

Paul stands in front of the sink, looking down at the pill in his hand. The Take For Insomnia bottle rests on the sink.

He lifts the pill to his mouth, but then pauses.

Lowering his hand, he picks up the bottle and dumps all of the pills into his hand.

Paul raises the hand full of pills, tilts his head back and opens his mouth.

But again he hesitates.

With a slow air of ritual, he moves his hand over the sink and starts dropping the pills, sliding through his hand like a funnel, into the sink.

They hit with high pitched plinks and swirl around the white basin before rolling over the edge into the black hole of the drain.

One pill stops just short of the event horizon.

Paul gently pushes it with a finger, down into the abyss.

He slowly tilts back his head, lifts his arms to embrace, and closes his eyes.

PAUL

Welcome home, Tony.

ACT 2

32 EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

32

**START** Paul stands in front of the bar, now dressed in a fine suit.

Light flickers strangely in the windows of the bar. Lightning cracks and thunder seem to echo from within.

Paul basks in the moment. Inhaling deeply.

Until a voice from behind him startles him so badly he literally jumps in fright.

EMERSON

If by your art, my dearest father,  
you have put the wild waters in  
this roar, allay them.

Emerson, in her pajamas, has materialized behind him, staring in horror at the bar. She appears to be in a wild trance-like state.

EMERSON

I have suffered with those that I  
saw suffer: a brave vessel, who  
had, no doubt, some noble creature  
(MORE)

EMERSON (cont'd)  
 in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O,  
 the cry did knock against my very  
 heart.

His reply is tentative, gauging her for any reaction to his words, but her eyes remained fixed on the bar.

PAUL  
 Be...collected...No more amazement.  
 No more...Tell your your piteous  
 heart there's no harm done.

With each word, his confidence increases. The wonder of the situation gives way to a growing power that he may be the master of it.

PAUL  
 No harm. I have done nothing but in  
 care of thee, of thee, my dear one,  
 thee, my daughter, who art ignorant  
 of what thou art, nought knowing of  
 whence I am, nor that I am more  
 better than Prospero, master of a  
 full poor cell, And thy no greater  
 father.

EMERSON  
 I pray you, sir, for still 'tis  
 beating in my mind, your reason for  
 raising this sea-storm?

PAUL  
 By accident most strange, bountiful  
 Fortune, now my dear lady, hath  
 mine enemies brought to this shore.

END

He takes her hand and guides her gently, holding her arm as if escorting an elderly woman, back into the apartment building.

33 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

33

EMERSON'S BEDROOM

Paul tucks Emerson into bed and kisses her forehead.

PAUL  
 Here cease more questions: Thou art  
 inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good  
 dullness, and give it way: I know  
 thou canst not choose.

On his words, Emerson's eyes close and she falls instantly into a deep sleep.

34 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

34

HALLWAY