

**HEAVEN**

"The Weight"

Episode 101

Written by

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CONFIDENTIAL

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**INT. DREAMWORLD - THE HELTER-SKELTER ROOM - TIMELESS**

Darkness.

A sound: the soft, pure laughter of very small children.  
Then -

LIGHT.

A large round room at the top of a helter-skelter. The walls are alive. Not screens - something older than screens. Images breathe in and out of the surface: a red double-decker bus, a white horse, a starfield, a pair of hands. The room makes its own light and its own rules.

Three toddlers sit together in the center. They are perhaps two years old. Two of them - MICK and JERRY BYRNE - are identical. The third - ATTILA - watches the walls with an expression of absolute wonder.

They do not speak. They don't need to. They communicate by projecting feelings into the room itself. When Jerry feels joy, the starfield brightens. When Attila feels curiosity, the horse gallops. When Mick feels something like love - a warmth beyond his vocabulary - the walls simply glow.

They play this way for what might be seconds or centuries.

Then: a burst of white light from outside. Not threatening - just absolute. The toddlers turn toward it as one. Three identical small windows, three identical arched slides leading out into the dark beyond.

The children look at each other. Something unspoken passes between them. An agreement older than language.

They each find their window and slide into the vastness below.

The room empties. The images on the walls slow, then still.

TITLE CARD: HEAVEN

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. AMSTERDAM CANAL — BARGE — DAWN**

A low grey sky. The canal breathes with fog. Moored along the Prinsengracht, between two older barges, sits a narrow houseboat — just wide enough for a life, just beautiful enough to make the life feel worthwhile.

A seagull lands on the roof. Tilts its head at something. Flies away.

**INT. BARGE — BEDROOM — CONTINUOUS**

ATTILA ZSRINSKY, late twenties, sleeps on his side. There's something compelling about his face even now — high cheekbones, a mouth that looks like it knows things. He is not sleeping peacefully. His eyes move under their lids.

Beside him, AGNES — same age, dark hair fanned across the pillow — sleeps with the focused calm of someone who has earned her rest.

On the nightstand: a glass of cognac. Amber. Full. Neither of them poured it.

Attila's eyes open. He stares at the ceiling. Something there — not quite a sound. He turns his head. Looks at the glass. Frowns at it the way you frown at something in the wrong place in a dream.

He reaches out. Stops himself. Pulls his hand back.

From somewhere deeper in the barge: the first few notes of a harpsichord. Clear as a bell. Wrong as a dream.

Attila sits up. Listens. The music stops the moment he moves.

He sits in the silence for a long moment.

Then: the cat meows from the galley. Morning. Life. Normal.

Attila gets up.

**INT. BARGE — GALLEY — MOMENTS LATER**

The cat – orange, opinionated – winds between Attila's legs while he makes tea. He moves through the small space with the ease of someone who has learned to live small.

On the kitchen table: a notebook. Open. His handwriting, dense and urgent, fills three pages. He stares at it. Picks it up. Reads.

His expression: not pride. Not quite recognition either. More like finding a letter you don't remember writing.

He reads aloud, very quietly, to no one:

ATTILA

"The sounds of the universe. If one could find the perfect frequency – not a musical note but something older – and transmit it through every means of distribution available to modern man, one could induce a change of harmony on a global scale. The moment of that sound would create a calculation in the mind that, when surrendered to, dissolves the –"

He stops reading. Puts the notebook down. Looks at his own hand.

Agnes appears in the doorway, dressed for work – a structural engineer's version of professional. She watches him from the threshold, taking in the expression on his face.

AGNES

Talking to yourself again.

ATTILA

Reading.

AGNES

Out loud.

ATTILA

It helps it make sense.

AGNES

Does it make sense?

A beat. Honest.

ATTILA

Not really.

She kisses him on the cheek – a real kiss, not a leaving-kiss – and takes the tea from his hands. Drinks from his cup. Hands it back.

AGNES

Don't forget we're having dinner with Marek and Lena on Thursday.

ATTILA

I thought you didn't like Lena.

AGNES

I like Lena fine. I don't like the way Marek talks to her.

ATTILA

And yet we're having dinner.

AGNES

(already moving)

It's complicated. Eat something before work.

She's gone. The cat jumps onto the table and sits on the notebook.

Attila stands in the galley alone. He looks at the cognac glass through the open bedroom door. Still there. Still full.

He doesn't touch it.

