Wesleyan University The Honors College

Goodnight, Sunshine

by

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INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

An alarm clock is beeping in darkness.

As we FADE IN upon a blank wooden floor, the beeping escalates, reaching an almost unbearable crescendo, until...

CRACK! The beeping cuts out and the clock lands upsidedown before us. A soft white feather drifts down and sticks to the clock.

EMMET (O.S.)
(sleepily)
Shit.

A pair of Feet now THUMPS onto the floor. Dog-eared socks are pulled on, and The Feet shuffle through a bleak, narrow hallway to the chipped and yellowing tiles of a bathroom floor. They pause--a faucet is TURNED ON briefly, a pill bottle RATTLES--then continue down the hallway.

The floor now becomes cluttered. It's not much at first, the odd scattered puzzle piece. Then more and more, as though someone had turned a puzzle box upsidedown and shaken it everywhere. The puzzle pieces become soggy as The Feet enter-

INT. KITCHEN. DAY. CONTINUOUS

A floor drizzled with milk and odd wet clumps of feathers.

The Feet continue obliviously through all this mess, navigating around the clutter with a practiced, automatic, precision until...

one Foot plants directly into a large puddle of milk beside an overturned milk jug, and everything comes to a halt.

A beat.

EMMET (O.S.)
Shit.

Cautiously, a hand reaches down to retrieve the jug, and now we follow the hand, up, up, into the air and finally a man's face comes into view as he tilts back his head to drink the very last drop of milk.

This is EMMET ROSEWATER, 23 and sleepy-looking, with rumpled hair and shy eyes.

We PULL BACK to reveal the rest of the kitchen. It's a disaster zone. The curtains are torn to shreds. The walls oozing with grape jelly. A table with a place set for one.

Sliced open on the plate sits a plump pillow, white feathers spilling everywhere.

Emmet finishes the milk. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

INT. ZOO OFFICE. DAY.

EMMET
And I'm very responsible. And. Um. Hardworking. Uh...

The office is cramped and dim. A colorful, inexpertly-painted mural of Noah's Ark dances across the wall.

REGINA CAROWAY, about 50, with a long gray braid, crouches behind a desk two sizes too small. She's nodding vigorously. She's one of those people who smiles even when she's angry.

REGINA
Mm Hmm. Mm Hmm.

EMMET
So I think I would be very good with the animals.

REGINA
Mm hmm. Mm hmm.

Emmet does not sound convinced.

Regina does not look convinced.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Tell me something, Emmet. Have you found The Lord?

EMMET
The Lord?

REGINA
Yes. The Lord.

Emmet looks around anxiously, as though hoping someone will give him the right answer.

EMMET
I don't know.

Regina stares hard at Emmet.

His dress shirt doesn't fit.

His hair is sticking up.

There are dark circles under his eyes.

REGINA
Tell you what. We don't have any zookeeper positions open just now, but this is just as good. You'll love it, I know you will!

CUT TO:

EXT. ZOO. DAY.

Emmet stands forlornly with an enormous cluster of balloons.

He's not loving it.

EMMET
Balloons for sale. Balloons for sale.

Nobody pays him any notice. A crowd of chattering TOURISTS clamors by and swallows him up without a trace. Rendering him invisible, except for the bright cluster of balloons bouncing overhead.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Cobblestoned and crowded. Everybody trying to get everywhere all at once.

MAURA BELL, 23, with all the dark wild energy of a caged animal, has managed to corner a DISGRUNTLED BUSINESSMAN. She's holding a tray of candy.

MAURA
And this one's wind flavored!

DISGRUNTLED BUSINESSMAN
Wind flavored?

MAURA
Here, I'll give you a free sample!

DISGRUNTLED BUSINESSMAN
What the hell do I want with wind flavored candy?

He pushes past her and disappears into the bustle of business suits.

Nobody else pays her any notice.

She bites her lip anxiously, vanishes into a nearby shop.

After a moment, Emmet emerges over the edge of the hill, maneuvering with difficulty through the crowds of people with his balloons.

Several give him dirty looks as the balloons blow everywhere.

EMMET
Sorry.

DISGRUNTLED WOMAN
Watch it!

EMMET
Sorry!

He disappears over the other side.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The kitchen is now clean. Emmet's all alone at a table set for one, finishing up a dinner of Lucky Charms.

He pushes back his chair and approaches the front door. Surveys it with some trepidation.

He locks the door.

He padlocks the door.

He latches the door.

He takes out three separate keys and turns them, in a very complicated contraption, until it clicks. He then takes these keys and hides them:

1) Under the rug,

2) In an empty fishbowl,

3) Between the pages of a hollowed out book.

Anxiously, he runs his fingers through his hair.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

It’s small and bare. There’s a night table with a bottle of pills on top. Balloons floating in the corner. Emmet shakes a pill into the palm of his hand and swallows it without water.

He turns off the light.

EXT. EMMET’S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The moon disappears behind a cloud.

All is peaceful.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Pitch black. Silent.

Suddenly,

POP! POP! POP!

Balloons bursting like gunfire.

Then, silence again.

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Emmet sits up in bed. He rubs his eyes with the backs of his hands sleepily, like a little boy.

Freezes, as his gaze falls upon...

The balloons, popped and shriveled in the corner of his room. A pair of scissors sticks jaggedly from the wall.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST’S OFFICE. DAY.

Emmet in a swivel chair, jiggling his knee. The chair SQUEAKS in rhythm to Emmet’s jiggles.

The office is fine but lacking the richness generally associated with psychiatrist offices. No leather couch, one cheap diploma. The desk is fake wood.

DR. Q.
Everything okay?

DR. Q is young and sweaty. Beneath his cheery self-assurance the anxious look of a dog.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
I heard you got a job.

Emmet nods without looking up. Jiggles his leg.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
That's great! Wonderful! And how are your friends? Are you making friends?

Emmet jiggles his leg harder.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
No more...incidents, I presume?

The chair breaks with a sudden CRACK. Emmet leaps to his feet, holding the broken pieces in his hands. He wishes he were anywhere else. He doesn't want to answer.

A beat.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
Emmet?

EMMET
...No.

DR. Q.
I see.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

This time Maura has cornered a SPOILED KID.

SPOILED KID
I want cherry.

MAURA
I don't have cherry, but these candies here, they taste like sea glass. They're made with real sea salt and everything. It's like having the ocean on the tip of your tongue.

SPOILED KID
I want cherry.

MAURA
But why would you want cherry? This is a flavor nobody's ever had before!

SPOILED KID
I want cherry.

At this point, Emmet comes into view again, making his laborious way over the hill with his balloons.

The colors of his balloons are so bright, almost surreal, especially in contrast to the muted grays and blues all around.

As he comes closer and closer, Maura stares, transfixed.

Emmet does not see her. He doesn't see anything. He's looking at the ground.

The spoiled kid kicks Maura in the shins and runs away.

SPOILED KID (CONT'D)
I want cherry!

Momentarily distracted, the spell is broken, and when she whirls back around, she and Emmet are nose to nose. The two accidentally look each other right in the eyes. Startled, they each let go of everything. Candy scatters across the gravel like jewels and the balloons escape into the wide blue sky.

Emmet stops short, mortified. He looks down at the candy. He drops to his knees. Maura tilts her head up towards the vanishing balloons.

MAURA
Your balloons!

Emmet begins gathering up the teal glassy bits of candy. They are sticky and covered in gravel.

EMMET
What have I done.

He collects a handful and stands up and tries to brush it off. He drops it into the pocket of Maura's apron.

She finally turns to him, wide-eyed.

MAURA
I made you lose all your balloons!

EMMET
It was my fault.

MAURA
This is terrible! What is to become of us? Wait here!!

She dashes off and returns a moment later. Shoves a single wilted balloon into his arms. It is white and somewhat deflated. It says GRAND OPENING in red letters.

She considers a moment, and then shoves a neat little bag of candy upon him as well.

MAURA (CONT'D)
That's the best I can do.

Emmet looks at the stuff in his arms. He doesn't want it. He's not sure what to do. He tries to give it back to her.

MAURA (CONT'D)
You have to take it.

EMMET
But I don't want it.

MAURA
You have to take it.

EMMET
But it was my fault.

Maura takes his right hand in hers and curls his fingers tight around the bag of candy--

MAURA
You have to take it. You'll be my first customer!

She flashes him a strange sudden smile, which Emmet doesn't see. He's staring at his hand curled around the bag of candy. When he looks up at last, she's gone.

INT. STARLIGHT DINER. NIGHT.

It's raining. Emmet eats a bowl of tomato soup. The bag of candy sits on the table. He won't look at it.

The diner is full and happy; SWEET OLD COUPLES, raucous FAMILIES with LITTLE KIDS, some TEENAGERS on a double date. But Emmet sits alone at his booth not talking to anyone. He's the only one.

He stares at his right hand. Shyly, he takes his other hand and places it on top, gently curling the fingers closed just like Maura did. His breathing gets faster.

Suddenly he pushes the soup away. He looks like he's going to be sick.

INT. EMMET'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

ANGLE ON-EMMET'S TRASH CAN: The bag of candy hits the bottom with a dull THUMP.

INT. CANDY SHOP KITCHEN. NIGHT.

A small rat, cream colored with bright black eyes, big ears, and soft whiskers, licks at a sticky spot on the counter. This is DUMPLING.

MAURA (O.S.)
Dumpling, get away from there!

Dumpling ignores this. Cleans herself.

A WALTZ plays low and staticky in the background. It is soft and dark and eerie, magical and seductive all at once. It is intoxicating.

MAURA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(good-naturedly)
Come on, rat. Get away!

A wooden spoon spins through the air and ricochets off the counter, narrowly missing the rat. Dumpling glares at Maura a moment, then snuffles off.

We now PULL BACK to reveal the kitchen. It is a wonder to behold--something between crazy inventor's attic and wizard's cove. Strange gadgets WHIR and HUM and SQUIRT out mysterious rainbow globs onto white butcher's paper. A pot billows purple steam. In another something tarlike bubbles. Freshly-picked flowers, a glass bottle containing "Blueberry Oil," an old leather shoe.

Maura, smudgy and barefoot, stands in the middle of it all. She's wearing an oversize camouflage shirt that falls well past her knees.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Damn!

She dives for the spoon.

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

In a trajectory matching Maura's dive, the trash can tilts over and trash scatters across the floor, the bag of candy tumbling on top. In a graceful motion, the bag is suddenly whisked up out of the frame by an unseen hand.

EXT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The yard is quiet and dark and still.

The house is quiet and dark and still.

We hold on this shot for a very long time, until finally...

A faint TINKLE of glass breaking.

Stillness again.

Then the white balloon drifts slowly, ghostlike, out from behind the house, and the wind scuttles it away.

INT. CANDY SHOP. NIGHT.

Maura is shaving the leather shoe into a pot with a cheese grater.

The waltz plays on.

MAURA
(in rhythm to the music)
And a little bit of this and a little bit of that.

From outside comes a faint THUMP.

Maura turns off the music and cocks her head.

A beat.

MAURA (CONT'D)
We're closed!

Nothing.

She picks up the shoe and resumes grating it into the pot.

MAURA (CONT'D)
And a little bit of this...

Unexpectedly, a shadow looms, large and threatening in the glass door. Maura drops the shoe into her pot in alarm.

MAURA (CONT'D)
(warily)
We're closed...

Cautiously, she grabs Dumpling and approaches the door.

Peers through the glass into the night.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Hello?

There's only darkness.

Suddenly,

WUMP!

Something smashes right into the door!

Maura jumps back.

Her heart's beating very fast.

She's not sure what to do.

Gathering her wits, she cracks open the door and peers into the dark and the rain.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Is someone out here?

Twigs CRACK as something big hurries away.

Maura looks down: A drop of blood glistens like dew on the stoop.

She looks up: A distant silhouette of a man frozen under a street lamp.

Maura teeters on the porch, torn between the warm lit store and the dark wet beyond. She ventures out cautiously. Stops several feet short of the silhouette.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Hello?

Nothing.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Uh...my name's Maura! What's yours?

Nothing.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Did you want to buy some candy? We're closed right now, but if you come back in the morning....

