

ACT I

SCENE 3

JOHN HARBOUR's office.

Desk and a chair.

A film poster: "HUNT HER, KILL HER" (a woman in the woods, half-naked, sweaty - obviously an exploitation film.)

HARBOUR compulsively straightens his desk.

A soft knock at the door.

HARBOUR listens, paces. Quickly, he opens to find...

HARBOUR (Continued)

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 just come here to answer the phone. 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. I know that 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

What's that?

KATHERINE

There's a big black spot. I remember Sienna's visit to the house seven 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.

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, I've been able to piece together what has happened.

(MORE)

KATHERINE (Continued)

Sienna vanished two days after I last saw her. I spent the next few weeks putting up posters, canvassing, making telephone calls. I don't remember any of this...but I've learned it. And, I've learned you've been helping as well.

HARBOUR

As I could. 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 heart attack.

HARBOUR

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

KATHERINE

Do you believe she's alive?

HARBOUR

Of course. I do.

KATHERINE

That's the most optimistic yet.

HARBOUR

You and I see Sienna the same. 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 you look nervous.

KATHERINE

That movie. The poster. I've never heard of it.

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 the place more "movie" 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)

Okay, okay. 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

(Frowns)

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 were in the Anders flick?

KATHERINE

I'm certain.

HARBOUR

What, you made it during your blackout months?

KATHERINE

I--

HARBOUR

I kid. Trying to lighten things. Made a boo-boo.

KATHERINE

So you have no special talents?

HARBOUR

No, no. 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

(MORE)

HARBOUR (Continued)

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 begins to rifle the desk.

KATHERINE

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

HARBOUR stops cold.

HARBOUR

Magic tricks?

KATHERINE

Yes.

HARBOUR

That thing -- knowing faces -- that's not a magic trick, Mrs. Lyman.

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

Did you tell this to the police?

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. Just 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, face changing, serious; he then has a change of mind.

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 Anders 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 the 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, insistant.

Katherine stands.

Blood empties under HARBOUR's  
head.

Blackout.

ACT I

SCENE 4

HARBOUR's office.

Lights rise to dusk.

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

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

Lights fade.

ACT I

SCENE 5

HARBOUR's office, later.

Lights rise to barely lit/night.

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

HARBOUR's body is unchanged.

A knock.

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

KATHERINE

Who's there?