

**"FINAL DESTINATION"**

Originally Called "FLIGHT 180"

By James Wong and Glen Morgan

January 15, 1999

Awaiting.....each of us; a cold...dark...lonely place.  
Deny its finality. Deride its totality. Dread the inescapable  
inevitability.....it will arrive.

The BLACK SILENT SCREEN senses this moment before a distant blues harp  
introduces a contemporary band's cover of Blood, Sweat, and Tears'  
campy, yet haunting, gospel, "And When I Die."

As the Introduction closes, RESONATES... A FLASH OF LIGHTING!  
**A CRACK OF THUNDER!**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - BED**

An airline ticket is tossed INTO FRAME beside a suitcase; "EURO-AIR.  
FLIGHT #180. New York City (JFK) - Paris, Charles de Gaulle (CDG.)  
Departure: Thursday 13May. 16H25 - Arrival: Friday 14May. 05H40."

"And When I Die" Continues throughout the MAIN TITLES:

**AN OLD TABLE FAN**

swivels beside and open window. Outside, a humid spring THUNDER STORM  
drops warm, ominous rain. The figure of a seventeen year old boy, ALEX  
BROWNING, packing for a trip, passing the fan...

**THE BED**

A Paris guidebook is tossed atop the plane ticket. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON  
THE BOOK as the fan's breezes flip through the pages.

**THE TABLE FAN**

turns, head swiveling away from the bed.

**TIGHTER - THE GUIDEBOOK PAGES**

stop flipping, REVEALING A GULLOTINE from the Reign of Terror.  
As an American passport is dropped beside the guidebook...

### **THE TABLE FAN**

swivels, returning towards the guidebook on the bed.

### **THE GUIDEBOOK PAGES**

FLIP. FLIP. FLIP. Alex's faint shadow continues moving about the room. The fan head swivels away, allowing the pages to settle... upon a Louvre masterpiece, Francisco de Zurbarans Lying-in-the State of St. Bonaventura.

CAMERA CREEPS IN, teasingly on the dark faced corpse. The pages begin to turn once again.

### **TIGHTER, OMINOUS ANGLE - THE DESK FAN**

There is more of a hint of coincidence as the blades whirl and head swivels. The boy's figure passes, blocking the breeze.

### **THE GUIDEBOOK PAGES**

stop dead on... Jim Morrison's decorated tomb in the Cemetiere du Pere Lachaise. A pilgrim has spray painted "This is the End." Which in fact, it is... of the MAIN TITLE.

### **BARBARA**

Alex...

CAMERA ADJUSTS, to fully reveal Alex Browning as he turns toward the bedroom door. Alex is an average kid; handsome. A high school "everyman."

One the wall amongst Yankee and Knicks posters, hangs a pennant; "Mt. Abraham High School, New York. The Fighting Colonials!" Alex's mother, BARBARA, 45, walks in, excited and a bit anxious.

### **BARABRA (Cont'd)**

Tod and George's dad just called,  
he's picking you up at 10 in the  
morning. Bus leaves the high school  
for JFK at noon.

Barbara moves towards the suitcase to help him pack. Alex's father, KEN BROWNING, 48 appears, leaning against the door threshold, smiling enviously at his son.

### **KEN**

My suitcase workin' out for ya?

Alex nods and buckles it. Barbara reaches in to tear off an airline baggage I.D. ticket attached from the previous flight.

**ALEX**

Whoa! Whoa! Mom, you gotta leave that on. It's like... the tag made the last flight without crashin' or anything, right? So, it should stay on, or with, the bag for good luck.

**BARBARA**

Where would you get a nutball idea like that?

**EXTREMELY CLOSE - THE AIRLINE BAGGAGE MARKER**

is torn away from the suitcase handle.

**RETURN**

As Barbara picks up the suitcase to place it on the floor... a dozen old baggage I.D. tickets spill from the outer compartment. She looks at Ken, as if "you?" The guilty party shrugs.

**KEN**

I'm still here.

Barbara shakes her head as Alex smiles at his dad.

**KEN (Cont'd)**

Seventeen and on the loose. Ten days in Paris. In the springtime! Live it up, Alex...

CAMERA INCHES INTO KEN as he winks at his son...

**KEN (Cont'd)**

Got your whole life ahead of you.

**ALEX**

CAMERA CREEPS IN as, oddly, the words strike him portentously...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - LATER**

The storm has ceased. The room is QUIET.

As if itself a presence, CAMERA CREEPS across the dark and motionless room TOWARD Alex, sleeping soundly. CAMERA CRANES DOWN to the level of the bed until Alex is in the f.g. and the room is visible behind him.

On the rear wall, the Fighting Colonials pennant begins to flutter slightly, as if affected by the moving breeze. The path of which is continued toward the bed, rustling the sheets, subtly blowing Alex's hair and continuing OVER CAMERA.

Even in his sleep, Alex shivers from the passing cold. His eyes open surprised to be suddenly awakened. He considers for a beat, then looks toward...

**THE WINDOWS**

which... are closed.

**ALEX**

puzzled, checks...

**THE TABLE FAN**

which is off.

**ALEX**

perplexed, rolls over toward his digital clock. It's 1:00 a.m., however... the middle digit bar in the first zero faintly flickers so this time appears to read... 1:80.

**AIRPORT P.A. (V.O.)**

(overlapping)

Attention airline travelers...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT - MORNING - TELEVISION MONITOR**

FLIGHT 180 departs 4:25. Gate 39.

**AIRPORT P.A. (V.O.)**

This airport does not support  
solicitors...

CAMERA ADJUSTS FROM the "Arrival-Departure Schedule" to REVEAL forty high school KIDS, four TEACHERS and several PARENTS are gathered inside the International terminal at J.F.K. Several of the students wear Fighting Colonial leterman's jackets or hats and shirts displaying "Mt. Abraham High, New York."

**AIRPORT P.A. (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

You are not required to give money  
to solicitors.

Alex gathers his bags, as does his best friend TOD WAGGNER and his older brother GEORGE WAGGNER, standing before their father, JERRY WAGGNER. For Alex, any psychic tension from the night before seems forgotten in the fun and excitement of the trip.

**MR. WAGGNER**

Alright, you guys got everything?

**TOD**

Yeah, we're all set Dad.

MR. MURNAU, the French teacher (any further description necessary?) and leader of the class trip waves his arm.

**MR. MURNAU**

Les estudiants, allons en France!

**MR. WAGGNER**

Does that mean "go?"

Tod shrugs, "I guess" as he moves to his father and gives him a warm hug goodbye. Mr. Waggnner then gives his older son a hug.

**AIRPORT P.A. (V.O.)**

Atencion senores pasajeros. No  
es necesario contribuir...

**MR. WAGGNER**

I'll miss you guys.

Tod and George gives a wave, as does Alex, who is slapped on the back by Mr. Waggnner.

**MR. WAGGNER**

Take care of those two, Alex.

**ALEX**

I will. Don't worry.

The group begins down the airport toward the check-in counter. In the f.g., before the boys, strides a girl, CLEAR RIVERS, 17, reading the TROPIC OF CANCER. The loner in the group, Clear wears dark colors against the insecurity of her sex appeal. She appears aloof and more wordly than the other students.

Readying his ticket and documents, Tod flips open his passport, checking out his photo.

**TOD**

I didn't think anything could  
worse than my yearbook picture.

**GEORGE**

Now you know how I feel havin' to  
look at you all the time.

**AIRPORT P.A. (V.O.)**

Avis aux passagers...

Mr. Murnau stops the group. Excited, he cups an ear with one hand  
while raising a finger toward the public address system.

**MR. MURNAU**

Entendez classe, qu'est ce que  
c'est l'annonce?

Everyone begrudgingly stops to listen.

**AIRPORT P.A. (O.S. CONT'D)**

Vous n'etes pas dans l'obligation  
de contribuer aux demandes des  
quemandeurs.

**CARTER HORTON**

is the class dickhead who mix and matches his role models in the most  
superficial manner. His hand is tucked into his girlfriend, TERRY  
CHANEY'S, waistband...

**CARTER**

(re: MURNAU)  
What the fuck's he want?

Terry, hot now, but with no idea what time will do to her in just five  
years, smiles obsequiously and mouths "shh."

**P.A. SYSTEM (O.S., CONT'D)**

cher aeroport n'est responsable  
pour leurs activities.

Mr. Murnau scans the group, his expression looking for an answer.  
Clear Rivers keeps her head in her book as...

**CLEAR**

The airport doesn't endorse  
solicitors.

**MR. MURNAU**

Tres bien, Clear! Tout droit!

She doesn't react. Her expression remains cool as Murnau leads the procession forward. The boys continue. Alex sighs...

**ALEX**

Fuh-ck, do we have to put up with  
that shit the whole time?

A hand reaches out to gently detain Alex. He looks up to find a HARE KRISHANA, dressed in everyday clothes, but head shaved and a mark on his nose.

**HARE KRISHANA**

Death is not the end.

CAMARA PUSHES IN ON ALEX... unsettled by the soft spoken, yet ominous, "Solicitation." The Krishana offers a small book, REALITY BEYOND THE MATTER: VAISHNAVA PHILOSOPHY.

As he hands the book to Alex, a female form ENTERS FRAME between them. The woman is MISS VALERIE LEWTON, 30, a feisty English teacher whose figure inspires all the boys' fantasies.

**MS. LEWTON**

It will be for you if you harass  
my students.

She places a hand on Alex's shoulder, herding him to the group.

**HARE KRISHANA**

(pissy)  
Hare Rama.

Ms. Lewton turns and, while walking backward, flashes a smile...

**MS. LEWTON**

(mouths)  
Fuck off.

As she turns her back and continues down the terminal...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHECK IN DESK - AIRPORT - DAY**

Alex's passport and ticket are set INTO FRAME and picked up by a female TICKET CLERK. Alex waits as she busily types into the computer and checks his passport...

**TICKET CLERK**

I have a few questions to ask you  
this afternoon.

O.S., LOUD, EXAGGERATED plastic tiles rapidly CLICK and CLACK.

**TICKET CLERK (CONT'D)**

Did you pack these bags yourself?

The CLACKING CONTINUES, demanding Alex's attention. His eyes turn forward.

**ALEX'S POV - THE FLIGHT INFORMATION BOARD**

Plastic tabs CLACK rapidly, settling on the word... "CANCELLED."

**ALEX**

CAMARA CREEPS IN on his dawning paranoia...

**TICKET CLERK (CONT'D, O.S.)**

Have your belongings remained in your possession the entire time?

Alex absently nods. Again, O.S., CLACK CLACK CLACK. His eyes move to...

**ALEX'S POV - (TIGHTER) - FLIGHT INFORMATION BOARD**

The plastic tabs FLIP and CLACK rapidly, stopping on... "DEPARTED."

**TICKET DESK**

Alex is still considering the "messages..."

**TICKET CLERK**

Have you recieved any packages from persons unknown to you?

Alex quickly runs the day through his head and flashes her the REALITY BEYOND MATTER book. She smiles, then leans over toward the baggage scales. Alex's eyes turn toward...

**CLOSE - (MOTION SLOWED) - ALEX'S LUGGAGE**

a new airline I.D. marker is attached to his bag.

**RETURN**

Alex eyes the new tag hoping it's "good luck." As the clerk returns his ticket and passport... CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.

**TICKET CLERK**

Same as your birthday.



Alex is puzzled by the comment. He shakes his head if, "pardon me?"  
CAMERA INCHES INTO the ticket clerk gesturing pleasantly to the  
passport and ticket...

**TICKET CLERK (CONT'D)**

April 25th. Four-twenty-five...  
your birthday is the same as your  
departure time.

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK. Alex's eyes flash toward...

**ALEX'S POV - (FULL FRAME) - FLIGHT INFORMATION BOARD**

the title settles upon... "TERMINAL."

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SECURITY AREA - AIRPORT - MONITOR**

The ghastly green and reds of the X-ray monitors flash as carry on  
bags flash through the machine. CAMERA MOVES COUNTER to the direction  
of the conveyor belt. The pace and excitement of the collective group  
escalates as departure approaches.

Carter Horton and his girlfriend, Terry, take cuts in line with smug,  
bullying expressions. Unseen by the chaperones, no student, has the  
nerve to protest Carter's action. Alex, Tod, George and BILLY  
HITCHCOCK, heavysset with a New York Rangers jersey watches Carter and  
Terry with disgust.

**BILLY**

I can't believe they let that  
dickhead on this trip.

**GEORGE**

His parents bought a ton of those  
trip certificates we had to sell,  
just to get him out of their hair  
for ten days.

Excited, Tod speaks in a convert tone over Alex's shoulder.

**TOD**

Dude, I so worked the ticket clerk  
so you're sittin' next to Christa  
and I'm next to Blake.

Alex looks up ahead of the metal detectors...

**ALEX'S POV - TWO GIRLS**

Attractive and they know it, CHRISTA MARSH and BLAKE DREYER appear clearly out of Alex and Tod's league.

**TOD (CONT'D)**

That's seven hours and most of it is  
in the dark.

**ALEX AND TOD**

The boys dump their change in a plastic bowl.

**TOD**

Dude, if we don't get someone  
going on this flight, we should  
just call Dr. Kervorkian and put  
ourselves out of our fuckn' misery.

As Alex and Tod pass through the metal detector, their eyes performing reconnaissance on Christa and Blake, the opening drum BLASTS of Boingo's "No One Lives Forever" OVERLAPS...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AIRLINE GATE - AIRPORT - AFTERNOON - CLOSE - GATE 39**

CAMERA ADJUSTS from the sign indicating GATE 39. The class is squirrely and excited. Mr. Murnau, Ms. Lewton, and the parent chaperones are allowing kids to burn off steam at the gate, hoping for a calm flight.

CAMERA MOVES ALONG the awaiting passengers... Carter and Terry are making out, a step away from heavy petting...

Blake and Christa are flipping through Parisian fashion magazines... Billy Hitchcock lays into a Burrito Supreme...

CAMERA MOVES to an empty seat. Clear Rivers ENTERS FRAME and sits, struggling with her Walkman, coffee, books, and a cassette box handmarked "Boingo" (a cheat that We hear the song)

As she places her stuff on the unoccupied seat beside her, a Paris guidebook falls on the floor, opened but face down. A passing, unidentified, student reaches down and hands her the book, still open and face down.

**CLEAR**

Thanks.

The student continues down toward the observation deck. Clear looks at the opened guidebook.

