FADE IN

1. INT. VICTOR’S BEDROOM - NIGHT - VICTOR’S NIGHTMARE

There are sounds of SCREAMING and POLICE SIRENS. VICTOR MCFARLAND is tossing and turning. The screams grow louder and more confusing. The dissonant sound of an INFANT PANTING and GURGLED SCREAMS start to weigh in amongst the confusion. Victor awakes from the nightmare, sweating profusely and breathing heavily as he SITS UP.

END NIGHTMARE

Victor is a downtrodden, selfish man. He is tall with a medium-muscular build, and short dark hair. He is good-looking but unkempt with small bags under his eyes and a five o’clock shadow smothering his face.

He turns on the small lamp on the end table beside his bed as he tries to calm himself down. He takes both of his hands and wipes the sweat from his face. The bedroom is small and messy.

2. VICTOR’S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Victor stands in front of his BATHROOM MIRROR with his shirt off. The bathroom is small and dingy. He turns on the faucet, splashing water on his face to calm himself. Victor grabs a small towel and wipes off his face. In the neighboring apartment, a LOUD ARGUMENT is overheard between a man and a woman that shake the walls of the bathroom. Victor pays no mind as he shakes his head in some irritation, throws his towel on the bathroom floor and turns off the lights.

3. VICTOR’S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The rest of Victor’s apartment is small and disorderly. Dirty dishes are filled in the sink, and beer cans littered on the kitchen table and counter tops.

Victor sits calmly, still with his shirt off, at the DINING ROOM TABLE. There is a small SIX-SHOOTER REVOLVER in his right hand. In his left hand, he casually spins a BULLET with on the table. He opens up the chamber to the gun, puts the bullet in and spins the chamber as in Russian Roulette and puts the chamber into its place in the gun. Victor pauses for a moment, closes his eyes, and brings the gun to his head. Victor pulls the trigger on an empty chamber. He lets out a gasp of fear as the gun clicks. He pauses for a bit. He wipes the sweat from his forehead and tosses the gun back onto the dining room table in discontent. With both hands rubbing his face, he gives up for the evening.

(CONTINUED)
4. INT. BUS - DAY

It is the next morning. Victor sits patiently with an ELDENLY MAN beside him while the bus moves while he reads his morning NEWSPAPER. He is wearing a gray mechanic’s suit with one knee up on the seat in front of him as he tries to ignore the background noise of the other people on the bus. Victor appears tired and irritated as the people on the bus chat and mingle with each other as he continues to read his paper in slight frustration. The newspaper headline reads: “THE GOVERNOR’S FAMILY LIFE” which has a picture of the Governor, the Governor’s wife, and Heather Kasten together with a large article beside it. Victor focuses on the PICTURE of Heather for a moment and starts to read the article. One of the lines of the article read, “GOVERNOR’S DAUGHTER TO WED FAMILY ATTORNEY TAYLOR MEYERS”.

The bus stops to let a PREGNANT WOMAN on. The pregnant woman notices that the bus is filled and is standing room only. She approaches Victor.

PREGNANT WOMAN:
Excuse me, sir. Can I have your seat?

Victor completely ignores her and continues reading his newspaper.

PREGNANT WOMAN: (CONT’D)
Sir? Hello? Can I have your seat, please?

Victor angrily ruffles his newspaper as he continues to pretend the pregnant woman does not exist. The pregnant woman, in frustration, grabs the handle above the seat for standing room only passengers.

PREGNANT WOMAN: (CONT’D)
Thanks a lot....

However, another FRIENDLY MALE PASSENGER notices her.

FRIENDLY MALE PASSENGER:
Here, Miss. Why don’t you take my seat?

The friendly male passenger stands up and offers the pregnant woman his seat and she happily accepts.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PREGNANT WOMAN:
(relieved)
Oh, thank you so much!

FRIENDLY MALE PASSENGER:
You’re very welcome.

The friendly male passenger smiles as he helps her to sit down. He then grabs the handle above her seat. The pregnant woman looks over to Victor in anger.

PREGNANT WOMAN:
(under her breath)
Asshole.

Victor continues to ignore her and selfishly reads the rest of his newspaper.

5. INT. AUTO SERVICE GARAGE – DAY

Victor works in a small, dingy auto mechanics garage. The garage is filled with car parts, oil smudges, and other mechanics working on broken down automobiles. Victor starts to work on a BLUE 1994 TOYOTA. After working on it for some time, he starts to look around to see if any of the other mechanics are looking. He sees that the coast is clear as he purposely cuts fuel line on the Toyota with his POCKET KNIFE. Across the garage, Victor’s boss CRAIG MILLER notices Victor cutting the line and shakes his head in disapproval.

6. INT. AUTO SERVICE WAITING ROOM – DAY

Victor moves to the waiting room with a paper and clipboard in hand. His hands and suit are covered in grease and oil stains as he approaches MR. RICHARDS, the owner of the Toyota in the waiting area. Mr. Richards is a short, thin man with thick glasses and thinning hair.

VICTOR:
Mr. Richards?

Mr. Richards stands up.

MR. RICHARDS:
Yes?

VICTOR:
You’re the owner of the ’94 Toyota?

MR. RICHARDS:
That’s me.

(CONTINUED)
Calmly and coolly, Victor points to the paper on the clipboard.

   VICTOR:  
   Looks like we have problem.

Mr. Richards raises his brow in confusion.

   MR. RICHARDS:  
   What? What’s wrong?

Victor continues to play his deceptive role perfectly.

   VICTOR:  
   When I was doing your oil change, I noticed that your fuel line’s been severed. We’re going to have to replace that if you want to drive out of here in good shape.

Mr. Richards puts his hand on his forehead in discontent as he takes a look at the paper on the clipboard.

   MR. RICHARDS:  
   (disbelief)  
   Oh, that’s just great. How much is it going to cost to replace?

   VICTOR:  
   $350 plus labor costs. Just sign right here.

Victor shows Mr. Richards the line to sign for authorization for him to replace the fuel line. Mr. Richards is in some disbelief as he adjusts his glasses to get a better look at the paper explaining the severed fuel line and the cost to replace it.

   MR. RICHARDS:  
   (reluctantly)  
   I guess I have to...

   VICTOR:  
   Just sign right here, please.

Mr. Richards signs the authorization to replace the fuel line.

   VICTOR: (CONT’D)  
   All right. We’ll have you ready to go soon.
Victor turns to leave as his boss CRAIG MILLER stops him.

    CRAIG:
    Victor, can I see you in my office please?

    VICTOR:
    Okay...

7. INT. CRAIG’S OFFICE - DAY

Victor has just been fired. Craig gives him a severance check in which Victor takes in reluctance.

    CRAIG:
    It’s time for you to go.

    VICTOR:
    Yeah...whatever.

Victor leaves Craig’s office.

8. INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victor walks along the hallway towards his apartment door. The complex seems like a low-rent, slightly dirty high-rise of a building. There is some pieces of trash and paper on the floor with a few scattered CHILDREN’S TOYS in front one of the other apartments. The some parts of the walls of the slowly deteriorating and the lighting is awful. Victor arrives at his apartment door, only to find a piece of PINK PAPER taped to it. It is a notice of late rent. Victor tears it down from his door, crumbles it up and tosses it on the floor. Just then, Victor’s FEMALE LANDLORD approaches Victor. She is a kind and gentle woman in her mid-sixties. She approaches Victor with caution as he opens his door to go inside.

    FEMALE LANDLORD:
    Hello, Victor. Can I speak with you a moment?

Victor tries to avoid her.

    VICTOR:
    Not today.

She tries to plead with him.

    FEMALE LANDLORD:
    If I can just get the rent by tomorrow...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Victor interrupts her.

**VICTOR:**
(rudely)
You’ll get your rent.

Victor shuts the door on his landlord’s face. With some sadness in her face, the female landlord feels that she can’t reason with Victor at this moment.

**FEMALE LANDLORD:**
Okay then..have a good night.

She turns the other way and returns to her own apartment.

9. INT. VICTOR’S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Victor moves to the refrigerator and grabs a BEER. He opens it and takes a long, refreshing drink. He breathes a long sigh. As he is about to take his second drink, his eyes shift and begin to focus on the TELEPHONE in the living room. He stares at the telephone as he begins to contemplate deeply about going towards it and picking it up to call someone. He decides to break his focus on the phone, shifts his eyes towards the floor in a long breath and takes his second drink.

10. INT. VICTOR’S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Victor walks towards the dining room table and sits down beside it. At the end of the table lay the SIX SHOOTER REVOLVER and the BULLET beside it. Victor pauses for a moment, focusing hard on the gun. He finally reaches for it when the PHONE RINGS. His eyes shift and focus hard on the phone once again, contemplating whether to answer. Finally, after several rings, Victor answers the phone. It is his ex-wife DAPHNE. Daphne is a single mother in her early 30’s. She is bitter and hard-headed woman, especially towards Victor. She dedicates her life to berating Victor and constantly looks for opportunities to make his life miserable.

**VICTOR:**
(tiredly)
Hello?

Daphne’s voice can only be heard on the other line. She speaks in an irritated and angry tone.

(CONTINUED)
DAPHNE’S VOICE: Victor?

VICTOR: Yes. What do you want?

DAPHNE’S VOICE: Where the hell is my child support money, Victor?

VICTOR: Daphne?

DAPHNE’S VOICE: (angrily)
The child support, Victor. Where the hell is it?

VICTOR: (avoiding)
Oh..yeah.

DAPHNE’S VOICE: This is the eighth payment you’ve missed in a row.

Victor pauses as he rolls his eyes in agitation. The mere sound of Daphne’s voice makes him cringe.

DAPHNE’S VOICE: (CONT’D)
Hello? I’m waiting. Answer me!

Victor pauses for a moment and shrugs his shoulders. It seems that he doesn’t really care.

VICTOR: I don’t know, Daphne. Stop calling here.

This response really gets underneath Daphne’s skin.

DAPHNE’S VOICE: Have it your way. I’m calling my attorney and I’m taking you to court. I’ve had enough of you being a loser father. I’ll get those payments from you one way or the other.

VICTOR: (condescendingly)
Is that right?

(CONTINUED)
DAPHNE’S VOICE:
You know, it’s not enough that you’ve missed Abigail’s birthday again today, but the fact that you don’t even care enough to pick up the phone.

VICTOR:
Right.....

DAPHNE’S VOICE:
When’s the last time you even tried to talk to her? Two years? Three years now?

Victor pauses. He hangs his head low in a possible bit of shame.

VICTOR:
I don’t know...

DAPHNE’S VOICE:
You know what? It doesn’t matter anymore. Abigail doesn’t want anything to do with you. She doesn’t even know you exist.

VICTOR:
Are you done?

Daphne chuckles to herself in agitation. She’s really had enough.

DAPHNE’S VOICE:
Expect to hear from my attorney soon, Victor.

The phone clicks on Daphne’s end. Victor slowly draws the phone away from his hear and calmly puts it down.

11. INT. RUN DOWN CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

The next morning, Victor strolls inside a small, dirty, and local convenience store. He has small items of junk food in one hand and a SIX-PACK OF CHEAP BEER in the other. He moves towards the cash register, puts the items on the counter for the STORE CLERK, and removes his wallet from his pocket to pay. The Store Clerk notices the six pack of beer. The Store Clerk is overweight and balding with stains on his shirt.

STORE CLERK:
Getting started early today, Victor?

VICTOR:
(avoiding)
Yeah...

(CONTINUED)
12. INT. ABUSED FAMILY SHELTER - DAY

In the same neighborhood, HEATHER KASTEN, the Governor’s daughter, volunteers in a run-down abused family shelter. Heather is a beautiful, classy, and intelligent blonde-haired woman. She assists a BATTERED WOMAN and her BATTERED TODDLER thrown out on the street. Heather puts a small bandage on the woman’s forehead. The Battered Woman is frail with marks on her face. The Battered Toddler has a black and blue mark under his eye.

HEATHER:
(smiling)
There you go.

BATTERED WOMAN:
God bless you, Miss Kasten.

BATTERED TODDLER:
Thank you, Miss Kasten

HEATHER:
You’re very welcome. No go ahead and get some food from the cafeteria.

The Battered Toddler jumps for joy at the thought of food. He and her mother exit.

BATTERED TODDLER:
Yeah! I’m hungry.

Heather smiles with delight. However, a small bruise of her own is seen on the side of her cheek. Another female volunteer - BONNIE enters.

BONNIE:
Thanks, Heather! You’re so wonderful for helping us here.

HEATHER:
It’s no trouble at all. I have to get going, though. I’ll see you next week?

BONNIE:
We’ll be here.

Bonnie notices the bruise on Heather’s cheek.

BONNIE:
How did you get that bruise?

Heather stops to think.
HEATHER:
Oh...bicycle accident.

Bonnie doesn’t really believe her.

BONNIE:
Oh. Okay.

(A beat)
Be careful next time....

Heather ignores her. She exits the building.

13. EXT. ABUSED FAMILY SHELTER - DAY

Heather straps on a BICYCLE HELMET and hops onto her EXPENSIVE BICYCLE. She rides away towards the street of the rundown neighborhood.

14. EXT. RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

Victor walks down the sidewalk of his neighborhood carrying a LARGE, BROWN PAPER BAG of his food items and beer. The neighborhood is run down and dirty. As Victor continues along towards his apartment complex, HEATHER appears on her bicycle around the corner behind Victor in a distance, ever coming closer to him as Victor continues walking.

Suddenly, the WIND starts BLOW VERY HARD at an unusual and incredible rate. So much, that the trees in the surrounding neighborhood start to SWAY BACK AND FORTH. Victor is confused by the sudden, extreme gusts of wind, but keeps on moving towards his apartment complex.

Heather fights past the incredible wind and pedals harder. She suddenly drops her WATER BOTTLE on the ground. She stops to pick it up. Suddenly, a MUGGER smashes her on the side of the face with a LEAD PIPE. She crashes to the ground. There are two muggers (MUGGER #1 and MUGGER #2) in BLACK MASKS that stand over her. They violently drag her to the sidewalk.

