

SOURCES

A Play for Stage

By

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SOURCES

(Synopsis)

1970s L.A.

The Lymans are a happy family living in Hollywood. When the middle daughter, Sienna, a budding starlet, performs a strange magic trick at a family party, their lives are turned around. A few days later, Sienna vanishes, her father dies, her older sister has a miscarriage, and her mother loses her memory. Knowing a curse has befallen the Lymans, Katherine, the mother, goes searching for her missing Sienna, leading the family deeper and deeper into a haunted past and a nest of violence.

This horror-noir features a mostly female cast, some stage combat, mature themes, and brief nudity.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

(14 actors)

KATHERINE LYMAN, *an older woman*

SIENNA LYMAN, *a younger woman*

ZOEY LYMAN, *a younger woman*

REBECCA LYMAN, *a younger woman*

CONNOR LYMAN, *an older man*

JOHN HARBOUR, *a man*

DAISY DILLINGER, *a younger woman*

CHURCHYARD, *an older man*

ARCHIE ANDERS, *an older man*

DAVID WOLFF, *a man*

CARBON COPY, *referring to two individuals who are nearly identical*

TWO FILM VAMPIRES, *females*

The following may be combined for a smaller cast:

(7 actors)

SIENNA LYMAN | DAISY DILLINGER | COPY

CONNOR LYMAN | CHURCHYARD | DAVID WOLFF

JOHN HARBOR | ARCHIE ANDERS

ZOEY | VAMPIRE TWO

Others would be the same as in the larger cast listing.

THE SETTING

Hollywood, California in the mid-1970s.

THE SCENE

The home of the Lyman family, a bedroom, an office, a pier, Daisy Dillinger's apartment, the home of Archie Anders, David Wolff's apartment, and a warehouse.

Exits stage right and stage left.

A NOTE ON FILM AND MEDIA

There are several films shown during the play. It is the director's discretion as to whether these are shown realistically or abstractly.

ACT I

SCENE 1

A film plays against a screen in the empty living room of the Lyman home. It is of a family vacation in the 1960s: pleasant contentment between a man, woman, and three young girls.

As the film plays, the LYMANS enter from various points. They are older now than at the time of the film’s creation.

The girls are grown and each dressed as smartly as their parents.

The mother, KATHERINE LYMAN, wears a white dress and reclines in a chair. She smokes a cigarette through a long filter.

REBECCA LYMAN sways; she is pregnant.

SIENNA LYMAN lightly pats her hair-sprayed ‘do. She wears a tight sweater and Capri pants.

ZOEY LYMAN blows bubbles with her chewing gum.

And the father, CONNOR LYMAN, mixes a cocktail at the bar.

The film holds on a young blonde named SIENNA, as a child. She is luminescent.

The film switches off.

Lights rise.

CONNOR

Tahoe?

The women groan.

CONNOR (Continued)

Don't you...? I mean, Katherine, help me here.

KATHERINE

I'm out.

CONNOR

On a mission.

KATHERINE

You drag that machine from the closet every holiday.
I have limits.

ZOEY

Bravo, Mother!

KATHERINE

Nostalgia is never good, or have you forgotten?
What's past is past. I like focusing on 'now.' To be
reminded that I was young, and that you all have grown
up beyond my reach, is too depressing.

SIENNA gives KATHERINE a warm hug.

SIENNA

Not beyond your reach, Mother.

KATHERINE

Please, Sienna, all that hair spray.

SIENNA

I like watching those old movies. Don't ever stop,
Dad. When I see them, I have the best memories. I
remember things that aren't on the screen, things that
happened off of it. Things that weren't caught, but
were good, and should be remembered. All those
possibilities.

CONNOR

Possibilities. You're twenty. You've got an abundance of possibilities.

SIENNA

I know. It's just that I want to remember everything, everything...everything.

ZOEY

You like watching them because you're beautiful.

KATHERINE

You're *all* beautiful.

CONNOR touches SIENNA's shoulder.

CONNOR

Your mother's right. You are and forever will be beautiful.

REBECCA

Only one of us is in the movie business.

SIENNA struts.

SIENNA

(Southern accent)

"I beg pardon; I didn't know it could get so hot in Tennessee this time of the year. Perhaps Mr. McGillicutty can spare a drink of his cool, cool water."

The girls laugh as SIENNA stretches for a drink at the bar, showing her legs.

KATHERINE

Eh, eh... Remember: you are being watched.

SIENNA

(Southern accent)

Can't an ingénue have a little ol' drink?

Sienna giggles and puts down the drink.

CONNOR

I like my daughter away from the Devil.

REBECCA

Here in California? You should know by now, father, that's just not possible.

KATHERINE

When a brassiere becomes too quaint, and there are films about real life and real problems, you know trying to protect Sienna from *anything* is pointless. I've taught you well, Sienna. One small role as a southern trollop won't turn you to salt.

SIENNA

We should all go together to the red carpet.

ZOEY

How many tickets did they give you?

SIENNA

Two. But I can get more. My agent has a connection. He wants me to take a handsome boy, but I'd much rather take all of you.

CONNOR

Better stick with the boy. Papers can be cruel.

SIENNA

They won't even care. I doubt they'll know to try and take my picture. They'll think I'm one of the crew. The jezebel is a small part. You oversell my success.

KATHERINE

We just know the way the wind blows.

SIENNA

I've seen you be a little grand, mother, from time to time. But now you claim clairvoyance?

KATHERINE

(Dramatic)

Alas, I have no magic. I am a mere mortal on this fatal plane, looking for answers, just the same.

SIENNA is considering.

SIENNA

Say. Speaking of magic... Do you want to see something? I wasn't going to show you this, *but...*

(Pause)

Well, do you want to see or not?

REBECCA

What is it?

SIENNA

Something I learned.

REBECCA

Show off.

ZOEY

Shhhh. Let her do it.

CONNOR

No more summersaults on the lawn. That old man next door enjoys it too much.

SIENNA

Not a summersault.

KATHERINE

As long as I don't have to move from this chair...I'm sotted and comfortable. I'm in a cocoon. You around me. On a Sunday before dark. When there's just a little light in the air and everyone is just as they should be.

(Catching herself)

Like I said: nostalgia is never good.

SIENNA crosses to the table. She removes objects from the table and sets them on the floor.

KATHERINE (Continued)

I hope you are planning to put those back.

SIENNA smiles sheepishly and continues her preparations.

She places a hand flat over the table, but then stops suddenly.

SIENNA

Wait, wait. I forgot something.

SIENNA dims the lights.

REBECCA

Grrr, no, not another Super 8.

SIENNA returns to the table with a dismissive wave.

SIENNA

Okay, promise you won't laugh.

Hand across the table, SIENNA slowly opens her fingers.

A light emanates from under her hand. Though it looks simple, the trick is stunning.

SIENNA closes her hand and the light dies, like she's snuffed a candle.

The room holds in darkness.

SIENNA goes to the switch.

Lights on, SIENNA notes the expressions on the faces of the others.

SIENNA (Continued)

Did you like it?

ZOEY snatches SIENNA's hand.

ZOEY

(Excited)

How did you *do* that? Let me see.

There is nothing in Sienna's hand.

SIENNA

It's a trick.

KATHERINE rises and stubs out her cigarette, thoughtful.

KATHERINE

How was it done?

SIENNA

It's a trick.

KATHERINE

Yes, you said that. Tell us what you did.

REBECCA

She's not supposed to give away the trick. That's bad magic.

SIENNA looks to her father.

SIENNA

Dad. It was just a trick. Didn't you like it?

CONNOR

Who taught you that?

SIENNA

I thought you'd be amused.

ZOEY

It was wonderful! Will you teach me?

SIENNA

I promised I'd keep it to myself.

REBECCA

It was a little creepy.

SIENNA

Oh, come on. It was a trick!

(Defensive)

Well, I'm sorry I showed it to you now.

KATHERINE

It's something simple, right? Something we'll laugh about. A mirror and, and a flashlight.

REBECCA crosses to SIENNA and inspects her pockets. She examines the underside of the table.

REBECCA

Mom's right. Isn't she? It's something easy.

SIENNA

I didn't mean to scare you.

SIENNA starts to put the items back on top of the table.

KATHERINE

I'm not scared. I don't think. I don't want you to do that ever again.

SIENNA
Mom, it's just a trick.

KATHERINE
(Quiet)
I know, I know.

An awkward moment passes. CONNOR
downs his drink. ZOEY looks
confused.

SIENNA checks the time.

SIENNA
Oh, shoot. Look, I have to get going.

SIENNA gathers her things.

SIENNA (Continued)
I wasn't kidding about red carpet. I'll see what I
can arrange. My agent -- he has to do me favors,
right? That's part of the job. I can't do *all* the
work. He has me running around Hollywood meeting the
craziest people. He owes me. Will you come?

KATHERINE
For certain.

SIENNA
Great.
(Pause)
Really. It was just a trick. I thought you'd laugh.

KATHERINE
It was a good trick.

CONNOR
Yes. A good trick. But I don't want to see it again.

SIENNA
Okay. I love you.

SIENNA exits with awkwardness.

Lights down.

ACT I

SCENE 2

KATHERINE LYMAN's bedroom. She is sleeping. She wears a black dress.

ZOEY enters in the darkness.

ZOEY

(Soft)

Mom. Mother. You have to get up.

KATHERINE

Sienna?

ZOEY

(Disappointed)

No. It's Zoey. You have to get up. They're starting to arrive.

KATHERINE

What time is it?

ZOEY

It's almost two.

KATHERINE

Did I fall asleep?

ZOEY

Yes. For just a few minutes. I thought you were fixing your makeup.