**EXT. AMSTERDAM - PRINSENGRACHT - MORNING**

Attila crosses a bridge in the thin morning light. The city is doing what Amsterdam does - canals catching grey sky, bicycles threading between tourists who haven't woken up yet, the smell of bread from somewhere.

He walks with the particular gait of a man who is always slightly late and has decided not to care.

His lips move. He's thinking out loud, or thinking to himself, or something in between.

He passes a flower stall. Stops. Looks at the tulips - white, yellow, a deep arterial red. Moves on.

**INT. DANDY-LION COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

A narrow room that smells of good things and questionable things in roughly equal measure. Grateful Dead posters. Mismatched chairs. A glass case displaying space cakes labeled with tiny handwritten flags. The whole place has the warmth of someone's living room - which is essentially what it is.

ELLIS DANDELION MCGIGGOLS, sixty-something, stands behind the counter talking to a TOURIST who has nowhere to go and is beginning to realize it. Ellis has the look of a man who was once beautiful and is now magnificent: long grey hair, a beard, the permanently amused expression of someone who has been alive long enough to find everything interesting.

ELLIS

(Hungarian accent, unhurried)  
And that's how I got the name. Ellis  
Dandelion McGiggols. Legal, all of it.

TOURIST

Timothy Leary named you.

ELLIS

Baptized me. Different thing. The baptism was in Santa Barbara, 1969. He picked up a flower — just a dandelion, from the grass — held it up for fifteen minutes, and said: "This is what all good men should be." A weed that insists on being beautiful.

The Tourist looks like he is considering whether he can make it to the door.

ATTILA enters, tying on his apron.

ATTILA

Ellis. Wasn't '69 the year you walked naked from San Francisco to Big Sur with Timothy Leary?

ELLIS

That was '71. After the Galapagos.

ATTILA

Of course. The Galapagos.

ELLIS

(to the Tourist)

He doesn't believe me. Nobody believes me. But I was there.

The Tourist seizes his moment and escapes to a table. Ellis watches him go with affection.

ELLIS

Good kid. He'll be back.

Attila moves behind the counter. The morning routine. Ellis drifts toward the kitchen, pausing at the door.

ELLIS

How come we never speak Hungarian?

ATTILA

Because your Hungarian is  
incomprehensible and I like to practice  
my English.

ELLIS

It runs deeper than that. You never  
talk about the place. Your family, your  
childhood – nothing Magyar. You know I  
fled that country. Fled. On foot, in  
the snow, seventeen years old –

ATTILA

And ended up in San Francisco with  
Timothy Leary.

ELLIS

Life is strange. My point is, when I  
hired a Hungarian, I thought–

But Attila has already moved to the register. His attention  
has gone somewhere else.

Ellis looks at him for a moment. Something that isn't quite  
concern crosses his face. He goes into the kitchen.

Attila stands at the register alone. He looks at the  
drawer. The key sitting in the lock.

He looks at the door. Ellis, gone.

He looks at the register.

His lips move. Barely audible, a private countdown:

ATTILA

(whispering)

Five. Four. Three. Two. One.

His hand moves to the key. He opens the drawer. He counts  
out bills with practiced efficiency – not rushing, not  
savoring it. The face of a man following an instruction he  
doesn't remember receiving.

He pockets the money. Closes the drawer. Exhales.

From the kitchen, Ellis's voice:

ELLIS  
(O.S.)  
Cake goes in at nine!

ATTILA  
I know!

He stands very still for a moment. His hands have stopped shaking. That's the worst part – they've stopped.

**INT. DANDY-LION – LATER**

The morning moves. Tourists come and go. Ellis holds court. Attila works.

From the kitchen, sounds of baking. Attila folds egg whites into chocolate with the focus of someone doing something he's actually good at. He tips the batter into a tray, slides it into the oven, and when it comes out:

He cuts the cake into squares. Labels it with a small handwritten flag: SPACE CAKES – 3 EUROS.

He looks at the flag for a moment. Then places it in the display case.

In the doorway to the kitchen: Ellis, watching him.

ELLIS  
(quietly)  
You're good at this, you know. The baking. Not just following a recipe – actually good.

ATTILA  
It's cake.

ELLIS

Everything is cake if you do it right.

Attila almost smiles. Ellis goes back to the counter.

**EXT. AMSTERDAM — DAMSTRAAT — AFTERNOON**

The tourist traffic has thickened. Attila moves through it with his jacket hood up, hands in pockets. Money in one pocket. Phone in the other.