MUGGER #1:
Well, well. Lookit what we got here.

(CONTINUED)
MUGGER #2: A pretty little lady.

Mugger #2 takes out a SMALL PISTOL and shoves it between her eyes.

MUGGER #2: (CONT’D) What’s a pretty little lady doing in this neighborhood, huh?

MUGGER #1: Looking for trouble?

Both muggers laugh at her. Mugger #2 continues to point the gun at her head. Heather is barely conscious and bleeding.

MUGGER #1: Don’t worry, baby. We’ll treat you just fine.

MUGGER #2: Get her purse.

Mugger #1 gets her purse and retrieves her wallet. He then smacks her hardly across the cheek with the back of his hand.

MUGGER #1: (chucking) I love that smacking sound!

Both muggers laugh.

Victor turns around to see what the commotion is about. He is shocked. He is in such shock that his groceries fall and slip right out of his hands and smash onto the pavement. He sees a woman lying lifeless and bleeding on the pavement as two masked men are about to kill her.

Victor pauses for another moment. Suddenly, with a snap of human instinct he springs forward and rushes towards them.

MUGGER #1: Plug this rich girl and let’s get outta here.

Mugger #2 cocks his gun and chuckles to himself.

MUGGER #2: Goodbye, little lady.

Victor arrives at the scene and kicks the gun away. Mugger #1 lunges towards him with the lead pipe.

(CONTINUED)
Victor knocks him down. Mugger #2 stands up to hit him, but Victor avoids the hit and, with a devastating punch, knocks Mugger #2 out cold. Victor goes to pick up the gun as Mugger #1 flees the scene.

VICTOR:
Hey! Get back here!

He kneels down beside Heather. Right away, Victor notices Heather’s face from the newspaper article. Victor feels for a pulse. She comes back to consciousness. Her eyes are blurred and blood pours from her head from the impact of the pipe. Her eyes come into focus as her eyes gaze upon Victor in confusion.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Are you okay?

Heather reacts with fear, trying to struggle herself away from Victor.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Just keep calm. We’ll get an ambulance here.

Heather’s eyes are terrified, thinking that Victor is the attacker.

HEATHER:
(fearful)
P-please don’t...hurt me!

Victor is also confused. Heather struggles more.

VICTOR:
What? I didn’t....

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Please...leave me alone!

LATER

An ambulance and the police arrive. Onlookers and the press are taking photographs. The police seize Victor, handcuff him and wrestle him in the backseat of a POLICE CAR as the medics rush Heather into the ambulance.

VICTOR:
(protesting)
Hey! What the hell are you doing? Why are you taking me to jail?

The police car door closes on a confused Victor.

(CONTINUED)
15. INT. JAIL CELL - DAY
THE GUARD closes the jail cell on Victor and locks it up. THREE GOONS are also in the same cell.

VICTOR:
Don’t I get a phone call?

GUARD:
Yeah right, buddy.

The Guard leaves as Victor puts his hands on the bars.

TWO DAY LATER

16. INT. HOSPITAL - DAY
Heather is in a hospital bed groggy, battered and bruised. The GOVERNOR, The GOVERNOR’S WIFE, a BODYGUARD, and TAYLOR MEYERS enter the room. Photographers and the press are taking pictures in the background of the Governor and of Heather.

GOVERNOR:
(to Bodyguard)
Get those reporters out of here.

BODYGUARD:
Yes, sir.

The Bodyguard shoos the press away from the area as the Governor looks upon Heather. The Governor is very distinguished, charming, and good looking older man. Yet, he is an overbearing and respect-driven elitist. The Governor’s wife is a classy older woman of the same age. She’s a nice woman, but knows to respect and listen to her husband.

GOVERNOR:
Heather.

Heather looks up from her bed.

HEATHER:
(groggy)
Father. Is that you?
GOVERNOR:
How many times have I told you to stop that ridiculous volunteer work in that scum neighborhood?

Heather is on the verge of tears.

HEATHER:
I’m sorry, Father.

GOVERNOR:
You didn’t listen to me. Now look what happened to you. Just as I had foreseen.

The Governor’s Wife goes to comfort Heather.

GOVERNOR:
You will stop work in that neighborhood immediately. Understood?

HEATHER:
Yes, father.

GOVERNOR’S WIFE:
How are you feeling?

The Governor’s Wife feels her head for a fever. Taylor moves over to Heather’s side.

TAYLOR:
Heather. Darling. Are you okay?

Taylor is a tall, handsome, clean-shaven and intelligent man. He is very sure about himself, but there is a large dose of arrogance that surrounds him. He is very loyal to the Governor. Heather seems a little fearful of Taylor.

HEATHER:
Yes, Taylor. Thank you.

TAYLOR:
Rest now, my angel. You’ll need it for our wedding in a few weeks.

Heather seems unexcited. She gives a fake smile.

HEATHER:
(reluctantly)
Oh..yes. I know.
GOVERNOR: Taylor, you’re a good man. I trust this volunteer nonsense will stop once you two are married.

TAYLOR: You have my word, sir.

The Governor sighs and turns to leave.

GOVERNOR: Get your rest, Heather. Come, everyone. I must talk to the press about this incident.

Everyone gets up to leave.

HEATHER: What about the man who attacked me?

GOVERNOR: (condescendingly) There were two men. Not one, dear. They are in police custody.

HEATHER: Two?

TAYLOR: Yes. Apparently the first man the police arrested was not the attacker.

HEATHER: (confused) He wasn’t? (a beat) But he was on top of me when I..

TAYLOR: That man stopped the attack. He saved you. We owe him a debt of gratitude.

GOVERNOR: (not convinced) Perhaps. (a beat) However, any man living in that neighborhood is most likely a bottom-feeder. I suppose we can throw him a few scraps, don’t you think?

(CONTINUED)
TAYLOR:
(smiling)
Yes, sir. After all, he did save my future bride-to-be.

GOVERNOR:
(concedes)
Very well. Find out who he is. Let the press eat him up. Maybe he’ll feel like a real human for a while.

TAYLOR:
(loyally)
It will be my pleasure, sir.

Everyone exits. Heather hangs her head low in depression.

17. INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Victor stands before THE JUDGE and THE BAILIFF. DAPHNE, his ex-wife, is the plaintiff booth with her ATTORNEY. Victor turns around to see several empty seats all around the courtroom. A couple of people are present, but Victor tries to seek out his daughter ABIGAIL. She is not present.

JUDGE:
Daphne McFarland...

Daphne gives an evil stare at Victor.

JUDGE: (CONT’D)
I hereby reward you 7000 dollars of unpaid child alimony and you shall remain in sole custody of Abigail McFarland.

Victor hangs his head low slightly.

JUDGE: (CONT’D)
Mr. McFarland, you will also pay an additional 500 dollars of attorney fees to Miss McFarland. A full amount of 7500 dollars to be paid in no less than one month from now. Failure to pay this ordered amount can and will result in contempt of court and possible jail time.

Victor turns to look around the room again. No Abigail to be found again.

JUDGE: (CONT’D)
Do you understand the judgment in which I have set forth?

(CONTINUED)
A beat. Victor blocks the Judge out for a moment, thinking deeply.

JUDGE: (CONT’D)
Mr. McFarland. Do you understand?
(a beat)
Mr. McFarland!

Victor snaps out of his daze.

VICTOR:
Yes, your Honor. I understand.

JUDGE:
Good. Court is adjourned.

The Judge bangs his gavel. Daphne comes to confront Victor.

DAPHNE:
I’m surprised you even showed up.

VICTOR: (avoiding)
Right..

DAPHNE:
No more excuses this time, Victor. I better get that money.

VICTOR:
Where’s Abigail?

Daphne chuckles to herself.

DAPHNE:
You think she wants to see her deadbeat father? That’s laughable. To even think for one second that you cared about her. After what you did, we will never forgive you. You’re a joke and nothing more.

Victor doesn’t speak. He holds back his anger.

DAPHNE: (CONT’D)
I better get that alimony money, Victor. I mean it.

Daphne leaves. Victor shakes his head in frustration and shame.
18. EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

Victor walks down the steps of the Court House. On his way to
the bus stop, a TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS snaps a shot of him in a
distance. Victor is confused for a moment but plays it off.
The BUS arrives and Victor climbs on.

19. INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Inside the limo, The Governor is talking on his cell phone.

GOVERNOR:
Yes. His name is Victor McFarland. I’m
sitting outside of his building right
now.

The Governor peers out the window and is disgusted by the
sight of the building.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
Quite sub-par living, I would say.
(a beat)
I’m going inside to meet him. Excuse me
for now while I smile for the cameras.

The Governor hangs up and opens the limo door to climb out.

20. EXT. VICTOR’S BUILDING - DAY

The Governor steps out of the limo smiling and waving.
PHOTOGRAPHERS and REPORTERS surround the Governor. They take
pictures and bombard him with questions.

REPORTER #1:
What’s his name, Governor?

REPORTER #2:
Governor Kasten, who saved your daughter?

GOVERNOR:
(fake smiling)
Greetings! Thank you, everyone. You will
get your questions answered in due time.
Excuse me.

The Governor fights past the crowd of reporters and
photographers and enters Victor’s building.

21. INT. VICTOR’S BATHROOM - DAY

Victor stares in the bathroom mirror. He washes his face and
dries it with a towel. There is a KNOCK at the door. Victor
doesn’t expect any visitors.
22. INT. VICTOR’S APARTMENT—FRONT DOOR — DAY

Victor goes to answer the door. Before opening, Victor notices that he left his GUN and a BULLET on the DINING ROOM TABLE. Victor hurriedly grabs the gun and shoves it in his back pocket. He then answers the door. THE GOVERNOR is there waiting for him. Several PHOTOGRAPHERS are beside the Governor as well, taking multiple photographs of Victor.

GOVERNOR:
Mr. Victor McFarland.

VICTOR:
(confused)
Governor Kasten?

The Governor and Victor shake hands as the Governor enters Victor’s apartment. The Photographers still snapping shots.

GOVERNOR:
It is very nice to finally meet your acquaintance, my good man. You are a hero.

The Governor notices the BULLET Victor forgot on the dining room table.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
(confused)
Indeed....

VICTOR:
How is your daughter doing, sir?

GOVERNOR:
She’s recovering just fine. Thank you.

The Governor looks around Victor’s dirty apartment.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
How about yourself? I bet you’re a bit overwhelmed.

VICTOR:
Thank you, sir. I’m fine.

The Governor purses his lips for a moment as he takes a look at the empty alcohol containers around the room.

GOVERNOR:
Very well....
(a beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GOVERNOR: (CONT'D)
Victor, I would like to invite you for
dinner at my mansion this evening. It
would be a great honor for you to join
us.

VICTOR:
(shocked)
Your mansion?

GOVERNOR:
After all, we owe you a debt of
gratitude. I’m sure my daughter, Heather,
would like to thank you in person, as
well. What do you say?

Victor pauses for a moment.

VICTOR:
Sure. That sounds great. Thank you very
much.

The Governor takes another quick look around Victor’s awful
apartment.

GOVERNOR:
Fantastic. I will have my driver pick you
up at 8 o’clock.

VICTOR:
Okay.

GOVERNOR:
Great. Now please step over here with me.

The Governor brings Victor over to the Photographers for a
newspaper shot together. A photographer takes a snapshot that
reveals the cover of the next newspaper headline: “LOCAL HERO
SAVES GOVERNOR’S DAUGHTER”

23. EXT. GOVERNOR’S MANSION - NIGHT

The Governor’s Mansion is a beautiful palace. The mansion is
encompassed with an endless garden paradise with a large
fountain and surrounded with endless colorful flowers.

24. INT. MANSION BATHROOM - NIGHT

HEATHER KASTEN, peers at her battered reflection in the
MIRROR. Heather has a sullen look on her face.

At the moment, she seems tired, nervous and slightly
depressed. She opens up the medicine cabinet behind the
mirror and grabs a bottle of PAINKILLERS. Heather takes a few
pills and pops them in her mouth.

(CONTINUED)
Shakes her head a bit and wipes her nose. She then slowly sips a small CUP OF WATER to help her swallow while staring at herself in the mirror intensely. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK at the bathroom door.

HEATHER:
Just a second....

The GOVERNOR opens the bathroom door.

GOVERNOR:
Are you ready?

HEATHER:
Yes, father. Thank you. I’m just finishing up.

The Governor nods at her. A beat from Heather.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Did you have to invite that man here?

GOVERNOR:
(commanding)
Mind your manners. You will show our guest respect.

Heather takes a deep breath, and analyzes herself in the mirror again.

HEATHER:
I don’t know...It’s just that..I still don’t know what happened.

GOVERNOR’S WIFE:
That’s quite enough. Now finish up and come downstairs. Your fiance is also waiting.

The Governor turns to leave. Heather pauses to collect her thoughts for a moment.

HEATHER:
(depressed)
Oh...Taylor. You invited him too?

The Governor turns back to her again.

GOVERNOR:
Listen to me. You should find yourself very fortunate that a man like him would offer to take your hand.

Heather hangs her head low.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
I know, father...

The Governor goes to her and puts his hand on her shoulder.

GOVERNOR:
You’re just getting cold feet with Taylor. I know. It’s just natural. You two are perfect for each other.

Heather gives a fake smile and nods her head.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
The wedding will continue as planned. You will marry Taylor and make me proud.

HEATHER:
But.....

GOVERNOR:
(sternly)
I’ve gone through a lot of trouble to get you two together, so don’t screw this up. This is a chance to secure your future.

The Governor pauses for a moment.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
Now...I don’t want to hear any more doubt in voice. Are we clear?

Heather is almost on the verge of tears but fights them back. She regains her calm and takes a breath. She looks at her father’s reflection in the mirror, straight into his eyes.

HEATHER:
You’re right, father. Whatever makes you happy.

