

HARRY'S HILL

By
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The death of his mother compels a young boy to mount a monumental undertaking that divides the family, defies the town and defines the ultimate power of love.

Genre: Family

WGA #: 2031667

FADE IN:

EXT. SKYLER FARM (MIDWEST U.S.A.) - DAWN

A field of forage sorghum, nearly seven feet high, glimmers in the early morning light.

SUPER: First Day of Summer, 1996.

Sailing through the sea of grain on his dad's shoulder, HARRY 'HEART' SKYLER (9), squirms about like a fresh catch.

HARRY

I wasn't hiding, Dad. Total seriousness this time. I got one of Mom's... in-true-wishuns. About the crop. So I came out here to check.

Harry juts out a hand and fans the passing stocks.

HARRY

Good thing too, cause the tips are nearly dry. I better stay and help.

Usually reserved EMMETT SKYLER (42), can't help but chuckle as he strides out of the field and past their aging barn, windmill and two-story farm house.

EMMETT

Found him.

The others are waiting as Emmett unloads his son at their faded Ford pickup and climbs in to start up the engine.

HARRY

Mommmmmmm?

Leaning against her Dodge Caravan, FAITH (39), joyous and lovely in her nurse's uniform, gazes at some clouds passing overhead.

She pulls Harry to her and leans over to nuzzle his cheek.

Even the sound of her voice disarms...

FAITH

Look at how low they are, Heart. They must be talking up a storm.

As if a game they play, they both tilt their heads towards the clouds, listening for voices.

HARRY

They're saying, "Don't go, Harry."

Faith smiles and hands Harry his backpack and thermos.

Desperate, Harry looks to siblings, PAUL (18) and TRISH (15), loading his suitcase and sleeping bag in the back.

HARRY

Say something, Trish. You're the smart one. Tell 'em how bad it'll be if I get sent away.

Miss 'miserable-in-the-middle' chortles...

TRISH

Oh yeah, it'll be awful without him. I don't even want to think about the sixty whole days of peace and quiet.

Harry throws her a scowl before passing his appeal...

...to Paul, a beefed-up clone of his stalwart dad, wagging his head in amusement. Hell, he even chuckles like Emmett.

PAUL

Skyler rite of passage, squirt. If you can survive one of Aunt May's summers, you'll be a man.

HARRY

Right of what?

FAITH

And when you get back, Heart, it'll be your birthday. Your daddy and I have a really big surprise waiting.

HARRY

A surprise?

He looks over at Trish and Paul and they mouth, "BIG".

HARRY

Bigger than me? My room? The house?

The siblings nod, arcing their gaze towards the field and after a second, Harry bolts back as his eyes light up...

HARRY

I'm getting my own acre? For reals?! I can grow stuff to make my own hot pockets, pizza and, and ding-dongs?!

Faith throws a playful scowl at Paul and Trish before zipping Harry into his red hoodie.

FAITH

After you go to Arizona.

A quick REV of the TRUCK ENGINE and...

EMMETT (O.C.)

Faith? That plane ain't gonna wait.

With a firm but amiable tone...

FAITH

Fine, Emmett. Won't be but a minute.

She swoops down and peppers a squirming Harry with kisses.

HARRY

The clouds are definitely talking, Mom. Hear 'em? "Don't go, Harry, everyone needs you. Your team needs you. Your mom needs you."

Faith lets up on the kissing to playfully ponder...

FAITH

Hmm, I do need the kitchen floor and cupboards stripped and re-sealed. But that can wait.

She ushers Harry up into the cab.

FAITH

Right now, your Aunt May needs you most of all.

A cloud's shadow passes over, catching Faith's attention.

Harry eyes Paul and Trish making faces at him.

He shakes his fist at them and the two flee in mock terror.

FAITH

Heart?

In a dazed state, Faith looks from the cloud to Harry.

FAITH

Twice in the days to come, you're going to find yourself in the wrong place at the worst of times.

Groaning, Emmett averts his eyes and shifts out of park as Harry gawks at his mom and then the cloud.

'Settling', Faith shrugs and fastens Harry's seatbelt.

FAITH

Just be careful where you, uhm... step and stand, in Arizona. Okay?

Puzzled, Harry stares at the parting cloud as he mouths, "step and stand?"

EMMETT

Hun, I forgot, I've got a Council meeting today. It looks like the town's getting a MyMart after all.

Emmett and Faith swap a silent "Whoa", then a wink.

Defeated, Harry sits there with his arms crossed, wearing his supreme sulk.

Faith leans in and nuzzles Harry's cheek, whispering...

FAITH

We hurt, we rile, for just a while, but we love one another...

HARRY

(mutters)
... Always.

With a final, mushy hug and kiss, Faith shuts the door and raps on the roof.

FAITH

I'm gonna miss you something awful.

INT. MOVING SKYLER TRUCK CAB - DAY

Heading down the driveway, Harry peers back at the sight of his wonderful mom playfully flailing about, waving goodbye, until a kicked-up cloud of dust cuts off the view.

INT. AIRLINER PASSENGER SECTION - DAY

Passing clouds fill the window beside Harry's seat, but he appears preoccupied as he fidgets.

HARRY

(softly moaning)
Come on.

Mindful FLIGHT ATTENDANT (30), arrives with a can of Coke and hands it to him as she taps the overhead call button.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Okay, this is your last one.

HARRY

But you said --

She gestures to the cockpit.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Captain's orders. Okay?

Harry nods like a bobblehead.

She leans in with a cheery expression...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Cause we don't want to bother the
Captain while he's flying the plane.
Do we?

Harry's head nearly twists off, shaking "No."

She smiles, adding...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Seatbelt?

Harry jams it fastened, folds his hands and cracks a smile.

With a wink, the attendant strides off.

Safe, Harry opens the can and looks out the window just as
another cloud bank rises into view.

Awed, Harry leans over to the window to listen.

Hearing nothing, he checks the aisle then unbuckles the
belt and presses his ear to the window. Still nothing.

So, he plants his lips against the window and mutters...

HARRY
Hello?

Loud and clear from the cockpit...

PILOT (V.O.)
Hello.

Harry jolts back with a yelp.

PILOT (V.O.)
This is the Captain, speaking. On
behalf of our entire crew, I'd like
to welcome you all to sunny Arizona.

At hearing "Arizona," Harry's expression drops into free
fall as he looks back at the window and finds it totally
obscured by a passing cloud.

EXT. PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Passing through a cloud of idling bus exhaust, Harry looks
like a mini 'Dead Man Walking', lugging his case, backpack
and sleeping bag as he's escorted by the flight attendant.

Awaiting the 'prisoner exchange', uniformed AUNT MAY (42), leans against her Park Ranger SUV, checking her clipboard.

Stopping before her, Harry looks in vain past Aunt May's mirrored ray bans for a hint of what's ahead.

HARRY

Aunt May?

Aunt May responds with a nervous cough.

AUNT MAY

Yes, good. Harry, long time no see.

Tall and lean like her sister, but a polar opposite in personality and social skills, Aunt May extends her hand.

AUNT MAY

Good flight?

Shaking her hand, Harry looks to the attendant before realizing Aunt May was asking him. He manages a shrug.

The attendant gives a smile and nod before walking off.

Crossing to the back, Aunt May flips open the cargo door. And as Harry stows his stuff away, Aunt May gives a cursory evaluation, working off a photo on her clipboard.

Seeing the photo, Harry stretches to look taller.

HARRY

This year I'm playing shortstop.

Checking her watch as she heads to the cab...

AUNT MAY

Really? Well, don't worry about it. You'll be taller next year. Lunch?

HARRY

What?

A bit louder as she climbs in behind the wheel...

AUNT MAY

Sorry. Your mom's orders. I have to feed you before I put you to work.

INT. MOVING PARK RANGER SUV ON ARIZONA HIGHWAY - DAY

Cruising down the interstate, Harry glumly eats his drive-thru burger while staring at the barren terrain.

AUNT MAY

...and, being the *only* female
Doctoral thesis on staff, I got the
boot. Can you believe that? I mean,
who sacks a brainy but...

Tearing up, Aunt May eyes herself in the rearview mirror.

AUNT MAY

...*inwardly* beautiful paleontologist?
A department chair neanderthal,
that's who. *HE'S THE DAMN DINOSAUR!*

This gets Harry's attention, then hers.

AUNT MAY

Sorry. Um. So how's everyone back
home? Your siblings? My sister?
Emmett, the man of too few words?

Harry merely nods as he gnaws at his burger.

AUNT MAY

'kay. So. That a popular sandwich?

Harry nods again.

AUNT MAY

What do you call it again?

Wondering what planet she just returned from...

HARRY

Whopper. With cheese.

Seeing her mouth the word, "Whopper", Harry inquires...

HARRY

Do you *live* in the Forest, Aunt May?

AUNT MAY

What, no, I just work... Actually,
the Petrified Forest is a park. A
very fossil-rich park. Which is
mainly why I took the post. Though
my budget is a national joke and I
have to rely on *volunteers* just to
keep the park running, I do manage
to 'dig up' funding for the
occasional fossil hunt or two.

Aunt May chuckles and Harry's eyes drift back to the dull,
never-ending desert, flying by.

EXT. THE HARPEN HOUSE - PLAINSVIEW - DAY

Flying about, crows circle the aged and foreboding three-story Victorian that, along with its phalanx of grain silos, towers over the farms and fields for twenty miles.

INT. HARPEN HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR TOWER - DAY

MISS HARPEN (80s); the town's 'agro-baroness', equally as old and foreboding as the house, stands at a picture window surveying her 'fiefdom' below with high power binoculars.

Shifting focus from farm to farm...

MISS HARPEN

Adequate. Adequate. The same.
Marginally better. What is...?

With a grunt she tosses the binoculars to her silent sentinel/secretary/houseman/chauffeur, TOM (50s-70s).

MISS HARPEN

We're going out.

EXT. FRONT OF SKYLER FARM - AFTERNOON

The yellow rose bushes lining the white picket fence appear neglected and overrun with weeds.

As Miss Harpen's yellow Cadillac comes down the road, she notices the wilted roses from her rear passenger window and the car abruptly stops, backs up and pulls to the shoulder.

Miss Harpen gets out and crosses over to inspect the wilting roses.

A moment later, Faith comes down, still in her nurse's uniform, wielding a garden hoe, trash barrel and killer smile.

FAITH

Hi there, neighbor. How are you
doing these days, Miss Harpen?

Ignoring her...

MISS HARPEN

Looks more like you are growing
weeds than roses, Mrs. Skyler.
What's wrong, are you ill?

Faith half laughs before...

FAITH

No, I'm just working long shifts.

MISS HARPEN

What about your daughter?

FAITH

She just became an honor student.
Thanks for asking. How's things at
the mansion? You know I'm still
hoping to be invited over sometime.

Miss Harpen rounds in a huff and trudges back to the Cadillac.

MISS HARPEN

(barks out)

Take me to the Dairy Queen!

She gets in and the car pulls away.

Watching the old witch drive off, Faith takes a deep, calming breath and address her roses...

FAITH

Hang in there, gang.

She plants the barrel, drops to her knees and impales a clump of weeds just as a cloud casts a shadow over her.

But before she can react, a RINGING HOUSE PHONE diverts her attention and Faith darts up the driveway.

As she does, Emmett drives up in his truck and climbs out.

EMMETT

You're home early.

Faith sighs as she rushes on to answer the phone.

FAITH

Ann got called up to Iraq. So I'm
taking her shift starting tonight.

Emmett groans...

EMMETT

I don't want you driving at night.

She cuts him off, pointing to the house.

FAITH

Honey, I think May's on the phone.

He cracks a smile.

EMMETT

Tell her he's Arizona's problem now.
I'm gonna go check on the field.
There's been a few deer sightings.

INT. SKYLER LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Faith charges in and abruptly stops at seeing Trish chatting on the phone.

Upon seeing her mom, Trish sighs, covers the receiver and they exchange a forced smile.

FAITH

Is that your Aunt May?

TRISH

No, it's Lisa.

FAITH

You can't talk to her on *your* phone?

TRISH

No. Someone else is on my phone.

Their 'smile-off' quickly reaches a flash point and...

INT. SKYLER BARN - AFTERNOON

...a jet of blue flame strikes the end of an old, rusted coil, melding it to a large plate of iron.

Hearing something, Paul douses his torch, turns and flips up his mask to see Faith, pacing, fuming.

Noticing his current work douses *her* fire and she smiles.

FAITH

Is this a new sculpture?

Paul nods as he conceals a full length sketch of Faith.

FAITH

It looks...nice.

PAUL

Hold the praise, I just started.

Faith nods as her anger returns.

Paul smiles in reaction.

PAUL

So, what's up and how can I fix it?

FAITH

Keep me from strangling your sister?

Paul sighs, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder.

PAUL

Mom, we've had this talk. Remember?

FAITH

Yes, yes, I know, picture puppies,
count to ten, breathe, wiggle my
toes and hum the hell out of --

Trish walks up, a grudging truce in her tone...

TRISH

Aunt May and the Prodigal Son are on
the phone.

Faith looks up at Paul and mouths, "You're amazing!"

He nods in agreement.

PAUL

It's all in the genes.

INT. AUNT MAY'S KITCHEN (ARIZONA) - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry sits at the kitchen counter with receiver-to-ear,
scarfing down a slice of pizza as Aunt May observes.

HARRY

(into phone, chewing)
... oh, and I saw a ton of --!

Harry accidentally expels a gob of pizza that hurls across
the counter as Aunt May's eyes track its trajectory.

HARRY

Sorry.
(gulps, into phone)
Mom, I saw loads of clouds outside
the jet window! They were so close!
But I didn't hear anything?

INT. SKYLER LIVING ROOM - DUSK

In this simple but well furnished living room, Faith sits
in Emmett's Lazy Boy, listening to the speakerphone on the
side table as Trish and Paul hover.

FAITH

Maybe it's not time yet. But soon.

TRISH

Maybe, dim-wad, it was cause *they* were eating and knew better than to talk with their mouths full.

The SOUND of HARRY'S RASPBERRY invokes a chuckle.

Emmett enters and Faith gives up the chair. She then playfully plops in his lap and kisses him as he whimpers.

Flustered, Trish turns to go but Faith grabs her hand and pulls her on top of them. They laugh, till Paul leaps on.

PAUL

My turn!

BACK TO AUNT MAY'S KITCHEN

SCREAMS come through the receiver as Harry hangs up.

AUNT MAY

Wait, what happened? They okay?

HARRY

Yeah. They get this way when they miss me. Is there any ice cream?

EXT. PETRIFIED FOREST NATIONAL PARK PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

As the dawning light illuminates the serene and picturesque desert terrain, an INTERIOR TOILET FLUSHES.

Dwarfed by his 'Park Volunteer' jumpsuit, sunburned Harry drags himself out of the Visitor bathroom and over to Aunt May's Park SUV, pushing a pail-on-wheels, plunger and mop.

He stops before Aunt May, busy stacking boxes of bathroom supplies onto a handcart.

HARRY

Done.

May jerks, nearly knocking the boxes over.

AUNT MAY

Already? All eight?

Listless Harry nods and Aunt May checks her watch.

AUNT MAY

Wow. That's good. That's real good.

While grabbing her clipboard, May pulls an energy bar from her pocket and flings it to Harry.

He bolts to life, snatching and tearing at the snack like a ravenous raccoon.

AUNT MAY

And you've only been here, what, three weeks? You know, Harry, you might be the best Skyler yet.

Busy gorging on the bar, Harry merely grunts.

AUNT MAY

(more to self)
Just imagine, if I could keep you?

Harry squeals, spits out the bar and runs like hell.

AUNT MAY

What? I was merely positing!

EXT. ANOTHER PARK PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY - LATER

Harry scowls at Aunt May as he loads his gear and the cart into the SUV.

Focused on her clipboard, May fails to notice some low clouds rolling in, casting a shadow over Harry.

AUNT MAY

How about a movie later? We can stop first and get a couple whalers --

HARRY (O.C.)

Whoppers.

AUNT MAY

Whoppers. With excess cheese, right?

May turns to see Harry preoccupied, staring up at the clouds overhead.

EXT. BLUE MESA AREA - PETRIFIED FOREST PARK - DAY

Driving back to the complex, the SUV passes the cone shaped, multi-colored, dwarf mountain range of the Blue Mesa section of the park.

A low bank of clouds drifts along, skirting the white domed tips of these twenty to forty-foot high mini mountains of prehistoric stone, known as chinle.