He stops outside a casino. Nothing special — not glamorous. Red neon, a couple of bored bouncers. The kind of place that exists in the space between wanting and having.

He looks at the door.

His lips move:

ATTILA  
(to himself)

Not today.

He walks on.

He makes it perhaps twenty meters.

He stops.

Something in his posture changes — a slight forward lean, like a compass needle finding north.

He turns around.

**INT. CASINO — CONTINUOUS**

The light inside is the particular non-time of casino light — neither day nor night, neither waking nor sleeping. Slot machines. A few blackjack tables. A roulette wheel at the far end, currently unmanned.

Attila sits at a blackjack table. He plays with mechanical precision — not system, exactly. More like someone executing instructions from a voice just below his hearing.

He wins modestly. He doubles down. He hits when he shouldn't.

He loses everything.

He sits looking at the empty space where his chips were.

**INT. CASINO — BATHROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Attila leans over the sink. Runs water over his hands. Looks at himself in the mirror.

ATTILA

What have you done. What have you done.

He says it the way you say something you've said before — not with surprise, just with the weight of repetition. He dries his hands. Takes a breath. Reasserts his face.

He pushes back out through the bathroom door and walks past the roulette table. The CROUPIER — a woman, composed as a painting — catches his eye. The wheel is just sitting there.

Attila stops walking.

He has two chips left in his jacket pocket. He can feel them.

ATTILA

Pick me two numbers for good luck.

CROUPIER

Five and twenty-eight.

ATTILA

Sounds right.

He places both chips. The croupier spins the wheel, releases the ball.

CROUPIER

No more bets.

The wheel turns. Attila watches it with an expression of almost peaceful detachment — like a man watching weather.

The ball drops. Bounces. Settles.

CROUPIER

Red. Number five.

Attila exhales through his nose. Doesn't punch the air, doesn't smile. Just nods, once, like something has confirmed itself.

**EXT. AMSTERDAM — EVENING**

Attila walks home through the Wallen. The canal light is going gold. Women in lit windows. Crowds moving with holiday energy around a man who is moving with something else entirely.

He stops at a flower stall. The same one from this morning.

He buys tulips. Red. A small bunch.

He carries them the rest of the way home like a man carrying something fragile.

**INT. BARGE — NIGHT**

Agnes is on the sofa with a book when Attila comes in. She looks up. Sees the tulips. Something in her face softens despite itself.

AGNES

Where were you? I called.

ATTILA

I went for a walk after work. Lost track of time.

AGNES

You went for a walk.

ATTILA

Yes.

She watches him put the tulips in water. She is very good at watching him.

AGNES

What's wrong?

ATTILA

Nothing. I just wanted to bring you flowers.

AGNES

You bring me flowers when something is wrong.

ATTILA

Maybe I bring you flowers because you like flowers.

She holds his gaze for a moment longer than comfortable. Then lets it go.

AGNES

I do like flowers.

She returns to her book. Attila stands in the kitchen for a moment, looking at the tulips in the jar.

**INT. BARGE — DINING TABLE — LATER**

They eat. Simple food, well cooked. There's an ease between them that comes from two people who have been together long enough to be quiet in the same space.

AGNES

A man fell in the canal today. Right in front of the Jordaan site. Police had to fish him out – the whole crew stopped working. It was absolute chaos.

ATTILA

Is he alright?

AGNES

He's fine. Embarrassed, I imagine.

ATTILA

That's all anyone should be feeling. Embarrassed on his behalf. Not laughing.

AGNES

Who said anything about laughing?

Beat.

ATTILA

The crew stopped working.

AGNES

They stopped working because it was interesting.

ATTILA

It's a person.

AGNES

(studying him)

You take everything so personally lately.

ATTILA

I take people personally. That's not the same thing.

She watches him. He's somewhere else. She decides not to go there tonight.

AGNES

How was work?

ATTILA

Fine. Good. Ellis was - Ellis.

AGNES

Did he tell you about the Galapagos?

ATTILA

He told the tourist about the Galapagos. I confirmed the dates.

She almost smiles. He almost smiles. It's enough.

**INT. BARGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Late. Agnes asleep, her breathing slow and even. The cat at the foot of the bed.

Attila lies on his back, staring at the ceiling. Wide awake.

The harpsichord again. Softer than before. Coming from nowhere - or from inside the walls.

He doesn't get up this time. He just listens.

Slowly, despite himself, his eyes close. His breathing changes. He's being pulled under - not by sleep exactly, but by something gentler and more deliberate than sleep.