The figure steps forward, revealing himself to be Emmet. But Emmet like we've never seen before. He's unsteady on his feet, with a strange feverish look in his eyes. It's as though he's not quite seeing what's in front of him. And he isn't wearing any pants. Only canary yellow boxer shorts.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Oh! It's you!

She smiles, relieved, but her grin falters as Emmet remains strange and silent.

MAURA (CONT'D)
I just came out to see who you were...to make sure you were okay.

He does not respond, and she's unnerved.

MAURA (CONT'D)
...Are you okay?

His face breaks into a rakish grin, strangely charming. He sways again, then laughs delightedly. Just as suddenly, he stops.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Uh...

EMMET
Forgive me, madame, but you have a rat in your hair.

MAURA
(worried)
Your feet are bleeding.

INT. CANDY SHOP. NIGHT.

Emmet's feet are soaking in a basin of warm water.

MAURA
My name is Maura. I told you that already, didn't I?

EMMET
Yes.

MAURA
What about you?

EMMET
What about me?

MAURA
What's your name?

EMMET
What's my name?

MAURA
Yes. What's your name?

EMMET
Emmet.

MAURA
Nice to meet you, Emmet.

She tries to shake his hand but he doesn't notice. He's looking her directly in the eyes with unnerving intensity.

EMMET
You smell like burnt sugar.

A beat.

Emmet stands up, spilling water everywhere. He flips the radio back on. He moves around the kitchen in a funny, stilted pattern, almost as though dancing to the waltz that plays on repeat.

He plunges his hand into a pot.

EMMET (CONT'D)
What's this?

MAURA
Don't--

EMMET
Ai!

Jerks it out, now stained purple.

EMMET (CONT'D)
What is it?

MAURA
Nothing.

Emmet looks at his hand.

EMMET
Nothing?

MAURA
It's just the waltz. I was just cooking the waltz. It's nothing.

She ducks her head, embarrassed now.

Emmet licks his fingers. He cocks his head to listen to the music a moment.

EMMET
The blueberries are the flutes?

Maura stares, amazed.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Anyway. I just came by to tell you that I liked your sea glass.

He turns 180 degrees and walks straight back out the door, leaving it swinging.

She watches as he stumbles down the street in the dark and the rain. His house is on the end of the street. He pushes his shoulder against his door and he's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. DAY.

The alarm clock BEEPING as usual.

CRACK. The beeping cuts out and the clock lands upsidedown onto a floor now glittering with broken glass.

EMMET (O.S.)
(sleepily)
Shit.

His feet thump onto the broken glass with a CRUNCH.

Withdraw with a GASP of pain.

Glass glitters like ice.

We hold a moment as the sight sets in.

Then...

EMMET (CONT'D)
(harrowing)
No!

POV EMMET:

Sunlight streams through his broken bedroom window.

INT. ZOO OFFICE. DAY.

REGINA
Sick? You're sick? No no, Emmet, this won't do. This simply will not do at all.

Emmet, anxious and desperate before her, pulls at his tie, twirls his watch. He shifts from one foot to the next.

EMMET
It's an emergency! I have to go to the hosp--

REGINA
(firmly)
No.

She shakes her head with a sad little smile, sips milk deeply from her mug--"Got Jesus?" She sets it primly back on her desk.

REGINA (CONT'D)
I hate to be this way. But you've only shown up twice, you've lost fifty dollars worth of balloons, and now you expect me to...I'm very disappointed, Emmet Rosewater. Very disappointed indeed. You, sir, are not leaving these gates until six tonight.

EMMET
Six? But that's when they stop--

REGINA
--And what's more, if you don't pay me back for those balloons by Friday, you're fired. That's the day after tomorrow.

EMMET
What!

REGINA
Lord knows I don't want to. But when you let the zoo down, you let yourself down, and when you let yourself down, you let down our good friend JC. It's out of my control, okay? Okay?

Beat

EMMET
Okay...

REGINA
JC means Jesus Christ.

Emmet doesn't know what to say.

EMMET
Okay.

REGINA
(tenderly)
I'll be praying for you.

EXT. ZOO. EVENING.

TICK TICK TICK

INSERT: EMMET'S WATCH. It's scratched and taped together. The time is 5:57. The hands plow forward. 5:58.

Emmet leans his head back, closes his eyes. He's barely keeping it together, on the verge of a panic attack. Just two more minutes. He can do this.

The wind whips his balloons to and fro.

An old elephant stands placidly by.

Suddenly

MAURA (O.S.)
Hello!

Emmet recoils as though struck. He opens his eyes. Maura is inches away, unabashedly staring, as though he were an animal in the zoo.

MAURA (CONT'D)
I'd like to buy a balloon.

She holds out a dollar. Emmet hesitates, stuffs it crumpled into his pocket. He hands her a yellow balloon without looking at her and waits for her to leave, but she won't. She just stands there in the sunlight with her balloon. She brushes the hair from her eyes. Stares boldly. Brazenly curious.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

EMMET
Yes. Yes, I'm fine. I'm fine. Why?

MAURA
I had a really good time last night. I thought you should know.

Pause.

Somewhere a church bell begins to CHIME. The sound is ominous, like a death sentence.

EMMET
Last night? What do you mean, last night?

MAURA
At the candy shop.

Emmet takes a wary step backwards.

EMMET
No. No.

MAURA
We made waltz candy. Don't you remember?

EMMET
No. That wasn't me. You've got me confused with someone else.

MAURA
You stained your fingers.

She grabs his wrist and pries open his hand. His fingertips are stained purple. He tries to pull away but she's holding on too tightly. She's watching his reaction very carefully.

MAURA (CONT'D)
It was fun.

Emmet pulls away with a sudden yank and begins backing up hurriedly, tripping over himself in his panic.

EMMET
No. That wasn't me. You've got the wrong person.

MAURA
I'd like to see you again sometime...

And now Emmet's full out running, balloons fanned behind.

EMMET
Stay away from me! Do you hear? Stay away!

She presses her thumb to her lips as she watches him go. She smiles, intrigued.

INT. GOLDEN VALLEY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Emmet bursts through the door. He's breathing hard, covered in mud. His tie's askew. He's shaking all over.

A bored NURSE filing papers behind a glass window looks up at the commotion.

EMMET
Excuse me--

NURSE
Too late. Go home.

EMMET
What?

NURSE
I said it's too late. Go home. We stop admitting patients at six. It is now
(looks at her watch)
Six seventeen. It's too late. Go home.

EMMET
Wait, you don't understand. I really need to be admitted here--

NURSE
Well you should have come before six then, shouldn't you? Come back tomorrow. I can squeeze in an appointment at--

EMMET
No, not tomorrow! I can’t spend the night alone! You don’t understand, I got out, I...I...

NURSE
(not amused)
Yessss?

Emmet covers his face, agitated. He takes deep breaths, trying to regain control.

EMMET
(this is difficult)
I think I might be dangerous...

A beat.

That’s a different story.

She eyes Emmet doubtfully.

NURSE
You sure? It’s an awful lot of paperwork. No going back. There’s a green form, a yellow form, a pink form, a blue form, a purple form, an orange form, a white form, and a periwinkle form. Not to mention--

EMMET
For God’s sake, I just--

NURSE
If you’re belligerent that adds the red form into the mix.

EMMET
No, I’m sorry. Sorry! Please...Please, before I change my mind.

NURSE
(skeptically)
Okayyy...

She gives Emmet a pen and yellow form: FOR DANGEROUS PATIENTS ONLY. His hands are shaking uncontrollably.

With great difficulty, he begins trying to fill it out: Name: Emmet Rosewater. Doctor: Dr. Quiggly. Primary Complaint: Violent Somnamb...

Suddenly, the pen explodes in his hand, bleeding black ink everywhere. It drips down his elbow like blood. Emmet drops the pen, stares at the dripping ink numbly. He begins backing away, very slowly.

EMMET
I'm sorry. This was my fault. All my fault.

NURSE
No worries, I've got--

EMMET
(beginning to panic)
My fault! My fault! My fault!

He falls to the ground.

The nurse stares, re-evaluating the severity of the situation.

NURSE
On second thought, maybe we'd better bring you straight to the doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY. DAY.

The nurse leads Emmet down a hallway so bright and blank it almost hurts.

Full of strange, muffled sounds--THUMPING, CHANTING, REPETITIVE STACCATO CURSING.

NURSE
The days at Golden Valley are extremely regimented. You wake up at six for meds, then electroshock for those who need it, noon is mandatory exercise...

As the nurse continues talking, Emmet's feet drag with trepidation, overwhelmed by a growing sense of dread.

An ORDERLY shuffles by with a VERY OLD WOMAN.

VERY OLD WOMAN
They put worms in your ear while you sleep.

EMMET
What?

VERY OLD WOMAN
This whole place is a creeping poison. Once you're in, you never come out again! Do you hear me? Do you?

A JANITOR mops up a puddle of urine and grins at Emmet sickeningly with black teeth.

Emmet slows his pace further.

From inside a hospital room a DELERIOUS PATIENT yells.

DELERIOUS PATIENT (O.S.)
Oh God, no! Oh God! No! No! No!

Emmet comes to a halt in front of the open door.

NURSE
Is there a problem?

Following Emmet's gaze inside the room: The patient tied to the bed bucks and writhes violently against his shackles.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Oh yes. We restrain all our "Dangerous" patients. It's for their own good, really, and the safety of the community. You know, I've always said...
(Pause)
Emmet? Emmet?

POV NURSE:

Emmet, feet pounding, disappearing down the bright white hallway. He pushes a door to the outside and vanishes into the blinding sunlight.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Hey, you can't do that! Come back! Get back here! Hey!!!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE. DAY.

Dr. Q is on his computer, playing Sims.

Emmet bursts through the door, an absolute mess.

Dr. Q clicks out of the computer game.

DR. Q.
Emmet? You're not scheduled...

EMMET
Tell me the truth, Dr. Q. Do you think I need to be admitted to Golden Valley? For my own good? For the safety of--

DR. Q.
Hey now. Calm down. What's all this about?

EMMET
Last night I...my medicine's not working. I deserve to be caged, Dr. Q., tied up! When I saw the broken window, I tried to...I couldn't...

Emmet runs his fingers through his hair, anguished. He's unable to go on. He sinks to his haunches, buries his face in his hands.

DR. Q.
Emmet, we've been over this. Golden Valley is the last thing you need. Electrical shocks, mandatory injections...no, the damage would be irreversible! What you need is a calm safe environment where you can work through your issues. We've got this all under control.

Dr. Q looks down at Emmet panicking on the floor. Nothing about the situation looks the least bit calm, safe, or under control.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
Tell you what. I'll start you on some new meds, see how that works, okay? You still with me Emmet?

Emmet says nothing.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
You're doing fine.

INT. SIDE ROOM. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

Dr. Q opens a cabinet lined with rows and rows of nearly identical pill bottles, each with a red X through the label. He slides this bottle into place, X's out the label as well, another failure. It's the very last bottle.

Dr. Q deliberates.

On a whim, he opens an entirely different cabinet, empty except for a single faded pill bottle filled with glossy yellow pills. Dr. Q rolls this bottle between his palms. This will have to do.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

Dr. Q hands over the newly labeled bottle.

DR. Q.
This is your last shot. Think you can keep it together? For me?

EMMET
(uncertain)
Okay...

DR. Q.
Is there anything else you want to talk about, Emmet? Your nightmares?

Emmet says nothing.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
What about that night your parents started tying you to the bed? Do you remember what happened that night?

Emmet says nothing.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
Will you at least tell me why you think you're so dangerous?

A beat.

EMMET
Goodbye Dr. Q. Thanks for your time.

EXT. CANDY SHOP. DAY.

Maura stands with her tray of candy, watching for Emmet to come over the crest of the hill with his balloons.

We catch clips of inane chatter as people hurry by.

PERSON 1
...Can you believe this weather...

PERSON 2
...Billing statements due...

PERSON 3
...Golf golf golf golf golf...

ETC.

Emmet does not appear.

Maura deliberately dumps her candy all over the ground. She looks around hopefully.

Nobody helps pick it up.

INT. HARDWARE STORE. DAY.

