

DAZZLELAND

Pilot

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TEASER

EXT. DAZZLELAND - DAY

Bird's eye view of a leafy countryside under a sunny sky. The tops of amusement park rides poke out above the trees.

Suddenly, a murder of crows rises from the trees, their black wings obscure everything as they take flight.

In the blackness, a female voice HUMS as a coin FALLS into a metal slot and gears softly GRIND.

The blackness dissipates and reveals the midway of the park. The booths sag deserted, the tacky prizes and stuffed toys long gone. The walkways buckled and overgrown with weeds.

INT. PENNY ARCADE - SAME

A feminine hand turns the crank of a Mutoscope Drop Card machine. The young woman, CLAIRE (19) wears high-waisted cut off shorts and an old-fashioned peasant blouse. She leans over peering into the viewfinder.

INSIDE THE MUTOSCOPE:

A black and white photo of the same midway in the late 1970s.

A teen-age boy, AL (18), with a cigarette pack rolled up inside the sleeve of his t-shirt, drapes his arms around two pretty young girls, CLAIRE and BETTS (both 19). Claire wears the same shorts & blouse as she does now, both girls wear the boys' letter sweaters.

All of them are caught in a moment of unbridled laughter. Another boy, RICHIE (18) stands slightly off to the side. He may not even be part of their group, left out.

The card flips and a new one shows the same scene except now Claire reaches towards the camera, pleading for help. Richie has grabbed her by the sweater. Al and Betts are oblivious to her fear.

The cards flip by quickly then slow down, stopping on a color picture of a man in his 30s in a smart business suit. He stands with his back to the camera, hands on hips.

In front of him a pile of rubble where Dazzleland once stood, recognizable only by the ruined sign and bits of ride machinery lying on the ground.

The next photo is the same except with the addition of another, older businessman who shakes the younger man's hand. In profile the younger man is revealed to be NEAL TRAY (early 30's). The identity of the older man is still a mystery.

The girl comes away from the Mutoscope viewfinder. It's Claire, the same girl pleading for help in the black and white photo.

She squares off her shoulders and heads out, on a mission.

INT. NEAL'S CAR - NIGHT

Neal drives along a dark country road. He has an ear bud in one ear. His phone is mounted on the dashboard and shows that he is on a call with someone called Richard Douchebag.

NEAL TREY

...Give me a break, Richard, I only just landed less than an hour ago... Yes... I'll go look at it tonight if I can find it, but... I am completely on board. Goodbye Dazzleland, hello -- have we have landed on a name for the shopping center yet?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Claire walks along the shoulder of the deserted road, her hair and clothes whipping in the wind. Approaching headlights illuminate the back of her figure and the fact that nothing else, not the trees or grass, are effected by that wind.

INT./EXT. NEAL'S CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

NEAL TREY

(on the phone)

I gotta go, Richard... Yeah, bye.

Neal disconnects he call. Heslows his car, as he comes up alongside Claire. She does not acknowledge him.

Passing her, he pulls the car to the shoulder of the road and rolls down the passenger window.

NEAL TREY (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

Claire walks to the front of his car; she stops. She stares directly ahead for a moment, lost in thought, then comes back to the open window and bends down to look inside. She studies Neal's face thoroughly before asking:

CLAIRE
What's your name?

Steam rises from her breath as she speaks.

NEAL TREY
Neal. What's yours?

She doesn't answer, just opens the door and gets inside. Even in the car a breeze tousles her hair and clothes.

She stoically stares forward.

CLAIRE
Are we going to go?

Again, a noticeable escape of steam rises from her breath. This occurs whenever she speaks.

Neal pulls out onto the road.

NEAL TREY
Car trouble?

Claire does not answer. He shivers. He presses the button to roll up the windows.

CLAIRE
Don't. I like it like this.

Reluctantly, he rolls her window back down.

NEAL TREY
So, maybe you can help me out? I'm kind of lost and the GPS in this rental car seems to be a bit sadistic.
(beat)
I'm supposed to be in a town called Weeke's Ferry. It that close by?

She does not reply.

NEAL TREY (CONT'D)
How about Dazzleland Amusement Park? Have you heard of that?
(beat)
Way before your time.

Claire does not respond, but frost suddenly forms on the edges of the windows. Neal turns on the heat, and the ice retreats.

Neal's phone BUZZES. The caller ID says DANI.

NEAL TREY (CONT'D)

Thank god.

He answers the call.

NEAL TREY (CONT'D)

Hey. What's up?... Driving. Lost somewhere outside of Weeke's Ferry... I don't know how. I've been driving down this creepy, two-lane piece of sh...

He glances at Claire who shows no indication she is listening to the conversation.

NEAL TREY (CONT'D)

How about I call you back when I reach civilization? Maybe an hour or so...Yeah...Okay...Love you too.

Claire points at something through the car windshield.

CLAIRE

There.

On the side of the road is a ramshackle building, a neon sign announces it as "Angus' Bar and Grill."

NEAL TREY

Yeah, OK.

EXT. ANGUS' BAR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls into the deserted parking lot. Claire opens the passenger door and gets out, not bothering to close the door. She walks into the bar, hair and clothes ruffled by the non-existent wind.

Neal watches Claire go. His expression is a mixture of astonishment and annoyance. He gets out of the car as Claire disappears inside the bar.

NEAL TREY

(calls after her)

And you're welcome, by the way.

He walks around the car, slams the door and heads into the bar.

INT. ANGUS' BAR - CONTINUOUS

Neal enters the dimly lit bar, all dark wood, stained floors, and neon lights. On prominent display behind the bar, around a large mirror, an array of vintage shotguns and taxidermy. In pride of place: a stuffed armadillo.

Claire is nowhere to be found.

ANGUS (40-50s) the bartender, a bearded, teddy-bear of a guy, enters through swinging doors behind the bar.

ANGUS

Sorry. Just closing up.

NEAL TREY

Did a young woman just... Never mind. Look, I'm beat. Is there a motel or something around here?

ANGUS

A motel?

NEAL TREY

A hotel. B-n-B. Anything?

ANGUS

Sure. I got a cabin round back you can rent.

One of the neon signs hanging over the bar behind Angus emits a small SPATTER and flickers. Neal flinches.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

It ain't much, but it's clean. Has a bed.

As Angus talks, a fine film of ice crystals form on the edges of the mirror. Neither man notices this.

NEAL TREY

Beggars can't be choosers, right?

Behind Angus, another SPATTER from another neon sign. The light flickers noticeably, Angus turns to look at it.

ANGUS

Stupid sign.

When he turns back, Claire is sitting next to Neal. He and Angus are completely startled by her sudden appearance. Claire maintains her stoic stare.

NEAL TREY
 (to Claire)
 Jesus, you scared the shit out of me!

Glasses hanging from a rack behind the bar tremble. The neon signs flicker and SPUTTER more violently. Neal shields his face with his arm.

ANGUS
 You're together? Get out. Get the hell out of my place right now.

