

MASTERS OF HORROR 2

Right to Die

by
John Esposito

Revisions by Larry O'Neil

YELLOW REVISIONS 09/26/06

Pages: 26, 26A

PINK REVISIONS 09/21/06

Pages: 10, 11, 11A, 21, 37, 40,
41, 41A, 46, 48, 48A, 49, 49A,
50, 50A, 53

FULL BLUE 09/19/06

FULL WHITE 08/30/06

FADE IN:

1 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 1

A summer MOON casts shafts of light through the forest. Sounds of tranquility. Crickets. Frogs. A nearby stream. Interrupted by...A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS flittering through the trees.

2 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - SAME 2

CLIFF Addisson, handsome and still boyish in his 30's, is behind the wheel. He's a successful dentist, affable and eager to please, his 'nice guy' personae covering over a deep well of insecurity and weakness. Short on will power, he's a slave to his impulses and selfish needs, not the least of which is to be loved by everyone. He turns to his wife...

ABBEY, a raven haired stunner in the passenger seat. What he lacks in will-power she makes up for in spades. She's kind, level headed, but ruthlessly stubborn when she makes up her mind. She's a natural beauty; perfect nose, lips, luminous skin. But right now her eyes are red and tired.

There is a strain between them. Cliff is trying hard to make up. (NOTE: The 'cut-aways' in this scene serve as a temporal ellipse, giving the impression of an argument taking place over time.)

Abbey turns her attention to a pack of cigarettes, LIGHTS ONE UP with an ornate lighter, then crumples the pack.

CLIFF
Look, honey, I just...

ABBEY
(cutting him off)
I don't want to talk about it anymore.
(quietly)
This is going to be my last cigarette. I want to enjoy it.

CLIFF
You're quitting?

She nods. Cliff digests this surprising news.

ANGLE ON: the car sweeps past camera.

BACK TO SCENE.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

That's good.

(beat)

Because I want you to be around for
a long time.

Abbey rolls her eyes.

ANGLE ON: The tires, spinning on the blacktop.

WIDE ON: the road, the car's headlights moving horizontally
across the darkened landscape.

BACK TO CLIFF AND ABBEY. He's beginning to choke up.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I love you so Goddamned much, Abby.
I'm sorry for everything. But you
are my wife. We are going to grow
old together and I'm never going to
let you go.

P.O.V. - THE ONCOMING ROAD - it's empty and quiet.

BACK TO CLIFF AND ABBEY-- she appears to have softened. Maybe
Cliff is wearing her down?

CLIFF (cont'd)

(quieter)

I'm never going to let you go.

ABBEY

Really?

CLIFF

Yes.

ABBEY

(gently)

I want to show you something.

Abbey unfastens her seat belt, reaching into the back seat.

The car sweeps by dark woods then-

P.O.V - THE ONCOMING ROAD - A FALLEN TREE blocking the road.

INSIDE CAR

ABBEY (cont'd)

HEY...!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Cliff turns, seeing it at the last moment. He JERKS the wheel, simultaneously hitting the brakes. A forest of fallen branches SLAP the windshield. Cliff loses control.

ON CLIFF, AS HE SCREAMS HIS AIR BAG EXPLODES--

ON WHITE. THERE IS A SONIC BOOM! Gnashing metal. Then silence.

DISSOLVE onto STEAM. Through the fog, the CAMERA finds Cliff. There is a gash on his head, a lot of blood and blood on the airbag in front of him. He turns to the passenger seat, but it's empty. There's a large hole in the windshield. Cliff begins to fumble for his seatbelt as...

CAMERA ROTATES 180 degrees to reveal that Cliff is UPSIDE DOWN, the car having flipped into a gully.

3 EXT. RURAL ROAD - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

3

There is the pit-pat sound of liquid trickling.

CRANE to reveal A LEAK from the ruptured gas tank, drizzling gasoline, some of it turning to white vapor as it passes over the still hot motor and onto...

ABBEY, illuminated by the headlights, on the ground below, moaning, semi-conscious.

Cliff shoves his mangled door open and STUMBLES from the car.

The gas turns to FLAMES, Abbey's body going up like a torch--

CLIFF, RECOILS from the heat of the flames;

Abbey kicks and SCREAMS, writhing in agony.

CLIFF

Abbey!

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. WESTCHESTER HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

4

A state of the art medical facility in Upstate New York.

5 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 5

Cliff wakes in a hospital bed. The gash in his forehead has been stitched. He focuses on--

DR. LORING, a slender young woman, leaning over him.

CLIFF
Where am I?

DR. LORING
Westchester General Hospital. You were involved in a car crash, Dr. Addisson. Do you have any idea what happened?

Cliff shakes off his initial confusion.

CLIFF
Where's Abbey?

She takes a breath, gearing up for the hard part.

DR. LORING
I'd like you to prepare yourself.

6 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 6

A pair of PATIENTS shuffle by, both badly burned.

Dr. Loring pushes Cliff in a wheelchair. They arrive at a set of double doors, leading to a highly restricted area... THE BURN UNIT.

Dr. Loring punches a button and the double doors SWISH open.

7 INT. BURN UNIT - DAY 7

An immaculate LABORATORY, white suited TECHNICIANS monitoring patients from behind glass.

Cliff hears a wheezing sound... artificially induced respiration amplified like the breath of God. It's coming from a respirator...

8 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY - SAME (CONTINUOUS)

8

Dr. Loring opens the door. Cliff rises from the chair, stepping in. On the bed before him...

Abbey is connected to a bank of high tech MONITORS. She is bandaged from head to toe, wires and tubes coiling out of every orifice.

Cliff moves to her.

CLIFF
(whispering)
Abbey, my angel...

Cliff leans down close and JUMPS as ABBEY JERKS in a short spasm and her LEFT EYE bolts opens, the pupil wandering without purpose.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Abbey?
(no answer)
Can she hear me?

DR. LORING
No. She may seem responsive, but it's just a reflex. She's not conscious.

Abbey fixes her good eye on Cliff and her PULSE RATE increases.

CLIFF
What's happening? Is she in pain?

DR. LORING
With the damage to her nerves... your wife doesn't see or feel anything.

Cliff, filled with sorrow, turns back Abbey.

We MOVE DIRECTLY INTO ABBEY'S EYE. THE SCREEN FILLS WITH THE BLACK OF HER PUPIL AND WE HEAR ABBEY CRYING OUT IN TORMENT.

9 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

9

Dr. Loring gives Cliff the rest of the bad news.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

Will she ever regain consciousness?

DR. LORING

As far as we know there's no brain damage, so yes, I would say that's very likely. But Abbey's rejected the first round of synthetics.

CLIFF

What does that mean?

DR. LORING

We can keep her alive for a few days with a temporary allograft, but she's going to need a full body skin graft from a matching donor.

(then)

If a donor can be found, and the operation is successful... she'll have a good chance at survival.

CLIFF

But not recovery.

She chooses her words carefully.

DR. LORING

Your wife is never going to be the way she was before the accident.

CLIFF

Will she ever be able to speak?

DR. LORING

It's hard to say. Your wife may be able to communicate, in one way or another. There have been huge advances in Brain-Computer Interfaces, she might be able to type, or there are devices that allow people to communicate through eye movements...

It's all too horrible for Cliff to bear.

CLIFF

Abby loved life. That's not living. She wouldn't want that.

(CONTINUED)

DR. LORING

It's a very personal decision.
(then)

If you choose to discontinue life sustaining procedures, you will need to get an attorney to contact the hospital's legal department. Obtaining a Do Not Resuscitate order usually takes some time. Until then, we have to do everything we can to keep her alive.

Cliff nods, sadly.

CLIFF

I'll call my lawyer.

10 OMITTED 10

11 OMITTED 11

12 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 12

Cliff sits on a bench with a IRA MILSAP, Cliff's attorney, a diminutive man in a power suit.

IRA

Did Abbey have a living will?

Cliff shakes his head 'no.'

CLIFF

After her father died, we had a talk. She told me she wouldn't want to go on. Not if she would be an invalid.

That's what Ira was looking for.

IRA

Good enough. Sounds like her wishes were clear.

Cliff fixes Ira with a direct, vulnerable look.

CLIFF

Ira, I want you to answer not as a lawyer, but as a friend: is this the right thing to do?

IRA

Yes. Absolutely.

CLIFF

How can you be sure?

IRA

Abbey bought your house because she looked good in it. She liked things to be beautiful. She wouldn't want to live looking like a...

(Cliff looks horrified)

Not to be insensitive. The important thing is for you not to feel guilty. It was an accident.

Cliff does not look consoled. He begins a confession.

CLIFF

You know the worst part? Our last days together weren't happy.

(then)

I cheated on her. And then I crashed her into a tree. Those are the last things I'll ever do for my wife.

IRA

The last thing you can do for her is to be strong. That's the last gift you can give her.

(then)

Cliff, everyone makes mistakes. She would have forgiven you.

CLIFF

(doubtfully)

You didn't really know her.

(then)

Abbey could be... unbelievably stubborn.

Cliff drifts off into a tortured reminiscence.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

You know, when we first got married, we were so happy.

(near tears)

We used to make love... in the bathtub.

Ira doesn't want to hear the rest.

IRA

(disgusted)

I really gotta be going.

Ira stands, eager to get out. Cliff stands to shake.

CLIFF

Thanks for coming.

IRA

What are friends for.

13 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DAY

13

Establishing. A well tended, modern HOUSE with a SMART CAR in the driveway. A TAXI pulls up. Cliff gets out, carrying an overnight bag.

14 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DAY

14

We pan from across the great room, a bank of windows display an in-ground pool, on the interior, feminine decoration, a woman's touch. Cliff enters.

The house surrounds Cliff, huge and empty. Cliff drops his luggage and moves inside.

15 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

15

Curtains sway in the breeze, casting shadows across the room.

On a shelf sits a JEWELRY BOX. Cliff opens it and a miniature couple dances to the melody of Cliff and Abbey's WEDDING SONG. Cliff stands, listening. A WINE GLASS, which had been sitting on the shelf, falls to the floor, as if by its own volition. Cliff closes the box. He hears SPLASH.

CLIFF

Abbey?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Cliff moves to the window and looks sadly out to the pool. He JUMPS as--BAM! A bird hits the window. Cliff looks down at the bird, laying dead on the steps outside.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ADDISSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

16

The light comes on. Cliff shuffles in, wearing sweats. A handwritten note on an erasable message board reads:

Wake me up at 7.

-A

Cliff opens a cabinet filled with canned goods. He removes a Dinty More-style stew, empties it into a pot, and places it on to a gas stove, igniting the pilot. He moves off. SHOT HOLDS ON THE STEW... bubbling to a boil.

17 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

17

A lonesome, modern space.

Cliff sits, forlorn, his mind drifting...

18 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

18

Cliff is searching behind the sofa cushions. Abbey steps in from behind, something in her hand.

CLIFF

(without turning)

I've got to call Ted and tell him we won't be making their party. You haven't seen my cell phone, have you?

ABBEY

(quietly)

Yes. I have.

He turns to see that she's holding it in her hand. From the phone's tinny speakers comes a sexy LAUGH. Cliff's face FALLS as Abbey watches a video on the tiny screen...

ANGLE ON THE CELL PHONE SCREEN - VIDEO

A sexy REDHEADED WOMAN removes her top. She SPINS and

(CONTINUED)

flashes her breasts.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff moves towards Abbey, stammering.

CLIFF

That just came over the internet.
Video spam... what will they think
of next?

Abbey, not listening, eyes fixed on--

THE CELL PHONE - VIDEO

An unseen man's arm fondles her while she laughs.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I think it's an ad for a sex pill.

CELL PHONE SCREEN - VIDEO

Cliff moves into the shot and suckles the woman's breast.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff advances towards Abbey, still trying to be 'casual.'
From the tinny speakers come moans of ecstasy.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(desperately thinking on
his feet)

It kinda looks like Trish, huh?
Maybe she's moonlighting as a
model... maybe she's got a
sister...

CELL PHONE SCREEN - VIDEO

Cliff, behind the woman, making an impassioned 'O' face as he
and the redhead have sex.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff reaches Abbey and holds out his hand. She ignores him,
staring at the screen with disappointed, simmering rage.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(meekly)

Honey. Honey? Can I have the phone
back?

(CONTINUED)

ABBEY

I knew I shouldn't have let you
hire that slut.

Cliff looks into Abbey's eyes and knows that lying is
pointless -- he's busted.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

It's over, Abbey. I swear.

ABBEY

I hope she was worth it.

Abbey, disgusted, drops the phone to the floor.

EXT. THE ACCIDENT - SERIES OF FLASHCUTS

A violent barrage: the Luxury Sedan... the tree... the airbag... Abbey on fire, writhing in pain!

BACK TO - THE PRESENT

BEEEEEP! Cliff is jarred back to reality by the sound of a SMOKE DETECTOR, buzzing from the kitchen.

CLIFF

Shit.

19 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME (CONTINUOUS) 19

Cliff returns, looks around. The stew-- what's left of it-- sizzles from the stove. He grabs the SMOKING pot, burning his hand on the handle. He pivots, dropping it onto a cutting board.

His attention is drawn to the message board where only two words remain in dripping black ink:

'Wake me'

AT THE SINK

Cliff scrapes the stew from the bottom of the pot. The gristled meat and burnt gravy spiral into the strainer.

20 INT. HOSPITAL - BURN UNIT - NIGHT 20

Abbey's room is silent except for her labored breathing and the BLIPS and HUM of the machines.

The BLIPS slow as her pulse begins to fall and--

STOPS.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

An ALARM goes off. After a moment a NURSE RUNS inside.

NURSE
(yelling)
DOCTOR!

21 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 21

The bath is running.

Cliff removes his watch, placing it on the ledge, the time exactly 11:02 PM. He lowers himself into the water. A pang of discomfort. Cliff adjusts. Sighs. That's better. He closes his eyes.

22 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT - SAME 22

(SOMEONE'S) POINT OF VIEW drifts through the darkness. (It) pauses momentarily to admire a collection of FAMILY PHOTOS... before MOVING on.

P.O.V approaches the STEREO CABINET. A CD Player lights up. The track skips ahead to '4'. Abbey and Cliff's WEDDING SONG, the same one we heard from the jewelry box.

23 BACK TO - INT. MASTER BATHROOM - SUNKEN TUB - SAME 23

Cliff hums along from his semi-conscious state.

ANGLE ON: A small pool of water on the tile floor BOILS into steam and disappears.

24 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (SAME TIME) 24

The doctor injects a syringe into Abbey, trying to revive her. He waits for a response then-

DOCTOR
No good. Defibrillator!

BACK TO:

ON CLIFF

Laying in the tub. Abruptly, the water level RISES to his chin. Someone-- or thing-- has entered the bath.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Cliff opens his eyes.

25 BACK TO - INT. MASTER BATHROOM - SUNKEN TUB - SAME

25

ABBEY is in the tub across from him, young and perfect, her bare breasts glistening above the water line.

SUNKEN TUB - FAVORED ANGLES

Cliff sits up, entranced.

CLIFF

Abbey?

(then)

Oh my God.

(with longing relief)

Abbey.

She rises to reveal herself, aching beautiful, *the Honeymoon spoils*. She moves towards Cliff and

Straddles him.

Cliff GASPS as--

She reaches between his legs and begins *pumping*.

He tilts his head back, eyes closed. Enraptured.

Then a CHANGE takes place. Her once flawless skin boils with BLISTERS, turning a crisp umber.

ON CLIFF

panting, his eyes in slits, remains unaware.

ABBEY'S FACE

turns charcoal black.

SUNKEN TUB - FAVORED ANGLES

Cliff is SWEPT AWAY in the moment, when a BOILED BLOB OF MELTED FLESH lands in his mouth.

Cliff gags, opening his eyes to find... the monstrous facsimile of his wife, the ABBEY-THING.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Cliff fights to remove her, his arms JERKING. He grabs at her arm. Her skin sloughs off under his fingers.

The Abbey-thing overpowers him, a voracious sexual assault.

Cliff SCREAMS.

26 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT - SAME 26

NEW ANGLE

From one instant to the next... Cliff finds himself alone, the water gone. And Abbey with it. Did it actually happen? Cliff sits, gasping, spent and frightened like a baby.

27 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 27

Abbey's heart is beating again. The Doctor takes the defibrillator pads from her body as the STAFF celebrate their success--cheers, high fives all around.

28 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT (SAME TIME) 28

Cliff, in the tub, hears a sound, a MELODY, coming from the bedroom. He pulls himself from the tub, grabs a towel, and steps out into--

29 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME (CONTINUOUS) 29

Cliff looks to a small shelf outside the bathroom where THE JEWELRY BOX IS OPEN, the tiny couple spinning, playing *their* song. There's a framed photo next to the jewelry box: CLIFF AND ABBEY'S WEDDING PICTURE. SHOT PUSHES IN ON ABBEY'S FACE, a pleasant smile, innocent at the time. Tonight... it's taken on a whole new meaning.

Cliff closes the music box then moves back to...

29A INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 29A

Stepping back inside, Cliff catches his reflection in a LARGE MIRROR. He stops and stares because--

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF'S P.O.V. - MIRROR

There are RED MARKS on his back, like handprints, where 'Abbey's ghost' touched him.

Cliff TURNS. In the mirror TWO RED CIRCLES are revealed on his chest, right about where her breasts would have touched him.

PUSH INTO CLIFF as, with rising dread, he drops the towel from his waist, staring with horror at his lower regions...

30 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 30

Cliff holds the phone to his ear. He's in a nervous panic, periodically examining the red marks in a mirror.

INTERCUT WITH:

31 IRA'S PILLOW & HEADBOARD 31

A very sleepy IRA lays in bed, trying to talk some sense into Cliff.

IRA

You fell asleep in the bathtub. You got a boner. You had a sex dream that went bad.

CLIFF

It wasn't a sex dream. It was horrible.

IRA

Sex dreams can be terrifying. I once dreamed I was bangin' this hot little number and all of a sudden she turned into a huge rottweiler with a cock...

Ira turns and speaks to an UNSEEN WIFE.

IRA (cont'd)

(to his wife, tenderly)
Sorry honey, go back to sleep.

CLIFF

I've got red marks where she touched me. Burns. Like sunburn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)
(panicking)
I've got sunburn on my penis.

IRA
You've got a rash. You've been
under a lot of stress.

CLIFF
She was here.

IRA
Abbey is in a coma. I guarantee
you, she hasn't left her room.

CLIFF
Maybe not her body. What about her
soul?

IRA
I'm a lawyer, what do I know about
souls?

CLIFF
You don't understand. When Abbey
gets mad, she's relentless.

IRA
What exactly are we talking about
here? Are we talking about a ghost,
Cliff?

CLIFF
(a slight hesitation)
Yes.

IRA
It wasn't a ghost, Cliffy. Why
couldn't it be a ghost? Come on.
Why?

CLIFF
Because... Abbey's still alive.

IRA
I was actually looking for 'because
ghosts aren't real', but your
answer's good too.

CLIFF
Are you sure?

IRA

Put aloe vera on the rash, take a Valium, and get some sleep.

Ira hangs up.

The doorbell RINGS. Then again. At this hour? Cliff heads downstairs.

Cliff opens the door to reveal:

32 EXT. FRONT DOOR ADDISSON HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

32

PAM, Abbey's mother, standing in the doorway. Her stern, unforgiving eyes burn into Cliff.

PAM

Is it true? Are you really trying to pull the plug on my daughter?

CLIFF

Pam... mom, I...

PAM

Don't call me mom. It makes me want to throw up.

Cliff fumbles to keep the robe closed.

CLIFF

I have to respect Abbey's wishes.

PAM

Oh. Yes. Really. Abbey's wishes.

CLIFF

Why don't you come in and we'll talk about this?

PAM

Talk? You'll talk to my lawyer. I'll see you ruined. You crash my daughter into a tree and you think you deserve to get rich off it?

CLIFF

What are you talking about?

PAM

I never liked you.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

Pam... I don't know what you mean,
I'm not getting rich...

PAM

(cutting him off)
Go to hell, Cliff. You aren't going
to get away with this.

With that she turns and walks away. Cliff closes the door,
badly shaken and confused.

33 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 33

Cliff shuffles towards the whistling kettle and makes himself
a cup of tea. A news channel plays its morning show in the
living room. A FAMILIAR VOICE cuts through the din of the
news. With trepidation, Cliff moves to the--

34 INT. GREAT ROOM - DAY - SAME (CONTINUOUS) 34

On the television, Abbey's mother, Pam, is giving a teary-
eyed interview in front of the hospital.

PAM

(on the television)
...he was probably drunk when he
crashed that car. He always hated
her. He was abusive. At family
dinners he would...

(choke)
...slap me, if I said anything.

(then)
I just pray to Jesus not to let
that man take my daughter from me
forever.

Clifford stands, stunned. Pam does a fantastic job of playing
the sensitive, wounded mother.

INTERVIEWER

(off screen)
So you think Abbey would want to be
kept alive, no matter what.

PAM

(on the television)
I know she would, John. God should
decide who lives and dies, not some
doctor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

PAM (cont'd)
(with distaste)
And certainly not Clifford
Addisson.