On the nightstand: the cognac glass. We hold on it for a moment.

Still full. Still there. Still wrong.

And now - barely visible, as if the camera has adjusted to a different light - the faint outline of a MAN IN A RACING

JACKET sitting in the chair in the corner. He's watching Attila sleep.

He raises an invisible glass in a toast to no one.

The harpsichord fades.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BUDAPEST - STREET - DAY - PAST**

The past has a different texture. Grainier. The light flatter. Budapest in the early nineties - the communism is over but the furniture hasn't been replaced yet.

YOUNG ATTILA, ten years old, walks home from school with his head down. He kicks a stone along the gutter like he's playing a game only he knows the rules of.

At a tram stop: a WOMAN with too many shopping bags. Amongst everything else, three bananas.

Young Attila looks at the bananas. Looks away. Looks back.

His hand moves. Slow. Careful. The bananas come free without a sound.

He walks. Turns a corner. Sits on a step. Peels one banana and eats it with the focused pleasure of the genuinely hungry.

He doesn't look guilty. He looks like he's earned something.

**INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The apartment is small and clean and trying very hard. Young Attila comes through the front door and finds PETER in the hallway. Peter is not supposed to be home. Peter has been drinking.

PETER

What's that in your pocket?

YOUNG ATTILA

Nothing.

PETER

Show me.

Young Attila produces the remaining two bananas. Peter looks at them. Looks at the boy.

PETER

Where did you get these?

YOUNG ATTILA

I found them.

PETER

(flat)

You found them.

What happens next is fast and not unusual and therefore somehow worse than if it were unusual. Peter hits him. Not once. Young Attila doesn't make a sound — this is also practiced. From the bedroom, MARIA appears.

MARIA

What are you doing! Get away from him —

PETER

He stole —

MARIA

Get. Away.

She puts herself between them. Pushes Young Attila into the bathroom.

MARIA

(low, fierce)

Wash your hands. Don't come out until I say.

The bathroom door closes. We hear Maria and Peter through it - muffled, fierce, old.

**INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Young Attila at the mirror. He stands the way all children stand when they are absolutely still - completely. Tears run down his face without any sound.

He stares at his own eyes. Holds the look. Doesn't look away.

From the argument outside, a particular phrase cuts through the wall:

PETER  
(O.S., muffled)  
He's not even mine -

Young Attila absorbs this. His face doesn't change. He already knew.

He keeps looking at himself in the mirror. The tears slow. His jaw firms. Something very small and very old forms behind his eyes.

He is learning to be alone inside himself. He is ten years old.

CUT TO:

**INT. DANDY-LION - DAY - PRESENT**

A quieter afternoon. One COUPLE nursing drinks. A POTHEAD asleep in the corner with his shoes off.

Attila is at the register. Alone. Ellis is out back.

A customer approaches. Pays. Attila makes change, gives it over. The couple leave.

Attila looks at the till. Looks at the door. Looks at the till.

He presses cancel. The display returns to zero.

He takes the amount. Pockets it. Does it again with the next customer. And again.

He is very good at it. That is the most disturbing thing.

He goes to the kitchen to count. Smooths the notes on the counter. His face: nothing. Just arithmetic.

Ellis appears in the doorway.

ELLIS

Had a win at the casino?

ATTILA

Casino?

ELLIS

You're holding some cash there, that's all I'm saying.

ATTILA

It's rent money.

Ellis looks at the money. Looks at Attila. Looks at the money. He is not a stupid man. He is, in fact, a man who has seen many things and forgiven most of them.

ELLIS

(quietly)

I've been meaning to have a word.

ATTILA

About what?

ELLIS

Don't play games with me, son. I wasn't born last night.

A long silence. The traffic outside. The pothead snoring.

ELLIS

I'm not going to call anyone. That's not the kind of person I am. But you need to go. Today.

ATTILA

Ellis -

ELLIS

Don't. Please don't. You're like a son to me and that's exactly why I can't watch this anymore.

He turns and goes back to the front of the shop. As if it's that simple. As if gentleness is something Ellis carries around like pocket change.

Attila stands in the kitchen for a long time, surrounded by the smell of space cakes and the sound of the Grateful Dead.

He puts the money on the counter. Looks at it. Leaves.

**EXT. AMSTERDAM - DUSK**

Attila walks. No destination. Just movement against the falling light.

He passes the casino. Doesn't stop.

He passes a church. Doesn't stop.