ZOEY gently pulls her mother out of bed and draws her from the bedroom into the living room.

Lights rise as she enters.

REBECCA stands at the bar, drinking. She is no longer pregnant. She wears a black dress.

Two others are in the room...

JOHN HARBOUR: tall, in a black suit.

DAISY DILLINGER: blonde, in a black dress.

KATHERINE

Who are these people?

ZOEY

Mom...

KATHERINE

Who are they?

HARBOUR

We met several times, Mrs. Lyman. First by phone. You saw me earlier this morning. The cemetery?

KATHERINE looks blank.

HARBOUR (Continued)

I'm John Harbour.

ZOEY

(Whisper)

Sienna's agent.

(With gesture)

And Daisy.

DAISY fans an uncomfortable wave.

ZOEY (Continued)

(Embarrassed)

Mom. You met these people. You *know* who they are.

KATHERINE

We met at, at the cemetery?

KATHERINE, lost, wanders her house.

KATHERINE (Continued)
Where's Connor? Where's my husband?

HARBOUR comes forward and takes Katherine's hand.

HARBOUR
I should go. Please know, Mrs. Lyman, that if there's any help you or your daughters need, anything at all, you can reach me at my office. Here's my card. I don't believe you've ever been to my address, but I'm there most days after three o'clock. And I will certainly let you know if there is any word from Sienna.

KATHERINE
Where is she?

Awkward gazes pass.

HARBOUR
Good day, Mrs. Lyman. My deepest condolences.

He exits.

DAISY, without asking, starts a drink at the bar.

KATHERINE
No! Don't! My husband makes the drinks around here.

DAISY stops, but on a gesture from REBECCA continues.

KATHERINE (Continued)

Please, someone tell me. I've woken from a bad dream.
Or maybe I'm still in it.

REBECCA

Mother! How dare you! After everything! How dare
you lose it like this!

KATHERINE

After WHAT? After WHAT?

(To ZOEY)

Tell me, Zoey. Please.

REBECCA runs from the room.

ZOEY comes forward and, for a
moment, looks sympathetically to
her mother.

KATHERINE (Continued)

What happened to Rebecca's baby?

ZOEY quickly exits.

DAISY remains. She shows no
emotion; she drinks.

DAISY

I was Sienna's roommate. She never mentioned me. You
didn't even know where she had been living. You told
me that bit at the funeral. You're losing it, aren't
you?

KATHERINE

Who has died? Tell me. Please.

DAISY

You really don't remember?

KATHERINE

The last thing I remember... We were watching home
movies. Just a few hours ago. Sienna had to leave.

DAISY

Sienna's been missing for five weeks.

KATHERINE

What?

DAISY

Yeah. The police are trying to find her.

KATHERINE

Five weeks?

DAISY

You filed a report. A missing persons.

KATHERINE

I did?

DAISY

Sure. What, you go and lose your mind or somethin'?

KATHERINE retreats to her bedroom
and lies down. After a moment,
DAISY puts down her drink, thinks,
and then follows.

DAISY

You think you're in a dream? You're not. I don't
want to be mean. This sounds mean, doesn't it? I
just want you to know the score.

(Pause)

Listen, I'm going...

KATHERINE

(To pillow)

Get my husband. Please.

DAISY

He's dead.

KATHERINE

Connor?

DAISY

You were there. You said stuff at the church. You dropped a flower in the hole.

KATHERINE

FUCK YOU, YOU CUNT!

DAISY

Look, I didn't even want to be here! I had plans.

KATHERINE

Then *get out!*

DAISY returns to the bar. She drinks.

KATHERINE rises, limp, and props herself against the bedroom door.

KATHERINE (Continued)

If it's true...then why can't I remember? It is like there's a big, blank spot I can't see around. I... I don't easily forget things... but I've forgotten so much...

DAISY

Did you take a pill? You've been drinking. Something to calm the nerves. Maybe they don't mix.

KATHERINE

But how can I not remember five weeks? A kind of drug like that. I feel like I've been hypnotized. Are you acting? Are you all playing a joke? Tell me that's true. I need to hear it. How can I forget everything so completely?

DAISY

Crazy business, isn't it? Well maybe it's best to forget. You just go and lie down, Mrs. Lyman. I'm sure someone will be back for you soon.

(Pause)

Go on. Lie down. I didn't come to baby-sit.

KATHERINE

I don't need a stranger to tell me my husband's dead.

DAISY

I saw the notice in the paper. And I guess I wondered if Sienna was gonna surprise us. Her dad's funeral - you would think that'd be worth an appearance. People don't vanish that much. At least not in my life. I guess I was kind of curious.

KATHERINE

Sienna was here, this afternoon. Just a few hours ago.

DAISY

Was she now?

KATHERINE

She was, she was! It, it COULDN'T have been five weeks. She was here. And she did some sort of a magic trick.

DAISY

Ha. She couldn't tie her shoes. I doubt she was any good with rabbits.

DAISY thinks on this. At last, she pours a second drink and hands it to KATHERINE.

DAISY (Continued)

Get drunk.

KATHERINE

I'm scared.

DAISY

I know. Get drunk.

KATHERINE

Do you know what's happened to my daughter? You must.
(MORE)

KATHERINE (Continued)

You... you know what happened. If she walks into the room now, I'll think it was a good joke. I won't be mad. I know actors like to play pranks.

DAISY

Got a cigarette?

KATHERINE

I think so...

KATHERINE finds a pack. For the first time, she notices she is wearing a black dress.

KATHERINE (Continued)

There is mud on my shoes.

DAISY

Yes, it was raining at the grave.

KATHERINE swallows her drink.

DAISY (Continued)

That's it. Get drunk.

KATHERINE fumbles with her cigarette. Daisy holds out her lighter, strikes it.

KATHERINE

I need my filters.

DAISY

Doesn't matter.

The cigarette is lit.

DAISY (Continued)

Here. Another drink.

KATHERINE

What was your name again? Daisy?

DAISY

That's right.

KATHERINE

Zoey and Rebecca abandoned me. Why are you being kind?

DAISY

Sienna said you were worth it.

KATHERINE

How long did you know her?

DAISY

A couple months.

KATHERINE

Were you friends?

DAISY

I'm not sure you could say that. We lived together to stretch the rent. It was an arrangement.

KATHERINE

Do you know where she is?

DAISY toasts KATHERINE's glass.

DAISY

I do not. But I know where she isn't.

KATHERINE

Where's that?

DAISY

Anywhere near the obituaries.

Lights fade.

ACT I

SCENE 3

JOHN HARBOUR's office.

Desk and a chair.

A film poster hangs on the wall:
"HUNT HER, KILL HER" (a woman in
the woods, half-naked, sweaty -
obviously an exploitation film; no
text other than the title.)

HARBOUR compulsively straightens.

SOUND: A soft knock at the door.

HARBOUR listens, paces. He
answers the door to find KATHERINE
waiting.

HARBOUR

Mrs. Lyman!

KATHERINE enters.

HARBOUR takes her arm and escorts
her to the chair.

HARBOUR (Continued)

You came. That's terrific. Please. Be comfortable.
Sunday you didn't seem yourself. Not that I'm blaming
you. Terrible day. Funerals! But I'm glad you're
here. I should have warned you: this place is *below*
respectable. Did you spot the drunks down the street,
in front of the liquor window? I come here to answer
the phone and check messages. Rest of the time I'm at
the lots, or auditions. So. Are you feeling better?

KATHERINE

Better?

HARBOUR

I understand. It's a relative state. You're probably not anywhere near your capacity. But are you better than the last time we spoke?

KATHERINE

I've lost my memory.

HARBOUR

Hmmmm. Mem-mor-ry...

KATHERINE

I remember Sienna's visit to the house five weeks ago. Then... Sunday.

HARBOUR

Oh... Christ. That's terrible. Have you seen a doctor?

KATHERINE

I have. He was no help.

HARBOUR

Well. Jeez. Tragedies like you've been through. Piled up and up. Memory gives you a break. Maybe not the one you wanted. Suppose it's like... going into a coma. Self-preservation of a sort.

KATHERINE

That was the doctor's theory. Do you want to hear mine?

HARBOUR

...Of course.

KATHERINE

I was drugged.

HARBOUR

(Taken aback)

Heh... Well. Well, well, well. I-

KATHERINE

Nothing "well" about it. Between a few conversations,
(MORE)

KATHERINE (Continued)

I've been able to piece together what has happened. Sienna vanished two days after I last saw her. I spent the next few weeks putting up posters, driving up and down Sunset, making telephone calls. I don't remember doing any of this... but I've learned it. And, you've been helping as well.

HARBOUR

As I could, yes. Sienna was one of my rising meal tickets. But it's not all mercenary; I liked her, too. She was a real doll.

KATHERINE

And then my oldest, Rebecca, had a miscarriage at near-term. Just about four weeks ago. And then my husband of twenty-two years dies of a massive heart attack. He didn't even have a heart condition. Isn't that strange?

HARBOUR

Like I said. Piled up, up... up. You're due for a turn in luck.

KATHERINE

Do you believe she's alive?

HARBOUR

I do. Sure. Certainly.

KATHERINE

That's the most optimistic reply yet.

HARBOUR

You and I see Sienna the same, Mrs. Lyman. A little girl wearing put-on costumes and makeup, mugging in front of the mirror. I pushed her onto the callback lines. Held her sweaty palms and listened to her nervous laughs. And when she got that part in "Southern Rhapsody," we both knew it was the start of something. Dreamers don't stop. They keep going, despite the odds. Despite rejection. Am I making you uncomfortable?