**CLEAR'S POV - GUIDEBOOK**

Princess Di's Mercedes is totaled in a Paris tunnel. Besides the photo are two portraits of Diana and Dodi Al Fayed.

**CLEAR**

CAMERA INCHES IN as she shakes off a shiver down her spine. She looks up from the book toward the student who handed it to her, the identity of which is fully REVEALED to be Alex Browning.

He stands at the gate window, looking out at the plane.

**ALEX'S POV - 747**

It is raining. In the distance, MUFFLED THUNDER RUMBLES.

CAMERA CREEPS AWAY from the plane... huge, seemingly incapable of flight and yet we unquestioningly trust our lives in this machine. Emotionless. Cold. Lifeless, and yet soon full of life.

**ALEX**

CAMERA inches in on him.

**TOD (O.S.)**

Dude, let's take a dump.

Tod MOVES INTO FRAME beside Alex...

**ALEX**

Man, that is one George Michael notch from being gay.

**TOD**

Dude, get wisdom. We're about to board a seven hour flight. The toilets in coach are barely ventilated closets. What if your body wants that airplane food out of your system and you have to go through a wicked cable and then right after you walk in Christa or Blake? You want them to associate with you with that reflexive gag and the watery sting in their eyes?

Alex takes a beat to consider...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MEN'S ROOM - AIRPORT - OVERHEAD**

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN on two stalls. Alex sits in one, Tod sits in the other. O.S., OVER the airports P.A. SYSTEM John Denver's "Rocky Mountain High" begins...

**ALEX**

John Denver...

Upon the mention, CAMERA CRANES DOWN, TURNING, TWISTING UNTIL FINDING ALEX in a straight on CLOSE-UP. He listens, tense...

**JOHN DENVER (O.S.)**

He was born in the summer of his  
twenty-seventh year...

**ALEX**

He died in a plane crash.

A P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT breaks into the song...

**P.A. SYSTEM**

Ladies and Gentlemen, thank-you for  
your patience, at this time we would  
like to begin pre-boarding of Euro-Air  
Flight 180 to Paris through gate 39.

Really for the first time, Alex appears a bit tentative and pale. It is intensified by the return of the song...

**JOHN DENVER (O.S.)**

It's the Colorado Rocky Mountain High/  
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BOARDING AREA - GATE 39 - CLOSE - ALEX'S BOARDING PASS**

is torn along the perforated edge and handed back.

**ALEX**

looks down the passenger ramp.

**ALEX'S POV - RAMP TUNNEL**

CAMERA CREEPS toward it... lit to create a feeling of no return.  
O.S., distant THUNDER RUMBLES...

**WIDER**

There is something more emotionally tense about the moment of boarding than take-off. CAMERA PICKS UP Ms. Lewton searching...

**MS. LEWTON**

Anyone seen Billy Hitchcock?  
How'd we lose him?

Tod nudges Alex toward the tunnel, the three boys start down the ramp, passing Mr. Murnau who checks his list, counting heads...

**MR. MURNAU**

Vingt huit, vingt neuf...

**PASSENGER RAMP**

Alex, Tod, and George catch up to Christa and Blake, excited. As always, everyone becomes bottlenecked just at the point of entering the plane. Alex looks out the ramp's side porthole window toward the back of the plane.

**ALEX'S POV - THROUGH PORTHOLE**

The enormous engine. The expansive wings. Behind the tail, distant, a bolt of lightning FLASHES!

**ALEX**

looks away. Just ahead, in the plane, FLIGHT ATTENDANTS greet the passengers. He is next to enter the plane.

**CLOSE - FLOOR**

a slice of opening from where the ramp meets the plane provides a sense of how high up one actually stands.

**ALEX**

CAMERA PUSHES INTO HIM as he takes his first step into the plane.

**CLOSE - AIRLINE CABIN FLOOR**

Alex's Nikes land on the carpet.

**INT. 747 - FIRST CLASS CABIN - AFTERNOON - CLOSE - BABY**

SCREAMS! Its parents desperately comfort the child.

CAMERA ADJUSTS, LEADING George, Alex and Tod through the aisles. Alex and Tod wince at the screaming child. George, however feels comforted.

**GEORGE**

Good sign. Younger the better.  
It would be a fucked-up God to  
take down this plane.

**INT. ECONOMY CLASS CABIN - 747 - AFTERNOON**

In the first row slumps a young man with Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis. A cannula is set in his nostrils leading to an oxygen tank beside him.

The kids sneak sympathetic yet anxious glances at the man while continuing in their seats. George whispers over his shoulder...

**GEORGE**

A REALLY fucked-up God.

Alex's tension increases as he continues up the aisle.

**ALEX'S POV - OVERHEAD COMPARTMENTS**

CAMERA INCHES IN ON "Row 25. Seats H, I, and J."

**ALEX**

climbs into the row, carrying his backpack. He takes his window seat and reaches up to the air flow valve.

**CLOSE - AIR FLOW VALVE**

turns, HISSING, air streaming full blast.

CAMERA INCHES IN ON HIM as he takes in deep breaths of the stale air. He presses his face to the window.

**ALEX'S POV - THE LEFT WING**

Rain falls. GEARS WHIR as the ailerons are tested.

**CLOSE - ALEX**

CAMERA CREEPS TOWARD HIM, face to the glass; eyes scanning the plane and outside area.

**CHRISTA (O.S.)**

Alex?

He turns toward the aisle.

**ALEX'S POV - CHRISTA AND BLAKE**

Man, they look great and they're workin' the sex appeal.

**CHRISTA**

Could you trade seats with Blake  
so she and I can sit together? I  
asked Tod, but he says he's got some

medical thing?

**ALEX**

sneaks a quick check with Tod.

**ALEX'S POV - TOD**

shakes his head. "NO! NO! DON'T DO IT."

**ALEX AND THE GIRLS**

He looks to them and knows he is just plain overmatched. Alex shrugs, "Sure." In front of him Tod throws up his arms, disgusted. Alex climbs out of his seats. The girls are touchy-feely thankful, but only know guys dig that.

**CHRISTA AND BLAKE**

You're so sweet. Thanks, Alex.

Alex crames up into the aisles, making his way to Tod, sitting two rows up in 22 H.

Alex climbs over Tod to take the window seat. Clear Rivers sits in the seat directly behind Alex.

**TOD**

(mouths)

Fag.

**ALEX**

C'mon, man, like you really thought you were gonna tittie fuck 'em over Greenland, or something?

**TOD**

Because of you, I gotta sit here and watch fuckin' "Stepmom."

As Alex sits, the tray table falls from its upright position.

He lifts the tray back up, but as he turns the latch, it BREAKS OFF in his hand. He briefly tries to jimie the tray into postition, then gives up.

CAMERA FOLLOWS ALEX'S HAND as it rises. CAMERA SWEEPS IN EXTREAMLY CLOSE to the ATTENDANT CALL BUTTON. As Alex's finger engages the button, it lights up orange.

**ALEX**

The jet lurches. He looks...

**OUT OF THE WINDOW - ALEX'S POV**

The 747 begins rolling out of the gate.

**ALEX**

As he looks back, searching for the nearest flight attendant...

**ALEX'S POV - THROUGH THE SEATS - CLEAR RIVERS**

reads her book. Another leans to look out the window.

**ALEX**

lifts a bit out of his seat, searching for any flight attendant O.S.,  
A PING.

**CAPTAIN (V.O)**

Flight Attendants prepare for  
departure.

Looking fore in the cabin...

**ALEX'S POV - NEAR THE FLIGHT DECK**

The flight attendants strap themselves in for take-off.

**ALEX**

O.S., the ENGINE VOLUME INCREASES in PITCH and INTENSITY as the jet  
begins to taxi. Alex sits back as the tray over his lap. He looks out  
the window.

**ALEX'S POV - THE RIGHT WING**

appears motionless in the f.g. as the tarmac and runway signs roll  
past the window. THE ENGINE PITCH RISES...

**ALEX**

The ENGINES WHIR as the jet gathers SPEED. He checks the window.

**ALEX'S POV- THE RUNWAY**

is a blur. The airport terminals in the b.g. streak past. The wings  
lift, angled as the jet leaves the ground.

**ALEX**

O.S., his classmates CHEER and "raise the roof." The trip has begun.



CAMERA PULLS AWAY FROM ALEX, as if reflecting his easing of annoyance with the tray situation. He finally appears to notice the raucous reaction and settles back in his seat, slightly pushed by mild-g force. The upwarding angle increasing...

The cabin buffets, as if passing mild turbulence. Then...

The cabin sharply JOLTS! Everyone tenses, GASPS. CAMERA SWEEPS BACK TO ALEX. And just as he clenches his backpack... the cabin BANGS, ROCKS. THE ENGINES SPOOL TO A STALL. METAL TWISTS under extreme PRESSURE. The cabin dips, angles, sharply to the right.

#### **ALEX'S POV - THE CABIN**

Passengers SCREAM! Unrestrained personal belongings fly across the aircraft INTO CAMERA, which BUFFETS and SHAKES...

#### **OXYGEN MASKS**

deploy from the overhead compartments. A prerecorded message, like that recorded by the black box of the crash of JAL# 123 August 12, 1985, BLARES over the P.A., with erie calm...

#### **MESSAGE (V.O.)**

Fasten seat belts...put on oxygen masks...

#### **ALEX**

his hand trembles as he reaches for the oxygen mask and places it over his face. The ENGINES resuscitate. SCREAMING. WHINING. Alex checks out his window.

#### **ALEX'S POV - OUT OF WINDOW**

The plane is on its side, losing altitude. A slow, sick spin.

#### **ALEX**

breaths deep into his oxygen cup.

The JET ENGINES GRIND AND WHIR, as if the craft were in the midst of a last-ditch effort to regain stability; the sounds DEAFENING over the PASSENGERS' cruelly hopeless SCREAMS.

Then...

#### **KA-BOOM**

A DEVASTATING EXPLOSION ERUPTS across the cabin, blasting a five foot hole in the fuselage. Human limbs and blood spray, craft and passengers torn to shreds.

Dead students sit lifeless in their seats.

Every unrestrained object on board flies to the hole and through the fire; paper, books, luggage, pillows. A PARENT and a STUDENT clutch their seat in terror, SCREAMING before they are pulled into the sky.

Wind. Screams. Dying engines, a deafening blare.

**ALEX AND TOD**

SCREAM, pale, knowing there is no hope, no escape as the ENGINES DIE. The cabin begins to tilt downwards... then straight down. Debris tumbles toward the flight deck as if falling from a cliff.

OUTSIDE... the sick familiar SOUND of an aircraft going down.

ALEX is strapped to his seat, upper body facing downward toward the water. FIRE, WIND, AND BLOOD WHIP across him. A BUILDING WHINE CRESCENDOES before a second EXPLOSION RIPS ACROSS FRAME...

**CUT TO:**

**CLOSE - ALEX'S TERRIFIED EYES**

dilating rapidly, as the shock of what appears to be happening before him washes over his very psyche.

**CHRISTA (O.S.)**

Alex?

**ALEX**

Drenched with sweat, trembling in his seat, his eyes dart toward Christa and Blake. They look great and they're workin' the sex appeal.

**CHRISTA**

Could you trade seats with Blake so  
she and I can sit together? I asked  
Tod, but he's got some medical thing.

Alex turns sickeningly disoriented. His eyes dart about, searching for evidence of the catastrophe. There are none to be found. Alex blots from his seat, startling the two girls. He scrambles toward Tod, who looks at his friend, concerned.

**TOD**

Dude, what up?

Frenzied, Alex climbs over his friend, on top of the seat. Alex's panic has alerted the other students and a MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT who makes his way to the row.

**ALEX**

grabs the tray table latch before the vacant seat. IT BREAKS OFF, JUST AS BEFORE. CAMERA PUSHES INTO ALEX, terrified. He begins to hyperventilate.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT**

Is there a a problem, sir?

Alex's wild eyes and expression convey "no fucking kidding there's a problem." The flight attendant realizes this passenger is experiencing a serious episode.

Directly across the aisle, Carter Horton and Terry look at him with severe expressions.

**CARTER**

What's your fuckin' problem?

Mr. Murnau and Ms. Lewton unfasten their seat belts and rush toward Alex.

**MR. MURNAU**

Alex? Qu'est-ce se?

**ALEX**

Qu'est-ce se?! THE PLANE'S GONNA  
**EXPLODE!**

Obviously, no one ever wants to ever hear that. The students tense.

**THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT**

immediately turns to other attendants, signaling for assistance with a quick definite gesture. In the b.g., attendants hustle toward the economy class cabin.

**CARTER AND TERRY**

**CARTER**

Shut up, Browning!

**TERRY**

You're not funny.

**ALEX**

frenzied, begins moving toward the aisle.

**ALEX**

We have to get out!

This frightens everyone. Not the "prophecy," but his panicky, irrational behavior.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

We have to get off this plane!

**CLEAR RIVERS**

CAMERA PUSHES INTO HER, hearing Alex's declaration.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

Now! NOW!!

**RETURN**

Alex is desperately climbing over Tod, who is trying to calmly restrain his friend. Across the aisle, Carter Horton stands ready to quiet Alex, with force.

**CARTER**

Sit! DOWN! Browning!

**TOD**

Alex. Alex! Easy, man. Take it easy.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT**

Sir, if this is a joke, we don't tolerate such humor.

The flight attendant restrains Carter with an extended forearm.

**ALEX**

I'm not joking! I'm not joking!

Ms. Lewton and Mr. Murnau move to the seats. Flight attendants try restraining Alex from reaching the aisle.

**MS. LEWTON**

Alex, Knock it off. It's alright.

**MR. MURNAU**

Settle down, Alex.

**ALEX**

Listen to me! This plane will explode on take-off!

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT**

Sir, we will remove you from the aircraft if this continues.

**CARTER**

I'll remove him.

**ALEX**

Fuck you! I'll remove myself!

Carter reaches for Alex, who pushes back, trying to get out. Carter responds aggressively and now the flight attendant, Tod, and the two teachers are in the midst of the melee.

The Co-Pilot arrives to secure the situation. He grabs Alex and begins forcibly ushering him up the aisle.

A male flight attendant choke holds Carter from the back. Carter struggles but the attendant's positioning has the advantage. He begins removing Carter from the plane as well.

**TERRY**

He didn't do nothin'!

She follows the attendant, hitting him to help her boyfriend.