He ends up on a bridge over a narrow canal, staring down at the water. The city's lights beginning to come on, their reflections turning the canal into something almost beautiful.

He stands there for a while. Then he buys tulips from the same flower stall as last time.

He goes home.

**INT. BARGE - NIGHT**

Agnes is already there. She looks up when he comes in.

Something in his face tells her tonight is different. She closes her book.

AGNES

What happened?

ATTILA

Ellis let me go.

A pause. Agnes absorbs this with the particular stillness of a woman who already suspected it.

AGNES

Did he say why?

ATTILA

Yeah.

He doesn't say more. She doesn't push. But the silence between them shifts in quality - it becomes the kind of silence that holds information.

AGNES

Are you going to tell me?

ATTILA

Not tonight. I'm sorry. Not tonight.

Agnes looks at the tulips. At Attila. At the tulips.

AGNES

(very quiet)

You bring me flowers when something is wrong.

He doesn't answer. She gets up, fills a jar with water, puts the tulips in. She is doing something with her hands to have something to do with her hands.

AGNES

I'm not angry.

ATTILA

I know.

AGNES

I will be, probably. Tomorrow.

ATTILA

I know.

She goes to bed. He sits at the kitchen table. He opens his notebook to a new page and begins to write - fast, automatic, like something is being downloaded through his hand.

He writes for a long time.

**INT. BARGE - KITCHEN - MUCH LATER**

The canal is silent. Even the city has gone quiet. Attila's hand has stopped.

He looks at what he's written. Pages of it. Dense, precise, strange - philosophy and physics and something that isn't quite either, threading together.

He reads one line aloud:

ATTILA

"The purpose is not to understand. The purpose is to remember."

He stares at the page. Reads it again. Silently this time.

He closes the notebook.

He goes to the bedroom. Slides in next to Agnes without waking her. Lies on his back in the dark.

From nowhere: the harpsichord. The same phrase as before. Clean and deliberate and absolutely, unmistakably there.

This time Attila's eyes don't open. This time he doesn't fight it.

The music folds around him. He goes under.

The camera drifts toward his face, closer, closer – then INTO his ear, into the dark of him –

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. DREAMWORLD – ABANDONED AIRPORT – NIGHT**

The Dreamworld has its own logic of light – too clear, too still, the specific unreality of somewhere that exists between sleep and something older.

An airport. But the windows show nothing outside – just dark. The departure boards don't list destinations. The rows of seats are empty. The PA system hums to itself.

ATTILA – older than a toddler, younger than he is now, some unspecified middle age of the soul – walks through the terminal alone.

At the check-in desk: a CLERK. She smiles with a warmth that feels pre-arranged, as if her warmth is part of her function. She slides a golden ticket across the counter.

Attila takes it. Looks at it. It doesn't say where he's going.

Through a set of swinging doors. He pushes through.

**INT. DREAMWORLD – TRAIN PLATFORM – CONTINUOUS**

A platform. Steam everywhere, catching invisible light. The kind of station that exists in film and memory more than in the world.

Through the steam: two figures.

MICK and JERRY BYRNE – grown now, recognizably themselves, recognizably the toddlers from the opening – stand side by side on the platform. They are watching Attila with the patient expression of people who have been waiting for a long time.

Attila stops. He knows them. He doesn't know how he knows them. He knows them.

Mick raises his hand. A wave so casual it's almost a reflex. Like waving at someone you see every day.

Jerry smiles.

The steam thickens. The platform fills with it. The twins are still there – visible through it – still watching.

A train whistle, far off.

Attila takes one step forward.

SMASH CUT – Attila GASPS awake. He's sitting up in bed, breathing hard. Agnes stirs beside him but doesn't wake.

He sits in the dark for a long moment, oriented by Agnes's breathing, by the cat's weight at the end of the bed, by the sound of the canal outside.

He looks at the nightstand.

The cognac glass: still there. Still full. The amber unchanged.

His hand reaches out. His fingers close around the glass.

He lifts it to the light. Studies the color.

Puts it back down.

He lies back. Stares at the ceiling with eyes that are not going to close again for a long time.

We stay with him. The dark of the barge. The water sound. His open eyes.

And just before we cut -

In the chair in the corner: the OUTLINE of the man in the racing jacket. Present. Patient. Watching the ceiling with him.

Not menacing. Not anything you could name. Just there.

END OF EPISODE.

FADE TO BLACK.

WRITTEN BY JOEL DANIEL EINHORN