GOVERNOR:
Good. I know what’s best for you, my dear. Now finish up and come downstairs for dinner.

HEATHER:
(obediently)
Yes, father.
There is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Victor is greeted by The Governor, the Governor’s wife, Taylor and Heather. Everyone except for Victor is dressed in classy clothing. Victor is dressed in a plaid shirt tucked into his jeans.

GOVERNOR:
Mr. McFarland. Welcome to our home.

VICTOR:
Thank you.

GOVERNOR’S WIFE:
Hello, Mr. McFarland.

The Governor’s wife and Victor shake hands. The Governor’s wife is not impressed by his attire, but smiles at him anyway. Taylor, holding Heather’s arm, approach Victor.

VICTOR:
Hello.

Taylor and Victor shake hands. Taylor is also not impressed by Victor’s appearance.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
Charmed...I’m sure.

Heather is also disgusted by Victor. She doesn’t speak to him right away.

VICTOR:
You must be Heather?

Heather half-smiles at him. She doesn’t want to shake his hand.

TAYLOR:
(caustically)
Yes...it is.

Victor extends his hand to Heather.

VICTOR:
Hello, Heather.

Heather reluctantly shakes Victor’s hand. She is fearful of him.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
(fearful of Victor)
Hello, Mr. McFarland.

Taylor analyzes Victor.

TAYLOR:
Thank you for accepting our invitation.

Victor notices that Taylor has a strong grasp on Heather’s left arm. Taylor squeezes it tightly.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
(condescending)
I trust that your trip here in the limousine must have been quite an experience.

VICTOR:
Right...
(a beat)
Thank you.

GOVERNOR:
Very well, then. Shall we dine?

Everyone agrees and heads to the dining room.

TAYLOR:
I hope you like Crème brûlée of foie gras. I’m sure it will be quite new to you.

VICTOR:
Right....thank you.

26. INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - NIGHT

All are sitting at a large table in the elegant dining room while the servers bring out fancy dishes. There is an awkward silence as everyone watches Victor eat sloppily.

GOVERNOR’S WIFE:
So, Victor. What is it that you do?

VICTOR:
What I do?

GOVERNOR’S WIFE:
For a living. What do you do for a living?

(CONTINUED)
A beat from Victor.

VICTOR:
Nothing. I’m unemployed.

Everyone is unimpressed. Heather rolls her eyes in discomfort. She is not pleased with Victor’s presence. Either is Taylor.

TAYLOR:
(sarcastically)
Interesting. I never would have guessed.

Victor plays it off.

VICTOR:
Yeah...it happens.

GOVERNOR:
What about your social life? Are you married? Do you have any children?

VICTOR:
I’m divorced with a 14 year-old daughter.
(a beat)
It’s a long story.

The Governor gives a fake smile.

GOVERNOR:
(sarcastically)
Splendid...

More awkward silence as everyone continues eating. Taylor glares at Victor in more disgust.

TAYLOR:
Hmm..
(a beat)
I’m curious, Victor. Besides saving my fiancee, what do you say you do to contribute to our great society?

Heather notices the rudeness of Taylor’s remarks.

HEATHER:
Taylor, please.

TAYLOR:
Don’t interrupt me. I’m just asking a simple question to our honored guest here.

(CONTINUED)
Taylor squeezes Heather’s hand hardly. Victor notices it.

HEATHER:
  (to Taylor)
  I’m sorry...

Victor ponders for a moment, but is unscathed by the question.

TAYLOR:
  Well, Victor? What is it?

VICTOR:
  I don’t know. Nothing, I guess.

Taylor smirks.

TAYLOR:
  Well, perhaps this incident is a wake-up call for you. Wouldn’t you say?

Victor starts to get the unwelcome feeling.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
  (needling Victor)
  After all, we don’t exactly know what really happened that day you “saved” Heather, do we? In fact, I find it very interesting that you were in the right place at the right time when Heather was assaulted. What do you think?

HEATHER:
  Taylor...don’t.

Taylor scowls at Heather. Victor has had enough.

VICTOR:
  I think it’s time for me to leave.

Victor stands up to leave.

GOVERNOR:
  (uncaring)
  Very well. I’ll have my driver take you to your place.

Victor shakes his head.

VICTOR:
  (sarcastically)
  Yeah, thanks.
27. INT. MANSION FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Victor readies to leave. The LIMO DRIVER is ready to take him home.

GOVERNOR:
(to Limo Driver)
Make sure this man gets home safely.

LIMO DRIVER:
Yes, sir.

GOVERNOR:
(to Victor)
I would like to thank you once again. Do take care of yourself.

The Governor stuffs a SMALL WAD OF CASH inside Victor’s front shirt pocket. Victor is insulted, but remains calm.

VICTOR:
Yes...
(a beat)
Thank you all the same.

The Governor turns and walks away. Victor exits with the Limo Driver.

28. EXT. GOVERNOR’S MANSION - NIGHT

Victor and the Limo Driver head to the car. A few PHOTOGRAPHERS take snapshots of Victor outside of the mansion gate.

PHOTOGRAPHER:
Hey! There he is!

Victor shakes his head and enters the limousine. Heather comes out to watch him leave. She feels bad that everyone was so rude to him. The limo drives away as the photographers take more snapshots of the limo and of Heather.

29. INT. VICTOR’S BEDROOM - NIGHT - VICTOR’S NIGHTMARE

There are sounds of SCREAMING and POLICE SIRENS. Victor is tossing and turning from the same nightmare. The screams grow louder and more confusing.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The dissonant sound of an INFANT PANTING and GURGLED SCREAMS start to weigh in amongst the confusion. Panic sets in. Victor awakes from the nightmare, sweating profusely and breathing heavily as he sits up.

END NIGHTMARE

30. INT. VICTOR’S DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Victor sits at the table again with REVOLVER in one hand, putting one BULLET into the empty chamber. He spins the chamber and puts the chamber in place. He closes his eyes and pulls the trigger. The gun clicks on the empty chamber. With a sudden burst of rage, Victor stands up and THROWS the gun against the MIRROR, smashing it.

   VICTOR:
   Dammit!

Victor sits back down, puts his hands to his face.

31. INT. TAYLOR’S HOUSE – DINING ROOM – DAY

The next morning. Heather and Taylor are sitting at the dining room table. The table is scattered with LEGAL PAPERS, as Taylor is busy writing on them. Heather is drinking COFFEE, thinking deeply. Taylor looks up from his papers and notices her.

   TAYLOR:
   Is something troubling you, my dear?

Heather snaps out of her daze.

   HEATHER:
   What’s that? No. Nothing.

   TAYLOR:
   Good. We have a busy schedule ahead of us with all of this wedding stuff. I don’t want the least bit of distraction from you.

Heather depressingly nods her head.

   HEATHER:
   I know. I’m sorry.

Taylor smirks. He stands up and gives her a kiss on the head.

   TAYLOR:
   I understand. The past few days have been very distracting, I’m sure.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
The sooner this nonsense has blown over and the media tires of this Victor fellow, the sooner we can resume our normal lives.

HEATHER:
You’re right....

Taylor squeezes her wrist tightly. She winces a bit.

TAYLOR:
We will have the most beautiful wedding soon. And we will live happily together forever.

Heather fake-smiles. Taylor’s HOME PHONE starts to RING.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
Excuse me for a moment.

Taylor leaves the dining room to take the call. As he leaves, Heather eyes up a PHONE BOOK and her own cell phone, as well.

32. INT. DAPHNE’S HOUSE - DAY

ABIGAIL, Victor and Daphne’s daughter, is busy doing homework. She is a beautiful young girl in her early teens. The home phone RINGS beside her. Abigail picks it up.

ABIGAIL:
Hello?

No answer.

ABIGAIL: (CONT’D)
Hello?

Still no answer.

ABIGAIL: (CONT’D)
Is someone there?

Still no answer.

INTERCUT -- VICTOR/ABIGAIL

Victor is on the other line in his living room. He does not speak. There is a depressed look on his face.

ABIGAIL: (CONT’D)
Hello?

(CONTINUED)
Abigail gives up and hangs up the phone. Daphne enters the room.

DAPHNE:
Who was it?

ABIGAIL:
Nobody. Another prank call.

Daphne gives a suspicious look.

33. INT. VICTOR’S LIVING ROOM - DAY
Victor hangs up as well. He stands up to go to the kitchen, when his phone RINGS. Puzzled, Victor answers.

INTERCUT -- VICTOR/HEATHER

VICTOR:
Hello?

HEATHER:
Mr. McFarland?

Victor pauses for a moment.

VICTOR:
Yes...who is this?

Heather keeps her voice to an almost whisper.

HEATHER:
It’s Heather...from last night.

Victor is flabbergasted.

VICTOR:
Uh, yes. Hello, Heather.

HEATHER:
I know that it is odd that I’m calling you. I found your number in the phone book.

VICTOR:
Okay. How can I help you?

HEATHER:
(apologetic)
I...I...well...

(CONTINUED)
VICTOR:
Yes? What is it you need?

HEATHER:
I wanted to apologize for last night. There were people that may have been out of line.

VICTOR:
You can say that.

Heather looks around to make sure that Taylor isn’t around. She sees him on his cell phone speaking outside. She keeps her voice down.

HEATHER:
Look, I just wanted to apologize and to see if there was a way I can repay you...for your deed, I mean.

VICTOR:
Repay me? What do you mean?

HEATHER:
I know your situation there. Perhaps a reward could do you well. Money, that is.

VICTOR:
Money? Interesting...

HEATHER:
Yes. After all, I feel you deserve some sort of payment. I...

VICTOR:
(interrupts - insulted)
Is that all you people think of? Money? Is that what you called here for? You think that I did what I did for money?

HEATHER:
Well...no, I...I just thought that...

VICTOR:
(interrupts)
You think that I need it more than you, don’t you? You can keep your money. Because your money is no good to me. You people are all the same.

HEATHER:
No. That’s not what I intended. Please...

(CONTINUED)
VICTOR:
Miss Kasten, I hope that you are feeling better. But, please, I don’t need your charity. Ever. Thank you for calling.

Heather feels that she now has made a large mistake. Victor is about to hang up.

HEATHER:
Wait!

Heather looks around again to make sure Taylor hasn’t heard.

VICTOR:
Yes? I’m listening.

HEATHER:
I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it. But please, let me at least tell you that I thank you dearly for saving my life. I really mean that. I’m sorry I insulted you. I’m really not that type of person.

VICTOR:
You could have fooled me, lady. You and your family. I have better things to do than mugging rich woman and taking credit for rescuing them.

HEATHER:
I know that.

VICTOR:
Is that right? Prove it then.

HEATHER:
(confused)
What?

VICTOR:
Prove that you don’t think I was the one who hurt you.

There is an awkward silence.

HEATHER:
(reluctantly)
Very well. Meet me at one o’clock downtown tomorrow afternoon at Silver Cafe.

VICTOR:
Tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
Yes, tomorrow at one o’clock.

Victor is somewhat impressed.

VICTOR:
Okay then. Tomorrow at one o’clock.
Silver Cafe. You can buy me whatever you want with your fancy money.

Heather notices Taylor entering the room.

HEATHER:
Goodbye.

Heather hangs up the phone. Taylor approaches her.

TAYLOR:
(suspicious)
Who were you on the phone with, my darling?

Heather smiles a wide, fake smile.

HEATHER:
I...was checking on the floral arrangements at the church. I wanted to make sure that they had enough baby’s breath.

Taylor eyes her up with suspicion.

TAYLOR:
(distrusting)
I see....

34. EXT. SILVER CAFE - DAY

Victor is standing outside waiting for Heather. Photographers in the background take pictures of him. Some photographers start to surround him and a FEMALE REPORTER and a CAMERAMAN rush to him. Victor wants no part of it.

FEMALE REPORTER:
There he is! Follow me!

The female reporter invades Victor’s space as a small crowd gathers around him.

(CONTINUED)
FEMALE REPORTER: (CONT’D)
Mr. McFarland! How do you feel being a hero to the Governor’s daughter?

She sticks the microphone in his face.

VICTOR: (avoiding)
Good..thank you.

FEMALE REPORTER:
It must be a great feeling knowing that you have done a great service to someone so important. Did you know it was Miss Kasten at the time?

Victor sees Heather parking across the street.

VICTOR:
No. Thank you.
(a beat)
Excuse me.

Victor leaves the female reporter and goes to Heather’s car. More people take pictures.

FEMALE REPORTER:
Mr. McFarland! Wait!

VICTOR: (to Heather)
I didn’t think you would show.

Heather notices the media circus outside surrounding her and Victor.

HEATHER:
Well, I did. Let’s go inside, shall we?

VICTOR:
Good idea.

35. INT. SILVER CAFE - DAY

Heather and Victor sit at a table with coffee. Some photographers outside are still taking some snap shots.

VICTOR:
So, what’s your story?
HEATHER: (confused)
My story?

VICTOR: 
That’s what I said.

Heather pauses for a moment.

HEATHER: 
I-I don’t know. Not much to tell.

VICTOR: (sarcastically)
I’m sure.

HEATHER: 
I’m serious. There isn’t much to me that’s interesting at all.

VICTOR: 
Try me.

Victor listens attentively.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Well...I grew up in a wealthy family my whole life. My face on the front page of every publication since I can remember. All my life I was taught to listen and to never question anything. My whole life has been set up for me. My schooling, my ideals....everything.

Heather takes a deep breath and smiles.

VICTOR: 
Feel better?

HEATHER: 
Not really. But what about you?

Victor tries to avoid. He notices that Heather has a large BRUISE on her left arm. Heather sees that he notices it and quickly covers it up. Victor gives a concerning look.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
What’s your story?

VICTOR: 
There’s nothing special about me...

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
Try me.

Heather smirks.

VICTOR:
Nothing to tell.

HEATHER:
You said you had a daughter. What's her name?

Victor pauses. His eyes shift.

VICTOR:
(reluctantly)
Abigail...
(a beat)
Her name is Abigail.