Just arriving in the cabin, Billy Hitchcock tries to fight past a STEWARDESS to get to his seat. He is blocked by the mass of combatants as they are escorted out.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT**

(he's had it)

Anybody in the aisle is off the plane!

**BILLY**

No, wait, I was late... that's my seat right there!

Under protest, Billy gets pushed back off the plane. Mr. Murnau and Ms. Lewton follow the pack of students and airline personnel as they move toward the exit, calling out to seated teachers and parents while hustling up the aisles.

**MS. LEWTON**

Everybody just stay where you are. Just sit tight.

**MR. MURNAU**

Mr. Carpenter, keep an eye on things for a moment.

Tod watches, amazed and concerned for his friend. He looks across the cabin to...

**TOD'S POV - GEORGE**

his brother gestures, mouths... "you should go with him."

**TOD**

starts off down the aisles. CAMERA COUNTERS... ADJUSTING TO CLEAR RIVERS. Amongst the chaos, she considers for a beat, then grabs her backpack, stands and moves into the aisle to exit the plane.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BOARDING AREA/TUNNEL - GATE 39 - DAY**

Alex, the co-pilot, Carter, the attendant, Mr. Murnau, Ms. Lewton, Terry, Tod and Billy proceed down the tunnel. Billy is confused by the chaos.

**BILLY**

I didn't do anything! I have my  
ticket right here!

Arriving SECURITY OFFICERS quickly have control of the situation. Alex is taken to a seat at the gate and dropped there by the co-pilot, who, winded, eyes the officers.

**CO-PILOT**

You got this?

The officers nod. One moves toward Carter as he dropped in a seat away from Alex. Terry sits behind Carter.

The co-pilot and attendants start back toward the plane. Ms. Lewton hustles over to them and an airline representative.

**CO-PILOT**

No one gets back on board. That's my  
call.

**MS. LEWTON**

PLEASE... I've got forty students  
going to Paris...

During these negotiations... CAMERA MOVES PAST Ms. Lewton and the Co-Pilot to the boarding ramp door...

Clear Rivers exits and takes a seat away from the others, aware she is unnoticed in the confusion. CAMERA INCHES IN as she looks up toward...

**ALEX**

CAMERA MATCHES THE MOVE TO HIM AS TOD and Mr. Murnau attempt to calm him down.

**TOD**

It's alright. It's alright. You're  
off the plane. You're off the  
plane...

Rattled, Alex attempts to compose himself. Ms. Lewton appears, hurriedly pulling aside Mr. Murnau.

**MS. LEWTON**

Airline's not taking this very well.  
They'll let one of us back on and  
the rest can grab a six-ten flight.  
Gets in two hours later at DeGaulle.  
It's alright. It's not that big of a  
deal.

**MR. MURNAU**

I'll stay.

**MS. LEWTON**

No, you know the whole French thing.  
Get on the plane.

Murnau understands this point and takes off toward the boarding ramp door. Pleading his case, Billy follows Murnau.

**BILLY**

I was in the bathroom. The lock was  
stuck. I didn't fight with anyone!

Hustling toward the door. Mr. Murnau gestures toward Ms. Lewton as if "talk to her." He disappears down the ramp. CAMERA PUSHES IN as airline personnel CLOSE THE DOOR...with an ominous THUD.

**EXT. GATE 39 - AFTERNOON - CARTER, TERRY & BILLY'S POV**

Flight 180 pulls out of the gate, taxiing toward the runway.

**INT. GATE 39 - OBSERVATION WINDOW - AFTERNOON**

Carter turns over his shoulder, looking back angrily towards Alex. Terry wraps a calming/restraining arm around Carter's shoulder, but he starts towards Alex, seated with Ms. Lewton.

**MENS ROOM ACROSS FROM GATE 39**

Tod races out of the bathroom with a dampened paper towel. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he hands it to Ms. Lewton seated next to Alex. The teacher places it on Alex's forehead.

**TOD**

I called your mom and dad and  
they're on their way.

**MS. LEWTON**

Alex, talk to me. What happened?

Alex looks at Tod, who nods. His friend's expression is soothing and open. With lowered tense tone, meant for only the two people beside him...

**ALEX**

I... I saw it... like, I don't know... the plane took off. I saw it leave the runway... I looked down and saw the ground...

Ms. Lewton and Tod exchange concerned glances.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

And then the cabin banged and the left side exploded. The the whole plane... blew up. It was so real. Exactly how everything goes.

**TOD**

Been on many planes that blew up, have you?

Good point. Alex looks away.

**MS. LEWTON**

You must have fallen asleep.

**CARTER**

We get thrown off the plane and blow a half day in Paris because Browning has a bad dream?

(mocking Alex)

It's going to explode! It's going to explode!

**TOD**

Fuck off, Horton.

**MS. LEWTON**

Tod...

A raw nerve, Alex stands.

**ALEX**

Only trip you're gonna take is to the fuckin' hospital.

Carter scoffs while moving aggressively toward Alex.

Carter makes a quick move and grabs Alex. The two security guards rush in to break it up. Chaos erupts again as the two boys wrestle in the terminal.

**OBSERVATION DECK**



CAMERA PUSHES INTO Billy Hitchcock, depressed as he watches the plane take off...

**BILLY**

There they go and here we stay.

**AIRPORT TERMINAL**

One guard restrains Alex; another Carter. In the b.g. out of the observation deck window... Flight 180 lifts off the runway.

**CARTER**

You're payin' for my trip, Browning!

**ALEX**

I wish you were on the plane!

In the b.g. the 747 head and taillights suddenly, violently, ERUPT into a gigantic fireball of flame.

It takes a few seconds for the CONCUSSION to hit the terminal, but when it does... BOOM! A window SHATTERS! Chairs rock! People are knocked off their feet.

CAMERA SWEEPS INTO ALEX... stunned as he turns to the window...

**ALEX'S POV - FLIGHT 180**

The unceremonious speed of obliteration of hundreds of lives is cruel as flaming debris plummets from the early evening sky.

**CLEAR RIVERS**

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HER, rattled, afraid, but aware of Alex as she is first to turn her eyes toward him.

**GATE 39**

Billy Hitchcock walks backward from the window, shocked by shocked step. Ms. Lewton drops to her chair as her legs give out.

O.S., ALARMS BEGIN. The two security guards tear off toward more urgent duties. O.S., OUTSIDE, SIRENS WAIL as emergency vehicles race to the tragedy.

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE toward ALEX... as Tod's head turns toward him, then Terry's... then Carter's. In the chair, beginning to cry, Ms. Lewton eyes Alex, as if afraid of him.

CAMERA CONTINUES. SIRENS PIERCING. The emergency vehicles' strobing red lights reflect in Alex's eyes, now in TIGHT as he looks out, frozen with shock... upon the doomed FLIGHT 180.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PRESS ROOM #10 - NIGHT**

**SILENCE**

A pair of Airline REPRESENTATIVES sit with the seven survivors, each numb with shock. Everyone is too raw with residual fear to show any emotion. They sit on folding metal chairs in an empty room, too bright from the fluorescent lights. Beneath their obvious trauma resulting from the catastrophe... each feels uneasy by Alex's presance.

The others sit away from Alex and Tod. Alex appears wrought with guilt. He checks the others out of the corner of his eye.

**ALEX'S POV - THE ROOM**

Ms. Lewton, Carter and Billy glare at Alex. Terry averts her eyes from Alex to bury her face in Carter's shoulder.

**ALEX**

frightened as anyone over what has happened, tenses, defensive and scared. With softspoken strength...

**ALEX**

You're lookin' at me as if I caused  
it. I did not cause this.

**LEWTON, CARTER, TERRY, AND BILLY**

maintain their uncertain expressions. With strained apprehansion, as if not wanting to "dabble in the occult," but needing an immediate answer.

**MS. LEWTON**

Is everyone dead? Are there any  
survivors?

**WIDER**

Alex is taken aback by the question, yet even his best friend looks at him for an answer.

**ALEX**

How would I know? You think I'm  
some sort of...

**CLEAR**

He's not a witch.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Alex, relieved and thankful, as he turns to her...

**CLEAR RIVERS - ALEX'S POV**

CAMERA MATCHES the move INTO HER as she looks up at Alex, not with fear or repulsion... but with knowledge of an unwanted but irrefutable connection.

**WIDER**

Causing a startle, the DOOR OPENS. Everyone's head whips reflexively toward the entrance. The strange event of the flickering lights is quickly forgotten.

A half dozen MEN and WOMEN enter the room, displaying official badges and passes. All but two are dressed in casual clothing, having been called in from home; the pair being F.B.I. Special Agents WEINE and SCHRECK. HOWARD SEIGEL and DON HAWKS are representatives of the National Transportation Safety Board. EILEEN WHALE and JACK ARNOLD are members of the Euro-Air "Trauma Team."

The officials are sympathetic and calm, exuding the confidence and security trauma victims look for at this time.

**SEIGEL**

Hello. I'm Howard Seigel, National Transportation Safety Board vice chairmen. We've notified your families and they are on their way. Does anyone feel they need medical attention or spiritual counseling at this time?

Although the words are comforting, being in the position of having to hear them macabre. Ms. Lewton reacts, snapping...

**MS. LEWTON**

Have they found any survivors?  
What's going on?

Seigel is calm, yet honest... carefully honest.

**SEIGEL**

The cause of the explosion is undetermined. Nassau county authorities are on the scene. Naval search and rescue are en route.

He gestures... "and that's all we know." The group slips deeper into despair.

**WEINE**

We understand how you must be

feeling at this hour... and although we know it may be difficult, we must ask you some questions... regarding today's events, while it's still fresh in your minds.

The survivors dread the thought of recounting the horrible experience, yet collectively are ready to co-operate.

**WEINE**

It may be valuable to our rescue attempts, or any potential... criminal investigation.

The agents, F.B.I. badges displayed in their pockets, turn their eyes, suspiciously, toward Alex.

**ALEX**

reacts, puzzled, as he realizes the Agents are focused on him...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. A ROOM - AIRPORT - NIGHT - CLOSE - SCHRECK & WEINE**

are direct and professional, with no hidden agenda in searching for the truth. Seigel and Hawks from the NTSB are behind them taking notes...

**SCHRECK**

You said...  
(checks notes)  
"Listen to me! This plane will explode on take-off."  
(to Alex)  
How did you know that?

**ALEX**

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he looks up, nervous... not about suspicion toward him, but trying to explain what even he doesn't understand.

**ALEX**

I got this... feeling... a weird feeling... I can't explain it...

**WEINE**

Did you take any sedatives before boarding, or on the plane. Sleeping pills?

**ALEX**

No. I saw it. I saw it!

Tears well as he grows frustrated trying to convey the unique experience. Being trained, veteran officers, Schreck and Weine observe; allow him to talk.

**ALEX**

Not like a dream... more than that.  
I experienced the plane exploding...  
it was so horrible... I know what  
they all went through tonight...

The officers remain quiet, gauging his explanation.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

I'm not a psychic... I've never had  
this happen before...

The officers study him, unsure yet carefully...

**SCHRECK**

Did this "weird feeling" have  
anything to do with you saying  
you wished Carter Horton was on the  
plane... just before it exploded?

Alex looks up, stunned. He didn't even recall this until now.

**ALEX**

No!

**SCHRECK**

Why'd you say it?

He considers, owing them an explanation. Then he realizes...

**ALEX**

Because... I... never thought it  
would really happen.

Weine leans forward...

**WEINE**

If that's the case, Alex... why did  
you really get off the plane?

CAMERA INCHES IN as Alex considers, confused, emotional...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. A ROOM - AIRPORT - NIGHT - TOD**

CAMERA CONTINUES THE MOVE on Tod... as if just realizing...

**TOD**

My brother... told me to keep an eye  
on Alex. He stayed... and I went to  
make sure Alex was okay.

(a whisper)

He told me to get off the plane.

**INT. A SECOND ROOM - AIRPORT - NIGHT - MS. LEWTON**

displaying a similar sickened expression as Tod...

**MS. LEWTON**

Larry Murnau told me to get back  
on... but I told him to go.

(pause, guiltily)

I sent him back on the plane.

**INT. A ROOM - AIRPORT - NIGHT - WEINE**

**WEINE**

No one forced you to get off the  
plane. You told us you aren't friends  
with any that did... so, why did you  
leave the airplane?

**CLEAR RIVERS**

CAMERA INCHES IN as she looks up. With total resolve...

**CLEAR**

Because I saw and I heard Alex.  
And... I believed him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL BUILDING - PRESS ROOM #10 - NIGHT**

The survivors have all returned to the room. They may be a group, but  
they are alone with their thoughts. The door is opened by Ms. Whale.

Alex's Mother and Father lead by a group of parents into the room.  
Each moves with grief, yet relief, to their child.

Barbara Browning grabs hold of Alex and holds him tight. The mother  
begins to cry. Ken Browning, eyes welling with tears, grabs his son's  
hand and squeezes. Alex does not cry. While holding his mother, he  
watches the others.

**ALEX'S POV - CARTER AND TERRY**

Their parents are concerned, but do not demonstratively show affection. Carter appears as if he wants to hug his MOTHER, but he can't bring himself to betray his self-image.

**ALEX**

his eyes moves toward...

**CLEAR RIVERS**

alone, hurt that no one has come to take her home.

**ALEX**

his eyes find...

**TOD AND HIS FATHER**

JERRY WAGGNER holds his son, both of them releasing anguished tears. Through his grief, however, Jerry stares at Alex with an expression of anger and accusation.

**ALEX**

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM as he holds his mother tightly. OVERLAPPING...  
A CRACK OF THUNDER!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KEN BROWNING'S CAR - NIGHT**

Alex sits in the back against the door, looking out the window at the storm. Clear Rivers is pressed against the other door. Everyone is silent. Outside, the STORM angrily rages.

Alex is unaware that Clear is watching him, searching for some answer that she will not now find. She looks up.

**CLEAR**

Here's good.

The car pulls over.

**CLEAR**

Thank you for the ride.

She opens the door and flashes one more look at Alex, but he appears unaware. She exits the car and as the door SHUTS...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The room is empty, but the CAMERA is SLOWLY MOVING, as if ITSELF a PRESENCE. O.S., FOOTSTEPS move up the stairs. Alex appears, his parents behind him. He clicks on the light, sending a soft, safe, orange glow across the room.

**ALEX**

stands in the threshold of the doorway. His mother places a comforting hand on his shoulder.