INT. MOVING SUV ON ROAD IN BLUE MESA AREA - DAY

Aunt May sneaks glances at Harry, gawking at the clouds.

AUNT MAY

Some of my staff are members of the Hopi community. A small but very spiritual and artistic culture.

Harry merely nods.

AUNT MAY

The Hopi believe that their gods live on the mountains to the north of us and travel in the clouds to visit their people below.

This gets his attention.

HARRY

In the clouds? Wow.

AUNT MAY

Yeah. Wow.

Both Harry and Aunt May look at the low clouds.

AUNT MAY

Strange. I've never seen them this low before.

HARRY

Can we stop?

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE BLUE MESA AREA - DAY

AUNT MAY (O.C.)

You're not really suppose to climb --

Harry zips over and climbs up a chinle, shrouded in cloud.

Back at the SUV, Aunt May nervously scans the area.

CHINLE HILLTOP

Harry reaches the top too late as the cloud has moved on.

The SUV HONKS and he starts down when another cloud passes and he hears the faint SOUND of TWO PEOPLE, TALKING.

Returning to the hilltop, Harry sees no one.

But before he starts down, another cloud engulfs him and Harry finds himself surrounded by MULTIPLE VOICES.

HARRY

Hello? Who's there?

The voices hush and the cloud floats on.

Harry spins around in confusion, looking for the source. Finally, he focuses on the departing cloud.

BACK TO THE SUV

Seeing Harry holler and chase a cloud, Aunt May starts after him when another Ranger SUV pulls up along side.

Aunt May winces at recognizing the driver.

AUNT MAY

Oh hi, Ben. What brings you out? I was just showing my nephew around...

She throws a look over her shoulder at Harry climbing.

ANOTHER CHINLE HILLTOP

Harry rushes into the cloud, now a HUSHED CACOPHANY OF VOICES and he catches snippets, "...HE CAN HEAR US...HE'S ONE OF THEM...THE GIFTED...SHHH, HE'S LISTENING", and Harry cries out...

HARRY

You know I can hear you!

Hearing endless "SHUSHES", Harry grunts and turns to go.

FAITH (O.S.)

Heart?

HARRY

Mom?

FAITH (O.S.)

Heart, I'm...

Harry turns, trips and tumbles down the hill. But before he can climb back up, teary-eyed Aunt May drops to her knees and wraps her arms around him.

HARRY

(calling to cloud)

Mom?!!

Aunt May jerks back, gawking at Harry as the cloud and Faith's voice drift away.

FADE OUT.

INT. SKYLER FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the mantle, a black cloth shrouds a portrait of Faith.

Somber neighbors and townsfolk cluster around the room.

Holed up in his overstuffed chair, Emmett's swollen and bloodshot eyes focus on Faith's photo across the room.

Solemn Trish stands by, watching over her shattered father as an older NEIGHBOR rants...

NEIGHBOR

... but if that road had those
reflecting...gizmos, Emmett, --

Trish leans in, pointing off.

TRISH

Look, Mrs. Reed brought her strudel.

Neighbor spots it and scampers off.

A young couple comes up holding their two-year-old. The red-faced mother, MILLY (20s), speaks through her sobs.

MILLY

Mr. Skyler, your wife truly had the
gift. The doctors told us our baby
wouldn't last a week. A week. But
dear, special Faith heard otherwise.

(beaming at her baby)

And now *our* Faith is turning two.

Emmett chokes back a breath and nods.

Paul and Aunt May exit the kitchen with a large coffee urn.

Setting it down, Aunt May then checks on Emmett and seeing Trish on duty, May shifts her attention upstairs.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOUNDS OF FITFUL SLEEPING emanate from the closet of Harry's messy room.

INSIDE HARRY'S CLOSET

Curled up in his sleeping bag, Harry fidgets with a dream.

FAITH (O.S.)

Heart? Heart.

Sleepy eyes strain to see the figure in the doorway.

FAITH

There you are.

In HARRY'S HAZY MEMORY, Faith steps in and curls up beside him, beaming one of her radiant smiles.

HARRY

(hoarsely)

Mom?

With a soft, conspiratorial tone...

FAITH

So, who're we hiding from today?

Harry rubs his eyes as Faith playfully cringes...

FAITH

It's not the Ladies League, is it?

Harry giggles.

FAITH

And that old Harpen nag with her...
ginormous wart?

Harry grimaces.

HARRY

Wart?

Faith leans in, mimicking his grimace.

FAITH

Yeah, I'd be hiding too, that wart
is so gross. All big and bubbly.

HARRY

Big and Bubbly? What're you talking
about?

FAITH

Her hideous wart.

Harry blurts out a laugh.

HARRY

She doesn't have a wart!

FAITH

You wanna bet?

HARRY

It's just one of your stories.

FAITH
Don't believe me? Come see for
yourself.

Faith rises to exit, jutting her pinky past her nose.

Harry laughs again, but stops to blurt out...

HARRY
I love you, mom!

Faith smiles playfully, reaching to give Harry a hand up.

FAITH
Did I ever tell you why I call you
Heart?

HARRY
(groans)
Not yet.

FAITH
Oh.

Harry smiles through his tears as he reaches for her hand.

FAITH
Well, remind me to tell you
someday.

HARRY
...remind me to tell you
someday.

PAUL (O.S.)
Tell me what, someday?

The memory vanishes, revealing Paul reaching for Harry.

Harry immediately recoils, sinking back into the closet.

PAUL
Aunt May wants you to --

HARRY
No! Get out! You can't come in!

PAUL
Come on, squirt. You gotta --

Harry throws his shoes at Paul.

PAUL
Hey, damn it, cut it out! Come on
now! Aren't you even hungry?

HARRY
GO AWAY!!

Harry dives underneath his sleeping bag.

As Paul leaves the room...

PAUL

You're not the only one, squirt.

Moments later, Harry throws back the sleeping bag, gasping for air as his body shudders from his convulsive sobs.

Dragging himself into the bedroom, Harry hobbles over to close the door when he spots something across the hall.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE EMMETT AND FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Snooping from the doorway, Miss Harpen's gaze ends at the open clothes closet with Faith's simple wardrobe.

MISS HARPEN

Hmmm, how sad. Not even worth the Church's time to run a sale.

Behind her, a DOOR CREAKS OPEN and she turns and shrieks.

INT. SKYLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Miss Harpen flees down the stairs, followed by Harry, hollering and swinging a baseball bat.

Waiting at the bottom, Tom grabs the bat and Paul grabs Harry as addled Miss Harpen wails to the gawking guests...

MISS HARPEN

I was just returning from the bathroom and he attacked me!

Emmett stands to intercede.

MISS HARPEN

Something's wrong with that boy!

As if considering her words, Emmett pauses before walking over to Harry, struggling in Paul's arms.

Emmett nods and Paul releases him. Emmett then drops a hand on Harry's shoulder and escorts him over to Miss Harpen.

Another nod from Emmett and Harry mutters...

HARRY

Sorry I chased you with my bat.

An added squeeze to Harry's shoulder...

HARRY

Please forgive me?

MISS HARPEN

Yes, well, you *should* be --

Emmett steps in, 'scaring up' mercy.

MISS HARPEN

Prayed for.

Miss Harpen then straightens and eyes Emmett, formally.

MISS HARPEN

Should I expect a delay of your harvest?

EMMETT

Nope.

MISS HARPEN

Well then... Sorry for your loss.

She spins around and the other mourners part, allowing her and Tom to make a tolerable withdrawal.

Emmett casts his eyes down at Harry and a grin sneaks out. But the grin quickly dissolves into tears.

At that, Harry resumes crying as he hugs his father.

Triggered, Trish grabs hold of Emmett on the other side.

Paul turns away, but Aunt May takes him by the hand and drags Paul over to join the others.

In the "eye" of the embrace, Harry fixes his gaze on...

...The warm and comforting photo of Faith upon the mantle.

INT. SKYLER KITCHEN - DAWN

Sitting in his sleeping bag, using the tabletop for a pillow, Harry sleeps beside the auto-brewing coffeemaker.

Finished brewing, the coffeemaker BEEPS and Harry pops up.

His bleary eyes focus on a kitchen without Faith as Trish and Paul shuffle in.

Coming in from the porch, Emmett winces, gripping his back as the outside porch swing BANGS against the kitchen wall.

He sees the kids staring around the room and follows suit.

They take in everything that reminds them of her:

- The refrigerator, smothered in candid family photos, artwork and school certificates.
- The corny sampler that reads, "In this kitchen... it's cooking by Faith."
- The various smudged, dinged and burn marks on the stove.
- And the strange, bubbly orange stain on the ceiling that garners a collective smile.

A red-eyed Aunt May enters, dressed and ready for the day.

She stops at seeing the others now staring at the vase of wilted roses on the table.

She dumps the flowers in the trash on her way to the fridge. She opens the fridge door and exhales as she scopes the skimpy interior.

Triggered, Trish plods over and hands May a cup of coffee before nudging her towards the table.

TRISH

We got this, Aunt May. Go, sit.

Trish throws the boys a look and they drag themselves up.

Harry heads for the plates and silverware.

Paul reaches in a bin for some potatoes.

Harry then shuffles over to retrieve Faith's apron.

But as he pulls it off the hook, he stops, holds it to his face and breathes in.

Harry notices everyone staring at him and darts out with the apron in hand.

That triggers Emmett's retreat to the porch.

Paul channels his pain into skinning a potato.

While Trish takes it out on a half-dozen eggs.

Aunt May stands there, uncertain of who to comfort.

INT. SKYLER LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry nuzzles the apron as he stares at Faith's photo.

FAITH (O.S.)

It's vanilla extract. I use it in all my white-iced surprises.

In another DREAM-LIKE MEMORY, Faith's kneeling on the couch, staring out the picture window at Emmett in the field.

FAITH

When I first met your daddy, I was sure my cooking would scare him off.

On the coffee table, sits a lop-sided two layer cake with white icing and a generous sprinkling of fruit loops.

FAITH

But seeing how much I loved him, Mama Skyler gave me a secret weapon the other girls never knew about.

HARRY

Vanilla extract is a secret weapon?

She turns from the window with a conspiratorial tone.

FAITH

He can't resist it.

With a triumphant smile, Faith looks back to the window.

FAITH

From then on, he was all mine.

Harry joins Faith on the couch, gazing out the window.

HARRY

Good going, Mom.

A SOUND spins Harry to see his Aunt May watching him. She manages a grin and holds up a folded list.

AUNT MAY

I need my ace volunteer to pick up a few things at the store.

EXT. ROAD TO SKYLER FARM - DAY

Wearing his empty backpack, listless Harry bikes down the road, occasionally scanning for clouds.

Something along the way catches his attention, and he slows to a stop.

Fitfully shaking his head, he blurts out...

HARRY

Just do it!

He rides back, slowing to trace skid marks that veer to the shoulder, ending at a cracked and tilted utility pole.

At the base, fragments of metal and glass mix with yellow roses and other wilted bouquets and spent candles.

Spotting the bent hood ornament to their van, he dismounts.

Staring at the ornament, Harry's eyes well-up.

As he reaches down to retrieve it, a whitetail doe and her fawn bound out of the field.

Both Harry and the deer freeze at seeing each other.

Jerking his eyes to the skid marks, Harry hollers as he yanks his arm back to throw the hood emblem at them.

The doe and fawn tense, but nothing happens.

Groaning, Harry goes to mount his bike when a truck appears, coming down the road.

Seeing that the deer haven't budged, he throws his arms up.

HARRY

GO, damn you! For Mom's sake, GO!

Spooked, the deer bound across the road into another field.

EXT. SKYLER BARN - DAY

At the entrance to the barn, COUNTRY MUSIC rises above the SOUND of a WELDING TORCH.

INT. SKYLER BARN - DAY

Back in Paul's corner of the barn, various Alexander Calder-like metal sculptures fill his work space.

Halfway up a ladder, Paul shapes the spikes of a tiller blade to resemble flowing hair on a large metal figure.

Harry enters and sets the twisted hood ornament down on the work table next to an opened pint of Old Crow.

Seeing Harry rush off, Paul flips his mask up revealing his own watery eyes.

Paul then notices the ornament, takes a long hit from the bottle, slams his mask down and resumes welding.

INT. EMMETT AND FAITH'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

Stopped at the door, Harry sees Aunt May seated at Faith's heirloom vanity table, running her hands over its surface.

Harry then notices several packing boxes sitting on the bed and walks over to nose through them.

HARRY
Aren't these Mom's things?

With a somber smile, Aunt May nods.

AUNT MAY
Your dad asked me to gather them.

HARRY
Where are they going?

AUNT MAY
Into a storage locker. For now.

Harry walks over to Aunt May.

HARRY
Mom's table too?

AUNT MAY
For now.

Aunt May scoots over and Harry sits beside her.

AUNT MAY
You feel like talking?

He shrugs.

AUNT MAY
Want to tell me what happened that day? When you climbed the Chinle?

HARRY
Those hills?

She nods and he looks off.

AUNT MAY
You heard voices, didn't you?

He nods.

AUNT MAY
Okay. Uhm, was this the first time?

He nods again.

AUNT MAY
Were there a few? Many?

HARRY
One cloud seemed like a church full.

AUNT MAY
And what did they say?

Trish appears at the door long enough to declare...

TRISH
Supper.

Ignoring Trish, Harry aimlessly opens a drawer and peers in.

HARRY
I said hello to them but they were
rude.

She smiles.

AUNT MAY
"Rude"? How so?

HARRY
You know, the way grown-ups are.
They talk *about* you but not *to* you.

AUNT MAY
What did they say about you?

HARRY
Some said I was *gifted* cause I could
hear them. And some said I was
snooping on them. I wasn't snooping.

Harry fidgets with a knob as Aunt May mulls all this over.

HARRY
You should take Mom's table. Trish
doesn't care about things like this.

Aunt May looks at Harry and smiles.

AUNT MAY
You know, this vanity came from your
Great-Grandma Pearl. She also had
the gift.

HARRY
She heard the voices too?

AUNT MAY

No. Her gift involved touch. She could put her hand on a person or object and see things, good or bad.

A LOUD RAP at the door swings their focus to Trish.

TRISH

Supper! Let's get to it!

The two share raised eyebrows and exit after Trish.

EXT. SKYLER BACKYARD - NIGHT - LATER

A light off the barn bathes the yard in a warm glow.

Sitting on the porch swing, Emmett merely moves the food around on his plate as he drifts into his own memories.

IN A HAZY MEMORY, Faith steps sprightly across the yard as if leading a parade. She smiles and waves as she passes, cradling vegetable cuttings and melon peels in her apron.

Trailing behind, three very anxious goats.

Halfway across, she gets goosed by one and jumps, flinging everything out of her apron.

She steps back, laughing as the goats swoop in for supper.

Emmett's choked laughter snaps him out of it and brings Harry rushing out the kitchen door.

Emmett climbs to his feet with an abashed smile.

EMMETT

Sorry, son. I'm okay. I was just...
Hey, wanna catch a peek at your
upcoming birthday present?

HARRY

Yeah, I guess so.

Emmett leads his son off towards the field.

EXT. SKYLER FIELD - DAY

The now HARVESTED FIELD reveals the three-story Harpen House off in the distance.

In the foreground, Harry stands before an empty acre, cordoned off with posts and red nylon rope.

But his eyes only focus on Faith's hand-painted banner, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY HEART", fluttering in the wind.

Harry pulls out a pocket knife, cuts the banner free, rolls it up and carries it off towards the driveway.

SKYLER DRIVEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Carrying May's suitcases, Paul exits the house and deposits them in the truck bed before getting in behind the wheel.

Harry catches up to May and Emmett heading for the truck with a wary Trish trailing behind them.

AUNT MAY

Sorry everyone, but I've already missed most of our peak season. I gotta get back. Again, Happy Birthday, Harry.

Harry manages a smile and a nod and Aunt May responds with a brief hug before turning to Emmett...

AUNT MAY

If you want, he can come stay --

Trish elbows her way in between them.

TRISH

No, he'll be fine. We *all* will.

EMMETT

Trish, damnit. Go inside, you two.

Trish scowls and heads back for the house.

HARRY

Bye Aunt May. I'll miss you.

Aunt May hugs him again.

AUNT MAY

And I'm gonna miss my favorite shortstop.

He blushes and smiles before running off.

EMMETT

I'm sorry about Trish.

Distracted, May looks back as Harry rushes inside.

AUNT MAY

It's okay. But if you need help or there's an emergency, you'll call me?

Emmett nods.