AT THE FRONT DOOR-

Cliff heads out, looking behind him at the empty interior.

34A EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 34A

Cliff moves towards the driveway, letting the door close behind him and then turns-the word "MURDERER" has been spray-painted across his front door.

35 OMITTED 35

36 INT. HOSPITAL - BURN UNIT - ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY 36

ABBEY, ON A TILT TABLE

suspended upright, her grisly visage fully unwrapped, matching the thing that visited Cliff last night.

A pair of TECHNICIANS scrub and remove (with forceps and scissors) dead tissue from Abbey's extremities. At face value, the debridement process resembles a medieval torture, gory and unrelenting.

Cliff enters the room, flowers in hand. Stunned, he studies his wife: exposed cartilage where a nose once was, the sensual lips bloated to clownish proportions.

The wretched excess splatters into a basin, MATCHING the concoction in the kitchen sink.

He clasps his hand over his mouth, trying not to heave.

ABBEY'S LEFT EYE opens, staring directly at him. And then... from Abbey's lips, a tortured MOAN, vaguely reminiscent of last night's orgy of horror.

Cliff BLINKS, and Abbey's eyes are once again closed.

Cliff bolts out of the room, scared witless.

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 38

The double doors fly open. Cliff stumbles out, using the wall to hold himself up.

39 OMITTED 39

40 OMITTED 40

41 INT. CLIFF'S DENTAL PRACTICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 41

The answering machine. Cliff hits play--

ELECTRONIC VOICE
You have 34 messages.

VOICE ON MACHINE
Hi. I saw you on the television and
I'd like to schedule an
appointment... with your wife.
(giggles)
That burned up slut really gets me
horny...

Horrified, Cliff hits ERASE. In a SERIES OF CUTS, Cliff hits the play button again and again, the numbers counting down as WE HEAR SNIPPETS of differing opinions edited as one.

VARIOUS VOICES (PHONE V.O.)
What you're doing is a--
(Beep, next voice)
-twisted-
(Beep, next voice)
-merciful-
(Beep, next voice)
-reprehensible-
(Beep, next voice)
-well considered-
(Beep, next voice)
-act of-
(Beep, next voice)
-MURDER!

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
Your messages have been erased.

Behind Cliff, a VOICE.

(CONTINUED)

TRISH
(off camera, pointedly)
Where have you been?

Cliff turns to see--

A stunningly SEXY WOMAN with red hair and a low-cut dress, stands framed in the examination room doorway. It's TRISH, the woman from the cell phone photos. Impulsive, confrontational, selfish, ultra-sexed and self-absorbed, Trish only values what she can't have.

CLIFF
Trish. I was in the hospital for a few days. As I'm sure you know, Abbey is in critical condition...

TRISH
(cutting him off)
I let you fuck me and you didn't even call.

CLIFF
My wife might be dying.

TRISH
Did you know that your 'wife' fired me?

CLIFF
(weary)
Yes.

TRISH
Well, because of your 'wife' I'm a month late on my condo payments.
(then)
You know, I thought we had something going.

CLIFF
I didn't think you even liked me. You said I was a mercy fuck.

TRISH
I was only kidding about that.
(then)
So, am I un-fired now?
(then)
It's not like she's gonna know.

(CONTINUED)

Cliff is too beaten to argue.

CLIFF

O.K.

(then)

But we can't have any more...
indiscretions. Everything is just
crazy right now. Do you understand?

Trish has relaxed, now that she's getting her job back, and
is soft and affectionate.

TRISH

You're a good guy, Cliff.

It cheers him up, a little.

CLIFF

I've got to go meet Ira.

TRISH

OK.

She leans over to kiss him good-bye. She opens her mouth wide
to TOUNGE-KISS, slobbering his face. He EVADES.

CLIFF

Come on, Trish!

Trish does not appear to be stung by Cliff's rejection at
all.

TRISH

'Bye.

42 OMITTED

42

43 EXT. HOSPITAL PROMENADE - DAY

43

Ira and Cliff.

IRA

My sources say your mother-in-law
has booked Montel.

CLIFF

Oh, no.

(CONTINUED)

IRA

And Senator Lowman, the one in the corruption scandal? He's promised to champion her cause in a speech this afternoon. This is gonna get big.

CLIFF

Why? Why is she doing this? I was always nice to her.

IRA

The airbag.

CLIFF

What?

IRA

Your airbag opened. And here you sit, a little retarded, but otherwise not much worse for wear. If Abbey's airbag opens she probably walks away, same as you.

CLIFF

Her seatbelt was off.

IRA

Doesn't matter. There was a malfunction and Loris is going to pay a large settlement to keep it out of a courtroom.

CLIFF

How large?

IRA

There was a similar settlement in Denver. Ten million dollars.

CLIFF

Holy cow.

IRA

If your mother in law can have you removed as Abbey's legal guardian, she becomes custodian to that money.

(then)

And when Abbey dies? Whoever wins gets to keep it all.

(getting to business)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IRA (cont'd)

So. I've got a PR firm to get you some favorable press, the Senator's opponent has promised his support in exchange for some campaign assistance...

CLIFF

(interrupting)

What if I just offer to give Pam the money? Would she leave us alone?

IRA

It's too late for her to back out. Besides, you're going to need that money to pay your legal bills.

CLIFF

What percentage of the money do you get as my attorney?

IRA

(taken aback)

What's on your mind, Cliff?

CLIFF

Did you know about the money two days ago? When you told me that I was definitely doing the right thing?

Ira looks at him head on and lies.

IRA

Of course not, Cliff. Jesus, what do you think I am?

Ira's 'sincerity' is persuasive. Cliff feels guilty for asking.

CLIFF

(backing down)

I'm sorry Ira.

IRA

Not a problem.

Trish, in a form fitting, low-cut outfit, stares up at a wall mounted television where--

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

*

How long has that been in Mr.
Schoening's mouth?

TRISH

(not looking)

It got stuck. I was waiting for you
to take it out. Are you really
going to get all that money?

Irritated, Cliff turns off the television and moves to the
Patient.

CLIFF

(soothing)

All right, Mr. Schoening, you might
feel some pressure.

Cliff tries to pull the frame which holds the hardened glop
in place. It won't budge. Mr. Schoening moans with pain.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Maybe you want some gas. Would you
like some gas Mr. Schoening?

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Schoening nods weakly.

As Cliff tries to fit the gas-mask over the apparatus in Mr. Schoening's mouth, Trish leans over the chair, her ample breasts over Mr. Schoening's face. She whispers seductively in Cliff's ear.

TRISH

How long are we going to live this charade?

The TELEPHONE rings. Trish, staring intensely at Cliff, makes no move to get it. Finally--

CLIFF

(irritated)
I'll get it.

44A INT. CLIFF'S DENTAL PRACTICE - RECEPTION DESK - CONTINU..44A

Cliff picks up the phone.

CLIFF

Addisson Dental, can I help you?

INTERCUT WITH:

45 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

45

Ira, on his cell phone, standing outside his car. He's in a great mood, but tries to temper it for the occasion.

IRA

The Honorable Judge Elder just ruled. In forty-eight hours, a Do Not Resuscitate order goes into effect.

Cliff lets out a sigh of relief.

IRA (cont'd)

I'm going to the hospital right now to make sure everything is in order.

CLIFF

I'll be there in an hour.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

IRA

The press will be watching. Bring more flowers.

They both hang up. Cliff sits still, letting the reality sink in.

46 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY

46

Ira walks into Abbey's room. He sits by the edge of her bed. Abbey lays with her eye open.

IRA

Well, Abbey. I came to say good-bye. Even though you never liked me.

(beat)

You know, when I heard this awful thing happened to you, the first thing that jumped into my mind was, "I am going to be able to buy a boat." I'm not a nice guy. I admit it.

Ira takes a glass hip flask from his inside pocket and unscrews the lid.

IRA (cont'd)

Still, I'm sorry this had to happen to you. But like I always say, when life gives you a lemon, you gotta make lemonade.

(then)

Here's to you Abbey. And lemonade.

He drinks. Abbey's pulse begins to quicken and we PUSH INTO ABBEY'S EYE, a hidden rage building inside her...

A VIDEO MONITOR--

47 EXT. HOSPITAL - LIVE NEWSFEED - DAY

47

--is superimposed over an image of: Cliff, flowers tucked under his arm. He is JOSTLED as he FIGHTS his way through the crowd towards the entrance of the hospital. There are SHOUTS both condemning, and in support of Cliff's cause: "Choose Life," "Money Grubbing Killer!" "You should be set on fire and burned!" "Leave Him Alone," "Death with dignity" and "Stay strong, Cliff!"

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

A smattering of REPORTERS following him up to the edge of the security area, snapping pictures, shouting questions.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

There's been reports of a multi-million dollar settlement in the works. Can you elaborate? Was there a deal in place before the DNR came through?

CLIFF

Let me pass, please. I just want to visit my wife.

Cliff pushes his way through the gauntlet and out of sight, inside the hospital.

PAN DOWN off the monitor to reveal:

47A INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS 47A

Cliff, stumbling inside, disoriented and disheveled. Outside the hospital, we can hear protestors CHANTING "Save your soul!"

TELEVISION REPORTER
(off camera)

Things have certainly gotten tense, as the crowds have swelled here. Impromptu demonstrations have broken out both condemning and supporting Mr. Addisson...

48 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE ABBY'S ROOM - DAY 48

Cliff meets Ira.

IRA

Hey, pal.

CLIFF

(somber)

I'd like to have some time alone with her.

IRA

Sure. Meet me in the cafeteria when you're done.

49 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY

49

Cliff watches the breathing pattern on the monitor, follows the machine to its plug in the wall. Forlorn, he moves in close to Abbey.

CLIFF

Abbey. I know I wasn't always the best husband. I don't know if you can find it in your heart to forgive me. I'm sorry for that thing with Trish and the fight we had. And for getting you into this situation. I just want you to know... I'll always love you.

He presses his lips against hers. Abbey's eyelid flutters. And then... Cliff feels a sting. He jumps back, a drop of blood hanging his lip. And Abbey's. HE'S BEEN BITTEN.

An ALARM sounds! He turns toward the monitors. ABBEY'S VITALS GO COMPLETELY FLAT.

Within seconds, a NURSE rushes into the chamber. She presses the intercom.

NURSE

She's flat-lining again! Code Blue!
Page Dr. Loring!

The Nurse leads Cliff out as the BURN UNIT TEAM rushes in past them...

NURSE (cont'd)

This way, Dr. Addisson.

Cliff stops her.

CLIFF

Wait... what do you mean she's flat-lining *again*?

NURSE

They called a code on her last night. She was revived quickly and seemed to stabilize...

CLIFF

(urgently)
What time?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

NURSE
Around eleven.

The Nurse turns and goes back into the room.

50 OMITTED

50

51 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - SAME

51

It's eerily silent. Cliff walks up the empty hall, agitated, mind reeling.

The fluorescent lights above him begin to FLICKER.

Cliff glances at a FOOD CART of leftovers.

CLOSE ON: THE TRAY. The left-over pineapple chunks and gravy begins to SIZZLE.

MOVING P.O.V. INTO CLIFF, AS HE SPINS AROUND TO SEE--

ABBEY - YOUNG, SEXY, BEAUTIFUL, INCHES FROM HIS FACE.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Cliff is alone in the hallway. There is no one standing in front of him, but behind him--

The double doors BURST open.

Cliff turns around, terrified, as the presence moves away.

CUT TO:

52 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NEAR THE MRI ROOMS - DAY

52

Ira pauses to take another drink from his glass hip flask. He's starting to sweat. He removes his cell phone and dials. An ORDERLY is passing.

ORDERLY
Hey guy. No cell phones in the
hospital.

When the Orderly is out of sight, Ira, irritated, looks both ways then ducks into the nearest empty room--

53 INT. MRI PREPPING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 53

Ira enters a small room off the hallway. It's quiet and dark. He doesn't read the sign which reads: "CAUTION EXTREME DANGER-
- no metal objects in the MRI room, no pace makers, no metal implants, jewelry, coins..." as he moves through to--

54 INT. MRI ROOM - LARGE CHAMBER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 54

A spacious room with a glass window that views into the control room, where the machines are operated. Ira begins to dial.

Suddenly, the phone is HOT in his hand, SMOKING. Ira drops it to the ground, shaking his burning fingers.

IRA
What the hell?!?

Bewildered and annoyed, Ira takes out his handkerchief and folds it in his hand, preparing to pick up his cell phone.

Behind him, in the control room window, we see--

ABBEY, standing pale and ghostly behind the glass.

CLOSE ON: The control panel, heat condensation forming inside the gauges, buttons melting. The panel LIGHTS UP as the power goes on.

Ira bends down to retrieve his device when--

There is a SURGING SOUND and--

Ira's cell phone FLIES across the room and SLAMS into the side of the MRI machine, about six feet above the ground.

Ira stands for a bewildered moment, before--

The magnets catch hold of all the metal on his body and he is flung across the room and VIOLENTLY SLAMMED into the side of the MRI machine, his feet dangling a foot off the ground.

Ira's nose is smashed and the glass flask in his pocket is broken. Booze drips down his suit, down his pants leg, and onto the ground.

He tries to move, but is held in place by the ring on his finger and the watch on his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

He has been pulled with such force that the ring has cut into his finger, drawing blood.

IRA (cont'd)

Ow.

(yelling)

HELP! HELP! SOMEONE TURN THIS THING
OFF!

There is no answer. After a moment, Ira sets about to try to free himself. He works the ring off his right hand, tearing the skin from his knuckle then reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out what's left of the SHATTERED glass flask. It's edges are bloody. Ira drops it to the ground below. He turns his head and SCREAMS.

The ABBEY-THING is CRAWLING across the floor.

Ira begins to frantically work himself free.

Abbey's body gives off tremendous HEAT. She leaves a trail of BLACK hand and foot prints burned into the floor behind her. As she passes light bulbs overhead SHATTER. A hospital gown hanging on the wall begins to SMOKE and BURN--

The only thing holding him back is his TAG HEUER WATCH. His fingers fumble with the clasp, but it's too tight, tearing at his flesh...

Abbey MOVES CLOSER. Ira's face is covered in sweat. The EDGES of his shirt begin to DARKEN and SINGE...

Abbey is ALMOST ON HIM, hands reaching out--

IRA'S SHIRT BURSTS INTO FLAME, igniting the soaked in alcohol, just as

THE WATCH BAND BREAKS.

Ira stumbles away, his chest engulfed in flame. He SLAPS at the flames on his chest, FLAILING helplessly...

Cliff walks, troubled and forlorn, down the hallway, nursing his bloody lip. Off in the distance, he hears a SCREAM. It sounds like Ira. Cliff takes off RUNNING.

56 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, NEAR THE MRI ROOMS - DAY - SAME 56

There is a SCREAM of "FIRE!" The hall is filling with smoke, coming from the MRI room. Cliff PULLS a FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall and runs into--

57 INT. MRI ROOM - LARGE CHAMBER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 57

Ira is COMPLETELY engulfed in flames.

Cliff SPRAYS him with the extinguisher.

The ORDERLY and a few HOSPITAL WORKERS are arriving as Cliff puts out the last of the fire to see--

IRA, burned and blackened, his dead face twisted into an awful SCREAM.

ORDERLY

Oh man. Oh no.

Cliff drops the extinguisher and RUNS out--

58 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY - SAME TIME 58

The monitors come ALIVE with sounds and squiggly lines, the Code Team having revived Abbey once again. Dr. Loring offers her congratulations.

DR. LORING

Nice work, people.

(quietly)

You live another day, Ms. Addisson.

Cliff BURSTS inside the room in an urgent, hysterical panic.

CLIFF

Is she alive?

DR. LORING

Yes, for now...

CLIFF

You've got to save her. Please. I changed my mind... she has to live.

(to Abbey)

Abbey, honey, sweet-heart, you've got to live.

59 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - SHORTLY

59

Dr. Loring and Cliff. She gives him the grim truth.

DR. LORING

Her wounds are retracting at an accelerated rate. If a matching donor doesn't present itself within, roughly, twelve hours, surgery will be impossible.

CLIFF

What, by six a.m. tomorrow?

DR. LORING

At the latest.

ON A MONITOR:

Inside the hospital entrance, PAM is giving a tearful interview. Behind her, we can see the signs of PROTESTORS, spilling out into the hallway.

PAM

Please... my baby girl is running out of time. Don't let Clifford Addisson murder my child...

CLIFF

(yelling, off camera)

Hey! I have an announcement to make!

The cameras SWERVE to catch Cliff, RUNNING into frame.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(to Pam)

You were right, Mom.

(to the cameras)

I made a terrible mistake! I am rescinding the DNR. Life is precious. Abby must stay alive no matter what & if there is a settlement from Abbey's case I will give it, all of it, to anyone who finds her a donor. We only have a few hours left.

Pam, standing behind him, looks strangely unhappy.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

Even if she's stuck in a bed, or a vegetable, it doesn't matter just as long as she's alive. The last gift I can give her... is to make sure that she lives!

60 OMITTED 60

61 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - NIGHT 61

Cliff gets out of his car. He heads towards the front door: the word 'Murderer' has been crossed out and replaced with 'PUSSY.'

62 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - NIGHT 62

The front door opens, Cliff steps into the quiet, empty room and moves to--

INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The patio doors are open and candles have been lit around the pool. Strange. He steps out to--

THE PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Light bounces from the pool. Cliff walks slowly, footsteps echoing. He sees something through the glass of the great room, a silhouette -- ABBEY? Slowly, nervously, he steps into--

63 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 63

CLIFF

Abbey?

SILHOUETTE

Do I look like a burnt up old bitch?

Trish, bottle in hand, steps out into the light.

CLIFF

Oh Jesus. Trish. What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

TRISH

(ignoring him)

I saw you on TV. You weren't serious about giving away the money, were you?

CLIFF

I really need to be alone right now so I can think...

Trish looks at a photograph of Abbey on the mantel. Abbey is young, fresh-faced and beautiful.

TRISH

God, she was ugly. I'll bet her box was wrecked.

CLIFF

No it wasn't.

TRISH

Her box was ruined. Not tight. She had a loose spoon. You can admit it.

CLIFF

Jesus, Trish, stop it. You've got to go.

TRISH

I've been drinking.

CLIFF

I'll call you a car.

TRISH

I'm not leaving you alone. You are obviously having some kind of breakdown.

Cliff can see there's no point in arguing.

CLIFF

Fine, whatever. Just stay out of my way.

Cliff moves to the bar and, with shaking hands, starts to fix himself a drink.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(thinking out loud)

I need to steady my nerves so I can think.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

I've only got until dawn to figure
this out or Abbey's going to find a
way to fuck me.

He chugs down a triple shot. Trish moves slowly over to him.

TRISH

I don't think Abbey's in any shape
to be fucking anyone...

CLIFF

(interrupting, not
listening)

She's laying there coming up with
all the things she's going to do to
me. Sick, unimaginable things. I
mean, I thought she was spiteful
when she was alive but now...

TRISH

Shhh, baby.

Trish wraps her arms around him, nuzzles his neck, and rubs
her hands on his chest. He looks for a moment like he might
succumb, then quickly pushes her hands off and moves away.

CLIFF

No! This is what started the whole
thing. I don't have time. I need...
I need a plan. I need...

TRISH

Mommy knows what you need.

Trish begins the sexiest walk in cinematic history towards
Cliff, removing her clothes as she goes.

TRISH (cont'd)

You've been starved physically.
Your hormones are in a tizzy. It's
addled your brain.

CLIFF

Stay away from me.

TRISH

Oh baby... I'm so hot, I'm gushing.
I can't stand it. Be merciful. I'm
going to let you do whatever you
want. I can't stop you. I'm
helpless to your barbaric sexual
magnetism.

(CONTINUED)

Trish is naked by the time she stops walking, squared up to him, about three feet away. Cliff looks at her, torn between his fear and his hunger.

TRISH (cont'd)
(a whisper)
Come and get it.

A beat.

CLIFF
(stern)
Trish, you're fired. Get your shit
and get out.

She stands in exactly the same position. Unmoving. A standoff. Then he--

LUNGES FOR HER. His lips meet hers in a desperate, sloppy, starved kiss, gasping with desire, their hands all over each other...

ANGLE FROM OVERHEAD suggesting a HOVERING P.O.V, as the two of them fall to the floor, consumed with passion, and begin to make love.

Camera MOVES DOWN, to eye level, finding the PICTURE of Abbey on the mantel-- Cliff and Trish in the reflection.

Cliff and Trish lay together, post coital. Cliff is looking over at the clock, nervously. It reads two a.m.

TRISH
Why are you staring at the clock?

CLIFF
I can't help it.

TRISH
You know you're being crazy, right?

CLIFF
I... guess.
(to himself, mostly)
In six hours we'll know.

TRISH
When that nasty bitch kicks the
bucket, nothing's gonna happen.
(MORE)

64 CONTINUED: 64

TRISH (cont'd)
(then)
I'll bet you a million dollars.

CLIFF
But if I'm right, I'll be dead.

TRISH
(affectionately)
I can't pull one over on you, can
I? You're too smart for me.

