

FADE

Episode Two

"In the Mind of a Menace"

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OVER BLACK.

We hear thunderous rain hailing down and tapping against a window aggressively.

FADE IN:

INT. MANSION, HEATH'S ROOM - DAY

It's a grey Sunday morning. Heath stands in front of a body mirror.

He wears a black suit and tightens a tie around his neck. His hair is swiftly gelled back. Heath looks handsome and is confident.

He suddenly light up as lighting strikes from outside

CRACK!!!

Thunder follows after.

Heath remains calm, looking out the window as the weather worsens. He sees the water drops all over his clear window, but changes to looking back to his reflection.

Done with his tie, he takes one good look at himself. Suddenly in the mirror standing behind him is his father, Hector Harrison.

Quickly Heath looks back but no one is there.

VIVIAN (O.S)

Are we ready to leave? No doubting
they'll try and start without us.

Vivian wears a black sparkly dress, black heels, her hair tied up and a fluffy coat.

She enters the room while putting on her earring. She looks at Heath who looks like he has seen a ghost.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Heath...I know, I don't want to
face the rest of the rotten family
but the sooner we get this over
with, the sooner we get what we
planned.

Heath looks at Vivian, while buttoning up his cuffs. He walks to Vivian's side, putting out his arm, a smirk appears on his face.

HEATH

Shall we?

Vivian hooks her arm with Heath's and puts her hands on his, smiling at him. Together they leave the bedroom.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE, MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Heath and Vivian sit across from each other. As their chauffer drives them to their destination, Heath watches the passing scenery. The rain and the grey sky makes it hard to see out the windows.

Heath looks down at his lap, deep into thought. Vivian glances at him, sensing there's something on his mind. Resting her elbow on the window frame, she chuckles to herself.

Heath quickly looks at her, wondering what's with the sudden laughter.

VIVIAN

I will tell you this. Your acting skills are really improving. If I didn't know better i'd say you're genuinely sad.

Heath slowly nods his head, looking out the wet car tinted window.

HEATH

You could say I am. He wasn't all bad a father nor a person. No one's all this or all that. He was just...

He pauses for five seconds.

HEATH (CONT'D)

(Clears his mind)
an obstacle that needed to be removed.

Vivian lights up a cigar and rolls her eyes.

VIVIAN

Giving the devil a compliment.

She is about to light up her cigar but Heath takes it away from her, opens the window and throws it out of the car. Shutting the window, as Vivian looks at her lighter.

HEATH

We don't want you smelling like a
fucking valcano on the day of your
boyfriend's funeral.

Vivian looks at Heath with shock, trying to get his attention with a strong death stare but he evades her look, continuing to glare out the window.

HEATH (CONT'D)

We should be there any minute now.

VIVIAN

(Sighs)

Snakes in the grass, here we go.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

A an eleven yearold in a catholic choir robe stands on the pullpit and sings AVE MARIE in falsetto. The pews have multiaged people in fancy black outfits.

Some cry, blow their noises or simply sit in silence, hearing the boy's angelic voice.

Then.

The church doors open. Almost everyone turn to see who's entering. Walking in is Heath and Vivian. The looks they receive are not welcoming in the least.

Heath pays no bother to anyone as he walks forward to the front row.

The whispers ignite the room but it only puts a smile on Heath's face. Vivian looks at some of the woman of the Gallangher family who give her silent looks.

RANDOM WOMAN

(Whispers)

Whore.

Vivian hears those words, stopping in her steps she looks at the woman (60-67).

Vivian forces a smile at the white haired woman and continues to walk forward.

Heath and Vivian sit in the front row seats. They are the only ones to occupy their bench.

As the boy continues to sing, Heath admires the exterior structure of the large church.

Staring at the window panes, he sees Jesus on the cross whose joined with the murderer and the thief.

The choir boy's voice drowns out from Heath's ears as he is in a trance, staring at the beautiful window pane.

The singing stops as the priest gets up in front of the pulpit and the choir boy walks off.

THE PRIEST

Today is a sad, sorry day. Where we
have to say goodbye to our dear
brother, a son, a friend...

The priest glares at Heath, with an unpleasant expression, then back to the congregation.

THE PRIEST (CONT'D)

(Gulps)

And... a father.

Heath sits quietly as the old priest banters on about how great and giving his father was. Then.

THE PRIEST (CONT'D)

Unfortunately Hector Harrison snr
isn't able to make it. I can't
believe what he must be going
through. It's painful to lose your
only child.

There's a moment of silence.

THE PRIEST (CONT'D)

Shall we pray?

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The rain pours down as everyone stands underneath umbrellas. The coffin is being lowered into the ground. Some cry, while others have a morbid appearance on their faces.

Heath stands closest as the coffin goes six feet under. There are fake tears in his eyes but a smile that everyone doesn't notice from him.

Then everyone turns their attention to an approaching vehicle.

Out of a black Bentley exits an oldman (78) white hair, black hat, suit and tie. A rough facial complexion, dark brown eyes and a hunched back. He walks with a black cane slow and steady.

This is HECTOR HARRISON SNR.

He walks to the graveyard, his body guard holding an umbrella above his head, while on his right, a woman in a black dress, with a veil, has her arms around him.

Heath takes a good look at his grand father, as do the rest of the funeral attendees.

Hector walks to the hole in the ground, looking at the coffin. He is about to break, but blocks his mouth and clears his throat.

HECTOR

My son didn't die of natural causes.

Hector looks at those around him, then stops at Heath.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

He was murdered...and I don't believe in a God.

Hector takes his eyes off Heath, looking at the grave.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

But I believe in punishment, vengeance...vengeance...

Hector turns around and glared in Heath and Vivian's direction, as the rain still pours down.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Vengeance.