HEATHER:
That's a beautiful name.

VICTOR:
Yeah...

HEATHER:
Do you see her much?

Victor tries to avoid the question again.

VICTOR:
I don't want to talk about it.

Heather nods her head in understanding.

HEATHER:
Why don't you try to talk to her?

VICTOR:
I said don't want to talk about it.

HEATHER:
(prying)
You have to try...

VICTOR:
(frustrated)
Don't you think I have? She wants nothing to do with me. Now, please. I don't want to talk about it.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
What happened between you and her?

Victor shakes his head in more frustration, but remains calm.

VICTOR:
It’s nothing you would understand. Trust me.

HEATHER:
I apologize. I didn’t mean to pry.

VICTOR:
Yeah.....No problem.

CUT IN TIME

Time passes. Heather and Victor are now chuckling a little bit and having a good time. Victor notices the bruise again on Heather’s left arm. She quickly covers it again.

VICTOR:
Why did you come here?

Heather is startled by the question.

HEATHER:
(confused)
W-What do you mean?

VICTOR:
Why did you come meet me today?

Heather pauses.

HEATHER:
I don’t know. To say “thank you”, I suppose. I wanted to meet the man who saved my life.

Victor nods his head. He looks out the window - no more photographers.

VICTOR:
Looks like the reporters are gone.

HEATHER:
Thank God...

VICTOR:
Should we hurry out of here?

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
Good idea. I’ll get the check. It’s on me, of course.

VICTOR:
It’s your money, lady.

They both chuckle.

36. EXT. SILVER CAFE - DAY
Heather and Victor start walking on the sidewalk.

HEATHER:
What about your ex-wife?

VICTOR:
Nothing to tell. She’s my ex-wife.

HEATHER:
Surely there had to be a reason you two divorced.

Victor ignores the question.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
I apologize. I won’t ask again.

VICTOR:
Thank you.

They walk further, coming to the CROSSWALK near Heather’s car.

HEATHER:
Well, Mr. McFarland. It was a pleasure meeting you. I apologize once again for my first impression. It really wasn’t me.

VICTOR:
No problem.

HEATHER:
I really do hope things work out for you between you and Abigail.

VICTOR:
Yeah...thanks.

HEATHER:
Remember, there’s no harm in trying.

(CONTINUED)
Victor half-smiles.

    VICTOR:
    You take care of yourself.

Heather chuckles a bit.

    HEATHER:
    I think I’ll be okay.

    VICTOR:
    Sure.

Heather turns away from Victor. She is about to cross on the crosswalk when she doesn’t notice a LARGE BUS about to hit her. Victor calmly pulls her back onto the sidewalk - saving her life again. She turns to him, shocked. Her eyes water on the verge of tears.

    VICTOR: (CONT’D)
    (calmly)
    I’m not one of the bad guys.


    HEATHER:
    (fearful)
    I-I have to go.

Victor nods his head. Heather crosses the crosswalk and steps into her car as Victor watches her leave.

37. EXT. DAPHNE’S HOUSE - DAY

Victor stands in front of Daphne’s house - pondering. He finally walks up to the front door and rings the DOORBELL. Abigail answers.

    VICTOR:
    Hello...

An awkward moment.

    ABIGAIL:
    Uh, yes?

    VICTOR:
    Hello, Abigail.

(CONTINUED)
ABIGAIL: (shyly) Hello.

VICTOR: I’m your... dad.

ABIGAIL: Yes. I know who you are.

VICTOR: How are you?

ABIGAIL: What are you doing here?

Another awkward pause.

VICTOR: I-I just wanted to see how you were.

ABIGAIL: I saw how you saved the Governor’s daughter on TV.

VICTOR: Yeah...

Victor doesn’t know what to say.

VICTOR: (CONT’D) Look, I know it’s been...
(a beat) a very long time...

ABIGAIL: Yes, I know.

VICTOR: So, I was hoping...

ABIGAIL: (interrupting) I don’t think you should be here.

VICTOR: (depressed) I know... I just...

ABIGAIL: I think you should leave.

Victor nods his head in depression.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

VICTOR:
Yeah...you’re right.

ABIGAIL:
Goodbye, Victor.

Abigail closes the door. Victor walks away.

38. INT. VICTOR’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Victor drinks heavily straight from a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY. He is looking miserable. He drinks until he passes out on the floor.

39. INT. VICTOR’S LIVING ROOM - DAY - VICTOR’S NIGHTMARE

Victor is having the same NIGHTMARE. The dissonant sound of an INFANT PANTING and GURGLED SCREAMS start to weigh in amongst the confusion. Panic sets in. Victor awakes sweating profusely and breathing heavily as he sits up.

END NIGHTMARE

He eyes the SIX-SHOOTER REVOLVER on the dining room table.

40. INT. TAYLOR’S BEDROOM - DAY

It is dawn. The sun is slowly starting to rise. Heather is sleeping softly - only to be woken up by Taylor who is standing over her.

HEATHER:
T-Taylor? What...?

Taylor holds up a NEWSPAPER ARTICLE which has a picture of Heather and Victor standing close and facing each other.

TAYLOR:
(silent rage)
What is this?

Heather is fearful. She tries to explain herself as she looks at the article closer.

HEATHER:
(very afraid)
I-It’s..

Taylor cuts her off.

TAYLOR:
(shouting)
What is this!?

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
   (in terror)
   I..I don’t know.

TAYLOR:
You don’t know, huh?

Taylor suddenly GRABS Heather violently by her hair out of bed and throws her down to the floor. He picks her up like a rag-doll and throws her against the wall.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
   This doesn’t look like making floral arrangements to me.

He violently pushes the NEWSPAPER ARTICLE into her face – rubbing it painfully into her cheeks. Heather starts to weep.

HEATHER:
   (begging)
   Taylor..please.

Taylor SMACKS her face with the back of his hand.

TAYLOR:
   Shut up! You lying skank.

Heather cries more. Pleading to Taylor to stop.

HEATHER:
   I didn’t think you would care...

Taylor PUSHES her to the ground.

TAYLOR:
   You didn’t think I would care? That is rich, my dear. You didn’t think I would care, but you went out of your way to lie to me. That is inexcusable.

Taylor moves to the BEDROOM MIRROR and fixes himself up.

HEATHER:
   I just wanted to thank him for saving me.

Taylor snickers to himself.

TAYLOR:
   (sarcastically)
   And what is your way of thanking him?

More tears stream down Heather’s face as she tries to fix herself up on the floor.

(CONTINUED)
TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
This is no way to behave. We will be married soon.

Taylor calms down. In an almost in an apologetic manner, He stoops down to her on the floor. He softly touches her chin.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
(softly)
We have to trust each other, right?

Heather nods in fear.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
(calmy)
I want to trust you, my darling.
(a beat)
Tell me I can trust you.

Heather sniffles.

HEATHER:
(calmy but fearfully)
Y-You can trust me....

TAYLOR:
Good. Now, I have a tuxedo fitting at noon. I trust that you will stay here until I return. Correct?

Heather nods. Taylor stands up to fix himself in the mirror again.

HEATHER:
Yes..I will wait for you.

Taylor smiles.

TAYLOR:
Fantastic.

Taylor goes to exit the bedroom.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
I love you, my darling.

Heather doesn’t respond. She puts her head in her hands and quietly weeps.

41. EXT. PARK BY THE LAKE - DAY

The sun is still rising. Victor walks along the lake with his hands in his coat pockets. A couple of JOGGERS pass him.

(continues)
Out of nowhere, a SMALL CESSNA airplane CRASHES through the TREES and into the edge of the LAKE. SMOKE is everywhere. Victor stands shocked. MORE JOGGERS gasp and gather around in terror.

**MALE JOGGER:**
(angered)
Oh my God!

**FEMALE JOGGER:**
Look at that!

Some ONLOOKERS start to take photographs. In a sudden burst of courage, Victor rushes towards the crashed plane.

**FEMALE ONLOOKER:**
What is he doing!?

Victor arrives at the edge of the lake. The small plane is starting to catch fire. With great strength, Victor OPENS up the airplane door.

42. INT. CRASHED CESSNA - DAY

There, he finds FOUR people who are knocked out from the crash: FEMALE PASSENGER, MALE PASSENGER, CO-PILOT, and PILOT. The Pilot is dead. Victor climbs inside the Cessna which is filling up with LAKE WATER. He UNSTRAPS the Female Passenger. She is unconscious, but breathing.

43. EXT. EDGE OF LAKE - DAY

Victor drags her out of the plane and lays her safely by the edge of the lake.

**MALE ONLOOKER:**
Someone call an ambulance!

Victor returns inside the Cessna and rescues the Male Passenger.

44. INT. CRASHED CESSNA - DAY

**MALE PASSENGER:**
(dazed)
W-What...happened?

**VICTOR:**
Just shut up for a second.

45. EXT. EDGE OF LAKE - DAY

Victor drags him out of the plane and to the edge of the lake. He then returns to the Cessna.

(CONTINUED)
46. INT. CRASHED CESSNA - DAY

Victor rushes to the COCKPIT. He feels the pulse of the Pilot, but there is none. He starts to UNSTRAP the Co-Pilot from his seat.

47. EXT. EDGE OF LAKE - DAY

As Victor drags the Co-Pilot to safety, a RESCUE HELICOPTER encircles the area. A LARGE CROWD OF ONLOOKERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS have now arrived at the scene.

48. INT. TAYLOR’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Heather walks in on TAYLOR’S MAID watching TELEVISION. The Maid is startled when she notices Heather. The maid speaks in a foreign accent.

TAYLOR’S MAID:
Oh, sorry, Miss Heather. Forgive me.

Heather smiles.

HEATHER:
It’s okay.

TAYLOR’S MAID:
I’ll turn it off right away.

Taylor’s Maid goes to turn off the television when Heather notices Victor being interviewed by a FEMALE REPORTER.

HEATHER:
No, wait! Turn it up.

TAYLOR’S MAID:
Yes, ma’am.

Taylor’s Maid turns up the volume on the television. The television shows a plane crash scene where Victor has rescued three of the victims.

HEATHER:
(shocked)
Victor? Oh my God....

There is a swarm of people surrounding Victor - photographers, reporters, and onlookers. The Female Reporter pushes the microphone in Victor’s face.

FEMALE REPORTER:
Mr. McFarland, can you explain what happened here today?

(CONTINUED)
(CONTINUED):

VICTOR:
(shyly)
I...I don’t know. It just happened. I was just walking down the path when it came out of nowhere.

Meanwhile, Taylor’s Maid starts cleaning up as Heather is glued to the television set.

TAYLOR’S MAID:
That is a good man. So brave.
(a beat)
Very handsome too.

HEATHER:
(shyly)
Uh, yes.

Taylor’s Maid smiles at Heather. The Female Reporter and others continue to shower Victor with questions. ANOTHER REPORTER sticks his microphone in.

ANOTHER REPORTER:
Mr. McFarland, people are calling you the real Superman. What do you think about that?

Victor is taken aback by the question. There are cameras flashing everywhere.

VICTOR:
I, uh...
(two beats)
I don’t know if there’s a comparison.

FEMALE REPORTER:
How is your relationship with Miss Kasten?

ANOTHER REPORTER:
Is there a romance involved?

VICTOR:
(startled)
Uh....I don’t think....

(CONTINUED)
Heather stares at the television set. She looks down to the floor in a bit of depression as the reporters continue to hammer Victor with questions. Heather turns around and EXITS the living room.

TAYLOR’S MAID:
Are they talking about you and him, Miss Heather?

49. INT. GOVERNOR’S OFFICE - DAY

The Governor is at his DESK shuffling through paperwork. Taylor enters.

GOVERNOR:
(happily)
Taylor. To what do I owe this pleasure?

Taylor puts a NEWSPAPER on The Governor’s desk. On the front page is VICTOR’S ARTICLE about the Cessna crash.

TAYLOR:
Have you seen this?

The Governor picks up the paper.

GOVERNOR:
Yes...
(a beat)
I heard. Very interesting.

TAYLOR:
(contemplating)
I don’t know. There’s something very “off” about this man. I can feel it. What do you think?

GOVERNOR:
So I’m not the only one?

TAYLOR:
There’s also a growing concern about his relationship with your daughter. It seems that they have grown....
(a beat)
close.

GOVERNOR:
(conspiring)
Yes. This disturbs me, as well.
(a beat)
Not to worry, my dear boy.
(MORE)
Taylor smiles in relief.

TAYLOR:
That is good news.

The Governor and Taylor both smile. The Governor STANDS from his desk and puts on his jacket.

GOVERNOR:
In the meantime, why don’t you find out a little bit more about our friend Victor McFarland.

TAYLOR:
(grinning)
I’m on it immediately, sir.

GOVERNOR:
Hey, call me “Dad”.

50. INT. VICTOR’S APARTMENT - DAY

Victor is cleaning his apartment. There is a KNOCK at the front door.

VICTOR:
Go away. I’m not taking any more questions.

Another KNOCK.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Go away!

Another KNOCK.

Victor gets frustrated. He hurries to the door and opens it.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
I said I didn’t want... 

He notices that it is Heather.

HEATHER:
Hello, Victor.

VICTOR:
(startled)
Heather? What are you doing here?
I needed to see you again.

Victor nods his head and slightly smiles. He lets her in. Heather notices the mess around Victor’s apartment.

Sorry about the mess. I was just cleaning.

Heather chuckles a bit.

It’s no problem at all.

Victor smiles.

Heather: (CONT’D)
I saw you on the news...

Yeah. The press has been really hounding me.

It’s unbelievable. Twice in a matter of days.

Victor shrugs his shoulders.

Yeah...just lucky, I guess.

Time has passed. Victor and Heather are eating a nice dinner with wine.

Good Morning America wants to interview me.

Wow! That’s fantastic. Are you going to do it?

I don’t think so. I hate interviews.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER: (sarcastically)
Oh really. I couldn’t tell.

