

EXCERPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL FEATURE SCRIPT "CATASTROPHIC HEART",
STORY & SCREENPLAY BY SALLY NORVELL
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FADE IN

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Typical mid-century tidy suburban house, looks upper middle class. A couple of 1963 American cars are in the driveway.

INT. KITCHEN OF ARTHUR'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

TITLE: THANKSGIVING DAY, 1963

Arthur's mom Dorothy is in her late 20s now. She is silently weeping as she stirs a pot. There is a roast turkey on a platter, all the Thanksgiving fixings. Her two pre-teen daughters, BECKY & JENNY, help prepare food - mashing potatoes, tossing salad. GRANDMOTHER takes rolls out of the oven. They don't seem to notice that mom is crying.

BECKY

Jenny, can you hand me the paprika?

JENNY

Sure..

Jenny reaches up and opens a cabinet. She roots around looking thru the spices, comes across a 38 mm handgun & takes it out, puts in on the counter. No big deal. She finds the paprika.

JENNY

Here you go.

BECKY

Thanks.

Jenny puts the gun back in the cabinet and goes on tossing the salad.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Arthur's dad, DAN, sits in a LazyBoy with a scotch in his hand, watching a ball game on TV. A few other RELATIVES are watching too. Young ARTHUR, about 12 years old, sits on the floor leafing through a large volume about the Fibonacci Sequence. UNCLE ROGER strolls up behind him.

UNCLE ROGER
Whatcha lookin' at, Arthur?

ARTHUR
It's about the Fibonacci Sequence...

Uncle Roger looks blankly at him.

UNCLE ROGER
Have you thought about what you want to be when you grow up?

ARTHUR
Of course! I plan to be a doctor.

UNCLE ROGER
Good living in that.

ARTHUR
Oh, I don't care about the money. I want to travel, maybe work with the Peace Corps, I want to help people.

INSERT WALTER CRONKITE INTERRUPTING THE GAME TO GO TO LBJ ADDRESSING THE NATION AS THE NEW PRESIDENT ON TV AFTER THE JFK ASSASSINATION

DAN
Godammit. This is all Texas'll be known for from now on.

Dorothy comes into the room, cleaned up, bright-faced, no evidence of tears.

DOROTHY
Turkey's on the table!

CUT TO:

INT. WALL COVERED WITH FAMILY PHOTOS

Framed photos date back 75 years: young girl's portrait, a pair of twins, a dad hunting with his son, Dan as a soldier in WWII, school portraits of Arthur and his sisters, a nice photo of young Arthur dressed as an alter boy.

There is a framed photo of young Dorothy, a still from the opening shot, showing her pregnant in the cottonfield with the shotgun. Next to her is a portrait of the Virgin Mary.

VIEW OF ARTHUR — as he takes a photo out of the frame carefully. He sets the photo out onto a small side table near the photo wall and writes on it.

VIEW OF ARTHUR'S HAND WRITING - writes in careful, beautiful script, along the bottom of the photo:
LOBOTOMY

VIEW OF ARTHUR as he hangs the photo back on the wall. The word LOBOTOMY can be seen along the bottom of the photo just inside its frame.

VIEW OF OTHER PHOTOS - Arthur has written words similarly along the bottom of other photos:

ASYLUM - SUICIDE - DISAPPEARED

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Becky, Jenny, Grandmother and Dorothy are cleaning up the dishes.

JENNY

Grandmother, that pie was so good. How do you get the little drops of caramel on top of the meringue?

GRANDMOTHER

Oh I don't know. It always just does that.

Dorothy picks up a tall stack of dinner plates.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Dorothy walks out onto the porch, then out to the pool, empty, drained for the season. She slowly takes the plates, one by one, and tosses them into the pool, smashing them on the concrete bottom of the empty pool.

Arthur is watching her from the doorway. He goes to his mother, who leans down and takes his face into her hands. She kisses him tenderly.

DOROTHY

Don't tell Daddy.

She goes back inside the house.

VIEW OF ARTHUR as he looks up at the sky.

ARTHUR'S POV of the sky: a dramatic build up of cumulous clouds, struck by evening sun, blazing. The view goes a little solarized, altered. The clouds take on almost a human look,

threatening. He looks to a large tree, and it is filled with bright ANGELS, rays of light shooting out from their wings.

ARTHUR - VO

"I got used to elementary hallucination. I could very precisely see a mosque where there was a mere factory, a corps of drummer-boys made up of angels, convertibles on the highways of heavens, a living room at the bottom of a lake---

It starts to rain.

VIEW of Arthur, leaning his head back to catch the raindrops in his mouth.

ARTHUR - VO

-- monsters, mysteries- the titles of the Ed Sullivan Show set up real horrors for me."

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EXT. CLIFFS - DAWN

Katrina aims a shotgun and fires. There is a tremendous BOOM, the echoes bouncing off the walls of this isolated canyon. She looks fantastic, her long hair wild, wearing a short leopard skin coat & high black boots. She jumps up and down after she fires.

ARTHUR - VO

In 1978, if you weren't already way off the rails, you were on your way. The sixties were long gone, hope was annihilated. Drugs were everywhere. And in Texas, guns were, too. None of it seemed the least bit unusual. We were traveling at the speed of life.

She fires again. BOOM!

Arthur picks up a handgun, points it at a row of bottles. He fires, hits a couple.

Katrina picks up a pair of 38s and aims them.

She empties both guns in quick, sure succession, hitting the whole line of bottles.

ARTHUR

You're born to shoot!

Katrina blows the barrel of the guns, cowboy style, and walks over to Arthur. She throws down one of the guns and comes up behind him, putting her arms around him, sticking her free hand in his jacket pocket.

Then she pulls out a hand grenade from his jacket pocket.

KATRINA

Hahaha what the fuck, Arthur?

Arthur takes the grenade and puts it back in his pocket. He pushes her down on the ground and pins her arms down at the wrists. She smiles as he kisses her neck, still holding onto the gun in her hand.

OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE LOVERS, SURROUNDED BY GUNS