Emmet stands very still, lost among towering shelves of appliances while all around other shoppers move about efficiently, industrially.

He's very overwhelmed.

An eager EMPLOYEE steps out from behind a shelf, talking mechanically, a mile-a-minute.

EMPLOYEE
What can I do you for this evening?

EMMET
Uh...

EMPLOYEE
Here at Handy Man, we have a variety of tools and appliances to suit your every need.

EMMET
I've broken...

EMPLOYEE
From wrenches to screw drivers! From faucets to electrical fixtures! We've got you covered inside and out!

EMMET
I've broken my...

EMPLOYEE
Take, for example, the Flex-O-Grill, a handy-dandy contraption.
(MORE)

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
You attach it to your grill so you can grill and work out at the same time! Isn’t that great?

He demonstrates.

EMMET
Uh...

EMPLOYEE
Yes it is. Will that be all? That will be all! Have a nice day!

He attempts to give Emmet a hearty pat on the back, but Emmet, stricken, moves out of the way. The employee saunters over to help the next customer, leaving Emmet alone once more in the middle of the store, very small among the shelves of duct tape.

INT. EMMET’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Emmet STRIPS OFF a long piece of tape and sticks it diagonally over his broken window. He repeats this process in the opposite direction, forming a dark X.

EMMET
(whisper)
Please. Please. Please.

He tests the strength of the tape with his knuckles. It holds.

INT. MAURA’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

A little cave of a room in the rear of the candy shop with a sloping wooden ceiling like a ship. The room is cluttered with an assortment of junk, some broken, most stolen. A shopping cart with one wheel, a pink lawn flamingo with the beak broken off, a rusty sign: BEWARE OF CAT.

Maura lies in bed wide awake. She stares at the ceiling. Clocks TICK persistently.

INT. EMMET’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Progress.

The broken window is now almost completely obstructed, a haphazard zigzag of duct tape. The street lamp outside shines through the cracks, casting strange stripes and triangles of light and shadow on Emmet’s face.

The bedroom door is similarly taped closed.

Emmet applies a finishing touch and steps back to admire his handiwork. The effect is claustrophobic to say the least, like a giant silver spiderweb.

He shakes a yellow pill from the new bottle into his hand. He sits on his bed.

INT. MAURA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Maura awake in bed lies flat on her back. She bounces a sticky ball of candy off the ceiling and sings:

MAURA
Feed your babies onions so you can
find them in the garden after dark,
feed your babies onions so you can
find them after dark.

She throws the ball too hard. It sticks to the ceiling with a dull SPLAT, lost forever among the graveyard of other candy bits crusting and crumbling away up there.

Maura sighs, frustrated. She rolls over, flips on a cracked black and white TV balanced precariously on some traffic cones.

The image flickers to life: A BEAUTIFUL TV COUPLE nestled in a satin bed eating chocolate covered strawberries.

TV MAN
Isn't this lovely?

TV WOMAN
Simply divine.

TV MAN
Oh how I love you.

TV WOMAN
I love you more.

TV MAN
No, I love you more.

TV WOMAN
No, I love you more.

TV MAN
No, I love you more!

TV WOMAN
I'm so happy right now!

They kiss over the fondue pot.

A waltz, which we may recognize from earlier, begins to play.

Maura flips off the TV.

The music of the waltz continues.

She buries her head under her pillow to drown out the noise.

The waltz continues over the next several shots.

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Emmet sleeps, tucked away in bed.

INT. CANDY SHOP. NIGHT.

Maura whittles away at something with her pocket knife. She looks out the window down the dark street towards Emmet's house. Bites her lip.

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Emmet sleeps, tucked away in bed.

INT. CANDY SHOP. NIGHT.

Maura sets down the pocket knife. She has carved a little candy elephant, rough but brimming with bold expressivity nevertheless.

She puts the elephant on the counter and moves it like a kid playing with a toy. She stares at it.

MAURA
(high elephant voice)
Don't go, Maura. Don't do it.

Maura drops the elephant into her pocket and reaches for her keys.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Maura in overcoat and nightshirt stands in the middle of the empty road leading up to Emmet's house.

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Emmet sleeps, tucked away in bed.

EXT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Maura walks up the path towards Emmet's house. She seems to be heading for his front door, but at the last moment, she veers off into his yard. She stands on tiptoes and peers into a window.

MAURA'S POV:

Emmet sleeps, tucked away in bed.

She stares at this sight for a very long time, uncomfortably long, perhaps. We can hear her breathing.

She sits on the ground beneath the window.

She takes out the little candy elephant, makes it run across the mountains of her knees.

She kisses the elephant on its sticky little head. She tries out the TV dialogue for size, staring deeply into the elephant's eyes.

MAURA
I love you more. No, I love you more. No, I love you more.

Suddenly, an arm shoots through the window and grabs Maura by the hair!!!!

MAURA (CONT'D)
Agh!

EMMET
I smell burnt sugar!

MAURA
No!

Emmet pulls with all his might. The weight of her body buckles against the tangle of tape, straining, straining, until...

POP!

He stumbles back and she's sprawling onto his bedroom floor like a fish scooped from the ocean.

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

MAURA
Don't hurt me! I'll leave you alone, I promise!

Emmet's breathing hard.

He's a peculiar sight, to say the least, wide-eyed and completely naked, except for the canary yellow boxers. Also, inexplicably, oven mitts taped to each hand.

EMMET
Hurt you? You think I would hurt you?

He bends down, peers deep into her face with feverish eyes. He flaps the oven mitts. His heart is breaking.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Why would you ever--

MAURA
(unhearing)
I wasn't spying! I was looking for my dog, I didn't mean to wake you, I just...

Her voice trails off as the whole bizarre sight, Emmet, the crazy duct taped room, the balloons, fully hits her for the first time.

She calms.

Sits up a little, curious.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Hey, what is this place anyway? What's going--

EMMET
We are trapped, my dear guppy. In the silver spiderweb of life.

Maura stares. She has no idea what he's talking about.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Trapped!

He begins to shuffles backwards. He bumps into the little troop of balloons. One brushes against his arm. He recoils violently at even this small amount of contact.

EMMET (CONT'D)
What's this? A ghost? Get it away! Get it away!

MAURA
It's--

A balloon POPS. Emmet panics, flailing more wildly than ever. He's out of control. Another one POPS.

EMMET
Can't you see I'm hurting them? Killing them? Get me away from here!

MAURA
They're just balloons. They won't hurt you. They're nothing. Just air and string and bits of colored rubber.
(inspired)
Wind on a leash.

EMMET
Wind on a leash?

MAURA
Haven't you always wanted wind for a pet?

Emmet stares at her with dark eyes. He looks lost.

MAURA (CONT'D)
What's going on, Emmet? Tell me what's wrong with you.

He just stares.

Suddenly breaks away, runs right into the door, a full on face plant. He bounces off, stumbles back into the bedside table tipping the pill bottle. Pills spill everywhere. There is blood on his face.

He falls to his knees.

EMMET
Trapped.

MAURA
What's <u>wrong</u> with you?

She peers down at him with frank morbid fascination, a touch of tenderness, perhaps. Noticing the scattered pills, she begins trying to gather them up.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Shit.

She stops. Picks up the pill bottle, turns it over in her hands.

MAURA (CONT'D)
(awe)
Shit!

ANGLE on her face as she reads the pill bottle label for the first time.

INSERT-LABEL: SOMNAMBULAN. TAKE TWICE DAILY FOR REOCCURRING HYPERACUTE SLEEPWALKING

INT. EMMET'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

MAURA (O.S.)
Tea? Coffee?

Emmet's blank-faced at the kitchen table. His oven mitt hands lie useless before him. There are bits of tape in his hair. Behind, distantly, we can see the open bedroom door, a black hole, frayed tape swaying at the peripheries. It's obviously been slashed.

MAURA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You sure you're okay?

A tea kettle WHISTLES. Various TINGS and BANGS of Maura tinkering around in the kitchen.

She PLUNKS a steaming mug in front of Emmet and slides herself into the seat opposite him. She leans across the table so their noses almost touch, stares him in the eye.

MAURA (CONT'D)
(suddenly)
Boo!

Emmet doesn't flinch. Maura laughs, delighted.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.
(dramatic voice)
Mild mannered Emmet Rosewater by day, *The Sunshine Man* by night!
(MORE)

MAURA (CONT'D)
Sunshine because it's night so it's a joke, get it? Why aren't you drinking? Oh it's your poor hands...look at you, you're helpless!

She whips out a sticky pair of scissors and snips away the oven mitts.

Emmet looks at his hands, opening and closing them, as though he can't believe they're free.

MAURA (CONT'D)
This is going to be the best night ever.

INT. EMMET'S KITCHEN. NIGHT. LATER.

The sky is lightening outside the kitchen window. The mugs are cleared away and drying in the drying rack.

Maura hangs upsidedown in her chair, watching Emmet painstakingly piece together a jigsaw puzzle.

MAURA
If the world was upsidedown I'd turn my ceiling into a roller rink. I'd paint it like the Sistine Chapel so you could skate right over the angels' faces. I've always wanted to skate on a famous painting.

Emmet says nothing. Maura tries again.

MAURA (CONT'D)
I don't get puzzles. Someone breaks apart a picture just so you can pay money to put it back together again? Couldn't they just not break it in the first place and save you the trouble?

Emmet says nothing.

MAURA (CONT'D)
What do you dream about? You do dream, don't you?

Emmet says nothing.

Maura gives up. She slides out of her chair slinky-style and moves silently beside Emmet.

He works with an ease, a confidence, a patience that is somehow calming. The edges of the picture begin to take on a form, as of yet still indecipherable, and she leans over his shoulder, two souls huddled together in the tentative rosy light.

MAURA (CONT'D)
You know, Emmet, you're probably my best friends. And I have a lot of friends.

A beat.

EMMET
I'd cut out a skylight and go swimming in the sky.

MAURA
What?

EMMET
If my world was upsidedown.

This idea had not even occurred to Maura. She bites back a smile, looks at Emmet from the corner of her eye. Tries a puzzle piece.

It fits.

She blinks, registering the sunlit floor for the first time.

MAURA
Shit! The time! You need to get to bed, Sleeping Beauty, before you wake up again!

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

She pushes Emmet onto his little unmade bed.

MAURA
Lie down. Close your eyes. And forget all about this. It's a shame it has to stay secret. For what it's worth, I had fun.

She closes his eyelids with her fingers and whispers into his ear:

MAURA (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Sunshine.

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Alarm BEEPING, sunlight streaming, feet plunking down, you know the deal.

But this time...

Emmet's gaze falls on one object then the next: the intact window and doorway, the oven mitts taped to his hands, the bottle of pills on the bedside table. Emmet can't believe his eyes.

EMMET
Yes. YES!!!

He picks up the pill bottle and smiles the biggest smile we've ever seen, plants a kiss right on the label.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Thank you, Dr. Q!

EXT. ZOO. DAY.

The sun is shining, the birds are singing. The balloons look brighter than ever before.

Emmet takes a deep breath of the fresh morning air. A tentative smile creeps onto his face. It's go time.

EMMET
(hesitantly)
Balloons for sale. Balloons! Just one dollar. Balloons for sale.

His quiet voice is swallowed up as THE CROWD rushes by. He's a lone figure motionless against the unstoppable sea of bodies.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Do you--

HARRIED MOTHER
No.

EMMET
Want to--

BOY
No!

EMMET
Would you--

TEENAGER
No way!

Emmet scans the zoo, a little discouraged.

EMMET
Does anybody at all want a balloon?

Nobody answers.

Emmet desperately steps forward to intercept a disgruntled businessman (the same, in fact, who refused Maura's wind candy) and his unhappy little DAUGHTER.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Balloons for sale!

DISGRUNTLED BUSINESSMAN
What would she want with a balloon? It's just one more thing to keep track of.

EMMET
(uncertain)
It's not just one more thing to keep track of. It's, um...

A gust of wind blows.

The balloons come alive, bobbing and twisting, much like the previous night when Emmet got all tangled in their strings.

He squints up at this unsettlingly familiar sight, grasping at the dream. Rubs his nose.