Heath holds the umbrella over himself and Vivian's head, welcoming a tense staredown with his grandfather.

Hector steps away from the grave and walks towards his car, assisted by the woman.

Hector stops just as he passes Heath, briefly looking over his shoulder and at him, then continues to walk away and to his car.

Suddenly the woman looks at Vivian and gives a nod.

VIVIAN

(Greets)

Patrice.

The tall blonde woman by Hector's side is Hector Harrison jnr's ex-wife, PATRICE.

PATRICE
(Snorts)
Vivian.

Patrice looks down at Heath, smirking.

Hector and Patrice walk to the Bentley. Patrice helps him sit down and gives him his cane.

Before the door closes, he stares at Heath who looks back at him.

Then the door is shut.

INT. BENTLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Hector sits in the comfy brown creamy seats, looking out the tinted windows at the burial. He then looks ahead.

PATRICE
Those two have a nerve showing up here. Further disgracing his name.

HECTOR
(At Patrice)
My son disgraced a fine woman like you, just to be with that bastard and the whore.

Patrice smiles, holding Hector's hand.

PATRICE
You are all the man I need.

Hector leans over to give her a kiss.

He pulls away and sighs to himself.

HECTOR
Where did he go wrong, did I raise him the wrong way?

Patrice holds his hand.

PATRICE
No, you were a good father. Don't blame yourself for his death. Someone murdered your son... my ex husband. I bet it has something to do with that devil child and that home wrecking whore.

CHAUFFER

Sir, would you like another minute?

HECTOR

I have had my grievances. It's time to get to work, find out who asked for their death wish.

The Bently drives away, while Heath watches as it disappears.

HEATH

(Silently)

Let the games begin.

INT. MANSION, BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

Heath lies in the bath, his face above the bubbly water. His eyes are shut as he is at peace. He sinks his head underneath the water, resting on the bottom of the bath.

While his head is under water, we hear audio from the voices of all the people he has killed in his past. The screams, the crying, the gun shots and stabbings,

Then

HECTOR (V.O.)

(Whispers)

We all get what we deserve, yours is sooner than you think.

Heath's eyes open under the water. He tries sitting up to catch his breath, but a hand forces him under the water, making it impossible for him to breathe.

Heath struggles as he's under the water. He splashes and with both his hands, feeling as he claws a man's face.

CUT TO:

Heath opens his eyes and sits up, getting his much needed oxygen. He leans his arm against the side of the boat, his chest moves up and down as he tries to make sense of his encounter.

He stands up and steps out the bath, wrapping a towel around him. Walking to the mirror and rubbing his eyes, there's a figure glitching in and out of sight, but it doesn't catch Heath's sight.

Heath looks at himself in the foggy mirror, his wet hair overlaps his one eye, blood drips from his nose and comes out of his mouth.

Heath feels a stabbing pain in his back. In the mirror he sees a faceless figure behind him, while it stabs a knife into his back.

Heath doesn't fight back but stays still, growing as his face becomes more pale. The faceless man whispers in his ear, as it inserts its knife deeper into Heath's back.

FACELESS FIGURE

(Whispery voice)

We all get what we deserve, yours
is sooner than you think.

CUT TO:

Heath sits up in the bath tub, with a face of great uncertainty and confusion. He brushes his hand through his wet hair, clearing his mind before leaving the tub.

INT. MANSION, FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The doorbell rings. A maid walks to the front door and opens. Hector stands alone on the other side, supporting himself with his cane, looking at the maid.

INT. MANSION, DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

The dining room table is long, made from red oak. At the end of the table sits Vivian, as she drinks from a tall glass. Red wine drops down her chin, causing her to wipe it away.

She puts the napkin aside and taps her nails against a silver steak knife and lowers her glass.

Then she looks up at Hector.

VIVIAN

I expected you to come by.

HECTOR

Am I that predictable.

He looks at the maid and hits his cane against the chair across from Vivian. The maid immediately pulls the chair out for him.

Hector sits down and looks at Vivian.

VIVIAN

Madeline, do offer our...guest
something to drink.

HECTOR

No.

He looks at the maid.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

You, leave us.

The maid glares at Vivian, who gently nods her head.

VIVIAN

Thank you Madeline.

She looks at Hector as the maid leaves the room.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Awfully rude of you to treat such a precious girl that way.

HECTOR

What ever happened to Charlotte?

VIVIAN

(Gilts her shoulder)

She's still trying to process the death-

HECTOR

Murder.

VIVIAN

(Rolls her eyes)

Murder of my dearly departed lover. Say you did leave the funeral quite early, why the rush?

HECTOR

(Grunts)

Funerals. A place where all our weakness can strive. My son is dead and that's that. Time to find the one responsible.

Vivian sips from her glass, eyes on Hector.

VIVIAN

Or ones.

This statement has Hector investment.

HECTOR

I'm listening.

VIVIAN

Your son had many enemies. A man with alot to lose will always have a target on his head.

Hector nods his head in agreement.

HECTOR

Enemies in every corner, in your work place, out in public... even your own home.

Hector and Vivian stare at each other. Vivian smirks and sits back.

VIVIAN

(Agrees)

Yes, even in your own home.

Hector looks around and removes himself from his chair.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Oh do you need a hand?

Hector stands to his feet, his cane supporting him. He looks at the paintings up on the walls.

HECTOR

These paintings of saints. My son always told me he bought them to measure up to them.

VIVIAN

Touching. He was no saint, we both know that.

HECTOR

We all have our monsters. It depends whose are bigger. My sons fall from grace is when he met a 16 yearold whore.

Hector looks at Vivian, who grunts at his comment.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

That very girl ruined his life.

VIVIAN

I could play the defense card and say I was a child, but that'll only make me look pathetic. Your son made his choice. He'll never be a saint...and neither will you and I.