They both chuckle.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
My father wants to give you the key to the city.

VICTOR: (confused)
What? Really?

HEATHER:
Yes. It’s one of the reasons I came over here - to tell you that.

VICTOR:
(probing)
What’s the other reason?

Heather shyly grins.

HEATHER:
(shyly)
Uh...
(a beat)
No other reason.

Victor smiles.

VICTOR: (sarcastically)
Sure...

HEATHER:
He’s planning on calling you tomorrow about it.

VICTOR:
So, he doesn’t know you’re here?

HEATHER:
(reluctantly)
Well, no. Nobody knows I’m here.

Victor pauses for a moment.

VICTOR: (pondering)
Interesting...
Victor stares into her eyes. Heather shies away. Victor reaches across the table with his left hand and gently takes her hand into his. He then notices a large bruise on her arm. This disturbs Victor.

HEATHER:
Please don't.

Victor stands up and moves towards her. He gently stands her up and examines her neck which has another large bruise on it.

VICTOR:
You didn't get this from the mugging, did you?

Heather doesn’t answer. She shies away more.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Did you?

He gently caresses her.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Who did this to you?

A pause from Heather. A tear streams down her face.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Who?

HEATHER:
(whispering)
Taylor...Taylor did this.

Victor stands up with his back to her.

VICTOR:
(commanding)
Stand up.

HEATHER:
(confused)
What?

VICTOR:
I said stand up.

Heather stands. Victor comes towards her. He pushes her to the ground.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
(afraid)
W-what did you do that for?

VICTOR:
Stand up.

Heather quickly stands up. Her eyes tear up a bit.

HEATHER:
I don’t underst-

Victor PUSHES her again.

VICTOR:
You have to stand up for yourself.

Victor pushes her some more.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Are you going to let people push you around all the time?

Victor THROWS his table over. Heather is very fearful.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Hit me! Don’t just look at me. Stand up for yourself!

A TEAR runs down Heather’s face.

HEATHER:
Victor...

VICTOR:
I said do it!

Victor advances on her with malice.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
(shouting)
Hit me! Are you going to let people walk all over you? You’re weak! You’ll always be weak!

Heather PUNCHES Victor in the face. He is stunned as he stumble backward. Heather is beside herself. Victor wipes some blood from his lip and looks at it.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Not bad...

Heather is still a bit fearful.

(CONTINUED)
Wow.

(a beat)
I think you knocked one of my teeth out.

Heather covers her mouth. Victor begins to laugh. Soon, Heather begins to chuckle to herself with her eyes still watering.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
(cheerfully)
I knew you had it in you.

HEATHER:
I’m so sorry.

VICTOR:
Don’t apologize. Never apologize. You did what you had to.

A pause.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Come with me. I have an idea.

52. INT. SHOOTING RANGE - NIGHT

Heather and Victor are at the shooting range. Victor is teaching her how to shoot a gun. He helps her aim and shoot at the targets.

VICTOR:
That’s it. Take both hands.

Victor instructs her with his own hands.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Now squeeze – very gently.

Heather squeezes the trigger. The bullet blasts a small hole outside of the bull's-eye

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
(impressed)
Wow.

Heather giggles.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
I never knew how exhilarating this could be.

VICTOR:
Yeah. It’s really good stress relief.

53. INT. VICTOR’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Heather and Victor return to the apartment - chuckling at themselves. Heather approaches Victor in a loving caress. She goes to kiss him, but Victor holds back.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
We’re friends, right.

Heather is confused and disappointed.

HEATHER:
(disappointed)
Yes. Yes of course.

Victor holds her hand in his.

VICTOR:
I think you should head back home for tonight.

HEATHER:
Do I have to?

Victor nods his head. She hugs him lovingly.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Okay....

54. EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY
The Governor and Victor are standing in front of a LARGE CROWD (ONLOOKERS, REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS). The Governor is holding THE KEY TO THE CITY.

GOVERNOR:
Today we are honoring an outstanding citizen. A hero. A superman. We dedicate this prize to you. Not only for saving my daughter, but for saving three others from a fatal plane crash. Four people owe you their lives. You are an inspiration to all good citizens of this fine city.

(CONTINUED)
The crowd CHEERS.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
To you, Mr. Victor McFarland, I present to you the key to the city for your outstanding bravery.

The Governor hands the key to Victor. PHOTOGRAPHY FLASHES and CHEERS are held all around. Victor half-smiles and waves. The Governor waves to the crowd, as well with a fake, wide smile.

VICTOR:
Thank you.

As the crowd cheers, The Governor leans in and whispers to Victor.

GOVERNOR:
Take a ride with me right now. We need to talk.

Victor is confused but nods his head.

55. INT. GOVERNOR’S LIMO - DAY

As the limousine drives, The Governor and Victor are sitting across from each other in an uncomfortable silence. The Governor is sipping on a BRANDY.

GOVERNOR:
Every dog has his day, doesn’t he?

VICTOR:
I guess.

The Governor takes another sip as Victor listens on.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
I want you to listen to me very carefully, Mr. McFarland....
(a beat)
I feel it’s in both of our best interests that you stay far away from my daughter.

Victor is silent and uncomfortable.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
Are we clear about that?

VICTOR:
I’m not sure what you’re talking about.

(CONTINUED)
GOVERNOR:
(growing discontent)
You know very well what I’m talking about.

VICTOR:
(sternly)
No, sir.
(a beat)
I don’t.

GOVERNOR:
I have worked far too hard for too long
to see my daughter throw away everything
she has for a....
(a beat)
lucky rodent as yourself.

VICTOR:
Is that so?

GOVERNOR:
That is so.

Victor shakes his head and plays it off.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
I know who you are. If you even glance
our way again, I’ll make sure that this
day is your last day in the sun. Are we clear?

VICTOR:
(sarcastically)
Right....

GOVERNOR:
I’m glad we understand each other.

EXT. VICTOR’S BUILDING - DAY

The limousine pulls to the curb, letting Victor out. The limo
drives away, leaving Victor with a silent frustration.

VICTOR:
(to himself)
Unbelievable....

56. INT. VICTOR’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Victor picks up the PHONE. He dials Abigail’s number.

INTERCUT -- VICTOR/ABIGAIL

(CONTINUED)
Abigail picks up the phone.

ABIGAIL:
Hello?

There is a small pause of silence.

ABIGAIL: (CONT’D)
Hello?

VICTOR:
Abigail?

ABIGAIL:
Yes? Who is this?

VICTOR:
It’s your father.

Abigail is flabbergasted.

ABIGAIL:
Uh, okay...
(a beat)
What do you want?

VICTOR:
I just wanted to...
(a beat)
apologize. I know I haven’t been there for you.

ABIGAIL:
You can say that again.

VICTOR:
I was hoping that we could meet.

ABIGAIL:
(confused)
Meet?

VICTOR:
Yeah. For dinner or something.

Abigail shakes her head in discontent.

ABIGAIL:
I don’t think that’s a good idea.

VICTOR:
(depressed)
Okay...

(CONTINUED)
ABIGAIL:
Please stop calling here.

VICTOR:
Wait. I just wanted to...

Abigail interrupts.

ABIGAIL:
(interrupting)
You think you can just waltz back into my life after years of not calling or anything?

VICTOR:
No, no..

ABIGAIL:
You think just because you’re a big celebrity now that I would just forgive you? What the hell is wrong with you?

VICTOR:
I’m sorry.

ABIGAIL:
Years and years. Not even one birthday card, and you think at just a drop of a hat that I’ll come rushing into your arms?

A SMALL TEAR runs down Abigail’s face. Victor lowers his head in depression.

ABIGAIL: (CONT’D)
I want nothing to do with you. Stop calling me and stop bothering me.

Abigail hangs up the phone. Victor slowly puts the phone down, as well.

57. INT. BUS – DAY

Victor is riding alone in a seat on the bus. Suddenly, a MALE PASSENGER notices him.

MALE PASSENGER:
Hey! Hey, are you Victor McFarland?

Victor half-smiles at him.
Everyone, including a MOTHER and her SMALL CHILD, on the bus look at Victor. They stand up and applaud.

VICTOR:
(avoiding)
Thanks...

MOTHER:
Wow!

SMALL CHILD:
Superman!

MALE PASSENGER:
Where you headed to, Mr. McFarland?

VICTOR:
(reluctantly)
Job interview.

MALE PASSENGER:
(jittery)
Awesome. Awesome. Wow. I can’t believe you’re on here with us.

VICTOR:
(slightly chuckling)
I’m always on here.

The Male Passenger sits back down - grinning widely. A STRONG THUNDERSHOWER starts to pelt the bus with rain.

SMALL CHILD:
Whoa!

MOTHER:
(impatiently)
Sit down. It’s just a thunder storm.

The bus suddenly comes to a SCREECHING STOP as all of the passengers FLY FORWARD in their seats. After the halt, everyone stands up and looks OUTSIDE of the bus.

SMALL CHILD:
(pointing outside)
Look at that!
Victor glances outside his window. He sees a FIERY CRASH of a few automobiles.

MOTHER:
Oh my God! Don’t look at it!

The Mother COVERS the Small Child’s eyes. Victor stands up and starts to exit the bus.

MALE PASSENGER:
(to another passenger)
Hey, where’s he going? What’s he doing?

58. EXT. BUS - DAY

Victor steps outside the bus. He sees THREE CARS that are totally smashed. Two SURVIVORS are standing outside of their cars in a daze. The other car has a OLDER MAN still inside who is unconscious. The Older Man’s car starts to smoke. Victor DASHES towards it. A MALE ONLOOKER notices Victor.

MALE ONLOOKER:
(to Victor)
Hey! Get away from there! The car is going to explode!

Victor ignores the onlooker and looks in on the Older Man. The Older Man is CRAIG, Victor’s former boss from the Auto Service Garage whom had previously fired him.

VICTOR:
(calmly)
Jesus, Craig....

Craig is unconscious and BLEEDING from the head. Craig’s car catches FIRE as Victor SMASHES the driver’s side window, UNBuckles Craig’s safety belt, and begins to DRAG Craig out of the driver side window. Craig momentarily regains consciousness as Victor drags him out to safety.

CRAIG:
(dazed and confused to Victor)
Are...are you an angel?

Victor shakes his head.

VICTOR:
Far from it.

Victor drags Craig to a safe place as his car is now totally ablaze. ONLOOKERS and HELPERS rush to aid Victor and Craig as an AMBULANCE SIREN is heard in the background. Victor slowly walks away from the scene.
59. INT. TAYLOR’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Heather and Taylor are sitting on a COUCH by the FIREPLACE. Taylor is sipping on a GLASS OF BRANDY. Taylor puts his arm around Heather as she grows uncomfortable.

    TAYLOR:
    This is splendid, don’t you think?

He kisses her on the cheek. She almost recoils in disgust.

    TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
    To think, we will be spending each night exactly like this together. Just you and me.

Taylor STANDS up from the couch.

    TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
    Well, my dear. What do you say? Shall we retire for the evening?

Heather hangs her head low.

    TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
    Take my hand. Let’s go to the bedroom.

Taylor EXTENDS his hand to Heather. Heather is silent.

    TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
    (impatiently)
    Hey! I’m speaking to you. I said I wanted to go upstairs.

Heather is silent still - not making eye contact with Taylor. Taylor’s impatience grows. He SNAPS his FINGERS near Heather’s face.

    TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
    Don’t make me tell you again. Listen to me when I’m talking to you.

    HEATHER:
    It’s over.

Taylor suddenly becomes confused and overwhelmed.

    TAYLOR:
    Excuse me?

Heather locks eyes with Taylor.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER: It’s over, Taylor.

TAYLOR: What’s over?

HEATHER: This is over. You and I. I won’t marry you.

Taylor’s eyes become angry. He turns towards the fireplace.

HEATHER: (cont’d) I’ve had enough.

Heather stands up.

HEATHER: (cont’d) I’m not going to take any more of your abuse, your commands, or your lies. I’m through with you. I will not marry you.

Taylor pauses for a moment to contemplate. He then violently tosses his brandy into the fireplace as the fire momentarily roars from the alcohol.

TAYLOR: (angrily) Oh, I get it now. You’re in love with that dog, aren’t you?

Taylor chuckles to himself as he turns to face Heather.

TAYLOR: (cont’d) I should have known that a dirty whore like you would be drawn to dirt.

Taylor advances on Heather in violence. He grabs her violently by the arm.

TAYLOR: (cont’d) You like slumming it, don’t you?

HEATHER: Taylor, let me go!

TAYLOR: You listen to me, woman. You’re not going anywhere. You are mine. You belong to me.

HEATHER: Let me go!

(CONTINUED)
Heather struggles free and runs towards the exit. Taylor catches up and grabs her neck from behind.

TAYLOR:
I’ll teach you that, my dearest. You are mine....

60. INT. VICTOR’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There’s a knock at Victor’s door. He answers. It is Heather - appearing as a shivering, nervous wreck as tears are streaming down her red, swollen face.

VICTOR:
(deeply concerned)
Heather....

Victor takes her in his arms and holds her tight as she weeps loudly.

61. INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

Taylor is having lunch with a voluptuous blonde woman and is flirting with her - feeding her playfully from across the table with his fork.

TAYLOR:
(to blonde woman)
How’s that taste?

BLONDE WOMAN:
(playfully)
Mmmm...very nice.

They both chuckle as Victor storms into the restaurant in anger. He argues with restaurant host, trying to locate Taylor.

RESTAURANT HOST:
(to Victor)
Excuse me, sir. You can’t just barge in without a reservation.

VICTOR:
Get the hell out of my way before I step over you.

Victor shoves the restaurant host aside and locates Taylor. Victor makes his way towards him.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
(fierce anger)
Hello, Taylor.

(continued)
TAYLOR: (condescending)
Victor McFarland? They actually let you in here?

Victor grabs Taylor by the collar. The whole restaurant’s patrons are GASPING at the scene in shock.

VICTOR:
You better stay away from Heather.