EMMET (CONT'D)
...wind on a leash.

DISGRUNTLED BUSINESSMAN
What the hell--

DAUGHTER
(enchanted)
Wind on a leash?

EMMET
(faltering)
Haven't you always wanted wind for a pet?

DAUGHTER
Oh yes!

A beat

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
Please daddy. I really want one!

DISGRUNTLED BUSINESSMAN
Oh...Well...

The businessman deliberates.

DAUGTER
Please!

DISGRUNTLED BUSINESSMAN
Hell. Give us a blue.

The little girl throws her arms around her father and kisses him on the cheek. Emmet hands over the balloon.

EMMET
(to himself)
Wind for a pet?

-Whatever.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Balloons for sale! Get your balloons!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE. DAY.

Dr. Q sits at his desk, bored. He's stretching colorful rubber bands onto a very large rubber band ball.

The phone RINGS.

Dr. Q puts the ball back into a desk drawer and looks at the phone. A struggling psychiatrist, his phone never rings.

It RINGS again.

Dr. Q picks up hopefully.

DR. Q.
Hello? Dr. Quiggly Psychiatric Services. Would you like to make an appoint--

DR. OPPOLUS (V.O.)
No I would not. This is Dr. Oppolus from Golden Valley Psychiatric Hospital.

Dr. Q's face falls.

DR. Q.
Hi Oliver.

DR. OPPOLUS (V.O.)
Hi Quentin. Do you have a moment? I'd like to ask you a few questions about a patient of yours. I believe he may be extremely dangerous.

EXT. ZOO. DAY.

Emmet packs up his balloons, flushed with success. His supply is noticeably diminished.

He smiles a little at the beautiful weather, whistles a cheery tune.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

A small CROWD has gathered in front of Maura's shop, where Maura, hair wild, spattered head to toe in a thick, neon-green paint-like substance, stands in face to face confrontation with a furious FAT LADY, spattered in a similar neon orange substance. Dumpling is balanced precariously on Maura's head.

MAURA
Rats are <u>not</u> vermin! I'll have you know domesticated rats are one of the cleanest animals out there! And I'm very sorry, ma'am, for dumping a vat of candy on you, I didn't mean to, but if you insult my friend that's what's bound to happen! Anyway, it's supposed to be bubble candy so the stains should float right off with a bit of water.

FAT LADY
(to the crowd)
Did you hear that? She said the rat was her friend! The rat!

THE CROWD laughs uproariously.

THE CROWD
(ad lib to Maura)
You're crazy! Get a life! What's wrong with you!

FAT LADY
I suggest you re-examine your priorities, young lady. Maybe find yourself a real friend. One that won't need to fear the Exterminator once you fail your health inspection. I for one...

At that moment, Maura catches sight of Emmet passing by with his balloons. His stride falters as he looks in her direction.

Her eyes widen, her heart skips a beat.

Is he onto her?

MAURA
(abruptly)
I...I have to go...

Guilty, she backs into her store, away from the crowd, away from his curious stare.

FAT LADY
Get back here! I wasn't done with you!

But Maura does not emerge. And Emmet continues on his way, disappearing into the bright sunshine.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE. DAY.

Dr. Q hangs up the phone.

He puts his head in his hands, a headache coming on.

EMMET (O.S.)
Dr. Q?

Dr. Q sits up with a jolt.

Emmet's standing before him expectantly. His hair is combed. His eyes are bright. Maybe a little too bright.

DR. Q.
What is it, Emmet?

EMMET
I'm cured!

DR. Q.
What?

EMMET
You were right! Those new pills worked! I didn't think they would at first but this morning I...

DR. Q.
Woah there, slow down.

EMMET
...didn't wake up covered in blood...

A SERIES OF SHOTS FROM THE PREVIOUS NIGHT:

Maura holds Emmet's head under the sink and washes the blood from his face.

EMMET (CONT'D)
...or with a mess all over the floor...

Maura scoops the last of the pills into the bottle.

EMMET (CONT'D)
...none of the tape was broken...

Maura meticulously tapes over the hole in the doorway, smoothing it with her palm until the crack is seamless once more.

EMMET (CONT'D)
I never even left my bed! I know it!

As we've already seen, Maura pushes Emmet back into bed and silently mouths: "Goodnight, Sunshine."

EMMET (CONT'D)
I've never felt happier! I'm cured!

Emmet beams proudly. Dr. Q does not return the smile.

DR. Q.
Well, actually, I don't...

EMMET
(rising to leave)
Thanks for all your help, Doctor Q.

DR. Q.
Hold on a minute, Emmet. If you really are better, I'm sure you won't mind finally talking to me a bit. I wanted to ask you something, actually. About your brother--

Emmet goes white as a ghost but tries not to let it show.

EMMET
I'm cured, Dr. Q. Goodbye.

And with that, he's out the door.

Dr. Q puts his head back in his hands.

EXT. ZOO. EVENING.

A picturesque scene right out of National Geographic--two elephants, MOTHER and BABY silhouetted in the setting sun under a baobab tree.

REGINA (O.S.)
...payments due, and I'm afraid you're running out of time. What I'm trying to say is...Emmet. Emmet! Emmet, could you look at me, please, when I'm...

WE PULL BACK to reveal the elephants in their lonely little elephant cage. The tree is a cardboard cutout, the sunset a backdrop.

Emmet's leaning on the fence watching the scene, something akin to rapture in his face, a tenderness and passion we've never seen before.

He tears his gaze away from the elephants.

EMMET
Sorry.

REGINA
Bottom line. I need the fifty dollars by tomorrow or you're fired. I hope you hadn't forgotten.

A beat in which Emmet very quietly begins to panic.

He'd forgotten.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Emmet?

EMMET
I'll get it.

Her stare burns into his soul.

REGINA
The whole zoo is counting on you.

EMMET
I'll get it!

REGINA
The elephants are counting on you.

He peels open his wallet and peers inside. A single penny falls out, spins into the gutter.

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The house has been ransacked in a frantic search for money.

Empty jean pockets

Gutted bags

A childhood piggybank, smashed.

Emmet's crawling behind the refrigerator, looking in vain for spare change.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

The phone is RINGING again.

Dr. Q sits with his head in his hands, charts open. He looks at the phone wearily. Debates not answering.

He picks up.

DR. Q.
Hello?

DR. OPPOLUS (V.O.)
Doctor Quiggly, this is Doctor Oppolus again from down at Golden Valley.

Dr. Q bangs his head on the desk.

DR. Q.
(wearily)
Hello, Oliver.

DR. OPPOLUS (V.O.)
I'm calling about Emmet Rosewater?

DR. Q.
Yes, he's doing great. Thanks for your concern. Have a good--

DR. OPPOLUS (V.O.)
I've just been over his records. I think it imminent that he be admitted to our Psychiatric Care Unit as soon as possible.

DR. Q.
No, I don't think so. I've got it all under control, so--

DR. OPPOLUS (V.O.)
In my professional opinion--

DR. Q.
In my professional opinion he's doing just fine out here, Doctor. In my professional opinion he doesn't need to be strapped to a bed and pumped full of tranquilizers every day. I've got it covered, but thanks for your concern.

DR. OPPOLUS
It might not be your decision to make, Doctor. We'll keep in touch.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Maura paces in front of her shop.

She can't keep her eyes off Emmet's house.

She sits on the curb, dejected. Pulls out the little candy elephant and looks at it.

MAURA
(to the elephant)
I do too have friends.

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Emmet sits on his bed counting the fruits of his labor: a few crumpled bills and a pile of change.

His wallet lies empty on the bedside table. He eats some of Maura's sea glass candy.

EMMET
Eleven, twelve, thirteen seventy six. Thirteen dollars and seventy six cents. My entire life savings.

He flings the money onto the floor. Looks around the room hopelessly.

EMMET (CONT'D)
(unconvincingly)
I'll figure this out somehow...

Chokes back a yawn, lies down in bed, staring up at the ceiling.

EMMET (CONT'D)
I can do this. I can do this

He rolls face down on the bed.

EXT. SKETCHY NEIGHBORHOOD. NIGHT.

EMMET (V.O.)
(sleepy mumble)
I can do this.

A far cry from Emmet and Maura's usual charming cobblestoned streets, this neighborhood is one of rust and weeds: A run down building with burnt out lights advertising MR THIRSTY LIQUOR STORE. A car with the wheels jacked and QUEER spray painted on the side. A hypodermic needle floating in some old gutter water.

HEXLEY AXILBAUM, a ragged rabid skeleton of a man fidgets uneasily under the unwavering gaze of Emmet, fierce and feverish in yellow boxers. Emmet wipes his hands, stands back expectantly.

EMMET
...Okay?

HEXLEY
Let me see the goods first.

Maura watches these proceedings anxiously, shivering and tripping in an overlarge overcoat. Thrilled, but also more than a little uneasy, she stands very close to Emmet, not quite touching.

MAURA
Emmet, are you sure about--

EMMET
Let me have the money.

HEXLEY
What do I look like, a retard? Hand over the goods first. And let me tell you, they better be good goods. My last guy tried to sell me bad goods, if you know what I mean, and let me tell you, I fucked him up good. I mean bad. I'm not someone you want to fuck with, let me tell you. The number of people I've fucked up I could count on both hands.

He holds up both hands. He's missing the ring finger on his left.

HEXLEY (CONT'D)
Nine.
(to Maura, leering)
Want me to tell you how I lost this finger, sweetie?

MAURA
(backing away)
No thanks.

She tugs at Emmet's arm.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Emmet, I really don't think we should--
(to Hexley, apologetically)
We're lost. He's confused. We were just going on a walk, that's all. This is all a misunder--

But Emmet just stares at Hexley blank-faced, undeterred. A man on a mission.

EMMET
Give me the--

HEXLEY
Where are the goods? Where are the fucking goods? You're really starting to piss me off, buddy! I don't like being pissed off.
(MORE)

HEXLEY (CONT'D)
Being pissed off pisses me off!
Where are the goods!

EMMET
And then you'll give--

HEXLEY
Yes I'll give you the motherfucking money!

Without missing a beat, Emmet pulls the plastic baggy of sea glass candy out of his pocket and hands it to Hexley, matter-of-factly.

EMMET
Here.

MAURA
Emmet, what are you--

HEXLEY
What is it?

EMMET
Give me the money.

HEXLEY
First you tell me what it is. If I like it maybe I'll pay you. If I don't...

He mimes slitting a throat.

MAURA
(frantic, trying to get his attention)
Emmet, I really don't think--

EMMET
(confidently)
It's "candy."

HEXLEY
"Candy?"

EMMET
Made with pure "sugar."

HEXLEY
(suspiciously)
What's it do?

Emmet crunches some, looks towards Maura thoughtfully. She's very beautiful in the cold night air, hopping and tripping in her big coat, tugging at his arm, chewing at her hair anxiously. Her shoes are untied.

EMMET
It makes your insides explode. The night melts away. Your skin is made of sunshine. It's hard to breathe. It's terrible. It's wonderful. Save it for later.

HEXLEY
Huh!

Suitably impressed, Hexley hands over the money, pats Emmet on the cheek.

HEXLEY (CONT'D)
Thanks, buddy.

And disappears harmlessly into the dark night, leaving the Emmet and Maura alone together again.

A beat.

Emmet looks at Maura.

Maura looks at Emmet.

They both look at the money in Emmet's hands. Neither of them can believe it.

EMMET
I knew I could do it.

MAURA
One hundred dollars. One. Hundred. Dollars.

She grins, thrilled, relieved, delighted. Grabs Emmet, spins him around. Emmet allows himself to be pulled into her dance, a shy smile creeping across his face.

MAURA (CONT'D)
You idiot. You genius. What just happened?

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. DAY.

An alarm BEEPING.

Emmet sits up slowly in bed, peaceful and comfortable.

The room is pristine, tape intact on windows and door.

Money on the floor just as he left it.

Suddenly, his financial woes come flooding back.

EMMET
Thirteen seventy six. Oh shit, Regina!

As he rushes to gather up this pitiful pile of money, his fingers brush up against a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL.

INT. ZOO OFFICE. DAY.