EMMETT

Hey, maybe you can come back for Christmas. Would that be good?

AUNT MAY

Christmas? Sure.

Some internal decision, May sighs and drops the smile.

AUNT MAY

Damnit, Emmett, I gotta do this. There's something you need know...

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

While hanging Faith's banner over his window, Harry notices May and Emmett down in the driveway, talking then looking up in Harry's direction.

She waves to Harry then hugs Emmett and climbs in the truck.

As the truck departs, Emmett and Harry stare at each other till a RUMBLE shifts their focus to an approaching storm.

In another HAZE-LIKE MEMORY, Faith appears at the window with her ear pressed to the glass.

FAITH

Hear 'em, Heart? What a commotion. Sounds like they're good and riled.

Harry reaches for her but HIS HAND PASSES RIGHT THROUGH.

She vanishes and he waves his hand in the empty space, when, there's a loud BAM.

He jumps back, yelping as Trish storms in to the room.

TRISH

Storm's coming and Dad wants you to help him.

EXT. SKYLER BARN - DAY

Toting a coil of rope, the two exit into a gusting wind.

Emmett points up at a cracked blade of the windmill.

EMMETT

We have to tie it down so I can remove the bad blade before it flies off and does any damage.

Emmett and Harry trudge their way over to the base of the tower and Harry cranes his head to see the windmill's rotor and tail vane whipping back and forth.

EMMETT

Stay behind me and do as I say. Once I remove the blade I'll hand it down to you. You okay with that?

Harry 'mans up', nodding assertively. But as he goes to climb, Harry keeps his eyes focused on each rung.

Reaching the base of the windmill rotor, Harry hears Emmett cry out.

Harry shifts to see Emmett sitting by the rotor, clutching his bloodied hand.

HARRY

Dad!

Harry fights the wind to crawl to his father.

EMMETT

Stop! I'm okay, Harry! Stay there.

Emmett winces out a chuckle.

EMMETT

This crazy old windmill thinks it can mess with me?

Harry shares that chuckle.

HARRY

Yeah, it and what army?!

EMMETT

Damn straight!

They laugh till Emmett winces out an "OW" and shakes it off.

Instinctively Harry pulls a wadded-up handkerchief from his pocket and reaches over for his dad's injured hand. He wraps it and ties it off.

Emmett smiles, patting the side of his son's face with the bandaged hand.

Their moment ends when Harry hollers...

HARRY

DAD, DUCK!

Emmett simultaneously ducks and grabs hold of the tail vane as it whips past.

Holding on, Emmett manages to stand up on the platform.

Harry cheers, then abruptly stops at seeing clouds coming in low, just above him.

The wind HOWLS, causing Emmett to shout above it.

EMMETT

Harry?! The rope!

Harry stands up just as THE WIND WAILS, "HEART".

Harry spins around and nearly falls off the platform.

Emmett grabs him at the last second and takes the rope. He ties down the tail vane then looks to his son who's busy gawking at the storm clouds.

EMMETT

Harry! You gotta watch what you're doing!

HARRY

I heard something!

EMMETT

What?!

HARRY

(indicating clouds)
It's them! I heard them!

Spooked, Emmett grabs Harry by the arm.

EMMETT

Harry, climb down right now!

HARRY

But they're talking, Dad! Just like Mom said they would!

EMMETT

Climb down!

HARRY

No! I can't hear down there! I want to listen for Mom! I gotta be higher!

Emmett flings the other end of the rope around Harry's chest and knots it.

HARRY

Dad --?

Emmett hoists Harry over the side.

HARRY
(Pleading)
No!

EMMETT
Harry, climb down now!

HARRY
But she may be coming back!

EMMETT
I don't want you up here! Never come
up again! You hear me!?

HARRY
Dad, please!?

Harry starts climbing back up, but Emmett yanks on the rope, causing Harry to lose his grip.

The tail vane pulls free of the rope and whips around, slamming into Emmett!

Emmett drops the rope and Harry falls.

HARRY
Dad!?

Emmett dives for the rope and misses.

Harry tumbles, flailing and grabs hold of a railing. But his momentum yanks his hand free and he lands with a thud.

And the last thing Harry sees are clouds hurrying away.

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE (BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Laying in the middle of his roped-off acre, Harry slowly awakens at hearing a faint voice.

FAITH (V.O.)
Heart? Heart? Can you hear me?

Harry lifts his head to look around and get his bearings when he hears the faint voice again.

HARRY
Mom?

Looking up, he sees a cloud right above him.

HARRY
Mom?!

Harry goes to get up but he can't move. He struggles to lift his arms and legs but they won't budge.

HARRY

Mom, help! I can't get up --

Suddenly, the GROUND AROUND HIM QUAKES and he hollers as a PEAK FORMS BENEATH HIM, THRUSTING HIM HIGH INTO THE AIR.

RISING, RISING, till it abruptly stops at the cloud.

Awed, Harry peers over the side at this new mountain of earth towering over the farm, when, from close by...

FAITH (O.C.)

Can you hear me now?

Harry whips around...

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM (END DREAM SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

...and bolts upright in bed, sporting an ice pack.

HARRY

Woo-hoo! Ow!

INT. SKYLER LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Harry sneaks down the stairs and into the kitchen as Trish reads a textbook on the couch and Emmett watches a western from his easy chair.

An O.C. CLUNK from somewhere in the house gets Trish's attention. She gets halfway off the couch, when...

EMMETT

Leave him alone. Let him sleep.

With a firm but amiable tone, reminiscent of her mother...

TRISH

Fine, Daddy. Won't be but a minute.

The tone gets Emmett's attention and he turns to see Trish heading up the stairs.

EXT. SKYLER BACKYARD - RAINY NIGHT

Harry freezes outside the kitchen door, wincing. Hearing nothing, he exhales and turns to eye the windmill.

Seeing the first four rungs of the ladder have been removed, Harry frowns and shifts his gaze to the barn door.

He throws a look to rain clouds above and...

HARRY
Hang on, I'm coming.

And he darts over and into the barn.

INT. MOVING SKYLER TRUCK CAB - RAINY NIGHT

A Bonnie Raitt tune competes with the drone of the wipers blades as Paul drives up the road towards the farm house.

On the seat beside him, a Navy recruitment brochure.

EXT. SKYLER BARN - RAINY NIGHT

As the truck turns the corner into the backyard, Paul abruptly stops at seeing Emmett out in the pouring rain, cautiously peering into the barn.

Emmett looks briefly into the headlights before returning his attention to the barn.

Paul jumps out, stuffing the brochure in his back pocket. But before he can ask, "what's wrong", Harry charges out of the barn, pushing a wheelbarrow and a shovel.

Naturally, Emmett and Paul follow as he rounds the corner.

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE - NIGHT

In the rain, Harry seems possessed, shoveling mud into a square frame of two-by-sixes.

Trish rushes out from the house to join Emmett and Paul.

TRISH
Daddy, I can't find him anywhere!

She stops and gawks at Harry, shoveling mud into the frame.

The acre LIGHTS UP, followed by another ROLL of THUNDER, and everyone, including Harry, shifts their attention to the clouds overhead.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Harry bolts up, wincing, rubbing his arms and shoulders.

TRISH
Duh, Mr. Shovel-till-you-drop.

Harry pans to see Trish, sitting, attending.

TRISH
And how's your head?

Wondering, Harry feels his head.

HARRY
Why?

Trish chortles as she pulls a T-shirt over him.

TRISH
"Why?" Cause you lost it last night.

She rises to help him out of bed.

TRISH
What the hell was going on out there? You really creeped Dad out.

Harry squints out the window at the bright sunlight.

HARRY
I did? Geez, I didn't mean to.

Trish leans in with a sly smile as she hands him his jeans.

TRISH
I know you, little brother. This is one of your stupid scams, isn't it? You plan on skipping the rest of the school year. Am I right?

Harry spots a cloud outside and puts his ear to the window as he climbs into his jeans.

TRISH
Harry, you haven't lost it, have you?

Harry responds with a smile as he slips on his sneakers.

HARRY
No. I haven't lost it, I got it.

Trish stares in confusion as he darts out the door.

INT. SKYLER LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry scampers downstairs as Emmett ends a call.

HARRY
Sorry I creeped you out, Dad.

Emmett eyes Harry warily.

EMMETT

Church, today. School, tomorrow.

Harry nods and zips into the kitchen.

INT. SKYLER KITCHEN - DAY

Paul turns from the counter with a platter of toast just as Harry grabs a slice on his way out the back door.

A familiar routine returned, Paul cracks a smile.

PAUL

You're welcome!

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE - DAY

Rounding the corner of the barn, his smile drops away.

An oozing 'sandbox' of mud spills over the border of his two-by-sixes.

Harry walks to the center and sinks to his ankles.

As if mocking, a ROLL OF THUNDER signals another storm.

INT. LOCAL PROTESTANT CHURCH - RAINY DAY

The SOUND of RAINFALL blends with the choir's drone of an 'oldy-but-moldy'.

But Harry's knee bobs to its own beat as he gawks out a side window at a tall mound of wet earth.

Paul and Trish sneak looks to the window, wondering what's up. Ditto Miss Harpen and Tom.

As the song ends, Emmett drops a hand on Harry's knee, cutting the engine and shifting Harry's focus back to...

...young REVEREND DAN (30), rising to the podium while smiling directly at Harry.

REVEREND DAN

I'd like to start this soggy Sunday
by saying how glad I am to see some
familiar faces back with us...

Reverend Dan's attention abruptly shifts to the back of the church.

Sensing trouble, Emmett and Paul follow his focus.

A shell-shocked SHERIFF RYAN (50), stands in the doorway.

SHERIFF RYAN

A twister just tore through Sunny Grove. We need help.

EXT. ROAD TO SUNNY GROVE MOBILE HOME COMMUNITY - DAY

A mile from the community, a caravan of pickups and cars slow upon reaching the outer edges of the debris field.

A roofless SUV, buried nose-first in the ground, stands as an eerie sentinel.

Further down, a child's carseat swings beneath a tree.

Several cars and trucks peel off from the convoy and their occupants pour out to comb the area.

Harry and Trish gape from the moving truck bed.

TRISH

Don't Josh's grandparents live here?

Harry looks back at the SUV.

EXT. SUNNY GROVE MOBILE HOME COMMUNITY - DAY

Reaching the mobile park, an even eerier sight awaits them.

One side of the road, the mobile homes appear untouched.

But on the other side, a swath of churned up framing and foliage runs several blocks wide.

Everyone piles out of their vehicles and gathers around.

HARRY

Where did it all go?

EMMETT

Hopefully, we can help them find out. You and Trish stay together.

Sheriff Ryan steps up to the crowd.

SHERIFF RYAN

People, there's not enough of you to form a line so work in pairs. If you find someone, you stay with them and your partner reports back. Now go.

Everyone fans out in pairs. Some to the tree line, others across the field, following the tornado's path.

ANOTHER AREA OF MOBILE HOME COMMUNITY - DAY

Harry and Trish pass all sorts of debris littering the ground and trees, including a mangled wheelchair.

The shadow of a cloud passes over a refrigerator half-buried in the earth and Harry stops and crosses to it.

Sensing something, Harry begins scraping at the mud when a MUFFLED VOICE and RAPPING jolts him off his feet.

Bounding back, Harry paws at the mud, hollering...

HARRY

Trish, over here! Someone's inside!

Trish runs over to help Harry dig.

Clearing the mud, Harry strains to pry open the door.

Trish grabs the door and together they heave.

With their combined effort, the door pops open and an elderly hand emerges, trembling.

ELSEWHERE AT THE MOBILE HOME COMMUNITY

Emmett and Paul catch up with Sheriff Ryan.

EMMETT

Ken?

The Sheriff grins, relieved at seeing Emmett.

SHERIFF RYAN

Emmett, thanks for helping.

EMMETT

You know what I'm going to ask.

Sheriff Ryan shakes his head in reply.

SHERIFF RYAN

No warning.

PAUL

What? None?

EMMETT

How is that?

Ryan continues searching with Emmett and Paul on his heels.

SHERIFF RYAN

When the developers built the park back in the 80's, they were able to skirt the ordinance, claiming Sunny Grove was within a ten mile radius of Shelton's siren towers.

EMMETT

Ten?

Sheriff Ryan drops his head in disgust.

EMMETT

How many bodies does it cost to get a warning system, Ken?

Sheriff Ryan snaps, turning on Emmett.

SHERIFF RYAN

Damnit, Emmett, we're strapped!
Hell, I'm buying my own bullets!

Emmett backs off.

SHERIFF RYAN

Why do you think we came to you for help?

Sheriff Ryan slumps down on a nearby stump, voice choking with frustration.

SHERIFF RYAN

The emergency fund's drained from last year's flood. FEMA can't find its way out of DC and the Feds are spending what's left on the Middle East. Like pouring water on sand.

Sheriff Ryan exhales, dragging himself to his feet.

SHERIFF RYAN

So pass the word on to your council, we're all on our own.

Emmett and Paul exchange a somber look.

Trish comes rushing up.

TRISH

Dad, Harry found someone! Alive!

The three men rush off with Trish.

BACK TO HARRY

Harry sits on the ground cradling a wet, shivering and disoriented LILLY (88).

HARRY

But Lilly, I don't know what I can --

LILLY

Just promise me you'll talk to him, Harry. Please? His name is Joe.

HARRY

Yes, ma'am, I will. I promise.

Relieved, Lilly looks over to see the Sheriff, Emmett, Paul and other volunteers arriving and she smiles warmly.

LILLY

Welcome, everybody.

Impatiently waving them forward...

LILLY

Come in, come in.

Standing amidst a flattened heap of framing and debris, the three men manage to step forward, nod and smile.

The others murmur amongst themselves and nod at Harry.

INT. MOVING SKYLER TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Slumped against the passenger door, a tired Harry stares out the window at the pitch black.

And Emmett sneaks glances at him while driving.

EMMETT

You did a great thing today, son.

(beat)

I know a lot of people died. But there might have been one more, had you not found her.

Harry taps his head against the window.

HARRY

Lilly. She was cooking some soup and her husband rushed in and shoved her in the fridge, just before...

(sotto)

Joe.

Harry nods to himself as Emmett watches.

EMMETT

How did you know where to find her?

Harry shrugs.

HARRY

We were walking by there.

EMMETT

Did you hear anything? A voice?

Harry stares off, trying to recall.

HARRY

I guess I got an...in-true-wishun?

Emmett chuckles in response.

EMMETT

Lucky for Lilly.

Harry blurts out...

HARRY

Dad, you promised I could do whatever I want with my acre.

Emmett chuckles more.

EMMETT

Son, an acre ain't big enough for a baseball field. Okay?

HARRY

No, no. I'm building a hill. It's gonna be higher than the windmill.

The chuckling halts.

EMMETT

A hill? Is that what you've been doing out there?

HARRY

Yeah, but I don't think it's working.

EMMETT

(chuckle resumes)
I'll say. Son, it looks more like a swamp.

HARRY

I know, I know. What I need is...

Harry scrunches his face, hoping to pop out an idea.

HARRY

Duh! I know what to use! I'll make
the hill out of cement!

EXT. MOVING SKYLER TRUCK - NIGHT

The pickup swerves, lurching Paul and Trish in back.

INT. SKYLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emmett drags in with a sleepy son slung over his shoulder.

HARRY

But why can't I?

Both fading fast, their replies lag a second or two.

EMMETT

Um, Skyler rule.

HARRY

What? Which one?

Head lolling, Emmett slowly, ungainly ascends the stairs.

EMMETT

We only use what we already have.

Harry yawns while shaking his head.

HARRY

I never heard that rule.

EMMETT

It was added while you were gone.

Nodding off at the top of the stairs...

HARRY

... so... unfair...

EXT. SKYLER BARN - DAY - NEXT MORNING

Trish and Paul lean against the barn, eyeing Harry's acre.

Paul tips his cup to his dad as Emmett walks up, sipping
his own coffee.

EMMETT

What's up?

PAUL

Good question.

Paul nods at Harry huffing and puffing as he pushes the wheelbarrow loaded with discarded stuff.

Their gaze follows Harry to his acre and a stacked 'mound' of refuse: doorless fridge, broken ladder, bed boards and a ripped-up sofa.

Harry stops at the mound and tosses the new junk on top of the other junk.

Paul and Trish look to Emmett for insight.

As Emmett sips his coffee, his eyes never stray from Harry.

EMMETT

He's building a hill.

PAUL & TRISH

A hill?

Paul scans the pile, smiles and shakes his head.