Angus pulls one of the shotguns down off its wall mount. He doesn't aim it at Neal but has it ready. Now steam rises from everyone's breath. Neal shivers and rubs his arms.

CLAIRE
 I would like a Rusty Nail, please, Angus.

Glasses wriggle off the rack and drop to the floor, SHATTER, spraying glass. Angus and Neal duck. Claire does not react.

ANGUS
 You hear me? You get her out of here right now!

NEAL TREY
 She's not with me. I just gave her a lift. I --

Now Angus aims the shotgun at Neal who immediately jumps up and throws his hands high.

ANGUS
 -- I know what you did! You think you're the first?

NEAL TREY
 Holy crap! Don't shoot!

CLAIRE
 Go heavy on the Drambuie, please. And add plenty of cherries. And a straw. I like to drink through a straw.

One of the neon signs belches huge colorful sparks. One sign makes an explosive SNAP noise and goes out altogether.

Frost forms on the remaining glasses. Angus and Neal's skin take on a pale blue tone. Angus motions with the shotgun.

ANGUS

Just beat it. Get out while I still have a roof over my head!

NEAL TREY

You got the wrong guy. I don't even know who she is.

Somehow, from somewhere, Claire gets her drink, just as she described. She sips daintily through the straw. She answers without looking at Neal who is mid-freak out.

CLAIRE

My name's Claire.

As she holds her drink, the glass coats itself with ice. It shatters in her hand. Chunks of Rusty Nail brown ice and frozen maraschino cherries fall onto the bar. The men now shake with cold.

ANGUS

Get her out of here, right now, or so help me, I'll --

Angus cocks the shotgun just as there is another explosion of glass. The mirror behind the bar shatters and the stock of another shotgun slams into Angus' head. He is knocked out cold, slumped onto the bar.

As he collapses, his shotgun goes off, hitting the stuffed armadillo. Angus lies face to face with the snout of the exploded armadillo, the rest of which litters the bar around him.

A shard of glass embeds in Neal's arm. He winces as he pulls it out. A ribbon of blood runs down his arm.

Claire rises daintily from her stool and turns to him. For the very first time, she makes eye contact and smiles stiffly. She speaks in a near monotone, rehearsed.

CLAIRE

It's late. We should probably go, don't you think?

(beat)

I had such a nice time. Can I see you again, do you think?

Neal, his reflexes slowed by cold and shock, remains where he is as Claire places one hand behind his neck and pulls his face down so that she can kiss him. They are both engulfed by a blue glow.

They kiss. As the kiss continues, his face freezes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I hope you don't think I'm being
too forward, kissing on a first
date like this?

She kisses him again. As the kiss continues, his face turns blue. The blue travels down his neck, disappears under his shirt and reappears on his arm and on down to his fingers. The stream of blood crystallizes, a drop suspended from his fingertip.

The blue glow disappears.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
And no, Dazzleland wasn't before my
time.

Claire vanishes through some sort of vortex, pulled by the waist. The same force rouses Angus and he sees frozen Neal.

ANGUS
Damn it, Claire!

Angus drags frozen Neal toward the door.

END TEASER

OVER BLACK

The sound of cards flipping quickly.

INT. PENNY ARCADE - DAWN

The black clears revealing the Mutoscope; it's handle turning on its own.

Inside the Mutoscope:

A series of sepia-toned cards flash past, too quickly to catch a clear image.

The cards slow down, depicting the areas of Dazzleland through the years.

- Starting as far back as pre-Colonial times as a location where native Americans held ceremonies.
- Progressing through to a place where early settlers held festivals.
- On to construction of the first permanent structures in the middle 1800s where inventors showcased their wonderous inventions.
- Eventually rides and other attractions are added. Freak shows and hooch dancers ran alongside games of chance and fortune tellers.
- More and more rides are added, freak shows and their ilk go out of style and are replaced by magic acts, jugglers, comics, and ventriloquists.
- By the 1960s the park is in its heyday.
- But, as the years progress, the park becomes more run down and fewer people spend their time and money there.
- Eventually, in the middle 1980s the gates close for the last time and are pad locked shut.
- The cards continue to flip, but now the areas of the park shown on earlier cards are decrepit, overgrown, and rusted. Parts of the park's original perimeter wall that have fallen down are replaced by chain link fence, including across the main entrance.

The cards speed up one last time, then stop on a single sepia-toned image: a small group of contemporary teenaged boys gather outside the chain link fence. The sepia transitions to normal color and the still life to movement.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - WALL - DAWN

The gang of young teen boys seen in the Mutoscope gather outside part of the old perimeter wall.

They spray paint moustaches and glasses on the remains of murals depicting the performers and attractions that could once be found inside, including a magician's assistant in a skimpy outfit - Claire.

INT. CABIN - SAME

Neal wakes up with a start. He lies, fully clothed, on a single bed inside a tiny rustic cabin.

He shields his eyes from the morning sun which pours in through the window, flanked by Laura Ashley floral curtains.

In a state of confusion, Neal looks around at his surroundings. The cabin is quaintly decorated in a shabby chic style, complete with antique wash basin filled with water and rose petals in front of a lead-glass mirror.

Neal gets up and splashes his face. He looks at himself in the mirror and has a flash of a memory: the large mirror in the bar exploding, and glass embedding in his arm.

Neal inspects his arm, but there is no sign of any injury.

At the sound of an approaching car, he looks out the window and sees his car parked outside Angus' Bar and Grill. Pulling up and parking next to his car is a police squad car.

INT. ANGUS' BAR - SAME

Very little evidence remains of the previous evenings' events. The broken bits of mirror behind the bar are gone, leaving a large empty frame. A small amount of glass and armadillo stuffing remains in a pile on the floor.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON (40s) enters, wearing his uniform.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

Hey, Angus, I really hope you got a fresh pot on.

No response. Pete notices the missing mirror and exploded armadillo. He takes a seat at the bar. Angus comes in from the back.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON (CONT'D)

Looks like you had a real blow out last night. What happened?

Angus sweeps up the last pile of debris and throws it out behind the bar.

ANGUS

Claire happened. Again. Do you have any idea how much mirrors that size cost? And she got Dillon this time.

Pete picks up the sad armadillo head from the bar.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

Poor Dillon. He will be missed.

Angus takes the remains from Pete, gives the snout a kiss, and throws it into the trash.

ANGUS
Can't you make her knock it off?

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
I'll have a chat with Big Molly,
but no promises.

Neal enters, still in a bit of shock. He stops at the door and has a good look around.

ANGUS
Coffee?

He sits. But continues to looked perplexed.

NEAL TREY
What the hell did I drink last
night? I could have sworn this
place was trashed.

Angus laughs too heartily.

ANGUS
Ha! Not the kind of place a big
city guy is used to, I expect.

NEAL TREY
No really. There was a mirror
there. It exploded.

ANGUS
(lying)
There hasn't been a mirror there in
years.

NEAL TREY
And a girl.

ANGUS
Sorry, no girls in here last night.
Maybe you dreamed it?