Vivian curiously looks at Hector as he stares at the paintings.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Why are you here?

Then Heath enters the room, wearing a blue robe. His hair not completely dry. He looks at Hector.

Their gazes meet each other.

HEATH
Grandpa...you left the funeral so quick I didn't get to say hi.

HECTOR
Mr. Daniels, your fathers lawyer as im sure you are aware, will give you a call about a my son's inheritance.

He looks at Vivian, then Heath.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
You will denounce yourselves from the inheritance. I'll give you an offer, ten million to make yourselves scarce. Remove yourself from the Gallanagher name.

Vivian grunts at the proposal, while Heath carefully analyzes his grand father. His cogs are functioning. Tempted by the offer.

HEATH
Tempting...but too easy.

Heath juggles his thoughts, then looks at Hector.

HEATH (CONT'D)
Keep your ten million, i'll keep my name and ofcourse my inheritance.

Hector is less than happy with Heath's response. He stands in silence, smiling out of rage and looking down at the ground, then he looks at Heath.

HECTOR
(Soft tone)
You don't want to see the man I can be son. The horrible things I can make happen.

He walks closer to Heath, staring him down with an intimidating look.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
I'm giving you an out. Accept my offer, final chance.

HEATH
I don't want out.

Heath is breaths away from Hector, who isn't in the least happy. Heath is a foot taller than his grandfather, looking down at him.

HEATH (CONT'D)
(Smiles at Hector)
I want everything... even if I have to kick the devil off his throne.

Hector grunts and backs away. He walks to exit the dining room door, stopping and looks at Vivian, then Heath.

HECTOR
Those are fighting words, I hope you have teeth with bark like that. You were warned.

VIVIAN
Would you like to be escorted out?

Hector walks away. As we are in the dining room, we hear the front door slam.

Heath sits down at the long table across from Vivian.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
We should've just taken the ten million.

HEATH
(Shakes his head)
No. That's just too easy.

He looks at her as she begins to light up a cigar.

HEATH (CONT'D)
You always taught me, if it's too easy something is wrong.

Vivian puffs out heavy smoke and raises her close to empty glass.

HEATH (CONT'D)
We're in the long run now.

The there's a moment of silence until-

VIVIAN

Are you ready for school tomorrow?
Three weeks of leave from grieving
is enough time wouldn't you say.

HEATH (V.O)

School...FUCK.

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - MORNING

Students arrive in expensive, high value vehicles. Students in gold and black blazers walk near the large prestigious building.

A black Rolls Royce drives through the golden gates and into the parking lot. It comes to a stop.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE, STABLE - SAME TIME

Heath sits in the back seat, looking out through the tinted window at the other snobby, privileged brats.

HEATH

Here we go, everyone will look at me with their fake sad eyes, tap me on the shoulder and attempt at acting like humans, but in reality, they are all just vultures, finding satisfaction in the suffering of others.

CHAUFFER

(Looks back at Heath)

Sir, are you sure you're ready to face all your peers after all that's happened?

Heath looks at his chauffer.

HEATH

You're paid to drive, not worry about my feelings.

With that said the chauffer exits the car and walks to Heath's door, opening it for him.

Heath gets out the car, school bag over his shoulder. He stands by the car for a bit, looking at the chauffer who holds the car door for him.

HEATH (CONT'D)

Take the rest of day off. Get a hamburger or whatever you do with your life your free time.

CHAUFFER

How will you get home?

Heath puts a pair of dark sun glasses on his face, then looks at the chauffer.

HEATH

You're not paid to worry about me.

CHAUFFER

Then I'll go surprise my daughter, she turns ten today.

Heath looks away, hiding his smirk. Reaching in his pocket he takes out an envelope and hands it to the chauffer.

HEATH

(Smiles at chauffer)

Spoil your daughter for me.

The chauffer stands at amazement, as Heath furthers himself from the car and closer to the school building.

Multiple students gaze at Heath as he walks to the building. He keeps his head up and acts if no one is watching him.

The whispers spiral out of control, some whip out their cellphones, no doubt posting on social media.

Heath slips a mint into his mouth, glancing at a group of girls who eye his every move but look away when he looks their way. One even waves back at him, but he ignores it and continues walking.

Then a light skinned latino girl (16), dark brown straight long hair, smooth soft skin, 5'4, petite build, with hazel brown eyes walks by Heath's side.

This is Adriana Ramirez.

ADRIANA

The detective approached me as you said he would.

Heath continues walking.

HEATH

and?

ADRIANA

You know me. I stuck to the plan. I assure you our stories coincide well with each others.

Heath stops and stands in front of Adriana.

HEATH

Did you ever reach Mr. Daniels? My father's lawyer.

ADRIANA

Ran a background check on him. He's quite dirty... beyond having an affair with a highschooler, he also played his part in sex trafficking.

HEATH

(Smirks at Adriana)
You always impress me with your... ways.

Heath continues slow walking with Adriana to the school building.

HEATH (CONT'D)

Get in contact with him and grind him with whatever you can hold against him.

Adriana says nothing but nods her head.

ADRIANA

Expect a call from him at the end of the day.

Heath and Adriana get to the door, where Heath stops. Adriana looks back at him then enters the building.

HEATH (V.O.)

Here goes everything. God I hate it here.

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - SAME TIME

Heath walks the school halls, all eyes follow him closely. Some rant at him, holding up strips from an old news paper about students that went missing a year ago, while others hold up Hector Harrison's sports number from the likes of hockey and football.

Heath keeps his head down, the flash of the yearbook kid's camera flashes in his face.

Then Heath comes to a stop, as the entire hockey team stand in front of him, all wearing Hector's numbered shirt. The captain steps forward and presents Heath with Hector's captain shirt.