KATHERINE

What?

HARBOUR

It's just that you look nervous.

KATHERINE

That movie. The poster.

HARBOUR eyes the poster for "Hunt Her, Kill Her."

HARBOUR

Was a gift.

KATHERINE

Is it a real film?

HARBOUR

Sure. Why not?

KATHERINE

I've never heard of it.

HARBOUR

Lots of films never get heard of. This town makes a hundred a month. The public sees about a tenth of those. The others get buried. Never seen this one myself. Buddy of mine pushed me to make my crappy office more Hollywood and that's what he could spare. I'm just glad it wasn't a comedy. Hate comedies. Dramas. Thrillers. Westerns are okay. You like movies, Mrs. Lyman?

KATHERINE

I used to.

HARBOUR

Holy Moses. Stand up.

KATHERINE

I-

HARBOUR

Stand up.

She obeys. He circles her.

HARBOUR (Continued)

Let me think. Thinking here. Matron. Possibly a church. I'm seeing a church. Is that right?

KATHERINE

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

HARBOUR

A scene. From a film. Getting flashes. No, wait, wait. Not a church. A museum. You played... I can see it. The tour guide. Yes, that's it, the tour guide at the Metropolitan Museum in one of those Archie Anders films. See: my special talent!

KATHERINE

I'm not an actor.

HARBOUR

You're kidding me. You see, I have this crazy mind. I see something once and it sticks with me. Never forget a face. You sure you weren't in the Anders flick?

KATHERINE

I'm certain.

HARBOUR

Oh. Then I made a boo-boo.

KATHERINE

So you have no special talents?

HARBOUR

You're the first one I've gotten wrong. But I'm gonna check your resume, Mrs. Lyman. I think you're pullin' my leg.

(Considering)

Am I talking too much? I haven't even asked why you've come to see me. Here, making you stand! I'm such a jerk. Here, be comfortable. Ah, I don't have anything to offer you. Water? You want water? There's a fountain in the hall. I think I've got some paper cups...

HARBOUR rifles the desk.

KATHERINE

Mr. Harbour: what do you know about magic tricks?

HARBOUR stops cold.

HARBOUR

Magic tricks?

KATHERINE

Yes.

HARBOUR

Knowing faces - that's not a magic trick.

KATHERINE

I'm talking about something with light.

HARBOUR

Light? What's this got to do with-?

KATHERINE

Sienna, she did a magic trick. She held her hand over a table and her hand glowed. It was very real. We were all there. It was the last time I saw her. None of it made any sense. We don't know how she did it.

HARBOUR

I don't handle any magicians. I'm sorry. Did you tell the police about this trick?

KATHERINE

Apparently I didn't. Not at first. I checked. I just told them this morning and they didn't believe me.

HARBOUR's hand has not left the desk drawer.

KATHERINE (Continued)

Did you teach her this trick?

HARBOUR

No. No, I didn't.

KATHERINE

Do you know who might have?

HARBOUR

I didn't know all Sienna's friends, Mrs. Lyman. Only some.

KATHERINE

Were any of them magicians?

HARBOUR

I don't think so. No. I don't think so... not... not that I can rec-

KATHERINE

Have you found that paper cup yet?

HARBOUR looks at his arm, in the desk. His face twitches, nervous.

Slowly, he pulls a pistol from his desk.

He points it at KATHERINE for just a second, his face turning serious; he then has a change of heart.

HARBOUR

Prop gun. Doesn't even work. Did I scare you?

KATHERINE stands.

KATHERINE

I should be going.

HARBOUR, with the pistol, comes around and blocks the door.

HARBOUR

Look, I'm an agent. That's all. That's all I was for Sienna. I got her work. "Southern Rhapsody." That was me. I got her that audition.

KATHERINE

I've got to go.

HARBOUR

You can't go. I can see it: you don't believe me.

KATHERINE

It's not about believing you. You seem strange. I don't think I should stay.

HARBOUR

My reputation is built on trust. People trust me. Lots of people. You can ask them. You can use the phone. I'll. I'll give you the number for the head of casting at Warner's. He'll vouch for me. He will. Heck, he probably can vouch for you, too... Warner's made that museum picture, didn't they?

KATHERINE

I told you: that wasn't me. Now get out of my way. Please.

HARBOUR

You can use the phone.

(Pause)

See? It's right there.

Long pause. KATHERINE looks behind her to the phone on the desk.

KATHERINE

(Cautiously)

All right.

She backs to the phone.

KATHERINE (Continued)
What's the number?

HARBOUR chews on the barrel of the
pistol, nervous.

HARBOUR
(Through teeth)
Six two three...

KATHERINE dials. Pause.

HARBOUR (Continued)
Eight...

KATHERINE spins the eight.

HARBOUR looks a wreck. He rests
the gun at his waist.

HARBOUR (Continued)
I don't know anything about any trick.

KATHERINE
Then who does?

Pause.

HARBOUR
(Quickly)
Four two seven seven eleven.

Katherine finishes dialing.

An audible ring on the other side.
A second ring.

HARBOUR comes forward and presses the cancel.

Their eyes meet.

He grabs her and puts the pistol in her stomach. His face is ticks and twitches.

She does not fight him.

KATHERINE

(Soft)

Mr. Harbour? Mr. Harbour? John. *Is that a prop gun?*

He fires until the pistol is empty.

KATHERINE stands before him, unharmed.

Realizing it is, in fact, a prop, KATHERINE falls over the desk and runs at the door.

HARBOUR catches her.

They fight.

KATHERINE's hand finds the telephone. She hits HARBOUR over and over on the head until he is still.

SOUND: The phone's off the hook signal buzzes, insistent.

Blood empties under HARBOUR's head.

Lights and phone's signal fade.

ACT I

SCENE 4

HARBOUR's office, later.

Lights rise to dusk.

KATHERINE looks out the window,
smokes a cigarette, her back to
the audience.

HARBOUR's body lies on the floor,
just as before.

Lights fade.

ACT I

SCENE 5

HARBOUR's office, even later.

Lights rise to barely lit/night.

KATHERINE remains at the window,
her cigarette now down to its
filter.

HARBOUR's body is unchanged.

SOUND: A knock.

KATHERINE goes to the door,
unbolts it, and then thinks better
of it.

KATHERINE

Who's there?

REBECCA

(Through door)

It's us, Mom.

She opens the door to REBECCA and
ZOEY.

The two daughters immediately
assess. ZOEY covers her mouth;
REBECCA bends towards HARBOUR's
body.

REBECCA

That's John Harbour!

KATHERINE

He attacked me.

ZOEY

Is he dead?

KATHERINE

Yes.

REBECCA rolls HARBOUR over and inspects. When finished, she stands, shaking. She wipes her bloody fingers on her skirt.

KATHERINE (Continued)

What do we do?

REBECCA

You don't know?

ZOEY

We call the police.

KATHERINE

What if they don't believe us?

REBECCA

Us?

ZOEY comes around the desk, sees the gun.

ZOEY

Is that a gun?

KATHERINE

It's not real. It's a prop. What if, what if they think I killed him in confusion? I mean, maybe if the gun was real-

REBECCA

Confusion? I mean, do we honestly know what happened here today? He's an agent, Mom! He got Sienna jobs. Why would he attack you?

KATHERINE

Stop. I know what you're implying, Rebecca. You didn't see his eyes. He wanted to shut me up. He wouldn't let me leave.

REBECCA

But why?

KATHERINE

Because I told him about the trick.

REBECCA

Oh, *Christ*, Mom. It was a stupid trick Sienna picked up on the set.

KATHERINE

It wasn't some stupid trick! Everything was lovely until that trick.

REBECCA

Everything was lovely. But you'd have found a way to screw it up. You did before and did again tonight.

KATHERINE

Shut up. Don't talk to me in that voice.

(To ZOEY)

You don't know how Sienna did that trick.

ZOEY

No, but it's not IMPORTANT!

KATHERINE

It is!

(To REBECCA)

You don't know how she did it either! What's to say it wasn't *more* than a parlor game? He wanted to kill me. He did. He wanted to kill me because I mentioned it.

REBECCA

What did he say *exactly*?

KATHERINE

I don't remember.

REBECCA

Oh, come ON, Mom!

KATHERINE

It's been two hours!

REBECCA

You only phoned us an hour ago. How could it—

KATHERINE

So blame me, then. I. I didn't know what to do.
Rebecca — you always expect so much of me.

REBECCA

No — I expect very little.

ZOEY

Please! Stop fighting. Let's get out of this first.
You two can pick at each other like crows another day.
Should we — should we call the police?

REBECCA

No, wait a minute. Let's think about this. You come
here and ask him about the trick, he pulls a gun on
you. The gun's not real. Did he know that?

KATHERINE

I think so. He was very disturbed. I don't think he
was right in the head. He seemed fine at first, but
then got stranger and stranger.

REBECCA

He attacks you and won't let you leave.

KATHERINE

Yes. I, I hit him with the telephone and he stopped
moving.

ZOEY

He must know *something* about Sienna.

ZOEY opens desk drawers.

ZOEY (Continued)

Did you search in here?

KATHERINE

No, I didn't want to touch anything.

ZOEY pulls items from the desk.

ZOEY

Photographs.

KATHERINE and REBECCA come around to inspect the stack. ZOEY fans the photographs on the desk.

KATHERINE

Actors. Probably clients.

ZOEY

(Finding)

Sienna.

KATHERINE holds up the photograph. After a long moment, she gently sets it back down. She notices something: another picture.

KATHERINE

Do you recognize her?

REBECCA

Isn't she-?

ZOEY

That girl from Connor's funeral.