NEAL TREY
No, it wasn't a dream, it --

ANGUS
-- Sheriff, this is the fella
renting the cabin.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
Welcome to Weeke's Ferry.

Angus goes behind the bar to make Neal and Pete coffee. Neal sits on the stool next to Pete.

NEAL TREY
Weeke's Ferry? So I'm not lost?

ANGUS
That's a pretty deep question to ask before breakfast.

Angus places the cups of coffee on the bar.

NEAL TREY
Thank you.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
So, what's your business in our little town, Mr...?

NEAL
Trey. Neal Trey. I'm looking into purchasing some land for my firm.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
I'm not aware that we have much land for sale.

NEAL TREY
My firm thinks otherwise. Sees Weeke's Ferry as ripe for development.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
I see. Well you be careful out there. Not everyone around here is as friendly as Angus.

NEAL TREY
I'll be fine. I'm just looking for now.

Neal puts some money on the bar and heads out.

NEAL TREY (CONT'D)
(to Angus)
Tell your wife the cabin is really cozy. My fiancé would love it.

ANGUS
Thanks. I'm not married.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - FUN HOUSE - SAME

Deep inside the abandoned park stands what used to be the Fun House. Perched above the entrance is a huge mechanical fat lady with a leering grin, voluminous polka dotted dress and comically small handbag. This is TRUDY.

She rocks from side to side, making a gear-grinding racket. She picks up steam and rocks faster. The sound grows louder and more horrible. It echoes through the park.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - CASUAL DINING RESTAURANT - SAME

In another part of the park, four or five people sit at a table outside what was once a park eatery, playing cards.

Among them is DEUTERONOMY (50s) a slender African-American man in a dark suit and tie. His ensemble has seen better days, and those days were about 65 years ago.

And JULIUS (60s) a small, grumpy man in a grease-stained work-shirt with his name embroidered above the Dazzleland logo, a stump of a cigar eternally clenched between his teeth.

JULIUS

Here we go again.

DEUTERONOMY

Please excuse us, folks. Trudy summons.

As they walk away from the table Deuteronomy puts two fingers in his mouth and whistles loudly. A crow flies over his head.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - MIDWAY - SAME

A group of ghosts from many different eras kick a ball around the Midway in an altered game of soccer. They kick around and between the game booths.

One Stoneage ghost picks up the ball and runs off with it. The other yell at her: bring it back, that's cheating, not again, etc.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - WALL - SAME

Attached to this section of newly-graffitied wall is fencing with barbed wire on top that cordons off an area where the wall fell down. Three of the boys contemplate this bit of fence.

BOY 1
Well I'm not climbin' it.

BOY 2
Chicken shit!

BOY 1
That don't got nothin' to do with
it. You know what these cost?

He shows off his trendy, ripped jeans.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)
I don't wanna ruin 'em.

EDDIE, (16) Latino, their leader, in spite of his less expensive jeans.

EDDIE
Asshole cowards.

Eddie gives the fence a good shake. It holds fast. He sizes up the barbed wire along the top.

He moves along the fence a short distance to where a gate is held closed with a chain and padlock. He gives that a noisy shake, too.

INT. NEAL'S CAR - SAME

Neal drives on the same country road as the night before. His GPS gives him directions.

GPS
Your destination is on the left.

The screen of the GPS has a little flag on top of an area designated as "Dazzleland Amusement Park."

EXT. DAZZLELAND - FENCE - SAME

Eddie tries to pick the lock with bits of wire and a pocketknife. The other boys egg him on.

BOY 1
Turn it the other way.

EDDIE
Stay in your lane, bruh, I got
this.

As Eddie continues to fiddle unsuccessfully with the lock, a crow lands on the gate just above him.

BOY 2
Look at that!

BOY 1
Savage!

Then another crow lands, and another and another. They flap and caw aggressively. One bird swoops down near the boys' heads; they duck.

BOY 2
(to Eddie)
Hurry up, man.

BOY 1
Hey. What's that?

From inside the fence Deuteronomy and Julius wave their arms and shout.

JULIUS
Go on, git, you rotten kids.

DEUTERONOMY
Go home boys. Nothin' for you here.

However, from the outside of the fence what the boys see is somewhat different. They see mostly transparent, gaunt and faintly glowing versions of the two men. Their mournful faces silently mouth words.

Eddie, so engrossed in picking the lock, doesn't see what his friends see. All the boys, except for Eddie, run away. The crows, now numbering about a dozen, fly after them. Eddie watches them go, shaking his head with disgust.

INT. NEAL'S CAR - SAME

Neal drives toward the park from a different direction than where Eddie is. The road is several yards from the fence. He drives slowly, leaning over the steering wheel to get a better look at the property.

He glances down at the passenger seat at an old, unfolded surveyor's map of the park.

When he looks up again he sees Claire walking along the fence line.

NEAL TREY
Ho - ly shit.

He drives along side her for a while, she doesn't look in his direction.

NEAL TREY (CONT'D)
Hey!

He honks his horn, she continues to ignore him.

As he slowly drives past her he cranes his neck to keep on watching her.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - FENCE - SAME

Eddie turns his attention back to the lock. The crows fly back and roost in the trees inside the fence. Deuteronomy also arrives, but Eddie still can't see or hear him.

DEUTERONOMY
(to the crows)
Leave this boy be. He's no trouble.

A distance behind Deuteronomy another figure skulks in the shadows. This is the PROTECTOR, not of this world, age and gender unknowable. At the sound of a childish giggle, the Protector points in Eddie's direction.

Just then a little girl, MADRIGAL (10) dressed in her 1940's Sunday best: a frilly dress and little white socks peeking out from patent leather shoes, skips past both the Protector and Deuteronomy. She is the source of the giggle.

She skips right through the fence, brushing her hand against Eddie as she goes. As soon as she touches him, he is able to see her. She skips out into the middle of the road. Her hair and dress dance in the breeze.

EDDIE
The fuck did you come from?

Madriganal laughs in response. She spins around, causing her skirt to billow, the way little girls have always done. Eddie spots a car approaching from a short distance away.

INTERCUT NEAL'S CAR/EDDIE AT THE FENCE

Neal practically turns around in his seat in order to see Claire.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Hey! Kid! Get out of the road.

Madrigal doesn't.

As Neal shifts in his seat to get a better view of Claire, he puts weight in the gas pedal and his car speeds up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Are you stupid?
 (beat)
 Ah, shit.

Eddie runs toward her, grabs her, just as Neal's car bears down on them. There is the sound of IMPACT followed by a SQUEAL of brakes.

Deuteronomy stares, wide-eyed through the fence at Eddie and Madrigal who have just been mowed down by Neal's car.

DEUTERONOMY
 Holy Moses!

EXT. DAZZLELAND - FUN HOUSE - SAME

Above the Fun House Trudy rocks back and forth, laughing her maniacal, mechanical laugh. The sound of Madrigal's laughter mingles with Trudy's.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - FENCE - SAME

Madrigal stands at the scene of the accident, doubled over with laughter.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - DAY

BIG MOLLY (40s) a little person dressed in 90s clothes runs through the park. She spots the Protector in the distance. It leads Eddie right through the fence, from where the wind blows a gale to perfect calm.