HOCKEY CAPTAIN

This was your fathers. He was a hero to us all.

The hockey captain forwards the top, putting it in Heath's hands and smiles at him.

HOCKEY CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

He'd want you to have it. He was like a father to us all.

HEATH (V.O)

Pathetic, come up with a better lie.

Heath gazes at all the faces, happy ones, angry ones and sad ones, then forces a smile on when looking at the captain.

HEATH (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He takes the top and is about to put it in his bag.

HOCKEY CAPTAIN

No, put it on.

Heath forces another smile and slips on the shirt over his school shirt. The hockey team jeer, while others clap loudly.

HEATH (V.O.)

If this isn't hell, I don't know what is.

The hockey captain puts his hands around Heath's neck and smiles at the year book boy, who takes a picture. Heath shares a painful fake smile.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER;

Heath shuts his locker door. He leans against the locker, already sick from the treatment of false care. He watches as a piece of paper falls off the wall and down to his feet.

Leaning over, Heath looks at the paper with a picture of a ginger girl with a bright smile on her face.

HEATH
 (Reads the paper)
 Vote for me, Diana Kingsley.

GIRL (O.S)
 That's right.

Heath puts his paper down, looking at a girl with ginger long curly hair, same height as Heath, green snake like eyes and a smile of a cat(16) red rosie cheeks and pale skin.

This is Diana Kingsley.

DIANA
 Hi Heath, might i say how terrible
 it is what happened to your father.
 To think there's a berzerk killer
 among us is...scary to say the
 least.

Heath tries to walk away but Diana is tenacious. She blocks his path and holds his hand, her long nails touching his hand.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 As you might know im running for
 school president and i will do my
 best to make you my number #1
 concern. All you have to do is vote
 for me.

Heath stops to think when looking down at him, raising his brow, then a smirk comes to his face.

Diana's eyes widen with anticipation.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 By your facial expression I can
 tell I have your vote. Again, sorry
 for your loss.

She taps Heath on his shoulder and walks away light on her feet.

Heath raises his head and looks at Diana as she walks away.

HEATH
 Diana.

Diana spins around and looks at Heath.

DIANA
 (Bright smile on her face)
 Yes.

Heath tears the piece of paper apart and smiles at a shocked Diana.

HEATH

I have decided to run for class president.

Diana stands in absolute shock, not moving a muscle. Heath walks pass her and whispers in her ear.

HEATH (CONT'D)

May the best person win.

Heath walks with great confidence and a smile across his face.

Diana's face turns red, looking at Heath with great jealousy.

DIANA

That mother fu-

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

ADRIANA

Class president??

Heath and Adriana walk together during recess. They stop by a table, Heath sits on the table top, looking at Adriana, throwing up an apple.

Adriana curiously looks at him and shakes her head.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

Why...just why?

HEATH

(Bites into the apple)
I have to distract myself.

He gilts his shoulder.

HEATH (CONT'D)

Besides, having the mayors daughter sulk puts a smile on my face. It's obvious i'm going to win.

ADRIANA

No doubting, you'll become class president with a simple breath.

Heath smiles at Adriana as he takes another bite of his apple.

HEATH
Exactly...and-

ADRIANA
(Sighs)
You want me to be your campaign manager...yea whatever.

Heath hops off the table and walks away and Tegan to walk away.

HEATH (O.S.)
Thanks for volunteering, congratulations.

He walks away, as Adriana remains on the spot, looking down at the ground.

ADRIANA
(Sighs)
Kill me... kill me now.

CUT TO:

Heath walks up the school outside step. About to enter through the door he stops and looks toward the road.

There he sees a black Audi, with tinted windows. He sees figures in the car looking at him but can't make them out.

HOCKEY CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Hey.

Heath looks away from the road and at the tall hockey captain.

HOCKEY CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
I heard from the rumour mill that you're in the running for class president.

He goes to Heath's ear.

HOCKEY CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
(Whisper)
Between you and me, I fucked that bitch Diana and her pussy is dryer than dust.

Then he backs away and taps Heath on his shoulder.

HOCKEY CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
You got my vote.

HEATH
Yea.

Heath nods his head while looking at the road, only to find the car absolutely gone.

Then he looks back at the hockey captain.

HEATH (CONT'D)
(Smiles)
Your vote means alot to me cap.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

A man with black gelled hair, grey three piece suit, gold watch, wears spectacles (40) 5'8, holds a cell phone to his ear and holds car keys. He walks to a silver Mercedes and enters it, after unlocking the car.

This is Mr. Daniels, the lawyer of the late Hector Harrison jnr.

Sitting in his car and hanging up on the phone, he closes the door and puts his seat belt on.

Then.

The passenger door is open as Adriana sits in the passenger seat and shuts the door. With a blank expression, she looks at Mr. Daniels.

MR. DANIELS
What the fuck is this?

Adriana looks straight ahead, out the windshield.

ADRIANA
I'm going to give you instructions
and you are going to follow them.

MR. DANIELS
Get the fuck out of my car.

He reaches for his phone.

MR. DANIELS
Or I will call the cops.

Adriana watches Mr. Daniels take out his phone and dial a number on his phone. He shows Adriana that it's ringing, then puts it to his ear.

Adriana doesn't seem worried. She calmly sits back and looks straight ahead again.

ADRIANA

By all means, call them.
Cassidy Smolders, 17 yearsold,
Harrington girl's private high
school.

Mr. Daniels turns heads quickly, looking at at with surprise and questions in his eyes. Adriana looks back at him.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

One of your daughters friends. It
was a slumber party. Would you like
me to tell you what she was
wearing?

MR. DANIELS

(At phone)
Sorry, wrong number.