TAYLOR:
You got a lot of nerve, you trash. I would remove your hands from me if you knew what was good for you.

VICTOR: (threatening)
Keep talking. I’m begging you.

Taylor brushes Victor off.

TAYLOR: (to Blonde Woman)
Don’t worry, my dear. This dog will be removed shortly.

VICTOR:
The only dog here is you.

Taylor laughs. The Blonde Woman remains silent in shock.

TAYLOR: (chuckling)
That’s laughable. I’ll have to remember that one.

Victor points in Taylor’s face.

VICTOR:
I’m warning you, asshole. Stay away from her.

Taylor leans into Victor’s ear.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
(whispering to Victor)
What’s the matter? Angry that you’re getting my sloppy seconds?

Victor, in a burst of rage, GRABS Taylor by the COLLAR and HEADBUTTS Taylor – crushing Taylor’s NOSE.

(CONTINUED)
Taylor FALLS back onto the TABLE as BLOOD pours out of his nose. The patrons at the restaurant GASP again in horror.

VICTOR:
(screaming at Taylor)
You touch her again and I’ll fucking kill you! You hear me?

Taylor is dazed as the Blonde Woman comes to his aid with a NAPKIN to COVER his bloody nose.

BLONDE WOMAN:
Oh my God! Taylor, honey, are you okay?

Taylor just MUMBLES as Victor leaves the restaurant.

62. EXT. GOVERNOR’S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Heather arrives at the front door of the Governor’s office building. She steps inside.

63. INT. GOVERNOR’S OFFICE - DAY

The Governor is GAZING out the WINDOW when the RECEPTIONIST buzzes him on the TELEPROMPTER.

RECEPTIONIST:
(over Teleprompter)
Mr. Governor, your daughter is here.

GOVERNOR:
Send her in.

Heather walks into the office. The Governor turns to her.

GOVERNOR: (CONT’D)
Heather? To what do I owe this visit?

HEATHER:
I came to tell you...
(a beat)
It’s over.

GOVERNOR:
(confused)
Over? What’s over?

HEATHER:
It’s over...
(a beat)
between me and Taylor.

The Governor shakes it off.

(CONTINUED)
GOVERNOR:  
(avoiding)  
I don’t want to hear about this. You will do as your told.

HEATHER:  
(sternly)  
Listen to me! It’s over, father. I will not marry him.

GOVERNOR:  
Don’t be a child. This is for your own good and you know it.

HEATHER:  
This is not what I wanted. This is what you wanted for me. I won’t do it anymore.

GOVERNOR:  
This is what you barged in here about? To tell me this nonsense? Now you listen to me...

Heather interrupts.

HEATHER:  
(interrupting)  
No, you listen to me now. I never had the guts to stand up to you before. All my life you directed me, commanded me into paths where I never wanted to go. This is my life, father. I will not have you telling me what to do ever again.

GOVERNOR:  
(angrily)  
I was concerned about your future! I know what is best for you. You don’t have a clue about anything about this world.

HEATHER:  
Yes I do! You just never thought to listen to me. You had your mind made up as soon as I was born. You had my whole life planned out from the beginning.

GOVERNOR:  
(shouting)  
Yes! And for your own good!

HEATHER:  
No! For your own good! All you ever cared about was your status in this world.  
(MORE)
HEATHER: (CONT'D)
What people thought of you was job number
one. You never cared about me or mom or
anybody else!

GOVERNOR:
(threatening)
Choose your next words carefully, my
dear.

Heather pauses as she shakes her head in frustration.

HEATHER:
I’m not going to let you choose anything
for me anymore. I’m through. I’m taking
control of my life with or without you.

The Governor pauses and contemplates. He turns his back on
her.

GOVERNOR:
(disappointed)
Well then. You are no longer welcome at
our house. You pack up your things and
leave immediately. I don’t want to see
you again.

Heather throws up her hands.

HEATHER:
Fine. Have it your way.
(a beat)
Goodbye, father.

Heather goes to leave, but stops.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
By the way....
(a beat)
I just wanted to show you what your
beautiful future son-in-law thinks of me.

Heather pushes up her sleeves and lowers her shirt collar
showing multiple BRUISES from Taylor’s beatings.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Have a good look, you bastard.

The Governor glances her way for a moment, but does not
respond. Heather pushes her sleeves back down.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Go to Hell.

Heather leaves the Governor’s office.

(CONTINUED)
64. EXT. ABUSED FAMILY SHELTER - NIGHT

Heather arrives at the front door of the Shelter with a SUITCASE. Bonnie is there waiting for her. Bonnie and Heather HUG.

    BONNIE:
    You can stay here as long as you like.

    HEATHER:
    Thank you, Bonnie.

    BONNIE:
    Now get inside!

They both chuckle a bit as Heather makes her way inside the Shelter.

65. EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Abigail is walking and chatting with her THREE SCHOOL FRIENDS. Victor is in the background watching her. Abigail notices him. Victor approaches her.

    ABIGAIL:
    (to her School Friends)
    Hey, I’ll call you guys later, okay?

The School Friends leave.

    VICTOR:
    Abigail...

    ABIGAIL:
    What are you doing here?

    VICTOR:
    I wanted to see you.

    ABIGAIL:
    It’s not a good idea for you to be here.

Abigail looks around.

    VICTOR:
    Please, just hear me out. I want you to know how sorry I am for not being there. Please let me explain.

    ABIGAIL:
    I can’t...
VICTOR: Just give me a chance.

Abigail thinks for a moment.

ABIGAIL: I don’t think....

Abigail is interrupted by Daphne, who barges into the scene.

DAPHNE: Abigail, go wait for me in the car.

ABIGAIL: Okay, mom...but...

DAPHNE: (commanding) I said now!

Abigail leaves towards Daphne’s car.

DAPHNE: (CONT’D) (to Victor) What the hell do you think you’re doing here?

VICTOR: Nothing, I just...

Daphne cuts him off.

DAPHNE: You stay away from us, do you hear? I don’t want to see your face again.

VICTOR: Daphne, please...

DAPHNE: If I see you around her again, I’ll get a restraining order.

VICTOR: (pleading) Daphne...

DAPHNE: I will never forgive you for what you did, Victor. Never. You could save a thousand damsels in distress and it wouldn’t make one bit of difference.

(CONTINUED)
VICTOR: Dammit, Daphne, please!

DAPHNE: If you come around again, you’ll pay. I swear it.

Daphne heads towards the car where Abigail awaits.

DAPHNE: (CONT’D) And I better get that child support money soon!

Daphne gets in the car and she and Abigail drive away. Victor hangs his head low in sorrow and walks away.

66. EXT. DAPHNE’S HOUSE - DAY

Daphne and Abigail drive into their driveway. Taylor has been waiting for them. Taylor’s NOSE is HEAVILY BANDAGED. Daphne and Abigail step out of the car.

TAYLOR: Hello. Mrs. McFarland, I presume?

DAPHNE: Yes. Who might you be? You look familiar...

TAYLOR: (smiling) Yes, I get that a lot. The name is Taylor Meyers - Attorney at Law.

DAPHNE: (to Abigail) Abigail, could you go into the house, please? I’ll be in shortly.

Abigail enters the house.

DAPHNE: (CONT’D) Yes, sorry. I didn’t recognize you with the bandages...

TAYLOR: It’s no matter, Mrs. McFarland. I’d like to speak with you about your ex-husband.

DAPHNE: (confused) Victor?

(CONTINUED)
Taylor smirks evilly.

TAYLOR:
Yes, I would like hear everything you know about him.

DAPHNE:
Oh yeah? What’s in it for me?

TAYLOR:
(grinning)
I think you will be most satisfied with what I have to offer...

Taylor chuckles to himself as Daphne contemplates in interest.

66. INT. VICTOR’S BEDROOM - DAY

Victor WAKES UP. He moves to the bedroom CLOSET. Behind the mess on the shelf, he grabs a SMALL BEAR. He clutches it in his hands.

67. EXT. VICTOR’S BUILDING - DAY

Outside, Victor LOOKS AROUND. There are no photographers, fans, or reporters. He starts WALKING down the sidewalk.

68. EXT. RUN DOWN CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Victor makes his way inside the convenience store.

69. INT. RUN DOWN CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Victor picks up a few items and brings them to the Store Clerk who looks at Victor and shakes his head. Victor gives a confused look as he pays for his items. The TELEVISION is on in the background. As Victor goes to leave, he notices today’s NEWSPAPER. In shock, he GRABS it and reads the front article which reads: “SUPERMAN IS DEADBEAT DAD!”

VICTOR:
What??

Another side article reads: “VICTOR MCFARLAND ASSAULTS TAYLOR MEYERS”.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
What the hell is this?

The television BLARES in the background. Victor’s eyes focus towards it.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

On the television is DAPHNE, telling her story about Victor in an exclusive interview with a HIGH-PROFILE NEWS REPORTER.

    VICTOR: (CONT’D)
    (horrified)
    Daphne?!

    DAPHNE (ON TELEVISION):
    I came home that night...

Daphne dabs her tears with a tissue.

    HIGH-PROFILE NEWS REPORTER (ON TELEVISION):
    Go on. It’s okay.

    DAPHNE : (ON TELEVISION):
    And Abigail was just lying there...
    (a beat)
    I panicked. I didn’t know what to do.

Daphne weeps more. The Store Clerk looks at Victor with shame.

    HIGH-PROFILE NEWS REPORTER : (ON TELEVISION):
    (to audience)
    We’ll return shortly to this shocking exclusive interview with Daphne McFarland - ex-wife of so-called “Superman” Victor McFarland. The shocking truth behind Mr. McFarland after the break.

Victor THROWS DOWN his store items in anger and exits the store.

70. EXT. RUN DOWN CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

As Victor goes outside, a dozen REPORTERS, CAMERAMEN, and PHOTOGRAPHERS swarm him. They ask questions about Abigail all at once.

    VICTOR:
    Get the hell away from me!

a MALE REPORTER invades his space - jamming the microphone in his face.

    MALE REPORTER:
    Can you tell us what happened? Is Daphne’s story true?

Victor tries to fight through the swarm.

(CONTINUED)
MALE REPORTER #2:
Mr. McFarland! What happened that night?

VICTOR:
I said get away!

Victor, in frustration, angrily GRABS Male Reporter #2 and throws him on the ground. He then takes the CAMERA from the Cameraman and SMASHES it on the pavement. The crowd GASPS in shock as Victor walks away.

71. INT. ABUSED FAMILY SHELTER - DAY

Heather is tending to an ABUSED WOMAN and her daughter, (ABUSED LITTLE GIRL).

ABUSED WOMAN:
Thank you so much for your help, Ms. Kasten.

ABUSED LITTLE GIRL:
Thank you.

Heather smiles. Her eyes almost tearing up. Heather strokes the little girl’s hair.

HEATHER:
You’re welcome, sweetheart. Stay strong, okay? You don’t have to be afraid here.

The little girl smiles. Bonnie smiles at Heather.

TIME LAPSE

--INT. ABUSED FAMILY SHELTER - NIGHT

Heather moves to the WINDOW and gazes outside. Bonnie comes to COMFORT her.

BONNIE:
Don’t worry about Victor. I’m sure he’s okay.

Heather nods in agreement.

HEATHER:
I’m sure you’re right....

72. INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Victor picks up the PHONE and DIALS.

(CONTINUED)
INTERCUTS -- VICTOR/HEATHER

Heather picks up the phone.

HEATHER:
Hello, West Side Family Shelter. This is Heather speaking. How can I help you?

VICTOR:
Heather.....

HEATHER:
(shocked/relieved)
Victor!? Where have you been? I tried calling your house a dozen times...

VICTOR:
I had to get away. I’m laying low for right now.

HEATHER:
Yes, I understand. I saw the papers this morning. I’m so sorry, Victor. I can’t believe Taylor would do this.

VICTOR:
Whatever. What’s done is done. I can’t change it now. And I don’t know when I’ll be back. If ever.

HEATHER:
Victor, please tell me where you are. I’m so worried about you.

VICTOR:
I can’t do that, Heather. I’m sorry. I just want to alone for a while.

HEATHER:
Please. Let me come get you.

Victor pauses.

VICTOR:
No. I can’t do this. It’s over.

HEATHER:
(confused)
What? What are you talking about?

VICTOR:
I can’t see you anymore.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
(saddened)
Why? I don’t understand.
(a beat)
Was it something I did? Something I said?

VICTOR:
No. This has nothing to do with you. I’m not a good person, Heather. You deserve better than gutter-trash like me. Trust me.

HEATHER:
Don’t say that. I decide who and what I want. Remember what you told me? Remember that?

VICTOR:
I know what I told you. But I’m telling you that it’s over. I’m no good for you.

HEATHER:
Yes you are, Victor! Don’t listen to anybody else! That’s not fair.

VICTOR:
I don’t have to listen to anybody else. I already know what I am. Someone up there has it in for me...

HEATHER:
What you are is a good person, Victor. You know that and I know that. Don’t do this to yourself. Don’t do anything stupid.

VICTOR:
I’m not. I’m doing the smart thing by walking away for good and that’s the way it’s going to be. All I can bring is a mess. Just look at what’s been going on the past couple of weeks. It doesn’t make sense. Things like that don’t happen to people like me.

HEATHER:
(crying)
Please don’t do this. I want you here with me. And all of what’s happening to you is happening for a reason.

VICTOR:
I can’t...

(continuing)
HEATHER:
What about the day you saved me? What
does that say about you? You are a good
person, I know it!

VICTOR:
You’re wrong, Heather. You’re wrong.
(a beat)
Nine times out of ten I would have walked
the other way.

HEATHER:
I don’t believe you.

VICTOR:
Believe it. It’s over. I’m done.
(a beat)
You’re my friend. Understand this

HEATHER:
(crying)
Okay.....

VICTOR:
Goodbye, Heather.

Victor HANGS UP and WALKS AWAY from the Phone Booth.

HEATHER:
Victor, wait!!