Once inside, the Protector and Molly exchange nods. Madrigal, too, runs through the fence and over to Molly. Deuteronomy joins them.

MADRIGAL
 Did you see that?

DEUTERONOMY
 I'll deal with you later, young lady.

Molly approaches the Protector who hands over custody of Eddie. Then it vanishes.

Not in a puff of smoke or with any fanfare whatsoever. One moment the Protector is there, the next it is not.

Eddie, meanwhile, is disoriented, one hand to his face. His clothes are torn and bloodied; he's lost a shoe.

BIG MOLLY
Hello, sweetheart.

Eddie's fingers are bloody where they cover his face.

A crow, perched on a nearby tree branch, caws noisily and flaps its wings, but does not leave its perch.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)
(to Deuteronomy)
Deal with that.

Deuteronomy whistles at the crow. It flies away.

Molly holds out one hand toward Eddie. Bewildered, he stumbles a couple of steps backward.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)
It's okay. I'm here to help.

EDDIE
What's going on? What happened?

Madrival runs up to join them.

MADRIGAL
(gleefully)
You got run over. It was awful!

EDDIE
(to Madrigal; stunned)
You're OK. I saved you.

BIG MOLLY
(to Madrigal, severely)
Stop it.
(to Eddie, gently)
Come here, son. What's your name?

EDDIE
No. I don't know you people.

BIG MOLLY
I know. But I can help.

EDDIE
(weakly)
This is fucked up.

Eddie sinks to his knees. The hand covering his face drops to his side revealing his mangled face. Madrigal fakes repulsion; Molly's concern is genuine.

MADRIGAL

Eww!

BIG MOLLY

(quietly, firmly, to
Madrigal)

Stay here. I mean it.

Deuteronomy takes Madrigal's hand. Molly approaches Eddie, still on his knees. Because of her diminished height, she is only slightly taller than he is now. She looks at him kindly. She lifts her hand to his face. Eddie winces and turns away.

EDDIE

Get your hands off me!

BIG MOLLY

No; look at me. Look at me.

Eddie turns back. Molly's hand covers the damage to his face. In the distance is a faint sound of approaching sirens. The ambient sound of police sirens, cars pulling up, etc continues under the following.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)

Just look into my eyes. Stay calm.
Don't think about anything at all.

Molly's hand glows. Unlike Claire's freezing, blue touch, Molly's is warm and golden. The yellowish glow spreads from Molly's fingers onto Eddie's face. It radiates out from their bodies.

Madrigal and Deuteronomy bathe in the glow, as well. Madrigal pulls her hand out of Deuteronomy's, throws her arms wide and spins around, revelling in it. Deuteronomy closes his eyes and quietly enjoys the sensation.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)

Your name, sweetheart. Do you
remember your name?

EDDIE

Of course I do. It's...

BIG MOLLY

If you can't, that's all right.
Sometimes it takes a while.

EDDIE

Eh... Eddie. Espinoza.

BIG MOLLY

Eddie. That will do. We're on a first-name basis around here.

MADRIGAL

I'm Madrigal! This is Deuteronomy, and she's Big Molly!

The glow fades. Molly steps back from Eddie.

BIG MOLLY

That's better. And just 'Molly' will do fine.

Eddie gets to his feet. He touches his face tentatively. It is fully restored, his clothes clean and mended. His one shoe still missing, though. He looks all around him, still dazed but in a bit more control of his senses.

EDDIE

This is the park. I'm inside the park!

BIG MOLLY

Welcome to Dazzleland.

EDDIE

How'd I get in here? And who are you?

MADRIGAL

I just told you! I'm Madrigal, and she's--

EDDIE

-- That little girl was in the road. I saved her.

BIG MOLLY

And you're here now. That's all that matters.

The ambient sounds now include distant voices. This draws Eddie's attention, and he lurches back toward the fence.

Molly follows.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)

Eddie?

(to Deuteronomy)

Go tell the others.

(MORE)

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)
 (to Madrigal)
 You, stay. Here.

Deuteronomy disappears into the depths of the park. Madrigal skips along behind Molly, joyfully ignoring her instruction.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - FENCE - DAY

POV from the ground up at a trio of faces staring down: Sheriff Pete Clapton, DEPUTY SPOFFORD (20s female), and PARAMEDIC #1.

PARAMEDIC #1
 Doc's on his way.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
 Did you tell him not to rush?

Paramedic nods.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON (CONT'D)
 Well, this will put you off your
 scrambled eggs for the day.

In the distance, someone retches and vomits. POV returns to normal, which partially reveals Eddie's body on the asphalt.

Parked behind Pete and the others is a squad car, lights flashing, an ambulance and Neal's car.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON (CONT'D)
 He looks like one of the Espinosa
 kids.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD
 Yes, Eddie. The older boy.
 (beat)
 I found one of his shoes about
 seventy-five yards up the road.
 Must have been some impact.
 (calls)
 You okay, Mr Trey?

Some distance away, next to his car, Neal huddles on his knees where he has been vomiting. PARAMEDIC #2 crouches behind him, one consoling hand on his shoulder. Neal wipes his mouth with the back of his shaky hand and nods.

NEAL
 No.

Neal leans forward, a fresh wave of nausea overtakes him. As he hurls once more, Paramedic #2 winces with distaste, but continues to pat Neal's shoulder.

Pete, Spofford and Paramedic #1 turn their attention back to Eddie's body.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD

Mr Trey says he never saw the kid until it was too late. Just dashed into the middle of the road, like he didn't know any better.

A car approaches, the group turns toward it.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD (CONT'D)

It's the doc.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

Good. It's going to be another warm day. Let's not have this poor kid baking on the asphalt any longer than he has to.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - SAME

Eddie arrives at the fence. He sees everyone standing around a body lying in the road. Molly comes up alongside him.

EDDIE

What's all that? What are they doing?

MADRIGAL

That's you. Can't you tell?

In the road, the paramedic moves out of the way, revealing the body.

EDDIE

That isn't me! I'm here! I'm right here!

Eddie grasps at the chain link fence. But instead of hooking his fingers on the wire, they pass right through. He stumbles forward, most of his body slips through the fence.

BIG MOLLY

Eddie, no!

Madrigal rushes up. She grabs the back of Eddie's shirt through the fence.

MADRIGAL

Come back! You can't go outside!
You don't know how!

EDDIE

Lemme go!

A mighty wind kicks up, nearly blowing Eddie off his feet. He struggles as both Molly and Madrigal clutch at him. His face and clothes come apart again, melting back into the injury he sustained.

From Eddie's POV the world outside is dark, dangerous and stormy, like inside a tornado.

Molly and Madrigal struggle to pull him back inside.