He hangs up immediately, then looks at Adriana who waits patiently.

MR. DANIELS (CONT'D)

Whatever you heard is a lie.

Adriana doesn't utter a single word. She reaches into her pocket and takes out a phone, facing the screen towards Mr. Daniels.

The video is a snippet of Mr. Daniels with his daughter's friend. Only showing five seconds, she taks back her phone.

ADRIANA

Would you like to what more?

Mr. Daniels face turns red. He reaches forward and tries snatching the phone from her.

Adriana moves the phone out of his reach. She is daring and fearless, while causing Daniels to beg and feel small.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

I have plenty more copies. One for
your daughter, one for Cassidy's
parents and one for your wife.

Mr.Daniels bites his lip, but finally gives in.

MR. DANIELS

What do you want?

Adriana buckles herself into the seat and looks at Mr. Daniels, aware that she has him under her finger.

ADRIANA

Let's have a nice talk Mr. Daniels.

He sighs but doesn't hesitate to start the car and drive away, with Adriana in the passenger seat.

EXT. HECTOR'S MANSION - EVENING

Vivian stops her white Maserati in the large parking area. She steps out, looking at the stone wall mansion.

As she walks to the front door, Detective Cho exits and walks in her direction.

She puts a smile on and gives him a little wave.

Detective Cho stops in front of her.

VIVIAN

Fancy seeing you here, detective.
On the hunt for the killer no
doubt.

DETECTIVE CHO

I'm begining to put pieces
together, slowly but surely. I was
just about to call you in fact.

VIVIAN

Oh, more questioning?

DETECTIVE CHO

I need some blank gaps filled.

VIVIAN

I am available tomorrow. I hope you
like wine, we'll make a party out
of it.

DETECTIVE CHO

I won't be long, but I must be on
my way.

VIVIAN

Tomorrow then detective.

Detective Cho walks onward, leaving Vivian and walks to his car.

Vivian smiles at his, but once his back is turned it disappears immediately.

CUT TO:

Hector Harrison snr stares out from his balcony into his large backyard, where the gardeners cut shape his trees.

Then high heels hit on the floor, darwing closer to Hector.

Vivian walks through the long sliding door and joins Hector's side on the balcony. Still in her glasses, she looks at the men clipping away at the trees.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

(At Hector)

I got your invitation. Seemed quite sudden...desperate.

She chuffs.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

I didn't really want to come, but any opertunity to see you.

HECTOR

Your son has a loud bark but he doesn't understand what's at risk here, the trouble he might find himself in.

VIVIAN

This is about the inheritance? You're so predictable.

HECTOR

Change his mind. I'll up my offer to twenty. He is a grease on my family name that I want to erase.

Vivian removes her sun glasses, gasping at the enormous sum of money.

VIVIAN

That is quite the number...a meer donation of what it could be.

Hector walks closer to Vivian and looks up at her.

HECTOR

These are dangerous waters that you're swimming in. You will drown and regret that you didn't take my offer. You will not know suffering once i'm through with you...and that bastard of yours.

Vivian slowly nods her head, taking in every threat thrown her way. She chuffs at Hector while putting her glasses on.

VIVIAN

Suffering? The endurance of catastrophic torture and pain, that's on going, feels eternal and branded in a memory.

Vivian taps on her chest.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

I know suffering. A little bit more won't do any harm. Take your money and shove it up your ass.

Hector steps back, releasing a gruff laugh, while shaking his head.

Vivian walks to the sliding door.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Don't see me out, you brittle old sod.

Then.

HECTOR

I know you two have something to do with my son's death.

There's a cold quiet in the air. Vivian can feel Hector's eyes piercing through her back. She looks over her shoulder.

VIVIAN

What happened to him was simply awful. Those responsible will get their judgement.

With that said, Vivian walks away. Hector watches as she is out of his sight.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The fire place fire burns brightly. Heath stares into the flame. In his hands he holds his father's hockey top. His hands are tight around it as he looks at the number.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL, THERAPIST'S OFFICE - EARLIER TODAY

Heath lies on the couch across from Mr. Gable, the school therapist. Who has a full styled beard, wavy black hair and rounded spectacles.

He sits with his leg on his knee, looking at Heath, who still isn't saying anything.

MR. GABLE

Heath, we've known each other for a good year now.

He then chuffs.

MR. GABLE (CONT'D)

Not much has changed. You were always good at giving me the silent treatment. Feared I might diagnose you with something.

Heath sits up on the couch.

HEATH

I'm sure by now you have me figured out?

MR. GABLE

(Shakes his head)

No. You're very hard to read. I can't tell if you're introverted, shy or...antisocial.

He sighs and sits back in his chair.

MR. GABLE (CONT'D)

I hear you're running for class president. That's good, taking your mind off-

HEATH

(Looks at Mr. Gable)

My father's murder?

MR. GABLE

I'm aware you don't want to be here
but let's make use of our time.
What was your relationship with
your father?

Heath combs both his hands through his hair and sighs. He looks at the clock, then at Mr. Gable.

HEATH

I rarely knew him you know.

He sits in his own silence. Mr. Gable puts his notebook aside, carefully listening to Heath open up.

HEATH (CONT'D)

but knew him all too well. The kind
of man he is-was. I grew to like
him, hate him and all the in
betweens.

MR. GABLE

(Chuffs)

Fathers. Mine hated me, then loved
me, from there full circle, but I
loved him no matter what.

Heath looks at Mr. Gable as he shares his touching moment.

HEATH

Loved?

MR. GABLE

Cancer, but I can't imagine what
you must be going through. Your
father was murdered. I-

Heath sits in silence and gives Mr. Gable a show. A tear or two come out of his eyes, as he slightly sniffs.