EMMETT

Told me his idea last night, driving home. Sounded sure about this one.

PAUL

How high?

Both Emmett and Trish throw him a look.

PAUL

What? I'm just curious.

The three resume watching as Harry heaves an old crockpot towards the top of the heap.

EMMETT

Windmill or higher. He wanted to use cement. I said no.

(smiles)

Told him he could only use what we already have.

Paul smiles and nods to himself.

PAUL

Our junk. Gotta give it to him.

In unison, Emmett and Paul swig coffee as they watch Harry.

With an eye roll, Trish asks the obvious...

TRISH

Dad, did you ask him why?

Emmett and Paul share a quizzical look, provoking an exasperated groan from her.

TRISH

Fine.

Trish saunters over to Harry, feigning interest.

TRISH

So, Dad says you're building a hill?

Harry strains as he tosses a huge VCR up on the heap.

HARRY

Yep.

TRISH

Wow. Why?

Emmett and Paul watch as Harry replies then heads off with the wheelbarrow, leaving a speechless Trish behind.

Trish trudges past Emmett and Paul, heading for the house.

PAUL

Well?

TRISH

I gotta get ready for school.

EMMETT

Trish?

She finally stops and turns back to them, shaking her head.

TRISH

You better talk to him, Dad. Now.

Punching her thigh to keep from crying, Trish charges off.

Emmett sets his gaze on Harry as Paul follows after Trish.

PAUL

Geez, what'd he say, Trish?

INT. SKYLER BARN - DAY

Emmett enters, looking for Harry and stops at seeing him struggle to push a hay bale into the wheelbarrow.

A bittersweet smile sets in as Emmett shakes his head and ambles over.

EMMETT

I know a few cows who are going to be awful angry with you.

The bale tumbles back and Harry jumps out of the way.

HARRY

I was just going to test it.

EMMETT

Sure. It might seem like a good idea to use bales. But, seeming...

EMMETT

...doesn't make it so.

HARRY

...doesn't make it so.

Emmett and Harry share a nod.

Harry then scans the barn. He steers the wheelbarrow back to Paul's sculpting area and stops, gawking at something just out of sight.

EMMETT

Aunt May said you were climbing hills the day your mom died. Said there were clouds. And you called out to them.

Harry nods.

EMMETT

You heard something, didn't you?

Harry smiles.

HARRY

I heard Mom.

Shaken, Emmett crosses to Harry in Paul's corner.

EMMETT

Son --?

Emmett stops at seeing what Harry has been gazing at.

A larger-than-life sculpture of Faith gazes down at them with outstretched arms appearing to welcome and comfort.

HARRY

It's Mom.

Emmett reaches up and touches a fingertip of the sculpture.

HARRY

She would say, "sometimes, seeming does make it so."

Choking up, Emmett looks away.

EMMETT

Go get ready for school.

Harry nods and rushes out.

EXT. SKYLER BARN - DAY

Heading for the house, Harry smiles at some passing clouds.

INT. SCHOOL BUS ON FARM ROAD - DAY

Harry and Trish climb in to hoots and hollers from Harry's teammates in the back. Harry grins and rushes to join them.

Up near the front, Trish cranes to spy on her baby brother.

INT. MOVING SCHOOL BUS ON FARM ROAD - DAY

Trish and her BFF, Lisa are sharing glances with two nearby boys when SHOUTS from the back steal their attention.

Harry and his teammates crowd one side, gaping at the passing MyMart construction site. The team ogles the dozers, but Harry fixates on the truck *hauling away the dirt*.

With an eye roll, the girls resume flirting with the two boys.

INT. SCHOOL BUS IN FRONT OF SCHOOL - DAY

As the students rise to get off the bus, Harry taps a distracted Trish on the shoulder and whispers...

HARRY

Hey, can I use your library card?

Her head jerks around.

TRISH

What did you say?

Harry looks to make sure his buddies aren't listening.

HARRY

I need your library card. Please?

TRISH

You're going to the library?

HARRY

Yeah, duh, if you want a book...

Her jaw drops.

TRISH

To read?

Harry merely stares.

Still gaping at him, Trish pulls out her wallet and Harry yanks the card free.

HARRY

See you back at the bus.

Trish gawks as Harry rushes out.

INT. TOWN LIBRARY - DAY

Harry hits the skids and bumps into the counter, startling the LIBRARIAN.

HARRY

Sorry. You got any books on making hills?

LIBRARIAN

Making hills? Well, um, how?

HARRY

How?

LIBRARIAN

Yes, how. By weather erosion? By seismic disturbance? By landfill reclamation?

Harry timidly holds up his hand.

HARRY

By hand?

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE - DAY

Harry sits atop his mini mountain of junk, reading a very big coffee table book. He looks down from the tome and surveys his efforts, frowns and resumes reading.

Paul sneaks up to him, reaches out and swipes the book.

HARRY

Hey!

PAUL

Come help with supper.

Glancing at the book...

PAUL

What the hell... "Pyramids, Burial
Mounds and Ancient Fortifications?"

Reaching to retrieve the book...

HARRY

A pyramid's like a hill.

Paul holds the book at arm's length.

PAUL

Squirt, swear to me you're not nuts?

Stretching to grab the book back...

HARRY

Ha-ha.

PAUL

No, I mean it. Swear to me you're
still my goof-off brother and not
some exorcist kid or alien clone?

Harry lunges for the book, but misses.

PAUL

I mean, you've had some strange
ideas before, but they never lasted
past supper.

Harry lunges again, grabs the book back and glares.

HARRY

You and Trish can laugh all you
want, but I'm building my hill.

Sulking, Harry jumps down.

PAUL

To talk to Mom?

Harry stops, then starts for the house.

PAUL

Will others be able to talk to her?

Harry merely shrugs as he shuffles off to the house.

Something behind Harry BANGS to the ground and he whips
around to see Paul lifting the fridge and carrying it off.

HARRY

Hey! What are you doing?!

Paul sets the fridge down some twenty feet away.

PAUL
Well, does it mention in that book
of yours, that the hill needs to be
in the MIDDLE of the acre?

Harry suppresses a smile as he notices his mistake.

HARRY
I haven't gotten that far.

Harry grabs the old toaster and places it atop the fridge.
He steps back to size up the re-location.

HARRY
Better.

They laugh and turn to go.

PAUL
So how high are we making this thing
anyway? Ten, fifteen feet?

Harry stops abruptly.

HARRY
"We?"

Paul sighs.

PAUL
Yeah, we.

Harry whoops, leaps at his brother and they tumble to the
ground, laughing.

Trish stomps up, sternly claps three times and the boys
leap to their feet with a faux look of shame.

They strain to suppress their laughter and Trish threatens
with a low growl before marching back inside.

PAUL
(chuckling, to Harry)
Go on. I'll catch up.

Harry trudges off and Paul reaches into his back pocket,
retrieving the Navy brochure. He gives it a final glance,
folds it and stuffs it in one of the slots of the toaster.

Catching up with Harry...

PAUL
So, how high?

INT. SKYLER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Startled, Trish drops the casserole dish back on the stove, splattering sauce on herself.

TRISH

A hundred feet?! No! No more talk about hills!

Paul blurts out a laugh.

PAUL

That's too high, squirt.

Setting the table, the boys fail to notice Trish's mini meltdown.

PAUL

I don't think it can be done.

HARRY

Why not? They build buildings taller than that.

Like a knife-wielding Benihana chef, Trish 'eviscerates' the casserole with a kitchen spatula.

PAUL

Yeah, but those buildings have steel foundations for support.

HARRY

Do we have any steel on the farm?

Paul laughs again... and abruptly stops at seeing Trish butcher the casserole.

Likewise, Harry gapes at her handy work.

Trish turns on them, jabbing the mangled spatula.

TRISH

I thought I said no more talk about hills.

HARRY

Paul said he'd help me build it.

Her eyes dart to Paul and he flinches, forcing a smile.

PAUL

I was thinking it would be more like a treehouse.

Harry shakes his head in confusion.

HARRY

But I don't want a treehouse.

PAUL

Well, without any steel, we can't build a hundred foot hill either.

Raging, Trish flings chunks of casserole at the boys.

INT. SKYLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Safe in the sanctuary of his easy chair, Emmett eats some casserole while watching 'Law & Order'.

The three march out of the kitchen, splattered with supper. Trish storms upstairs. Paul, to the front door.

HARRY

(to Paul)

So, we're not making the hill?

PAUL & TRISH

NO!

PAUL

Not without steel or stone!

EMMETT

(glued to the TV)

Kitchen cleaned up?

PAUL

Spotless! I'm going out.

Paul scoops up the keys from the side table.

EMMETT

Truck needs gas.

PAUL

It *needs* to be junked!

Paul slams the screen door, followed by Trish upstairs then Harry bangs out the door off the kitchen.

Emmett shifts his gaze from one door to the other and finally, upstairs.

With a grunt, Emmett puts his plate down, punches the remote and rocks himself forward when the merciful RING of the PHONE rocks him back.

EMMETT
(answering phone)
Skyler Farm. Oh hi, Mel. What? No,
not really. What's up?

Banging the back door again, Harry bursts through the kitchen door and races through the living room.

HARRY
I got it, Paul!

Emmett flinches, trying to hear the call.

EMMETT
Sorry, Mel, what was that?

Harry slams open the screen door, calling out...

HARRY
Paul!?

EMMETT
(over phone)
Tomorrow? Yeah, I can come. What?!
But they're already breaking ground!

Seeing his brother drive off, Harry rushes over and halts beside Emmett, hovering, fidgeting, bobbing.

Emmett lowers his head, straining to focus on the call.

EMMETT
(over phone)
The contract has all their demands.
"More?" But you're the Mayor, Mel --

Globs of casserole fall off Harry, landing on Emmett.

EMMETT
(over phone)
Just a second.
(to Harry)
Harold James --

HARRY
Dad?! Trucks and cars are made of
steel, right?

EMMETT
What, um, mostly, yeah. The
chassis, --

Harry leaps and hollers...

HARRY
Yes!! Bye, Dad! Back later!

...and again bangs out the kitchen and back doors.

Emmett goes to holler after him but settles for a sigh.

EMMETT

(over phone)

What about Miss Harpen? She on board with this? Yeah? Well, hunker down, Mel. Hunker down.

EXT. MYMART CONSTRUCTION SITE/JUNK YARD - NIGHT

Harry rides up to the entrance of the site just as a few workers exit the Foreman's trailer, heading for home.

Harry sneaks past them and rides off to the old junk yard.

THE JUNK YARD

Harry stops in front of an area several acres wide where moonlight gleams off stacks and stacks of old rusted relics.

Grinning at his new found riches, Harry drops his bike and scrambles up to the top of a discarded combine cab.

He jumps up and down a couple of times but the roof holds.

Smiling, he turns his gaze back to the Foreman's trailer.

INT. MYMART FOREMAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Bursting through the door, Harry startles the fatigued FOREMAN (50s), talking on the phone...

FOREMAN

What the...

(into phone)

Hold on, Jake.

(to Harry)

Save your breath, kid. We're not hiring. Besides, you're waaaaay too young. Sorry. Now go home. Bye-bye.

(into phone)

Jake, I have a really tight schedule and I need to clear out all these junkers by the end of the week.

(beat, groaning)

What if I *deliver* them to you? Come on, please, give me a better price.

Seizing the moment, Harry rushes forward.

HARRY

How about *free*?!

Again startled, the Foreman's eyes flit to Hyper-Harry.

HARRY

Sir, our farm's only five miles away
and if you let *us* have the junkers,
then you can deliver them first
thing *tomorrow*! For free!

(crossing his heart)

I Skyler promise.

FOREMAN

(into phone)

Hold, hold, hold Jake, just, just...

slamming the receiver down on the desk, the weary Foreman
squints at Harry.

FOREMAN

Who are you?

Harry takes a deep breath and goes into his pitch...

HARRY

Sir, like you, I too am a builder.

The Foreman's drooping face sags another inch.

EXT. PLAINSVIEW MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Harry cruises down the street and stops at the Skyler
pickup, parked in front of a bar.

Harry tosses his bike in the truck bed on his way inside.

Moments later, he ushers drunken Paul out the door. Paul
pushes away and ducks behind the truck to puke.

HARRY

I don't know why you bother drinking
that stuff, Paul, if you just turn
around and puke it back up?

Paul rises, eyes swimming, head swaying.

PAUL

Shut up, smartass.

Harry pulls the keys from Paul's pocket and herds him into
the passenger side of the truck.

Harry then comes around and climbs into the driver's side.

INT. SKYLER TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Harry buckles Paul in, then hands him a document and a pen.

HARRY

Here. The Foreman needs the signature of an adult person.

Still suffering, Paul strains to focus on the document.

PAUL

Who? Why?

Stretching for the pedal, Harry starts the truck.

HARRY

To get our steel, Paul. He was gonna have to pay to get rid of it anyway, so we're getting it all for free!

PAUL

Free steel? Geez. Can't beat that.

HARRY

Right? He just needs your signature and they will deliver it to us.

PAUL

Delivery too? Wow.

As Harry lurches the truck down the road, Paul fights to keep his food down and the pen on the paper.

INT. SKYLER KITCHEN - DAY - NEXT MORNING

Paul drags himself in and sits at the table.

Already there, Emmett greets him with a cup of coffee.

EMMETT

Your mother's vision about the drinking problem coming true?

Paul shakes his head, once.

EMMETT

Good. I'm off to a council meeting. Hopefully, I'll be back before dark.

Paul nods his head, once.

Emmett stops in the doorway.

EMMETT

I wanna thank you, son.

Paul squints at his father.

EMMETT

I didn't have the guts to tell Harry he couldn't make a hill. But you came up with the perfect way out.

Emmett chuckles as he walks out.

EMMETT

No steel, no hill.

Hearing "steel", the coffee cup halts midway to his mouth.

Entering, dressed for school, Trish sneers at Mr. hangover.

TRISH

A shining example.

PAUL

Don't...do...as...I --

TRISH

(hollers)

HARRY, MOVE YOUR BUTT!

Paul's head drops to the table in anguish and Trish throws him a last look before leaving.

TRISH

It's so unfair.

Harry rushes in, bumping the table and Paul's head pops up.

PAUL

Squirt, did I sign something --?

HARRY

Last night? Yep, and we dropped it off at the site before we came home.

Harry throws open a cabinet and pulls out a cereal box. He flips it open and pours cereal directly into his mouth.

He then goes to the fridge and washes it down with milk.

PAUL

What exactly did I sign for?

TRISH (O.S.)

HARRY!!

HARRY

(mouth full)

Whole junk yard full of steel, Paul!

Paul cringes and moans.

HARRY

The Foreman said, "expect the first load by the end-of-day." Bye!

Harry zips out as Paul gags and bolts for the sink.

INT. TOWN COUNCIL MEETING ROOM - DAY

At one end of the conference table sits Miss Harpen.

Along the sides, the frazzled MAYOR MEL (30s) and his besieged five-member council, (including Emmett).

At the other end, a two person juggernaut: The MyMart REPS.

FEMALE REP

(turning binder page)

Issue twenty. Based on our concerns about an adequate labor pool, MyMart's amending clause twelve to include out-of-state applicants --

The other side snaps out of their lethargy.

MAYOR MEL

What?! Wait a second! You're already coming in practically tax free! You promised there'd be training and jobs for our people!

MALE REP

And MyMart would love nothing better than to uphold that promise, Mel. But you have to understand, we're a business, not an outreach program.

Miss Harpen rises to leave.

MISS HARPEN

This is ridiculous. I don't know why you bother with them.

The Mayor jumps up to stop her.

MAYOR MEL

Miss Harpen, wait. The town needs this revenue. PLUS they're leasing the land from you, so you'll --

MISS HARPEN

WE don't need their money, Melvin. If this town needs anything I'll pay for it. The Harpens always have.

She caps that with a lordly pan of the others.

MISS HARPEN

Now, I have business out of town. If any new concerns come up, it will just have to wait a week or two.

She starts for the door and Emmett stands.

EMMETT

Miss Harpen, if I may?

She stops and looks back and Emmett smiles in return.

EMMETT

You want to start a town beautification program, right?

She nods, warily.

EMMETT

Well, what better way of kicking that off than having MyMart replace that ugly old dump site on your land with a nice, new superstore.

MAYOR MEL

PLUS a park and kid's play-zone.

Mel looks for validation and the Reps nod, warmly.

Emmett swings his focus to the Female Rep, summoning a...

FEMALE REP

... um, and... MyMart assures you that everyone who *qualifies* will be entitled to training and placement.