Heather puts her HANDS to her FACE and CRIES.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
(frustrated)
Dammit!

73. MONTAGE - VICTOR’S DEPRESSION

-- EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT -- Victor angrily drinks a bottle of
liquor in an alleyway as he stumbles and then SMASHES the
bottle against the wall.

-- INT. BUS - DAY -- As Victor rides the bus, other
passengers look at him and shake their heads in shame and
shun him. Victor ignores them.

FEMALE PASSENGER:
(to Male Passenger)
Can you believe what he did?

(CONTINUED)
MALE PASSENGER:
(to Female Passenger)
I know.
(a beat)
Some “hero”....

-- EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY -- Victor watches Abigail exit the school with her friends. Abigail is happy and laughing as Victor turns and walks away.

-- EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY -- Victor walks with his head hanging low on the sidewalk with hands in his pocket. A car full of teenagers passes quickly. A MALE TEENAGER hangs his head out of the passenger window as they pass Victor.

MALE TEENAGER:
(screaming mockingly at Victor)
WHOO, YEAH!

Victor ignores the Teenagers and keeps walking.

END MONTAGE

74. INT. ABUSED FAMILY SHELTER - NIGHT

Heather goes to the TELEPHONE and dials Victor’s number. She reaches his answering machine.

HEATHER:
Hello, Victor. It’s Heather.
(a beat)
God, I hope you get this.

MONTAGE - VICTOR’S HEROISM/HEATHER’S TELEPHONE VOICE OVER

-- EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY -- THREE CHILDREN, (FEMALE CHILD, MALE CHILD, SKINNY MALE CHILD) are playing by the pool side.

HEATHER (V.O.):
I don’t blame you for anything. You can’t blame yourself, either. You can’t undo the past.

The Skinny Male Child FALLS IN the pool. He can’t swim. As he struggles underneath the water, Victor’s arm extends into the swimming pool and rescues the Skinny Male Child from drowning. The Skinny Male Child comes to as he sees Victor.
SKINNY MALE CHILD:  
(dazed and coughing)  
S-Superman?  

Victor turns and walks away.  

HEATHER (V.O.):  
I wanted to let you know how I really  
felt about you. You gave me back hope.  
Gave me back life. Something that I  
haven’t felt in a long, long time.  

-- EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY -- Victor’s Female Landlord is  
having a heart-attack. She falls to the ground. Victor  
arrives at the scene. He kneels down beside her.  

HEATHER (V.O.):  
You saved me...more than just once. Don’t  
you see?  

A cut in time, The Female Landlord comes back to life -  
breathing in air heavily. She looks to her rescuer.  

FEMALE LANDLORD:  
Victor?  

Victor turns and walks away.  

HEATHER (V.O.)  
Don’t you see the person you really are?  

-- EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT -- a group of NEO-NAZIS are  
surrounding an AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN. They are sporting  
swastika tattoos and weapons in their hands. They toss the  
African American Woman violently to the ground and point a  
KNIFE at her face.  

NEO NAZI:  
(hatefully)  
You’re not welcome in our neighborhood,  
nigger. You’re gonna learn a valuable  
lesson tonight.  

The Neo Nazis laugh as they approach her. Victor intervenes.  
He knocks one of Neo Nazi’s out cold as the others run away  
in fear.  

HEATHER (V.O.):  
You are a good person, You’re my friend.  
Please don’t do anything drastic. I  
couldn’t bear to see you hurt.
The African American Woman cries with relief and shock. Victor stoops down to comfort her.

-- EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT -- Victor walks with hands in his pockets.

HEATHER (V.O.):
Please come back. Come back to me. I need you here with me. I need you as a friend. Please....

END MONTAGE/VOICE OVER

75. INT. ABUSED FAMILY SHELTER - NIGHT

Heather HANGS UP the phone. She takes a deep breath. A FLASH OF LIGHTING occurs - revealing Taylor in the background who has been listening and unnoticed in the background the whole time. He is still wearing a white bandage over his nose.

TAYLOR:
Hello, baby.

Heather becomes shocked.

HEATHER:
(fearful)
Taylor? What are you doing here?

Taylor approaches her.

TAYLOR:
Did you miss me, sweetheart? I really missed you.

HEATHER:
You stay away from me, Taylor. I mean it.

Don’t come any closer.

Taylor laughs at her.

TAYLOR:
Oh, my dearest. What’s wrong? Your boyfriend not here to save you?

Taylor approaches closer. Heather backs up.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
Looks like I did my job.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
I knew you were behind that news story.

TAYLOR:
Indeed, my dear. My work is done and your lover is ruined.

Taylor approaches closer.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
And now, I’m going to claim what’s rightfully mine.

Taylor GRABS her. Heather fights him off. Taylor then SMACKS Heather across the face and she falls to the ground.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
(sarcastically)
Oh, dear. Let’s not do this again. I really don’t want to ruin that beautiful face of yours.

On the ground, Heather reaches for a SMALL BATON.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
But...
(a beat)
I’ll make an exception this time.

Heather SWINGS the baton to Taylor’s kneecap. He winces in pain. She stands up and SMASHES Taylor in the NOSE with the baton again.

TAYLOR: (CONT’D)
You bitch.

Taylor, in rage, approaches her with violence again. Bonnie INTERVENES with a SHOTGUN in hand – pointing it straight at Taylor’s chest. Taylor holds back.

BONNIE:
You picked the wrong place to be, fool.

Taylor raises his hands in surrender as he backs away. A small amount of seeps out of Taylor’s nose bandage.

BONNIE: (CONT’D)
(shouting)
Now get the hell out!

TAYLOR:
(to Heather)
This isn’t over.

(CONTINUED)
Taylor exits. Bonnie HUGS a crying Heather.

BONNIE:
It’s all right, honey. He’s gone.

76. INT. VICTOR’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Victor opens his front door and returns into his apartment.

77. INT. VICTOR’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Victor sees his ANSWERING MACHINE. It is BLINKING with a
message. Instead of checking, he instead picks up the phone
and dials Daphne’s number.

INTERCUT -- VICTOR/DAPHNE
Daphne picks up the phone.

DAPHNE:
Hello?

VICTOR:
Daphne...
(a beat)
It’s Victor.

DAPHNE:
What the hell do you want?

VICTOR:
Listen, I’m not mad at you for what you
did. It was your right to. But,
please...let me speak with Abigail.

DAPHNE:
I don’t give a rats ass if you’re mad or
not, Victor. You had your chance to be a
father. I hope that everyone sees you for
the miserable person you really are. And
for that, you will never speak to Abigail
again.

VICTOR:
Daphne. Don’t do this. Please.

DAPHNE:
I put a restraining order against you,
Victor. If you come within 100 feet of
us, I’ll have you arrested.

VICTOR:
You can’t do that.

(CONTINUED)
DAPHNE:
Well, I did. And we’re moving away.

VICTOR:
(shocked)
What? What do you mean? What are you talking about? Moving away?

DAPHNE:
Yes, Victor. We’re moving. That way I know you will never be able to be close to us again.

VICTOR:
This is unbelievable. Where are you going?

DAPHNE:
Like I would really tell you. What do you think I am? Stupid?

VICTOR:
No, I don’t think you’re stupid, Daphne. I never did. You were the strong one. You always were. And I loved you once...

DAPHNE:
You’re right. I was always the stronger one. You were always the weak and pathetic dead-beat junkie. You deserve nothing and I don’t owe you anything.

Daphne hangs up the phone. A tear runs down Victor’s face.

78. INT. ABUSED FAMILY SHELTER - NIGHT

There is a strong THUNDERSTORM. Rain is pouring. Heather fixes up the mess left by Taylor. There is a KNOCK at the door. Heather answers. Victor is there, soaking wet.

HEATHER:
(relieved)
Victor!

She throws her arms around him.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Thank God you’re okay.

VICTOR:
I’m okay.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:  
Come inside.  

Victor and Heather step inside. Heather closes the door.  

VICTOR:  
(defeated)  
It’s all over. I’m done.  

HEATHER:  
Don’t say that.  

VICTOR:  
Well, it is. There’s nothing left for me. I’ve been struck down for the last time. This time I’m not getting up anymore.  

HEATHER:  
You can’t give up. You can still save yourself. You still have time to make things right.  

VICTOR:  
(frustrated)  
No! Don’t you understand? There’s nothing I can do now. She’s moving away. Nothing I can do to stop it anymore. This whole charade is over. It was all God’s sick joke from the beginning. I’m nothing. Don’t you see that?  

HEATHER:  
I will never admit that. Because you’re wrong, Victor. You make mistakes just like everyone. It takes a real person to try and correct them.  

VICTOR:  
Not this time. Not for me. The cut is too deep to ever heal itself. She will never forgive me.  

Heather pauses for a moment.  

HEATHER:  
I want to hear it.  

VICTOR:  
(confused)  
Hear what?  

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
What happened. I want to know what
happened. I want to know your side of the
story.

VICTOR:
You already heard what happened. You
watched Daphne’s interview. Give me a
break, please.

HEATHER:
No! I want to hear it from you, dammit.

Victor sits down on the COUCH. He puts his hands over his
face.

VICTOR:
Why? Why is it so important to you.

HEATHER:
Because you can’t hide it from yourself
anymore. I want you to tell me what
happened.

Victor shakes his head.

VICTOR:
Fine. Whatever it takes to ease your
mind.

Victor pauses briefly.

VICTOR:
It happened fourteen years ago, when
Abigail was just an infant....

FLASHBACK -- 14 YEARS AGO

INT. VICTOR’S OLD APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A YOUNG VICTOR, YOUNG DAPHNE, and a NEWBORN ABIGAIL in her
PLAYPEN are present. Young Victor is on the couch. Young
Daphne readies herself in her WAITRESS UNIFORM.

VICTOR (V.O.):
Daphne and I were already married. We
were 18 with a small child. I was out of
work and a closet heroin addict.

Young Daphne puts a small notebook in her apron.
YOUNG DAPHNE:
(to Young Victor)
Now I want you to look after her closely.
I’ll be working late tonight.

YOUNG VICTOR:
(avoiding)
Yeah, yeah.

Young Victor turns on the T.V. with Newborn Abigail playing with her small toys in the playpen. One of the toys is a SMALL BEAR that she constantly hangs on to.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Daphne was working late shifts at a local 24-hour restaurant. I didn’t have a job and I just dropped out of Technical School.

YOUNG DAPHNE:
I mean it. Watch her closely. This is your first night alone with her. She can be a handful.

YOUNG VICTOR:
(ignoring)
Don’t worry about it. Just go. I’ll see you later.

Young Daphne grabs her purse and exits.

YOUNG DAPHNE:
All right. See you guys in the morning. Don’t keep her up too late.

Young Daphne leaves. Young Victor looks over to Newborn Abigail. She looks to him and GRINS. Young Victor half-smiles at her. Young Victor STANDS UP. He moves to the window and watches Young Daphne drive off in her car. He then moves to the BATHROOM.

INT. VICTOR’S OLD APARTMENT – BATHROOM – NIGHT

Young Victor reaches up above a cabinet in a SECRET STORAGE AREA and grabs drug materials – a SPOON, SYRINGE, and a WHITE POWDER.

INT. VICTOR’S OLD APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Young Victor returns to the living room and sits on the couch. Abigail is still laughing and playing. Young Victor turns his powder into heroin by igniting and melting the powder with a flame under the spoon.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG VICTOR:
(to Newborn Abigail)
I think you’ll be okay in there tonight. Just go to sleep.

Newborn Abigail makes baby sounds as Victor INJECTS himself with the heroin. He falls back on the couch in his state of euphoria and passes out with the television blaring in the background.

PASS OF TIME - 6 HOURS LATER

A passed out Young Victor is awakened by a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM of Young Daphne. The syringe is still stuck to Young Victor’s arm.

YOUNG VICTOR: (CONT’D)
What!?

YOUNG DAPHNE:
(horrified)
What have you done!?

Inside the crib is a SUFFOCATING Newborn Abigail. She had swallowed one of her toys. Newborn Abigail’s SKIN has turned almost completely BLUE, her eyes are BUGGED OUT and RED, and there is VOMIT all over Newborn Abigail and the playpen. Young Daphne picks her up in shock.

YOUNG DAPHNE: (CONT’D)
What have you done?! What have you done?!

Young Victor is still dazed from the drugs.

YOUNG VICTOR:
(dazed)
I-I don’t know...I can’t...

YOUNG DAPHNE:
(desperately)
Somebody help us!

YOUNG VICTOR:
Calm down! I can’t think!

YOUNG DAPHNE:
(screaming and crying)
Call an ambulance! Help us!

Young Daphne desperately tries to revive Newborn Abigail whom is struggling for air.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG DAPHNE: (CONT’D)
Oh my God!

YOUNG VICTOR:
I’ll call the ambulance.

Young Victor rushes to the phone.

PASS OF TIME - MOMENTS LATER

The sounds of SIRENS fill the air. PARAMEDICS come to the rescue. Young Victor is on the couch - dazed from the occurrence.

PARAMEDIC:
(to Young Daphne)
We made it just in time. Let’s get to the hospital immediately.

The Paramedics rush Newborn Abigail out.

YOUNG DAPHNE:
I’ll never forgive you for this. We’re through. You hear me? Through! You trash! You piece of shit trash!

Young Daphne SMACKS Young Victor across the face. Young Daphne leaves. As she leaves, Young Victor STANDS UP. He sees Abigail’s SMALL BEAR in the playpen. He picks it up and presses it against his forehead.

YOUNG VICTOR:
(ashamed)
Oh my God....

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. ABUSED FAMILY SHELTER - NIGHT

VICTOR:
Well, there you have it. Just like Daphne said.

Heather pauses in a deep breath.

HEATHER:
I just wanted to hear it from you.

VICTOR:
Right...

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
Don’t you think you’ve made up for your mistakes?

Victor becomes frustrated and angry again.