KATHERINE

Daisy.

(Reading)

Daisy Dillinger. Name and address. She didn't mention she was an actress.

REBECCA

(Thumbing pictures)

I don't recognize the rest. Do you?

ZOEY

(Pointing to a photograph)
What about her?

KATHERINE

I've never seen her before.

ZOEY

(Pointing to “HUNT HER, KILL HER”)
She's in that poster.

KATHERINE holds up the photograph.
She hesitates then decides.

KATHERINE

Take the pictures. All of them.

REBECCCA

Are we going to call the police?

KATHERINE

No. I'm beginning to think we shouldn't. If I see
doubt in my daughters, how do you think the police
will look at what's happened?

REBECCA

Let's get out of here. I'm getting the creeps.

ZOEY

(Pointing to HARBOUR)
What about him?

KATHERINE

Leave him. Leave him where he is.

REBECCA

Maybe we can call the police later. From a pay phone.
Tell them there's a body. Did you touch anything?

KATHERINE

What?

REBECCA

We should fix anything we've touched.

KATHERINE

The window.

ZOEY

I have a handkerchief.

REBECCA

I touched his clothes.

ZOEY dusts the room.

KATHERINE watches and then unhooks
the telephone from the wall.

REBECCA

What are you going to do with that?

KATHERINE

We'll throw it off the pier.

REBECCA

Did you tell anyone you were coming here?

KATHERINE

No one.

REBECCA

Not even that Daisy?

KATHERINE

We should be okay.

REBECCA

Did anyone see you come in? Did anyone pass by in the
corridor?

KATHERINE

No. Wait. On the street, but that was after. I saw
two people across the way.

ZOEY

Did they notice you in the window?

KATHERINE

I don't think so. They were wearing coats. They just stood there and when I looked again they were gone.

REBECCA

(To ZOEY)

Hurry up. I want to get out of here.

ZOEY

(Looking out window)

Street's clear.

REBECCA

Come on, Mom.

KATHERINE gazes a last time at HARBOUR's body, the blood, then to the telephone clutched in her arms.

REBECCA (Continued)

Mother, come on!

KATHERINE snaps out of it. They leave with ZOEY wiping the door.

Lights out.

ACT I

SCENE 6

The stage is clouded with fog.

In lowlight, KATHERINE, ZOEY, and REBECCA cross.

Over a railing, KATHERINE heaves the telephone.

SOUND: A splash of water.

KATHERINE

Do phones float?

ZOEY

What if we didn't clean good enough?

REBECCA

Too late now. We need to think of an answer to every question.

KATHERINE

I'll say I went to his office, but that I left before anything happened.

REBECCA

No. You'll say you met me for dinner.

ZOEY

Where?

KATHERINE

(Thinking)

The Reese Hotel.

ZOEY

Yeah. Yeah.

SOUND: Faraway police sirens, distant car horns.

REBECCA

(Turning KATHERINE to her)

Tell me mother: what's your memory like now?

KATHERINE

I wish I could forget everything about tonight.

REBECCA

Me, too.

ZOEY

(Awe)

You killed a man.

KATHERINE

I killed a man.

KATHERINE collapses on the street.

Her daughters rouse her.

ZOEY

Mom! Mom!

KATHERINE weeps.

ZOEY (Continued)

Listen, listen, listen. It's okay. Mom, it's okay.

KATHERINE can't look at her daughters.

KATHERINE

We're never going to get away with this.

ZOEY

No, no, we are. We are.

REBECCA

I'm a young woman. I want to have a baby. I don't want to go to jail.

ZOEY

Shush!

REBECCA

The world doesn't revolve around the great Katherine Lyman, you know. I have a life! Why is it always your stupid choices that wreck us? First breaking dad's heart and now-

ZOEY

Rebecca -- John Harbour attacked mom!

REBECCA

Did he? You know what she's like.

KATHERINE looks up.

REBECCA (Continued)

You know what I'm talking about.

KATHERINE tries to slap REBECCA,
but she catches her hand.

KATHERINE

Your father has just passed. Respect him.

REBECCA

Where was all your respect when he was alive?

ZOEY

Rebecca!

KATHERINE

I don't want your help. Go to the police.

REBECCA

No. I'm going to help you. I'm going to help you so much it will hurt you. And you will owe *me* for all the lies I've been through as your oldest. What's one more lie, Mother? Zoey and Sienna knew about you and your men, but they think it was a phase and it's done. I know you better. This is just a lull.

KATHERINE

One day, you'll understand. I'm a better woman than you think, Rebecca.

REBECCA

Prove it.

KATHERINE climbs to her feet.

KATHERINE

What about how you got that baby, then? You're not perfect. You're no stranger to men, either. You fallen for anyone who tells you there's something better. You'll learn. Nothing's true in this town.

Lights fade.

ACT I

SCENE 7

Blackness.

SOUND: Katherine’s voice on a telephone.

KATHERINE

(Over phone)

It’s Katherine Lyman. I’m coming to see you. I’ll be there at eight o’clock. I’m sorry if that’s too early. You’ll understand when I get there. I’m bringing my youngest. Zoey. You met her on Sunday. I wasn’t in the best condition Sunday, but I’m better now. I won’t be a burden. But I have to see you. It’s about Sienna. Please be home.

SOUND: Disconnect, fading into a retro pop song.

Lights rise on DAISY’s apartment in morning-time.

It is spare, with sofa and a switched-off television with “rabbit ears.”

Clothes pile on the floor, a brassiere drapes across a chair, which sets near a makeup table.

DAISY sits with her back to the audience, listening to the song on the radio. She wears only her cotton panties. She pulls on hosiery, a blouse, at last her mini-skirt.

SOUND: Polite knocking.

DAISY answers to find KATHERINE and ZOEY outside.

DAISY
You're twenty minutes late.

KATHERINE
I couldn't find the door. There's no number.

DAISY
It fell off.

KATHERINE
All these apartments look the same.

DAISY
Built for cheap, not for convenience. Come in.

They enter.

DAISY
Pardon the mess. You're Zoey?

ZOEY
Hello.

DAISY
I only have a few minutes.

KATHERINE
Have we made you late for work?

DAISY
No.

She lets the comment hang.

DAISY (Continued)
I don't have any coffee made. I'm sorry.

KATHERINE
I've been up all night. I don't think I've slept
in... in... I'm not sure.

DAISY

Still the forgetful type, huh? Can you help me with the buttons?

DAISY turns. Her blouse needs buttoned in the back. ZOEY steps forward.

DAISY (Continued)

Sienna used to do this for me. I knew I could count on a Lyman.

ZOEY finishes.

KATHERINE

I hope we can count on you, Daisy.

DAISY

A favor, huh? I knew it. I wondered how you got my name and number. You must have good sources. First I thought you were comin' to tell me some bad news about Sienna. But then neither of you were cryin' when I answered the door. Must be my face. People can't hide a thing - they break like babies with stubbed toes when it's bad news. Look - I'd be happy to chip in. Did you bring extra posters or something? I could tack 'em up at the grocers.

KATHERINE

It's not about canvassing...

KATHERINE pulls DAISY's actor photograph out of her purse.

DAISY

Oh, *she's* cute.

KATHERINE

Is this you?

DAISY

Partially.

KATHERINE

How do you mean?

DAISY

That's the old me.

KATHERINE

Did you used to be an actress?

DAISY

No, I used to be a waitress.

(Pause, a wink)

I suppose I know how you got my address. Only three people in the world have that mug shot. The other ninety-seven copies are in a box in my closet. I gave one to my mother. A lousy ex-boyfriend stole the second. That's not all he took. And he's married. I doubt you asked his chick-a-dee for a peek-a-boo.

KATHERINE

Why didn't you tell me on Sunday that you were an actress?

DAISY

Because I'm not. I'm a girl with a pretty picture.

ZOEY

In a film agent's drawer!

ZOEY regrets saying this.

DAISY

Ah. It's the copy I gave John Harbour.

KATHERINE

I wish you had told me you were an actress.

DAISY

It doesn't matter.

KATHERINE

It's a connection. Did Sienna go on auditions with you?

DAISY

Sometimes.

KATHERINE

Do the police know this?

DAISY

I'm not so proud of my auditions.

KATHERINE

Every person Sienna had contact with is important to finding her. Look, the last time we saw Sienna she did something.

ZOEY

She did a trick.

KATHERINE

Yes, she did this magic trick. She, she put her hand out and there was light - this bright white light from the palm of her hand. And-

DAISY

Not much of a trick.

KATHERINE

It wasn't the- I mean, it looked easy. It was just light. But there was no source. It was like it came from *inside* of my daughter. It was like it was *hers*... And she did it like a kid putting on a show. She did it without any sense, like she was stripped there naked and didn't realize it until she saw our faces. Please. Did Sienna know anyone who could have taught her this trick?

DAISY

I don't see what a silly trick has to do with-

KATHERINE

Please.

DAISY

We didn't know any magicians, if that's what you're asking. We never auditioned for any magic shows or variety hours or anything. If she were up for someone's assistant or something, she would have told me.

(Thinking)

Wait a sec...

ZOEY

What? What?

DAISY goes towards her dressing table. She combs through a drawer.

DAISY

There was this one guy. He was off to the side during this one audition. He chatted up Sienna pretty good. I think he gave us a coupla cards. Here-

DAISY hands the card to KATHERINE.

KATHERINE

(Reading)

"David Wolff, Master Technician." I don't understand.

DAISY

Guy who makes flying saucers fly and stuff. Blows things up. Film effects.

KATHERINE

Yes. Yes. He sounds promising.