PULL BACK from the fifty dollar bill to reveal Emmet, fiddling with this money just outside the doorway while inside REGINA talks very angrily into a phone

REGINA
(into phone)
No, I clearly ordered a shipment of baptized penguins! What do you mean, all penguins are baptized? Just because they swim doesn't mean they've been baptized, it has to be holy water! Who am I even talking to? No I will not hold. Hello? Hello?

She shakes the phone. Clearly she's been put on hold.

A moment.

She gestures Emmet distractedly into the room.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Emmet! What are you doing here? I thought I fired you? Just a minute.
(into the phone)
Hello? Hello? No I will not hold! Hello?

EMMET
You didn't fire me yet. I came to pay you back for those balloons I lost. Fifty dollars! Also...

REGINA
(absently)
Very good, Emmet. Where'd you get it from?

EMMET
I...

Emmet looks down at the money in his hand, foggy, trying to remember, where did he get it from? He runs his fingers through his hair.

She snatches the money from him before he can answer, tries to put it in her milk mug. She catches herself, puts it in her purse.

REGINA
(into the phone)
What do you mean? I wrote it very clearly on the form and...what? You can't baptise animals? Well that's just about the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard! I'll have you know...what? No I will not hold again, I've been holding all day! Hello? Hello?

EMMET
(timidly)
Also...

Regina blinks at him.

REGINA
(distracted)
Emmet? What are you doing here? I thought I fired you?

EMMET
No, I just paid you back, remember?

REGINA
Oh yes that's right. Well, run along. I'm in the middle of something very important right now.

He doesn't budge.

EMMET
I just wanted to ask you one last thing.

REGINA
Yes? Spit it out, I'm very busy...

He takes a deep breath, gathers his courage.

EMMET
I was just wondering if I could get a chance to work with the elephants.

REGINA
(into the phone)
Because I care about quality, and if you think I'm going to have a flock of Pagan penguins running around my zoo...
(to Emmet)
What?

EMMET
The elephants?

REGINA
(airily)
Sure, sure.
(into the phone)
Oh yeah? Well I'll have you know--

EMMET
Really?

REGINA
Sure. Finish up this shipment of balloons and they're yours.
(into the phone)
I'll let you know that I have The Lord Jesus Christ on my side. So we'll settle this in heaven!

She SLAMS DOWN the phone.

REGINA (CONT'D)
(muttering)
Or in hell, where you'll end up, I'm sure.
(to Emmet)
Emmet? What are you still doing here? I thought--

Emmet hurries out of there before she can say another word.

EXT. ZOO. DAY.

Emmet stares at the elephants. He opens the STORAGE CLOSET. It's filled with maybe 500 balloons, no more. He looks to make sure he's alone. He jumps into the air, ecstatic.

EMMET
Yes. YES!!!

He never knew it was possible to be so happy.

As Emmet spins around with joy, we

DISSOLVE TO:

SLEEPWALKING MONTAGE: VARIOUS LOCATIONS: NIGHT.

-Emmet and Maura spinning crazy fast on an abandoned merry-go-round.

-Emmet and Maura balancing on railroad tracks, running out of the way of a train at the very last minute

-Emmet and Maura laughing under a bridge as a parade of geese honks by.

-Emmet and Maura with Dumpling in the night kitchen. Maura kisses the rat, hands her over. Emmet takes a deep breath. Looks down. Kisses the rat.

-Emmet and Maura at Starlight Diner all for the world like a couple on a date. Emmet wears Maura's overcoat, no pants, glimpses of yellow boxers between the buttons. SALLY, a matronly waitress, beams at this sweet young pair.

SALLY
What's your request tonight?

MAURA
Rock candy milk shakes. With butter.

EMMET
It tastes like a street light.

SALLY
(affectionately)
You know, you two are the strangest thing.

The three smile at each other, basking in this moment of warmth, of true human connection.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZOO. DAY.

The storage closet door, cracked open. The balloon supply is noticeably depleted.

Emmet seems to be an entirely different person. He's happier, more confident, almost glowing. His clothes are all ironed. He's even wearing a new pair of shoes. The only thing unchanged are the dark circles under his eyes, but his grin lights up his whole face so we hardly notice.

He crouches down, eye-to-eye with a solemn five year old BOY and his red balloon.

EMMET
Elephants have the thickest skin and the second largest heart of any animal. When an elephant gets sick, the other elephants will care for it until it gets better! Just like with people! And when an elephant dies, the herd will always stop on that exact spot to remember him for a minute.

BOY
Wow! You know everything!

MOTHER
What did I tell you, Amos? Study hard and maybe you can be a zookeeper one day just like Mr. Rosewater.

EMMET
Oh, I'm not...

MOTHER
Thanks for the balloon.

She flashes Emmet a huge grin and hurries away with her son.

Emmet catches Regina's eye, who gives him a distracted thumbs up.

The sun shines. The birds chirp.

INT. GOLDEN VALLEY OFFICE. DAY.

DR. OPPOLUS (O.S.)
...He's not better.

Soft hands folded on a rich mahogany desk.

Blindingly white, blindingly clean, every corner so crisp it could have been sliced with a knife, the office is impressive to say the least. It's a more expensive, grander version of Dr. Q's office.

And the hands belong to the famous DR. OPPOLUS, a more expensive, grander version of Dr. Q.

DR. Q.
He says he hasn't sleepwalked in weeks. He says he's cured.

DR. OPPOLUS
He says. He says. And you take this mental patient's word at face value, you do? This very same patient who burst through our doors less than a month ago? He's unstable, Quentin. He doesn't know what he's saying. And he's a danger to--

DR. Q.
(indignantly)
Emmet wouldn't hurt a fly!

DR. OPPOLUS
(disbelieving)
Wouldn't he? I've looked over his record and--

DR. Q.
You just want an interesting write-up about in the medical journals! That's all you care about, all you've ever--

DR. OPPOLUS
And you just don't want to face the failure you know you've become.

The words sting.

Dr. Q bows his head, takes a deep breath, struggles to remain reasonable, professional.

DR. Q.
Look, I--

DR. OPPOLUS
What if you're wrong, Quentin? Have you thought about that?
(MORE)

DR. OPPOLUS (CONT'D)
Do you really want that blood on your conscience?

A beat.

DR. OPPOLUS (CONT’D)
A hunch is not good enough. I want first hand evidence that he’s really cured by tomorrow morning or I WILL take this matter up with the police. This is not about pride anymore, or old med school rivalries. Lives may very well be on the line.

Distantly, heavy metal doors CLANG closed.

A wild-eyed MENTAL PATIENT biting and spitting screeches through the hallway lead by TWO SURLY ORDERLIES.

MENTAL PATIENT
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

DR. OPPOLUS
Golden Valley is where he belongs, Quentin. Like it or not.

DR. Q.
We’ll stay in touch.

INT. EMMET’S HOUSE. NIGHT.

There’s something cheery, cozy about the house now. The kitchen has been turned into a makeshift candy factory, pots BUBBLING and WHISTLING away.

Emmet is hard at work on the half-completed jigsaw puzzle.

Maura approaches with several different wooden spoons. She sticks them one by one into Emmet’s mouth. The process is automatic, unconscious even, something that’s been done time and time again.

MAURA
This one?

EMMET
Wind chimes.

MAURA
This one?

EMMET
Geese.

MAURA
This one?

EMMET
Needs more lavender.

Satisfied, Maura grabs a pinch.

Emmet continues to work on his puzzle.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

A car speeds down the highway.

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Maura sings a lullaby to herself as she cooks, a hauntingly sad childhood melody.

MAURA
Ali Bali, you're looking mighty thin/a pile of bones covered over with skin/soon you'll be getting a wee double chin from eating Coulter's Candy.

Emmet continues to work on the puzzle.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

The car turns up Emmet's street.

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The car PULLS up beside the house and washes the living room with light.

Maura stops singing.

After a moment, a silhouetted man passes by the window.

Emmet looks up briefly, then looks down, unconcerned. Back to the puzzle.

FOOTSTEPS on the porch.

A soft KNOCK sounds at the door.

A beat.

Another KNOCK

MAURA
(whisper)
Emmet, who's that?

EMMET
(unconcerned)
Who's what?

MAURA
(whisper)
Who's that man at the door?

A soft voice calls through the door.

DR. Q. (O.S.)
You in there, Emmet? You asleep?

EMMET
(to Maura)
That's Dr. Q, my psychiatrist.

MAURA
Dr....what's your psychiatrist doing here?! Don't let him in!

Emmet's unfazed.

EMMET
I don't know.

MAURA
You don't-

EMMET
I don't know what he's doing here. It doesn't matter--

MAURA
It doesn't matter?! Don't let him in! Don't let him in, okay, Emmet? He'll ruin everything. He'll take it away, our nights together, everything we do, he'll take you away...

EMMET
Okay.

MAURA
Okay?

EMMET
I won’t.

A RATTLE of keys drawn out, then fumbled into a lock.

EMMET (CONT’D)
He has the keys.

Maura goes white as a ghost.

With a CLICK the first lock on Emmet’s complicated door contraption snaps open.

MAURA
Fuck!

EMMET
He won’t hurt you...

MAURA
This is not happening. This is not...

Frantic, she jumps to her feet, drags Emmet to-

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

MAURA
Emmet. Get in the bed!

EMMET
What?

MAURA
Get in the bed right now and lie still. Don’t say a word!

EMMET
It’s not morning!

Distantly, the second lock CLICKS open.

MAURA
Fuck!

She pushes Emmet onto the bed. He tries to sit up. She pushes him down again. They struggle.

MAURA (CONT’D)
Lie down.

EMMET
No.

MAURA
Lie down!

EMMET
No!

MAURA
Lie the fuck down!

EMMET
I won't!!

The third lock CLICKS and very slowly the front door CREAKS open. Maura and Emmet freeze, staring at each other.

DR. Q. (O.S.)
Darn locks.

Soft FOOTSTEPS can be heard, making their way down the hallway.

DR. Q. (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Emmet? Emmet, are you asleep? You in here?

MAURA
(panicking)
Emmet, for the love of God--

EMMET
(panicking)
No, no, no! Don't make me get in there! That bed, the dreams...you don't--

The bedroom doorknob RATTLES

Maura, frantic, shoves her hand over Emmet's mouth so he can't make another sound. Her eyes dart frantically around the room, taking in the tangle of duct tape in the window, the balloons standing at attention in the corner.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Dr. Q RATTLES the doorknob. It doesn't budge. He RATTLES some more.

DR. Q.
Emmet, you there? I'm coming in!

Faint muffled sounds emerge. Dr. Q presses his ear to the door.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
What are you doing in there, buddy? Let me in. It's all right, it's just me...open up!

He pushes his shoulder against the door. With a CREAK and a GROAN, the door resists.

DR. Q. (CONT'D)
Emmet?

He pushes with all his might. The door gives in and Dr. Q. steps into--

INT. EMMET'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

It's the very picture of late night peace and quiet. Dark and still with everything in its place. The clock radio plays a faint, soothing TALK SHOW, the source of the muffled sounds.

TALK SHOW HOST
(staticky)
Goooodmorrrrnniing Sunshine! And a sunny day it is indeed, out here in...

Dr. Q punches the clock and it goes silent.

He approaches the bed slowly, like someone tiptoeing up to a sleeping lion. With a sudden swift motion, he yanks off the top of the covers.

And sure enough, there is Emmet, lying perfectly still, face down in the bed. It's his hair, his shoulders, his white button-up shirt. Dr. Q can't believe his eyes.

DR. Q.
I knew it!

Emmet does not move but his back rises and falls, slow rhythmic breathing.

And on the bedside table, the pills, as prescribed. Dr. Q. picks up the bottle, turns it around, bursting with relief.

He stands there for a long moment, marveling, gloating a little to himself, then turns and heads right back out the door.

He does not notice a peculiar sight: Several balloon heads floating in the corner. The strings are all missing.

We hold upon this improbably peaceful sight--Emmet lying fast asleep in the neat little bedroom--as Dr. Q's FOOTSTEPS retreat.

We hold on the peaceful little room as the front door OPENS and CLOSES, and as the car SPUTTERS back out onto the road, trailing headlights, and then we hold just one extra moment longer.