At the accident site, Pete looks over his shoulder in the direction of the park. He alone has heard something. He scans the fence line and catches a glimpse of Eddie as he's pulled back inside the fence. Pete turns back to the business at hand.

Eddie, reeling, stumbles back inside the fence. Wild-eyed he takes off into the depths of the park. Molly and Madrigal run to keep up.

BIG MOLLY

You're right - that isn't you out there, Eddie. Not anymore.

MADRIGAL

You're one of us, now!

BIG MOLLY

Madrigal! Will you shut up?!

They reach a wooden park bench with scrolled, wrought iron sides and legs. A large D for Dazzleland part of the design.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)

First things first. Sit down. We need to fix you again.

Over the following conversation, Molly puts her hand on Eddie as before, and the golden glow reappears.

EDDIE

One of who?

BIG MOLLY

Look at me, Eddie. Focus, and look at me.

MADRIGAL

You're dead. Haven't you figured that out yet?

Eddie turns to look at Madrigal.

EDDIE

That's completely fucked.

Molly jerks Eddie's head back so that he's looking at her.

BIG MOLLY

(commandingly)

Language! There's a child present. Now pay attention. I know it's asking a lot, but you need to be calm and let me help you.

Molly's hand glows golden as she strokes the side of Eddie's face gently. She lowers her hand, his face and clothes repaired again.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)

There.

MADRIGAL

We're all dead.

Eddie starts to get up, but Molly pushes him back down and turns his face so that he is facing her again.

BIG MOLLY

No, you need to listen. And concentrate. You will always have to concentrate.

EDDIE

What the fuck are you telling me?

BIG MOLLY

What did I just say?

MADRIGAL

Oh, I've heard that word before. And lots more! Like shit balls, and ass wipe, and --

BIG MOLLY

-- Madrigal! Either keep quiet or leave us alone!

MADRIGAL

(under her breath)

You let Claire say all that stuff.

BIG MOLLY

(to Eddie)

Yes, that's your body out there on the road. What happened to you wasn't pretty. I am able to fix it so you don't have to spend all of eternity wandering around with a face that looks like raw hamburger. But if you don't concentrate, if you allow yourself to get upset, or angry --

Eddie shakes his head throughout Molly's speech to him.

MADRIGAL

-- Or if you try to go outside the fence before you know how --

BIG MOLLY

-- you'll revert to looking the way you did at the moment of your demise. And you will feel the pain you felt. You don't want that. Worse still, you will literally blow away. You have no anchor when you're dead. You can't control where you go. That's why you need to stay here. Where it's safe.

Eddie points an accusing finger at Madrigal.

EDDIE

She didn't blow away. She stood in the middle of the freakin' road.

MADRIGAL

I know how, dummy.

Eddie glares at Madrigal, then at Molly. He takes a deep breath.

EDDIE

You're telling me I'm dead?

Molly and Madrigal nod.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Fuck off.

Molly shakes her head with a sigh.

BIG MOLLY

Just concentrate, OK? I can't drop everything and come running every five minutes to put your face back together. Plus, it's such a nice-looking face.

Molly pats Eddie's cheek lovingly. Madrigal's lip curls in disgust.

MADRIGAL

It's not that great a looking face.

BIG MOLLY

(to Madrigal)

Go find Claire. I think she's the best choice to... mentor ... our new friend.

Madrigal scampers off.

EDDIE

What kind of a mind-fuck are you trying to pull here?

BIG MOLLY

None at all.

EDDIE

No. No no no no. I just need to go home.

BIG MOLLY

This is home now, Eddie.

EDDIE

The hell it is.

BIG MOLLY

I understand it's new and frightening. Everybody feels like this at first.

EDDIE

How many of you freaks are there?

BIG MOLLY

There are many people here. And more arrive from time to time, like you did. You'll meet them all eventually.

EDDIE

Are you shitting me right now?

Molly stands.

BIG MOLLY

Life is full of surprises, Eddie.
And death has even more. You're
just getting started.

Eddie, dumbfounded, watches Molly walk away. Then he gathers his wits for one last futile verbal volley.

EDDIE

You're running some kind of a cult
here, that's what this is! You're
not gonna get away with it!

Molly does not respond. She continues to walk away.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Do I seriously have to spend all of
eternity walking around with only
one shoe?!

EXT. DAZZLELAND - WALL - DAY

In front of the amusement park, Eddie's body is gone. All that remains is a pile of sawdust which soaks up the vital fluids he no longer needs.

The ambulance pulls out onto the road, no need for sirens. The squad car and Neal's car remain at the scene.

Pete walks from his patrol car, where Neal sits in the back, to Deputy Spofford, who stares at something across the road.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

What are you looking at?

Pete follows Spofford's gaze.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD

I could have sworn I just saw
somebody over there. Just inside
the fence.

They both stare intently in that direction.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD (CONT'D)

Gone now. But, just for a second.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
Probably crows. Why don't you
escort Mr. Trey back to the
station? I'll be along after I
break the new to the Espinosas.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD
You sure?

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
Yeah. I just want to have another
look around, now that the dust has
settled.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD
All alone? I wouldn't. This place
is a bit too Scooby Doo for me.
(beat)
You know what I don't get? That
place has been standing there, just
like that, since I was a kid. Why
haven't they torn it down? Why
isn't there a shopping mall or a
housing development here now?

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
(jokingly)
Personally, I think it's haunted.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD
Very funny. I'm just saying it's
creepy. And infested with crows.

Spofford gets into her vehicle and drives off. Pete watches
her go, a faint look of amusement on his face.

He turns his gaze back to the park. From inside the fence
Deuteronomy waves. Pete waves back.

INT. SPOOK HOUSE - CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY

Claire has feathered her nest in the large maintenance closet
at the back of the ride. Very neatly arranged are stuffed
toys stolen from the Midway arcade; hats, scarves and other
oddities left in the lost and found. The room belies a soft
side of Claire that she rarely shows others.

A very agitated Claire calls out in a loud whisper.

CLAIRE
Hey! Where are you? I need to talk
to you.

The Protector materializes before her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Who's the new kid?

The Protector shrugs in a brushoff manner.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
What about the guy from the bar?

The Protector raises an eyebrow in response.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Did you bring him here?

The Protector shrugs and turns away. Claire follows it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He's not the one I want. You know that.

The Protector stops, turns back to Claire and eyes her meaningfully.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You always think you know better.

The Protector smiles faintly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Oh! I hate you!

And with that, it fades away.

INT. WEEKE'S FERRY POLICE STATION - DAY

A distraught Neal sits next to Deputy Spofford's desk. She types her report into her computer. He's in shock.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD
OK, I think that's all the information I need.

NEAL TREY
I killed a kid.

Deputy Spofford hands Neal a box of tissue.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD
I'm afraid so.

NEAL TREY
It was an accident.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD

I know.

NEAL TREY

I'm going to jail.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD

Well, no, we're not going to detain you, Mr. Trey. But we would appreciate it if you stay in town for a couple of days while we investigate.

NEAL TREY

Yes, yes of course.

He wipes his eyes and blows his nose.