DAISY

I can't vouch for him or anything. Seemed a little quiet. Cute. But a bore. Took more of an interest in Sienna than me.

ZOEY

Did she ever see him again?

DAISY

I don't think so. I'm not sure. He never called our apartment, so...

KATHERINE pockets the card.

KATHERINE

Thank you.

DAISY

You're welcome.

KATHERINE drifts, unsure of what to say. She spots a doll on a shelf. She approaches it but does not touch it.

KATHERINE

(Lump in throat)

This is Sienna's.

DAISY

Uh-huh.

ZOEY

Is that Princess?

KATHERINE

I thought... I thought she threw this away. When she was a girl.

KATHERINE strokes the doll. She pulls the doll from the shelf. She holds it. Slowly, she wraps it in her arms. Finally, she puts it back on the shelf.

DAISY

You can keep it if you want.

KATHERINE

No. It should be here for her when she gets back.

KATHERINE turns against the wall,
hiding.

ZOEY puts her hands on her mother.

ZOEY

Let's go, Mom. I think we're done.

DAISY

It must be nice to be loved.

ZOEY

Where're your parents?

DAISY

I'm an orphan. They died in a fire when I was three.

ZOEY

That doesn't mean you're not loved.

DAISY

Right. Not necessarily. But in this case it does.

KATHERINE hugs DAISY.

KATHERINE

I wish Sienna had introduced us. She was always so secret about her Hollywood friends. But you've been very nice.

DAISY

I try.

ZOEY

Thanks.

They open the door to leave.

ZOEY (Continued)

Oh. One more thing. Have you ever heard of a movie called "Hunt Her, Kill Her?"

DAISY

You mean that horrid poster in John's office?

ZOEY

That's the one.

DAISY

Don't mention that. I just missed getting that part. One of my many, many rejections.

KATHERINE

Did you know the girl who starred in the picture?

DAISY

I don't know if you could say, "starred." It was pretty low budget picture, far as I could tell. Bunch of creepy men in a room looking at your legs. I doubt they could afford a star. But I know what you mean. Did I know her the same way I knew Sienna? No. She was just some girl. Never saw her again.

KATHERINE

So she was a stranger?

DAISY

To me.

KATHERINE nods. She exits with her daughter.

DAISY (Continued)

I'll call if something big comes up, okay?

DAISY shuts the door and resumes dressing. She sits at the makeup table.

From behind her, quietly, the front door opens again...

Standing in the door is a PERSON wearing a trench coat, with a hat, face covered by a mask.

DAISY (Continued)
(Over shoulder, joking)
Well I haven't heard anything yet!

She dabs powder on her nose.

The PERSON enters fully.

A SECOND PERSON appears in the doorway – identical in stature and dress (trench coat, hat, mask.)

These two combined are known as CARBON COPY.

DAISY (Continued)
Change your mind on taking “Princess”?

DAISY turns and startles.

DAISY (Continued)
(Panicked)
Please. Please.

A fight breaks out.

DAISY is knocked unconscious.

CARBON begins to arrange the apartment...

COPY goes to the shelf and tugs SIENNA's doll. COPY stares the doll down, as if it were an alien thing. In the end, COPY snaps the doll's head before lazily tossing

the parts aside, then returns to the work at hand.

CARBON pulls from a pocket a hangman's noose and begins to string it from the rafter of the apartment.

They lift Daisy, reviving, towards the dangling noose.

At last - she SCREAMS! It's doubled and screeching through the room.

Blackout.

Lights up again, low. Another plan.

DAISY is dismembered behind the sofa by CARBON, parts thrown as the work is done.

Lights fade.

ACT I

SCENE 8

The LYMAN house.

REBECCA paces, and then sits.

KATHERINE and ZOEY enter.

REBECCA bolts from the chair and to the door, a panicked look on her face.

KATHERINE

(Noticing)

What is it?

REBECCA

(Rushed, in a whisper)

Go, go.

ZOEY

What's wrong?

REBECCA

You have to go. Quickly. He won't leave.

SOUND: A toilet flushes.

KATHERINE

Who is it?

REBECCA

A policeman!

REBECCA shoves the two back towards the door, but it's too late, a man stands in the main room.

He is stooped, in ratty brown suit and Fedora hat.

This is DETECTIVE CHURCHYARD.

CHURCHYARD

Good afternoon.

He approaches the bar, fixes a drink (very slowly) then points to the sofa.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

Please.

KATHERINE

You're in my house.

CHURCHYARD again points to the sofa.

CHURCHYARD

Please.

REBECCA, ZOEY, and KATHERINE are seated.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

In the next ten minutes... I will know everything about you. I will know how many lovers you had, which of you was abused, all about your failed careers, missed appointments. Your drinks of choice...or if you're all teetotalers.

(Eyes the bar)

See - I already know an answer and it's been ten seconds. The Lymans' drink. Lots. Gin and whiskey, it seems. No beer. No wine. Martinis for the ladies, brown from the men. Have I got it?

KATHERINE

The bar is my husband's.

CHURCHYARD

Is? The present tense. Interesting.

(Drinks)

Denial is common.

KATHERINE

My daughter tells us you're a policeman.

CHURCHYARD

Detective. As I said, in ten minutes... I'll know everything.

KATHERINE

Do you have some information about my daughter?

CHURCHYARD

She's twenty-seven and lost a baby a month ago when near term. She doesn't like you much and wishes you behaved more like a mother than a cat-in-heat. She's never seen you work. She knows she's not your favorite and you've recently had a severe argument that she regrets.

KATHERINE

(To REBECCA)

How long was he here before we arrived?

CHURCHYARD

Five minutes - two of them lost to pissing in your toilet.

KATHERINE

I doubt she told you all that.

CHURCHYARD

She didn't have to. I could tell. She's like one of those magazines with large print and lots of pictures. The kind you buy in the grocery line and read in the toilet.

KATHERINE

You must not be that smart after all. My question: do you have information? *That* question was about my other daughter, Sienna.

CHURCHYARD

The one who is missing.

KATHERINE

Yes.

CHURCHYARD

I'm not here about her. I'm here about her agent.

KATHERINE

(Smooth)

Is that the man who was at Connor's funeral? See, I'm not in denial, Detective Churchyard.

CHURCHYARD

(Indicating REBECCA)

She told you my name?

KATHERINE

There's a laundry tag hanging from your coat.

CHURCHYARD looks down. He snaps the tag with his name from his sleeve.

KATHERINE (Continued)

Is it possible, Detective, that in ten minutes I'll know everything about you..?

CHURCHYARD smiles. He gulps his drink, sets it down on the bar, and pulls a chair in front of the sofa.

CHURCHYARD

You think you're a clever girl.

KATHERINE

I'm not a girl. I'm a woman. And I'm not trying to be clever.

ZOEY

(Injecting, nervous)

Really, she's not that smart.

KATHERINE quickly smacks ZOEY's leg. ZOEY gives a slight "ow."

CHURCHYARD

Well... I suppose I know now which one of you is abused.

KATHERINE

What do you want?

CHURCHYARD

Haven't you guessed?

KATHERINE

I have no idea.

CHURCHYARD

Yes. You. Do.

Long pause.

KATHERINE

Is this a staring contest? Or are you going to say something?

CHURCHYARD

John Harbour, your daughter's agent, was found this morning, murdered. Someone had beaten him to death in his northside office. Probably with a club or a pipe. Though his telephone is missing, so there's a case for that.

KATHERINE

(Giving away nothing)

Wow. That's terrible.

CHURCHYARD

I've seen your films. Yes, that's right. Six films in eight years and then you stopped. It's a shame they don't cast you any more. I don't think you've gotten ugly or anything. In fact... Yeah, if I was making a movie, you'd be on my list. Your husband was in the business, too, wasn't he?

KATHERINE

He was a set painter.

CHURCHYARD

This is a nice house for a set painter.

KATHERINE

The money is mine.

CHURCHYARD

I don't believe your contract with the studio could have paid for all this. I suppose I know how many lovers you had, then.

CHURCHYARD makes a checkmark in the air with his finger, marks the time sarcastically.

KATHERINE

You know exactly nothing. If you were any good at detecting, you'd tell me where Sienna has gone.

CHURCHYARD

What makes you think I don't know already?

KATHERINE slaps CHURCHYARD.

REBECCA

Mother!

CHURCHYARD

(Holding cheek, smiles)

No worries, girls. I'm not going to bring your mother up on assaulting a policeman.

CHURCHYARD stands, goes to the bar, and fixes another drink. Deliberately, he over-pours his whiskey, splashing the bar, winking as he does so.

CHURCHYARD

Ooops.

KATHERINE

You must go.

CHURCHYARD

Don't you want to hear it? You wouldn't want this fountain of knowledge to dry up, would you?

KATHERINE

You've told us nothing.

CHURCHYARD

(Sly)

So you knew about Mr. Harbour's murder, then?

KATHERINE

Well... No. That was news.

CHURCHYARD

I'll tell you what else is news. You girls are out of your depths. You're going to get swept into the Pacific if you're not careful. I can already tell there's a curse. Missing daughter, dead husband, dead baby... and now another body turns up. Death is trying to get in your panties. I wouldn't want to be within three miles of you.

ZOEY

That's fine by us.

CHURCHYARD

So bubble gum girl speaks. Good for you. I love a mix of false courage and desperation. Makes the game more interesting.

REBECCA

Isn't your ten minutes up?

CHURCHYARD

So the baby comment riles you, huh? The Lyman's have rallied for another round, another set of blows... another... go with... gloves off... Well... Here's to fool's courage...

CHURCHYARD finishes this latest drink.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

May I use your telephone?