She kisses him on the lips, sweetly & gets out of bed, still
naked, and grabs his shirt.

CLIFF
Where are you going?

TRISH
To get another bottle of wine, if
that's O.K.

Cliff's gaze falls to: the bathroom. He slips into a
flashback.

65 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 65

Cliff stands outside the bathroom door.

CLIFF
Abbey?
(Knocks again, growing
concerned)
Please answer me.

Still no answer.

INTERCUT WITH:

66 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 66

Abbey stands on the other side of the door, tears on her
cheeks. He speaks gently.

CLIFF
Please open the door.
(then)
I cleared the weekend. I thought we
might take a drive to the cabin.

Abbey is looking down at something in her hand. CLOSE ON THE
ITEM: It is a HOME PREGNANCY TEST WAND.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

ABBEY
(softly)
Like old times, huh?

ON CLIFF:

CLIFF
What? What did you say?

A moment later the door opens. Abbey stands framed in the doorway.

ABBEY
O.K. Let's take a drive.

On Cliff's face, a ray of hope.

END FLASHBACK.

Behind Cliff, who's still waiting for a response, a photograph of Abbey falls from the dresser--

--CRASH.

Cliff is JARRED out of his trance. The wind? Cliff gets off the bed and shuts the window. He looks down at the picture on the ground, the glass cracked over Abbey's face.

67 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

67

Trish enters and starts looking through the wine rack.

CUT TO:

68 INT. HOSPITAL - ABBEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

68

The rhythmic sound of Abbey's breathing grows increasingly labored. The digital heart monitor begins counting down: 90, 89, 88, 87...

CUT BACK TO:

69 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THERMOSTAT

69

the temperature rising: 84, 85, 86.

(CONTINUED)

KITCHEN - FAVORED ANGLES

Trish makes her selection as the telephone rings, unanswered.

(CONTINUED)

(MOVING) P.O.V:

glides along the upstairs hall, finds Trish, beginning to sweat as she goes looking for a cork-screw and some glasses.

70 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

70

Cliff backs away from the window, nervous, sensing another presence. A moment of SILENCE. His cell rings. He spins around.

The phone is on the night stand. Waiting. Cliff picks up.

CLIFF

Hello?

A picture materializes. Cliff looks down at the receiver.

CELL PHONE SCREEN - FIRST SHOT

A self portrait of Trish, initiating a striptease from the kitchen, one arm covering her breasts.

SECOND SHOT

Trish flashes her left breast.

ON CLIFF

He finds it really kind of sweet... until he notices something else in the frame. His smile disappears.

BACK TO - CELL PHONE - SECOND SHOT

Another FIGURE, the Abbey-thing, creeps up behind Trish.

THIRD SHOT

Trish flashes her right breast, the Abbey-thing closer.

FOURTH SHOT

Trish flashes both breasts, the Abbey-thing there by her backside...

(CONTINUED)

FIFTH SHOT

A blank FRAME... accompanied by TRISH'S (off screen) SCREAM!

CLIFF RUNS.

71 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 71

Cliff, RUNS into the kitchen. He sees something that stops him in his tracks--

THE MESSAGE BOARD. A new note, written in ASH, reads:

'skin'

Trish COWERS against the wall, WHIMPERING.

Cliff helps her up. She clings to him tightly, shivering like a child, paralyzed with fear.

TRISH
Is she... still here?

CLIFF
I don't think so. They must have revived her again.

TRISH
Oh God. It was awful. That burning smell... Please... protect me.

He begins to lead her out.

TRISH (cont'd)
You can't let her die. You can't.
She's got to live. No matter what.
You've got to stop her.

Cliff, moving behind her, PICKS UP an empty wine bottle.

CLIFF
(almost sadly)
I know.

He raises the wine bottle over his head, and...

72 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 72

Cliff opens the cabinet below the sink. Removes a COOLER, emptying its contents on the floor: sponges, rolls of tin foil, Mr. Clean. He rushes to the freezer and starts to fill the cooler with ice.

He glances up at the large clock over the sink: it's just after 3 a.m.

73 INT. DENTAL OFFICE - NIGHT - SKINNING MONTAGE 73

A pair of HANDS, shaking slightly, slip into rubber gloves.

Steel ORAL SURGICAL TOOLS are laid out on a tray.

The hands release a valve attached to a canister of nitrous oxide. Gas hisses through a tube.

CLOSE ON TRISH - A mask hooded over her mouth and nose, her eyes in slits, a wound to her temple crudely tended to. Feeling the first affects of the gas... Trish smiles.

ON CLIFF, sweaty and desperate, ready for surgery. The time has come.

74 INT. DENTAL OFFICE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME 74

Close on: the STEREO. It flicks to life, playing a MUZAK version of Cliff and Abbey's WEDDING SONG.

CLIFF looks out into the waiting room, hearing the familiar ballad.

CLIFF

Just a few hours, Abbey. Just hang on.

Cliff picks up a nasty looking dental instrument as a makeshift dermatome.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I'm sorry you have to be alive for this Trish... your skin has to be fresh.

TRISH, tied and bound to the dental chair resembling Abbey's debridement session. Broken lines have been drawn in blue ink, sectioning off Trish's skin like a human jigsaw puzzle.

(CONTINUED)

A steel basin lies under her head for overflow. An extension cord keeps her hands to her sides at crotch level.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Now you are going to feel a little pressure...

CLIFF scores a path along the broken lines with the make-shift dermatome.

TRISH SCREAMS! Takes in a whiff of gas. Laughs! SLICE. She screams. Cliff increases the gas. Trish is disoriented and loopy.

TRISH

Do I... have a cavity?

CLIFF

Yes. It will be over soon.

She laughs as he cuts her again.

TIME DISSOLVE:

The surgery almost complete... a mound of skin lays in the cooler beside them, gory flaps draping over the side.

Cliff looks down at his watch. Wipes away the blood to see that it's almost five a.m.

Trish looks like a page out of Gray's Anatomy, every blood-soaked muscle exposed. Cliff continues to work, his scrubs covered in Rorschach blotches of red.

As for Trish... she's no longer screaming. By now, everything's just too hilarious.

Cliff drops the skin into the cooler. His job complete, he picks up an ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE and REVS the blades. He kneels down to look into TRISH'S GLASSY EYES.

CLIFF

You've very brave, Trish. I'm afraid this last part... doesn't get any better.

Cliff starts the saw and brings it down towards her skinless body...

76 OMITTED 76

77 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 77

Cliff drives Abbey's car quickly out into the night. A LARGE GARBAGE BAG is tied to the roof with an extension cord.

78 OMITTED 78

79 INT. ROADSTER TRAVELING - NIGHT 79

Cliff listens to a TALK RADIO SHOW as he drives. It features a MALE and a FEMALE HOST, bantering back and forth, laughing, flirting, a "Frosty, Heidi & Frank" kind of deal. Cliff glances at the clock on the radio: 5:25.

MALE HOST (RADIO V.O.)

I mean, we all want to control our mates, but come on. First she's off the ventilator, then she's on. Next week she'll be off again. There's gotta be a limit!

FEMALE HOST (RADIO V.O.)

I'll tell you one thing. If my dentist looked like Dr. Cliff, he could drill me day and night, honey.

MALE HOST (RADIO V.O.)

So you're publicly admitting you have a thing for Dr. Cliff? Maybe we should open up the phone lines for this...

Cliff shuts off the radio, miserable, and thinks back to... *that night.*

CUT TO:

79A EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (OPENING SEQUENCE) 79A

The Sedan moving along at a good clip. We now see the entire conversation, unedited, as Cliff and Abbey argue...

(CONTINUED)

ABBEY

I don't want to talk about it.
(quietly)
This is going to be my last
cigarette. I want to enjoy it.

CLIFF

You're quitting?

She nods.

CLIFF (cont'd)

That's good.
(beat)
Because I want you to be around for
a long time.

ABBEY

Why should I listen to anything you
say?

CLIFF

Because it's true.
(choking up)
I love you so Goddamned much, Abby.
I'm sorry for everything but you
are my wife. We are going to grow
old together and I'm never going to
let you go.
(quieter)
I'm never going to let you go.

ABBEY

Really?

CLIFF

Yes.

ABBEY

I want to show you something.

Abbey unfastens her seat belt, reaching into the back seat.

CLOSE ON: Her hand, reaching into her purse... and removing
the HOME PREGNANCY TEST WAND, revealing it to Cliff.

ABBEY (cont'd)

I'm having your baby, Cliff.

He tilts his head down. Speechless. The results, a light blue
cross, are positive. As it sinks in, Cliff is overcome with
joy.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

Oh my God. Oh my God this is great.
This is so unbelievably awesome!
That's why you're quitting. We are
going to have a family!

ABBEY

I'm afraid it's too late for that.

CLIFF

What?

ABBEY

After what you did, you think I'm
going to let you near my child?

CLIFF

What? Because of... Come on...
Abbey... I mean, *come on*...

ABBEY

You lost your chance at that life
when you fucked that whore. No more
of my family's money. No more
house. And Cliff? No more private
practice.

Cliff can't believe what he's hearing. It's a nightmare.

CLIFF

Abbey. What? You don't really mean
it...

ABBEY

(seething)

You're going to be doing welfare
fillings at the strip mall. Because
of what you did.

(then)

HEY...!

Cliff sees the branch TOO LATE. He SMASHES through it and
loses control. Cliff SCREAMS.

The aftermath of the accident... with what we didn't see.

*PRODUCTION NOTE: *Italicized items are being seen for the
first time*, items in normal font were also seen in scene 3.

Gasoline drips from the ruptured gas tank into the gully.
Abbey is laid out in a pool of gas, moaning, still alive.

Cliff STUMBLES out of the car, disoriented. Abbey lifts her head, trying to focus.

CLIFF

Abbey. Are you...?

ABBEY

(weakly)

Cell phone. Call an ambulance.

CLIFF

O.K.

CLIFF starts to search the ground. He sees something laying there. He stares for a moment, as if making a decision.

Angle on: Abbey's cell phone, and... her ornate cigarette lighter laying beside it.

Cliff picks up the lighter.

ABBEY

Cliff? Did you find it?

Cliff CROUCHES by the edge of the gasoline pool. He tries to be soothing, but there is a nervous edge to his voice.

CLIFF

Just stay calm, honey. Everything's going to be all right.

Abbey cranes her neck to see Cliff. She tries to focus on him as he FLICKS the lighter. It doesn't light.

ABBEY

(slowly realizing)

Cliff? What are you doing?

He FLICKS the lighter again. Nothing.

CLIFF

(nervously)

Just try to relax. They'll be here in a minute.

He continues to FLICK as Abbey begins to SCREAM.

ABBEY

Cliff what are you doing? Stop that... CLIFF!

(desperate)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79B CONTINUED: (3)

79B

ABBEY (cont'd)

*I'M SORRY I DIDN'T MEAN IT
PLEASE...!*

(CONTINUED)

The ground erupts into FLAMES, enveloping Abbey's body. She kicks and screams, writhing in agony.

Cliff RECOILS from the flames.

CLIFF
ABBEY! ABBEY! I'm sorry.

Cliff watches. Shaking with terror. The sounds of SIRENS grow in the distance; help is on the way.

CLOSE ON - HOME PREGNANCY TEST WAND --

-- Melts in the flames.

END FLASHBACK.

80 EXT. RURAL ROAD - ROADSTER - NIGHT 80

The front wheel hits a pothole, violently RATTLING the vehicle.

The black plastic trash bag slips from the restraints.

81 INT. ROADSTER - NIGHT 81

CLIFF

looks up into the...

REARVIEW MIRROR

LIMBS tumbling onto the road.

PREVIOUS ANGLE

Cliff SLAMS on the brakes.

82 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 82

BODY PARTS are scattered everywhere. Cliff begins to gather them up, stuffing them back into the bag, when...

FLASHING LIGHTS appear behind him. Cliff freezes. He's caught, holding a slender, skinned arm in one hand and the plastic bag in the other.

(CONTINUED)

A STATE TROOPER CAR approaches, siren blaring. It gets within range... and swerves around Cliff, just missing him.

OPPOSITE ANGLE

The Trooper Car keeps going, obviously on a call.

TROOPER (LOUDSPEAKER V.O.)
Get out of the road, asshole!

Its tail lights disappear, the setting dark and tranquil once more.

CLIFF

Shoves in the rest of the body parts and starts to re-tie the bag. He notices that he missed one-- there is a FOOT laying on the ground.

No time. Cliff KICKS it off to the side of the road.

CUT TO:

83 INT. ROADSTER - TRAVELING - SHORTLY AFTER - NIGHT 83

Cliff drives fast, glancing at the first dim glow of sunrise. The clock reads: 5:44.

84 OMITTED 84

85 OMITTED 85

86 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAWN 86

Cliff SCREECHES to a halt in the parking lot, grabs the cooler and runs for the doors.

The protests are over and a lone, sad JANITOR is sweeping up their tattered signs and discarded litter. Cliff RUNS past into--

86A INT. HOSPITAL COORIDOR - DAY 86A

We follow a bloody trail along the floor and up to Cliff.

87 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - BURN UNIT - DAY

87

Cliff runs in holding the cooler. A thin trickle of watery ice and blood leaks out onto the floor. A NURSE recognizes Cliff, who is looking desperate and disheveled.

CLIFF

Dr. Loring! I need to see Dr.
Loring! I've only got fifteen
minutes!

NURSE

Mister Addisson... I'm sorry you
can't...

Cliff RUNS past her to Abbey's room, where he can see--

CLIFF'S POV: The bed is empty.

He turns back to the Nurse.

CLIFF

Where is she?

NURSE

Didn't you see on the television?

CLIFF

(with dread)
See what?

The Nurse turns helplessly towards--

DR. Loring, who is stepping in from another room.

DR. LORING

Cliff, Abbey died last night. I
tried to call you.
(off his shocked look)
I'm sorry. You might want to talk
to a grief counselor...

Cliff turns and walks back the way he came.

NURSE

Mr. Addisson? Before you go there's
some forms to sign...

He ignores them both, shuffles out.

88 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DAY 88

Cliff pulls Abbey's car into the driveway. The cooler sits in the passenger seat.

89 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY - SHORTLY AFTER 89

Cliff drops the contractor bag with Trish's body into a trash bin, followed by the cooler.

He closes the lid on the trash bin and drags it out to the curb for pickup.

In no hurry, he shuffles towards the front door, as he does the door--

OPENS

Abbey's ghost, looking young and beautiful, stands in the doorway.

ANGLE ON: CLIFF stares at her for awhile, lovely and radiant, the instrument of his demise.

ABBEY
I'm never going to let you go.

CLIFF
(quietly)
I know.

With weary resignation, Cliff wipes his feet and steps inside. He pulls the door shut after him, locking us out.

Cliff and Abbey's WEDDING SONG begins as--

CREDITS ROLL.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 1

A summer MOON casts shafts of light through the forest. Sounds of tranquility. Crickets. Frogs. A nearby stream. Interrupted by...A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS flittering through the trees.

2 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - SAME 2

CLIFF Addisson, handsome and still boyish in his 30's, is behind the wheel. He's a successful dentist, affable and eager to please, his 'nice guy' personae covering over a deep well of insecurity and weakness. Short on will power, he's a slave to his impulses and selfish needs, not the least of which is to be loved by everyone. He turns to his wife...

ABBEY, a raven haired stunner in the passenger seat. What he lacks in will-power she makes up for in spades. She's kind, level headed, but ruthlessly stubborn when she makes up her mind. She's a natural beauty; perfect nose, lips, luminous skin. But right now her eyes are red and tired.

There is a strain between them. Cliff is trying hard to make up. (NOTE: The 'cut-aways' in this scene serve as a temporal ellipse, giving the impression of an argument taking place over time.)

Abbey turns her attention to a pack of cigarettes, LIGHTS ONE UP with an ornate lighter, then crumples the pack.

CLIFF
Look, honey, I just...

ABBEY
(cutting him off)
I don't want to talk about it anymore.
(quietly)
This is going to be my last cigarette. I want to enjoy it.

CLIFF
You're quitting?

She nods. Cliff digests this surprising news.

ANGLE ON: the car sweeps past camera.

BACK TO SCENE.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

That's good.

(beat)

Because I want you to be around for
a long time.

Abbey rolls her eyes.

ANGLE ON: The tires, spinning on the blacktop.

WIDE ON: the road, the car's headlights moving horizontally
across the darkened landscape.

BACK TO CLIFF AND ABBEY. He's beginning to choke up.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I love you so Goddamned much, Abby.
I'm sorry for everything. But you
are my wife. We are going to grow
old together and I'm never going to
let you go.

P.O.V. - THE ONCOMING ROAD - it's empty and quiet.

BACK TO CLIFF AND ABBEY-- she appears to have softened. Maybe
Cliff is wearing her down?

CLIFF (cont'd)

(quieter)

I'm never going to let you go.

ABBEY

Really?

CLIFF

Yes.

ABBEY

(gently)

I want to show you something.

Abbey unfastens her seat belt, reaching into the back seat.

The car sweeps by dark woods then-

P.O.V - THE ONCOMING ROAD - A FALLEN TREE blocking the road.

INSIDE CAR

ABBEY (cont'd)

HEY...!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Cliff turns, seeing it at the last moment. He JERKS the wheel, simultaneously hitting the brakes. A forest of fallen branches SLAP the windshield. Cliff loses control.

ON CLIFF, AS HE SCREAMS HIS AIR BAG EXPLODES--

ON WHITE. THERE IS A SONIC BOOM! Gnashing metal. Then silence.

DISSOLVE onto STEAM. Through the fog, the CAMERA finds Cliff. There is a gash on his head, a lot of blood and blood on the airbag in front of him. He turns to the passenger seat, but it's empty. There's a large hole in the windshield. Cliff begins to fumble for his seatbelt as...

CAMERA ROTATES 180 degrees to reveal that Cliff is UPSIDE DOWN, the car having flipped into a gully.

3 EXT. RURAL ROAD - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

3

There is the pit-pat sound of liquid trickling.

CRANE to reveal A LEAK from the ruptured gas tank, drizzling gasoline, some of it turning to white vapor as it passes over the still hot motor and onto...

ABBEY, illuminated by the headlights, on the ground below, moaning, semi-conscious.

Cliff shoves his mangled door open and STUMBLES from the car.

The gas turns to FLAMES, Abbey's body going up like a torch--

CLIFF, RECOILS from the heat of the flames;

Abbey kicks and SCREAMS, writhing in agony.

CLIFF

Abbey!

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. WESTCHESTER HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

4

A state of the art medical facility in Upstate New York.

5 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 5

Cliff wakes in a hospital bed. The gash in his forehead has been stitched. He focuses on--

DR. LORING, a slender young woman, leaning over him.

CLIFF
Where am I?

DR. LORING
Westchester General Hospital. You were involved in a car crash, Dr. Addisson. Do you have any idea what happened?

Cliff shakes off his initial confusion.

CLIFF
Where's Abbey?

She takes a breath, gearing up for the hard part.

DR. LORING
I'd like you to prepare yourself.

6 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 6

A pair of PATIENTS shuffle by, both badly burned.

Dr. Loring pushes Cliff in a wheelchair. They arrive at a set of double doors, leading to a highly restricted area... THE BURN UNIT.

Dr. Loring punches a button and the double doors SWISH open.

7 INT. BURN UNIT - DAY 7

An immaculate LABORATORY, white suited TECHNICIANS monitoring patients from behind glass.

Cliff hears a wheezing sound... artificially induced respiration amplified like the breath of God. It's coming from a respirator...

8 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY - SAME (CONTINUOUS)

8

Dr. Loring opens the door. Cliff rises from the chair, stepping in. On the bed before him...

Abbey is connected to a bank of high tech MONITORS. She is bandaged from head to toe, wires and tubes coiling out of every orifice.

Cliff moves to her.

CLIFF
(whispering)
Abbey, my angel...

Cliff leans down close and JUMPS as ABBEY JERKS in a short spasm and her LEFT EYE bolts opens, the pupil wandering without purpose.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Abbey?
(no answer)
Can she hear me?

DR. LORING
No. She may seem responsive, but
it's just a reflex. She's not
conscious.

Abbey fixes her good eye on Cliff and her PULSE RATE increases.

CLIFF
What's happening? Is she in pain?

DR. LORING
With the damage to her nerves...
your wife doesn't see or feel
anything.

Cliff, filled with sorrow, turns back Abbey.

We MOVE DIRECTLY INTO ABBEY'S EYE. THE SCREEN FILLS WITH THE BLACK OF HER PUPIL AND WE HEAR ABBEY CRYING OUT IN TORMENT.

9 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

9

Dr. Loring gives Cliff the rest of the bad news.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

Will she ever regain consciousness?

DR. LORING

As far as we know there's no brain damage, so yes, I would say that's very likely. But Abbey's rejected the first round of synthetics.

CLIFF

What does that mean?

DR. LORING

We can keep her alive for a few days with a temporary allograft, but she's going to need a full body skin graft from a matching donor.

(then)

If a donor can be found, and the operation is successful... she'll have a good chance at survival.

CLIFF

But not recovery.

She chooses her words carefully.