Mr. Gable reaches out his arm, offering a box of tissues. Heath denies the offer and wipes his tears away, clearing his breath.

HEATH

Crying doesn't make anything
better.

MR. GABLE

There's no shame in crying. It's
actually positive that you're
showing these emotions, Heath.

Heath nods his head and looks out the window.

MR. GABLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What was the fondest memory of him?
Your father.

HEATH
The day I met him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT - ONE YEAR AGO

Heath(15) walks the night streets as the rain thunders down onto him. He stands outside large gates and looks at a large mansion.

His hair, clothes and body is drenched by the wet, but still he insist to watch the house closely. Then he turns head, as a bright light comes closer.

A black Rolls Royce drives into the property as the gates open automatically.

In the darkness, Heath keeps his head down and follows behind the car and into the property before the gate closes.

MOMENTS LATER;

Out the car exits Hector and his wife Patrice. They are wearing expensive outfits. Their butler holds an umbrella above them and runs to the house with them.

Heath stands out in the open, finally getting a real life glance of his father.

INT. FLAT APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Heath shuts the door behind him quietly. The light suddenly switches on. Vivian with a knife in her hand looks back at Heath in suprise.

VIVIAN
Do you know how late it is? You
scared me to death.

She notices how wet he is.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Where were you?

Heath walks to the small kitchen and opens the fridge. Grabbing a left over piece of pizza and bites in to it.

HEATH

Could you put that knife down please. I've seen what you've done with it before mother.

VIVIAN

Teaches that old bastard for touching me. Now tell me where you were.

Vivian puts the knife on the counter

HEATH

I saw him.

Heath shuts the fridge door. Vivian has no idea what he is talking about, as she pulls a face of confusion.

HEATH (CONT'D)

My father... I went to see him. I know where he lives, travelled to him.

Vivian nods her head but is uncertain.

VIVIAN

So, what happens now?

HEATH

I'll talk to him tomorrow, meet my father.

VIVIAN

What if, what if he accepts you but...well our history is complicated.

HEATH

You gave him the night of his life right?

Heath gilts his shoulder

HEATH (CONT'D)

You're older and more woman like. Give him a real good time and undoubtedly he'll give you whatever he wants.

VIVIAN

(Smiles)

Yes, you are right. I will show him what i've learnt since-

HEATH
 (Cuts her off)
 I don't need to know how you'll do
 it nor what your past was like.

VIVIAN
 Not even how you were made?

Heath rolls his eyes and walks to his bedroom. A smile lights up on Vivian's face.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - DAY

The gate bell beeps, causing a well dressed butler to approach the screen by the front door. He sees a boy standing outside the gate.

GATE

The butler walks closer to the gate and looks down at Heath. His hair is grey with a bald patch on the temple of his head.

BUTLER
 Can I help you, boy?

INT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Heath walks in the mansion with the butler, who comes to an abrupt stop and towers over Heath.

BUTLER
 Wait here... and don't touch
 anything.

Heath stands on one spot, looking at the large interior of the mansion. The butler is out of sight as he walks away.

Then the butler returns with a tall blonde woman by his side. She stops in front of Heath, stares him down.

PATRICE
 What do you want?

HEATH
 (Looks up at her)
 I'm...I want to see Hector-

A slap out of nowhere whips Heath on his cheek. Even the butler doesn't expect it.

Heath bites his tongue, tightens his fist. Patrice is heartless, as she spits at his feet.

PATRICE

You say you're my husband's son? I have heard that one before and i'm sick of it.

Heath feels his warm face and looks at Patrice, showing her an unpleasant expression.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Take your dirty self and get out of my House!!

Heath slowly shakes his head

HEATH

No. I want to meet my father.

Patrice raises her hand again but-

HECTOR (O.S)

What's going on?

Patrice lowers her hand, looking at Hector as he enters the mansion.

Heath looks at him, getting a much clearer look at him now than before.

PATRICE

Another one claiming to be your son.

She stomps pass him, her heels hammering the ground.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Deal with this brat.

She walks out the mansion and slams the door.

Hector and Heath's eyes meet each other. Hector reverts his sights to the butler.

HECTOR

Please escort our visitor out.

HEATH

Vivian Grey.

HECTOR

(Curious)

What did you say?

HEATH

My mother's name is Vivian Grey.

Heath reaches into his pocket, taking a picture and reaching out to Hector.

HEATH (CONT'D)

This is my mother.

Hector takes the paper and glances at the photo quick, then looks at Heath, then back at the picture.

This time he takes some a while staring at it.

BUTLER

Sir?

Hector puts the picture in his pocket.

HECTOR

Give our guest something to eat.
Call the doctor and have this boy's
blood tested.

Hector begins to walk upstairs.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

If the results are negative sack
him and if they're positive.

He stops on the stairs and looks down at Heath. There's a moment of silence.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Well... let's hope it's negative.

He continues walking up the stairs.

Heath looks up as Hector walks away, until the butler clears his throat, getting Heath's attention.

BUTLER

Come along child, let's get that
cheek taken care of.

LATER THAT NIGHT

The butler closes the front door behind Patrice and removes her white coat.

PATRICE

I trust our guest has left.

BUTLER

Actually ma'am, it's seems he might be staying that much longer...until the results.

PATRICE

Results, what fucking results?

She goes to the kitchen, the butler follows right behind her. She stops at the entrance, as Heath sits at the table, eating away at some curry.

Patrice is furious.

Heath looks back at her and smiles spitefully. Patrice grunts and walks away, pushing the butler out of her way.

The butler watches her charge away, then looks at Heath, giving him a little wink.

Hector drinks away at some alcohol, deep in thought when standing on his bedroom balcony.

Then

The bedroom door opens. Patrice walk already states that she is not happy. She dumps her hand bag on the bed and walks to the open door.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Tests, fucking tests?