KATHERINE

No you may not.

CHURCHYARD crosses to the phone. He lifts the receiver, and then thinks. He bends. He puts the heavy receiver to the top of his head, as if administering an imaginary, slow motion blow. He knows the three are watching him assess this possibility. He smiles.

CHURCHYARD

These things are heavy!

KATHERINE

Are you going to make a call or not?

CHURCHYARD hangs up.

CHURCHYARD

I'll do it from the corner.

KATHERINE

If you're trying to intimidate us, or if you think we killed Mr. Harbour-

CHURCHYARD

You know what I think?

CHURCHYARD crosses to KATHERINE,
moves close to her face.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

You know what I *know*? That you are a goddamned liar.

He waits for the slap. When it
doesn't come, he backs away.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

You all are. And I'll be back when I can prove it.

CHURCHYARD goes to the door, tips
his Fedora.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

Have a super swell day.

He exits.

The three let out an audible
breath.

KATHERINE

That man was no policeman.

Lights fade to curtain.

ACT II

SCENE 1

Lights rise on TWO VAMPIRES,
females scantily clad in black.
It is a scene of seduction. They
kiss on a bed before the audience.

This ends with dismemberment, a
geyser of blood, and a freeze
frame.

Lights out.

Lights on.

From the audience, ARCHIE ANDERS
storms the stage. He looks at the
blank screen before him. He
touches it, thinks, and then
paces.

A woman appears in darkness --
KATHERINE, barely seen.

KATHERINE
People aren't going to like it.

ARCHIE
Why does it have to be liked?

KATHERINE
Because if no one likes it, it won't last.

ARCHIE
Then how do you explain wars?

KATHERINE comes forward.

KATHERINE
Too smart for me, Archie Anders. Your pretty
secretary told me to come on in.

ARCHIE
She *is* pretty, isn't she?

ARCHIE gives KATHERINE an embrace,
lets it linger.

ARCHIE (Continued)
She's too young.

KATHERINE
Trouble.

ARCHIE
Wants to be an actress.

KATHERINE
Double trouble.

ARCHIE
She recently got picked up for some small potatoes
deal. Stays out late at night and comes in with bags
under her eyes.

KATHERINE
Ah, youth. Wasted.

ARCHIE
You're got a secret. I can tell. It's keeping you
preserved. What kind of witchcraft are you involved
with?

KATHERINE
Do you make her run the projector?

ARCHIE
I have to. I'm getting arthritis. It's the Devil.
Ol' Archie Anders isn't want he used to be. I can
barely smack around the actors anymore.

KATHERINE
Your hands don't seem to be an issue tonight.

ARCHIE breaks.

ARCHIE

I thought I'd never see you again. You cut me off at the knees, you know.

KATHERINE

You can take it. You're a big boy.

ARCHIE

How's Connor?

KATHERINE

Connor died. Seven days ago.

ARCHIE

Holy crap. I'm sorry, Katherine. I liked him.

KATHERINE

So did I. It just took me a little long to realize it.

ARCHIE

One of the best painters I ever had. What happened?

KATHERINE

His heart.

ARCHIE

Shame. How are the girls taking it?

KATHERINE

The girls, the girls. My life isn't as perfect as it looks to the neighbors. I've lost control of everything. You know what being lost in the woods must be to a blind person? A nightmare. A complete and total nightmare.

(Pause)

I need someone I can trust.

ARCHIE

Don't you trust your daughters?

KATHERINE

I do. But I've realized in the past few weeks that

(MORE)

KATHERINE (Continued)

we're all very weak. In different ways. It's kind of a shock. I always thought I was good at things. Now I know I'm not. The only thing left for me is to protect my children. It's the only thing that really matters.

ARCHIE

I'm happy to do any-

KATHERINE

I'm in a lot of trouble, Archie. Sienna's been missing for more than a month. And I've lost my memory.

ARCHIE

What are you talking about?

KATHERINE

I can't remember anything before last Sunday. I only remember the last time I saw Sienna. I can't even remember Connor's funeral.

ARCHIE holds up a finger. He goes to a telephone Rolodex, pulls a card, and hands it to KATHERINE.

ARCHIE

Doctor Hans Renner. Best headshrinker in town. Just have him send me the bills, care of the production office. Guy's a genius. Got me to quit smoking, if you can believe that.

KATHERINE

I need help, but not that kind. I need information.

ARCHIE

Sit down.

They are seated.

ARCHIE (Continued)

You look like you're gonna cry.

KATHERINE

I forgot: you hate it when women cry.

ARCHIE

That's because it's usually my fault.

KATHERINE

(Smiles)

Not this time.

ARCHIE

Why come to me?

KATHERINE

You know people.

ARCHIE

I used to. I made some great movies, didn't I?

KATHERINE

You did. You do.

ARCHIE

I bet you haven't seen my last few pictures. Limited releases. Exploitation, they call them in the trades, because of the content. But they're wrong. It's not the content that's exploitive. It's what they're doing to my name. I used to be top tier. Be glad you haven't sunk to this. You got out with your dignity intact.

KATHERINE

All actresses have to choose. You have talent and push through, grow old. Or you find a way into the bed of someone with power who can take care of you when the carousel stops. Those are the only choices.

ARCHIE

Katherine, I could have made you a star, if you'd have let me.

KATHERINE

Don't remind me of your silly promises.

ARCHIE

You thought I was up to no good, but it's not true, doll. I wanted to do right by you. I saw you in that little part and I thought, "Wow." It was greatness, wasn't it? That's what I saw.

KATHERINE

There wasn't anything great about me.

ARCHIE

Bullshit. There was plenty great about you.

(Laugh)

The way you kissed, for one...

KATHERINE

Please. It's embarrassing.

ARCHIE

So now you're here. You came alone.

KATHERINE

I did. No one knows, Archie. No one knows.

ARCHIE

No one suspected? All those years.

KATHERINE

They suspected. But no one knew.

ARCHIE

Then why'd we stop?

KATHERINE

Two years ago Sienna told me she wanted to be an actress. So I found myself trying to talk her out of it.

ARCHIE

I saw that southern picture. I thought she was real good. I hoped to give you a call after its run, see what she was doing next.

KATHERINE

Put her in exploitation?

ARCHIE

No, no, see you got it wr-

KATHERINE

Did she look like me?

ARCHIE

Absolutely.

(Pause)

So why are you alone? Katherine...

KATHERINE

Rebecca and Zoey are out looking for Sienna tonight. Checking the places where only the young can go without glares. I, I snuck away. If they saw me with you, it'd be undone. They'd know. They're not dumb. They know I've not been faithful, but if they knew it was you and just you... That's another matter. Children don't like to know that a mother could love two men.

(Pause)

Do you know a movie called "Hunt Her, Kill Her?"

ARCHIE

Oh, why you want to go talking about that?

KATHERINE

Have you heard of it?

ARCHIE

Yes. But I wish I hadn't.

ARCHIE stands, uncomfortable.

KATHERINE

Is it exploitation film like the ones you've been making?

ARCHIE

I've never made *anything* like that one.

KATHERINE

But you've seen it?

ARCHIE

No. No, I haven't. Wouldn't want to. Listen, is this about Sienna?

KATHERINE

The woman who starred in that movie had the same agent as Sienna.

ARCHIE

Christ, Katherine. It's one of those movies that... is really, *really* underground. Doesn't play in theaters. Gets shown in basements. Sometimes in private estates owned by rich weirdos from old Hollywood who let all that glitter go to their heads. It's extreme.

KATHERINE

How extreme?

ARCHIE

Like I said, I haven't seen it.

KATHERINE

Can you get a copy of it?

ARCHIE

Oh, God, come on, Katherine. You don't want to watch that stuff.

KATHERINE

Do you know the people who made it?

ARCHIE

It's all fake names.

KATHERINE

So you've looked?

ARCHIE

Movies like that...they come up in conversations.

KATHERINE

Conversations with whom?

ARCHIE

Exploitation films attract... all kinds of people. New talent, kids just wanting a break, but there's also a... fringe element. I don't ride that far out. I make women gladiator films with tits and blood. I

(MORE)

ARCHIE (Continued)

make titles like "The Grave Robbers" and "Castle Von Death." I stay clear of "Hunt Her, Kill Her." That's a different league.

KATHERINE

Is it pornography?

ARCHIE

Listen, Kath. I don't want to scare you.

KATHERINE

I want to see it.

ARCHIE paces.

ARCHIE

This is a helluva favor.

(Thinking)

Okay, okay. I, I might have a connection. Let me see what I can do. But it's a bad idea, Katherine. A bad idea. You escaped it; you don't know what this town is like. And when you were in front of the cameras, you saw the good years. You missed what the last ten years have been like.

KATHERINE

There was reefer back then, too, you know.

ARCHIE

I'm not talking about-. This town's got a side that's lies just beyond the disappointments. A blackness. Horrors that are like deep cuts in the skin. People you wouldn't want to know in a million years. Have you heard about Carbon Copy? No? They've been around since Christmas. Two thugs in trench coats and hats - - right out of a Cagney film. Twins or something wearing Halloween masks. Done some killings around town. Brutal. Massacres. You don't hear it on the news because it's like reporting on the Flying Dutchman. Rumors and gossip. But everyone knows they're out there. And there are cults and there are maniacs and there are sects of all kinds of unholy violence-

KATHERINE

You're scaring me.

ARCHIE

Good. You should stay away.

KATHERINE stands.

KATHERINE

I have to find Sienna. I have to find out what happened.

ARCHIE

Okay. Aside from this big favor, and believe me, it's a big one, you got any easy requests?

KATHERINE

Do you know any special effects people?