NEAL TREY (CONT'D)

I have business in town anyway.

Spofford sits back, dropping some of her formal police officer façade.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD

I heard you're going to build us a shopping center?

NEAL TREY

Yes, that's the plan.

Pete enters through the front door.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD

Will it have one of those soft pretzel places?

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

Thank you, Deputy. I think we can let Mr. Trey go about his day now.

Neal rises, but makes no move to leave.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON (CONT'D)

Something on your mind, Mr Trey?

NEAL TREY

Actually, yes. Mind if we talk in your office?

Pete gestures towards the hallway that leads to his office.

INT. SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Pete sits behind his desk, Neal is too fidgety to sit.

NEAL TREY

You seem to know that bartender pretty well.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

Angus? Known him for my whole life.

NEAL TREY

I think he was lying.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

About what?

NEAL TREY

There was a girl.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

Angus said otherwise.

NEAL TREY

I saw her again today.

Now Pete takes Neal seriously, but plays it cool.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

Didja now?

NEAL TREY

At the old amusement park.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

What were you doing over there? We don't want to be adding trespassing to your list of offenses.

NEAL TREY

I was just looking. That's the property I told you about earlier.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON

(defensively)

That property is not for sale.

NEAL TREY

But she went... no she can't have... She walked through the fence.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
(back pedalling)
Well, I imagine there are plenty of
holes in that old fence. I'll look
into it.

NEAL TREY
No - THROUGH the fence. I never
took my eyes off her.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
Wait. So you were distracted?

NEAL TREY
No. I swear. I was looking where I
was going. The kid came out of no
where.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
I think it would be best if you
were our guest for a bit, Mr. Trey.

Pete picks up the phone and pushes three buttons.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Deputy, come and escort Mr. Trey to
detention, please... Yes, I know.
Things have changed.

He hangs up.

NEAL TREY
Come on now, you're going to lock
me up? It was an accident.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
Deputy Spofford can process you.
Then you should call your people. I
imagine they're going to want to
know what happened to you.

There's a knock on the door, Spofford comes in.

DEPUTY SPOFFORD
Come on now, Mr. Trey.

She takes Neal by the elbow and leads him out. Pete follows
only as far as the door, which he closes.

BIG MOLLY (O.C.)
Well that's an interesting turn of
events.

Pete spins around to face Big Molly. Just like all the other ghosts outside the park, a breeze blows on her and no one else. For Molly, however, the breeze is quite gentle.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)
Evening, Peter.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
Jeeze! I wish you wouldn't do that!
What do you want?

BIG MOLLY
Oh, well, that's a greeting.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
Sorry. So nice to see you, Molly.
How may I be of assistance?

BIG MOLLY
Sarcasm does not become you, Peter.
I'm here because of the incident in
front of my place this morning.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
The "incident." You mean
"fatality?"

BIG MOLLY
Yes. Young Eddie is with me now.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
That's good to hear.

BIG MOLLY
But now this guy.

Molly indicates the door through which Neal just left.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
How much did you hear?

BIG MOLLY
Enough to know my home is under
threat.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
Don't worry. I wouldn't be
surprised if he scurries on home
the first chance he gets.

BIG MOLLY
Maybe Claire knows something you
don't.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
 Maybe. Or maybe she's attention
 seeking. Regardless, this is all
 very weird.

Big Molly smiles.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON (CONT'D)
 Relatively speaking.

BIG MOLLY
 I need to get back now. Let's talk
 again soon.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
 Can you have a chat with Claire,
 please? She trashed Angus' place
 again.

Molly shakes her head in an exasperated parent sort of way.

BIG MOLLY
 Yes, I will.

Big Molly crosses to Pete. He leans down and she kisses him
 on the cheek.

SHERIFF PETE CLAPTON
 Good night, Mom.

BIG MOLLY
 'Night, Baby.

With that Molly is sucked out of the room, in the same way
 Claire left the bar.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - DAY

ARETHA (20s), an elegant Chinese woman in a sleek 1980s
 cocktail dress sits in the lowermost car of the Ferris Wheel.
 She chats with Julius who industriously works on the Ferris
 Wheel's control box, occasionally causing the entire wheel to
 shudder and lurch.

Claire and Eddie approach, with Madrigal forever skipping
 along and getting underfoot.

Other ghosts mill about, enjoying the day.

- One small group sits in a circle singing folk songs.

- Others lounge in the bumper cars chatting.

- One fella coyly hands a bunch of wild flowers to a young gal.

There is conversational buzz all around, but no distinct words. The ghosts come from all walks of life, and all eras.

Claire grudgingly gives Eddie the grand tour.

CLAIRE

This area is where most of the rides are: Ferris Wheel, bumper cars, that sort of thing.

EDDIE

Do you think I care about any of this shit?

Claire shrugs. She turns and continues on her way, leaving Eddie to watch her go. Madrigal skips up to him.

MADRIGAL

Getting hit by a car isn't that special, you know. I got blown up!

EDDIE

God, you're annoying.

He reluctantly follows after Claire. Undaunted by his rejection, Madrigal follows.

Once Eddie catches up:

CLAIRE

That's Julius.

MADRIGAL

He used to work here. Before he drowned.

Eddie gives her a skeptical look.

MADRIGAL (CONT'D)

In The Tunnel of Love!

EDDIE

So all these people...

Eddie points to Claire and Madrigal in turn.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

...you... and you. You all died here?

Madrigal shakes her head.

CLAIRE
No. But a few did. Julius --

MADRIGAL
-- And you! Not me, though. I was coming here but died before I even got the chance to ride the big rides.

CLAIRE
Most everybody died somewhere else.

Claire gestures back to the Ferris Wheel. Her next comment intended to shock.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Aretha, for instance, was executed by her gangster husband.

EDDIE
Seriously?!

CLAIRE
(blasé)
In New Jersey.
(beat)
This is the Fun House.

MADRIGAL
It's where Trudy lives!

EDDIE
"Lives?" Didn't you just tell me everyone's dead here?

CLAIRE
Trudy's different.

MADRIGAL
Hi, Trudy!

Madrigal waves at the mechanical lady perched over the entrance to the Fun House. Trudy, currently immobile, does not respond.

EDDIE
This is so shisty.

MADRIGAL
Shisty?

EDDIE
 Jacked-up! Bogus! Wrong!
 (to Claire)
 Hey. How about you? Did you die
 here?

Claire's eyes shoot daggers at him and storms off without answering.

MADRIGAL
 Oooo, you shouldn't have asked her
 that.

He runs to catch up to Claire.

EDDIE
 Look, I'm sorry if I crossed a
 line.

He grabs her arm to stop her. She wheels on him.

CLAIRE
 Never put your hands on me.

She shoves him off. She turns away from him and, childishly, he shoves her back. She has a PTSD style flash:

FLASHBACK

After hours outside the Spook House. The ride is operational, but closed for the night. Claire stands facing the attraction, her face streaked with tears.