DR. LORING

Your wife is never going to be the way she was before the accident.

CLIFF

Will she ever be able to speak?

DR. LORING

It's hard to say. Your wife may be able to communicate, in one way or another. There have been huge advances in Brain-Computer Interfaces, she might be able to type, or there are devices that allow people to communicate through eye movements...

It's all too horrible for Cliff to bear.

CLIFF

Abby loved life. That's not living. She wouldn't want that.

(CONTINUED)

DR. LORING

It's a very personal decision.
(then)

If you choose to discontinue life sustaining procedures, you will need to get an attorney to contact the hospital's legal department. Obtaining a Do Not Resuscitate order usually takes some time. Until then, we have to do everything we can to keep her alive.

Cliff nods, sadly.

CLIFF

I'll call my lawyer.

10 OMITTED 10

11 OMITTED 11

12 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 12

Cliff sits on a bench with a IRA MILSAP, Cliff's attorney, a diminutive man in a power suit.

IRA

Did Abbey have a living will?

Cliff shakes his head 'no.'

CLIFF

After her father died, we had a talk. She told me she wouldn't want to go on. Not if she would be an invalid.

That's what Ira was looking for.

IRA

Good enough. Sounds like her wishes were clear.

Cliff fixes Ira with a direct, vulnerable look.

CLIFF

Ira, I want you to answer not as a lawyer, but as a friend: is this the right thing to do?

IRA

Yes. Absolutely.

CLIFF

How can you be sure?

IRA

Abbey bought your house because she looked good in it. She liked things to be beautiful. She wouldn't want to live looking like a...

(Cliff looks horrified)

Not to be insensitive. The important thing is for you not to feel guilty. It was an accident.

Cliff does not look consoled. He begins a confession.

CLIFF

You know the worst part? Our last days together weren't happy.

(then)

I cheated on her. And then I crashed her into a tree. Those are the last things I'll ever do for my wife.

IRA

The last thing you can do for her is to be strong. That's the last gift you can give her.

(then)

Cliff, everyone makes mistakes. She would have forgiven you.

CLIFF

(doubtfully)

You didn't really know her.

(then)

Abbey could be... unbelievably stubborn.

Cliff drifts off into a tortured reminiscence.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

You know, when we first got married, we were so happy.

(near tears)

We used to make love... in the bathtub.

Ira doesn't want to hear the rest.

IRA

(disgusted)

I really gotta be going.

Ira stands, eager to get out. Cliff stands to shake.

CLIFF

Thanks for coming.

IRA

What are friends for.

13 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DAY

13

Establishing. A well tended, modern HOUSE with a SMART CAR in the driveway. A TAXI pulls up. Cliff gets out, carrying an overnight bag.

14 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DAY

14

We pan from across the great room, a bank of windows display an in-ground pool, on the interior, feminine decoration, a woman's touch. Cliff enters.

The house surrounds Cliff, huge and empty. Cliff drops his luggage and moves inside.

15 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

15

Curtains sway in the breeze, casting shadows across the room.

On a shelf sits a JEWELRY BOX. Cliff opens it and a miniature couple dances to the melody of Cliff and Abbey's WEDDING SONG. Cliff stands, listening. A WINE GLASS, which had been sitting on the shelf, falls to the floor, as if by its own volition. Cliff closes the box. He hears SPLASH.

CLIFF

Abbey?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Cliff moves to the window and looks sadly out to the pool. He JUMPS as--BAM! A bird hits the window. Cliff looks down at the bird, laying dead on the steps outside.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ADDISSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

16

The light comes on. Cliff shuffles in, wearing sweats. A handwritten note on an erasable message board reads:

Wake me up at 7.

-A

Cliff opens a cabinet filled with canned goods. He removes a Dinty More-style stew, empties it into a pot, and places it on to a gas stove, igniting the pilot. He moves off. SHOT HOLDS ON THE STEW... bubbling to a boil.

17 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

17

A lonesome, modern space.

Cliff sits, forlorn, his mind drifting...

18 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

18

Cliff is searching behind the sofa cushions. Abbey steps in from behind, something in her hand.

CLIFF

(without turning)

I've got to call Ted and tell him we won't be making their party. You haven't seen my cell phone, have you?

ABBEY

(quietly)

Yes. I have.

He turns to see that she's holding it in her hand. From the phone's tinny speakers comes a sexy LAUGH. Cliff's face FALLS as Abbey watches a video on the tiny screen...

ANGLE ON THE CELL PHONE SCREEN - VIDEO

A sexy REDHEADED WOMAN removes her top. She SPINS and

(CONTINUED)

flashes her breasts.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff moves towards Abbey, stammering.

CLIFF

That just came over the internet.
Video spam... what will they think
of next?

Abbey, not listening, eyes fixed on--

THE CELL PHONE - VIDEO

An unseen man's arm fondles her while she laughs.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I think it's an ad for a sex pill.

CELL PHONE SCREEN - VIDEO

Cliff moves into the shot and suckles the woman's breast.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff advances towards Abbey, still trying to be 'casual.'
From the tinny speakers come moans of ecstasy.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(desperately thinking on
his feet)

It kinda looks like Trish, huh?
Maybe she's moonlighting as a
model... maybe she's got a
sister...

CELL PHONE SCREEN - VIDEO

Cliff, behind the woman, making an impassioned 'O' face as he
and the redhead have sex.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff reaches Abbey and holds out his hand. She ignores him,
staring at the screen with disappointed, simmering rage.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(meekly)

Honey. Honey? Can I have the phone
back?

(CONTINUED)

ABBEY

I knew I shouldn't have let you
hire that slut.

Cliff looks into Abbey's eyes and knows that lying is
pointless -- he's busted.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

It's over, Abbey. I swear.

ABBEY

I hope she was worth it.

Abbey, disgusted, drops the phone to the floor.

EXT. THE ACCIDENT - SERIES OF FLASHCUTS

A violent barrage: the Luxury Sedan... the tree... the airbag... Abbey on fire, writhing in pain!

BACK TO - THE PRESENT

BEEEEEP! Cliff is jarred back to reality by the sound of a SMOKE DETECTOR, buzzing from the kitchen.

CLIFF

Shit.

19 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME (CONTINUOUS) 19

Cliff returns, looks around. The stew-- what's left of it-- sizzles from the stove. He grabs the SMOKING pot, burning his hand on the handle. He pivots, dropping it onto a cutting board.

His attention is drawn to the message board where only two words remain in dripping black ink:

'Wake me'

AT THE SINK

Cliff scrapes the stew from the bottom of the pot. The gristled meat and burnt gravy spiral into the strainer.

20 INT. HOSPITAL - BURN UNIT - NIGHT 20

Abbey's room is silent except for her labored breathing and the BLIPS and HUM of the machines.

The BLIPS slow as her pulse begins to fall and--

STOPS.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

An ALARM goes off. After a moment a NURSE RUNS inside.

NURSE
(yelling)
DOCTOR!

21 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 21

The bath is running.

Cliff removes his watch, placing it on the ledge, the time exactly 11:02 PM. He lowers himself into the water. A pang of discomfort. Cliff adjusts. Sighs. That's better. He closes his eyes.

22 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT - SAME 22

(SOMEONE'S) POINT OF VIEW drifts through the darkness. (It) pauses momentarily to admire a collection of FAMILY PHOTOS... before MOVING on.

P.O.V approaches the STEREO CABINET. A CD Player lights up. The track skips ahead to '4'. Abbey and Cliff's WEDDING SONG, the same one we heard from the jewelry box.

23 BACK TO - INT. MASTER BATHROOM - SUNKEN TUB - SAME 23

Cliff hums along from his semi-conscious state.

ANGLE ON: A small pool of water on the tile floor BOILS into steam and disappears.

24 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (SAME TIME) 24

The doctor injects a syringe into Abbey, trying to revive her. He waits for a response then-

DOCTOR
No good. Defibrillator!

BACK TO:

ON CLIFF

Laying in the tub. Abruptly, the water level RISES to his chin. Someone-- or thing-- has entered the bath.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Cliff opens his eyes.

25 BACK TO - INT. MASTER BATHROOM - SUNKEN TUB - SAME

25

ABBEY is in the tub across from him, young and perfect, her bare breasts glistening above the water line.

SUNKEN TUB - FAVORED ANGLES

Cliff sits up, entranced.

CLIFF

Abbey?

(then)

Oh my God.

(with longing relief)

Abbey.

She rises to reveal herself, achingly beautiful, *the Honeymoon spoils*. She moves towards Cliff and

Straddles him.

Cliff GASPS as--

She reaches between his legs and begins *pumping*.

He tilts his head back, eyes closed. Enraptured.

Then a CHANGE takes place. Her once flawless skin boils with BLISTERS, turning a crisp umber.

ON CLIFF

panting, his eyes in slits, remains unaware.

ABBEY'S FACE

turns charcoal black.

SUNKEN TUB - FAVORED ANGLES

Cliff is SWEPT AWAY in the moment, when a BOILED BLOB OF MELTED FLESH lands in his mouth.

Cliff gags, opening his eyes to find... the monstrous facsimile of his wife, the ABBEY-THING.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Cliff fights to remove her, his arms JERKING. He grabs at her arm. Her skin sloughs off under his fingers.

The Abbey-thing overpowers him, a voracious sexual assault.

Cliff SCREAMS.

26 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT - SAME 26

NEW ANGLE

From one instant to the next... Cliff finds himself alone, the water gone. And Abbey with it. Did it actually happen? Cliff sits, gasping, spent and frightened like a baby.

27 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 27

Abbey's heart is beating again. The Doctor takes the defibrillator pads from her body as the STAFF celebrate their success--cheers, high fives all around.

28 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT (SAME TIME) 28

Cliff, in the tub, hears a sound, a MELODY, coming from the bedroom. He pulls himself from the tub, grabs a towel, and steps out into--

29 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME (CONTINUOUS) 29

Cliff looks to a small shelf outside the bathroom where THE JEWELRY BOX IS OPEN, the tiny couple spinning, playing *their* song. There's a framed photo next to the jewelry box: CLIFF AND ABBEY'S WEDDING PICTURE. SHOT PUSHES IN ON ABBEY'S FACE, a pleasant smile, innocent at the time. Tonight... it's taken on a whole new meaning.

Cliff closes the music box then moves back to...

29A INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 29A

Stepping back inside, Cliff catches his reflection in a LARGE MIRROR. He stops and stares because--

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF'S P.O.V. - MIRROR

There are RED MARKS on his back, like handprints, where 'Abbey's ghost' touched him.

Cliff TURNS. In the mirror TWO RED CIRCLES are revealed on his chest, right about where her breasts would have touched him.

PUSH INTO CLIFF as, with rising dread, he drops the towel from his waist, staring with horror at his lower regions...

30 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 30

Cliff holds the phone to his ear. He's in a nervous panic, periodically examining the red marks in a mirror.

INTERCUT WITH:

31 IRA'S PILLOW & HEADBOARD 31

A very sleepy IRA lays in bed, trying to talk some sense into Cliff.

IRA

You fell asleep in the bathtub. You got a boner. You had a sex dream that went bad.

CLIFF

It wasn't a sex dream. It was horrible.

IRA

Sex dreams can be terrifying. I once dreamed I was bangin' this hot little number and all of a sudden she turned into a huge rottweiler with a cock...

Ira turns and speaks to an UNSEEN WIFE.

IRA (cont'd)

(to his wife, tenderly)
Sorry honey, go back to sleep.

CLIFF

I've got red marks where she touched me. Burns. Like sunburn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)
(panicking)
I've got sunburn on my penis.

IRA
You've got a rash. You've been
under a lot of stress.

CLIFF
She was here.

IRA
Abbey is in a coma. I guarantee
you, she hasn't left her room.

CLIFF
Maybe not her body. What about her
soul?

IRA
I'm a lawyer, what do I know about
souls?

CLIFF
You don't understand. When Abbey
gets mad, she's relentless.

IRA
What exactly are we talking about
here? Are we talking about a ghost,
Cliff?

CLIFF
(a slight hesitation)
Yes.

IRA
It wasn't a ghost, Cliffy. Why
couldn't it be a ghost? Come on.
Why?

CLIFF
Because... Abbey's still alive.

IRA
I was actually looking for 'because
ghosts aren't real', but your
answer's good too.

CLIFF
Are you sure?

IRA

Put aloe vera on the rash, take a Valium, and get some sleep.

Ira hangs up.

The doorbell RINGS. Then again. At this hour? Cliff heads downstairs.

Cliff opens the door to reveal:

32 EXT. FRONT DOOR ADDISSON HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

32

PAM, Abbey's mother, standing in the doorway. Her stern, unforgiving eyes burn into Cliff.

PAM

Is it true? Are you really trying to pull the plug on my daughter?

CLIFF

Pam... mom, I...

PAM

Don't call me mom. It makes me want to throw up.

Cliff fumbles to keep the robe closed.

CLIFF

I have to respect Abbey's wishes.

PAM

Oh. Yes. Really. Abbey's wishes.

CLIFF

Why don't you come in and we'll talk about this?

PAM

Talk? You'll talk to my lawyer. I'll see you ruined. You crash my daughter into a tree and you think you deserve to get rich off it?

CLIFF

What are you talking about?

PAM

I never liked you.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

Pam... I don't know what you mean,
I'm not getting rich...

PAM

(cutting him off)
Go to hell, Cliff. You aren't going
to get away with this.

With that she turns and walks away. Cliff closes the door,
badly shaken and confused.

33 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 33

Cliff shuffles towards the whistling kettle and makes himself
a cup of tea. A news channel plays its morning show in the
living room. A FAMILIAR VOICE cuts through the din of the
news. With trepidation, Cliff moves to the--

34 INT. GREAT ROOM - DAY - SAME (CONTINUOUS) 34

On the television, Abbey's mother, Pam, is giving a teary-
eyed interview in front of the hospital.

PAM

(on the television)
...he was probably drunk when he
crashed that car. He always hated
her. He was abusive. At family
dinners he would...

(choke)
...slap me, if I said anything.

(then)
I just pray to Jesus not to let
that man take my daughter from me
forever.

Clifford stands, stunned. Pam does a fantastic job of playing
the sensitive, wounded mother.

INTERVIEWER

(off screen)
So you think Abbey would want to be
kept alive, no matter what.

PAM

(on the television)
I know she would, John. God should
decide who lives and dies, not some
doctor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

PAM (cont'd)
(with distaste)
And certainly not Clifford
Addisson.

AT THE FRONT DOOR-

Cliff heads out, looking behind him at the empty interior.

34A EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 34A

Cliff moves towards the driveway, letting the door close behind him and then turns-the word "MURDERER" has been spray-painted across his front door.

35 OMITTED 35

36 INT. HOSPITAL - BURN UNIT - ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY 36

ABBEY, ON A TILT TABLE

suspended upright, her grisly visage fully unwrapped, matching the thing that visited Cliff last night.

A pair of TECHNICIANS scrub and remove (with forceps and scissors) dead tissue from Abbey's extremities. At face value, the debridement process resembles a medieval torture, gory and unrelenting.

Cliff enters the room, flowers in hand. Stunned, he studies his wife: exposed cartilage where a nose once was, the sensual lips bloated to clownish proportions.

The wretched excess splatters into a basin, MATCHING the concoction in the kitchen sink.

He clasps his hand over his mouth, trying not to heave.

ABBEY'S LEFT EYE opens, staring directly at him. And then... from Abbey's lips, a tortured MOAN, vaguely reminiscent of last night's orgy of horror.

Cliff BLINKS, and Abbey's eyes are once again closed.

Cliff bolts out of the room, scared witless.

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 38

The double doors fly open. Cliff stumbles out, using the wall to hold himself up.

39 OMITTED 39

40 OMITTED 40

41 INT. CLIFF'S DENTAL PRACTICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 41

The answering machine. Cliff hits play--

ELECTRONIC VOICE
You have 34 messages.

VOICE ON MACHINE
Hi. I saw you on the television and
I'd like to schedule an
appointment... with your wife.
(giggles)
That burned up slut really gets me
horny...

Horrified, Cliff hits ERASE. In a SERIES OF CUTS, Cliff hits the play button again and again, the numbers counting down as WE HEAR SNIPPETS of differing opinions edited as one.

VARIOUS VOICES (PHONE V.O.)
What you're doing is a--
(Beep, next voice)
-twisted-
(Beep, next voice)
-merciful-
(Beep, next voice)
-reprehensible-
(Beep, next voice)
-well considered-
(Beep, next voice)
-act of-
(Beep, next voice)
-MURDER!

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
Your messages have been erased.

Behind Cliff, a VOICE.

(CONTINUED)

TRISH
(off camera, pointedly)
Where have you been?

Cliff turns to see--

A stunningly SEXY WOMAN with red hair and a low-cut dress, stands framed in the examination room doorway. It's TRISH, the woman from the cell phone photos. Impulsive, confrontational, selfish, ultra-sexed and self-absorbed, Trish only values what she can't have.

CLIFF
Trish. I was in the hospital for a few days. As I'm sure you know, Abbey is in critical condition...

TRISH
(cutting him off)
I let you fuck me and you didn't even call.

CLIFF
My wife might be dying.

TRISH
Did you know that your 'wife' fired me?

CLIFF
(weary)
Yes.

TRISH
Well, because of your 'wife' I'm a month late on my condo payments.
(then)
You know, I thought we had something going.

CLIFF
I didn't think you even liked me. You said I was a mercy fuck.

TRISH
I was only kidding about that.
(then)
So, am I un-fired now?
(then)
It's not like she's gonna know.

(CONTINUED)

Cliff is too beaten to argue.

CLIFF

O.K.

(then)

But we can't have any more...
indiscretions. Everything is just
crazy right now. Do you understand?

Trish has relaxed, now that she's getting her job back, and
is soft and affectionate.

TRISH

You're a good guy, Cliff.

It cheers him up, a little.

CLIFF

I've got to go meet Ira.

TRISH

OK.

She leans over to kiss him good-bye. She opens her mouth wide
to TOUNGE-KISS, slobbering his face. He EVADES.

CLIFF

Come on, Trish!

Trish does not appear to be stung by Cliff's rejection at
all.

TRISH

'Bye.

42 OMITTED

42

43 EXT. HOSPITAL PROMENADE - DAY

43

Ira and Cliff.

IRA

My sources say your mother-in-law
has booked Montel.

CLIFF

Oh, no.

(CONTINUED)

IRA

And Senator Lowman, the one in the corruption scandal? He's promised to champion her cause in a speech this afternoon. This is gonna get big.

CLIFF

Why? Why is she doing this? I was always nice to her.

IRA

The airbag.

CLIFF

What?

IRA

Your airbag opened. And here you sit, a little retarded, but otherwise not much worse for wear. If Abbey's airbag opens she probably walks away, same as you.

CLIFF

Her seatbelt was off.

IRA

Doesn't matter. There was a malfunction and Loris is going to pay a large settlement to keep it out of a courtroom.

CLIFF

How large?

IRA

There was a similar settlement in Denver. Ten million dollars.

CLIFF

Holy cow.

IRA

If your mother in law can have you removed as Abbey's legal guardian, she becomes custodian to that money.

(then)

And when Abbey dies? Whoever wins gets to keep it all.

(getting to business)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IRA (cont'd)

So. I've got a PR firm to get you some favorable press, the Senator's opponent has promised his support in exchange for some campaign assistance...

CLIFF

(interrupting)

What if I just offer to give Pam the money? Would she leave us alone?

IRA

It's too late for her to back out. Besides, you're going to need that money to pay your legal bills.

CLIFF

What percentage of the money do you get as my attorney?

IRA

(taken aback)

What's on your mind, Cliff?

CLIFF

Did you know about the money two days ago? When you told me that I was definitely doing the right thing?

Ira looks at him head on and lies.

IRA

Of course not, Cliff. Jesus, what do you think I am?

Ira's 'sincerity' is persuasive. Cliff feels guilty for asking.

CLIFF

(backing down)

I'm sorry Ira.

IRA

Not a problem.

Trish, in a form fitting, low-cut outfit, stares up at a wall mounted television where--

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

*

How long has that been in Mr.
Schoening's mouth?

TRISH

(not looking)

It got stuck. I was waiting for you
to take it out. Are you really
going to get all that money?

Irritated, Cliff turns off the television and moves to the
Patient.

CLIFF

(soothing)

All right, Mr. Schoening, you might
feel some pressure.

Cliff tries to pull the frame which holds the hardened glop
in place. It won't budge. Mr. Schoening moans with pain.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Maybe you want some gas. Would you
like some gas Mr. Schoening?

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Schoening nods weakly.

As Cliff tries to fit the gas-mask over the apparatus in Mr. Schoening's mouth, Trish leans over the chair, her ample breasts over Mr. Schoening's face. She whispers seductively in Cliff's ear.

TRISH

How long are we going to live this charade?

The TELEPHONE rings. Trish, staring intensely at Cliff, makes no move to get it. Finally--

CLIFF

(irritated)
I'll get it.

44A INT. CLIFF'S DENTAL PRACTICE - RECEPTION DESK - CONTINU..44A

Cliff picks up the phone.

CLIFF

Addisson Dental, can I help you?