**ALEX'S POV - PENNANT**

Mt. Abraham High School Fighting Colonials.

**ALEX**

and now, the tears arrive. He begins crying, SOBBING, as his mother and father hold him. O.S., OUTSIDE... lighting FLASHES... THUNDER RUMBLES...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - BROWNING HOUSE - NIGHT - TV**

CNN broadcasts video footage of the disaster. Seat cushions and personal belongings float in the harsh floodlights.

**LIVING ROOM**

It is late and dark. Only the pale light of the TV spills across the living room. Ken and Barbara have fallen asleep, but their son remains awake.

Alex's red eyes are locked on the screen, mortified. O.S., a VICIOUS CRACK of LIGHTNING and immediate THUNDER... as if calling Alex to the window. He remains fixed on the TV.

**ALEX'S POV - TV**

An image of Hell as jet fuel burns on the ocean. O.S., as if furious at the slight, THUNDER BANGS...

**ALEX**

He turns, stands... and moves to the picture window, pulling the curtains aside as CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM...

**ALEX'S POV - THE STORM**

It is as if Nature is angry. Lightning BOLTS spiderweb across the sky. THUNDER BOOMS.



A shard of lightning breaks across the front yard. Oddly, it does not make contact. In the split-second strobe of lightning flash, the bolt abstractly appears as if it were a hand pointing directly at Alex.

**ALEX**

horrified, lurches away from the window, considering what he has seen. Just felt on the ROAR OF THUNDER...

**CUT TO BLACK:**

Over black:

**MINISTER (V.O.)**

Thirty-nine days have passed since  
we've lost our thirty-nine loved ones,  
friends, and teachers.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. MT. ABRAHAM HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - CLOSE - ALEX**

wearing a dark suit and tie, sits beside his parents on white folded chairs. His head is bowed, guilty and sad...

**MINISTER (CONT'D)**

As each day passes without a  
determining cause for the accident,  
we ask ourselves, "Why?"

Alex raises his eyes and looks across the ceremony...

**ALEX'S POV - TOD**

sits with his mother, LINDA WAGGNER and his father, Jerry. Destraught, Jerry stares off blankly at the minister.

**MINISTER (CONT'D)**

Ecclesiastes tell us, "Man no more  
knows his time than fish taken in  
the fatal net..."

**ALEX**

guiltily averts his eyes. Ken notes this and wraps a comforting arm around his son.

**MINISTER (CONT'D)**

...or birds trapped in the snare...

Alex checks over his shoulder.

**ALEX'S POV - OVER HIS SHOULDER - LAST ROW OF SEATS**

Special agents Schreck and Weine subtly survey the area, taking notes. Although their eyes are beyond sunglasses, the tilt of their head indicates they are watching Alex.

**MINISTER (CONT'D)**

...like these the children of men...

**ALEX**

turns away, tense. He looks at the minister.

**MINISTER (CONT'D)**

...caught when the Time falls  
suddenly upon them."

CAMERA PUSHES INTO ALEX, feeling eyes upon them. He looks up...

**ALEX'S POV - CLEAR RIVERS**

is actually sexy and a bit scandalous in her black dress. Still, she is off by herself, eyes burning at Alex as if challenging him to challenge the words being spoken.

**ALEX**

self-consciously turns away, unable to face her, let alone the words being spoken.

**MINISTER (CONT'D O.S.)**

And so before we can heal, before we  
can escape the presence of Death  
Time, we must mourn and celebrate  
theirs with this memorial.

**WIDER**

A student with a guitar and harmonica stands at the microphone. Without introduction, he begins Neil Young's "Long May You Run."

Two other students remove a cloth, unveiling a memorial sculpture etched with the names of the departed. The gathered stand and begin paying their respects to the memorial.

**MEMORIAL LINE**

Carter and Terry appear IN FRAME. Terry holds a rose. As they move slowly up toward the memorial, Alex gets in line behind them. Carter knows Alex is there, but will not look at him.

**CARTER**

Hope you don't think, Browning, that  
because my name ain't on this wall...  
that I owe you anything.

**ALEX**

I don't.

**CARTER**

(re: victims)  
All I owe is these people.  
(turns to Alex)  
To live my life to the fullest.

Alex winces from Carter's breath...

**ALEX**

Then maybe you should lay off the  
**J.D.**

Carter has an angry reflexive reaction, grabbing Alex threateningly by the forearm. Terry immediately tries to get Carter to release his hold.

**CARTER**

Don't ever fucking again tell me  
what to do. I control me. Not you.

Carter and Alex lock eyes, Alex refraining from showing any pain caused by Carter's grip. Terry finally gets him to release.

**CARTER**

I'm never gonna die.

He moves off. Terry, however, holds a beat, eyes Alex and gently rubs the area of his arm, as if this is the only manner she can extend her gratitude in Carter's presence. As Alex pats her arm, Terry quickly moves off.

Shaken, Alex considers whether to move forward to the memorial. He steps aside to let the others go ahead as Billy Hitchcock, who has finished paying his respects, spots Alex and heads back up the line.

**BILLY**

I took my driver's test this week at  
the DMV...

Alex turns to him, incredulously..

**BILLY**

Got a 70. Lowest score, but I  
passed. When I was done with the

test, the guy who drives with you during the test, he goes, "Young man, you're going to die at a very young age."

(beat)  
That true?

**ALEX**

Not here, not now.  
(beat)  
Not EVER!

Billy sighs, and moves OUT OF FRAME, only to quickly RE-ENTER...

**BILLY**

If I ask out Cynthia Paster, will she say "no?"

Alex flashes Billy an angry glare. He gets the message and moves off, for good. Alex returns in line, moving toward the memorial.

Valerie Lewton places a rose at the base of the memorial then studies the engraved names as the students move past behind her. Alex approaches, watching her as she reaches out with a trembling finger, touching the etched names...

**CLOSE - MEMORIAL**

Linda Krauss... Thomas Lewis... John McConnell.

**RETURN**

Alex stands near her, sympathetically, understanding her pain....

**ALEX**

Ms. Lewton...

Her eyes fill with tears and fear. Alex places a comforting hand on her shoulder, but she reacts quickly, pulling away from him, her eyes piercing at him.

**MS. LEWTON**

Don't talk to me. You scare the hell out of me.

Alex is shattered as the teacher moves away. Tod ENTERS and faces the memorial.

**TOD**

(a greeting)  
Hey.

Alex notices Tod is in line behind him. Alex looks around for Tod's father. He is not in line...

**ALEX**

I don't want to sound gay, or  
nothin, but... I miss you.

Tod subtly nods, reaching out to the memorial.

**CLOSE - MEMORIAL**

Tod's hand moves across his brother's name... GEORGE WAGGNER.

**RETURN**

As Tod longs for his brother, then looks at his friend.

**TOD**

Me, too.  
(beat)  
But my dad doesn't understand. When  
he's better; you and me, road trip  
to the City. Catch the Yanks.

**ALEX**

That's a plan.

Tod nods. The two friends stand uncomfortably for a beat before Tod gestures to the podium.

**TOD**

I gotta go. This thing Ms. Lewton  
showed me in her class, they're  
gonna let me read it. It says what  
I'm feeling.

Tod holds his friend's arm for strength as he passes. Clear Rivers appears in line, holding a rose. She looks at the memorial, before her startling eyes turn to Alex. Even away from these circumstances, Alex would have trouble handling her intense maturity. As he begins to step away, she thrusts the rose to him. He looks up, puzzled.

**CLEAR**

Because of you... I'm still alive.  
Thank you.

Alex takes the rose and she walks away. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM as he eyes... feels... the red flower.

**TOD (V.O.)**

We say that the hour of death  
cannot be forecast...

**TIME CUT:**

**EXT. MT ABRAHAM HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - THE PODIUM**

Tod nervously stands before the assembly, reading aloud with a sad, yet optimistic resolve. CAMERA PUSHES IN, at an ominous ANGLE and rhythm, to the podium.

**TOD (CONT'D)**

But when we say this, we imagine  
that the hour is placed in an  
obscure and distant future.

As he speaks, the sunlight suddenly turns to shadow.

**ALEX**

looks up at the sky...

**THE SKY - ALEX'S POV**

Within the deep blue, a single black cloud blocks the sun.

**ALEX**

CAMERA INCHES IN as, troubled, he looks back to Tod...

**TOD**

as he continues to read...

**TOD (CONT'D)**

It never occurs to us that it has  
any connection with the day already  
begun or that death could arrive  
this same afternoon.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING**

Storm clouds devour a waxing crescent moon above a modest home set amongst the edge of the woods.

**TOD (V.O., CONT'D)**

This afternoon... which is so  
certain... and which has every hour  
filled in advance.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT**

A lone light glows. Jerry Waggner has fallen asleep, perhaps passed out, reclined in "dad's chair." Tod's mother is asleep on the sofa, balls of tissue on the floor. Tod enters the room and stares sadly at his parents...

Tod picks up a glass and swigs the remainder of his father's scotch before moving off and climbing the stairs.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - TABLE FAN**

swivels as it distributes its breeze.

**ALEX**

sits at his desk, dark circles beneath his eyes. Swamping the desk are printouts of Internet Web pages and newspaper articles concerning the crash of Flight 180, forensic engineering textbooks, NTSB reports on past airline disasters and... REALITY BEYOND MATTER: Vaishnava Philosophy.

Alex studies his mountain of research, increasingly obsessed.

An O.S. paper FLUTTER draws his attention to the newspaper being blown by the fan. He reaches out and grabs it. Headlines and photos report on the memorial service.

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he sighs, troubled...

**ALEX'S POV - NEWSPHOTO**

Clear Rivers sits in her seat, legs crossed, alluring and sexy and mysterious.

**ALEX**

closes the paper, puzzled by his reaction. He shakes it off and throws the paper on the desk. Alex considers for a beat, then pulls open a lower drawer. Digging through the mess inside, he finds his stash... the April 1997 issue of Penthouse.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Alight CLICKS on REVEALING an old, '20's built bathroom. The toilet is beside the bathtub/shower, with just enough knee space to the counter cabinets when one lifts the toilet seat.

Tod puts the lid down and UNSNAPS his jeans. As he turns, pulls his pants down and sits, CAMERA MOVES to the CURTAINS... still... until a

cold soft breeze causes them to billow. CAMERA FOLLOWS the wind as it CONTINUES into the room, rippling across shower curtains.

As the breeze passes Tod, he pauses... as if sensing, but not understanding... this is more than a wayward autumn breeze. He moves to close the window, however, CAMERA CONTINUES as the air makes ITS way to the door.

The door is softly pushed closed by the breeze.

#### **BACK OF THE TOILET TANK**

Tod sits, back to CAMERA, which CRANES DOWN the tank, STOPPING behind the locking nut and water line pipe.

As the toilet FLUSHES O.S., CAMERA NOW MOVES INTO the locking nut, which begins to slightly rattle. Drips of water stream from the tank onto the floor.

**CUT TO:**

#### **INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Alex flips the magazine open to a centerfold.

#### **PENTHOUSE PICTORIAL**

The model's pose and expression tempt Alex towards the momentary respite from his troubles. The caption beneath the centerfold pictorial reads, "Tymme Has Come Today!"

#### **ALEX**

considers the reports on the Flight 180 crash, then returns his attention to the magazine. He unzips his pants, then pauses... his eyes returning hesitantly to the newspaper photo of Clear...

**CUT TO:**

#### **INT. BATHROOM - WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT- CLOSE- RAZOR BLADE**

waits on the counter. CAMERA PULLS AWAY as Tod picks it up. He looks at his face in the mirror, as if behind him... a black indiscernible form, like a shadow, however, actually a presence incapable of reflecting light.

Tod whips around...

a puddle forms, creeping toward the heel of Tod's stocking feet.

#### **TOD**



turns on the faucet and grabs his toothbrush, squeezing paste onto the bristles.

**CLOSE - FAUCET**

the f.g. running water is out of FOCUS. In the b.g. sits an unplugged radio.

**TOD**

notes the radio. CAMERA FLOWS HIS HAND as he grabs the plug.

**THE PUDDLE ON THE FLOOR**

grows closer to his foot...

**ELECTRICAL SOCKET**

the radio plug is inserted.

**TOD**

turns on the radio...

**JOHN DENVER (V.O.)**

And they say that he got crazy  
once and he tried to touch the sun.

spooked, quickly turns it off, unplugs it and pushes it aside.

**THE PUDDLE ON THE FLOOR**

continues to grow...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - NEWSPHOTO - CLEAR RIVERS**

Odd how one can appear so erotic at a funeral.

**ALEX**

studies the photograph, then notices the rose she gave him. Succumbing to guilt, feeling like the freak all teenagers believe they are, Alex sets the paper back on the desk. He grabs the Penthouse and turns, opening the desk drawer in order to return the magazine, however...

A LOUD BANG turns Alex's head to the window!

**ALEX'S POV - WINDOW**

An OWL has apparently smashed into the window, awkwardly flapping its large wings, then turns its head toward Alex, large yellow eyes shining like an alien creature.

**WIDER**

Startled, Alex reflexively throws the Penthouse across the room, pages tearing as it hits the sill. The giant bird flies off.

**THE TABLE FAN**

swivels, a page catching in the whirling blades.

**A PIECE OF PAPER**

torn form the magazine flits across the room.

**ALEX**

CAMERA INCHES IN ON HIM as the piece of paper ENTERS FRAME, floating and flitting until landing on his knee. He picks it up and turns it over...

**ALEX'S POV - PIECE OF PAPER**

is torn in such a manner that the only lettlers remaining from the centerfold's caption are "...Tod..."

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT - SHOWER CURTAIN**

is pulled aside REVEALING two pairs of Linda Waggner's nylons drying on a retractable clothesline.

**THE PUDDLE ON THE FLOOR**

his foot slips...

**TOD**

falls foward.

**THE RETRACTABLE CLOTHESLINE**

retracts! WHIPPING wildly!

**THE SOAP DISH**

Tod's hand tries to grab anything to hold him. His hand slips, knocking over a bottle of shampoo.

**TOD'S NECK**

the thin clothesline coils around his neck. The plastic anchor wraps beneath the cord, essentially creating a noose.

**PUDDLE ON THE FLOOR**

He slips again.

**TOD**

falls against the back wall of the shower stall, pulled by the retracting wire. He kicks with his feet, desperately trying to gain a footing.