She yells at Hector as he looks out at his thoughts.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

They're all liars before, why is this one any different?

HECTOR

(Reaches into his pocket)
Her name was Vivian. More so that is what she called herself.

PATRICE

What?

HECTOR

(Looks at Patrice)
You weren't the first woman I fell in love with. In fact I was forced to marry you.

PATRICE
(Rolls her eyes)
What are you saying, that this is
your son?

HECTOR
I can't be sure until I get the
results.

PATRICE
Who is this Vivian...wait.

Patrice covers her mouth.

HECTOR
The child.

Patrice performs a hellish laugh.

PATRICE
The sixteen yearold.

Hector clenches his jaw.

HECTOR
She lied to me about her age.

PATRICE
Yes, lied. This is what this all
is, another one of her fucking
lies.

HECTOR
She lied so she could be with me.
Everything else was-

PATRICE
Snap out of your little boy crush.
I want that brat out of my house
now.

HECTOR
He will leave after the results.

PATRICE
(Puffs up her cheeks)
And if he is your bastard?

Hector doesn't reply.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
I wont stay another minute in this
house until that brat is out of
here.

Patrice lets her thoughts be known and leaves Hector's side. Unintimidated, he remains sipping his wine.

A few days later;

Heath sits on the lounge couch, while Hector and a doctor have a back and forth in the study.

BUTLER

You know what this means for you?

Heath looks up at him.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're a smart boy. You are a Gallangher now.

HEATH

If the results are-

BUTLER

They are. I am certain of that. You look like your father when he was your age.

Hector and the doctor exit the study and shake hands. The butler leads the doctor out the mansion, while Hector slowly approaches Heath.

Heath stands up and looks at Hector, who extends his hand. Heath looks at the hand, then at Hector's face.

HECTOR

You do know how to shake a hand correct?

Heath extends his hand, touching his father's hand and suddenly being pulled in for a hug.

Heath does not expect this embrace. He wraps his arms around his father, tears dripping down his cheek.

The moment is warm, calming and sweet between father and son.

IF ONLY IT HAPPENED.

CUT BACK TO:

Heath sits on the couch watching Hector shake hands with the doctor.

The butler guides the doctor out of the mansion, while Hector looks at Heath and begins to walk closer to him.

Heath gets off the couch, standing to his feet. Hector comes in closer and closer, until he stops abruptly.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

You will not tell any members of the press that i'm your father. You'll call me Mr. Gallangher. I will figure out what to do with you, but for now keep your mouth zipped, do you understand?

HEATH

Don't you want to know my name, how old I am? None of that.

HECTOR

(Studies Heath's clothing)
I'll have Waynard get you new pairs of clothing.

Hector is about to walk away.

HEATH

What about my mother?

HECTOR

(Stops walking and sighs)
I'll have her seen to by Waynard.

He looks over his shoulder.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Just don't get in my way, kid, you have done me enough damage.

Just like that, Hector walks into his study, shutting the door.

Heath stare at the door, a visible tear of sorrow falls out but he is quick to brush his arm across his face.

BUTLER

Cry not.

He offers a tissue.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

All Gallanegers have teeth and are taught to be thick skinned. But I have known your father since the day he was little. He is the softest of the lot. Give it time, he'll come around.

HEATH

It's too late for that.

He turns around and sees (16) yearold Heath enter the house from a long day at school.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - DAY OF THE MURDER

Heath (16) enters the mansion only to hear constant loud yelling between his mother and father.

HECTOR (O.S)

All you do is spend all my money and draw energy out of me. You and that son of mine was my biggest mistake!!!!

VIVIAN (O.S)

Make up your fucking mind. One day i'm the best thing you have the next i'm the one who ruined your life.

Heath puts his coat on the hanger near the door, and can vividly hear the screaming.

LOUNGE

HECTOR

Had I known you were a child when we actually shared something in common, I would never lie down with... a slut!!!

VIVIAN

Oh, please, I have heard that my enire fucking life. Come up with something original.

Heath stops by the lounge, looking at Vivian and Hector, who stop yelling to look at him.

HEATH
I'm back home.

HECTOR
(points at Heath)
You and I have alot to talk about.

HEATH
About?

HECTOR
(Mocks)
About.

Hector snorts.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
I know the vile things you are capable. You tend to forget, I have eyes and ears all over that school, fuck this entire city.

HEATH
I have no idea what you're talking about.

HECTOR
The Lincoln boys, the little "accident." I always knew you were odd but a murderer?

Hector looks at Vivian

HECTOR (CONT'D)
I also know that a few landlords at place you stayed were all brutally murdered. I wonder who that could've been?

HEATH
Those were really bad neighbor-

HECTOR
Shut the fuck up.

Hector shakes his head.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
I won't call the cops, but I want you both out.

Vivian walks to Hector and puts her hand on his arm.

VIVIAN
We can talk about-

Hector pushes her away and unexpectedly slaps her across the face.

Vivian lies on the floor, putting her hand on her face, looking up at Hector.

HECTOR HARRISON
(Pointss at her)
You and that son of yours are out of here. He's become too much to handle and you, God you're too busy sitting around, spending all my money.

Heath takes out a gun and points it at his father

HEATH
Dad.

Hector turns around, watching as Heath points a gun at him. His eyes black with little to no emotion or soul.

HECTOR HARRISON
Heath... put the gun down...ok let's relax and talk.

HEATH
I thought of this a long time.

HECTOR HARRISON
(Voice raises)
Heath!!! Heath!!!

We look at the barrel of the gun as it's about to go off-

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL, THERAPIST'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

MR. GABLE
Well that is time...unless you want to tell me anything else further?

HEATH
Not in the least.

