice.

INT. SIERRA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sierra walks across her room, now clothed in a nightgown. She walks over to the window and stares out at the new day. She closes the curtains, making the room dark and gets into her bed. She lies her head against her pillow and smiles.

She sighs and sinks deeper into her pillow. She closes her eyes, turns on her side and begins to dream.

CREAK.

The floorboards behind her. Her eyes flash open and she listens hard. Footstep. Footstep. A woman's silhouette is briefly glimpsed as it walks around the foot of the bed.

Sierra's white eyes are too afraid to look at first. But she does. And she sees the grinning face of Eudora.

FADE OUT