**SHOWER HEAD - TOD'S POV**

quickly, reflected in the chrome... the dark shadow approaches...

**BATHTUB**

Tod's feet slip in the slick shampoo and water.

**CLOSE - TOD'S EYES**

flare. Blood vessels burst. He GROANS, attempting to call out.

**THE BATHROOM DOOR**

is closed.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Tod's parents remain asleep. O.S., a FAINT MUFFLE can be HEARD.

**INT. BATHROOM - WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT - CLOSE - TOD'S NECK**

his hands tear at his flesh, desperately trying to pull the cord from his neck.

**TOD'S EYES**

dart desperately toward the counter.

**ON THE COUNTER**

a pair of nose-hair scissors.

**TOD**

CHOCKING, GASPING, face turning purple, reaches for the counter.

**ON THE COUNTER**

Tod's hand ENTER FRAME. The scissors, sadistically just out of reach.

**TOD'S FACE**

FALLS INTO FRAME, suspended by the cord, propped against the back wall of the shower stall, his bluish purple tongue grotesquely juts from his mouth.

**TOD'S POV - DEATH**

all four edges of FRAME appear to collapse as if by weight of the darkness until forming a myopic center. Then, from within the center... appears Tod's face. Although the expression is serene the pallor is grayish, until... suddnely, shockingly... Tod's face decays, as if ten years of rot in the grave is compressed into 72 FRAMES.

**TOD**

The moment of realization...

**HIS FEET**

kick upon the slippery basin. After a beat... they stop.

**TOD**

As his body settles... dies... CAMERA PULLS AWAY fully revealing his lifeless form. Once behind the toilet tank, CAMERA CRANES DOWN to the floor. The water eerily retreats from the floor, slipping back toward the base of the toilet and like a murderer, slips out of the night.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WAGGNER HOUSE - LATER - CLOSE - SIREN LIGHTS**

whirl and flash INTO CAMERA. CAMERA CRANES DOWN, ADJUSTING to REVEAL a Paramedics vehicle, a Sullivan County, N.Y. Sheriff's patrol car and unmarked sedan.

CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING UNTIL REVEALING Alex Browning racing down the sidewalk. He runs into a CLOSE-UP, sweating, out of breath, expression horrified as he takes in the scene before him.

**SPECIAL AGENTS SCHRECK AND WEINE**

stand in the front yard. Schreck subtly redirects Weine's attention toward...

**ALEX - SPECIAL AGENT'S POV**

The boy frantically moves to a paramedic.

**ALEX**

What happened? Is Tod alright?

**SCHRECK AND WEINE**

hearing this, they turn to one another, with an expression suggesting a deepening suspicion.

**ALEX**

sees the officers. Assuming they are sympathetic to his concern, he starts toward them, until...

**CLEAR (O.S.)**

Alex!

Alex stops, looks around. Behind the tree and in the shadows of the adjacent house, stands Clear Rivers.

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

(a warning)

Get outta here!

CAMERA PUSHES INTO ALEX, stunned, but before he can ask any further questions, a METALLIC CLACKING draws his attention back toward the house.

**ALEX'S POV - A COVERED GURNEY**

is rolled out of the front door by paramedics and an official with a jacket marked "CORONER," Behind the body follows Tod's father. He pauses in the doorway as he spots Alex in the front yard.

**ALEX**

is pale, nauseous. His eyes follow his friend's dead body as it is rolled toward the paramedics vehicle. Tod's father approaches Alex, the agents stand nearby.

**ALEX**

What... what happened?

Mr. Waggnar glares at Alex, accusingly.

**MR. WAGGNER**

Didn't you... "see" it?

Alex is stung, guilty. He averts his eyes. Schreck and Weine note this reaction.

**MR. WAGGNER (CONT'D)**

Couldn't you "predict" it?  
Couldn't you read his mind?

Alex remains silent, hurt.

**ALEX**

Mr. Waggnner...

**MR. WAGGNER**

You caused Tod so much guilt over  
George staying on the plane that...  
(breaking down)  
He took his own life.

Alex is stunned, defensive.

**ALEX**

He wouldn't do it!

Mr. Waggnner turns toward the paramedics van, as if "there's the proof."

**ALEX**

He... he told me we would be friends  
again after you got better. After  
you got over George. Why would he  
make plans for the future if he were  
planning on killing himself?

**MR. WAGGNER**

All my wife and I will ever know is  
we wouldn't have lost our youngest  
son... if you'd told our oldest to  
get off the plane.

Alex is rocked as if having taken a punch to the face. Mr. Waggnner begins to walk toward the paramedics vehicle. Alex eyes the F.B.I. agents, who, after studying for a beat, turn and move toward their vehicle.

The gathered spectators begin whispering to one another, clearly about Alex, causing him to search for, what appears to be, his only ally, Clear Rivers.

**ALEX'S POV - ADJACENT YARD**

Clear is gone.

**FRONT YARD**

everyone has moved away from Alex, leaving him very alone. Alex's eyes remained locked on the paramedics' vehicle. As the ambulance doors CLOSE on the body of his best friend...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - CLOSE - LEAVES ON TREES**

A soft summer breeze passes through the leaves on a tree. A yellow leaf drops from the branch and flutters to the ground. CAMERA FOLLOWS until it falls upon an old cracked sidewalk.

A pair of worn Nikes ENTER FRAME just as the leaf drops before them. The feet and CAMERA HOLD until CRANING UP to REVEAL Alex, staring at the leaf with an expression reminiscent of the torn paper's message about "...Tod."

**CLEAR (O.S.)**

Almost Autumn.

Alex looks off toward a small unkept house, nestled at the edge of the woods. In the open garage stands Clear Rivers amongst cluttered artwork, supplies and tools. Her t-shirt's sleeves have been cut off and neck-line cut low. Her jeans have a revealing hole at the spot which once was a back pocket. She wears heavy black work shoes. A dog rests nearby on the floor.

**ALEX**

It's only the end of June.

**CLEAR**

(shrugs)

Yeah, but everthing's always in transition. If you focus, even now, one week into summer... you can feel Autumn coming.

(beat)

Almost like bein' able... to see the future.

Alex reads her intention loud and clear. She returns to her artwork. The dog GROWLS softly as Alex approaches the garage.

**INT/EXT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVERS' HOUSE - DAY**

Entering the garage, Alex gets a closer look at her artwork. It's abstract sculpture and canvas work and pretty bad, at that.

**CLEAR**

Know what this is?

She gestures to him to approach her. He tenses, awkward, but moves closer. Clear lifts a plastic cover off a canvas. Beneath is a mess of green and brown and orange; teen angst poorly communicated. Glued to the center is a twisted piece of metal.

**ALEX**

Like, um... you're mad about something?

She sighs, "thanks a lot," then proud, but not enough to make her appear foolish over her bad artwork, indicates the metal.

**CLEAR**

A piece of debris... from the plane.  
I went to the shore off the crash site and it washed up on the beach.

**ALEX**

You went there? I've wanted to go there, but I thought it was off limits.

**CLEAR**

It is. But that didn't stop me.  
Shouldn't stop you.

Alex gently touches the piece of the plane, almost expecting to feel something more than cold metal. He looks to Clear...

**ALEX**

Why were you there last night?

While she cleans brushes with a can of turpentine...

**CLEAR**

Look, I've seen enough T.V. to know the F.B.I. doesn't investigate teen suicides. But they were there last night, that means: one, they still don't have a clue what caused the crash. Two, they haven't ruled out anything. And the fact that seven people got off the plane is probably weird enough, not to mention, that one of those people had a vision, or whatever, of it exploding minutes before it did explode, is highly suspicious. And it doesn't help that the visionaries' friend just committed suicide.



Alex eyes her for a long beat. She turns away from him, returning the can of turpentine to a shelf.

**ALEX**

Why were you there last night?

Clear turns to Alex. The two couldn't appear more different. She moves to a sculpture, an ugly black and green globular sculpture with a white dot in the center.

**CLEAR**

Know what this is?

Alex, cocks his eyebrow probably thinking, "a mess?" but tactfully shakes his head "no."

**CLEAR**

It's you.

Remaining dry and stoned faced, Alex tenses, uncomfortable.

**CLEAR**

Not a likeness. It's how you make me feel, Alex.

**ALEX**

I'm... really sorry.

**CLEAR**

Like you, the sculpture doesn't even know what, or why, it is. Reluctant to take form. And, yet, creating an absolute but incomprehensible attraction.

Uncertain, and yet moved, Alex listens.

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

Before that day, you were just another suburban nothing that would never have anything to do with my life. And I'm sure you thought I was some Marilyn Manson body-pierced freak, or whatever.

(beat)

But at that moment... on the plane... I felt what you felt. I didn't know where all those emotions were coming from until you started freaking out.

Alex sighs, embarrassed.

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

I didn't see what you saw, but I felt it. Okay, I'm not into all that X-Files bullshit... but it was a psychic connection. Why to me? Why to you?

Jarred, he eyes her, frightened.

**CLEAR**

And you can still feel it, can't you? Something from that day is still with you. I know, because I can still feel you.

Alex is increasingly uncomfortable with the subject, but eased by Clear's apparent, somewhat, understanding. Lowering his tone...

**CLEAR**

That's why I was there last night.

**ALEX**

I've never dealt with death before. I wasn't alive when my grandparents died. I wish I could know. I mean, all this... could just be in our heads. Now it feels like it's everywhere.

**CLEAR**

"It?"

**ALEX**

What if Tod... is just the first... of us?

The idea sends a shot of apprehension through Clear.

**CLEAR**

Is that something you're "feeling?"

**ALEX**

I don't know. I wish I could just see him... one more time, then, maybe... I would know.

**CLEAR**

Then, let's go see him!

Alex reacts, shocked and yet her impulsiveness is exciting...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - FOYER - NIGHT**

CAMERA is LOW, moving across the paisley carpet. Dim light, spilling through the stained glass windows, falls upon the creepy decor, appearing as if designed by a morose Laura Ashley, floor model coffins and urns. CAMERA CONTINUES, TILTING UP to the CEILING, REVEALING a stained glass skylight. Outside, on the roof, two silhouettes appear...

The skylight hinges CRACK open. Clear leads the way. lifting the frame, then dropping it through the skylight window.

Alex is not as smooth as his socius criminus. Using his knee to slow his descent, he hangs from the sill for a moment before dropping to the carpet.

CAMERA MOVES WITH Alex and Clear through the unsettling reception area; plastic flowers, gold candelabra, plaster cherubs and angels. A bronze plaque identifies: "MT. ABRAHAM FUNERAL HOME. THE JOURNEY'S END. WILLIAM BLUDWORTH - INTERMEDIARY."

**CLEAR**

(whispering)

Gives me a rush...

**ALEX**

This place?!

**CLEAR**

Doin' somethin' I'm not supposed to.

With a hot, mischievous smile, Clear proceeds toward the hallway. Alex anxiously sighs... then follows.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT**

An elevator with collapsible metal door lowers INTO FRAME. Pushing the door aside, Alex and Clear proceed into the hallway, lined with morgue green tile. Stainless steel gurneys and porcelain equipment holding yellow surgical tubing and thick foot-long needles sit in the corridor.

A faint light spills from beneath a doorway. Clear reaches out to the knob but Alex quickly grabs her hand. From a cart behind them, he pulls a latex glove out of a box and snaps it on.

**CLEAR**

Good call. Very "Quincy."

Alex tries the doorknob. Locked. He looks at her, defeated. Clear quickly points to some mortician's tools on the cart.

From it, Alex produces a thin six inch needle. He inserted the tool in the lock and jimmies the doorknob. CLACK!

**INT. MORGUE - FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT**

A lone desk lamp shines. Across the room, laying on a porcelain table, fluid draining tubes attached, lies Tod. A sheet is pulled up to his shoulders. He carries the macabre appearance of a corpse having been made up by a mortician. Hair combed and sprayed, skin tone too orange, blush too rouge and lips too red.

As Alex and Clear approach...

**ALEX**

That... him?

**CLEAR**

I think. But why'd they make him up like... Michael Jackson?

**ALEX**

That's him, but... he's not here.  
That... whatever... that whatever made him Tod is gone.

Suddenly, Tod jerks; his hand lifting four inches...

**ALEX**

Ahhh! fuck! You fucking asshole. You think this is funny, you fucking dick? Tod, if you're not dead I'm gonna fucking kill you!

**CLEAR**

Ohmygod! OHMYGOD! OHMYGOD!  
He's not dead?

**MR. BLUDWORTH (O.S.)**

Please don't yell...

Both are jolted again with shock, turning toward the voice...

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

CAMERA PUSHES, LOW ANGLE, INTO WILLAIM BLUDWORTH, an African-American man, early 50's, dressed in dark suit and tie.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

You'll wake the dead.

He flashes a dry mortician's smile, pleased by his wan pun. Alex and Clear haven't recovered from the corpse's actions to calmly address Bludworth..

**ALEX**

Why..?

Alex completes his question by raising his hand, ala Tod's dead body. Bludworth nods, understanding...

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

Chemicals in the vascular flush  
create cadaveric spasm.

As the startle of the situation settles, it dawns on Alex that they have been busted. He nervously offers an explanation.

**ALEX**

I'm... a friend of his. His best  
friend. See, his father...

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

(ominous)

I know who you are.

The mortician eyes Alex, understanding. Alex senses this and eases. Clear moves toward Tod's body, examining the neck area.

**CLEAR**

They said he hung himself, but  
there's no marks.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

I crafted a reconstruction of the  
Laryngeal prominence region with  
Velvetone Surgical Wax and  
Permaseal.

Clear moves in for a closer look, then calls Alex over to the body. After a beat of reluctance, Alex looks at Tod's neck.

**ALEX**

What are all those tiny marks?

**ALEX'S POV - CLOSE - TOD'S NECK**

The wounds have been filled with wax and covered by greasepaint. At this proximity, however, it is apparent tiny cuts line the area above and below the large cut made by the wire.

**MR. BLUDWORTH (V.O.)**

Cuticle lacerations.

**WIDER**

**ALEX**

Why would he pull at the wire if he  
were committing suicide?

**CLEAR**

Why would they say it was a  
suicide... if it weren't?

Because of the supernatural "message" he recieved, Alex is reluctant  
to answer. He eyes Mr. Bludworth, who, with a wry half smile, eyes  
Alex as if aware of the reason behind his hesitation.