Finally, Maura rolls out from under the bed. She has dust in her hair.

MAURA
Emmet, I'm sorry. I had to do it. If he knew he wouldn't've allowed it, these secret nights, us being friends like this. It would've ruined everything. You understand, don't you?

She pulls the covers all the way off TO REVEAL what Dr. Q could not see: Emmet, tied to the bed with the broken off strings from balloons, duct tape over his mouth. She STRIPS the tape off his lips. She sets to work untying him. He is lying perfectly still with his eyes closed.

MAURA (CONT'D)
You're not mad at me, are you? Don't be mad, it was only for a minute. You're okay. Come on, you're free. You can get up. You're okay.

She finishes untying him and lets go, stands back expectantly. When he doesn't get up she touches his shoulder to rouse him. He does not respond. Maura leans in closer. We now notice he is SHIVERING ALL OVER. His cheeks are wet with tears.

MAURA (CONT'D)
...Emmet?

EMMET
(low murmur)
It was my fault, my fault, my fault. It was all my fault. Look what you've done, you monster. You monster. Blood everywhere. Clean it up. Boy should be caged. Boy should be tied up. Put in a zoo. He didn't mean it.
(MORE)

EMMET (CONT'D)
He didn’t know what he was--Shut up, Bitch. Blood everywhere. It was my fault. It was all my fault.

Emmet shutters and goes still.

After a moment, he sits up, swaying slightly. He opens feverish eyes, looks right at Maura.

MAURA
Emmet!

He stares at her, haunted, not awake but no longer dreaming either, caught once more in that in-between consciousness of his sleepwalking state.

MAURA (CONT’D)
Are you okay?

Emmet looks all around the bedroom, touching his hair, his wrists, getting his bearings about him. He touches the bed, opens and closes his hands, making sure he’s untied.

EMMET
I dreamt...

He touches his wet face, notices he’s been crying. He turns away, wipes his face dry with his shirt.

EMMET (CONT’D)
Am I here?

MAURA
You dreamt you were what?

EMMET
I’m not tied up anymore? I’m here in this room?

MAURA
You’re here.

EMMET
It was just a dream. It was nothing. I wasn’t crying. Everything’s fine.

MAURA
What...

EMMET
It’s okay. I’m okay now.

MAURA
I'm sorry. I didn't...

Emmet sits still, gradually calming down. He bows his head. When he looks up again, he really seems okay.

EMMET
Come on. Nothing happened. Let's go for a walk.

MAURA
I'm so sorry.

EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

Maura and Emmet make their way down a dark, tree-lined, dirt path.

They reach a chain-linked fence surrounding a neglected little swimming pool carpeted with a scum of leaves.

Emmet clings to the fence, presses his face against the metal.

EMMET
I'm in jail.

He laughs. It's an unnerving sound, manic, bridging on hysteria.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Isn't this great, Maura? This is so much fun.

MAURA
Don't you want to go home soon?

EMMET
This is my home.

He scales the fence, perches on top.

EMMET (CONT'D)
I'm a bird. Look, Maura, this is my bird cage.

He falls down, hits the ground hard on the other side of the fence by the pool. He crumples to his knees. A tense moment, where he opens his mouth wordlessly, as though hurt, then he jumps to his feet, grinning wildly.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Let me out! Let me out! I'm trapped! Ha ha!

MAURA
I think we should go home. It's been a long night.

Maura circles the fence, locates the gate, bound shut with a rusty padlock. She tugs at the padlock, trying to break it off.

Emmet meanwhile balances precariously on the edge of the pool.

EMMET
I'm trapped! I'm trapped!
(pause)
I'm free.

And with that, he fearlessly steps onto the opaque carpet of leaves floating over the pool. He plunges below the surface and the leaves close up, leaving the pool still and unruffled once more.

Maura does not notice, preoccupied as she is with picking the lock. She's jabbing at the padlock with a hairpin, has several others sticking out of her mouth. She looks like a crazy seamstress.

MAURA
One click, over, over, one click...Damn.

The lock does not open.

ANGLE ON THE POOL-

OPAQUE, the surface completely unruffled.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Maybe if I had pliers or something. Do you have pliers, Emmet? Of course not

She tugs again. Nothing.

MAURA (CONT'D)
It's so rusty, I don't see why it's not just breaking.

ANGLE ON THE POOL-

NOT A RIPPLE.

Maura fiddles.

MAURA (CONT'D)
What'd they have to lock it for in the first place? You'll just have to climb right back over the fence, okay? I don't much feel like trespassing tonight. Let's go...

ANGLE ON THE POOL-

NOTHING.

MAURA (CONT'D)
(finally noticing)
Emmet?

Perplexed at this empty sight, she scans the surroundings for him, the trees, the fence, the corners. Nothing.

She walks a bit away, circling the peripheries of the pool.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Emmet? Come on out, I'm really not in the mood.

ANGLE ON THE POOL-

NOTHING.

MAURA (CONT'D)
That's it, we're going home.

She starts to leave, waits for him to come out and follow her. When he doesn't, she turns back.

ANGLE ON THE POOL-

NOTHING.

WE HOLD.

Maura stares hard at the pool.

NOTHING

A leaf lazily drifts down from an overhanging tree to settle upon the surface.

WE HOLD.

Finally, she realizes.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

Maura scrambles over the fence in a split second, tearing her coat.

She dashes to the pool

Teeters on the edge

Kicks off her shoes

And dives in.

UNDERWATER

Maura struggling through the dark water

Reaching

Feeling

Her hand brushes against something

Floating hair

And there's Emmet, motionless

Maura grabs him

He doesn't budge

She tugs

He doesn't budge

He's too heavy

She's running out of air. An air bubble escapes her lips.

Her eyes are wide, wild

His eyes are closed.

She grasps him firmly under the arms and swims with all her might!

It's a losing battle.

THE SURFACE

It is still

The night is peaceful

Not a trace of either one of them

Suddenly, Maura breaks the surface, gasping, heaves Emmet half out of the pool, lays him on the wet concrete, feet still trailing in the leafy water.

He does not move.

Maura, exhausted, crawls after him, leans over him, dripping, shivering in the brisk night air.

She shakes him. He doesn't move.

MAURA (CONT'D)
(choked up)
Emmet!

She hits him hard in the chest. He doesn't move.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Don't do this to me. Don't fucking do this to me, Goddammit!

She's crying a little, punching him again and again in the chest.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Fuck!

He doesn't move.

Suddenly, he turns to the side and coughs out about a cup of water.

Heaves in a deep breath and opens his eyes.

EMMET
Hi.

MAURA
You dick!!! Motherfucker! You...
(choking back tears)
Why would you do that? What kind of stunt were you trying to pull? You...you...

EMMET
I forgot I didn't know how to swim.

She bursts into tears and collapses onto his chest.

Emmet raises his hand to pat her back. It hovers in the air. Comes down to pull her into a hesitant hug. She hugs back fiercely.

The two just lie there

And lie there, clinging to each other for dear life.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Emmet's sitting on the edge of the bed while Maura unbuttons his wet shirt. The two are subdued, on edge. The air between them is charged with the memory of physical contact. They are careful not to look each other in the eye.

The shirt comes off and Maura escapes to the window to hang it in the moonlight.

Emmet watches, every muscle taut.

She turns back and he rises.

EMMET
Maura...

MAURA
I need to go.

She pushes a soft dry nightshirt into his arms.

A beat.

They look at the shirt.

They look at each other. They're standing very close.

They part.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Emmet wearing the white button-up again passes by Maura's candy shop.

He stops.

He peers in the window, a little haunted.

Unconsciously, his fingers trail to his shirt buttons.

INT. DINER. DAY.

Emmet alone at his sad little booth with his head in his hands. He eats tomato soup.

Sally beams at him, slides across the booth.

SALLY
Why so blue?

Emmet barely looks up.

EMMET
Are you talking to me?

SALLY
Am I...of course I am, smartass! Whatsa matter? Break up with your girlfriend?

EMMET
I don’t have a girlfriend...

SALLY
Oh, it’s like that, is it.

She slides an arm around his shoulder, pulling him into an awkward hug. Emmet stiffens, alarmed, ready to bolt.

SALLY (CONT’D)
Phew, you smell like chlorine! Keep your chin up, pal. There are other people to eat street lights with, if you know what I mean.

He has no idea what she means.

Heading out, she calls over her shoulder,

SALLY (CONT’D)
Take care, Emmet.

Pause.

EMMET
How do you know my name?

But she’s gone.

EMMET (CONT’D)
How do you know my name??

EXT. CANDY SHOP. DAY.

In front of her shop window Maura’s on a step ladder trying her hand at a little Halloween scene--a very graphic representation of some smiling candy biting off the heads of trick-or-treaters.

Reflected in the glass, we catch a glimpse of Emmet staring at her from across the street. He walks a couple steps closer, hesitates, seems to lose confidence. He starts to walk away. Turns back and looks at Maura once more, a tentative little dance.

Finally,

EMMET
Hello...

Maura closes her eyes, fearing the worst. She puts her head in her hands. Not wanting to, she turns around. Orange handprints flower on her cheeks.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Hello, uh...

MAURA
What is it?

EMMET
I just wanted to...I...

He shoves his hands in his pockets, rocks back and forth. His mouth is dry. This is difficult for him. He's very shy.

EMMET (CONT'D)
I was just thinking about you.
(beat)
I mean that time I yelled at you. I was just thinking about that time I yelled at you.

Maura just looks at him. She has no idea what he's talking about.

EMMET (CONT'D)
That one time.

MAURA
What one time?

EMMET
At the zoo, a few weeks ago? I didn't mean to.

MAURA
Oh...

EMMET
I couldn't get it out of my head. I'm not a mean person, I was just having a bad day. I'm sorry. That's all I wanted to say.

MAURA
(unnerved)
Forget about it...Have a nice--

EMMET
(holding out his hand)
My name is Emmet Rosewater.

A beat. Maura bites her lip, more than a little rattled by the introduction. She tries not to let it show.

MAURA
Maura Bell.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Are you going to buy--

EMMET
You know, you remind me of...of...

They stare at each other for an uncomfortable moment, at once strangers and yet at the same time the farthest thing from it.

MAURA (CONT'D)
If you're not buying anything, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Emmet just stands there, struggling with feelings he doesn't quite understand.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Leave, I said.

She grabs him by the collar and shoves him away into the street. Alone, she kicks the wall, overwhelmed. She bites her fist.

EXT. SKETCHY NEIGHBORHOOD. NIGHT.

HEXLEY
Heh heh heh.

Hexley Axilbaum crouches in the stoop of an abandoned barbershop, tenderly examining the contents of Maura's plastic baggie. His eyes are lit with anticipation. He pours some out, touches it to his tongue.

A beat.

Hexley's eyes widen. He spits all over the ground.

Brings the baggie up to his face with shaking hands.

INSERT-LABEL: MAURA BELL'S CANDY SHOP

HEXLEY (CONT'D)
Candy? Motherfucking candy? Motherfucking motherfuckers! I'll get you for this!

INT. EMMET'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Emmet in boxers smokes in bed. Rebellious, haunted. He sways back and forth almost imperceptibly.

Maura sits on the floor, her head in her hands.

Both troubled, both chewing over something.

Pause

EMMET
I want to go out tonight.

He's slurring his speech slightly.

MAURA
I told you, we can't. Why don't we stay here and make candy like we used to?

EMMET
Why can't we go out?

MAURA
Because I don't want to.

EMMET
Why not?

MAURA
Because I don't feel well.

EMMET
Why?

MAURA
It doesn't matter. I just feel sick.

EMMET
Why do you feel sick?

MAURA
Because I'm afraid you're going to jump into another fucking pool, that's why!

A beat.

MAURA (CONT'D)
And since when do you smoke?

She grabs the cigarette from his lips, stomps on it. A moment. She sniffs.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Have you been drinking?

Emmet doesn't respond. She bends to her knees, retrieves two empty bottles of bourbon stashed under the bed. She SMASHES them to the ground.

MAURA (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you? What happened? You were doing so well.

EMMET
I don't know.

MAURA
This was supposed to be fun. An adventure--

EMMET
I'm sorry.