Emmett and the Mayor look back to Miss Harpen, who, after a long exhale, acquiesces...

MISS HARPEN

Okay, you can have your mega thing.

Mel, Emmett and the rest of the council sigh with relief.

MISS HARPEN

BUT, the beautification plan starts now. And everybody better comply.

Flustered MADGE, the Mayor's aide, appears at the doorway.

MADGE

Sorry to interrupt. Emmett?

She gestures to Emmett and he walks over.

MADGE
(leaning in, hushed)
You're needed at home.

EMMETT
Why, what's up?

MADGE
Trish called, sounding really upset.
Says she needs you home now.

He nods in thanks and waves to the others on his way out...

EMMETT
Sorry, folks. Family emergency.

Miss Harpen watches Emmett leave as the Mayor gestures for the Reps to resume.

FEMALE REP
Issue thirteen, no encumbrances will
obstruct the view of the MyMart
marquee in any-and-all directions.

This gets Miss Harpen's attention.

MALE REP
Don't worry, Miss Harpen. Your
mansion and grain silos will be
dwarfed by our fifty foot high sign.

MAYOR MEL
But what if we need to erect a--

MALE REP
Don't.
(with a smile)
Otherwise, we'll have to sue.

Mel and the others give a nervous laugh but it dies away.

EXT. ROAD TO SKYLER FARM HOUSE - DAY

Driving to the farm, Emmett encounters a traffic jam, pulls over, climbs out and hurries up the shoulder.

He stops at seeing an empty crane and flatbed truck, struggling to maneuver its way out of his driveway.

At the fence, a fuming Trish kneels beside some flattened rose bushes.

EMMETT
Trish, what's happening?

Trish answers with an icy stare as she plunges her shears into the dirt and trudges off.

Hearing a TRUCK HORN Emmett reels to see his neighbor leaning out his truck, pointing at a tall pile of junkers.

NEIGHBOR

What'er you doing with *them*, Emmett?
Starting up your own rust mill?

The neighbor howls with laughter and drives off.

Emmett turns to see a heap of rusted relics on Harry's acre.

EMMETT

What the...

With a loaded sigh, his whole face slumps.

EMMETT

Steel.

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE

Harry laughs and climbs up the thirty foot tall hill of junkers like a mountain goat.

Emmett marches up, shaking his head...

EMMETT

No, no, no, no, no...

Landing on a running board, Harry spots and waves to Emmett.

The rusted side step breaks off and he grabs the sideview mirror and swings himself up onto the junker's hood.

EMMETT

Harry, get down from there! You shouldn't be climbing on those!

HARRY

Oh, don't worry, Dad. We're gonna cover them with dirt.

EMMETT

What?

Paul exits the barn with mask, mini torch and some rebar.

EMMETT

Paul!

Paul winces and detours over to his dad.

PAUL

Hey, Dad. The meeting over already?

EMMETT

Son, what the hell is going on?!

PAUL

Ah, right, um. Well, first off, you gotta know this all happened *really* quickly cause I was, um... and you know how persuasive Harry can get.

Emmett looks over as Harry climbs down and rushes up.

HARRY

Dad, it's so cool. We got the junkers, the dirt, a lotta chicken wire *and* rebar, all FREE. And since the new Skyler rule says, whatever we got, we can use, we're all set!

Emmett's scowl whips back to Paul.

PAUL

I know, I know, I screwed up. Huge lesson learned. Never, ever, ever sign a contract unless you're sober.

Emmett blows up.

EMMETT

Damnit, boys, this is our farm, not some dump! I want this all gone!

HARRY

Gone?!

Emmett storms off, but Harry rushes after him.

HARRY

But you said on my birthday I could do whatever I wanted with my acre.

Emmett stops to rage but Harry doesn't flinch.

HARRY

You promised.

EMMETT

I wanted you to GROW something, son!

HARRY

I am. I'm growing a hill. Besides, I gave the Foreman a Skyler promise.

Emmett's head drops with a holler. A deep exhale later...

EMMETT

You cover that damn thing in dirt,
pronto! And I want it way clear of
the barn and the rest of the field!

(to Paul)

And you, keep him safe!

PAUL

My word.

Harry howls, quick hugs his dad then scampers up the heap.

Paul nods to the house.

PAUL

Oh, and a heads up. Trish is having
one of her royal rages.

EMMETT

What's wrong?

PAUL

(with a shrug)
Now she hates hills.

Emmett merely sighs.

PAUL

I gotta get moving. I need to weld
this stuff together before
tomorrow's load arrives.

Paul hurries off as Emmett's head rises back up.

EMMETT

Tomorrow's load --?

A car HONKS and Emmett turns to see Trish, exiting the
house lugging two bulging suitcases over to a waiting car,
driven by her BFF, Lisa.

She loads the cases in the trunk then marches over to
Emmett. And in a choked, but civil tone...

TRISH

I've left sandwiches and a pot of
soup in the fridge for supper.

She hands him some neatly folded sheets of paper.

TRISH

This is all the pertinent details.
From here on I'll be living at
Lisa's house until I graduate.

Unfolding them, Emmett gapes at three fully typed pages.

TRISH

Her family's duller than doorknobs
but at least they're not insane.
I, I wish you well. Goodbye.

She returns to the car but stops before getting in.

TRISH

I could arrange for monthly
visitations. If you like?

Emmett stares, slack-jawed.

Wiping her eyes, Trish gets in the car and the car then
squeals around Emmett and speeds off.

AUNT MAY (V.O.)

So, let me get this right. The boys
are making their own Matterhorn.
Trish has divorced the family...

Behind Emmett, A RUSTED PINTO CRASHES TO THE GROUND.

PAUL & HARRY

Sorry!

AUNT MAY (V.O.)

And you almost got creamed by a Pinto.

Stupefied, Emmett merely stands there... lost.

INT. MOVING SKYLER TRUCK CAB - DAY

Still lost, Emmett eyes Aunt May as she smirks...

AUNT MAY

Did the nineteen-nineteen White Sox
walk out of your corn field as well?
No? Then what else is new?

Brows creased in confusion, Emmett focuses on the road.

AUNT MAY

(mimicking Emmett)
Oh, not much, May, since I don't
talk more than ten words at a time.
What's up with you?

Emmett reacts with an abashed chuckle.

EMMETT

Sorry. How're you holding up?

AUNT MAY

Not too bad. I'm... seeing someone.

Emmett's eyes flash surprise.

AUNT MAY
What? Geez, Emmett, I'm a fossil
hunter, not a nun.

EMMETT
Sorry. Again. So, is he okay with
you being far away for...

AUNT MAY
I'm on sabbatical. So, however long.

EMMETT
Is that okay?

She shrugs and smiles.

AUNT MAY
For Faith.

Awkward pause as they shift their gaze back to the road.

AUNT MAY
So, has Harry heard anymore voices?

Emmett groans in reply.

EMMETT
I don't think he's had time. He's
been working non-stop on that thing.

AUNT MAY
And any word from Trish?

EMMETT
No words, but she's over practically
everyday, cooking and cleaning.
Hell, she's doing more now than when
she lived here! It's the damndest --

Chuckling, May abruptly stops and points off...

AUNT MAY
Emmett!

EXT. SKYLER FARM - EDGE OF DRIVEWAY - DAY

The pickup brakes, narrowly missing a dump truck loaded
with dirt, backing into the Skyler driveway.

In the near distance, Harry's hill of junk, now semi-
covered in chicken wire, towers over the barn with Paul at
the top, welding chassis together.

Down on the road, several 'looky-loos' drive past, gawking.

INT. SKYLER TRUCK CAB - DAY

AUNT MAY

Whoa, Emmett! That's one big hill!

Harry rushes up to the drivers side window.

HARRY

Hi, Aunt May! Glad you're back!
Dad, isn't it great! The MyMart
construction guys had more dirt!

Too late to object, Emmett watches Harry dart off to meet the truck driver.

May pats the taut grip Emmett has on the gearshift.

AUNT MAY

Hey, at least he's happy again.

She then spots Trish, cycling towards them at ramming speed. At the last second, she leaps from her bike and slams against the passenger side door.

AUNT MAY

Whoa, Trish, hello. Come to see me?

TRISH

No. I'm just...checking on things.

EMMETT

Patricia Skyler, nicely greet your
Aunt May, please.

TRISH

Hello.

Seeing many suitcases in the back, Trish spits out...

TRISH

Are you moving in?!

Emmett goes to holler but May grips his hand and smiles.

AUNT MAY

Well, someone has to replace you. I
figure maybe a year at least.

Trish squeals, pounds the roof and storms off. A second later, she charges back...

TRISH

That's it! I'm moving back in!

She kicks the door, jumps on her bike and races off.

AUNT MAY

Well, that's one off the list.

May pats Emmett's hand again and he drives on to the house.

OVER AT THE HILL

Harry waves goodbye to the now-empty dump truck driving off as Paul calls down from the top...

PAUL

More rebar!

Harry fills his schoolbag with rebar and climbs up.

He hands the new rods to Paul then pulls out his saucer snow sled and slides back down over the chicken wire.

Harry then grabs a roll of chicken wire and proceeds to unravel it over another section of the hill.

And while securing it to the heap, he looks into a nearby junkers side mirror and makes a funny face.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - DAY - LATER THAT DAY

Paul squats, welding more rebar to the top chassis.

Harry climbs up with two soft drinks in his pants pockets.

HARRY

Woo-hoo, Paul, we did it! We made a hill!

PAUL

Well, we still gotta add the dirt, but...

Harry leaps about as he tosses Paul one of the bottles.

HARRY

Yeah. It's not as tall as I wanted, but it's still pretty darn --

With a GROAN, WHOOSH and SEVERAL CLANGS, the hill sinks and lists towards the barn. Paul grabs and pulls Harry to him.

Finally, the hill settles and Paul and Harry lock eyes.

Down below, Emmett calls out...

EMMETT (O.C.)

BOYS?!!

PAUL & HARRY

We're okay, Dad!

Harry throws a look of concern to his brother.

PAUL

A little settling is expected!

EMMETT (O.C.)

It's *settling* towards the barn!!

PAUL

Not to worry! I'll anchor it down!

EMMETT (O.C.)

Good idea!! And sooner than later!!

PAUL & HARRY

Yes sir!

They then drop to their butts and hug some exposed rebar.

They exchange a nervous laugh, clink bottles then throw back a quick gulp.

INT. HARPEN HOUSE CENTRAL TOWER - DAY - SAME TIME

Having just returned from her trip, Miss Harpen enters her tower room and goes about pulling the curtains back from each of the picture windows.

Halfway finished, she stops and gapes at what she sees on the horizon.

MISS HARPEN

What the...

(then, calling off)

TOM!

BACK TO HARRY AND PAUL ON THE HILL - SAME TIME

As the two sit up there gazing at the view...

HARRY

CLOUDS!

Whipping around to see two tiny clouds pass in the distance, Paul sighs and chuckles.

PAUL

Take it easy, squirt. When Mom's got something to say, you'll hear it.

Harry keeps checking the sky as Paul takes in the terrain.

PAUL

You know what this reminds me of?

Harry shakes his head.

PAUL

Sitting atop that Ferris wheel. You know, the one that comes with the carnival every Fourth of July.

Harry spots a small storm, forming in the distance.

PAUL

Sitting up there, you get a bird's eye view of everything. It all looks so different from their perspective. So... less of a big deal.

Paul blurts out a laugh and looks up.

PAUL

Maybe that's why they don't mind crapping on us.

Gazing at the distant storm, Harry wonders...

HARRY

Paul, why did Mom call me Heart?

Paul chortles as he shakes his head and drinks.

PAUL

Mystery to me, squirt. But, I bet you she had a damned good reason.

Calling up from below...

AUNT MAY (O.C.)

Boys, It's my night to cook.

The brothers wince.

AUNT MAY (O.C.)

And I'm making something totally new.

The boys moan, down the rest of their sodas and gingerly rise to leave when Harry spots something down below.

HARRY

Mail truck's coming. I'll get it.

EXT. SKYLER FRONT YARD - DAY - MINUTES LATER

The storm grows close as Harry checks their mailbox.

Just then, the yellow Harpen Cadillac jerks to a stop and Harry whips around to see a cross Miss Harpen climb out.

Her vexed stare shifts from the heap to Harry and, naturally, he grabs the mail and turns to run.

MISS HARPEN

Stop!

Harry freezes as she strides up to him and snatches his arm, causing him to drop the mail.

MISS HARPEN

(pointing to heap)
What is that?! What is happening?!
Answer me!

HARRY

It's, um, I'm making something.

MISS HARPEN

You? You're responsible for this?!
And what could you possible be
making with, with that?!

HARRY

A hill!

Baffled, she turns to stare at the heap.

MISS HARPEN

That's not a hill, it's an eyesore!

HARRY

I haven't covered it yet!

Getting face to face, she growls...

MISS HARPEN

I just knew you'd be trouble.

She then looks back at the farm and shakes her head.

MISS HARPEN

After all your poor, unbalanced
mother tried to do for this farm.

Harry yanks his arm free and staggers back as she hisses...

MISS HARPEN

You should be ashamed!

The Cadillac HONKS as looky-loos approach. She backs off and returns to the car, throwing Harry a parting scowl.

Eyeing the Cadillac as it drives off, Harry defiantly picks up each piece of mail.

HARRY

*You're the one who should be ashamed!
Besides, it's my acre! I can make what-
ever I want, you wart-faced old --!*

A CLOSE CRACK of THUNDER from the storm and Harry yelps, scurrying inside.

INT. SKYLER UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - MORNING

Exiting her room with her schoolbag, Trish runs into Aunt May, holding up a large, prehistoric claw.

TRISH

What's that?

AUNT MAY

Peace offering.

TRISH

Seriously? It looks... old.

AUNT MAY

Late Cretaceous period. It's been in my family for over a century. And now I'm passing it on to you.

Trish grimaces but May presses, bringing the claw up close.

AUNT MAY

*She...was the alpha. Fierce,
cunning, relentless and protective.*

Rapt, Trish accepts the claw and runs her fingers over it.

TRISH

It is sort of, you know...

May hugs her and whispers...

AUNT MAY

Welcome to the clan, sister.

Trish masks her smile as she slips the claw in her coat.

AUNT MAY

Now go eat. I'll wake your brothers.

Trish walks on and May moves to Paul's door and knocks.

AUNT MAY
Rise and shine, Paul Bunyan.

She moves on to Harry's door, knocks and enters.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Yawning, Harry frowns at seeing May.

HARRY
More restrooms?

AUNT MAY
Worse, school.

Harry groans as May pulls the essentials from his dresser.

HARRY
But I need to work on the hill.

AUNT MAY
No, you need to work on your grades.

She tosses the clothes at Harry and heads for the door.

AUNT MAY
Ready in ten or back to the toilets.

EXT. FRONT OF SKYLER FARM - DAY

Harry and Trish and their schoolbags come down the drive to wait for the school bus.

Harry stops to scrutinize his lopsided tower of junk as Paul straddles the top, adding tie lines to secure it.

HARRY
It's not an eyesore.

A looky-loo rolls past, grimacing in disgust at the heap.

HARRY
(under his breath)
Jeez. Never seen a hill before?

Trish inhales, squares her shoulders then pounces on Harry, shoving him on his back and pinning him down with her foot.

TRISH
Since I'm back now, there's gonna be
a new Skyler rule. Ever break it...

She whips out the claw and he gasps.

TRISH

...and I filet you like a fish.
(pointing to hill)
And bury you under that.

HARRY

Jeez, okay, I won't! I Skyler swear!

She pockets the claw but keeps him pinned down.

HARRY

Okay, okay, so what's the rule?

TRISH

You will not tell *anyone* else *why*
you're building that thing. Got it?
You can lie all you want as to why.
Go nuts. Make it a 'Harry special'.

The bus pulls up, the doors open but she gestures to wait
as she leans into her brother.

TRISH

But you will never ever mention Mom.
Are we clear?

Harry nods and Trish helps him up, dusts him off and ushers
him on to the bus.

INT. SCHOOL BUS ON FARM ROAD (MOVING) - DAY

Harry's teammates gawk and laugh at the heap as JOSH (10),
gives a friendly punch to Harry's shoulder in greeting.

JOSH

Dude, what is that?!

Harry sneaks a glance to Trish who's glaring at him.

HARRY

I uh, uhm...
(half laughs)
I went to Disneyland this summer.
And I thought, hey, how cool would
it be to have my own Matterhorn.

JOSH

Your Dad's letting you do that?