ARCHIE

Some.

KATHERINE

David Wolff?

ARCHIE

No.

KATHERINE

Someone taught Sienna a magic trick.

ARCHIE

A disappearing act?

KATHERINE goes for the door.

KATHERINE

Yes. Something like that. This trick is connected to her disappearance.

(Pause)

Do you know any magic, Archie?

ARCHIE shakes his head sadly.

KATHERINE (Continued)

You have my number.

ARCHIE nods.

Blackout.

ACT II

SCENE 2

Dark.

A bare apartment, razor of light.

SOUND: Flies buzzing.

Enter ZOEY through a window.

Once inside, she helps REBECCA
over the ledge.

ZOEY

(Whisper)
It smells awful. I can't see anything.

REBECCA

(Whisper)
Find the switch.

ZOEY gropes the wall.

ZOEY

(Whisper)
Found it.

Pause.

REBECCA

(Whisper)
Well, turn on the lights!

ZOEY

(Whisper)
The switch must be broken. Get the flashlight.

REBECCA pulls a flashlight from
her bag.

ZOEY (Continued)

(Whisper)

I told you we'd need it.

REBECCA

(Whisper)

This is stupid, I feel like a robber.

REBECCA lights the flashlight and scans the room.

She quickly settles on:

A dead body, tied to a chair,
covered in blood.

The two scream.

ZOEY

(Whisper)

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.

REBECCA

(Whisper)

Is that him?

REBECCA approaches the body, shines the light.

ZOEY

Look at his throat.

They back away.

REBECCA

So much for David Wolff.

ZOEY

We're leaving.

She backs away, trips.

When Rebecca reaches for her,
CARBON leaps from behind the sofa
and snatches ZOEY.

REBECCA
(Screaming)
Zoey! Zoey!

The flashlight follows as ZOEY is
dragged behind the sofa.

The light goes out then comes back
on.

A bruising fight erupts in the
dark.

REBECCA makes it to the window.

COPY grabs REBECCA's face to stop
her call for help.

In the struggle, REBECCA pulls off
COPY's mask. Though REBECCA
doesn't see the face, it is
clearly SIENNA.

SIENNA is zombie-like,
unmistakably her, but without
emotion.

COPY/SIENNA chokes REBECCA, who at
last gets free. She makes it to
the door, throws it open, and
runs.

COPY/SIENNA replaces her mask.

ZOEY has fallen behind the sofa,
her legs showing, but not moving.

CARBON stands up.

CARBON COPY looks to each other.

Lights fade.

ACT II

SCENE 3

KATHERINE is asleep, wrapped in a robe.

REBECCA enters, winded, goes straight to her mother, weeping.

KATHERINE holds her daughter.

KATHERINE

It's okay. It's okay. Rebecca, it's okay.

REBECCA

(Through tears)

No, it's not. It's not.

KATHERINE

Where's Zoey?

(Pause)

Where's Zoey?

KATHERINE pulls REBECCA away. She sees the cuts on her daughter's face from the struggle.

REBECCA

We went to David Wolff's house.

KATHERINE

You stupid girls.

REBECCA

Mom. Mom. It was awful.

KATHERINE

Tell me what happened.

REBECCA

He was dead, Mom. Someone had killed him. With a knife. He was tied in a chair. And then we were attacked. These two... people. Wearing these masks, and-

KATHERINE

Oh, Lord, no-

RECECCA

They got Zoey. It was dark. I ran away. She was on the floor. I don't know if she was all right. I left her. I left her. Oh, God, Mom. I ran away.

KATHERINE

(Shaking REBECCA)

Was she alive?

REBECCA

I don't know. I don't know.

KATHERINE

You should have helped her?

REBECCA

I had to get away! Mom, I had to.

KATHERINE

We've got to... We've got to phone the police.

REBECCA

Okay, okay.

KATHERINE stands and goes for the phone.

SOUND: Knocks at the door.

The two freeze.

Knocks.

Turning to pounding.

KATHERINE

(In a whisper)

Did they follow you?

REBECCA

(Mouthing)

I don't know.

REBECCA silently sobs.

KATHERINE moves towards the door.

REBECCA tries to warn her away,
but is shushed.

CHURCHYARD

(Through door, singsong)

Mrs. Lyman! It's Detective Churchyard.

Long pause.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

(Through door)

I know you're in there, Mrs. Lyman.

(Pause)

I brought a present for you.

(Pause)

I know you're gonna like it.

KATHERINE

Go away!

CHURCHYARD

(Through door)

You *are* there, Mrs. Lyman. I'm a good detective.
Don't you want to see my present?

KATHERINE

I said go away!

CHURCHYARD

(Through door)

If now's a bad time, I could just leave it at the
door.

KATHERINE

I don't want *anything* from you.

CHURCHYARD

(Through door)

That's too bad, Mrs. Lyman. I thought you'd enjoy my present. As a matter of fact, I *know* you'll enjoy it.

KATHERINE

I'm calling the police!

CHURCHYARD

(Through door)

That's funny. We're already here.

KATHERINE

You're not the police.

CHURCHYARD

(Through door)

I'm not? News to me, Mrs. Lyman. News. To. Me.

(Pause)

I'll just leave it by the door. Goodnight, Mrs. Lyman. And goodnight, Rebecca. Take care of that pretty ass.

SOUND: Footsteps. Long pause.

KATHERINE peers outside.

KATHERINE

(Soft)

I think he's gone.

REBECCA

Call the police.

KATHERINE puts her hand on the door.

KATHERINE

I will.

REBECCA

Now, Mother, now!

KATHERINE opens the door.

She sees something on the ground,
reaches down slowly, embraces it,
rises with an object clutched in
her arms, hidden until she
turns...

It is the telephone she used to
kill JOHN HARBOUR. She quickly
pulls inside and bolts the door.

KATHERINE

The telephone.

REBECCA

He knows, he knows!

KATHERINE

Maybe it's—

REBECCA

Look at the dent.

KATHERINE throws down the phone.

KATHERINE

I can't call the police.

REBECCA

Please, Mother. You've got to. Zoey! Please,
Mother!

KATHERINE stares at the murder
weapon. She can't take her eyes
from it.

KATHERINE

How did he find this? We threw it off the pier.

REBECCA

I don't know! We have to call THE POLICE!

REBECCA stands.

REBECCA (Continued)

I'll call them!

KATHERINE moves between the house's phone and her daughter.

KATHERINE

Just wait, just wait.

REBECCA

Mom, it's Zoey! It's Zoey!

REBECCA tries to barrel past her KATHERINE, who struggles with her.

REBECCA (Continued)

You don't think I couldn't claw my way through you? Are you going to kill me with that phone, too? I'm CALLING the POLICE! We need HELP! We need HEEEELLLLLLLLLLP!

REBECCA's scream startles KATHERINE out of something.

KATHERINE

You're right. We should, we should...

REBECCA

Get out of my way.

REBECCA rushes to the phone. Just as she's about to pick up the receiver, it rings.

The two women stare it down.

REBECCA grabs it.

ARCHIE

(Over phone)

Hello? Is anyone there?

(Pause)

Katherine? It's Archie Anders. Hello?

REBECCA turns, gives her mother a look of supreme disappointment before handing the phone over.

REBECCA

I knew it. He was one of them.

KATHERINE

You're wrong.

REBECCA

I'm not.

KATHERINE takes the phone.

KATHERINE

(Into phone)

Archie.

ARCHIE

(Over phone)

Katherine! Good. I've learned something tonight. I wanted to tell you right away.

KATHERINE

David Wolff's dead.

ARCHIE

(Over phone)

He is? That's the effects man you mentioned? How do you know?

KATHERINE

I read it.

ARCHIE

(Over phone)

Oh. Well, it's not that. You mentioned a magic trick. I've seen something, Katherine. You have to see it, too. It's that movie. "Hunt Her, Kill Her." I've got it. I think you should come over right away. There's something in this film you should see. But I have to have the print back by midnight or I'm a dead man. You must hurry, Katherine.

KATHERINE

Tell me, Archie. Tell me now.

ARCHIE

(Over phone)

Can't. You have to see it. Hurry or you'll miss it.

SOUND: Click.

KATHERINE looks to REBECCA.

KATHERINE

Can you drive?

REBECCA

What?

KATHERINE

Archie's found the film.

REBECCA

What film?

KATHERINE

"Hunt Her, Kill Her." I asked him to find it. It's an underground film. Something we're not supposed to see. He has it for just another two hours.

REBECCA

We can't go see a MOVIE!

KATHERINE

He mentioned magic.

(Compelling)

You *know* it, Rebecca. You *have* to know this. Everything bad started with Sienna's trick.

REBECCA

We need the police. Not a film director.

KATHERINE

I trust Archie.

REBECCA

He doesn't know about Zoey. She comes first.

KATHERINE

The police can't help Zoey. Only we can save her. If it's magic, then there's a chance. We have to find the source.

REBECCA breaks. She goes wild,
breaking things, throwing things.

KATHERINE

We're wasting time, Rebecca.

REBECCA

Everything we do just gets us in deeper.

KATHERINE

You're right.

REBECCA

I'm so mad at you. At Sienna. At Zoey. At Dad. Everyone leaves.

KATHERINE

I'm here.

REBECCA

You screwed around.

KATHERINE

I did. But I loved your father. I gave Archie up two years ago because I realized that. I love all of you so very much. And I've let all these terrible things happen.

KATHERINE turns away, crying.

REBECCA considers.

REBECCA

One stop... then the police station.

KATHERINE nods, wipes her eyes.

KATHERINE

We don't have a pistol, do we?