Heath stands up and bolts for the door.

MR. GABLE

Heath.

Heath stops at the door and doesn't even look back.

MR. GABLE (CONT'D)

When your father embraced you, what did you feel?

HEATH

(Pauses a bit)

Love, warmth...hope.

Mr. Gable slowly nods his head in acknowledgement.

MR. GABLE

Let's say, if there was an alternate version of this situation, where your father didn't embrace you, how do you think you'd feel?

Heath looks at Mr. Gable.

HEATH

The opposite of everything I previously said. Probably feel like i'm walking down a dark corridor, torturous and never seems to end. The light is there but it-

MR. GABLE

Seems to run away from you the closer you get.

Heath looks at his watch, then back to Mr. Gable.

HEATH

All for today?

MR. GABLE

You may go. You have made progress today. Feel free to come by tomorrow.

Heath opens the door, a little smile on his face.

HEATH

(Smirks)

Don't push it.

Mr. Gable chuffs as Heath leaves his office.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Heath continues looking in the fire place, thinking back to his time with his father, tightly holding the t-shirt.

HEATH

(Softly)

I did love you once, or the idea of having a father.

HECTOR

You just weren't good enough.

Heath turns around and looks at the single person couch nearest to him, that faces the fireplace.

There Hector sits in a jersey. He has a glass of wine in his hand and his usual snobby stare.

He stands up and walks to the fireplace, standing by Heath's side.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(Points at his hockey top)

I was the top player in highschool. The very school I put you in but you never did stand out.

HEATH

Sports were never my play.

Hector giggles, putting the glass to his lips and taking a sip of his wine.

HECTOR

But murdering is.

Hector snorts

HECTOR (CONT'D)

My god you are truly a nothing. My greatest mistake.

HEATH

You're dead, gone and just a cruel figment of my imagination.

HECTOR

Or...

Hector walks to his couch and sits down, putting his knee on his knee.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

The devil has a conscience.

Heath stands in front of Hector, finding his suggestion funny.

HEATH

I've killed too many but none of them enter my mind.

Hector stands up and gets off the couch, his entire form shifts in to the old drunk man Heath killed a few years ago.

DRUNK OLDMAN

Is that so Heath? Where is that pretty little girlfriend of yours anyway?

Heath backs away, as the oldman steps forward and closer to him.

DRUNK OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Could you help me out? I got-

He pulls out a bloody bottle that is stuck in his neck. Blood drips onto the floor, as there's a gruesome hole in the oldman's neck.

DRUNK OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Aargh, that's better.

Heath looks at the bottle on the ground, then up at the drunk oldman, who is now the landlady.

LANDLADY

Hello you brat. How's that whore mother of yours been doing?

Out of nowhere her bloody, beaten sons stand by her side.

Heath feels someone tap him from behind. He turns around, looking at four highschool students. One of them being his school friend Abraham, the others being Zach, Nicholas and Dean.

Abraham looks at Heath and walks up to him, his eyes full of tears waiting to come out.

ABRAHAM

Why did you do it? I had your back, looked out for you. I-i thought we were friends...maybe more.

Heath feels the boy's cold hand on his face, as his face turns white and haunted.

HEATH

You...you were a weakness, a risk I was not willing to take.

Heath watches as Abraham disappears into thin dust.

Heath's past victims all circle around him, awaiting Heath to talk.

HEATH (CONT'D)

The rest of you.

He smiles at each any every one of them.

HEATH (CONT'D)

You all deserved it. Every second of it. If I had the chance, i'd do more damage.

He looks at Hector who sits in his couch.

HEATH (CONT'D)

I have no conscience...no regrets.

Just like that, they all disappear as if they were never there in the first place.

Except for Hector, who remains seated.

HEATH (CONT'D)

Did you get what you wanted, father?

Hector shook his head.

HECTOR

No.

He stands up and walks up to Heath and puts his hands on his shoulders.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(Into Heath's eyes)

You're not letting me go and I want to know why?

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(He curiously looks at Heath)

It never worked out for us...clearly. You killed me, but here I am, in this twisted mind of yours. I just need to know, why?

HEATH

A question that haunts me.

Heath looks at Hector, with sincerity in through his teary eyes.

HEATH (CONT'D)

Did you ever love me?

Hector slowly nods his head and bends over to Heath's ears.

HECTOR

(Whispers)

Not for a second.

CUT TO:

Heath opens his eyes, still standing in front of the fireplace. One tear rolls down his cheek.

Taking one final look at his father's hockey shirt, he throws it into the fire, watching it burn turn to ash.

HEATH

So long...father.

INT. MANSION, HEATH'S ROOM - HOURS LATER

A phone on the bed side counter rings for a few seconds.

Only wearing a towel around his waist and slippers, Heath walks to the phone and picks it up, putting it against his ear.

HEATH

(Into phone)

Mr. Daniels. I was expecting your call. I take it my friend reached out to you. Hope she wasn't too unfriendly.

MR. DANIELS (ON PHONE)

(Fake laugh)

Mr. Gallagher everything you have requested...it's in full motion.

HEATH

(Nods his head)

When will it be done?

MR. DANIELS (ON PHONE)
By midnight, i'll alert the rest of
the family, set the inheritance day
for-

HEATH
Tomorrow, tomorrow morning.

MR. DANIELS (ON PHONE)
Very well sir, have a good night.

Heath hangs up and looks at the open door. There Vivian
stands, glass of wine in her hand and cigar in her other.

VIVIAN
(Smiles)
This is where things get
interesting. Assassination
attempts, scandals, lawsuits... and
so much money. Isn't it wonderful?

HEATH
(At Vivian)
It's all coming together.

Then he looks at the third wall, his face blurr out.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE TWO.

CREDITS ROLL.