INTERCUT WITH:

45 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

45

Ira, on his cell phone, standing outside his car. He's in a great mood, but tries to temper it for the occasion.

IRA

The Honorable Judge Elder just ruled. In forty-eight hours, a Do Not Resuscitate order goes into effect.

Cliff lets out a sigh of relief.

IRA (cont'd)

I'm going to the hospital right now to make sure everything is in order.

CLIFF

I'll be there in an hour.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

IRA

The press will be watching. Bring more flowers.

They both hang up. Cliff sits still, letting the reality sink in.

46 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY

46

Ira walks into Abbey's room. He sits by the edge of her bed. Abbey lays with her eye open.

IRA

Well, Abbey. I came to say good-bye. Even though you never liked me.

(beat)

You know, when I heard this awful thing happened to you, the first thing that jumped into my mind was, "I am going to be able to buy a boat." I'm not a nice guy. I admit it.

Ira takes a glass hip flask from his inside pocket and unscrews the lid.

IRA (cont'd)

Still, I'm sorry this had to happen to you. But like I always say, when life gives you a lemon, you gotta make lemonade.

(then)

Here's to you Abbey. And lemonade.

He drinks. Abbey's pulse begins to quicken and we PUSH INTO ABBEY'S EYE, a hidden rage building inside her...

A VIDEO MONITOR--

47 EXT. HOSPITAL - LIVE NEWSFEED - DAY

47

--is superimposed over an image of: Cliff, flowers tucked under his arm. He is JOSTLED as he FIGHTS his way through the crowd towards the entrance of the hospital. There are SHOUTS both condemning, and in support of Cliff's cause: "Choose Life," "Money Grubbing Killer!" "You should be set on fire and burned!" "Leave Him Alone," "Death with dignity" and "Stay strong, Cliff!"

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

A smattering of REPORTERS following him up to the edge of the security area, snapping pictures, shouting questions.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

There's been reports of a multi-million dollar settlement in the works. Can you elaborate? Was there a deal in place before the DNR came through?

CLIFF

Let me pass, please. I just want to visit my wife.

Cliff pushes his way through the gauntlet and out of sight, inside the hospital.

PAN DOWN off the monitor to reveal:

47A INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS 47A

Cliff, stumbling inside, disoriented and disheveled. Outside the hospital, we can hear protestors CHANTING "Save your soul!"

TELEVISION REPORTER
(off camera)

Things have certainly gotten tense, as the crowds have swelled here. Impromptu demonstrations have broken out both condemning and supporting Mr. Addisson...

48 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE ABBY'S ROOM - DAY 48

Cliff meets Ira.

IRA

Hey, pal.

CLIFF

(somber)

I'd like to have some time alone with her.

IRA

Sure. Meet me in the cafeteria when you're done.

49 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY

49

Cliff watches the breathing pattern on the monitor, follows the machine to its plug in the wall. Forlorn, he moves in close to Abbey.

CLIFF

Abbey. I know I wasn't always the best husband. I don't know if you can find it in your heart to forgive me. I'm sorry for that thing with Trish and the fight we had. And for getting you into this situation. I just want you to know... I'll always love you.

He presses his lips against hers. Abbey's eyelid flutters. And then... Cliff feels a sting. He jumps back, a drop of blood hanging his lip. And Abbey's. HE'S BEEN BITTEN.

An ALARM sounds! He turns toward the monitors. ABBEY'S VITALS GO COMPLETELY FLAT.

Within seconds, a NURSE rushes into the chamber. She presses the intercom.

NURSE

She's flat-lining again! Code Blue!
Page Dr. Loring!

The Nurse leads Cliff out as the BURN UNIT TEAM rushes in past them...

NURSE (cont'd)

This way, Dr. Addisson.

Cliff stops her.

CLIFF

Wait... what do you mean she's flat-lining *again*?

NURSE

They called a code on her last night. She was revived quickly and seemed to stabilize...

CLIFF

(urgently)
What time?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

NURSE
Around eleven.

The Nurse turns and goes back into the room.

50 OMITTED

50

51 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - SAME

51

It's eerily silent. Cliff walks up the empty hall, agitated, mind reeling.

The fluorescent lights above him begin to FLICKER.

Cliff glances at a FOOD CART of leftovers.

CLOSE ON: THE TRAY. The left-over pineapple chunks and gravy begins to SIZZLE.

MOVING P.O.V. INTO CLIFF, AS HE SPINS AROUND TO SEE--

ABBEY - YOUNG, SEXY, BEAUTIFUL, INCHES FROM HIS FACE.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Cliff is alone in the hallway. There is no one standing in front of him, but behind him--

The double doors BURST open.

Cliff turns around, terrified, as the presence moves away.

CUT TO:

52 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NEAR THE MRI ROOMS - DAY

52

Ira pauses to take another drink from his glass hip flask. He's starting to sweat. He removes his cell phone and dials. An ORDERLY is passing.

ORDERLY
Hey guy. No cell phones in the
hospital.

When the Orderly is out of sight, Ira, irritated, looks both ways then ducks into the nearest empty room--

53 INT. MRI PREPPING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 53

Ira enters a small room off the hallway. It's quiet and dark. He doesn't read the sign which reads: "CAUTION EXTREME DANGER-
- no metal objects in the MRI room, no pace makers, no metal implants, jewelry, coins..." as he moves through to--

54 INT. MRI ROOM - LARGE CHAMBER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 54

A spacious room with a glass window that views into the control room, where the machines are operated. Ira begins to dial.

Suddenly, the phone is HOT in his hand, SMOKING. Ira drops it to the ground, shaking his burning fingers.

IRA
What the hell?!?

Bewildered and annoyed, Ira takes out his handkerchief and folds it in his hand, preparing to pick up his cell phone.

Behind him, in the control room window, we see--

ABBEY, standing pale and ghostly behind the glass.

CLOSE ON: The control panel, heat condensation forming inside the gauges, buttons melting. The panel LIGHTS UP as the power goes on.

Ira bends down to retrieve his device when--

There is a SURGING SOUND and--

Ira's cell phone FLIES across the room and SLAMS into the side of the MRI machine, about six feet above the ground.

Ira stands for a bewildered moment, before--

The magnets catch hold of all the metal on his body and he is flung across the room and VIOLENTLY SLAMMED into the side of the MRI machine, his feet dangling a foot off the ground.

Ira's nose is smashed and the glass flask in his pocket is broken. Booze drips down his suit, down his pants leg, and onto the ground.

He tries to move, but is held in place by the ring on his finger and the watch on his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

He has been pulled with such force that the ring has cut into his finger, drawing blood.

IRA (cont'd)

Ow.

(yelling)

HELP! HELP! SOMEONE TURN THIS THING
OFF!

There is no answer. After a moment, Ira sets about to try to free himself. He works the ring off his right hand, tearing the skin from his knuckle then reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out what's left of the SHATTERED glass flask. It's edges are bloody. Ira drops it to the ground below. He turns his head and SCREAMS.

The ABBEY-THING is CRAWLING across the floor.

Ira begins to frantically work himself free.

Abbey's body gives off tremendous HEAT. She leaves a trail of BLACK hand and foot prints burned into the floor behind her. As she passes light bulbs overhead SHATTER. A hospital gown hanging on the wall begins to SMOKE and BURN--

The only thing holding him back is his TAG HEUER WATCH. His fingers fumble with the clasp, but it's too tight, tearing at his flesh...

Abbey MOVES CLOSER. Ira's face is covered in sweat. The EDGES of his shirt begin to DARKEN and SINGE...

Abbey is ALMOST ON HIM, hands reaching out--

IRA'S SHIRT BURSTS INTO FLAME, igniting the soaked in alcohol, just as

THE WATCH BAND BREAKS.

Ira stumbles away, his chest engulfed in flame. He SLAPS at the flames on his chest, FLAILING helplessly...

Cliff walks, troubled and forlorn, down the hallway, nursing his bloody lip. Off in the distance, he hears a SCREAM. It sounds like Ira. Cliff takes off RUNNING.

56 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, NEAR THE MRI ROOMS - DAY - SAME 56

There is a SCREAM of "FIRE!" The hall is filling with smoke, coming from the MRI room. Cliff PULLS a FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall and runs into--

57 INT. MRI ROOM - LARGE CHAMBER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 57

Ira is COMPLETELY engulfed in flames.

Cliff SPRAYS him with the extinguisher.

The ORDERLY and a few HOSPITAL WORKERS are arriving as Cliff puts out the last of the fire to see--

IRA, burned and blackened, his dead face twisted into an awful SCREAM.

ORDERLY

Oh man. Oh no.

Cliff drops the extinguisher and RUNS out--

58 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY - SAME TIME 58

The monitors come ALIVE with sounds and squiggly lines, the Code Team having revived Abbey once again. Dr. Loring offers her congratulations.

DR. LORING

Nice work, people.

(quietly)

You live another day, Ms. Addisson.

Cliff BURSTS inside the room in an urgent, hysterical panic.

CLIFF

Is she alive?

DR. LORING

Yes, for now...

CLIFF

You've got to save her. Please. I changed my mind... she has to live.

(to Abbey)

Abbey, honey, sweet-heart, you've got to live.

59 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - SHORTLY

59

Dr. Loring and Cliff. She gives him the grim truth.

DR. LORING

Her wounds are retracting at an accelerated rate. If a matching donor doesn't present itself within, roughly, twelve hours, surgery will be impossible.

CLIFF

What, by six a.m. tomorrow?

DR. LORING

At the latest.

ON A MONITOR:

Inside the hospital entrance, PAM is giving a tearful interview. Behind her, we can see the signs of PROTESTORS, spilling out into the hallway.

PAM

Please... my baby girl is running out of time. Don't let Clifford Addisson murder my child...

CLIFF

(yelling, off camera)

Hey! I have an announcement to make!

The cameras SWERVE to catch Cliff, RUNNING into frame.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(to Pam)

You were right, Mom.

(to the cameras)

I made a terrible mistake! I am rescinding the DNR. Life is precious. Abby must stay alive no matter what & if there is a settlement from Abbey's case I will give it, all of it, to anyone who finds her a donor. We only have a few hours left.

Pam, standing behind him, looks strangely unhappy.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

Even if she's stuck in a bed, or a vegetable, it doesn't matter just as long as she's alive. The last gift I can give her... is to make sure that she lives!

60 OMITTED 60

61 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - NIGHT 61

Cliff gets out of his car. He heads towards the front door: the word 'Murderer' has been crossed out and replaced with 'PUSSY.'

62 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - NIGHT 62

The front door opens, Cliff steps into the quiet, empty room and moves to--

INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The patio doors are open and candles have been lit around the pool. Strange. He steps out to--

THE PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Light bounces from the pool. Cliff walks slowly, footsteps echoing. He sees something through the glass of the great room, a silhouette -- ABBEY? Slowly, nervously, he steps into--

63 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 63

CLIFF

Abbey?

SILHOUETTE

Do I look like a burnt up old bitch?

Trish, bottle in hand, steps out into the light.

CLIFF

Oh Jesus. Trish. What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

TRISH

(ignoring him)

I saw you on TV. You weren't serious about giving away the money, were you?

CLIFF

I really need to be alone right now so I can think...

Trish looks at a photograph of Abbey on the mantel. Abbey is young, fresh-faced and beautiful.

TRISH

God, she was ugly. I'll bet her box was wrecked.

CLIFF

No it wasn't.

TRISH

Her box was ruined. Not tight. She had a loose spoon. You can admit it.

CLIFF

Jesus, Trish, stop it. You've got to go.

TRISH

I've been drinking.

CLIFF

I'll call you a car.

TRISH

I'm not leaving you alone. You are obviously having some kind of breakdown.

Cliff can see there's no point in arguing.

CLIFF

Fine, whatever. Just stay out of my way.

Cliff moves to the bar and, with shaking hands, starts to fix himself a drink.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(thinking out loud)

I need to steady my nerves so I can think.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

I've only got until dawn to figure this out or Abbey's going to find a way to fuck me.

He chugs down a triple shot. Trish moves slowly over to him.

TRISH

I don't think Abbey's in any shape to be fucking anyone...

CLIFF

(interrupting, not listening)

She's laying there coming up with all the things she's going to do to me. Sick, unimaginable things. I mean, I thought she was spiteful when she was alive but now...

TRISH

Shhh, baby.

Trish wraps her arms around him, nuzzles his neck, and rubs her hands on his chest. He looks for a moment like he might succumb, then quickly pushes her hands off and moves away.

CLIFF

No! This is what started the whole thing. I don't have time. I need... I need a plan. I need...

TRISH

Mommy knows what you need.

Trish begins the sexiest walk in cinematic history towards Cliff, removing her clothes as she goes.

TRISH (cont'd)

You've been starved physically. Your hormones are in a tizzy. It's addled your brain.

CLIFF

Stay away from me.

TRISH

Oh baby... I'm so hot, I'm gushing. I can't stand it. Be merciful. I'm going to let you do whatever you want. I can't stop you. I'm helpless to your barbaric sexual magnetism.

(CONTINUED)

Trish is naked by the time she stops walking, squared up to him, about three feet away. Cliff looks at her, torn between his fear and his hunger.

TRISH (cont'd)
(a whisper)
Come and get it.

A beat.

CLIFF
(stern)
Trish, you're fired. Get your shit
and get out.

She stands in exactly the same position. Unmoving. A standoff. Then he--

LUNGES FOR HER. His lips meet hers in a desperate, sloppy, starved kiss, gasping with desire, their hands all over each other...

ANGLE FROM OVERHEAD suggesting a HOVERING P.O.V, as the two of them fall to the floor, consumed with passion, and begin to make love.

Camera MOVES DOWN, to eye level, finding the PICTURE of Abbey on the mantel-- Cliff and Trish in the reflection.

Cliff and Trish lay together, post coital. Cliff is looking over at the clock, nervously. It reads two a.m.

TRISH
Why are you staring at the clock?

CLIFF
I can't help it.

TRISH
You know you're being crazy, right?

CLIFF
I... guess.
(to himself, mostly)
In six hours we'll know.

TRISH
When that nasty bitch kicks the
bucket, nothing's gonna happen.
(MORE)

64 CONTINUED: 64

TRISH (cont'd)
(then)
I'll bet you a million dollars.

CLIFF
But if I'm right, I'll be dead.

TRISH
(affectionately)
I can't pull one over on you, can
I? You're too smart for me.

She kisses him on the lips, sweetly & gets out of bed, still
naked, and grabs his shirt.

CLIFF
Where are you going?

TRISH
To get another bottle of wine, if
that's O.K.

Cliff's gaze falls to: the bathroom. He slips into a
flashback.

65 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 65

Cliff stands outside the bathroom door.

CLIFF
Abbey?
(Knocks again, growing
concerned)
Please answer me.

Still no answer.

INTERCUT WITH:

66 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 66

Abbey stands on the other side of the door, tears on her
cheeks. He speaks gently.

CLIFF
Please open the door.
(then)
I cleared the weekend. I thought we
might take a drive to the cabin.

Abbey is looking down at something in her hand. CLOSE ON THE
ITEM: It is a HOME PREGNANCY TEST WAND.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

ABBEY
(softly)
Like old times, huh?

ON CLIFF:

CLIFF
What? What did you say?

A moment later the door opens. Abbey stands framed in the doorway.

ABBEY
O.K. Let's take a drive.

On Cliff's face, a ray of hope.

END FLASHBACK.

Behind Cliff, who's still waiting for a response, a photograph of Abbey falls from the dresser--

--CRASH.

Cliff is JARRED out of his trance. The wind? Cliff gets off the bed and shuts the window. He looks down at the picture on the ground, the glass cracked over Abbey's face.

67 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

67

Trish enters and starts looking through the wine rack.

CUT TO:

68 INT. HOSPITAL - ABBEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

68

The rhythmic sound of Abbey's breathing grows increasingly labored. The digital heart monitor begins counting down: 90, 89, 88, 87...

CUT BACK TO:

69 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THERMOSTAT

69

the temperature rising: 84, 85, 86.

(CONTINUED)

KITCHEN - FAVORED ANGLES

Trish makes her selection as the telephone rings, unanswered.

(CONTINUED)

(MOVING) P.O.V:

glides along the upstairs hall, finds Trish, beginning to sweat as she goes looking for a cork-screw and some glasses.

70 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

70

Cliff backs away from the window, nervous, sensing another presence. A moment of SILENCE. His cell rings. He spins around.

The phone is on the night stand. Waiting. Cliff picks up.

CLIFF

Hello?

A picture materializes. Cliff looks down at the receiver.

CELL PHONE SCREEN - FIRST SHOT

A self portrait of Trish, initiating a striptease from the kitchen, one arm covering her breasts.

SECOND SHOT

Trish flashes her left breast.

ON CLIFF

He finds it really kind of sweet... until he notices something else in the frame. His smile disappears.

BACK TO - CELL PHONE - SECOND SHOT

Another FIGURE, the Abbey-thing, creeps up behind Trish.

THIRD SHOT

Trish flashes her right breast, the Abbey-thing closer.

FOURTH SHOT

Trish flashes both breasts, the Abbey-thing there by her backside...

(CONTINUED)

FIFTH SHOT

A blank FRAME... accompanied by TRISH'S (off screen) SCREAM!

CLIFF RUNS.

71 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 71

Cliff, RUNS into the kitchen. He sees something that stops him in his tracks--

THE MESSAGE BOARD. A new note, written in ASH, reads:

'skin'

Trish COWERS against the wall, WHIMPERING.

Cliff helps her up. She clings to him tightly, shivering like a child, paralyzed with fear.

TRISH
Is she... still here?

CLIFF
I don't think so. They must have revived her again.

TRISH
Oh God. It was awful. That burning smell... Please... protect me.

He begins to lead her out.

TRISH (cont'd)
You can't let her die. You can't.
She's got to live. No matter what.
You've got to stop her.

Cliff, moving behind her, PICKS UP an empty wine bottle.

CLIFF
(almost sadly)
I know.

He raises the wine bottle over his head, and...

72 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 72

Cliff opens the cabinet below the sink. Removes a COOLER, emptying its contents on the floor: sponges, rolls of tin foil, Mr. Clean. He rushes to the freezer and starts to fill the cooler with ice.

He glances up at the large clock over the sink: it's just after 3 a.m.

73 INT. DENTAL OFFICE - NIGHT - SKINNING MONTAGE 73

A pair of HANDS, shaking slightly, slip into rubber gloves.

Steel ORAL SURGICAL TOOLS are laid out on a tray.

The hands release a valve attached to a canister of nitrous oxide. Gas hisses through a tube.

CLOSE ON TRISH - A mask hooded over her mouth and nose, her eyes in slits, a wound to her temple crudely tended to. Feeling the first affects of the gas... Trish smiles.

ON CLIFF, sweaty and desperate, ready for surgery. The time has come.

74 INT. DENTAL OFFICE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME 74

Close on: the STEREO. It flicks to life, playing a MUZAK version of Cliff and Abbey's WEDDING SONG.

CLIFF looks out into the waiting room, hearing the familiar ballad.

CLIFF

Just a few hours, Abbey. Just hang on.

Cliff picks up a nasty looking dental instrument as a makeshift dermatome.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I'm sorry you have to be alive for this Trish... your skin has to be fresh.

TRISH, tied and bound to the dental chair resembling Abbey's debridement session. Broken lines have been drawn in blue ink, sectioning off Trish's skin like a human jigsaw puzzle.

(CONTINUED)

A steel basin lies under her head for overflow. An extension cord keeps her hands to her sides at crotch level.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Now you are going to feel a little pressure...

CLIFF scores a path along the broken lines with the make-shift dermatome.

TRISH SCREAMS! Takes in a whiff of gas. Laughs! SLICE. She screams. Cliff increases the gas. Trish is disoriented and loopy.

TRISH

Do I... have a cavity?

CLIFF

Yes. It will be over soon.

She laughs as he cuts her again.

TIME DISSOLVE:

The surgery almost complete... a mound of skin lays in the cooler beside them, gory flaps draping over the side.

Cliff looks down at his watch. Wipes away the blood to see that it's almost five a.m.

Trish looks like a page out of Gray's Anatomy, every blood-soaked muscle exposed. Cliff continues to work, his scrubs covered in Rorschach blotches of red.

As for Trish... she's no longer screaming. By now, everything's just too hilarious.

Cliff drops the skin into the cooler. His job complete, he picks up an ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE and REVS the blades. He kneels down to look into TRISH'S GLASSY EYES.

CLIFF

You've very brave, Trish. I'm afraid this last part... doesn't get any better.

Cliff starts the saw and brings it down towards her skinless body...

76 OMITTED 76

77 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 77

Cliff drives Abbey's car quickly out into the night. A LARGE GARBAGE BAG is tied to the roof with an extension cord.

78 OMITTED 78

79 INT. ROADSTER TRAVELING - NIGHT 79

Cliff listens to a TALK RADIO SHOW as he drives. It features a MALE and a FEMALE HOST, bantering back and forth, laughing, flirting, a "Frosty, Heidi & Frank" kind of deal. Cliff glances at the clock on the radio: 5:25.

MALE HOST (RADIO V.O.)