**ALEX**

His father's pretty fucked up with  
denial. Maybe he couldn't deal with  
the thought of an other accident...  
taking another son.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

In Death...

CAMERA INCHES TOWARD the mortician. In this environment, lit with  
Fritz Lang shadows, Bludworth's tone, appearance... he could easily be  
mistaken for personification of the subject.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

... there are no accidents. No  
coincidencess. No mishaps.  
(smiles)  
And no... escapes.

**ALEX**

You saying Tod did kill himself?

Bludworth moves to Tod on the draining table, disconnecting the tubes  
connecting the body to the embalming chemicals.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

Suicide. Murder. Plane crash. What  
does it matter? He was going to end  
someday. From the minute you're cut  
loose from the womb... it's a one  
way ticket on a trip to the tomb.

Vile liquid oozes out of the body onto the porcelain table.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

You may not realize it, but we're  
all just a mouse that a cat has by  
its tail. Every single move we  
make, from the mundane to the  
monumental... the red light we stop  
at, or run; the people we have sex

with, or won't with us; the airplane we ride, or walk out of... is all a part of Death's sadistic design leading to the grave.

**ALEX**

Design?

The mortician considers as he drains some yellowish green fluid from the table. He shrugs then continues his work...

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

If Life is like a box of chocolates... Death... Death is like a big Milton Bradley game of "Mouse Trap." The day you're born is just the boot, hanging from the streetlamp, kicking the marble to get things rolling. Growing up is only the marble rolling down the curving chute. You feel immortal having survived school, sex, drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll, but you've really only upset the big hand holding the steel ball that falls into the bathtub. Marriage and kids and career seem to make it all worthwhile until the ball hits the see-saw and flips the diving man into the big barrel. In the old folks home or the hospital you just see the big cage rattling down until it captures... the mouse.

(beat)

Game over.

Alex considers as Clear eyes him, conveying "this guys's whacked!" Alex moves toward Bludworth...

**ALEX**

Maybe there's no way to win... but... if you figured out the game... you knew where the "steel ball was rolling" couldn't you avoid the trap and extend the playing time? Couldn't you... cheat Death at Its own game?

Mr. Bludworth looks directly at Alex. CAMERA MOVES IN ON EACH, INDIVIDUALLY... this between the two of them.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

You already did that by walking off  
the plane. Now you gotta out when  
and how it'll come back at you.

(beat)

Play your hunch, Alex. If you think  
you can get away from it.

(beat)

But beware the risk of cheating the  
plan, disrespecting the design...  
could initiate a horrifying fury that  
would terrorize even the Grim Reaper.

(beat)

And you don't even want to fuck with  
that Mack Daddie.

Alex's eyes are locked on Bludworth's chilling, pleasant smile. The  
mortician yanks on a tube, REVEALING a foot long needle removed from  
Tod's spinal column. The horrific nature of death is vividly  
demonstrated to Alex.

**ALEX**

I'm sorry we broke in.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

No harm. No foul.

Alex grabs her arm, starting toward the door.

**CLEAR**

We didn't find what we were looking  
for.

Alex looks at Bludworth...

**ALEX**

Yeah, we did.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

CAMERA PUSHES INTO the mortician, pleased the message has been  
recieved.

**MR. BLUDWORTH**

I'll see you soon.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

BRAKING LOUDLY, startlingly, a public bus PULLS INTO CAMERA and stops.  
The doors HISS open.



**CLEAR (O.S.)**

The mortician was whacked.

CAMERA ADJUSTS as Alex and Clear step off the bus and onto the street.

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

He was trippin' on formaldehyde.

Clear starts up the street, but Alex grabs her arm and steps back, assuring the bus moves off... safely. He nods, "it's safe to go." Throughout the following, his eyes are searching for anything potentially deadly.

**ALEX**

He said Death has a design. Even before he said that I had been seeing patterns.

**CLEAR**

(sarcastic)

As in flannels and plaids?

Up ahead, scaffolds rise before a building being restored. O.S., HAMMERING and CONSTRUCTION WORK POUND from above. In the f.g., tools and metal spikes. After a "thumbs up" gesture, the rope is pulled UP AND OUT OF FRAME.

**ALEX**

How many died on Flight 180?  
From our group?

**CLEAR**

Thirty-nine.

**ALEX**

Remember the gate number?

As Clear takes a moment to consider, Alex steers them well around the scaffolds, eyes skyward during the move...

**CLEAR**

No.

**ALEX**

Thirty-nine.

This is a creepy fact. Even though past the construction, Alex checks over his shoulder to assure they are out of harm's way.

**ALEX**

Remember the departure time?

**CLEAR**

Like... 4:25.

Reaching an intersection, Alex pushes the pedestrian traffic light button, then steps well away from the curb.

**PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC SIGNAL**

the halting red hand is lit.

**ALEX (V.O.)**

Do you know when I was born?

**INTERSECTION**

Clear sighs, growing impatient with Alex.

**CLEAR**

4:25.

**ALEX**

Right. April 25th.

**CLEAR**

Wait. I thought you meant the time of your birth. Four/Twenty-five, as in, month and day... that's a reach.

**PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC SIGNAL**

the halting red hand turns to the little white walking man.

**INTERSECTION**

Clear takes a step off the sidewalk and onto the street. Alex tugs her back, looking both ways while outraged by her challenge.

**ALEX**

My birthday is the same as of the time I was meant to die! That's a reach!?

VROOM! A car indeed makes a right, TEARING through the intersection. Once past, Alex takes Clear by the arm and hustles them across the street.

**CLEAR**

You're sounding like those people who, you know... "Oswald shot Kennedy from a warehouse and hid in a theatre and Booth shot Lincoln in a theatre and hid in a warehouse."

CAMERA HOLDS REVEALING an unmarked sedan parked across and down from a Starbucks with outdoor seating. Schreck and Weine sit in the car, eyes coolly locked on Alex and Clear.

**DOWN THE STREET - HEADING WEST**

Billy Hitchcock rides toward the Starbucks on his bicycle.

**EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY**

sitting outside, Alex hunches over the table, increasingly anxious. Clear listens; expression skeptical.

**ALEX**

I'm not just layin' down a bunch of math here, with this. I'm talking about indications... omens... that day, that we were meant to die. That, if, we have been aware of... would have saved everyone on the plane.

**CLEAR**

That's total bullshit. You can find death omens anywhere you want to.

She picks up her paper coffee cup.

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

Hey, look! "Coffee" starts with a "C" and ends with an "E." So does the word "choke!" We're going to choke to death! Oh no! Starbuck was a whaler. We're going to be harpooned!

Alex angrily glares at Clear. Clear drops her tone.

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

You'll go nuts if you start with that shit.

Ms. Lewton appears from around the corner. She starts toward the entrance, but pauses, tensing when she sees Alex.

He cautiously flashes a greeting smile. The teacher, however, averts her eyes and continues into the coffee shop. Alex sighs, guiltily. Clear sympathizes with both of them.

**CLEAR**

She's leaving the school. Moving away.

Alex studies, appealing to her...

**ALEX**

Clear, how do we know that by just sitting here, breathing this air or sipping the coffee, having crossed the street... we haven't started in motion the events that will lead to our death? Fifty years from now. Ten years. Tomorrow.

(beat)

You don't unless... you're able to open yourself to the signs I'm willing to show you.

He leans forward, removing a piece of paper from his pocket.

**CLOSE - ALEX'S HAND**

slides across the table. Opening his hand REVEALS the piece of paper reading, "... Tod..." Clear's hand ENTERS FRAME to take the paper. CAMERA FOLLOWS AS SHE raises it, her expression obviously puzzled. As she eyes Alex for an explanation, CAMERA CRANES DOWN QUICKLY to the empty paper cups on the table...

... a slight approaching BREEZE knocks them over.

**DOWN THE STREET - HEADING WEST**

A somewhat cherry 70's muscle car speeds in the direction of the Starbucks. Carter Horton is driving. Terry Chaney rides shotgun. Carter looks out the window.

**CARTER'S POV - MOVING - ALEX AND CLEAR**

She holds the paper as Alex, apparently, explains the story.

**CARTER'S CAR**

CARTER scowls, his anger rising as he slows, staring at the perceived reasons for his problems.

**ALEX AND CLEAR**

Her eyes turn from the paper to Alex, concerned about him...

**CLEAR**

I don't understand... did you see  
Tod die? Did it happen again, like on the  
plane?

**ALEX**

No, but it might as well be the same thing. This was a message... from someone, or something... hinting... at the design.

**CLEAR**

Alex, on the plane... you must have experienced... some kind of hyper awareness. But here... you're suggesting Tod's death... and maybe our own... will happen because of... an active Presence.

Alex nods, feeling she's understanding.

**ALEX**

The mortician said Death has a design. Now... if you, me, Tod, Carter, Terry, Billy, Ms. Lewton messed up that design, because, for whatever reason, I was able to see Death's plan... then we cheated it.  
(beat)

But what if it was our time, what if we were not meant to get off that plane? What if it is still is our time? If... It... is still not finished with us? We will all still die; now, not later.

Troubled and deeply concerned, Clear studies Alex.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

Unless... we find the pattern. And cheat it again.

Clear sets the paper down, looking sadly at Alex.

**CLEAR**

After hearing you, just now... I do believe...

Alex leans back and sighs, relieved...

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

...that Tod killed himself.

Alex is taken aback, hurt and angry.

**ALEX**

Then there's no one left who can help

me.

#### **CARTER'S CAR**

His eyes having never left Alex, Carter suddenly cranks the wheel hard to the left to make a tight U-Turn.

#### **BILLY HITCHCOCK**

rides his bike. He reacts, startled by...

#### **BILLY HITCHCOCK'S POV - CARTER'S CAR**

barreling down towards him. The car cuts in front of the bicycle to complete the U-Turn.

#### **WIDER**

Billy SWERVES to the left, directly in front of an oncoming car. The car SWERVES right, as does Billy, avoiding a certain fatal collision for the cyclist. The oncoming car HONKS!

Carter's car pulls up to the curb. Oblivious to the accident he almost caused, Carter gets out, strutting toward the tables outside the coffee shop. Inside the car, Terry sighs...

#### **TERRY**

Baby, come on... not now.

But her boyfriend continues. She gets out and hustles after him.

#### **ALEX AND CLEAR**

Their attention drawn by the commotion, Clear and Alex watch Carter Horton approach them, followed by Terry, who stops, irked, near the curb at the crosswalk.

#### **TERRY**

Carter...

At that moment, Ms. Lewton exits with an ezpresso drink. Sensing trouble, she has no energy or desire to involve herself.

#### **CARTER**

Kind of have a reunion, here.

#### **TERRY**

Let it go!

Carter steps before Ms. Lewton, blocking her exit...

#### **CARTER**

When are you moving?

**MS. LEWTON**

A couple of weeks.

She can't wait to leave. While trying to walk around Carter...

**CARTER**

We're losing our favorite teacher.

**ALEX**

Look, there's something you should  
all know.

**CLEAR**

Alex...

Carter eyes Alex, continuing the taunt. He raises the volume of his words to drown out Alex's words and incite conflict.

**CARTER (CONT'D)**

Lived here her whole life.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

This'll be hard to believe.

Ms. Lewton's eyes flash to Alex, afraid of him.

**CARTER (CONT'D)**

And now she has to move.  
All because of Browning.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

Listen to me, we may all  
be in danger...

**TERRY**

Shut up! The both of you!

The two boys stop their heated exchange.

**TERRY (CONT'D)**

They died! We lived!

(beat)

Get over it! I won't let that plane  
crash be the most important thing in  
my life. I'm moving on, Carter, and  
if you're gonna waste your life  
beating the shit out of Alex  
everytime you see him, then you can  
just drop fucking dead!

Head and shoulders remaining angrily in Carter's direction, Terry takes a blind step off the curb and into the crosswalk, WITHOUT A CUT... a bus suddenly speeds INTO FRAME and, THUD! plows directly right into her...

**ALEX, CLEAR, CARTER AND MS. LEWTON**

are SPLATTERED with BLOOD before they can even recoil.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BROWNING LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - ALKA SELTZER**

FIZZLES in the glass, while O.S., a PHONE RINGS...

**ALEX**

has crashed, watching CNN. It's a tense recline. Red circles rim the lids of his eyes. He sips from the glass to settle his stomach. Ken appears from the kitchen, hand over the receiver.

**KEN**

It's that girl... Clear.

No response from Alex. Ken sighs, then into the phone...

**KEN**

He's in the shower, Clear. Can I  
have him get back at ya? Sure...  
bye.

Ken returns to the living room, concerned about his son. Alex averts his eyes, stressed and ashamed. Ken sits nearby.

**KEN (CONT'D)**

She's concerned about you.  
(beat)  
I'm concerned about you.

Alex turns his eyes to the glass.

**KEN (CONT'D)**

Why don't you want to talk to her...  
or me?

**ALEX**

Dad... you and mom have helped me  
out, so much. But there's... some  
things I need to understand before  
I can talk... to anyone about it.

The father respects this young man's wishes. Ken nods "fair enough."  
In the silent moment, O.S., from the television...

**CNN ANCHOR (O.S.)**

The National Transportation Safety  
Board has a new theory tonight on the  
possible cause of Euro-Air Flight 180...



Alex quickly grabs the remote and turns up the VOLUME...

**TELEVISION**

A computer graphic illustrations the area of the lower fuselage.

**CNN ANCHOR (CONT'D, V.O.)**

Deterioration of silicon insulation  
on an electrical connector to the  
scavenger pump may have leaked  
combustible fluids.

**ALEX AND KEN**

Alex remains riveted to the screen.

**CNN ANCHOR (CONT'D, V.O.)**

A spark in the fuel switch...

**TELEVISION**

The graphic ZOOMS into the area in the rear right side, nearly above  
Tod's seat.

**ALEX (O.S.)**

That's Tod's seat...

**ALEX**

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he listens...

**CNN ANCHOR (CONT'D, V.O.)**

... may have ignited the fuel line. And  
proceeded to the fuel pump.

**TELEVISION**

The high-tech computer image traces the path of the explosion through  
the plane. A red line representing the fuel line zigs through the body  
of the plane, making a sharp turn forward to the fuel pump, which  
explodes. Jagged lines show the direction of the explosion moving  
backwards toward the rear of the plane.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - DAY - 747 SCHEMATIC**

drawn in Alex's hand, and hundreds of steps down from CNN computer  
image, yet accurate as Alex's finger traces the path, away from the  
seats marked "ME" and "CLEAR." The path starts over "TOD," then moves  
to "TERRY." The line moves forward away from "CARTER" toward the fuel  
pump.