VICTOR:
You still don’t get it. Whatever is happening to me is not a blessing. It’s a punishment. Don’t you see? Don’t you see that God hates me? He hates me, dammit!
(two beats)
This is all a joke. He’s cursed me. He’s made me into nothing. I am empty.

Victor starts to CRY.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
All those people I saved. God is punishing me. No matter what I do I can’t get her back. Whatever I do, Abigail won’t love me ever again.

Victor puts his hands to his head. He PUNCHES the WALL - leaving a large DENT.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Why does he hate me so much? Why did he make me so hollow? I don’t want to be here anymore. I don’t want to be cursed anymore!

Heather intervenes.

HEATHER:
Stop it!

VICTOR:
Leave me alone! I don’t want anything to do with you anymore.

Heather pauses.

HEATHER:
(calmy)
Maybe you’re right, Victor. Maybe you are empty. No matter what you do, no matter how many people you save....Abigail will never love you.

Heather goes to comfort Victor.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Even my friendship can’t fill that void. I understand that now. But ending your own life won’t solve anything. It will just show that you’re weak again. You’ll only prove Daphne right.

Victor hangs his head low.

VICTOR:
I don’t have any fight in me anymore...

HEATHER:
You gave me the strength to stand up for myself. You showed me that I control my own life. Now you have to do the same.

A tear runs down Heather’s face.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
God doesn’t hate you, Victor. You hate yourself. You’ve hated yourself for a long, long time. You look at saving those people as a punishment. I see it as enlightenment. It proves that you have a soul — that you’re sorry for what you’ve done and you’ve taken the steps to correct them.

Victor hides his face in Heather’s shoulder.

VICTOR:
I don’t want to hate anymore.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Don’t give up.
(a beat)
Don’t ever give up. She’ll see you how I see you if you just keep trying...

Victor moves away from her. He wipes his eyes and shakes his head.

VICTOR:
I’m sorry, Heather.

He turns and walks towards the door.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
I just can’t do it anymore. I know that you’re going to have a good life. I’m nothing but poison.

(CONTINUED)
Victor opens the door.

HEATHER:
(pleading)
Victor, please don’t go. Stay with me.

VICTOR:
I can’t...
(two beats)
Forgive me. Goodbye, Heather.

Victor exits. Tears stream down Heather’s face.

HEATHER:
(whispering)
Please don’t go..

79. EXT. DAPHNE’S HOUSE - DAY

Daphne and Abigail are outside with a MOVING TRUCK. TWO MOVERS (MOVER #1, MOVER #2) are assisting them with loading the truck. Victor arrives to witness the scene.

VICTOR:
Abigail!

Abigail looks up and sees Victor. Daphne is angered by Victor’s appearance. She rushes over to him.

VICTOR: (CONT’D)
Abigail..

DAPHNE:
You get the hell out of here! We don’t want you here!

Daphne steps in front of Victor as Victor tries to push past.

VICTOR:
Abigail, wait!

DAPHNE:
You are violating the restraining order. I’m calling the police right now!

Victor moves past Daphne to get closer to Abigail.

VICTOR:
Let me talk to her, dammit!

(CONTINUED)
DAPHNE: We are moving far away from you. You will never speak to her again.

Victor fights past Daphne and approaches Abigail.

DAPHNE: (CONT’D) You bastard! I’m calling right now!

Daphne takes her cell phone out and dials the police.

VICTOR: Abigail. Please. I need your forgiveness. Please. Let me explain just one last time.

ABIGAIL: (confused) I-I...

Abigail is speechless. There are tears in Victor’s eyes.

VICTOR: I wanted to protect you. And the only way to do that was to stay away. Do you understand? I love you. I’ve always loved you.

Victor reaches into his pocket and takes out a SMALL BEAR.

ABIGAIL: (sadly) Dad...I..

VICTOR: This was yours. You dropped this the day you almost died. It was your favorite toy. I kept it all these years.

Daphne cries out to the Movers to help restrain Victor.

DAPHNE: Help! Get him away from her!

The Movers come in and restrain Victor.

MOVER #1: All right, buddy. She don’t want you here.

The Movers muscle Victor backwards as Daphne takes Abigail by the arm and moves her away. Victor struggles.

(CONTINUED)
He ELBOWS Mover #1 in the chin and KICKS OUT Mover #2’s legs out from under him - incapacitating them. Victor rushes towards Abigail again.

DAPHNE:
You stop right there.

Daphne tries to intervene again. Victor GRABS Daphne and throws her aside like a rag doll. Victor has more tears streaming down his face.

VICTOR:  
(to Abigail)
You were better off without me. I’m a walking casualty. Disaster and tragedy follow me everywhere. I can’t stop it. I could never stop it. It was the only way you could be safe. I’ve always loved you and thought of you every day. I had to stay away. I was selfish and self destructive. You were the love of my life, and after that day I knew that I couldn’t come near you because I know all I would bring was catastrophe.

ABIGAIL:  
(crying)
I thought of you everyday too...

VICTOR:  
Please take this. I love you.

Victor attempts to give the small bear to Abigail again, but before he can, TWO POLICE OFFICERS (OFFICER #1, OFFICER #2) restrain Victor and Victor DROPS the bear on the ground. Daphne forcibly ushers Abigail into the moving truck.

VICTOR:  
No! Please! Wait!

OFFICER #1:  
You’re under arrest!

OFFICER #2:  
Get the cuffs on him!

Victor struggles free from the police officers and picks up the small bear. The moving truck STARTS and begins to pull away.

VICTOR:  (CONT’D)
Daphne! God damn you!
The Officers restrain Victor again and put the HANDCUFFS on him.

OFFICER #2:
Read him his rights and get this asshole in the car.

OFFICER #1:
Yes, sir.

Victor watches the moving truck drive away. Victor is still sobbing with discontent.

VICTOR:
Abigail...no. I love you. Please forgive me.

80. INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

There are TEARS in Abigail’s eyes. She watches her father, Victor, being put into the police car. Daphne looks over to Abigail and slightly shakes her head as they drive off into the sun.

81. INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Victor hangs his head low as he sits in the jail cell. Officer #1 puts his key into the lock.

OFFICER #1:
(sarcastically)
Looks like you’re staying the night, “Superman”.

The Officer laughs at Victor as he locks the jail cell tight. Victor ignores him.

82. EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

The next morning, Victor is set free. He walks down the steps of the Jailhouse and to the sidewalk.

83. EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

Victor walks down a neighborhood sidewalk with hands in his pockets - contemplating deeply. SMOKE starts to fill the air as Victor walks. The smoke gets thicker and thicker until he is standing right in front of a BURNING HOUSE. A large crowd gathers. FIRE WITNESSES are watching in horror.

MALE FIRE WITNESS #1:
(to other witnesses)
I think there’s a family still in there!

(CONTINUED)
FEMALE FIRE WITNESS:
Somebody call the fire department! There are people in there!

In a surge of adrenaline, Victor runs towards the front door of the burning house.

MALE FIRE WITNESS #2:
What the hell is he doing?

FEMALE FIRE WITNESS:
Don’t go in there! What are you crazy!? You’re going to kill yourself!

84. INT. BURNING HOUSE - DAY

Victor enters the burning house. There are FLAMES and SMOKE everywhere. Victor starts to cough. He hears a SCREAM FOR HELP upstairs. Victor RIPS OFF his SHIRT and covers his face and fights past the smoke.

85. INT. BURNING HOUSE - CHILD’S BEDROOM - DAY

Victor enters a child’s bedroom. There he sees a TODDLER on the ground, holding onto a NEWBORN BABY and gasping for air. The newborn baby is crying.

   TODDLER:
   (coughing)
   Help...

Victor grabs both of them, and COVERS his shirt around the infant’s face.

85. EXT. BURNING HOUSE - DAY

Victor KICKS the front door back open and carries out the toddler and newborn to safety. Witnesses grab them quickly to assist them as Victor pants and coughs. Victor then returns to the front door.

   FEMALE FIRE WITNESS:
   He’s going back in?

   MALE FIRE WITNESS #1:
   Don’t do it! Get back here!

   MALE WITNESS #2:
   He’s going to die!

86. INT. BURNING HOUSE - DAY

(CONTINUED)
Victor returns to the ever deteriorating house, moving slower and coughing more. He goes back up the stairs.

87. INT. BURNING HOUSE - PARENTS BEDROOM - DAY

Victor enters the parent’s bedroom. There he sees a DYING MOTHER and DYING FATHER. The Father is face-down as the mother is hardly breathing. With great strength, Victor picks up the mother and carries her out.

88. EXT. BURNING HOUSE - DAY

Victor returns outside again with the dying mother in his arms. He carries her to safety as she struggles for air - but still alive. The Witnesses come to her aid, as well. The mother hugs her children in relief. Victor’s breathing is now even worse as he returns towards the front door.

MALE FIRE WITNESS #1:
He’s going back!?

MALE FIRE WITNESS #2:
No!

Male Witness #2 steps in front of Victor to stop him from going back in.

MALE FIRE WITNESS #2: (CONT’D)
I’m not letting you go back in.

Victor BACKHANDS him out of the way as the Male Fire Witness #2 flies to the ground.

89. INT. BURNING HOUSE - DAY

Victor is coughing more as he makes his way back upstairs for the father. Suddenly, RUBBLE falls from the ceiling CRASHES down on top of Victor - completely covering him. Moments pass as Victor is seemingly dead. Suddenly, Victor miraculously FIGHTS out of the rubble - BLEEDING profusely in his TORSO and HEAD. He continues injured up the stairs.

90. INT. BURNING HOUSE - PARENTS BEDROOM - DAY

Victor returns in the bedroom and with unknown strength, LIFTS up the dying father and throws him over his shoulder as he carries him down the steps. Victor can hardly breathe and is bleeding badly from the rubble crash.

(CONTINUED)
91. EXT. BURNING HOUSE - DAY

Victor returns outside with the lifeless father. Victor throws the father on the ground and starts to give him CPR with his own limited breath. After a few moments, the father comes back to life - coughing up BLACK ASH. The mother is so relieved she hugs the father - crying uncontrollably.

MALE FIRE WITNESS #1:
I can’t believe it...

Victor stands. He can’t breathe as he slowly starts to walk away.

FEMALE FIRE WITNESS:
This guy needs help!

MALE FIRE WITNESS #1:
An ambulance is coming!

Victor takes a few steps and falls to the ground as AMBULANCE SIRENS are heard in the background. A crowd gathers around Victor - they try to help him.

MALE FIRE WITNESS #1: (CONT’D)
(voice is drowning out)
Hang in there! Help is coming!

VICTOR:
(whispering to himself)
Abigail....

Victor closes his eyes and dies. PARAMEDICS arrive. After many tries, they are unable to revive him.

PARAMEDIC:
Time of death...
(a beat)
11:01 A.M.

92. INT. GOVERNOR’S MANSION - DAY - (TWO WEEKS LATER)

Heather stares out the window. The SUN is shining a brilliant light onto her. A JOURNALIST stands behind her - spreading PHOTOGRAPHS across the table.

JOURNALIST:
How do you like these?

Heather turns and approaches the table. She sifts through the photographs. The photos are of Victor’s dying moments after saving the family.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER:
(sadly)
Oh, Victor....

There is also graphic art of a cover of a magazine showing Victor on the front page with the heading “THE STORY OF VICTOR MCFARLAND: UNSUNG HERO”

HEATHER:
These are great. Thank you so much.

The Journalist smiles at her.

JOURNALIST:
Great. I’m glad you like them.

Heather fights back the tears. The Journalist sympathizes with her.

JOURNALIST: (CONT’D)
I’ll make sure to show the world how you saw him.

HEATHER:
Thank you so much....
(two beats)
He deserves it.

93. INT. HEATHER’S CAR - DAY

Heather drives in her car through a nice neighborhood. She holds up a PIECE OF PAPER with an address on it. She pulls into a driveway of a beautiful, medium-sized, blue house. On the dash is ABIGAIL’S SMALL BEAR that Victor kept.

94. EXT. BLUE HOUSE - DAY

Heather exits the car with the small bear in hand. She goes to the front door and RINGS the BELL. Abigail answers.

ABIGAIL:
Hello?

HEATHER:
Hello, Abigail.

ABIGAIL:
I know you. You’re Heather Kasten. You’re the one....
(a beat)
my father saved.

(Continued)
HEATHER:
Yes, Abigail. That’s me.

ABIGAIL:
I heard what happened.

Abigail’s eyes start to tear up a bit.

ABIGAIL: (CONT’D)
I wanted to go to the funeral, but..

HEATHER:
(interrupts)
Your mother, right?

Abigail nods her head.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Your father was a good man, Abigail. He loved you so much. I know in his heart that he wanted you to forgive him.

ABIGAIL:
I know...

HEATHER:
He was my friend. He just couldn’t fall in love again because he felt so empty after what he had done. I don’t blame him one bit for that.

A tear runs down Abigail’s face.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
And I know in your heart you do forgive him. I know it.

Heather gives Abigail the small bear.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
He wanted you to have this. He kept it all those years.

Abigail wipes some tears away.

ABIGAIL:
Thank you..

Daphne comes to stand beside Abigail.
DAPHNE:
(to Heather)
What do you think you’re doing here? How did you find us?

HEATHER:
I have my sources.

DAPHNE:
I’m going to ask you to leave before I call the police.

Heather remains calm.

HEATHER:
Exactly how much were you paid for that story? Just out of curiosity.

DAPHNE:
Not nearly enough. I’m glad that man is finally gone.

Heather chuckles to herself and shakes her head at Daphne.

HEATHER:
(to Abigail)
Abigail...
(a beat)
Do me a favor would you?

Abigail looks up to her.

HEATHER: (CONT’D)
Don’t become like your mother. Or you’re just going to end up being heartless and cold. Just like her.

Daphne shakes her head by the insult. She is speechless. Heather turns away and heads back towards her car. As Heather drives away, Abigail tightly CLUTCHES the small bear closely to her heart.

END