I mean, we all want to control our mates, but come on. First she's off the ventilator, then she's on. Next week she'll be off again. There's gotta be a limit!

FEMALE HOST (RADIO V.O.)

I'll tell you one thing. If my dentist looked like Dr. Cliff, he could drill me day and night, honey.

MALE HOST (RADIO V.O.)

So you're publicly admitting you have a thing for Dr. Cliff? Maybe we should open up the phone lines for this...

Cliff shuts off the radio, miserable, and thinks back to... *that night.*

CUT TO:

79A EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (OPENING SEQUENCE) 79A

The Sedan moving along at a good clip. We now see the entire conversation, unedited, as Cliff and Abbey argue...

(CONTINUED)

ABBEY

I don't want to talk about it.
(quietly)
This is going to be my last
cigarette. I want to enjoy it.

CLIFF

You're quitting?

She nods.

CLIFF (cont'd)

That's good.
(beat)
Because I want you to be around for
a long time.

ABBEY

Why should I listen to anything you
say?

CLIFF

Because it's true.
(choking up)
I love you so Goddamned much, Abby.
I'm sorry for everything but you
are my wife. We are going to grow
old together and I'm never going to
let you go.
(quieter)
I'm never going to let you go.

ABBEY

Really?

CLIFF

Yes.

ABBEY

I want to show you something.

Abbey unfastens her seat belt, reaching into the back seat.

CLOSE ON: Her hand, reaching into her purse... and removing
the HOME PREGNANCY TEST WAND, revealing it to Cliff.

ABBEY (cont'd)

I'm having your baby, Cliff.

He tilts his head down. Speechless. The results, a light blue
cross, are positive. As it sinks in, Cliff is overcome with
joy.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

Oh my God. Oh my God this is great.
This is so unbelievably awesome!
That's why you're quitting. We are
going to have a family!

ABBEY

I'm afraid it's too late for that.

CLIFF

What?

ABBEY

After what you did, you think I'm
going to let you near my child?

CLIFF

What? Because of... Come on...
Abbey... I mean, *come on*...

ABBEY

You lost your chance at that life
when you fucked that whore. No more
of my family's money. No more
house. And Cliff? No more private
practice.

Cliff can't believe what he's hearing. It's a nightmare.

CLIFF

Abbey. What? You don't really mean
it...

ABBEY

(seething)

You're going to be doing welfare
fillings at the strip mall. Because
of what you did.

(then)

HEY...!

Cliff sees the branch TOO LATE. He SMASHES through it and
loses control. Cliff SCREAMS.

The aftermath of the accident... with what we didn't see.

*PRODUCTION NOTE: *Italicized items are being seen for the
first time*, items in normal font were also seen in scene 3.

Gasoline drips from the ruptured gas tank into the gully.
Abbey is laid out in a pool of gas, moaning, still alive.

Cliff STUMBLES out of the car, disoriented. Abbey lifts her head, trying to focus.

CLIFF

Abbey. Are you...?

ABBEY

(weakly)

Cell phone. Call an ambulance.

CLIFF

O.K.

CLIFF starts to search the ground. He sees something laying there. He stares for a moment, as if making a decision.

Angle on: Abbey's cell phone, and... her ornate cigarette lighter laying beside it.

Cliff picks up the lighter.

ABBEY

Cliff? Did you find it?

Cliff CROUCHES by the edge of the gasoline pool. He tries to be soothing, but there is a nervous edge to his voice.

CLIFF

Just stay calm, honey. Everything's going to be all right.

Abbey cranes her neck to see Cliff. She tries to focus on him as he FLICKS the lighter. It doesn't light.

ABBEY

(slowly realizing)

Cliff? What are you doing?

He FLICKS the lighter again. Nothing.

CLIFF

(nervously)

Just try to relax. They'll be here in a minute.

He continues to FLICK as Abbey begins to SCREAM.

ABBEY

Cliff what are you doing? Stop that... CLIFF!

(desperate)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79B CONTINUED: (3)

79B

ABBEY (cont'd)

*I'M SORRY I DIDN'T MEAN IT
PLEASE...!*

(CONTINUED)

The ground erupts into FLAMES, enveloping Abbey's body. She kicks and screams, writhing in agony.

Cliff RECOILS from the flames.

CLIFF
ABBEY! ABBEY! I'm sorry.

Cliff watches. Shaking with terror. The sounds of SIRENS grow in the distance; help is on the way.

CLOSE ON - HOME PREGNANCY TEST WAND --

-- Melts in the flames.

END FLASHBACK.

80 EXT. RURAL ROAD - ROADSTER - NIGHT 80

The front wheel hits a pothole, violently RATTLING the vehicle.

The black plastic trash bag slips from the restraints.

81 INT. ROADSTER - NIGHT 81

CLIFF

looks up into the...

REARVIEW MIRROR

LIMBS tumbling onto the road.

PREVIOUS ANGLE

Cliff SLAMS on the brakes.

82 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 82

BODY PARTS are scattered everywhere. Cliff begins to gather them up, stuffing them back into the bag, when...

FLASHING LIGHTS appear behind him. Cliff freezes. He's caught, holding a slender, skinned arm in one hand and the plastic bag in the other.

(CONTINUED)

A STATE TROOPER CAR approaches, siren blaring. It gets within range... and swerves around Cliff, just missing him.

OPPOSITE ANGLE

The Trooper Car keeps going, obviously on a call.

TROOPER (LOUDSPEAKER V.O.)
Get out of the road, asshole!

Its tail lights disappear, the setting dark and tranquil once more.

CLIFF

Shoves in the rest of the body parts and starts to re-tie the bag. He notices that he missed one-- there is a FOOT laying on the ground.

No time. Cliff KICKS it off to the side of the road.

CUT TO:

83 INT. ROADSTER - TRAVELING - SHORTLY AFTER - NIGHT 83

Cliff drives fast, glancing at the first dim glow of sunrise. The clock reads: 5:44.

84 OMITTED 84

85 OMITTED 85

86 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAWN 86

Cliff SCREECHES to a halt in the parking lot, grabs the cooler and runs for the doors.

The protests are over and a lone, sad JANITOR is sweeping up their tattered signs and discarded litter. Cliff RUNS past into--

86A INT. HOSPITAL COORIDOR - DAY 86A

We follow a bloody trail along the floor and up to Cliff.

87 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - BURN UNIT - DAY

87

Cliff runs in holding the cooler. A thin trickle of watery ice and blood leaks out onto the floor. A NURSE recognizes Cliff, who is looking desperate and disheveled.

CLIFF

Dr. Loring! I need to see Dr.
Loring! I've only got fifteen
minutes!

NURSE

Mister Addisson... I'm sorry you
can't...

Cliff RUNS past her to Abbey's room, where he can see--

CLIFF'S POV: The bed is empty.

He turns back to the Nurse.

CLIFF

Where is she?

NURSE

Didn't you see on the television?

CLIFF

(with dread)
See what?

The Nurse turns helplessly towards--

DR. Loring, who is stepping in from another room.

DR. LORING

Cliff, Abbey died last night. I
tried to call you.
(off his shocked look)
I'm sorry. You might want to talk
to a grief counselor...

Cliff turns and walks back the way he came.

NURSE

Mr. Addisson? Before you go there's
some forms to sign...

He ignores them both, shuffles out.

88 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DAY 88

Cliff pulls Abbey's car into the driveway. The cooler sits in the passenger seat.

89 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY - SHORTLY AFTER 89

Cliff drops the contractor bag with Trish's body into a trash bin, followed by the cooler.

He closes the lid on the trash bin and drags it out to the curb for pickup.

In no hurry, he shuffles towards the front door, as he does the door--

OPENS

Abbey's ghost, looking young and beautiful, stands in the doorway.

ANGLE ON: CLIFF stares at her for awhile, lovely and radiant, the instrument of his demise.

ABBEY
I'm never going to let you go.

CLIFF
(quietly)
I know.

With weary resignation, Cliff wipes his feet and steps inside. He pulls the door shut after him, locking us out.

Cliff and Abbey's WEDDING SONG begins as--

CREDITS ROLL.

CLIFF (cont'd)

That's good.

(beat)

Because I want you to be around for
a long time.

Abbey rolls her eyes.

ANGLE ON: The tires, spinning on the blacktop.

WIDE ON: the road, the car's headlights moving horizontally
across the darkened landscape.

BACK TO CLIFF AND ABBEY. He's beginning to choke up.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I love you so Goddamned much, Abby.
I'm sorry for everything. But you
are my wife. We are going to grow
old together and I'm never going to
let you go.

P.O.V. - THE ONCOMING ROAD - it's empty and quiet.

BACK TO CLIFF AND ABBEY-- she appears to have softened. Maybe
Cliff is wearing her down?

CLIFF (cont'd)

(quieter)

I'm never going to let you go.

ABBEY

Really?

CLIFF

Yes.

ABBEY

(gently)

I want to show you something.

Abbey unfastens her seat belt, reaching into the back seat.

The car sweeps by dark woods then-

P.O.V - THE ONCOMING ROAD - A FALLEN TREE blocking the road.

INSIDE CAR

ABBEY (cont'd)

HEY...!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Cliff turns, seeing it at the last moment. He JERKS the wheel, simultaneously hitting the brakes. A forest of fallen branches SLAP the windshield. Cliff loses control.

ON CLIFF, AS HE SCREAMS HIS AIR BAG EXPLODES--

ON WHITE. THERE IS A SONIC BOOM! Gnashing metal. Then silence.

DISSOLVE onto STEAM. Through the fog, the CAMERA finds Cliff. There is a gash on his head, a lot of blood and blood on the airbag in front of him. He turns to the passenger seat, but it's empty. There's a large hole in the windshield. Cliff begins to fumble for his seatbelt as...

CAMERA ROTATES 180 degrees to reveal that Cliff is UPSIDE DOWN, the car having flipped into a gully.

3 EXT. RURAL ROAD - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

3

There is the pit-pat sound of liquid trickling.

CRANE to reveal A LEAK from the ruptured gas tank, drizzling gasoline, some of it turning to white vapor as it passes over the still hot motor and onto...

ABBEY, illuminated by the headlights, on the ground below, moaning, semi-conscious.

Cliff shoves his mangled door open and STUMBLES from the car.

The gas turns to FLAMES, Abbey's body going up like a torch--

CLIFF, RECOILS from the heat of the flames;

Abbey kicks and SCREAMS, writhing in agony.

CLIFF

Abbey!

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. WESTCHESTER HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

4

A state of the art medical facility in Upstate New York.

5 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 5

Cliff wakes in a hospital bed. The gash in his forehead has been stitched. He focuses on--

DR. LORING, a slender young woman, leaning over him.

CLIFF
Where am I?

DR. LORING
Westchester General Hospital. You were involved in a car crash, Dr. Addison. Do you have any idea what happened?

Cliff shakes off his initial confusion.

CLIFF
Where's Abbey?

She takes a breath, gearing up for the hard part.

DR. LORING
I'd like you to prepare yourself.

6 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 6

A pair of PATIENTS shuffle by, both badly burned.

Dr. Loring pushes Cliff in a wheelchair. They arrive at a set of double doors, leading to a highly restricted area... THE BURN UNIT.

Dr. Loring punches a button and the double doors SWISH open.

7 INT. BURN UNIT - DAY 7

An immaculate LABORATORY, white suited TECHNICIANS monitoring patients from behind glass.

Cliff hears a wheezing sound... artificially induced respiration amplified like the breath of God. It's coming from a respirator...

8 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY - SAME (CONTINUOUS)

8

Dr. Loring opens the door. Cliff rises from the chair, stepping in. On the bed before him...

Abbey is connected to a bank of high tech MONITORS. She is bandaged from head to toe, wires and tubes coiling out of every orifice.

Cliff moves to her.

CLIFF
(whispering)
Abbey, my angel...

Cliff leans down close and JUMPS as ABBEY JERKS in a short spasm and her LEFT EYE bolts opens, the pupil wandering without purpose.

CLIFF (cont'd)
Abbey?
(no answer)
Can she hear me?

DR. LORING
No. She may seem responsive, but
it's just a reflex. She's not
conscious.

Abbey fixes her good eye on Cliff and her PULSE RATE increases.

CLIFF
What's happening? Is she in pain?

DR. LORING
With the damage to her nerves...
your wife doesn't see or feel
anything.

Cliff, filled with sorrow, turns back Abbey.

We MOVE DIRECTLY INTO ABBEY'S EYE. THE SCREEN FILLS WITH THE BLACK OF HER PUPIL AND WE HEAR ABBEY CRYING OUT IN TORMENT.

9 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

9

Dr. Loring gives Cliff the rest of the bad news.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

Will she ever regain consciousness?

DR. LORING

As far as we know there's no brain damage, so yes, I would say that's very likely. But Abbey's rejected the first round of synthetics.

CLIFF

What does that mean?

DR. LORING

We can keep her alive for a few days with a temporary allograft, but she's going to need a full body skin graft from a matching donor.

(then)

If a donor can be found, and the operation is successful... she'll have a good chance at survival.

CLIFF

But not recovery.

She chooses her words carefully.

DR. LORING

Your wife is never going to be the way she was before the accident.

CLIFF

Will she ever be able to speak?

DR. LORING

It's hard to say. Your wife may be able to communicate, in one way or another. There have been huge advances in Brain-Computer Interfaces, she might be able to type, or there are devices that allow people to communicate through eye movements...

It's all too horrible for Cliff to bear.

CLIFF

Abby loved life. That's not living. She wouldn't want that.

(CONTINUED)

DR. LORING

It's a very personal decision.
(then)

If you choose to discontinue life sustaining procedures, you will need to get an attorney to contact the hospital's legal department. Obtaining a Do Not Resuscitate order usually takes some time. Until then, we have to do everything we can to keep her alive.

Cliff nods, sadly.

CLIFF

I'll call my lawyer.

10 OMITTED 10

11 OMITTED 11

12 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 12

Cliff sits on a bench with a IRA MILSAP, Cliff's attorney, a diminutive man in a power suit.

IRA

Did Abbey have a living will?

Cliff shakes his head 'no.'

CLIFF

After her father died, we had a talk. She told me she wouldn't want to go on. Not if she would be an invalid.

That's what Ira was looking for.

IRA

Good enough. Sounds like her wishes were clear.

Cliff fixes Ira with a direct, vulnerable look.

CLIFF

Ira, I want you to answer not as a lawyer, but as a friend: is this the right thing to do?

IRA

Yes. Absolutely.

CLIFF

How can you be sure?

IRA

Abbey bought your house because she looked good in it. She liked things to be beautiful. She wouldn't want to live looking like a...

(Cliff looks horrified)

Not to be insensitive. The important thing is for you not to feel guilty. It was an accident.

Cliff does not look consoled. He begins a confession.

CLIFF

You know the worst part? Our last days together weren't happy.

(then)

I cheated on her. And then I crashed her into a tree. Those are the last things I'll ever do for my wife.

IRA

The last thing you can do for her is to be strong. That's the last gift you can give her.

(then)

Cliff, everyone makes mistakes. She would have forgiven you.

CLIFF

(doubtfully)

You didn't really know her.

(then)

Abbey could be... unbelievably stubborn.

Cliff drifts off into a tortured reminiscence.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

You know, when we first got married, we were so happy.

(near tears)

We used to make love... in the bathtub.

Ira doesn't want to hear the rest.

IRA

(disgusted)

I really gotta be going.

Ira stands, eager to get out. Cliff stands to shake.

CLIFF

Thanks for coming.

IRA

What are friends for.

13 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DAY

13

Establishing. A well tended, modern HOUSE with a SMART CAR in the driveway. A TAXI pulls up. Cliff gets out, carrying an overnight bag.

14 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DAY

14

We pan from across the great room, a bank of windows display an in-ground pool, on the interior, feminine decoration, a woman's touch. Cliff enters.

The house surrounds Cliff, huge and empty. Cliff drops his luggage and moves inside.

15 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

15

Curtains sway in the breeze, casting shadows across the room.

On a shelf sits a JEWELRY BOX. Cliff opens it and a miniature couple dances to the melody of Cliff and Abbey's WEDDING SONG. Cliff stands, listening. A WINE GLASS, which had been sitting on the shelf, falls to the floor, as if by its own volition. Cliff closes the box. He hears SPLASH.

CLIFF

Abbey?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Cliff moves to the window and looks sadly out to the pool. He JUMPS as--BAM! A bird hits the window. Cliff looks down at the bird, laying dead on the steps outside.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ADDISSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

16

The light comes on. Cliff shuffles in, wearing sweats. A handwritten note on an erasable message board reads:

Wake me up at 7.

-A

Cliff opens a cabinet filled with canned goods. He removes a Dinty More-style stew, empties it into a pot, and places it on to a gas stove, igniting the pilot. He moves off. SHOT HOLDS ON THE STEW... bubbling to a boil.

17 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

17

A lonesome, modern space.

Cliff sits, forlorn, his mind drifting...

18 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

18

Cliff is searching behind the sofa cushions. Abbey steps in from behind, something in her hand.

CLIFF

(without turning)

I've got to call Ted and tell him we won't be making their party. You haven't seen my cell phone, have you?

ABBEY

(quietly)

Yes. I have.

He turns to see that she's holding it in her hand. From the phone's tinny speakers comes a sexy LAUGH. Cliff's face FALLS as Abbey watches a video on the tiny screen...

ANGLE ON THE CELL PHONE SCREEN - VIDEO

A sexy REDHEADED WOMAN removes her top. She SPINS and

(CONTINUED)

flashes her breasts.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff moves towards Abbey, stammering.

CLIFF

That just came over the internet.
Video spam... what will they think
of next?

Abbey, not listening, eyes fixed on--

THE CELL PHONE - VIDEO

An unseen man's arm fondles her while she laughs.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I think it's an ad for a sex pill.

CELL PHONE SCREEN - VIDEO

Cliff moves into the shot and suckles the woman's breast.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff advances towards Abbey, still trying to be 'casual.'
From the tinny speakers come moans of ecstasy.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(desperately thinking on
his feet)

It kinda looks like Trish, huh?
Maybe she's moonlighting as a
model... maybe she's got a
sister...

CELL PHONE SCREEN - VIDEO

Cliff, behind the woman, making an impassioned 'O' face as he
and the redhead have sex.

BACK TO SCENE

Cliff reaches Abbey and holds out his hand. She ignores him,
staring at the screen with disappointed, simmering rage.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(meekly)

Honey. Honey? Can I have the phone
back?

(CONTINUED)

ABBEY

I knew I shouldn't have let you
hire that slut.

Cliff looks into Abbey's eyes and knows that lying is
pointless -- he's busted.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

It's over, Abbey. I swear.

ABBEY

I hope she was worth it.

Abbey, disgusted, drops the phone to the floor.

EXT. THE ACCIDENT - SERIES OF FLASHCUTS

A violent barrage: the Luxury Sedan... the tree... the airbag... Abbey on fire, writhing in pain!

BACK TO - THE PRESENT

BEEEEEP! Cliff is jarred back to reality by the sound of a SMOKE DETECTOR, buzzing from the kitchen.

CLIFF

Shit.

19 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME (CONTINUOUS) 19

Cliff returns, looks around. The stew-- what's left of it-- sizzles from the stove. He grabs the SMOKING pot, burning his hand on the handle. He pivots, dropping it onto a cutting board.

His attention is drawn to the message board where only two words remain in dripping black ink:

'Wake me'

AT THE SINK

Cliff scrapes the stew from the bottom of the pot. The gristled meat and burnt gravy spiral into the strainer.

20 INT. HOSPITAL - BURN UNIT - NIGHT 20

Abbey's room is silent except for her labored breathing and the BLIPS and HUM of the machines.

The BLIPS slow as her pulse begins to fall and--

STOPS.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

An ALARM goes off. After a moment a NURSE RUNS inside.

NURSE
(yelling)
DOCTOR!

21 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 21

The bath is running.

Cliff removes his watch, placing it on the ledge, the time exactly 11:02 PM. He lowers himself into the water. A pang of discomfort. Cliff adjusts. Sighs. That's better. He closes his eyes.

22 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT - SAME 22

(SOMEONE'S) POINT OF VIEW drifts through the darkness. (It) pauses momentarily to admire a collection of FAMILY PHOTOS... before MOVING on.

P.O.V approaches the STEREO CABINET. A CD Player lights up. The track skips ahead to '4'. Abbey and Cliff's WEDDING SONG, the same one we heard from the jewelry box.

23 BACK TO - INT. MASTER BATHROOM - SUNKEN TUB - SAME 23

Cliff hums along from his semi-conscious state.

ANGLE ON: A small pool of water on the tile floor BOILS into steam and disappears.

24 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (SAME TIME) 24

The doctor injects a syringe into Abbey, trying to revive her. He waits for a response then-

DOCTOR
No good. Defibrillator!

BACK TO:

ON CLIFF

Laying in the tub. Abruptly, the water level RISES to his chin. Someone-- or thing-- has entered the bath.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Cliff opens his eyes.

25 BACK TO - INT. MASTER BATHROOM - SUNKEN TUB - SAME

25

ABBEY is in the tub across from him, young and perfect, her bare breasts glistening above the water line.