HARRY

Yep. We start adding dirt tomorrow.

As the guys "ooh, ahh" and "wow" at the heap, Harry sighs
in relief at a 'thumbs up' from his 'Lethal Weapon' sister.

Trish then looks over to see BFF Lisa and the two boys from earlier, eyeballing her as they whisper amongst themselves.

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE - DAY

Straining through the last crank of a hand winch to cinch the final support tie, while THE HEAP GROANS, CREAKS AND CRUNCHES, Paul succeeds in 'righting' the hill of junkers.

He then drives the last stake into the ground, secures the rope and backs away laughing...

PAUL

I got you, you monster son-of --

Emmett walks up, inspecting.

EMMETT

How's it going? You straighten it out?

PAUL

I conquered the mountain!

Emmett nods and returns to the field.

EMMETT

(over his shoulder)
Good. Now get it covered before someone kicks up a fuss.

INT. MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Huffy Miss Harpen strides in and kicks Madge's desk.

MADGE

(strained)
Miss Harpen?

MISS HARPEN

Tell him the Beautification Force has found its first offender.

Mayor Mel comes out of his office with a half-eaten donut.

MAYOR MEL

No, no, not a *force*, Miss Harpen. Merely a *committee*, that *suggests* --

MISS HARPEN

Well here's my suggestion, Mel.

She grabs a notepad off the desk, scribbles something on it and tosses it at him before storming out the door.

EXT. ROAD TO SKYLER FARM HOUSE - DAY - SOON AFTER

The yellow Cadillac slows to a stop before the farm and Miss Harpen gets out and marches up the driveway.

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As she approaches the heap she looks around for someone to bitch to but no one seems to be there.

She walks around the heap, grumbling and kicking at it.

She stops at the main tie holding the heap upright, looks about, then tugs at the tie clamp holding it in place.

Finally, it releases and the rope begins to loosen as she throws another look around then heads back to her car.

A moment later, Paul exits the barn just as the tie comes free and a section of the heap comes crashing down on him.

EXT. PLAINSVIEW ELEMENTARY - SCHOOLYARD - DAY

It's recess and Harry's atop a table, literally king of the hill, pontificating on his creation to the other kids.

HARRY

Standing up there, I realized
everything's less of a big deal.

Some of the kids "ooh and whoa".

The Principal marches out, claps her hands to get Harry's attention and then marches him back inside.

INT. PLAINSVIEW ELEMENTARY - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Trish waits, teary-eyed as Harry walks up.

HARRY

Whoa, Trish, I swear I didn't say --

TRISH

Something happened to Paul. Come on!

She yanks him out the door.

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Emmett, Trish and Harry enter to find an angry May roughly wrapping up Paul's bruised ribcage with gauze.

Half smiling through the swelling and scabs on his face, he winces out...

PAUL

Not to worry. It looks worse than --

Paul cries out as May cinches the wrap.

AUNT MAY

Emmett, damnit, he needs to go to the hospital!

EMMETT & PAUL

No!

AUNT MAY

He's your son!

EMMETT

It's his own fault.

PAUL

It's alright, Aunt May. I'm okay.

EMMETT

"Okay"?! You "okay" enough to get that heap covered before the big rains come?! No, no I don't think so and that means it's gonna be a sea of mud out there!

Paul tries to get up, but Aunt May and Trish stop him.

AUNT MAY

(to Emmett & Paul)

Stop it!

Emmett punches the doorframe as he exits, calling out...

EMMETT

Come on, let's clean up the mess!

May tosses the gauze at Paul and storms out. Trish throws Harry a look and follows after her.

Harry walks up and touches Paul's black and blue bicep.

PAUL

Ow!

HARRY

What happened, Paul? You had it all secure.

Paul sighs as he lays back on the bed.

PAUL

(drifting off)

I don't know, squirt. I, I guess I didn't tie it down right? Listen, I'm sorry. Just...give me a few days... then we'll finish the hill... 'kay?

HARRY

Sure. When you're better.

Harry gives his big brother a ham-handed hug then exits.

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE - DAY - LATER

Emmett's attaching the new barn doors, as Aunt May and Trish scream through the last crank of the winch to re-right the heap.

Done, they fall back, exhausted as Emmett walks up and secures the main tie through the stake and clamps it off.

Harry comes over with the wheelbarrow and shovel and sees his family exhausted from helping him. He nods to himself and steps up.

HARRY

Thanks for helping, everyone. I got it from here.

From the ground, the ladies throw him a awestruck look. Ditto, Emmett, who then helps them up and all three shuffle off to the house.

EMMETT

(over his shoulder)

Careful on that heap, you hear me?

Harry nods as he stares at two large hills. One, the re-righted junk heap and the other, several tons of dirt.

He fills the wheelbarrow with dirt and takes it over to fling onto the heap but it just cascades to the ground.

He repeats the process but this time spreading it out, ending in the same outcome.

Scrunching his face, his eyes move from hill to hill.

Finally, he utters his best Yoda impression...

HARRY

"Do or do not, there is no try."

Eyes shut, Harry's hand beckons the dirt over to the heap. And after a weary exhale, his eyes peek open...and scowl.

Harry then rushes off and returns with a large feedbag.

He fills it with dirt, throws the bag over his shoulder and climbs up to the top of the heap.

EXT. TOP OF HILL

Huffing and puffing, Harry reaches the top and grabs hold of the thick, melded rod of rebar jutting up through the top chassis that all the tie ropes are attached to.

He pours the dirt around him and most of it stays put.

HARRY

Yes!

Harry then moves to the edge and the heap SHUDDERS, then settles.

Shook, Harry drops and straddles the rebar, eyes roaming, searching for a solution.

Finally, he notices the tie ropes leading up to the rod and his eyes light up.

HARRY

Woo-hoo!

SAME - LATER

Harry now climbs a rope with the bag of dirt on his back.

Once on top, Harry scatters the dirt and then he and the feedbag rappel back down.

HARRY

This ain't so hard. I should write my own book. "Harry builds a hill".

SAME - LATER

Disheveled and drained, Harry makes his umpteenth ascent.

DOWN IN THE DRIVEWAY

Emmett, May and a properly re-banded Paul, pull up and exit the pickup with Paul hobbling along on ER crutches. At seeing Harry's effort, the three stop and manage a smile.

AUNT MAY

(lifting a burger bag)
Whoppers! With cheese!!

Just then, Mayor Mel comes up the driveway in his van followed by a state government vehicle.

Both Mel and a female Investigator, JESSE LEE (30s) get out, gawking at the hill.

The Investigator yanks off her Raybans at seeing Harry, recklessly scurrying down the hill.

When he safely reaches the bottom, she suppresses a sigh.

EMMETT

Hey, Mel, what's up?

MAYOR MEL

My Harpen vexation levels. Emmett, this is --

Jesse Lee strides up whilst eyeing Harry then Paul.

JESSE LEE

(brandishing ID)

Mr. Skyler, I'm Jesse Lee, county investigator for the CPS.

MAYOR MEL

(aside to Emmett)

Child Protective Services.

Wary Emmett extends a hand to her and she shakes it.

EMMETT

How can I help you, Jesse Lee?

JESSE LEE

Well sir, we received an 'endangered child' and 'lack of parenting' report and I'm here to follow up on it.

She looks from dirt-covered Harry to damaged Paul.

JESSE LEE

Are these your two sons, sir?

EMMETT

Um, yeah, Harry and Paul. But, did you just say, "endangered child and lack of parenting", Ms. Lee? What --?

MAYOR MEL

For the record, Jesse, Mr. Skyler is a born and raised and *trusted* member of the community, serving some ten years now on the town council and... well, he's also a recent widower.

JESSE LEE

My condolences, Mr. Skyler. And I'm sorry for asking, but may I have your permission to look inside your home?

Seeing Emmett's confusion, May steps forward.

AUNT MAY

Sure. I'm their aunt, May Cabot. I live here now to help take care of them. If you'll follow me, please.

May turns and leads Jesse into the house.

Paul and Harry watch them walk off.

HARRY

(curious)
Who is the lady going to protect us from? Trish?

The boys turn to see a miserable Mayor Mel lead Emmett off towards the hill, pointing at it as he gripes. Emmett then signals for Harry to join them and Harry trudges off.

Paul moans, shaking his head as he hobbles off...

PAUL

Things don't look good.

INT. SKYLER FARM HOUSE - DAY (SERIES OF SHOTS)

Anxious May follows behind as stoic Jesse goes from room to room, making notes in her notebook along the way.

EXT. BASE OF THE HILL - DAY - MINUTES LATER

MAYOR MEL

I'm sorry, Harry, but she says it's not beautiful, so it's got to go.

HARRY

But, I can *make* it beautiful, sir.

MAYOR MEL

Harry, the order only gives you a month. How are you going to do that?

Harry's eyes whip around, desperately searching for ideas.

HARRY

Um, I can add grass. Rocks. Roses!

Harry flashes on something and pulls Mel towards the barn.

HARRY

And I'm gonna put this right in front.

Harry leads Mel inside the barn.

INT. SKYLER LIVINGROOM - MINUTES LATER

Returning from upstairs, Jesse stops to write some notes in her notebook.

AUNT MAY

(still anxious)

Is there anything you want to ask me? Emmett is a good father to these kids. What happened to Paul was purely accidental. Trish? She's, well, just stuck in the middle. And Harry,...

May stops to chuckle and reflect.

When her attention returns to Jesse, she finds that the pen has been put away, the notebook closed and Jesse's leaning in with a quizzical look, poised to ask...

JESSE LEE

So, what's with the hill?

BACK TO HARRY AND MAYOR MEL OUTSIDE THE BARN

The two come out of the barn.

MAYOR MEL

Wow, Harry, the sculpture's very impressive.

HARRY

Paul made it. He's an artist.

MAYOR MEL

So it seems. Okay, you keep working on your hill and I'll work on Miss Harpen.

Elated, Harry jumps up and down, nearly toppling them both.

MAYOR MEL

Whoa now. I can't promise anything, Harry. Okay? You'll just have to hope she excepts this...work-in-progress.

Mel gives him a 'fingers-crossed' and Harry doubles it.

Mel turns to Emmett looking anything but hopeful.

EMMETT

Thanks, Mel.

Jesse and May come over from the house and Jesse reaches out to shake Emmett's hand.

JESSE LEE

Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Skyler. I've seen what I needed. I'll keep you posted.

As she and Mayor Mel turn to go, Mel gives her a inquiring look and she answers with a shrug.

Watching them drive off, May turns to Harry and Emmett...

AUNT MAY

Whoppers?

Emmett and Harry look to each other and manage a grin...

HARRY & EMMETT

With cheese.

TOP OF HILL - DAY - MUCH LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Covered in dirt, Harry lays there, 'too worn to whistle'.

AUNT MAY (O.C.)

Harry? You up there?

Mustering strength, he waves the feedbag in reply.

AUNT MAY (O.C.)

Come down and get ready for supper. I'm making a kind of tuna thingy!

The boy moans.

AUNT MAY (O.C.)

Harry!

HARRY

Coming!

Every muscle aching, Harry struggles to pull himself up.

A CACOPHONY OF HUSHED VOICES, arguing, "IT'S NOT ENOUGH." "GOTTA DO MORE." "IT MUST BE BETTER", all at once.

HARRY

What?! What are you saying?!

Spinning around, Harry gasps as a cloud engulfs him.

INT. SKYLER KITCHEN - NIGHT

At the table, probing May's tuna-thingy, everyone looks up as a noticeably dazed Harry walks through with his bike.

PAUL

Hey, squirt, come sit down and eat.

Harry stops and locks eyes with Paul.

HARRY

We're gonna need more rebar, Paul.
They said, "a lot more."

They stare as Harry and his bike exit out the front door.

INT. FOREMAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Heading home, the Foreman opens the door as Harry steps up.

FOREMAN

Hey, it's my fellow builder. Thanks
again for the donuts. But I gotta...

Seeing Harry's dire expression, the Foreman groans...

FOREMAN

Oh, god, no, no...no.

EXT. FRONT OF SKYLER FARM - DAY

Waiting for the bus, Harry stares at the sky as an anguished, teary-eyed Trish watches a truck loaded with various building materials, pull into the driveway.

A worried Harry looks back at the hill.

HARRY

I think something's gonna happen.

His tone briefly rattles her, but she snaps back...

TRISH

DUH! It's already happening, dimwad!

Trish points to a passing pickup as a teen in the back holds up a sign reading, SKYLER DUNG HEAP!

The school bus pulls up and the door opens, hitting them with a ROAR of JUVENILE RIDICULE.

Wiping her eyes, Trish grabs her brother by the strap of his schoolbag and drags him onboard.

The school bus drives off, revealing the Harpen Cadillac parked behind it. Tom opens the rear passenger door and a bitter Miss Harpen gets out, staring at the loaded supply truck, stopped at the hill.

MISS HARPEN
(clenched teeth)
"Work-in-progress".

EXT. SKYLER FARM - MONTAGE - OVER MANY WEEKS

Harry jumps about on the hill testing for weakness.

At the base, a wincing Paul tries to pound a metal strut through a chassis and into the earth. Harry rushes up and stops him then goes and sweet talks his dad into doing it.

With the hill swaddled in chain link, Harry busts his butt, lugging, spreading and packing more dirt.

The sun sets on Paul's gleaming statue of Faith, standing at the base of the some-seventy foot tall man-made hill with Harry sitting atop, searching in vain for clouds.

Harry turns his attention from the cloudless sky to Emmett and May, down below, struggling to mollify the growing number of Harpen-led protesters as well as supporters of the hill, while Investigator Lee observes from her vehicle.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. MYMART CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

While the Foreman, MyMart staff and a local news crew look on, the MyMart Reps and Mayor Mel are gather at the base of a fifty foot MyMart marquee for a publicity shot.

FEMALE REP
(eyeing her watch)
Where is she, Mayor? We have a very --

They dart out of the way as the Harpen Cadillac pulls up.

Tom gets out and opens the rear passenger door for Miss Harpen who climbs out and strides over to the others.

Mayor Mel rushes over to greet her but she brushes him aside as she zeros in on the Reps.

MALE REP
(extending his hand)
Welcome, Miss Harpen. If you could --

MISS HARPEN

Never mind that. Does your store want five years of free rent?

The Male Rep looks to the Female Rep who shrugs and he looks back at Miss Harpen and gives a nod.

MISS HARPEN

Then you need to do something for *me*.

Overhearing Miss Harpen, an animated Mayor Mel butts into the conversation.

INT. SKYLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Planted in his easy chair, poking at the plate metal-gray meatloaf in front of him, Emmett focuses on the two local news ANCHORS on TV.

FEMALE ANCHOR

... MyMart's grand opening, May first.

MALE ANCHOR

Wow. That should put Plainsview on the map.

FEMALE ANCHOR

They're expecting a turnout of ten to thirty thousand, in the first week.

EMMETT & MALE ANCHOR

Wow.

Male Anchor swivels to someone O.C.

MALE ANCHOR

Well, there's something that we're hoping for, even more. Right, Fred?

EMMETT

(over his shoulder)
Weather report!

The other Skylers come out of the kitchen to join Emmett.

ON THE TV, FRED; the weatherman, steps in front of a huge, mostly cloudless weather map, cringing and sighing.

FRED

I wish I had good news, folks.
Really, I do. There's some *scattered* clouds moving in. But they're small.

MALE ANCHOR (O.C.)

How small are they, Fred?

FRED

Be lucky if it rains a minute.

There's a collective Skyler groan as Harry turns the TV off.

A FEEBLE ROLL OF THUNDER cues a grin from Harry.

HARRY

Well, it may be my size, but it's still got something to say.

Aunt May and Emmett laugh. But the laughter dies away at hearing nothing further.

AUNT MAY

Dessert?

Wary eyes shift from her to the kitchen and she grunts...

AUNT MAY

It's store-bought ice cream.

EXT. SKYLER BACKYARD - NIGHT

Desserts in hand, the five come out to look for the storm. And when they spot it, they can't help but sigh.

An isolated shower falls on the distant MyMart sign.

PAUL

Seriously? The first rain in months and it falls on a parking lot?

Emmett smirks.

EMMETT

And I bet the MyMart Reps have an issue with that.

They look around, but the rest of the sky appears empty.

TRISH

What a shame. I was hoping it would wash away this turd tower.

Harry gives her a shove, sending her off-balance.

TRISH

Hey!

HARRY

It's not a turd tower, stupid.

Trish flings a scoop of her ice cream in his face.

TRISH

It's not a hill either, moron.