REBECCA

You killed a man with a *phone*, Mom. I think we'll be okay.

Lights fade.

ACT II

SCENE 4

ARCHIE ANDERS' home.

ARCHIE, KATHERINE, and REBECCA sit
in dim lights.

ARCHIE

Before I run this, I want to be sure.

KATHERINE

I'm sure. How long is it?

ARCHIE

Forty-one minutes. Short, but effective. And
disturbing. Black and white. Parts are violent.

(Pause)

I'm going to run it on from the booth. But I won't
come back into the room. I don't want to see it a
second time.

ARCHIE exits. After a moment, the
film begins...

The scene accelerates -- collages
of sound, flickers, and images.
Bright red lights overlap black
and white strobes.

KATHERINE and REBECCA are
transfixed.

At a point, Rebecca shouts over
the screams emanating from the
film's soundtrack:

REBECCA

Sienna! It's her...

KATHERINE can only nod.

The film turns into blaring white light that holds the room in a noisy haze, which is overtaken by red.

The film whirls to climax then stops.

SOUND: Clop, clop, clop of a finished film reel slapping the projector's feeder, slowing to end.

ARCHIE returns, carrying a film can.

KATHERINE

(Soft)
Did you see it?

REBECCA

I did.

KATHERINE

She does the trick in the film.

REBECCA

Did you see what it did to those people with her? It cut them all into little pieces.

KATHERINE

She had no idea what she did in our living room that day. If she had let it continue, it would have killed us all.

ARCHIE

Like a child with a new toy.

KATHERINE

In the film, it's not *really* her.

ARCHIE

Of course it's her. That's why I wanted you to see it.

REBECCA

Mom's right. It's not her. She's...under a spell.

KATHERINE

Like *I* was when I lost my memory.

ARCHIE

Is it witchcraft? Possibly. It's a snuff film for certain. Films are tricks. Everything about them is a lie. People die, people live, but not really. It's all fake. But there's one thing you can't fake: the look on those people's faces when they died. That's for real. I know it in my gut.

(Pause)

The two in the trench coats, in that one decapitation scene...

KATHERINE

Carbon Copy.

ARCHIE

That's right. Not a myth. Characters in a snuff film brought to life.

KATHERINE

I feel like I've just watched one of those accident films they show you in driver's school, to frighten you. Sienna's not a murderer. She's an actress. She wants to be a film star.

ARCHIE

Katherine. Stay away from...from, whatever this is. This thing that Sienna's involved with, it's eaten her alive. No one in his or her right mind would do those things and then come to a family gathering. She's lost.

KATHERINE

Do you know what you're saying? This is my *daughter*.

ARCHIE

I know what I'm saying.

KATHERINE

I'm her mother. I'm her mother. The spell can be broken.

ARCHIE

It's too dangerous.

REBECCA

We were going to go to the police.

ARCHIE

The police?

REBECCA

Zoey's been taken by those two in the coats.

ARCHIE

What? Why didn't you tell me this?

KATHERINE

There's a man who is following us. He says he's with the police. We don't trust him. He may be dangerous. We decided to come her first and see the film.

ARCHIE

But if they took your youngest child-

KATHERINE

She may even be dead.

(Pause)

Who gave you this film?

ARCHIE

A friend of a friend of a friend of a friend. I don't directly know the man. Runs a prop shop on the west side. If you want me to tell the police about him, I will. I will do anything to help you, Katherine. If you want to go to the police from here, I understand. But I must return the film tonight.

KATHERINE

We're not splitting up. I can't lose anyone else.

REBECCA

Turn the film over to the police.

ARCHIE

If I do, I'd be jeopardizing everyone who helped me find it in the first place. And we might need those sources. There may be more films out there. This

(MORE)

ARCHIE (Continued)

prop man -- he's established. He's not going anywhere. He's probably just a middleman anyhow. But if he's important, the police can locate him later this morning. Please... I have to be there before midnight. Let's go. My car is outside.

Lights out.

ACT II

SCENE 5

A warehouse.

Crates, racks of clothes.

SOUND: The door rattles with
pounding.

No answer.

The door opens. An arm shows.

Enter ARCHIE ANDERS clutching the
film. Behind him are KATHERINE
and REBECCA.

ARCHIE

Hello...

(No answer)

I'm back. I've brought the film.

ARCHIE sets the film down on a
crate.

ARCHIE (Continued)

I'm leaving it here. Okay? Thanks for the loan.

(Turning to the women)

Come on...

A MAN steps from behind one of the
costume racks and blocks the exit.
He wears the same mask as CARBON
COPY.

The women startle.

ARCHIE (Continued)

(Making light)

Okay. I'm impressed with your props and costumes.
But my friends and I really have to leave.

(No answer)

We have to leave.

Slowly, THE MAN removes the mask.

It is CHURCHYARD.

ARCHIE

Funny joke. There's your film. Thanks for the loan.

KATHERINE

No, Archie, not him!

CHURCHYARD takes his hand from his
side. He holds a pistol.

ARCHIE

Come on, I've had enough of the props, buster.

CHURCHYARD waves his hand over the
gun.

CHURCHYARD

(Sarcastically)

Abraaaaaacabraaaaaa...

CHURCHYARD shoots ARCHIE in the
leg and he goes down. KATHERINE
dives to help him.

KATHERINE

No!

ARCHIE

Jesus Christ!

KATHERINE

Leave us alone!

CHURCHYARD

You were right, Mrs. Lyman. I'm not a policeman. But I'm one helluva actor. And I've made some real inroads into other skills popular in this town. I'm an auteur. Couple underground classics. But I've got a good feeling about this next one. Real potential at the box office. Smiles for the cameras, girls...

From behind crates, CARBON appears, wielding a film camera. COPY is alongside, holding a boom microphone.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

It's a little tough to work unscripted, but it yields spectacular results. I like my climaxes bloody. Get the audiences worked into a nice frenzy. And you know what else works magic in the last reel?

CHURCHYARD shoves aside a costume rack and reveals ZOEY tied up and gagged. ZOEY struggles through her bindings.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

(Dry)

Surprise...

(To CARBON)

Get in close. Real close.

CARBON puts the camera's lens tight to KATHERINE's eye.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

I like to see this: real emotion. You can't get that from an actor. Not usually. Not unless they're pushed. But cliffs aren't very cinematic. Oh. Mrs. Lyman. Mrs. Ly...*man*. You used to be pretty. In fifteen minutes, that, that porcelain grace, that, that film star shine, that glow which you have passed down through your drowning gene pool, will be forever scarred. You will have to watch your children lose their beauty. That will be hard for you.

KATHERINE

You're the Devil!

CHURCHYARD

Not true. Though we've been run in the same social circles for years.

(To CARBON)

Get it all on film. We can do the cutaways later. I want...her face. The mother will tell the story.

CHURCHYARD crosses to a crate. He opens it. He pulls out a short sword. Then another. Then another, slightly longer.

CHURCHYARD (Continued)

Which one of these would have the best effect on an audience? Or...

(Turns to ZOEY)

...a young girl's cheek.

REBECCA

It's not real!

CHURCHYARD

Oh, yes. Everything in my films is real. Even the magic. I could do card tricks all day. But I prefer things a bit more black.

CHURCHYARD, with gun and sword, crosses to ZOEY. His hands are full so he must put down the

pistol to cut the tape covering her mouth.

It that moment, KATHERINE goes wild and attacks him.

A fight breaks out:

The masked CARBON COPY, armed with boom microphone and camera,

CHURCHYARD's gun firing,

ARCHIE crawling on the floor,

KATHERINE, REBECCA, ZOEY, and CHURCHYARD...

It is chaos, with weapons and props used viscously.

The lights go out - the fight continues in the dark, they flicker back on.

CARBON is killed.

COPY drops the boom and picks up the camera.

In retaliation, CHURCHYARD shoots REBECCA.

KATHERINE

No!

CHURCHYARD begins to do a magic trick with his hand, the power rising and rising - the amplified version of SIENNA's trick.

KATHERINE cuts off CHURCHYARD's hand with a sword to a gush of blood. He screams and collapses. KATHERINE, short sword in one

hand, pistol aimed, shoots
CHURCHYARD dead.

At last, she turns to COPY, who
films it all, mask still on.

The film runs out of the camera
and it stops. COPY looks at the
camera dumbly, at last setting it
aside. COPY reaches in a trench
coat pocket.

KATHERINE fires and COPY falls.

Five bodies are now on the floor.

KATHERINE cuts ZOEY loose.

ARCHIE crawls to CARBON and takes
of the mask.

Oh, Christ...

ARCHIE

What?

KATHERINE

It's my secretary.

ARCHIE

KATHERINE bends to REBECCA, who is
bleeding, but alive. She takes
ZOEY's hand and folds it into
REBECCA's, for comfort.

Slowly, she approaches COPY. She
removes the mask and immediately
and despairingly begins to weep.

It's SIENNA.

No, no. Sienna. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

SIENNA

(Weakly)
It's okay.

KATHERINE

We're going to get help. We're gonna get help.

SIENNA

Okay.

KATHERINE

I can't lose you.

SIENNA

Stay with me.

KATHERINE

Yes-

SIENNA

I've done bad things.

KATHERINE

It's all right. I saved you.

SIENNA

You did?

KATHERINE

Of course. I've saved you.

SOUND: Distant sirens.

KATHERINE (Continued)

See? They're coming. They're coming.

ZOEY

What if they're not for us?

KATHERINE

They are. They're for us. I know it.

SIENNA

No. It's Hollywood.

Music and sound, the flickering of
a film running through a
projector.

Blackout.

Final curtain.