SUNKEN TUB - FAVORED ANGLES

Cliff sits up, entranced.

CLIFF

Abbey?

(then)

Oh my God.

(with longing relief)

Abbey.

She rises to reveal herself, aching beautiful, *the Honeymoon spoils*. She moves towards Cliff and

Straddles him.

Cliff GASPS as--

She reaches between his legs and begins *pumping*.

He tilts his head back, eyes closed. Enraptured.

Then a CHANGE takes place. Her once flawless skin boils with BLISTERS, turning a crisp umber.

ON CLIFF

panting, his eyes in slits, remains unaware.

ABBEY'S FACE

turns charcoal black.

SUNKEN TUB - FAVORED ANGLES

Cliff is SWEPT AWAY in the moment, when a BOILED BLOB OF MELTED FLESH lands in his mouth.

Cliff gags, opening his eyes to find... the monstrous facsimile of his wife, the ABBEY-THING.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Cliff fights to remove her, his arms JERKING. He grabs at her arm. Her skin sloughs off under his fingers.

The Abbey-thing overpowers him, a voracious sexual assault.

Cliff SCREAMS.

26 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT - SAME 26

NEW ANGLE

From one instant to the next... Cliff finds himself alone, the water gone. And Abbey with it. Did it actually happen? Cliff sits, gasping, spent and frightened like a baby.

27 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 27

Abbey's heart is beating again. The Doctor takes the defibrillator pads from her body as the STAFF celebrate their success--cheers, high fives all around.

28 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT (SAME TIME) 28

Cliff, in the tub, hears a sound, a MELODY, coming from the bedroom. He pulls himself from the tub, grabs a towel, and steps out into--

29 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME (CONTINUOUS) 29

Cliff looks to a small shelf outside the bathroom where THE JEWELRY BOX IS OPEN, the tiny couple spinning, playing *their* song. There's a framed photo next to the jewelry box: CLIFF AND ABBEY'S WEDDING PICTURE. SHOT PUSHES IN ON ABBEY'S FACE, a pleasant smile, innocent at the time. Tonight... it's taken on a whole new meaning.

Cliff closes the music box then moves back to...

29A INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 29A

Stepping back inside, Cliff catches his reflection in a LARGE MIRROR. He stops and stares because--

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF'S P.O.V. - MIRROR

There are RED MARKS on his back, like handprints, where 'Abbey's ghost' touched him.

Cliff TURNS. In the mirror TWO RED CIRCLES are revealed on his chest, right about where her breasts would have touched him.

PUSH INTO CLIFF as, with rising dread, he drops the towel from his waist, staring with horror at his lower regions...

30 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 30

Cliff holds the phone to his ear. He's in a nervous panic, periodically examining the red marks in a mirror.

INTERCUT WITH:

31 IRA'S PILLOW & HEADBOARD 31

A very sleepy IRA lays in bed, trying to talk some sense into Cliff.

IRA

You fell asleep in the bathtub. You got a boner. You had a sex dream that went bad.

CLIFF

It wasn't a sex dream. It was horrible.

IRA

Sex dreams can be terrifying. I once dreamed I was bangin' this hot little number and all of a sudden she turned into a huge rottweiler with a cock...

Ira turns and speaks to an UNSEEN WIFE.

IRA (cont'd)

(to his wife, tenderly)
Sorry honey, go back to sleep.

CLIFF

I've got red marks where she touched me. Burns. Like sunburn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)
(panicking)
I've got sunburn on my penis.

IRA
You've got a rash. You've been
under a lot of stress.

CLIFF
She was here.

IRA
Abbey is in a coma. I guarantee
you, she hasn't left her room.

CLIFF
Maybe not her body. What about her
soul?

IRA
I'm a lawyer, what do I know about
souls?

CLIFF
You don't understand. When Abbey
gets mad, she's relentless.

IRA
What exactly are we talking about
here? Are we talking about a ghost,
Cliff?

CLIFF
(a slight hesitation)
Yes.

IRA
It wasn't a ghost, Cliffy. Why
couldn't it be a ghost? Come on.
Why?

CLIFF
Because... Abbey's still alive.

IRA
I was actually looking for 'because
ghosts aren't real', but your
answer's good too.

CLIFF
Are you sure?

IRA

Put aloe vera on the rash, take a Valium, and get some sleep.

Ira hangs up.

The doorbell RINGS. Then again. At this hour? Cliff heads downstairs.

Cliff opens the door to reveal:

32 EXT. FRONT DOOR ADDISSON HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

32

PAM, Abbey's mother, standing in the doorway. Her stern, unforgiving eyes burn into Cliff.

PAM

Is it true? Are you really trying to pull the plug on my daughter?

CLIFF

Pam... mom, I...

PAM

Don't call me mom. It makes me want to throw up.

Cliff fumbles to keep the robe closed.

CLIFF

I have to respect Abbey's wishes.

PAM

Oh. Yes. Really. Abbey's wishes.

CLIFF

Why don't you come in and we'll talk about this?

PAM

Talk? You'll talk to my lawyer. I'll see you ruined. You crash my daughter into a tree and you think you deserve to get rich off it?

CLIFF

What are you talking about?

PAM

I never liked you.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

Pam... I don't know what you mean,
I'm not getting rich...

PAM

(cutting him off)
Go to hell, Cliff. You aren't going
to get away with this.

With that she turns and walks away. Cliff closes the door,
badly shaken and confused.

33 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 33

Cliff shuffles towards the whistling kettle and makes himself
a cup of tea. A news channel plays its morning show in the
living room. A FAMILIAR VOICE cuts through the din of the
news. With trepidation, Cliff moves to the--

34 INT. GREAT ROOM - DAY - SAME (CONTINUOUS) 34

On the television, Abbey's mother, Pam, is giving a teary-
eyed interview in front of the hospital.

PAM

(on the television)
...he was probably drunk when he
crashed that car. He always hated
her. He was abusive. At family
dinners he would...

(choke)
...slap me, if I said anything.

(then)
I just pray to Jesus not to let
that man take my daughter from me
forever.

Clifford stands, stunned. Pam does a fantastic job of playing
the sensitive, wounded mother.

INTERVIEWER

(off screen)
So you think Abbey would want to be
kept alive, no matter what.

PAM

(on the television)
I know she would, John. God should
decide who lives and dies, not some
doctor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

PAM (cont'd)
(with distaste)
And certainly not Clifford
Addisson.

AT THE FRONT DOOR-

Cliff heads out, looking behind him at the empty interior.

34A EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 34A

Cliff moves towards the driveway, letting the door close behind him and then turns-the word "MURDERER" has been spray-painted across his front door.

35 OMITTED 35

36 INT. HOSPITAL - BURN UNIT - ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY 36

ABBEY, ON A TILT TABLE

suspended upright, her grisly visage fully unwrapped, matching the thing that visited Cliff last night.

A pair of TECHNICIANS scrub and remove (with forceps and scissors) dead tissue from Abbey's extremities. At face value, the debridement process resembles a medieval torture, gory and unrelenting.

Cliff enters the room, flowers in hand. Stunned, he studies his wife: exposed cartilage where a nose once was, the sensual lips bloated to clownish proportions.

The wretched excess splatters into a basin, MATCHING the concoction in the kitchen sink.

He clasps his hand over his mouth, trying not to heave.

ABBEY'S LEFT EYE opens, staring directly at him. And then... from Abbey's lips, a tortured MOAN, vaguely reminiscent of last night's orgy of horror.

Cliff BLINKS, and Abbey's eyes are once again closed.

Cliff bolts out of the room, scared witless.

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 38

The double doors fly open. Cliff stumbles out, using the wall to hold himself up.

39 OMITTED 39

40 OMITTED 40

41 INT. CLIFF'S DENTAL PRACTICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 41

The answering machine. Cliff hits play--

ELECTRONIC VOICE
You have 34 messages.

VOICE ON MACHINE
Hi. I saw you on the television and
I'd like to schedule an
appointment... with your wife.
(giggles)
That burned up slut really gets me
horny...

Horrified, Cliff hits ERASE. In a SERIES OF CUTS, Cliff hits the play button again and again, the numbers counting down as WE HEAR SNIPPETS of differing opinions edited as one.

VARIOUS VOICES (PHONE V.O.)
What you're doing is a--
(Beep, next voice)
-twisted-
(Beep, next voice)
-merciful-
(Beep, next voice)
-reprehensible-
(Beep, next voice)
-well considered-
(Beep, next voice)
-act of-
(Beep, next voice)
-MURDER!

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
Your messages have been erased.

Behind Cliff, a VOICE.

(CONTINUED)

TRISH
(off camera, pointedly)
Where have you been?

Cliff turns to see--

A stunningly SEXY WOMAN with red hair and a low-cut dress, stands framed in the examination room doorway. It's TRISH, the woman from the cell phone photos. Impulsive, confrontational, selfish, ultra-sexed and self-absorbed, Trish only values what she can't have.

CLIFF
Trish. I was in the hospital for a few days. As I'm sure you know, Abbey is in critical condition...

TRISH
(cutting him off)
I let you fuck me and you didn't even call.

CLIFF
My wife might be dying.

TRISH
Did you know that your 'wife' fired me?

CLIFF
(weary)
Yes.

TRISH
Well, because of your 'wife' I'm a month late on my condo payments.
(then)
You know, I thought we had something going.

CLIFF
I didn't think you even liked me. You said I was a mercy fuck.

TRISH
I was only kidding about that.
(then)
So, am I un-fired now?
(then)
It's not like she's gonna know.

(CONTINUED)

Cliff is too beaten to argue.

CLIFF

O.K.

(then)

But we can't have any more...
indiscretions. Everything is just
crazy right now. Do you understand?

Trish has relaxed, now that she's getting her job back, and
is soft and affectionate.

TRISH

You're a good guy, Cliff.

It cheers him up, a little.

CLIFF

I've got to go meet Ira.

TRISH

OK.

She leans over to kiss him good-bye. She opens her mouth wide
to TOUNGE-KISS, slobbering his face. He EVADES.

CLIFF

Come on, Trish!

Trish does not appear to be stung by Cliff's rejection at
all.

TRISH

'Bye.

42 OMITTED

42

43 EXT. HOSPITAL PROMENADE - DAY

43

Ira and Cliff.

IRA

My sources say your mother-in-law
has booked Montel.

CLIFF

Oh, no.

(CONTINUED)

IRA

And Senator Lowman, the one in the corruption scandal? He's promised to champion her cause in a speech this afternoon. This is gonna get big.

CLIFF

Why? Why is she doing this? I was always nice to her.

IRA

The airbag.

CLIFF

What?

IRA

Your airbag opened. And here you sit, a little retarded, but otherwise not much worse for wear. If Abbey's airbag opens she probably walks away, same as you.

CLIFF

Her seatbelt was off.

IRA

Doesn't matter. There was a malfunction and Loris is going to pay a large settlement to keep it out of a courtroom.

CLIFF

How large?

IRA

There was a similar settlement in Denver. Ten million dollars.

CLIFF

Holy cow.

IRA

If your mother in law can have you removed as Abbey's legal guardian, she becomes custodian to that money.

(then)

And when Abbey dies? Whoever wins gets to keep it all.

(getting to business)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IRA (cont'd)

So. I've got a PR firm to get you some favorable press, the Senator's opponent has promised his support in exchange for some campaign assistance...

CLIFF

(interrupting)

What if I just offer to give Pam the money? Would she leave us alone?

IRA

It's too late for her to back out. Besides, you're going to need that money to pay your legal bills.

CLIFF

What percentage of the money do you get as my attorney?

IRA

(taken aback)

What's on your mind, Cliff?

CLIFF

Did you know about the money two days ago? When you told me that I was definitely doing the right thing?

Ira looks at him head on and lies.

IRA

Of course not, Cliff. Jesus, what do you think I am?

Ira's 'sincerity' is persuasive. Cliff feels guilty for asking.

CLIFF

(backing down)

I'm sorry Ira.

IRA

Not a problem.

Trish, in a form fitting, low-cut outfit, stares up at a wall mounted television where--

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

*

How long has that been in Mr.
Schoening's mouth?

TRISH

(not looking)

It got stuck. I was waiting for you
to take it out. Are you really
going to get all that money?

Irritated, Cliff turns off the television and moves to the
Patient.

CLIFF

(soothing)

All right, Mr. Schoening, you might
feel some pressure.

Cliff tries to pull the frame which holds the hardened glop
in place. It won't budge. Mr. Schoening moans with pain.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Maybe you want some gas. Would you
like some gas Mr. Schoening?

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Schoening nods weakly.

As Cliff tries to fit the gas-mask over the apparatus in Mr. Schoening's mouth, Trish leans over the chair, her ample breasts over Mr. Schoening's face. She whispers seductively in Cliff's ear.

TRISH

How long are we going to live this charade?

The TELEPHONE rings. Trish, staring intensely at Cliff, makes no move to get it. Finally--

CLIFF

(irritated)
I'll get it.

44A INT. CLIFF'S DENTAL PRACTICE - RECEPTION DESK - CONTINU..44A

Cliff picks up the phone.

CLIFF

Addisson Dental, can I help you?

INTERCUT WITH:

45 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

45

Ira, on his cell phone, standing outside his car. He's in a great mood, but tries to temper it for the occasion.

IRA

The Honorable Judge Elder just ruled. In forty-eight hours, a Do Not Resuscitate order goes into effect.

Cliff lets out a sigh of relief.

IRA (cont'd)

I'm going to the hospital right now to make sure everything is in order.

CLIFF

I'll be there in an hour.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

IRA

The press will be watching. Bring more flowers.

They both hang up. Cliff sits still, letting the reality sink in.

46 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY

46

Ira walks into Abbey's room. He sits by the edge of her bed. Abbey lays with her eye open.

IRA

Well, Abbey. I came to say good-bye. Even though you never liked me.

(beat)

You know, when I heard this awful thing happened to you, the first thing that jumped into my mind was, "I am going to be able to buy a boat." I'm not a nice guy. I admit it.

Ira takes a glass hip flask from his inside pocket and unscrews the lid.

IRA (cont'd)

Still, I'm sorry this had to happen to you. But like I always say, when life gives you a lemon, you gotta make lemonade.

(then)

Here's to you Abbey. And lemonade.

He drinks. Abbey's pulse begins to quicken and we PUSH INTO ABBEY'S EYE, a hidden rage building inside her...

A VIDEO MONITOR--

47 EXT. HOSPITAL - LIVE NEWSFEED - DAY

47

--is superimposed over an image of: Cliff, flowers tucked under his arm. He is JOSTLED as he FIGHTS his way through the crowd towards the entrance of the hospital. There are SHOUTS both condemning, and in support of Cliff's cause: "Choose Life," "Money Grubbing Killer!" "You should be set on fire and burned!" "Leave Him Alone," "Death with dignity" and "Stay strong, Cliff!"

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

A smattering of REPORTERS following him up to the edge of the security area, snapping pictures, shouting questions.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

There's been reports of a multi-million dollar settlement in the works. Can you elaborate? Was there a deal in place before the DNR came through?

CLIFF

Let me pass, please. I just want to visit my wife.

Cliff pushes his way through the gauntlet and out of sight, inside the hospital.

PAN DOWN off the monitor to reveal:

47A INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS 47A

Cliff, stumbling inside, disoriented and disheveled. Outside the hospital, we can hear protestors CHANTING "Save your soul!"

TELEVISION REPORTER
(off camera)

Things have certainly gotten tense, as the crowds have swelled here. Impromptu demonstrations have broken out both condemning and supporting Mr. Addisson...

48 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE ABBY'S ROOM - DAY 48

Cliff meets Ira.

IRA

Hey, pal.

CLIFF

(somber)

I'd like to have some time alone with her.

IRA

Sure. Meet me in the cafeteria when you're done.

49 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY

49

Cliff watches the breathing pattern on the monitor, follows the machine to its plug in the wall. Forlorn, he moves in close to Abbey.

CLIFF

Abbey. I know I wasn't always the best husband. I don't know if you can find it in your heart to forgive me. I'm sorry for that thing with Trish and the fight we had. And for getting you into this situation. I just want you to know... I'll always love you.

He presses his lips against hers. Abbey's eyelid flutters. And then... Cliff feels a sting. He jumps back, a drop of blood hanging his lip. And Abbey's. HE'S BEEN BITTEN.

An ALARM sounds! He turns toward the monitors. ABBEY'S VITALS GO COMPLETELY FLAT.

Within seconds, a NURSE rushes into the chamber. She presses the intercom.

NURSE

She's flat-lining again! Code Blue!
Page Dr. Loring!

The Nurse leads Cliff out as the BURN UNIT TEAM rushes in past them...

NURSE (cont'd)

This way, Dr. Addisson.

Cliff stops her.

CLIFF

Wait... what do you mean she's flat-lining *again*?

NURSE

They called a code on her last night. She was revived quickly and seemed to stabilize...

CLIFF

(urgently)
What time?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

NURSE
Around eleven.

The Nurse turns and goes back into the room.

50 OMITTED

50

51 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - SAME

51

It's eerily silent. Cliff walks up the empty hall, agitated, mind reeling.

The fluorescent lights above him begin to FLICKER.

Cliff glances at a FOOD CART of leftovers.

CLOSE ON: THE TRAY. The left-over pineapple chunks and gravy begins to SIZZLE.

MOVING P.O.V. INTO CLIFF, AS HE SPINS AROUND TO SEE--

ABBEY - YOUNG, SEXY, BEAUTIFUL, INCHES FROM HIS FACE.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Cliff is alone in the hallway. There is no one standing in front of him, but behind him--

The double doors BURST open.

Cliff turns around, terrified, as the presence moves away.

CUT TO:

52 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NEAR THE MRI ROOMS - DAY

52

Ira pauses to take another drink from his glass hip flask. He's starting to sweat. He removes his cell phone and dials. An ORDERLY is passing.

ORDERLY
Hey guy. No cell phones in the
hospital.

When the Orderly is out of sight, Ira, irritated, looks both ways then ducks into the nearest empty room--

53 INT. MRI PREPPING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 53

Ira enters a small room off the hallway. It's quiet and dark. He doesn't read the sign which reads: "CAUTION EXTREME DANGER-
- no metal objects in the MRI room, no pace makers, no metal implants, jewelry, coins..." as he moves through to--

54 INT. MRI ROOM - LARGE CHAMBER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 54

A spacious room with a glass window that views into the control room, where the machines are operated. Ira begins to dial.

Suddenly, the phone is HOT in his hand, SMOKING. Ira drops it to the ground, shaking his burning fingers.

IRA
What the hell?!?

Bewildered and annoyed, Ira takes out his handkerchief and folds it in his hand, preparing to pick up his cell phone.

Behind him, in the control room window, we see--

ABBEY, standing pale and ghostly behind the glass.

CLOSE ON: The control panel, heat condensation forming inside the gauges, buttons melting. The panel LIGHTS UP as the power goes on.

Ira bends down to retrieve his device when--

There is a SURGING SOUND and--

Ira's cell phone FLIES across the room and SLAMS into the side of the MRI machine, about six feet above the ground.

Ira stands for a bewildered moment, before--

The magnets catch hold of all the metal on his body and he is flung across the room and VIOLENTLY SLAMMED into the side of the MRI machine, his feet dangling a foot off the ground.

Ira's nose is smashed and the glass flask in his pocket is broken. Booze drips down his suit, down his pants leg, and onto the ground.

He tries to move, but is held in place by the ring on his finger and the watch on his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

He has been pulled with such force that the ring has cut into his finger, drawing blood.

IRA (cont'd)

Ow.

(yelling)

HELP! HELP! SOMEONE TURN THIS THING
OFF!

There is no answer. After a moment, Ira sets about to try to free himself. He works the ring off his right hand, tearing the skin from his knuckle then reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out what's left of the SHATTERED glass flask. It's edges are bloody. Ira drops it to the ground below. He turns his head and SCREAMS.

The ABBEY-THING is CRAWLING across the floor.

Ira begins to frantically work himself free.

Abbey's body gives off tremendous HEAT. She leaves a trail of BLACK hand and foot prints burned into the floor behind her. As she passes light bulbs overhead SHATTER. A hospital gown hanging on the wall begins to SMOKE and BURN--

The only thing holding him back is his TAG HEUER WATCH. His fingers fumble with the clasp, but it's too tight, tearing at his flesh...

Abbey MOVES CLOSER. Ira's face is covered in sweat. The EDGES of his shirt begin to DARKEN and SINGE...

Abbey is ALMOST ON HIM, hands reaching out--

IRA'S SHIRT BURSTS INTO FLAME, igniting the soaked in alcohol, just as

THE WATCH BAND BREAKS.

Ira stumbles away, his chest engulfed in flame. He SLAPS at the flames on his chest, FLAILING helplessly...

Cliff walks, troubled and forlorn, down the hallway, nursing his bloody lip. Off in the distance, he hears a SCREAM. It sounds like Ira. Cliff takes off RUNNING.

56 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, NEAR THE MRI ROOMS - DAY - SAME 56

There is a SCREAM of "FIRE!" The hall is filling with smoke, coming from the MRI room. Cliff PULLS a FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall and runs into--

57 INT. MRI ROOM - LARGE CHAMBER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 57

Ira is COMPLETELY engulfed in flames.