Suddenly she is shoved fiercely from behind. The force of the push sends her flying onto the spiky fence around the fake graveyard. She screams as she is impaled on one of the spikes.

END FLASHBACK

Claire's scream carries over from the flashback. Eddie is taken aback. Madrigal laughs.

MADRIGAL
 Oh boy, you've done it now!

EDDIE
 (to Claire)
 Look, I'm sorry. I don't normally
 push girls around.

CLAIRE
 Go to hell.

She runs away.

MADRIGAL

Well, you're on your own now.

Madrigal skips off. Eddie shouts at their retreating figures.

EDDIE

Fine! I don't need babysitters,
anyway.

(beat)

You go to hell. Arrrrgh!

He picks up a rock and throws it at Trudy. It bounces off with a metallic clang, causing Trudy to rock slightly. Eddie throws another rock at her.

This time she rocks much harder and laughs her maniacal, metallic laugh. Freaked out, Eddie runs off.

INT. WEEKE'S FERRY POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Neal sits on a cot, his phone to his ear.

NEAL TREY

Come on. Pick up... Hi! Hi,
Danielle? Thank god.

INT. ALEXANDER STONE'S OFFICE - SAME

The office is huge and plush with a great big picture window looking out over the Mississippi. The Gateway Arch is so close it looks like you could reach out and touch it.

DANIELLE STONE (late 20s), dressed in high-end couture;
ALEXANDER STONE (60s), Danielle's father and the all-powerful owner of the company; and RICHARD DUNSMORE (60s) Alexander's right hand man and best friend since childhood all gather around Danielle's cell phone. She has placed it on the desk and turned on the speaker.

DANIELLE STONE

I've been worried about you,
sweetheart. You never called me
back. Everything OK?

INTERCUT HOLDING CELL/ALEXANDER STONE'S OFFICE

NEAL TREY

No, not even close.

Danielle smiles at the two older men in a reassuring way.

DANIELLE STONE

Neal, Daddy and Richard are here
with me. I have you on speaker.

NEAL TREY

(to himself)

Crap!

(steels himself)

Good. They need to hear this.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - DAY

A furious Claire, shoulders hunched and eyes burning, storms past the Tunnel of Love to a bit of fence with a hole under it. She crawls under the fence and runs a distance away from the park. She finally stops, out of breath, but no less furious. She throws her head back and her arms wide and lets out a primal scream.

The wild storm Eddie saw earlier swirls around Claire. While in this pose, a bloody spot appears on her blouse at her belly. The spot grows larger.

She calms down. Her face relaxes, she lowers her arms, and the storm around calms to a degree. Then she doubles over in pain and is sucked back to the park, just like when she was in the bar.

She reappears inside the fence. The bloody spot gets smaller and smaller until it is gone. She sighs, walks back around the old ride away from the fence. Much calmer now.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP RIDE - DAY

A variety of ghosts from all different eras sit in the swinging boat ride. A few other ghosts push it to make it swing a bit.

1960S TEENAGED GIRL

The Beatles at The Coliseum in D.C.

The other ghosts are impressed and respond with "No way. So cool." etc, depending on their era.

1960S TEENAGED GIRL (CONT'D)

I was trampled to death.

The other ghosts are even more impressed. Some applaud.

1980S NERD

No you weren't. No one died until
the Who concert about a decade
later.

1960S TEENAGED GIRL

Were you there? No. I was.

SMARTLY DRESSED 1940S MAN

I saw Louis Prima. Before he was
the King of the Jungle.

The ghosts who are clearly from dates later than 1967, but
earlier than 2000s ooh and ah.

16TH CENTURY FRENCH FUR TRAPPER

Which jungle has a king?

1980S SKATER DUDE

Shut up, Jaques.

US COLONIAL WOMAN

I think you will find that I am the
winner of this little game.

1980S SKATER DUDE

No way. Who'd you see? Like,
Mozart, or somethin'?

US COLONIAL WOMAN

As a matter of fact, yes. I saw him
conduct The Magic Flute in Vienna
while I was on my Grand tour of
Europe.

The ghosts applaud loudly.

1960S TEENAGED GIRL

You win!

EXT. DAZZLELAND - DAY

Molly stands at the entrance of the Fun House, craning her
neck to see Trudy sitting above the door.

BIG MOLLY

I need to talk with Deuteronomy,
Julius and Aretha. Take care of
that for me, will you?

Molly disappears into the Fun House. She comes right back out
again.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)
And Claire.

As Molly goes into the Fun House, Trudy rocks in a circular motion causing the hidden mechanisms under her skirts to grind and squeal, like fingernails on a chalk board. Sparks fly out from under her.

Ghosts all over the park cover their ears and grimace.

INTERCUT HOLDING CELL/ALEXANDER STONE'S OFFICE

RICHARD DUNSMORE
How am I not surprised that you
have managed to fuck this so
royally - on the first day?

NEAL TREY
Are you kidding me, Richard? I'm
sitting here on a trumped up
vehicular homicide charge, and
that's all you've got to say? I
need help here!

RICHARD DUNSMORE
You need help, all right, son, but
I don't know what you expect us to
do about --

ALEXANDER STONE
-- Calm down, gentlemen.

Alexander pats Richard jovially on the back.

ALEXANDER STONE (CONT'D)
We've been in worse situations than
this before, haven't we Richard?

DANIELLE STONE
Don't worry, baby, Daddy will take
care of this.

ALEXANDER STONE
What's the status of the Dazzleland
project, Neal?

NEAL TREY
There is no status. I'm. In. Jail.

ALEXANDER STONE
I need movement on this project -
now.

Richard flips through the calendar on his phone.

RICHARD DUNSMORE

I can go on Wednesday.

NEAL TREY

Wednesday? I'm supposed to sit here until then?

DANIELLE STONE

Daddy?

ALEXANDER STONE

Just sit tight, Neal.

(to Richard)

Richard, I want you down there tomorrow. Be prepared to write big checks.

INT. FUN HOUSE - DAY

Inside the Fun House, Big Molly, Deuteronomy, Julius, Aretha and Claire gather. Molly sits in a large wingback chair, out of place in a room full of ugly clown faces and distorting mirrors. Aretha sits next to her on a folding chair, the men stand and/or pace. Claire skulks in the background.

Other than these chairs, Molly has changed very little of the original interior. Her needs are utilitarian, and her space reflects that.

JULIUS

Did the guy say when they plan on knocking this place down?

BIG MOLLY

Not specifically. But it felt imminent.

JULIUS

"Felt imminent" - what are we supposed to do with that?

ARETHA

I can't be alone out there again!

DEUTERONOMY

No need to panic. Right, Molly?

ARETHA

(in pain)

Oh!

She quickly covers her forehead with her hand. The others look at her with a great deal of concern.

BIG MOLLY
No. Don't panic.

Aretha removes her hand to reveal a bloody bullet hole in the middle of her forehead. Molly jumps down from her chair and places her own hand on Aretha's forehead. Conversation continues while Molly 'heals' Aretha.