The corresponding jagged picture of the explosion back is reminiscent of the "hand of Death," seen earlier in the lightning. It is a graphic demonstration of the arbitrary nature of Death.

**ALEX**

is amped, intensely more frightened as he believes...

**ALEX**

The path of the explosion...  
(a whisper)  
That's Death's design.

It instantly, frightfully, occurs to him, he now knows who will be next...

**CLOSE - SCHEMATIC**

Alex's finger quickly moves along the fuel line. After "TERRY," the seat intersecting the path of the fuel line, over the fuel pump, is marked "MS. LEWTON."

**CUT TO:**

**INT. VALERIE LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - VALERIE LEWTON**

ENTER'S FRAME, on the phone, wearing a t-shirt and sweats.

**MS. LEWTON (O.S.)**

Some nights I'm woken up by the  
sound of my own voice, you know,  
inside my head, goin', "No, you know  
the whole French thing. Get on the  
plane."

Moving boxes are stacked in the living room; organized disarray of relocating. The house is old, been in the family forever. Dust marks the walls where framed photos and artwork were once displayed.

**MS. LEWTON (CONT'D)**

Everything here reminds me... of  
sending Mr. Murnau back on the  
plane... Right, I'm hoping a change  
will help... I lived here my whole  
life and wherever I looked were great  
memories, you know... but now all I  
can see is Mr. Murnau... those kids.  
Just looking out my own front yard...  
makes me feel nothing but fear.

She peeks out of the front curtains and looks sadly upon her front yard. Her expression alters... alarmed...

**EXT. LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MS. LEWTON'S POV - FRONT YARD**

The figure is Alex Browning.

**INT. MS. LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ms. Lewton steps away from the curtains.

**MS. LEWTON**

(quickly)

Laura, I gotta call you back.

She immediately hangs up and speed dials.

**MS. LEWTON (CONT'D)**

This is Valerie Lewton. I need Agent Schreck...

**TIME CUT:**

**EXT. LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Alex has moved closer to her house, remaining in the shadows. He checks for any passers-by. Being sure there are none, he creeps toward Ms. Lewton's car. He visually inspects the exterior. As he kicks the tires... an unmarked sedan SCREECHES up. Doors open...

Startled, Alex turns to find...

Special agents Schreck and Weine standing in the street, backlit in the strong headlights of their car.

**SCHRECK**

What are you doing?

**ALEX**

is nervous but determined. He tells the truth...

**ALEX**

Checking the air in her tires to make sure they're safe.

**SPECIAL AGENTS SCHRECK AND WEINE**

after a beat of incredulity...

**SCHRECK**

Get in the car.

**INT. MS. LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - VALERIE LEWTON**

is watching, peeking out her front curtains. O.S., CAR DOORS CLOSE. The vehicle ROARS OFF. She releases the curtains and moves back, feeling somewhat better, but still rattled.

Then...

The curtains billow as if blown by a breeze. Ms. Lewton appears puzzled as she moves the curtains aside to find the windows closed. As CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HER, tensing and uneasy...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Alex sits behind a table in the cinderblock room painted police station green. Sitting across from him, with a good cop tone, is Agent Weine, while Schreck stands with a hard-ass posture.

**ALEX**

I believe that... Ms. Lewton's next.

**WEINE**

"Next?"

**ALEX**

Yes... see, there's this...  
pattern... that's occurring.

**WEINE**

(sarcastic)  
Oh, you've noticed it, too?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MS. LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ms. Lewton moves to a closet door, opens it and CLICKS on an overhead light.

Kneeling down, she tugs on a heavy box and opens it to check the contents. Her expression warms, as if recalling a far off memory.

**MS. LEWTON**

Oh... mom's favorite.

She slides a vinyl record album out of the sleeve and moves to the turntable on a shelf, thick with dust.

Valerie places the record on the stereo and sets the needle on the album. CAMERA SWEEPS IN CLOSE TO THE TURNTABLE, although spinning around and around... the bold letters of the center label can be read... JOHN DENVER... the opening acoustic guitar of "Rocky Mountain High" has never sounded so eerie...

**JOHN DENVER (V.O.)**

He was born in the summer of his  
twenty-seventh year...

Pleased with the feeling of a pleasant memory, Lewton moves off.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Schreck moves closer to Alex.

**SCHRECK**

Where'd you get this "pattern" from?  
You have another "vision?" Maybe saw  
it in some T.V. static?

Alex is insulted by the condescending tone.

**ALEX**

I didn't ask for what happened to me  
on the plane. You can make fun of me.  
You can think I'm a nut. I'm used to  
it. I saved six lives but the entire  
school acts like I'm a freak. Fine.

Alex takes a nervous breath...

**ALEX**

I'm not suffering from Post Traumatic  
Stress. I haven't developed a  
narcissistic deity complex. I'm not  
going Dahmer.

(beat)

This just is. There's a pattern in  
place for you. And you. There's a  
design for everyone.

The agents study Alex...

**ALEX**

(sighs)

And I'm not sure yet how... but I  
intend to break this one.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MS. LEWTON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - SET OF CUTLERY KNIVES**

held in a wooden block, sits atop the kitchen counter.

In the b.g., Valerie removes the chrome teapot from the stove and moves it to the sink. JOHN DENVER CONTINUES in the next room. Ms. Lewton turns on the faucet, pours water into the kettle. Some water spills on the side of the kettle. As she wipes the pot with a blue checked hand towel, a dark shadow appears to cross behind her.

Lewton turns. CAMERA FOLLOWS, CIRCLING as she looks about the room only to find she is alone. Unsetteled, she absently tosses the towel on the counter the edge which, catches a knife blade held in the cutery block.

### **STOVE**

Ms. Lewton turns on the gas, adjusts it, however... the flames blow out. She pauses, nerves on edge. Her eyes cautiously move about the room and find nothing. She grabs a pack of nearby matches and strikes one.

### **JOHN DENVER (V.O.)**

He left yesterday behind him/  
You might say he's born again...

CAMERA PUSHES INTO the burner as the flames re-ignite and FILL THE FRAME...

**CUT TO:**

### **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Weine sits across from Alex, symapthetic, but professional...

### **WEINE**

Alex, you got our attention, at first, because you were under suspicion in the plane explosion.

Alex tenses, but Weine shakes his head.

### **WEINE (CONT'D)**

I know you didn't blow up that plane.

Alex sighs, eases.

### **WEINE (CONT'D)**

I don't believe you have magical powers. No one has any... control over life and death... unless... that person is taking lives and causing death.

Weine leans forward toward Alex...

**WEINE (CONT'D)**

Alex... can you promise me that  
no one else will die?

**ALEX**

No... I can't. As long as I'm in  
here, it's outta my control.

The agents are taken aback by his answer; unnerved by his sincerity.  
Weine sighs and looks to his partner, who sighs, frustrated and turns  
away.

**WEINE**

Alright, go on. Get outta here.

Alex stands and, with no urgency, moves off. He exits the room.

**SCHRECK**

Kid gives me the creeps.

**WEINE**

We got nothing to hold him.

**SCHRECK**

I don't mean that...

(beat)

There's a couple of times, there...  
I almost believed him.

Weine considers, yet remains skeptical.

**WEINE**

Sometimes, you give me the creeps.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MS. LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CLOSE - TEAPOT**

Whistles.

**JOHN DENVER (V.O.)**

When he first came to the mountains,  
his life was far away...

**COFFEE MUG - OVERHEAD**

two tea bags are dropped inside, then the steaming hot water.

**MS. LEWTON**

picks up the cup, raising it toward her lips. She pauses, her expression turning tragic.

On a reflex, she spins toward the sink and throws the hot contents into the drain. She sits the mug down...

**A COFFEE MUG**

ENTERS FRAME... displaying the logo of the Mt. Abraham Fighting Colonials.

**MS. LEWTON**

Trembling. She takes a deep breath, getting a hold of herself.

**MS. LEWTON**

You gotta stop this! Stop this! It's  
just a stupid mug.

(composed)

You're outta here. Pretty soon...  
you'll be gone.

Opening the refrigerator freezer, she grabs some ice and a bottle of pure Polish Vodka then deliberately turns back toward the same mug...

**COFFEE MUG**

the ice cubes PLUNK. The cold alcohol pours into the hot mug. CAMERA PUSHES INTO THE MUG as... it slightly CRACKS, Vodka dripping out of the base.

Lewton's hand picks up the mug, oblivious to the crack. She moves off toward the living room, leaving a trail of alcohol.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Alex exits the police station, walking. He checks over his shoulder to see if he is being watched and increases his pace, legs whipping across FRAME...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MS. LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Valerie Lewton tears off a piece of plastic bubble wrap. She stands over her desk, placed against the wall. On the desk is her desktop computer monitor.



**JOHN DENVER (V.O.)**

It's the Colorado Rocky Mountain  
High...

She pauses to swig from her cup of vodka.

**EXTREMELY CLOSE - COFFEE MUG**

alcohol drips from her mug...

**EXTREMELY CLOSE - COMPUTER MONITOR VENT**

... fluid drips inside the circuitry.

**MS. LEWTON**

sets the mug out of the way on the back edge of her desk.

**CLOSE - COFFEE MUG**

The remaining vodka oozes from the crack, pools, then drips off the  
edge of the desk...

**JOHN DENVER**

I've seen it rainin' fire from the  
sky...

CAMERA CRANES DOWN to REVEAL the monitor cable inserted into an  
electrical wall socket. The vodka drip... drip... drips PAST FRAME.  
Then, Lewton's hand ENTERS and pulls the monitor plug, creating tiny  
SPARKS at the connection...

**ON THE FLOOR**

the alcohol ignites...

**MS. LEWTON**

her back is to the desk, while pouring styrofoam peanuts into the box.  
In the b.g., FLAMES, nearly supernaturally, leap up the wall and toward  
the computer monitor.

**CLOSE - COMPUTER MONITOR - THROUGH THE VENTS**

the interior catches fire, causing an electrical POP!

**MS. LEWTON**

turns, holding her sheet of bubble wrap, shocked by the flames.

**THE COMPUTER MONITOR**

On the screen, the reflection of the approaching shadow passes before the monitor... EXPLODES!

**MS. LEWTON**

a large jagged shard from the monitor flies into her throat. Blood squirts from her neck onto the bubble wrap. Her stunned expression is sickeningly numb from shock.

**JOHN DENVER (V.O.)**

Rocky Mountain High/ Colorad-oh.

She reaches up to reflexively pull the glass from her throat, creating a flood of spurting blood.

She drops the glass and quickly stumbles toward the kitchen, blindly banging the turntable as she passes. The needle skips, BUMPS... and settles... unmercifully at the start of "Rocky Mountain High."

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT**

Alex walks quickly up the street. Smoke wafts before him. He turns to see a man burning leaves in the backyard.

The breeze intensifies, lifting the burning debris. The smoke swirls around him. CAMERA PUSHES INTO ALEX as he senses the Presence. He looks ahead.

**ALEX'S POV - TWO DOZEN LEAVES**

mystically float past him, each on fire.

**ALEX**

senses the taunting message and breaks into a full sprint, passing through many of the burning leaves that break up into the bright orange cinders against the black sky.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THE FLAMES**

reach the coffee mug, igniting the trickling stream leading to, and away from, the crack in the cup.

**FLOOR**

Flames ride the small trickle of vodka back toward the kitchen...

**INT. KITCHEN - LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Valerie Lewton races in, desperately pressing her hand to her throat as she GURGLES and CHOKES on the blood from the wound. She leans over the now red sink. She turns pale from the blood loss.

**THE STOVE**

the flaming stream shoots up the stove, lighting the burners.

**MS. LEWTON**

behind her, the stove ERUPTS in FLAMES. They jump, leap like a tiger, landing on her shoulders and hair, which catch on fire...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Alex approaches the front of the house. From here, nothing appears to be wrong. As he catches his breath, sweating, visually examining the house.

From INSIDE, a hoarse, macabre SCREAM! CAMERA PUSHES IN ON ALEX, stunned, before he races off toward the house.

**INT. LEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MS. LEWTON**

DROPS INTO FRAME ON HER KITCHEN FLOOR, hair and sweatshirt aflame. She desperately rolls on the floor and manages to extinguish the flames.

On her back, on the floor, she is badly burned. Her open neck wound continues to bleed. Blood pools on the floor. In shock and moving on pure survival instincts, she reaches up...

**LEWTON'S POV - (LOOKING UP) - THE HAND TOWEL**

the lower third of the towel dangles over the edge of the counter top. Her hand grabs it, and pulls.

**COUNTER TOP**

the draped edge of the towel pulls over the cutlery block. The knives spill out, entangled with the hand towel.

**ALEX (O.S.)**

Ms. Lewton!

**KITCHEN DOORWAY**

Alex rushes across the threshold as Ms. Lewton pulls the knives over the counter.

**MS. LEWTON**

a half dozen knives, from small, but sharp, cutting blades to large butcher knives, cascade into her body.

**JOHN DENVER (V.O.)**

They say that he got crazy once and  
he tried to touch the sun...

Her hand trembling, her expression horrified, Lewton grabs the handle of the largest blade, trying to pull it out. Alex quickly kneels next to her. She looks at him, in shock, her eyes pleading. Alex gathers his courage, places his hand on the handle of the largest blade. As he's about to remove it...

**THE STOVE**

a gas line ERUPTS, creating a small EXPLOSION.

**THE COUNTER TOP**

the cutlery block is knocked off of the counter...

**MS. LEWTON**

the block lands directly on the butcher knife handle, driving the blade further into Ms. Lewton's body.

**LEWTON'S POV - THE SHADOW**

descends, the FRAME COLLAPSING until her face, eerily peaceful, but lifeless gray, horrifically decays... flesh rotting, worms feeding on muscle until only a skull remains.

**MS. LEWTON**

as Death arrives, her eyes are macabrely focused above her.

**ALEX**

Even as blood squirts on him from her open wound, he appears to realize she is "seeing" the moment of death.

**ALEX**

Ms. Lewton!

Flames leap from the stove to the curtains, which catch fire.

Alex grabs the knife and pulls it out. He quickly removes another and another... yet there is no reaction from the woman.