MAURA
What happened to you?

EMMET
It was my fault. It was all my fault.

CLICK. CLICK. Emmet takes out the cigarette lighter, begins playing with it. Maura surveys the sight. He's like a sullen teenager. She sighs, a headache coming on.

MAURA
Is this really such a good idea?

EMMET
What?

MAURA
This. Who are we kidding.

EMMET
I don’t know.

MAURA
We don’t even know each other.

EMMET
It was my fault.

CLICK. A small flame flicks out.

Emmet brings the flame down to kiss the bedsheet. It catches, licking across the rumpled surface, billowing smoke.

Emmet watches, mesmerized, as the flame creeps closer and closer to his body.

He doesn’t move, his face a mix of satisfaction and sad resignation.

EMMET (CONT’D)
This is what I deserve.

MAURA
For God’s sake!

Just in time, Maura YANKS the sheet out from under him!

Beats and beats until the air is thick with smoke and the flames are smothered.

Coughing, she staggers back, falls onto the broken bottles.

Collapses.

MAURA (CONT’D)
I can’t do this anymore. I can’t do it.

Red blood is pooling in the palm of her hand, dripping to her elbow, a shard of broken glass sticking from her wrist.

EMMET
Your wrist!

Grabbing the white shirt, now crumpled on the floor, he wraps her arm in its soft cotton fabric. He kneels beside her. There is passion and great tenderness, sorrow perhaps in his expression..

EMMET (CONT’D)
You hurt your wrist. This was my fault. I’m bad news.

Quite a lot of blood is seeping through the white fabric and he wraps on another layer, holding her hand tight between his own. His face is very close to hers.

MAURA
You <u>are</u> drunk. I can smell it.

EMMET
Your poor wrist.

MAURA
Oh man. What a mess I've made of things. Of you.

EMMET
You haven't made a mess of me.

Emmet takes her hand, brushes it gently with his lips. The intensity of his stare is disarming. Maura tries to look away, finds she cannot.

MAURA
Of me.

EMMET
I'm sorry.

He leans closer.

MAURA
(weak)
Please don't.

Closer.

Great pain in both their eyes. Their lips are a kiss apart. Closer.

At the last possible second, Emmet turns away, staggers to the window, vomits onto the soft grass below.

MAURA (CONT'D)
What have I done.

She falls to her knees, blood dripping around her.

EXT. ZOO. DAY.

The storage shed swings open, empty.

Emmet swaying, still a little drunk from the previous night, hands out the last couple of balloons.

No one is there to retrieve them and they escape one by one into the sky. There is a manic desperation in the gesture that is really quite frightening.

A small crowd has formed at a safe distance.

EMMET
(slurring)
For you and for you and for you.
Oh I feel sick.

A beat.

Emmet looks at his empty hands. He looks at the empty storage shed. Back at his empty hands, back at the shed. He can't believe it.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Finished? I really finished? Oh my God! Regina. REGINA!

Regina comes barrelling towards him.

REGINA
Hush! Stop that racket at once.

EMMET
Regina! Guess what! Guess what I did?

REGINA
Emmet, you're making a fool----

EMMET
I finished the shipment of balloons! Just like you said! Now I can work with the heffal...the hella..the elephants!!!

Out of control, Emmet throws out his arms, nearly hitting Regina in the face.

He spins around. Staggers a bit.

EMMET (CONT'D)
(nauseated)
Ohhh...

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

Emmet hiccups.

EMMET
You said once I sold the balloons I could work with the...the...ephelants? Remember? Remember?

REGINA
I never said that. What's gotten into you?

EMMET
But you promised!

REGINA
Are you...drunk?

EMMET
(genuinely)
No. You promised I could--

REGINA
Yes you are. You're drunk! I can smell it!

EMMET
No, I never drink! I'm sick!

REGINA
Of all the--you're fired!

EMMET
What!

REGINA
Fired! Get out of here! I can't believe you, Emmet! I thought you were better than that. Get out! Out out out!

EMMET
But--

REGINA
OUT!

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. DAY.

Emmet stands in the middle of his floor. His world is crashing down around him. He looks down at the puzzle nearly completed on the floor. The picture shows an elephant standing in the moonlight, trunk extended, touching something small. There is a missing puzzle piece on the other end of the trunk.

EMMET
(to the puzzle)
Fired.

He looks at the puzzle.

EMMET (CONT'D)
(a little louder)
FIRED!

He sits down, rocks back and forth a little.

EMMET (CONT'D)
But I'm cured! I'm not sleepwalking anymore. This wasn't supposed to happen, my life was supposed to get better!

He looks at the puzzle, runs his fingers tenderly over the shape of the elephant. There is blood crusted under his nails. Emmet brings his hands to his face, examines this detail with growing concern.

EMMET (CONT'D)
I'm cured.

He looks at the puzzle again. He stares.

Suddenly jumps to his feet.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE. DAY.

Emmet SLAMS into the office, white-hot with fear and dread.

EMMET
I'm not cured, Dr. Q!

DR. Q.
Emmet! Good to finally see you again!

EMMET
Didn't you hear me? I said I wasn't cured. I've been sleepwalking all along!

DR. Q.
Now, now. Calm down. You haven't--

EMMET
The puzzle! The jigsaw puzzle on my floor! It was all pieced together!
(MORE)

EMMET (CONT'D)
I didn't do that when I was awake, Dr. Q, and I sure as hell didn't do that safe in bed! I've been on the loose, for who knows how long, doing who knows what--

DR. Q.
(weakly)
Hey, you don't know--

EMMET
There's dried blood under my nails, Dr. Q. I do know that. I'm a dangerous person. I do know that. I don't know what happened last night, if I hurt someone or...or...but I know if I'm on the loose tonight I will most certainly kill. That much I know, Dr. Q.

DR. Q.
Tell me why you think you're so dangerous, Emmet. You're not dangerous.

DISSOLVE TO:

A RAPID SERIES OF IMAGES.

FLASHBACK: A baby bassinet overturned on the pavement

DR. Q. (V.O.)
You've never done anything dangerous. Yesterday, or before...

FLASHBACK: A ribbon of blood curling into the gutter

DR. Q. (V.O.)
If only you could think, could remember what happened, I'm sure you'll agree...

FLASHBACK: A little boy with rolled yellow pajama bottoms--YOUNG EMMET--blank-faced and barefoot in the rain.

MAN (V.O.)
It's your fault, all your fault. Look what you've done, you monster. You monster. Wake up, Boy, and see what you've done to your brother.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE. DAY. PRESENT.

Emmet's eyes jerk open with a GASP

DR. Q.
...that this fear of yours, this fear of hurting others, is completely irrational.

Emmet leaps to his feet.

EMMET
I have to go, Dr. Q.

DR. Q.
What? But we were just--

EMMET
I have to figure out what's going on before it's too late!

DR. Q.
Emmet, come back!

But Emmet's out of there, the door swinging on its hinges.

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. EVENING.

EMMET
What have I done!

Emmet's got his whole house torn apart in a frantic search for clues.

He flies from one item to the next, like a bat caught indoors:

Two mugs still drying in the drying rack

A crusty wooden spoon discarded on the table

Sticky drops of blood on the floor

His white shirt, stained with blood, crumpled under the bed.

Emmet gathers up these pieces, his face filling with a numb and certain fear. He looks from the shirt to the spoon, crusted with candy, back to the shirt and his eyes widen as FINALLY he puts the pieces together.

EXT. CANDY SHOP. NIGHT.

Emmet hammers on the candy shop door with all his might. It's dark, a CLOSED sign crooked in the window.

EMMET
Maura! Maura!

A weary HEALTH INSPECTOR smokes a cigarette nearby.

HEALTH INSPECTOR
Don't waste your time, honey. It's closed.

Emmet, unhearing, continues to hammer at the door.

EMMET
Maura! You in there? You okay?

HEALTH INSPECTOR
Been closed all day. She never showed up for work.

Emmet stops abruptly.

EMMET
What?

HEALTH INSPECTOR
I should know. Supposed to do a health inspection. She hasn't picked up the phone, answered the door, nothing.

EMMET
No.

HEALTH INSPECTOR
She might as well be dead.

Emmet stands very still as these fatal words sink in

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

It's late

Clothes and belongings strewn everywhere

A half-packed trunk in the middle of the floor.

Emmet packs as best he can, whirling faster and faster in a foggy panic.

EXT. CANDY SHOP. NIGHT. LATER.

The shop door: Maura Bell's Candy Shop. The CLOSED sign crooked in the window.

Suddenly, glass SHATTERS as a GUNSHOT RIPS THROUGH THE NIGHT!

We PULL BACK to reveal the street, now nearly deserted at this late hour.

Hexley sticks the gun back into his pocket.

HEXLEY
Didn't I warn you not to make me mad? You'll get what's coming all right. You'll get what you deserve.

Hexley steps forward, intercepting the Disgruntled Businessman and a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN sharing a clandestine rendezvous on the street corner. They break apart.

HEXLEY (CONT'D)
(polite)
Excuse me. Could you help me find my friends? They live around here.

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Very Late

The suitcase is packed

Emmet puts on his shoes, ties them. Buttons his coat.

He leans against the wall, exhausted, choking back a yawn.

He shakes the cobwebs out of his head--got to keep moving.

Puts the pill bottle in his coat pocket.

Suddenly, something RUSTLES outside!

Emmet looks up to find a dark figure climbing through his window!

The figure hits the floor, steps into the light. It is...

Maura Bell. Without missing a beat--

MAURA
You know, I had just about had the worst day.
(MORE)

MAURA (CONT'D)
Spent a good part of the afternoon with Dumpling, trapped in my room, hiding from the exterminator, I had to get thirteen stitches at the hospital from last night, and to top it off, I came home to find my window shot out, speaking of which...

Her voice trails off as finally she sets eyes upon Emmet.

He’s an Emmet Rosewater like she’s never seen before. Not swaying, but standing firm, the feverish dreamy look gone from his eyes. And he’s not wearing canary yellow boxers either, but rather is fully dressed, from coat all the way down to his neatly tied shoes.

EMMET
YOU!

MAURA
Emmet?

EMMET
YOU!

MAURA
What’s going on? Are you...you’re not...

He begins moving towards her with frightening purpose, and she sees without doubt.

MAURA (CONT’D)
...awake? Oh my God.

EMMET
I thought you were dead! I thought I killed you! You...

He pulls her into a sudden fierce hug, frightening in its intensity. After a moment, he holds her out, studies her, overwhelmed by strong emotions he couldn’t possibly understand.

Just as suddenly, he shoves her away. She falls to the ground.

EMMET (CONT’D)
Motherfucker!!!! What were you doing? What were you thinking?

MAURA
I...

EMMET
A game? That's all I was to you? Just some toy to be played with and thrown out when you got bored? Didn't you realize--

MAURA
No, I--

EMMET
Didn't you realize what I am? I didn't want to hurt you, Maura. I was trying to protect you. I told you to stay away. What have I done? What have you made me do?

MAURA
(in a small voice)
Emmet, I'm sorry!

But he doesn't look at her. He just stares at his bloody hands and the bloodstained shirt and Maura's bloody arm.

EMMET
(hopelessly)
What have I done.

He begins to cry. He hangs his head, turns away, trying to hide it from Maura, but soon his whole body is silently shaking. He wipes tears from his face with the back of his hand. SNAPS closed the latch on the trunk.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Don't come find me.

And with that he climbs out the window with his suitcase and Maura is left standing all alone in Emmet's empty house.

INT. GOLDEN VALLEY WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

Emmet BURSTS through the doors of the empty waiting room.

He runs to the window, BANGS on the glass.

Nobody is there.

THROWS opens the door to the hallway.

EMMET
Hello?

The hallway is completely deserted save for the distant janitor with black teeth, slowly mopping the hall.

The janitor mops, back, forth, back, forth. He approaches Emmet at an excruciatingly slow pace.

EMMET (CONT'D)
(urgent)
Hello?

JANITOR
Hey there buddy.

EMMET
Do you know where everybody is?

JANITOR
Where everybody is? My friend, it's four in the morning! Everybody's in bed!

EMMET
Is there someone I can talk to? I need to be admitted right away!