Cliff SPRAYS him with the extinguisher.

The ORDERLY and a few HOSPITAL WORKERS are arriving as Cliff puts out the last of the fire to see--

IRA, burned and blackened, his dead face twisted into an awful SCREAM.

ORDERLY

Oh man. Oh no.

Cliff drops the extinguisher and RUNS out--

58 INT. ABBEY'S ROOM - DAY - SAME TIME 58

The monitors come ALIVE with sounds and squiggly lines, the Code Team having revived Abbey once again. Dr. Loring offers her congratulations.

DR. LORING

Nice work, people.

(quietly)

You live another day, Ms. Addisson.

Cliff BURSTS inside the room in an urgent, hysterical panic.

CLIFF

Is she alive?

DR. LORING

Yes, for now...

CLIFF

You've got to save her. Please. I changed my mind... she has to live.

(to Abbey)

Abbey, honey, sweet-heart, you've got to live.

59 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - SHORTLY

59

Dr. Loring and Cliff. She gives him the grim truth.

DR. LORING

Her wounds are retracting at an accelerated rate. If a matching donor doesn't present itself within, roughly, twelve hours, surgery will be impossible.

CLIFF

What, by six a.m. tomorrow?

DR. LORING

At the latest.

ON A MONITOR:

Inside the hospital entrance, PAM is giving a tearful interview. Behind her, we can see the signs of PROTESTORS, spilling out into the hallway.

PAM

Please... my baby girl is running out of time. Don't let Clifford Addisson murder my child...

CLIFF

(yelling, off camera)

Hey! I have an announcement to make!

The cameras SWERVE to catch Cliff, RUNNING into frame.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(to Pam)

You were right, Mom.

(to the cameras)

I made a terrible mistake! I am rescinding the DNR. Life is precious. Abby must stay alive no matter what & if there is a settlement from Abbey's case I will give it, all of it, to anyone who finds her a donor. We only have a few hours left.

Pam, standing behind him, looks strangely unhappy.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

Even if she's stuck in a bed, or a vegetable, it doesn't matter just as long as she's alive. The last gift I can give her... is to make sure that she lives!

60 OMITTED 60

61 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - NIGHT 61

Cliff gets out of his car. He heads towards the front door: the word 'Murderer' has been crossed out and replaced with 'PUSSY.'

62 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - NIGHT 62

The front door opens, Cliff steps into the quiet, empty room and moves to--

INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The patio doors are open and candles have been lit around the pool. Strange. He steps out to--

THE PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Light bounces from the pool. Cliff walks slowly, footsteps echoing. He sees something through the glass of the great room, a silhouette -- ABBEY? Slowly, nervously, he steps into--

63 INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 63

CLIFF

Abbey?

SILHOUETTE

Do I look like a burnt up old bitch?

Trish, bottle in hand, steps out into the light.

CLIFF

Oh Jesus. Trish. What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

TRISH

(ignoring him)

I saw you on TV. You weren't serious about giving away the money, were you?

CLIFF

I really need to be alone right now so I can think...

Trish looks at a photograph of Abbey on the mantel. Abbey is young, fresh-faced and beautiful.

TRISH

God, she was ugly. I'll bet her box was wrecked.

CLIFF

No it wasn't.

TRISH

Her box was ruined. Not tight. She had a loose spoon. You can admit it.

CLIFF

Jesus, Trish, stop it. You've got to go.

TRISH

I've been drinking.

CLIFF

I'll call you a car.

TRISH

I'm not leaving you alone. You are obviously having some kind of breakdown.

Cliff can see there's no point in arguing.

CLIFF

Fine, whatever. Just stay out of my way.

Cliff moves to the bar and, with shaking hands, starts to fix himself a drink.

CLIFF (cont'd)

(thinking out loud)

I need to steady my nerves so I can think.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF (cont'd)

I've only got until dawn to figure this out or Abbey's going to find a way to fuck me.

He chugs down a triple shot. Trish moves slowly over to him.

TRISH

I don't think Abbey's in any shape to be fucking anyone...

CLIFF

(interrupting, not listening)

She's laying there coming up with all the things she's going to do to me. Sick, unimaginable things. I mean, I thought she was spiteful when she was alive but now...

TRISH

Shhh, baby.

Trish wraps her arms around him, nuzzles his neck, and rubs her hands on his chest. He looks for a moment like he might succumb, then quickly pushes her hands off and moves away.

CLIFF

No! This is what started the whole thing. I don't have time. I need... I need a plan. I need...

TRISH

Mommy knows what you need.

Trish begins the sexiest walk in cinematic history towards Cliff, removing her clothes as she goes.

TRISH (cont'd)

You've been starved physically. Your hormones are in a tizzy. It's addled your brain.

CLIFF

Stay away from me.

TRISH

Oh baby... I'm so hot, I'm gushing. I can't stand it. Be merciful. I'm going to let you do whatever you want. I can't stop you. I'm helpless to your barbaric sexual magnetism.

(CONTINUED)

Trish is naked by the time she stops walking, squared up to him, about three feet away. Cliff looks at her, torn between his fear and his hunger.

TRISH (cont'd)
(a whisper)
Come and get it.

A beat.

CLIFF
(stern)
Trish, you're fired. Get your shit
and get out.

She stands in exactly the same position. Unmoving. A standoff. Then he--

LUNGES FOR HER. His lips meet hers in a desperate, sloppy, starved kiss, gasping with desire, their hands all over each other...

ANGLE FROM OVERHEAD suggesting a HOVERING P.O.V, as the two of them fall to the floor, consumed with passion, and begin to make love.

Camera MOVES DOWN, to eye level, finding the PICTURE of Abbey on the mantel-- Cliff and Trish in the reflection.

Cliff and Trish lay together, post coital. Cliff is looking over at the clock, nervously. It reads two a.m.

TRISH
Why are you staring at the clock?

CLIFF
I can't help it.

TRISH
You know you're being crazy, right?

CLIFF
I... guess.
(to himself, mostly)
In six hours we'll know.

TRISH
When that nasty bitch kicks the
bucket, nothing's gonna happen.
(MORE)

64 CONTINUED: 64

TRISH (cont'd)
(then)
I'll bet you a million dollars.

CLIFF
But if I'm right, I'll be dead.

TRISH
(affectionately)
I can't pull one over on you, can
I? You're too smart for me.

She kisses him on the lips, sweetly & gets out of bed, still
naked, and grabs his shirt.

CLIFF
Where are you going?

TRISH
To get another bottle of wine, if
that's O.K.

Cliff's gaze falls to: the bathroom. He slips into a
flashback.

65 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 65

Cliff stands outside the bathroom door.

CLIFF
Abbey?
(Knocks again, growing
concerned)
Please answer me.

Still no answer.

INTERCUT WITH:

66 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 66

Abbey stands on the other side of the door, tears on her
cheeks. He speaks gently.

CLIFF
Please open the door.
(then)
I cleared the weekend. I thought we
might take a drive to the cabin.

Abbey is looking down at something in her hand. CLOSE ON THE
ITEM: It is a HOME PREGNANCY TEST WAND.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

ABBEY
(softly)
Like old times, huh?

ON CLIFF:

CLIFF
What? What did you say?

A moment later the door opens. Abbey stands framed in the doorway.

ABBEY
O.K. Let's take a drive.

On Cliff's face, a ray of hope.

END FLASHBACK.

Behind Cliff, who's still waiting for a response, a photograph of Abbey falls from the dresser--

--CRASH.

Cliff is JARRED out of his trance. The wind? Cliff gets off the bed and shuts the window. He looks down at the picture on the ground, the glass cracked over Abbey's face.

67 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

67

Trish enters and starts looking through the wine rack.

CUT TO:

68 INT. HOSPITAL - ABBEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

68

The rhythmic sound of Abbey's breathing grows increasingly labored. The digital heart monitor begins counting down: 90, 89, 88, 87...

CUT BACK TO:

69 INT. ADDISSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THERMOSTAT

69

the temperature rising: 84, 85, 86.

(CONTINUED)

KITCHEN - FAVORED ANGLES

Trish makes her selection as the telephone rings, unanswered.

(CONTINUED)

(MOVING) P.O.V:

glides along the upstairs hall, finds Trish, beginning to sweat as she goes looking for a cork-screw and some glasses.

70 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

70

Cliff backs away from the window, nervous, sensing another presence. A moment of SILENCE. His cell rings. He spins around.

The phone is on the night stand. Waiting. Cliff picks up.

CLIFF

Hello?

A picture materializes. Cliff looks down at the receiver.

CELL PHONE SCREEN - FIRST SHOT

A self portrait of Trish, initiating a striptease from the kitchen, one arm covering her breasts.

SECOND SHOT

Trish flashes her left breast.

ON CLIFF

He finds it really kind of sweet... until he notices something else in the frame. His smile disappears.

BACK TO - CELL PHONE - SECOND SHOT

Another FIGURE, the Abbey-thing, creeps up behind Trish.

THIRD SHOT

Trish flashes her right breast, the Abbey-thing closer.

FOURTH SHOT

Trish flashes both breasts, the Abbey-thing there by her backside...

(CONTINUED)

FIFTH SHOT

A blank FRAME... accompanied by TRISH'S (off screen) SCREAM!

CLIFF RUNS.

71 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 71

Cliff, RUNS into the kitchen. He sees something that stops him in his tracks--

THE MESSAGE BOARD. A new note, written in ASH, reads:

'skin'

Trish COWERS against the wall, WHIMPERING.

Cliff helps her up. She clings to him tightly, shivering like a child, paralyzed with fear.

TRISH
Is she... still here?

CLIFF
I don't think so. They must have revived her again.

TRISH
Oh God. It was awful. That burning smell... Please... protect me.

He begins to lead her out.

TRISH (cont'd)
You can't let her die. You can't.
She's got to live. No matter what.
You've got to stop her.

Cliff, moving behind her, PICKS UP an empty wine bottle.

CLIFF
(almost sadly)
I know.

He raises the wine bottle over his head, and...

72 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 72

Cliff opens the cabinet below the sink. Removes a COOLER, emptying its contents on the floor: sponges, rolls of tin foil, Mr. Clean. He rushes to the freezer and starts to fill the cooler with ice.

He glances up at the large clock over the sink: it's just after 3 a.m.

73 INT. DENTAL OFFICE - NIGHT - SKINNING MONTAGE 73

A pair of HANDS, shaking slightly, slip into rubber gloves.

Steel ORAL SURGICAL TOOLS are laid out on a tray.

The hands release a valve attached to a canister of nitrous oxide. Gas hisses through a tube.

CLOSE ON TRISH - A mask hooded over her mouth and nose, her eyes in slits, a wound to her temple crudely tended to. Feeling the first affects of the gas... Trish smiles.

ON CLIFF, sweaty and desperate, ready for surgery. The time has come.

74 INT. DENTAL OFFICE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME 74

Close on: the STEREO. It flicks to life, playing a MUZAK version of Cliff and Abbey's WEDDING SONG.

CLIFF looks out into the waiting room, hearing the familiar ballad.

CLIFF

Just a few hours, Abbey. Just hang on.

Cliff picks up a nasty looking dental instrument as a makeshift dermatome.

CLIFF (cont'd)

I'm sorry you have to be alive for this Trish... your skin has to be fresh.

TRISH, tied and bound to the dental chair resembling Abbey's debridement session. Broken lines have been drawn in blue ink, sectioning off Trish's skin like a human jigsaw puzzle.

(CONTINUED)

A steel basin lies under her head for overflow. An extension cord keeps her hands to her sides at crotch level.

CLIFF (cont'd)

Now you are going to feel a little pressure...

CLIFF scores a path along the broken lines with the make-shift dermatome.

TRISH SCREAMS! Takes in a whiff of gas. Laughs! SLICE. She screams. Cliff increases the gas. Trish is disoriented and loopy.

TRISH

Do I... have a cavity?

CLIFF

Yes. It will be over soon.

She laughs as he cuts her again.

TIME DISSOLVE:

The surgery almost complete... a mound of skin lays in the cooler beside them, gory flaps draping over the side.

Cliff looks down at his watch. Wipes away the blood to see that it's almost five a.m.

Trish looks like a page out of Gray's Anatomy, every blood-soaked muscle exposed. Cliff continues to work, his scrubs covered in Rorschach blotches of red.

As for Trish... she's no longer screaming. By now, everything's just too hilarious.

Cliff drops the skin into the cooler. His job complete, he picks up an ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE and REVS the blades. He kneels down to look into TRISH'S GLASSY EYES.

CLIFF

You've very brave, Trish. I'm afraid this last part... doesn't get any better.

Cliff starts the saw and brings it down towards her skinless body...

76 OMITTED 76

77 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 77

Cliff drives Abbey's car quickly out into the night. A LARGE GARBAGE BAG is tied to the roof with an extension cord.

78 OMITTED 78

79 INT. ROADSTER TRAVELING - NIGHT 79

Cliff listens to a TALK RADIO SHOW as he drives. It features a MALE and a FEMALE HOST, bantering back and forth, laughing, flirting, a "Frosty, Heidi & Frank" kind of deal. Cliff glances at the clock on the radio: 5:25.

MALE HOST (RADIO V.O.)

I mean, we all want to control our mates, but come on. First she's off the ventilator, then she's on. Next week she'll be off again. There's gotta be a limit!

FEMALE HOST (RADIO V.O.)

I'll tell you one thing. If my dentist looked like Dr. Cliff, he could drill me day and night, honey.

MALE HOST (RADIO V.O.)

So you're publicly admitting you have a thing for Dr. Cliff? Maybe we should open up the phone lines for this...

Cliff shuts off the radio, miserable, and thinks back to... *that night.*

CUT TO:

79A EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (OPENING SEQUENCE) 79A

The Sedan moving along at a good clip. We now see the entire conversation, unedited, as Cliff and Abbey argue...

(CONTINUED)

ABBEY

I don't want to talk about it.
(quietly)
This is going to be my last
cigarette. I want to enjoy it.

CLIFF

You're quitting?

She nods.

CLIFF (cont'd)

That's good.
(beat)
Because I want you to be around for
a long time.

ABBEY

Why should I listen to anything you
say?

CLIFF

Because it's true.
(choking up)
I love you so Goddamned much, Abby.
I'm sorry for everything but you
are my wife. We are going to grow
old together and I'm never going to
let you go.
(quieter)
I'm never going to let you go.

ABBEY

Really?

CLIFF

Yes.

ABBEY

I want to show you something.

Abbey unfastens her seat belt, reaching into the back seat.

CLOSE ON: Her hand, reaching into her purse... and removing
the HOME PREGNANCY TEST WAND, revealing it to Cliff.

ABBEY (cont'd)

I'm having your baby, Cliff.

He tilts his head down. Speechless. The results, a light blue
cross, are positive. As it sinks in, Cliff is overcome with
joy.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFF

Oh my God. Oh my God this is great.
This is so unbelievably awesome!
That's why you're quitting. We are
going to have a family!

ABBEY

I'm afraid it's too late for that.

CLIFF

What?

ABBEY

After what you did, you think I'm
going to let you near my child?

CLIFF

What? Because of... Come on...
Abbey... I mean, *come on*...

ABBEY

You lost your chance at that life
when you fucked that whore. No more
of my family's money. No more
house. And Cliff? No more private
practice.

Cliff can't believe what he's hearing. It's a nightmare.

CLIFF

Abbey. What? You don't really mean
it...

ABBEY

(seething)

You're going to be doing welfare
fillings at the strip mall. Because
of what you did.

(then)

HEY...!

Cliff sees the branch TOO LATE. He SMASHES through it and
loses control. Cliff SCREAMS.

The aftermath of the accident... with what we didn't see.

*PRODUCTION NOTE: *Italicized items are being seen for the
first time*, items in normal font were also seen in scene 3.

Gasoline drips from the ruptured gas tank into the gully.
Abbey is laid out in a pool of gas, moaning, still alive.

Cliff STUMBLES out of the car, disoriented. Abbey lifts her head, trying to focus.

CLIFF

Abbey. Are you...?

ABBEY

(weakly)

Cell phone. Call an ambulance.

CLIFF

O.K.

CLIFF starts to search the ground. He sees something laying there. He stares for a moment, as if making a decision.

Angle on: Abbey's cell phone, and... her ornate cigarette lighter laying beside it.

Cliff picks up the lighter.

ABBEY

Cliff? Did you find it?

Cliff CROUCHES by the edge of the gasoline pool. He tries to be soothing, but there is a nervous edge to his voice.

CLIFF

Just stay calm, honey. Everything's going to be all right.

Abbey cranes her neck to see Cliff. She tries to focus on him as he FLICKS the lighter. It doesn't light.

ABBEY

(slowly realizing)

Cliff? What are you doing?

He FLICKS the lighter again. Nothing.

CLIFF

(nervously)

Just try to relax. They'll be here in a minute.

He continues to FLICK as Abbey begins to SCREAM.

ABBEY

Cliff what are you doing? Stop that... CLIFF!

(desperate)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79B CONTINUED: (3)

79B

ABBEY (cont'd)

*I'M SORRY I DIDN'T MEAN IT
PLEASE...!*

(CONTINUED)

The ground erupts into FLAMES, enveloping Abbey's body. She kicks and screams, writhing in agony.

Cliff RECOILS from the flames.

CLIFF
ABBEY! ABBEY! I'm sorry.

Cliff watches. Shaking with terror. The sounds of SIRENS grow in the distance; help is on the way.

CLOSE ON - HOME PREGNANCY TEST WAND --

-- Melts in the flames.

END FLASHBACK.

80 EXT. RURAL ROAD - ROADSTER - NIGHT 80

The front wheel hits a pothole, violently RATTLING the vehicle.

The black plastic trash bag slips from the restraints.

81 INT. ROADSTER - NIGHT 81

CLIFF

looks up into the...

REARVIEW MIRROR

LIMBS tumbling onto the road.

PREVIOUS ANGLE

Cliff SLAMS on the brakes.

82 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 82

BODY PARTS are scattered everywhere. Cliff begins to gather them up, stuffing them back into the bag, when...

FLASHING LIGHTS appear behind him. Cliff freezes. He's caught, holding a slender, skinned arm in one hand and the plastic bag in the other.

(CONTINUED)

A STATE TROOPER CAR approaches, siren blaring. It gets within range... and swerves around Cliff, just missing him.

OPPOSITE ANGLE

The Trooper Car keeps going, obviously on a call.

TROOPER (LOUDSPEAKER V.O.)
Get out of the road, asshole!

Its tail lights disappear, the setting dark and tranquil once more.

CLIFF

Shoves in the rest of the body parts and starts to re-tie the bag. He notices that he missed one-- there is a FOOT laying on the ground.

No time. Cliff KICKS it off to the side of the road.

CUT TO:

83 INT. ROADSTER - TRAVELING - SHORTLY AFTER - NIGHT 83

Cliff drives fast, glancing at the first dim glow of sunrise. The clock reads: 5:44.

84 OMITTED 84

85 OMITTED 85

86 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAWN 86

Cliff SCREECHES to a halt in the parking lot, grabs the cooler and runs for the doors.

The protests are over and a lone, sad JANITOR is sweeping up their tattered signs and discarded litter. Cliff RUNS past into--

86A INT. HOSPITAL COORIDOR - DAY 86A

We follow a bloody trail along the floor and up to Cliff.

87 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - BURN UNIT - DAY

87

Cliff runs in holding the cooler. A thin trickle of watery ice and blood leaks out onto the floor. A NURSE recognizes Cliff, who is looking desperate and disheveled.

CLIFF

Dr. Loring! I need to see Dr.
Loring! I've only got fifteen
minutes!

NURSE

Mister Addisson... I'm sorry you
can't...

Cliff RUNS past her to Abbey's room, where he can see--

CLIFF'S POV: The bed is empty.

He turns back to the Nurse.

CLIFF

Where is she?

NURSE

Didn't you see on the television?

CLIFF

(with dread)
See what?

The Nurse turns helplessly towards--

DR. Loring, who is stepping in from another room.

DR. LORING

Cliff, Abbey died last night. I
tried to call you.
(off his shocked look)
I'm sorry. You might want to talk
to a grief counselor...

Cliff turns and walks back the way he came.

NURSE

Mr. Addisson? Before you go there's
some forms to sign...

He ignores them both, shuffles out.

88 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DAY 88

Cliff pulls Abbey's car into the driveway. The cooler sits in the passenger seat.

89 EXT. ADDISSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY - SHORTLY AFTER 89

Cliff drops the contractor bag with Trish's body into a trash bin, followed by the cooler.

He closes the lid on the trash bin and drags it out to the curb for pickup.

In no hurry, he shuffles towards the front door, as he does the door--

OPENS

Abbey's ghost, looking young and beautiful, stands in the doorway.

ANGLE ON: CLIFF stares at her for awhile, lovely and radiant, the instrument of his demise.

ABBEY
I'm never going to let you go.

CLIFF
(quietly)
I know.

With weary resignation, Cliff wipes his feet and steps inside. He pulls the door shut after him, locking us out.

Cliff and Abbey's WEDDING SONG begins as--

CREDITS ROLL.