

HARVEY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EST. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DUSK

A Victorian home is squeezed between two others on a quiet street under the fading glow of twilight. A pile of mail and newspapers cascade down its stone steps like a paper waterfall.

The homes on either side are lit up: porch lights, activity in the windows, shadows of life in well-lit rooms. Stark contrast to the dark, lifeless home in the middle.

INT. HARVEY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

A blank section of wall. After a moment, a hammer enters the frame and knocks a two-inch hole in the wall.

SFX: faraway, woman's muffled scream.

REVEAL late-30s HARVEY. He kneels beside a wheelchair parked sideways against the wall. A shabby, velvet cloth hangs in front of the wall. A small section is pinned away so Harvey can work on the hole that sits at knee height. An elegant, tasseled, gold rope hangs at the side of the curtain.

The furniture in the living room is covered with white sheets and pushed against the side walls, leaving a large, empty space. A single lamp provides a satisfactory gloom.

He slips the hammer into a makeshift tool belt at the side of his wheelchair then INSPECTS the newly formed hole.

Harvey concentrates on the hole. Bits of pink insulation peek out. His fingers smooth the rim of the hole and push back some of the insulation. He HUMS the chorus melody to Lou Christie's "Lightning Strikes" while he makes his delicate inspection.

Beads of sweat start to form on Harvey's forehead. His breathing deepens, becomes more ragged.

The dim light catches a bit of insulation and "winks" as it REFLECTS off a tiny metal shard.

HARVEY
(giggle)
You're naughty.

Harvey's finger starts to push deeper inside the hole, then stops.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
I don't know if I want our
relationship to move too quickly.
After all, I made you, so that
makes me kind of like your father.
Or am I your God? I still haven't
finished wrestling with the ethical
dilemma yet. Can you wait?

The insulation REFLECTS again.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Oh thank you. All the others
wouldn't wait for me. They couldn't
handle a long-term relationship.
They all fell apart before my eyes,
you know.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HARVEY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER

Harvey sits in his wheelchair in front of a full-length
mirror. He stares into it and adjusts his bowtie, an
accessory to his full tuxedo.

Harvey's phone rings three times before the answering machine
picks up.

ANSWERING MACHINE
(Woman's voice)
You've reached the Gallianos, but
we're not in. If you leave a
message, I'm sure we'll get back to
you-
(woman and Harvey's voice
in unison, happy)
-as soon as humanly possible.

Harvey ignores it, engrossed in the intricacies of his
bowtie.

CHERYL
(from phone speaker)
Harvey? Please pick-up. It's
Cheryl. Come on Harv'. No one's
seen you for weeks. You've got to
get out. We missed you at the
funeral. Shirley's parents were
very upset. They still don't
understand why you weren't there.
(MORE)

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Tom has been running interference at work, but Mr. Collins is asking when you'll be back. I miss her, too, we all do. But please, Harv', for me, call someone. Anyone, just so we know you're OK. I know it's your anniversary, you shouldn't be alone. I've been thinking of dropping by, but I know how you guys hated... how you hate that. Think about it. Take care.

Harvey bends down to tie his shiny, black shoes, then propels his wheelchair out of frame.

INT. HARVEY'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harvey rolls to the wall and turns sideways up against it. He reaches into a pouch on the side of his chair and pulls out a red rose. The rose gets tangled in the spokes of the wheels as he rolls along toward the new hole.

HARVEY

Oh damn.

He untangles the rose, then stands-up, bends to one knee and extends the rose toward the hole.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

For you, my dear. I hope you like the red ones. May I?

Harvey lays the rose beneath the hole then carefully inserts a finger inside the plaster orifice.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

So soft. I wonder how far this goes back, how deep.

Harvey's finger slides in until his knuckle hits the wall.

SFX: dog's muffled growling.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I'm used to your bite. It once drove me crazy, but now it just tickles.

Harvey inserts a second finger, and then a third.

SFX: distant, high-pitched female giggling.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Does this hurt?

SFX: distant, woman's sigh.

The light SPARKLES off the insulation.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Well, my sweet, I must go take care
of something. But I'll be back. I
think I've made a decision
regarding your virtue. Ta-ta.

Harvey tugs on the rope and the velvet curtains part like those at an old-time theatre. REVEAL dozens of sloppily-patched holes across the wall from ceiling to floor. There is an empty space in the middle of the wall. It looks as if a picture had been hanging there forever as we notice the dust imprint of a picture frame.

Harvey sits in his wheelchair and rolls toward an old hole that is still open. He reaches down and pulls a small container of patching material and a spatula from his tool belt. He begins to fill in the hole.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
No time for you. You're no good to
me anymore. I've got a new girl in
my life.

From inside the hole we see Harvey looking in. He WINKS as a bell CHIMES.

The screen slowly goes BLACK as the hole is filled in.