JANITOR
Ha! First you want to be admitted, then you run away. Then you want to be admitted again. Make up your mind! Are we not good enough for you or are you not good enough for us?

Emmet doesn't know what to say.

He looks around. The place is even more unnerving after hours than it was during the day, full of strange shadows, rattling pipes, and that ever-present blankness so empty it seems to HUM. Emmet blinks slowly, rubs his eyes. He shakes his head, trying to stay alert.

EMMET
Please. Please don't make this any harder for me than it already is.

He thrusts his hands under the janitor's nose.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Do you see that? Crusted under my nails? It's blood. Is that enough to convince you I'm dangerous? That I need to be admitted?
(MORE)

EMMET (CONT'D)
Please take me seriously, because if I'm left alone tonight, somebody's going to die. I can feel it.

The janitor begins to back away, unnerved.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Call the doctor! I don't have much time!

The janitor hurriedly disappears behind the safety of Dr. Oppolus's heavy office doors.

Left alone, Emmet leans exhausted against the wall.

He wipes the sweat from his brow.

Fights back another yawn.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Hurry.

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Maura stands alone in the middle of the floor, right where Emmet left her.

She kneels down beside the puzzle and adds the last piece. The picture finally comes together: An elephant in the moonlight, trunk extended to a small white rat.

She looks at the puzzle.

Suddenly hurls it against the wall, breaking it back into its 1000 pieces.

MAURA
Fuck you, Emmet! Fuck you! Fuck me! Oh fuck, what have I done!

She presses her forehead to the cool floor and very softly begins to cry.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Hexley walks down the street. He is heading straight for Emmet's house!

INT. GOLDEN VALLEY OFFICE. NIGHT.

The janitor mops and talks on the phone. He holds the phone between his ear and his shoulder.

JANITOR
Yes Dr. Oppolus. Yes Doctor. The patient is highly dangerous, you say? Don't let him out of my sight? Hang on!

The janitor drops the phone and runs to

INT. WAITING ROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

It is completely empty, the door swinging on its hinges.

Men's clothing in a crumpled heap on the floor.

EXT. ELEPHANT ENCLOSURE. NIGHT.

Emmet in yellow boxers drops into the soft hay, startling awake a sleeping ELEPHANT.

EMMET
(comforting)
Shhh.

An impossibly large cluster of balloons bobs above his head like a rainbow storm cloud. Emmet, it would seem, has stolen the entire new shipment of balloons from the storage closet.

They block out the sky.

Emmet approaches the elephant with heavy swaying steps. This is the most centered we've ever seen him while sleepwalking. He touches her ears, her trunk. The elephant breathes patiently, calming under his influence.

Emmet looks up at the balloons, at the elephant. Laughs softly.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Golden Valley? Ha! I don't deserve treatment...
(Pause)
For what I am. What I've done. What I will do. Somebody must die tonight and I've figured out who.
(to the elephant)
(MORE)

EMMET (CONT'D)
Don't stop on this spot in years to come. I'm not worth it.

He kisses the elephant on the trunk. For a moment, backlit, almost a silhouette, he eerily resembles the picture on the puzzle.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Goodnight. Goodbye.

A pill bottle RATTLES

EXT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The front door RATTLES as Hexley tries to force his way into the house

HEXLEY
Where are you fuckers? I'll get you for this.

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Maura sticks her head out the window for a breath of fresh air. She tries to wipe her tears away. She streaks her face with sticky strands of sugar.

EXT. ELEPHANT ENCLOSURE. NIGHT.

Emmet's hand goes limp, releasing the infinite tangle of balloon strings.

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Maura's about to pull her head back in the window when something catches her eye:

An enormous cloud of balloons rising like rainbow ghosts over the zoo!

ANGLE ON-MAURA'S FACE.

She tries to make sense of it.

EXT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Hexley stops, hand on doorknob, turns towards the majestic cloud of balloons.

INT. GOLDEN VALLEY OFFICE. NIGHT.

The janitor, Dr. Oppolus, and Dr. Q all in tense quiet conference together fall silent as the balloons rise by their window

INT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Far away an elephant TRUMPETS mournfully.

A heavy realization dawns upon Maura's face.

MAURA
No!

EXT. EMMET'S HOUSE. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Maura rushes out of the house

RIGHT INTO HEXLEY'S GRASPING ARMS

HEXLEY
You!

MAURA
Emmet!

Scarcely seeming to register the encounter, she yanks away. Runs down the street towards the zoo.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Emmet!

HEXLEY
Hey! You get back here! I wasn't done with you!

He pulls out the gun and SHOOTS after her wildly, but she's rounded the corner out of sight.

EXT. ELEPHANT ENCLOSURE. NIGHT.

Maura drops over the fence. Beneath a stoic elephant lies Emmet, limp, lifeless. One hand clutches the empty pill bottle. A few yellow pills scattered here and there in the dirt.

Maura runs to Emmet. Grabs him.

MAURA
No no no! You didn't do that. You did not just fucking do that.

Shakes him.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Wake up. Wake up you fuck head! Wake the fuck up!

He's loose as a rag doll.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Don't you understand? You said you wanted to protect me. You said you didn't want to hurt me. You dick, don't you get it? This hurts most of all!

Now Maura starts to cry.

MAURA (CONT'D)
I hate you! I hate you so much!!!

She leans in and kisses Emmet hard on the mouth, her tears falling onto his face.

A private beautiful tragic moment

Shattered as...

Maura is suddenly YANKED OFF the kiss.

SLAMMED into the wall.

MAURA (CONT'D)
What--

Filthy hands grasp at her collar. A familiar voice hisses.

VOICE
Want to join your friend, huh?

Maura peers through the darkness, trying to make out her assailant's face. The left hand is missing its ring finger.

MAURA
Who--

VOICE
Get what you deserve?

He pins her hands down and steps into the light. It is Hexley Axilbaum.

HEXLEY
Sold me a bag of chickenshit candy for a hundred bucks? Had a little laugh at my expense? Turns out ole Hexley don't like to be laughed at. Turns out when you give ole Hexley a treat he don't like he'll give you one right back.
(beat)
Only this one tastes like gunpowder.

MAURA
I--

Hexley pulls out his gun, shutting Maura up in a heartbeat. He shoves it against her head.

HEXLEY
You have no one to blame for this but yourself. This was your fault.

A familiar voice faintly echoes Hexley.

MAN (V.O.)
This was your fault. All your fault.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOY'S ROOM. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

It is one of those summer nights so hot and heavy the air itself seems to sweat. The window is open to try to tease in a hesitant breeze and a little boy sleeps deeply on top of circus print sheets. This little boy is 5 or 6 years old with a solemn face, rumpled hair, and rolled up yellow pajama bottoms. He is, of course, Young Emmet Rosewater.

A WOMAN enters the room carrying a BABY in a bassinet. She sets the bassinet on the windowsill, moves to the bed to tuck Young Emmet in.

MAN (O.S.)
Martha! A storm's coming through! Help me close the windows!

The woman exits the room.

As if on cue, thunder CRACKS, lightening SNAPS through the sky, and rain begins to HAMMER DOWN like bullets.

Young Emmet sits up in bed at the sudden sound. He does not open his eyes immediately and when he does, he doesn't seem to see what's in front of him. He walks to the window with heavy swaying steps, sticks his head out, oblivious to the baby bassinet perched by his elbow. He sticks out his tongue and licks at the raindrops.

YOUNG EMMET
(sleepy mumble)
A storm's coming through. All warm and blue...

WOMAN (O.S.)
Emmet, do I hear you out of bed? How many times do we have to tell you...

MAN (O.S.)
(frantic)
For Christ's sake, the rain! Close all the windows!

Young Emmet pulls his head back in the window. He shakes his wet hair like a dog and obediently pulls the window closed. He turns back towards his bed, oblivious.

The baby bassinet tumbles down down into the dark night.

Silence.

CUT TO :

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT. FLASHBACK. THE SAME IMAGES WE'VE SEEN BEFORE

A baby bassinet overturned on the pavement

A ribbon of blood curling into the gutter

Young Emmet blank-faced and barefoot in the rain.

MAN (O.S.)
It was your fault, your fault, all...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ELEPHANT ENCLOSURE. NIGHT. PRESENT.

HEXLEY
...your fault.

Hexley cocks the gun against Maura's temple. CLICKS back the safety.

HEXLEY (CONT'D)
Prepare to die, bitch.

EMMET
It wasn't!

Suddenly, Emmet is bolt upright, more awake than we've ever seen him before. His eyes are clear. There is fire in his soul. He jumps to his feet.

EMMET (CONT'D)
It wasn't!

MAURA
Emmet! I thought you were dead! I thought-

Emmet STRIKES like a snake, knocking the gun from Hexley's hands.

EMMET
It wasn't anybody's fault! It was an accident! Just an accident, that's all! Could've happened to anyone!

The revelation seems to give him strength. He is furious and overjoyed and passionate all at once, overwhelmed with emotions like a man reborn.

He THROWS Hexley to the ground.

EMMET (CONT'D)
I never meant to hurt anyone!

PINS him down

EMMET (CONT'D)
I'm not dangerous, I'm not!

SNATCHES up the gun

EMMET (CONT'D)
I'm harmless, it's wonderful!

TAKES AIM

EMMET (CONT'D)
So don't you go trying to place the blame.

A beat.

Hexley quivers on the other end of the gun

The elephants shift restlessly.

EMMET (CONT'D)
And don't you DARE call Maura a bitch!

And, with all his might, Emmet picks Hexley up and HURLS him away from him, into the darkness. Hexley falls against the fence. Looks up just in time TO SEE the angry shadow of an enormous approaching BULL ELEPHANT

EMMET (CONT'D)
Run! And don't come back!

And Hexley runs.

Emmet and Maura stand together in the moonlight watching him go. Maura clutches the pill bottle, label peeled all the way off to reveal the true faded label hidden beneath. She's fighting with everything she's got to keep from crying.

Breaking the silence--

MAURA
They were placebos. Sugar pills the whole time. That's why they didn't kill you. You overdosed on sugar.

A beat. Emmet turns and looks at Maura as though seeing her for the first time. She turns away.

MAURA (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Emmet just stares at her.

MAURA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I know I said I'd stay away, I wouldn't come find you. But you're just about the hardest person to stay away from, Emmet Rosewater. Thanks for saving my life.

Emmet looks at her. He touches his lips softly where the memory of the kiss still lingers. He reaches out to touch her lips.

EMMET
Did you...did I dream...

Maura shoves the little candy elephant into his hand. It is a little worse for wear but enchanting nevertheless with a chipped ear and three legs.

MAURA
Will you take this? As a goodbye present, before we part ways?

EMMET
Goodbye?

MAURA
It...it tastes like how I feel about you. I don't know how to put the flavor into words. I'm sorry.

Emmet puts the elephant into his mouth. His eyes widen at the flavor, too strong to bear, overwhelming. He spits it gently into his hand.

He looks at Maura long and hard, overflowing with emotions. He takes her face in his hands so finally she's forced to look back at him.

EMMET
It tastes like how I feel about you too.

And suddenly they are kissing, recklessly, passionately, tenderly. They fit together like two puzzle pieces, desperate as two people dying of thirst, clinging together as though, if they let go, the entire world would fly to bits.

As they kiss, we spin around, circling dizzyingly. Just circling.

The spinning comes to a stop as they pull out of the kiss and they look at each other, wonder in their eyes and also great peace, the start of something new. They blink at each other with heavy eyelashes, suddenly completely drained.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Maura?

MAURA
Yes?

EMMET
I don't want to say goodbye to you. I want to say goodnight.
(MORE)

EMMET (CONT'D)
And tomorrow I want to wake up and say good morning. I want to get to know you at every hour of the day, starting right from the very beginning. Do you think we can start over? Give it a shot?

A tendril of early morning sunlight eases its way into the elephant pen, catching dancing dust motes in its bittersweet amber light.

MAURA
I think I would like that very much. Goodnight, Emmet Rosewater.

EMMET
Goodnight, Maura Bell.

And with that they curl together in the hay, heads touching, sleeping soundly at last as the sun begins to rise.

FADE OUT:

THE END