JULIUS
The way I see it, there's no where we can go. Just a few yards outside the fence and we're all in pain. You know that.

DEUTERONOMY
And lost in that storm. Not all of us have learned how to fight that like you have.

Molly takes her hand away from Aretha's head. All that remains is an angry looking red spot. She turns to face the men and her face falls.

Julius' hair and clothes are wet, there is a bit of foaming at the corners of his mouth and his eyes have glassed over. Deuteronomy, on the other hand, coughs into his handkerchief. It comes away bloody.

BIG MOLLY
Not you two. Come on, I need you all to focus.

She places a hand on each man's chest and their symptoms fade.

DEUTERONOMY
The only defense we have are the crows and a few rumors about this place being haunted. That's not going to work against men with wrecking balls.

JULIUS
They don't use wrecking balls any more, you old geezer. They use dynamite.

Aretha has been sitting quietly, taking this all in until now.

ARETHA
I think we need more information. This is mostly speculation at this point, right?

BIG MOLLY

I heard the man say it. I was right there in the room. Claire, Pete said you scared the guy.

Claire takes a step or two toward the group.

CLAIRE

I tried. But then... you know.

BIG MOLLY

Yes. Eddie.

JULIUS

Eddie! That's it. He mowed the kid down, now he's in jail, problem fixed.

DEUTERONOMY

Won't they just send another guy? And another and another?

CLAIRE

Yes.

They all turn expectantly to Claire.

BIG MOLLY

What do you know, baby?

CLAIRE

A lot. Come on. I'll show you.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - FENCE - DAY

A small group of people gather at the spot where Eddie was hit. They include his mourning family and his friends from earlier.

They erect a small shrine to Eddie: cross, photo, flowers, candles, teddy bears.

From inside the fence Eddie watches. He works very hard to hold back tears.

EDDIE

(quietly)

I'm sorry, mama.

His mama and MARIANA (16), his girlfriend, weep unashamedly. Mariana lights a candle and places it on the ground. That's too much for his mama to bear. She howls with grief.

EDDIE'S MAMA
¡Mi pequeño!

EDDIE
¡Lo siento mama!

Mariana looks in his direction, but there's nothing there. She kisses her fingertips and touches them to a framed photo of him in the shrine. Now Eddie allows his own tears to flow.

Approaching from behind Eddie, and stopping at a respectful distance, are Molly and Claire.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Mariana!

She doesn't look in his direction again. The group climb into waiting vehicles, all with black flags on them, and drive away slowly and solemnly.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Wait! Don't go! I'm here! I'm here.

Mariana looks out the back window of one of the cars. Eddie jumps up and down, waving his arms and shouting.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Mariana! Look! ¡Estoy aquí! ¡Miras!

But she doesn't see. And then they're all gone.

Eddie collapses to the ground. Molly takes a step toward him, but Claire holds her back. She shakes her head 'no.' They carry on past him.

EXT. SUNKEN GARDENS - DAY

The Sunken Gardens are a throwback to the lush amusement parks of yesteryear, before every bit of space was given over to asphalt and rides. It's a secluded area of mossy stone walls and benches circling a large lily pond. In the center is a Grecian-style statue of a woman holding a vase.

The water in the pond is brackish and dark, yet the area has a pastoral feel to it, surrounded in bushes and trees and stone walkways.

Deuteronomy sits alone on one of the stone benches facing the fountain. His eyes closed in peaceful contemplation, his expression a gentle smile. He holds a very battered Bible to his chest.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - FENCE - DAY

Madrigal steps out through the fence at the spot where Eddie was grieving just a moment ago. The wind picks up around her. She walks to the shrine set up by Eddie's loved ones. She stands with her hands behind her back, looking at the tokens they left behind.

INT. SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY

When the shop was operational it was vaguely Old World themed: painted, turned spindles used as room dividers; wooden shutters on diamond-shaped leaded glass windows; painted, carved wood on ever possible surface.

All of the shelves and racks are bare, but the sun shines in through the leaded glass. The result is a warmth and coziness that is unexpected in an abandoned shop.

Aretha dusts the carved wood on the counter top where a recreated old fashioned cash register sits. She takes a step back to inspect her work. Then she runs her finger along the counter and checks it for dust.

ARETHA

(in a commanding voice)

You call that clean?

(in a demure voice)

Sorry, Mistress.

(commanding voice)

I want to see my reflection!

(demure voice)

Yes, Miss!

She scrubs vigorously.

EXT. DAZZLELAND - FENCE - DAY

Madrigal looks over at the fence. No one there. She picks up the framed photo of Eddie, then puts it back down. She grabs the teddy bears and as many flowers as she can carry. She runs back through the fence into the park.

INT. TUNNEL OF LOVE - BOAT ROOM - DAY

This is the room where the boats were stored when not in use. Now the canal is dry and the boats sit on the bottom. Julius lies down across one of the boat's bench seats. His cigar lit, he savors the sensation of taking deep drags and blowing out large clouds of smoke.

He picks up a crumpled girly magazine from the 1970s and flips through the pages.

INT. PRINCESS CASTLE RIDE - DAY

Madrigal's room inside the castle is cluttered with stolen items she's squirreled away over the years. Most of the items are shiny and brightly colored. In pride of place is a silver, engraved lighter.

She climbs onto a four poster bed next to a defunct animatronic of a sleeping princess. She shoves the flowers into the princess' face.

MADRIGAL

Look at these, Princess Cressida,
don't they smell great?

Madrigal sniffs the flowers herself. She screws up her face and throws them across the room in frustration.

MADRIGAL (CONT'D)

Stupid dead nose!

She grabs the lighter and sets the flowers aflame.

INT. PENNY ARCADE - DAY

Claire and Molly approach the Mutoscope machine. Molly steps up onto a small box so she can reach the viewfinder. She leans in to look while turning the crank.

INSIDE THE MUTOSCOPE

Images flicker past slowly, pausing on pictures similar to the ones Claire saw in the beginning:

- A man in his 30s in a smart business suit. He stands with his back to the camera, hands on hips. In front of him is current day Dazzleland.

- The next picture is a pile of rubble where Dazzleland once stood, recognizable only by the ruined sign and bits of ride machinery lying on the ground.

- The next photo is the same except with the addition of another, older businessman who shakes the younger man's hand. In profile the younger man is revealed to be Neal Trey. The older man is Alexander Stone.

Molly steps back from the machine.

BIG MOLLY
So it's inevitable.

CLAIRE
Maybe.

BIG MOLLY
Do you think it showed you this so
we can fight it?

Claire shrugs.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)
Is there something else? Something
I'm not seeing?

Claire grins, nods.

BIG MOLLY (CONT'D)
What is it?

Claire looks into the view finder. She turns the handle one
more time.

CLAIRE
Look.

Molly climbs back up onto her little box and looks. She sees:

- Neal, Stone, Richard Dunsmore and Danielle Stone cutting
the ribbon on a shiny modern shopping center.

Molly steps back down again.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
That's the person who killed me.

THE END