Harry spits, pawing the ice cream from his face.

HARRY

Is too!

TRISH

No, everyone at school says it's the Skyler turd tower. Oh yeah, Mom would be real proud.

Harry lunges, but a wincing Paul intervenes, grabbing him.

HARRY

You hated Mom! You always did!

Trish jerks back, her eyes, wild.

TRISH

That's not true!

HARRY

Yes it is!

She lunges, but Harry throws his bowl at her.

TRISH

Take it back!

HARRY

You said she was a crazy weirdo!

Red-faced Trish chokes back a breath.

TRISH

That's a lie! You're craz...

Trish catches herself and faces Emmett and May.

TRISH

I, I never meant Mom was --

From the house, the PHONE RINGS.

TRISH

I swear! I never meant it! Never!

Gasping for air, Trish bends over, convulsing.

May hesitantly rubs her back.

AUNT MAY

Breathe.

Trish pushes away and runs off down the driveway.

Maddened, Emmett storms off to answer the phone.

May retrieves Trish's bowl and spoon, throwing Harry a scowl on her way to Trish.

AUNT MAY

Trish?

Shaking his head, Paul winces again as he bends over to retrieve Harry's bowl and spoon.

PAUL

I kinda hoped building that hill would change things. For the better.

HARRY

Paul, she started it!

PAUL

Shut up! Just shut up!

HARRY

All I wanted was to --

Paul flings the bowl and spoon at Harry.

PAUL

We ALL wish we could talk to mom!

Paul limps off, heaves himself in the truck and drives off.

Unsure what to do, Harry picks up his bowl and spoon.

Trudging past, on her way back to the house, May grabs them from him with a "harrumph."

A stab at reconciliation...

HARRY

I liked the ice cream, Aunt May.

She groans in passing.

Harry hears the sound of Trish GASPING AND CRYING and peers down the driveway.

Fidgeting, he shifts his focus to the house, the barn, the sky and finally the hill, now illuminated by a full moon.

EXT. SKYLER FARM - EDGE OF DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Harry finds Trish sitting on the fence rail, her head in her hands, sobbing. He reaches out with his paper napkin.

HARRY

Trish?

With an anger-filled shriek, she pushes him away.

TRISH

Get away from me, Harry! Get! Go sit up on your stupid turd tower! God, how I hate you!

HARRY

I didn't mean it, Trish. Really. I'm sorry. Don't hate me, please?

She starts to jump down but stops.

TRISH

I've never been able to figure out why Mom called you "Heart"! You are the most heartless, heartless --!

HARRY

I know it! You're right! I am! I am.

Skeptical, Trish casts a side glance to Harry.

HARRY

I don't know why Mom called me that. I asked her but she never told me. I hated that. Cause I'm not Heart, I'm just Harry. Dumb, stupid... me.

He looks off at the hill.

TRISH

What was the one thing Mom prided herself about this farm?

Harry looks around and returns to her for the answer.

TRISH

Really? How nice it looked, Harry. She didn't have much to work with, but she did what she could.

Looking around, she makes her case, pointing things out.

TRISH

She added gables. Lined the driveway with white-washed stones. Planted yellow roses along the fence...

Trish pauses at seeing them and nods to herself.

TRISH

...that need pruning again.

Looking around, her voice begins to quiver.

TRISH
Mom did things like that so people
would admire and respect this farm.
(more to self)
Respect us.

Her tears return as she looks at the hill.

TRISH
And now you've screwed it all up.

Trish brushes Harry aside and walks off. She then doubles back, her voice, choked...

TRISH
And I didn't hate Mom, okay? I just,
I just didn't understand her.

Seeing Emmett, she drops her head in shame and tries to run off but Emmett pulls her to him and hugs her to his chest.

EMMETT
Son, the Mayor just called. The MyMart
people say your hill is blocking their
sign. So it has to come down.

Trish suddenly gets protective...

TRISH
What?

HARRY
No, Dad, please?

TRISH
Wait a second. The MyMart people
can't tell us what to do. Can they?

EMMETT
Seems so.

HARRY
How will I talk to Mom?

TRISH
That's not right, Dad. That's not fair.

EMMETT
Listen, Mel, somehow, got them to
agree to having the whole town vote
on the matter. So there may still be
a chance. But, don't count on it,
son. I'm sorry.

Harry merely nods as his eyes well up with tears.

TRISH

But it's *our* farm, Dad. If we want a
turd tower, that's our right. Right?

EMMETT

Trish...I don't want to get into --

TRISH

No really, we have rights, right?

Emmett and Trish walk off as Harry stares at Faith's roses.

A truck slows to a stop and the passenger window rolls down
as a timid, flustered WOMAN (50s-60s) leans out.

WOMAN

Are you..., are you the one that can
hear voices in the clouds?

Harry considers the question, then...

HARRY

Not any more.

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE - NIGHT

Harry steers a wheelbarrow and shovel to the hill, fighting
an urge to look at both the hill and Faith's statue.

With a grunt, he thrusts the shovel into the dirt and...,
stops. His grip on the handle weakens and he pulls away.

Slowly, reverently, tearful eyes tilt up, taking in the
metalwork and tower of earth, shining in the moonlight.

Eventually he brings his focus back to his task. But as he
empties his first shovelful, a shadow passes over.

Yelping, his eyes fly upward to see...

HARRY

Clouds!

Harry flings the shovel aside and scurries up the hill.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - NIGHT

With a gleeful howl, Harry leaps and rolls onto the crest.

JOE (V.O.)

Who's there?

A cloud envelopes Harry and he laughs.

HARRY
I'm Heart. Who are you?

JOE (V.O.)
Heart, I'm Joe.

HARRY
Lilly's Joe?!

JOE (V.O.)
Why, yes! How'd you know?

Harry blurts out another laugh.

HARRY
Good news, Joe! Lilly's alive!

JOE (V.O.)
What?! Hot-diggity, she made it!
(directed to others)
Hey, everyone! Lilly's alive!

Many VOICES, all ages and genders, cheer in reply.

HARRY
And she told me to tell you, thank
you for shoving her in that fridge!
And that she loves you very much.

Joe and the other VOICES share a jubilant but fading
"hurray" as the cloud drifts away.

JOE (V.O.)
(calling out)
Tell her, "back at ya, beautiful"!

HARRY
Will do, Joe! Goodbye!

JOE (V.O.)
(calling out, faint)
Heart,... someone's...

HARRY
What, Joe? Someone's what?!

Another cloud sweeps in, carrying along the sweetest sound.

FAITH (V.O.)
Someone's right behind you...

Harry spins around and Faith wraps her arms around him.

Sinking into Faith's arms, Harry laughs, cries and hollers as she peppers him with kisses.

Holding on for dear life, Harry presses his head against her as they slowly sway to and fro for what seems a lifetime.

HARRY

I miss you, Mom. We all do. Even Trish. We miss you something awful.

FAITH

Oh, it's not half as bad as I miss all of you, Heart.

Harry hangs his head as he pulls away.

HARRY

Mom, you gotta stop calling me Heart. I don't deserve it. Tonight I made Trish cry and Paul get angry. Paul never gets angry.

Faith nods to herself as she pulls Harry back.

FAITH

You know when *I* was young, I had faith in nothing, much less myself.
(beams)
Now, I have faith... in Paul growing stronger. Trish, growing wiser.

Harry looks up, wondering, and Faith taps his chest.

HARRY

And my heart, growing... as big as a hill?

FAITH

As big as a mountain.

They laugh and hug, then Harry abruptly pulls away again.

HARRY

The hill! Mom, the town's gonna make me tear it down! What am I gonna --!

Faith gently places a finger to his lips, pulls him back into her arms and rests her head on his as she intones...

FAITH

We must always remember, Heart, there's a reason for everything.

And as she caresses his face, Faith whispers in his ear.

FAITH

Now here is what you must do...

AT THE BASE OF THE HILL

The cloud hugging the hilltop finally moves on.

INT. SKYLER KITCHEN - DAY - MORNING

Tension fills the room as Paul manhandles the pan at the stove, pounding eggs into a scramble.

At the table, Emmett rubs the sheen off his coffee cup as May picks at a loose thread, both avoiding eye contact.

Half prepped for school, Trish charges in.

TRISH

Harry's not in his room.

Paul points the spatula towards the hill.

PAUL

He's up there, Trish. Been there all night.

Trish watches the others return to their diversions.

TRISH

Isn't anyone gonna call him down?
It's a school day.

EMMETT

Let 'em be.

PAUL

Yeah, go easy on him, will ya. He's --

Harry bursts in looking like he rolled down the hill.

He swipes a piece of toast popping out of the toaster and chomps down while noticing his appearance.

HARRY

Whoa. I better clean up. We gotta get to school.

Harry rushes out and all eyes swing to May.

AUNT MAY

Um, yeah, well... clearly, not what any of us expected.

EMMETT

So what do we do?

AUNT MAY

Let's keep an eye on him and make sure he doesn't hurt himself.

TRISH

Or anyone else.

PAUL

Okay. That seems doable, right?

The others nod, warily.

INT. MOVING SCHOOL BUS ON FARM ROAD - DAY

Sitting up front, Trish sneaks a peek at Harry in the back. But he's not there.

HARRY

Trish?

Trish jolts and her calculator launches into the air.

Crouched in the aisle beside her, Harry easily catches and returns the calculator as he leans in...

TRISH

I wasn't...what?

HARRY

The MyMart town assembly is at four on Sunday, right?

TRISH

Um, yeah, four.

Before she can utter "Why?", he darts back to his seat.

He pulls out a printed sheet and checks it. Satisfied, he taps on Lisa's shoulder, in the row ahead of him.

HARRY

Hey, Lisa, does your mom still work at the news station?

INT. PLAINSVIEW ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Two office workers, RUBY and LINDA sit at their desks, chatting away when Harry enters, brandishing paperwork.

HARRY

Study guides for Ms. Sandoval.

The chatting ladies merely flag him past to the copier.

RUBY

I'm gonna go stir crazy if I have
another wasted weekend!

Harry slips his printed sheet into the feeder.

LINDA

There's a Gas-n-Go opening tomorrow.
Wanna check it out?

Ruby gestures to wait and looks over at Harry.

RUBY

Harry, honey?

Harry jolts back.

RUBY

Make sure there's enough paper.

Harry nods and she resumes chatting with Linda.

Harry grins at finding the paper tray full.

RUBY

They gonna have door prizes?

LINDA

Gas-n-go?

Harry primes his finger to start copying when he overhears...

RUBY

Yeah. I don't go to any openings if
they ain't got door prizes or
raffles or give-aways.

Hearing that, he pulls out the paper, grabs a nearby marker
and jots something down in bold letters before shoving it
back into the feeder and hitting the 'start' button.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Harry hands out his flyers to boarding students when Paul
and Trish drive up in the truck.

TRISH

Get in! Things are already happening!

EXT. FRONT OF SKYLER FARM - DAY

Like rolling thunder, a convoy of bulldozers, cranes and dump trucks roll down the road and pull off to the shoulder as the Skyler pickup races past and into the driveway.

Already there, the MyMart Foreman nods to himself, admiring the hill when Harry rushes up, pointing at all the trucks.

FOREMAN

Relax, nothing's happening yet. The boss just wanted things in place before Monday. Ready to...you know.

(indicating the hill)

But hey, this is one top job. Builder.

They share a bittersweet smile and gaze at the hill.

INT. MYMART CORPORATE - MALE REP'S OFFICE - DAY

Female Rep enters with a TV remote and switches on the TV.

FEMALE REP

FYI.

ON THE TV, a field REPORTER, at the farm entrance, faces camera with the parked construction vehicles, a crowd of protesters AND counter-protesters and an observing Investigator Lee all in the background.

Upon seeing a determined Harry, standing his ground in the driveway with his family and the hill in the background, the Male Rep merely moans, dropping his head onto his desk.

FEMALE REP

And it's about to get better.

She raises the sound as the reporter flips his mic to Harry.

HARRY

I know a lot of people hate this hill but...

Harry throws a look to Trish and she grudgingly nods back.

HARRY

My brother and I built it to honor my mom.

REPORTER (O.C.)

Who, sadly, died in a car accident?

Harry merely nods.

In the background, grumpy neighbor struggles to be seen.

NEIGHBOR

This hill is an abomination!

LILLY, from earlier scene, pushes him out of the way.

LILLY

This boy saved my life! If he loves this hill then I can't think of any thing more *beautiful*!

She's backed by a cheering group of elders holding up "We Love Harry's Hill" posters.

Nearby, Investigator Lee gives a silent cheer of her own as she jots something in her notebook, closes it and walks off.

REPORTER (O.C.)

And now the Mayor's called a town assembly to vote on MyMart's demand for the hill's removal?

The Male Rep utters another moan.

Harry nods again, adding...

HARRY

I've even heard that MyMart's going to raffle off TVs and give door prizes to make sure everyone comes.

The Male Rep bolts straight up, eyes bulging at the screen.

Behind Harry, the neighbor juts back into view, blurting...

NEIGHBOR

Did he say TVs?!

Female Rep clicks the TV off.

MALE REP

We need to get ahead of this.

FEMALE REP

(nodding)
I'll have a truck loaded for Sunday.

MALE REP

You have any idea where he heard this from?

She shrugs and heads for the door, calling back...

FEMALE REP

Does it matter? I'm calling the warehouse.

MALE REP

Tell 'em just the clearance items!

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

A cloud bank approaches at the same pace as STRAGGLER MOM and family, hurrying in from the packed parking lot.

STRAGGLER MOM

Move your butts, boys! Mama ain't missing out on those door prizes!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

The whole town has packed itself into the gym. Some waving protest signs, both for AND against removing the hill.

A smattering of folks sit there giddy as they clutch their 'door prizes'. The remainder appear very restless.

Smug Miss Harpen, wearing a "Beautification Force" badge, sits at a table, center court, alongside the anxious Mayor and poised MyMart Reps.

Emmett and May are at a lectern gawking at the 'standing-room-only' crowd.

AT THE BLEACHER SEATS, Paul calms his fuming sister as townsfolk gripe and gossip, one row behind.

The grumpy neighbor, TAPS AT A LIVE MIC on a stand, then...

NEIGHBOR

I don't know if you all noticed, but it hasn't rained a single drop since that monstrosity went up!

EMMETT

Oh, please. It rained last night.

NEIGHBOR

All of a measly minute! I'm pretty sure that hill is killing my crop!

The crowd murmurs in reaction and Emmett snorts a laugh.

EMMETT

Now you're blaming the *drought* on my son's hill?

May sighs and shifts her attention to Paul and Trish.

Trish snaps, rising to strike at a towns person behind her.

TRISH
HE IS NOT CRAZY, YOU INBRED COW!

Trish lunges, Paul blocks, and the people bolt.

BACK ON THE FLOOR, May winces in reaction then looks over at Emmett and coughs at seeing him red-faced, hollering at the neighbor.

EMMETT
No, you're why your crops fail!

May starts to intercede when she spots Harry, through an open side door, wearing his red hoodie and lugging several strands of rope.

With a half-hearted smile and wave to May, Harry shuts the door.

Troubled, May steps up and whispers something to Emmett.

Emmett exhales, nods and strolls off to the exit.

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Harry ties a knot , securing one of the strands of rope around the exit door handles.

The doors get jostled, then...

EMMETT (O.C.)
Harry, what are you doing?

HARRY
Can't talk, Dad. Mom said I've gotta get this done. Don't worry though, everything's going to be okay.

Harry rushes off.

EMMETT (O.C.)
Get what done, son? Harry? Harry?!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

His ear pinned to the door, listening for Harry, Emmett's stoic demeanor drains away.

Emmett gestures to Paul and Trish and they rush over.

EMMETT
Calmly check the other exits.

Paul heads in another direction, lugging Trish behind him.

Heading for the next exit, Emmett collides with some late arrivers charging in. EXCITED LOCAL gets in his face.

EXCITED LOCAL

Emmett, Harry said the Mymart folks were handing out hundred dollar gift cards! Any left?!

Emmett shakes his head, pushing his way to the doors.

Once there, he slaps the door handle but it's jammed. He throws a shoulder at the door but it doesn't give.

EMMETT

Harry?!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Passing through the boys locker room, Trish gags, throwing her hand over her nose and mouth.

TRISH

It's literally jockstrap gas!

Through the open exit door, Paul sees Harry rush up.

PAUL

Hey, Harry, you came after all.

HARRY

Thanks again for helping with the hill, Paul! You're the best!

Harry then closes the door between them.

Concerned, Trish tries the door and finds it locked.

TRISH

What're you doing, butthead?

HARRY (O.C.)

It's okay that you're always angry, Sis. There's a reason for that too.

Fazed, Trish looks to Paul but he just pushes past her.

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Harry ignores the POUNDING as he checks the knotted rope.

PAUL (O.C.)

Stop clowning and open this door!!

Harry then checks the sky and rushes off.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Paul and Trish rush back to join Emmett and May, standing off from the crowd.

TRISH

Harry roped-up the back doors?

PAUL

What the hell's he doing?

EMMETT

(hushed)

Keep it down. We can't cause a panic. The whole town is in here.

AUNT MAY

Should we call 911?

In unison, Emmett and Paul whisper, "No!"

EMMETT

At least not yet, okay?

(to Paul and Trish)

Any windows in the locker rooms?

PAUL

Yeah, but they're high and narrow.

TRISH

(to Paul)

You lift and I'll squeeze through.

EMMETT

Good. Once you get out, go to my toolbox in the truck. There's a knife we can cut the ropes with.

Someone in the bleachers calls out, "Let's vote already, I wanna get home!" And the crowd applauds in agreement.

AUNT MAY

You take care of getting us out.
I've got this.

The three momentarily gawk before Emmett sends Paul and Trish on their way with a silent "GO!".

Squaring her shoulders, May takes a deep breath, plants a smile, steps up to the lectern and addresses the table...

AUNT MAY

Folks, Mr. Mayor... and ladies. May I speak before you begin the vote?

Beleaguered Mel gavels for order, but it's when Miss Harpen stands and stares at the crowd, that things finally settle.

AUNT MAY

Thank you.

Remaining on her feet, vigilant, Miss Harpen merely nods.

Sucking in another breath, May shifts into lecture mode...

AUNT MAY

Hi. I'm Dr. May Cabot. Some of you may remember me. Born and raised right here. I'm also Harry's aunt.

TOWNSPERSON 2 shouts out...

TOWNSPERSON 2

So what's wrong with him, Doc?

AUNT MAY

Actually, I'm not a medical doctor. I'm a Paleontologist.

Getting silence and stares, May laughs nervously.

AUNT MAY

In fact, we have a saying, "fossil hunters get along better with the dead than they do with the living".

She holds for laughter but gets nothing but silence.

AUNT MAY

(under her breath)
Still bombs.

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

On his bike, Harry checks the horizon then rides off.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - BATHROOM - DAY

Trish groans, struggling to squeeze through a bathroom awning window. Paul groans, straining to hold her up.

PAUL

What have you been eat --!

TRISH

Shut up!

BACK TO AUNT MAY

AUNT MAY
... currently assigned to the
Petrified Forest National Park --

The Male rep raps the gavel and May jolts.

MALE REP
Sorry, Doctor. But is there a point
to all of this?

AUNT MAY
Oh, sorry, yes. I just wanted to say
that my doctoral dissertation was on
the paleogeographic makeup of the
Great Plains.

Again silence.

AUNT MAY
(gesturing)
And... believe it or not, this whole
area was once *filled* with hills,
higher than Harry's. Much higher.

The crowd reacts with disbelief.

MISS HARPEN
What? When was this?

AUNT MAY
Oh, a while back.

MISS HARPEN
How far back?

AUNT MAY
Well, during the Cretaceous period.
(chortles)
Of course, it was all under water.

EXT. PLAINSVIEW MAIN STREET - DAY

Riding his bike down Main street, Harry sighs with relief
at seeing the whole street deserted.

A drop of rain falls on him and he looks up and smiles.

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Falling, Trish shrieks, but a hedge breaks her fall.

PAUL (O.C.)

Sis, you okay?

A moan, then a yelp as she jumps up eyeing her torn sweater.

TRISH

My good sweater!

PAUL (O.C.)

Focus, Trish, focus.

She mimics his words as she gently removes her sweater.

PAUL

The toolbox is behind the seat.

As she stumbles out of the bush and storms off...

TRISH

Thanks, Green Giant!

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - BATHROOM - DAY

Paul cracks a smile. But the smile quickly fades at hearing heated CROWD COMMOTION coming from the gym.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

AUNT MAY

Exactly my point. This terrain is ever-changing. Today, it's mostly flat farmland. But, twenty years from now, given the current data on global warming, it could all --

At hearing "global warming," the gym erupts and Emmett desperately gestures for May to stop.

AUNT MAY

...rival the Sahara desert.

Emmett drops his head as May chuckles at an afterthought...

AUNT MAY

Which, by-the-way, was a forest, just ten thousand years ago.

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - PARKING LOT - DAY

Reaching the truck, Trish grabs the knife.

She then climbs up to the top of the truck cab and scans the lot, hoping to spot Harry.

TRISH

Harry, you're freaking me out.

Her voice quivers...

TRISH

Damnit, what are you up to?!

EXT. ROAD TO SKYLER FARM HOUSE - DAY

Harry skids to a stop on his bike.

Down the road, a dormant cloud hugs the top of the hill.

Beaming, he hauls out, peddling like crazy for the hill.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

The gym rattles with BOOING.

Miss Harpen grabs the Mayor's gavel and pounds.

MISS HARPEN

Order, order! The sooner you pipe down, the sooner we can vote!

MALE REP

AND get on to the raffle!

The crowd comes to order as Emmett leans into May...

EMMETT

Easy on the global warming. Lotta folks still remember the dust bowl. I'm gonna check on Paul and Trish.

May smacks her forehead and nods as Emmett rushes off.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - BATHROOM - DAY

Paul stands on a sink, gazing out the window. Seeing his dad enter, Paul grins and indicates the view...

PAUL

...and like Harry, always late to a meal, here comes a storm.

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Trish rushes up with the knife.

TRISH

I got the knife!

PAUL (O.C.)

Good, now cut the rope.

TRISH

In case you were wondering, big brother, Harry's nowhere around.

Paul and Emmett share a sigh.

PAUL

Relax, sis, that's your brother. All this was probably meant to give him more time on the hill.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - DAY

Fatigued, climbing the last few feet, Harry reaches out with his hand and... Faith pulls him into her arms.

They embrace and enjoy this moment, silently watching the sun slowly set.

A gust of wind breaks their serenity and they look to see a dark storm quickly advancing.

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

As Trish strains to cut the rope, a CRACK of THUNDER startles the knife right out of her hands.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - DAY

Faith and Harry watch as the distant storm, intensifies, generating a TORNADO.

FAITH

(more to self)
So much hate.

The wind picks up, pushing at the cloud.

FAITH

Heart, time to head to the cellar.

HARRY

Mom, does it have to happen this way?

A DISTANT SIREN WHIRS ON, distracting Harry as a strong gust sweeps Faith and the cloud from the hilltop.

FAITH

Heart, go now! Get to the cellar!

Resigned, Harry watches as the gale blows Faith and the cloud away.

HARRY

I love you, Mom.

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Startled again, Trish screams at the SOUND OF THE SIREN. The door raps and she jumps back.

PAUL (O.C.)

Trish, what's happening?!

TRISH

I can't do it! The knife's too dull!

EMMETT (O.C.)

Trish, honey, just untie the knot.

TRISH

Sure.

(under her breath)
Obviously so simple...!

Trish quickly unravels the knot.

Elated, she yelps in triumph as she pulls the rope off and open the door.

Emmett and Paul charge out and spot the approaching storm.

EMMETT

(more to self)
He knew.

Emmett then hugs Paul.

EMMETT

Don't be a hero, son. If it's bad,
turn right around. You hear me?

Paul nods as Emmett pushes Trish back inside.

EMMETT

Good job, Trish. Let's get inside.

TRISH

But Harry's --!

Paul slams the door shut and rushes off to the truck.

EXT. HARRY ON THE HILL - DAY

As the DISTANT TORNADO OBLITERATES CROPS AND STRUCTURES, a somber Harry eventually swings his gaze from Faith's departing cloud, to the town.

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

With Paul inside, the old truck roars to life and peels off.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

MAYOR MEL

Ayes have it. The hill comes down.

The crowd cheers as a distant SIREN rises over the din.

FEMALE REP

Now on to the raffle!

MAYOR MEL

Silence!!!

Finally hearing the siren, everyone bolts for the exits. In the hysteria, Emmett rushes over to grab the mic.

EMMETT

Listen up, everyone! LISTEN TO ME!!!

The chaos comes to a halt as all eyes focus on Emmett.

EMMETT

There's no need to panic. If a twister's coming, it's worse out there than in here. We all know the drill, right? Now move!

EXT. TOP OF HILL - NIGHT

Preparing to leave, Harry notices the TORNADO TURNING AWAY.

HARRY

No, wait?! Don't turn away?! Come back!! LISTEN TO ME!!!

EXT. STREET BESIDE MYMART BOX STORE - NIGHT

Reaching the edge of town, the pickup swerves to miss a tree branch and speeds through the MyMart parking lot.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - NIGHT

Harry calls to the TORNADO AS IT WORKS ITS WAY BACK.

HARRY
YES, THIS WAY!! COME THIS WAY!!

Frustrated, Harry cocks his arm back to throw a rock, slips and falls, snagging his hoodie on the exposed rebar.

EXT. ROAD TO SKYLER FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The Skyler pickup rounds a curve and rolls to a stop.

INT. SKYLER TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Paul stares slack-jawed as the ACRES-WIDE TWISTER HOPS THE INTERSTATE AND NOW HEADS TOWARDS THE FARM.

PAUL
Squirt, you better be in the cellar.

Flashes of light illuminate the hilltop and someone in red.

PAUL
Damn!!

Paul shifts, unaware of an AIRBORNE TRACTOR HEADING HIS WAY.

EXT. ROAD TO SKYLER FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

THE TRACTOR HITS, RAMMING THE PICKUP INTO A DRAINAGE DITCH.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - NIGHT

Harry claws at his hoodies zipper trying to free himself as the wind roars, debris flies and the hill peels away.

Finally, he gives up trying, turns and faces the tornado.

HARRY
WE HATE, WE RILE, FOR JUST A WHILE.
BUT WE LOVE ONE ANOTHER --

A FIVE-HUNDRED-GALLON WATER TANK SLAMS INTO THE HILLTOP.

INT. SKYLER TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Hanging upside down in the mangled cab, Paul's eyes flicker open just enough to catch...

...THE TORNADO BATTERING AWAY AT WHAT REMAINS OF THE HILL.

Wrestling with the seatbelt, Paul spots a scrap of red atop the mangled hill, whipping about like an abandoned flag.

PAUL

HARRY!!!

FADE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - PARKING LOT - DAY

The morning sun hits the back door as people pour out, noticeably surprised to find their vehicles still intact.

Emmett, Aunt May and Trish come rushing out and stop to scan the parking lot for Paul.

The yellow Cadillac drives up and Emmett flags it down.

EMMETT

(into window)

Paul drove out last night to check on the farm.

The door flies open.

MISS HARPEN

(from inside)

Get in!

They pile in and the Cadillac takes off, honking loudly.

EXT. PLAINSVIEW MAIN STREET - DAY

Leaving the school, the Cadillac leads a fleet of cars and trucks. They all pass through the deserted town and then fan out in search of damage.

EXT. MYMART BOX STORE - DAY

The Mymart Reps exit their limo and heave a sigh of relief at seeing their property totally undamaged.

EXT. ROAD TO SKYLER FARM HOUSE - DAY

Rounding the curve, the Cadillac and several trucks and cars pull to a stop.

Emmett, May and Trish leap out to see what others are gawking at.

Before them, a half mile-wide trench of debris stretches from the horizon to the skeletal frame of Harry's hill.

Emmett's eyes well up as he stares at the ruin.

TRISH (O.C.)

Dad!

Emmett whirls to see Trish racing to their truck, pinned under the tractor.

Spotting Paul in the cab, Trish dives down and crawls in.

TRISH

Paul, I'm here! Talk to me! You okay?

Still upside down, Paul awakens with a start, looking about.

PAUL

Trish, we gotta get to Harry.

Tearful Trish busies herself checking him over.

TRISH

Hold still, Bigfoot. Let me check you out, first. Can you wiggle your toes?

He nods.

She then prods, pulls and pinches hard and he yelps.

TRISH

Excellent. You should be damn grateful I got a badge in this.

Trish then carefully eases him out of his seat belt.

EXT. SKYLER TRUCK CAB - DAY

Emmett and the others rush up as Trish crawls out.

TRISH

He's ok. He's fine. Mild concussion.

Emmett jumps down to help Paul climb out of the truck.

Once Paul's back on his feet, Emmett bearhugs his son.

PAUL

I'm okay, Dad. Where's Harry?

No one answers.

PAUL

I was trying to get to him...

Paul looks to where the farm and hill were and falls silent.

EXT. HARRY'S ACRE - DAY

Emmett, May, Mayor Mel, Miss Harpen and some others walk up gawking at the flattened farm house and barn and the mangled remains of the chassis.

Paul and Trish cross from the storm shelter to join them.

Paul shakes his head and Emmett all but doubles over. May reaches out to comfort him.

The Mayor, Miss Harpen and others turn away to give them privacy.

In doing so, Miss Harpen spots her mansion in the distance, totally destroyed.

After a moment, she breathes deeply as a cathartic smile appears. She then notices...

MISS HARPEN

Oh my god.

Mayor Mel walks over to join her in gawking at the tornado's wake stretching off to the horizon.

MAYOR MEL

Everyone come here and look at this.

The others walk up and join in staring at the devastation.

MAYOR MEL

The tornado was headed for the town.
But it ended here.

Looking around, the others nod in agreement.

MAYOR MEL

I think this hill stopped it.

MISS HARPEN

Dear Jesus, it saved us.

Awestruck Miss Harpen and others babble about "a miracle".

Emmett looks at May, his face a mix of feelings.

EMMETT

The last thing Harry said was
everything was going to be okay.

AUNT MAY

You think he knew about this? How?

Emmett shakes his head in disbelief.

EMMETT

Faith told him?

A wind gust causes something red to flutter atop the heap.

Trish spots it and walks around for a better look.

TRISH

Harry's hoodie!

Trish jumps onto a chassis and climbs.

EMMETT

Trish, no! It's not safe!

A booming CRACK, GROAN and RUMBLE comes from the heap.

PAUL

Everyone get back!

Trish jumps free and everyone scatters as the heap cracks
open like the petals of a flower, crashing to the ground.

When the dust settles, everyone stares in awe.

Amidst the rubble, stands Paul's sculpture of Faith.

And in her welcoming arms...

...Harry sits up, blinking, wincing.

At seeing everyone alive and well, he tears up, and
jokes...

HARRY

Morning. Did I miss anything?

The Skylers respond with a much needed laugh that builds to
include the others.

A cloud lingers overhead and Harry looks up, smiles and
shakes his head.

HARRY
(softly)
...no, thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOP OF NEW HILL ON HARRY'S ACRE - DAY

SUPER: Present Day

Atop this new hill, complete with grass, yellow rose bush, town plaque and flagpole flying the stars and stripes, present day HARRY (40), turns from nodding to a cloud above to his daughter, HALLE 'Hope' (9), sitting beside him.

Focused on her phone, Halle thumbs through her texts...

...till Dad swipes the phone and points to the cloud.

HALLE
Dad!

HARRY
"And now, Halle Hope Skyler, for the
win... "

With a sigh worthy of her Aunt Trish, Halle flicks her gaze to the sky...

HALLE
Cirrocumulus.

HARRY
Correct! Ding-ding-ding-ding!

Harry mimics a crowd cheering as he hands back her phone.

HALLE
Dad, are all weathermen like you?

HARRY
(hushed aside)
Nope. I have *Skyler* powers.

From down below comes a familiar voice, with just the slightest wobble...

AUNT MAY (O.C.)
Come down, you two. I've made a
special *layered* tuna thingy.

HARRY & HALLE
Layered tuna thingy?

They wince in unison and rise to their feet.

Harry smiles at his daughter and plants a kiss on her head.

HALLE

What?

HARRY

"Hope is where my heart is."

She rolls her eyes and pockets her phone.

HARRY

Hey, did I ever tell you yet why I
call you Hope?

With another exasperated sigh, Halle grabs her father's
hand.

HALLE

Nope.

And she leads him down the hill.

HARRY

Oh. Well...

HARRY

...remind me to tell you
someday.

HALLE

"Remind me to tell you
someday."

*

HALLE

It's really getting lame, Dad.

Harry just chuckles and gives a parting wave to the cloud
as the two continue on down the hill.

FADE OUT.

THE END