Knowing she is dead, Alex pauses with guilt. He looks at the knife in his hand, then realizes how incriminating this could appear. In that moment, another small EXPLOSION from the stove brings Alex quickly to his feet. He drops the knife to the floor and races from the house. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the shoe prints left in the pool of blood.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LEWTON'S STREET - NIGHT**

Alex runs with all his strength away from Valerie Lewton's home. Billy Hitchcock is riding his bicycle in Alex's direction. He stops and gets off his bike.

**BILLY**

Hey, Alex...

Alex appears unaware as he simply runs past Billy, who curiously turns his head to watch Alex race up the street. O.S., the CRACKLING OF FIRE. CAMERA MOVES INTO Billy as he turns back, reacting with shock to Ms. Lewton's house.

**THE HOUSE**

from inside, an intense EXPLOSION propels glass from the windows. Flames engulf the entire house.

**ALEX**

even down the street, he is knocked to his feet by the blast. In the distance, SIRENS from approaching POLICE AND FIRE trucks are HEARD. He stands, looks to the now suspicious Billy... then opts to run off away from the scene. Escaping into the dark backyards of the neighborhood.

**CUT TO:**

**INT./EXT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVERS' HOUSE - DAY - CLEAR RIVERS**

Tense, her eyes look left, then right...

**CLEAR**

I don't know where he is. He's not talking to me.

**WIDER**

Agents Schreck and Weine stand before Clear in her garage.

**WEINE**

Why?

She studies the men before averting her eyes.

**CLEAR**

Because I didn't believe him.

The agents study her. Weine accepts the explanation. Schreck's eyes take a walk around the artwork in the garage, pausing on a piece of twisted metal from the crash. Clear tenses, however...

**SCHRECK**

If he should contact you, it would be in the best interest of your own safety to contact us.

Schreck hands his card. She takes it and nods. Schreck pauses, once again eyeing the painting before moving out of the garage on their way to their car.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON CLEAR as she looks at the business card.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MT. ABRAHAM HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT**

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Flight 180 Memorial, lit for dramatic effect at night, but only achieving an eeriness. Carter Horton and Billy Hitchcock ENTER FRAME, moving toward the monument. Billy is riding his bicycle, wearing a New York Rangers jersey with "Hitchcock" across the back of the shoulders. Nearing the shadows, the two boys stop looking at the monument.

Carter pulls out a heavy pocket knife and starts attempting to cut into the stone.

Clear Rivers appears from the shadows.

**CLEAR**

What are you doing?

**CARTER**

Terry's name should be on this wall.

Clear is touched by the action.

**CARTER (CONT'D)**

So, why'd you want us to meet you here? Now?

**CLEAR**

They're watching me, see if I go to Alex.

**BILLY**

Are you?

**CLEAR**

They'll follow my car.  
(beat)  
That's why you're taking me.

**CARTER**

Why would I want to see him?

Clear eyes the two of them. With the memorial standing behind them...

**CLEAR**

Because he knows which one of us  
is next.

As Carter and Billy feel the chill of their inner fears...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The muscle car ROARS onto U.S. 17 on ramp. A sign near the road  
indicates:

"Middletown - 25 mi. New York City - 105 mi."

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Carter checks the rearview mirror. Clear looks out the front passenger  
window. She shakes her head, as if "no one's following us." Billy  
leans forward from the backseat...

**BILLY**

Um... okay... drive the speed limit,  
right?

He sits back, OUT OF FRAME, but quickly darts forward.

**BILLY (CONT'D)**

And don't pass on the right.

**CARTER**

Billy! I'm gettin' a vision!  
You're the next one...

**BILLY**

(nervous)  
Hey, man, why'd you say that?!

**CARTER**

'Cause if you say another word,  
I'm gonna fuckn' kill ya!

Billy sits back, gesturing, "hear ya. Got it." Clear pays no attention to their exchange as she stare out into the darkness, her thoughts a million miles away.

**EXT. SEASHORE - JONES BEACH SATE PARK - NIGHT**

A posted sign indicates "ACCIDENT SITE. ANY DEBRIS FOUND SHOULD BE REPORTED TO THE NTSB (212)555-NTSB." CAMERA FINDS Carter's car pulling up to a stop. Clear opens the passenger door and pauses in the car a while...

**CLEAR**

He could be anywhere from here to a mile down the shore. You guys drive down there, start this way and we'll meet around the middle. It'll take half the time.

Clear closes the door. Carter and Billy drive off. As she looks to the beach.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

CAMERA, FACING the ocean, moves along the shore revealing a lone image sitting on the beach, looking into the Atlantic.

The waves are small bur rhythmic, an enternal metronome. Numb, Alex Browning sits in the sand searching for an answer somewhere in the darkness of the evening sea.

Behind him, O.S., approaching in the sand, SOFT FOOTSTEPS. He listens, notes them. Yet rather than turn around... he looks up into the sky.

**ALEX'S POV - THE SKY**

The shoreline lights cast an orange haze on the stars, breaking through, infinitely above.

**ALEX (O.S.)**

Are they up there?

**WIDER**

Clear Rivers approaches, barefoot in the sand. He neddn't turn to know who is behind him.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

Somehow... is 180 still in flight?  
Somewhere... are they still safe?



Clear hasn't met eyes with Alex, but she sits nearby, looking into the sky.

**CLEAR**

When I was a kid, like, six or seven... I used to worry so much about my parents dying. Like lying awake at night... just worrying. I loved them so much. I didn't want them to get hurt. And what would happen to me? What would life be like?

(beat)

Every night... it seemed.

She looks out at the stars. He doesn't eye her, either...

**ALEX**

Most kids do, I guess.

**CLEAR**

Most kids never have it happen.

Alex hangs his head...

**CLEAR**

When I was ten... my dad went into a 7-11 for cigarettes. I guess he heard somebody say "Don't turn around." So on reflex, or thinkin' a friend was jokin'... he did. And the guy blew his head off.

She has lived this so many times, she is long beyond crying...

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

And, let me tell ya, I had every reason to worry before... because life became shit. I don't blame her, I guess, but my mom couldn't deal with it at all. She married this asshole, who my mom with my real dad would cross the street to avoid this guy. He really didn't want a kid. And so my mom didn't either anymore, I guess.

(beat)

If that was the design for my father... and my family... then fuck Death, FUCK IT!

The waves continue to shore. Clear looks up at the sky.

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

And so, anyway... I've thought of  
that "somewhere," Alex. It exists,  
that place.

He looks at her.

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

Where my dad is still safe. Where he  
had a full pack of cigarettes and  
kept driving. A place where me and  
my dad and my mom... are still  
together....and have no idea about  
this second life, here.

(beat)

A place where our friends are still  
in the sky... where everyone gets a  
second chance.

She looks at him...

**CLEAR (CONT'D)**

But that place might only exist in  
my heart. And maybe, now... yours. I  
haven't experienced too many second  
chances in my life. I haven't seen  
any. But because of all of this, I  
believe... because of you... I will  
get a second chance. Because of me,  
you will. With you in my life... that  
place, right now existing in our  
hearts, will spring out... and become  
a real part of this life.

Alex looks within her, as a soft ocean breeze blows through Clear's  
hair.

**CLEAR**

And that is the only way we can beat  
Death... by making something special  
out of Life.

His eyes well with tears. Only as she looks at Alex does Clear become  
emotional... they move closer, and kiss, the desire for each other, to  
defy the events around them; darkness; the isolation...

They dive into a deep feverish kiss. Embracing, as if the tighter, the  
safer. She pulls him back down to the beach and lifts his shirt over  
his head.

**ALEX**

This won't be safe.

Clear looks down the beach, checking for any sight of Billy and Carter.

**CLEAR**

Those guys are probably fifteen minutes away.

**ALEX**

No.. I mean, I don't have anything on me. This won't be safe.

**CLEAR**

(sadly)

Nothing is... anymore.

Alex looks to Clear, then kisses her with passion that reflects the defiance of death. He pulls open her shirt and falls into her arms. CAMERA CRANES UP as the young man and woman make love in the sand... consciously and defiantly oblivious, to anything around them... including the stars, possibly Flight 180, up above.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Carter drives. Billy rides shotgun. Alex and Clear are in the back. Everyone anxious, looking for cops.

**ALEX**

I can't go home. After Lewton's, they'll be after me.

**CLEAR**

We're takin' you to a cabin in the woods, it's only a couple miles from my house.

(to Carter)

Keep off the highways, they'll be lookin' for us.

Carter, however, continually glances into the rearview mirror, checking Alex. Finally, hotheaded and unable to withhold it any further...

**CARTER**

Alright, Browning, you fuckin' warlock... did you know about Ms. Lewton, or what?

**ALEX**

Why do you think I was hiding?

**CLEAR**

Billy told the F.B.I. he saw you  
runnin' away from her house.

**ALEX**

They blame me for everything. Her,  
Tod, the plane crash...

**BILLY**

Your shoe prints were in the blood.  
Your fingerprints on the knives...

**ALEX**

I already told you...

**CARTER**

(interrupting)

I'm not talkin' about if you did it.  
Or if you knew she was dead...

(beat)

Did you know she was going to be  
next... before she was?

Alex looks at Clear, her expression asking the same question...

**ALEX**

(quietly)

Yeah.

(almost to himself)

When she died... at that moment, I  
could tell she saw something... horrible.

The three others turn quiet, considering what it must be...

**CARTER**

Out of us... who's next to see it?

Alex eyes them... hesitant to respond.

**BILLY**

Please tell me I'm gonna get to see  
the Jets win the Super Bowl.

**CARTER**

Me, right? That's why you're not  
saying.

Billy looks out the window, despondent.

**BILLY**

Shoulda felt up Tammy in the pool,  
that time...

**CARTER**

(to Billy)

Whatta you whinin' about? He said I'm  
next.

**CLEAR**

He didn't say nothin'. Just drive.

**CARTER**

You have a responsibility to tell me.

**ALEX**

Is knowing going to make it easier?  
It makes it harder.

**CARTER**

You get off havin' control over me.  
Let me choose how to deal with it.

**ALEX**

It doesn't matter who's next...  
we're all on the same list.

The three are silent.

**CARTER**

Aww, fuck... really?

Carter's expression becomes frightened, but he cannot have this. He  
counters with an irrational bravado.

**CARTER**

Then why bother? What's the fuckin'  
point? Terry and me will be back  
together on the other side, so why  
wait any longer?

Carter bares down on the wheel, hits the GAS...

**EXT. AN INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

The muscle car ROARS past a stop sign.

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

The interior bounces as the car clears a dip past the intersection.  
Alex, Clear, and Billy tenses...

**CLEAR**

Knock it off!

**CARTER**

May as well go out under my own  
free will, right?

**CLEAR**

Not with us in the fuckin' car!

**EXT. ANOTHER INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

The car GUNS IT through another stop sign.

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Every passenger hangs on as the car BOUNCES from the next dip.

**CLEAR**

Stop it!

**BILLY**

Hey, c'mon, man...

**CARTER**

What's your fuckin' worry? If it's  
not your time...? I could get nailed  
runnin' this red light and you all  
wouldn't get shit! Only me, right?

**ALEX**

No!

**CLEAR**

Knock it off!

**EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

Red light. A car approaches with the greenlighted right of way.  
Carter's car TEARS INTO FRAME, just missing being T-boned in the  
intersection as the other car HITS THE BRAKES, fishtailing.

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

**BILLY**

And I fuckin' HATED FRENCH CLASS!

**ALEX**

Carter, stop it, you  
fuckin' maniac!!

**CLEAR**

Get control of yourself!

**CARTER**

That's what I'm doin'!

**CLEAR**

I know what you're doing! It's  
alright to be scared, Carter. You  
don't have to prove to us how big  
your balls are. Not now.

**CARTER**

I'm not afraid! I DECIDE WHEN IT'S  
TIME! I control my life! I control  
my death!

**BILLY**

Watch it! Watch it!

**EXT. A SECOND TRAFFIC LIGHT INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

Carter barrels through the intersection as a car makes a left turn at the intersection.

**TURNING CAR DRIVER'S POV - CARTER'S CAR**

flying down the road, appears to be heading straight towards him.

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Carter takes his hands off the wheel and raises them in the air, like a terrorized child on a roller coaster...

**EXT. A SECOND TRAFFIC LIGHT INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

The turning car HONKS, ROARING through the intersection as Carter's car nearly clips the rear end of the turning car.

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Cater hooks his elbow on the window and his right arm around the front seat, driving; no hands.

**CLEAR**

Stop the car!

**ALEX**

Let us out!

**BILLY**

I am... so close to puking, you  
don't wanna know.

**CLEAR**

We're afraid, too, Carter, but we're  
not going to quit. Maybe you are. You  
act like you're not, but you are!

Carter eyes Clear in the rearview mirror.

**CLEAR**

So, stop what you're doing and STOP  
THIS CAR! Right fucking now!

**EXT. BACKSTREET - NIGHT**

In the backseat, Alex and Clear ease... just as a railroad crossing arm drops INTO FRAME in the REAR WINDOW. O.S., the CLANG CLANG CLANG of a RAILROAD CROSSING ALARM.

**OUT OF THE FRONT WINDOW**

The front crossing arm drops INTO FRAME before the car. Carter turns and flashes a "that's why I stopped" smile.

**INSIDE THE CAR**

**CLEAR**

Move it!

Carter turns off the engine, then sits back into his seat and folds his arms, indicating he has no intention of moving.

**ALEX**

Billy, get out!

Scared to death, Billy fumbles with the car door handle. From the front passenger seat, he looks up and to his left...

**OUT OF THE DRIVER'S WINDOW - BILLY'S POV**

A locomotive headlight arcs across the trees... approaching.

**RETURN**

**CLEAR**

Can't you open the door?!

**ALEX**

Easy, Billy, just open it.

Billy collects himself...

**CLOSE - BILLY'S DOOR HANDLE**

POPS open!

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT**

The train appears around the blind bend...

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Billy opens the door and pours out. Clear and Alex are quickly behind him. Carter remains in the drivers seat.

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT**



The train WARNING WHISTLE BLOWS as Alex, Clear and Billy hustle away from the car, on the same side of the tracks. They quickly turn around, desperate to convince...

**CLEAR**

Carter, get out!

**ALEX**

Don't do it! Don't do it!

**BILLY**

It's coming! It's coming!

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Arms crossed, Carter remains in the front seat. As the interior fills with light from the headlight of the oncoming train, Carter turns and looks at them with a smart ass smile, pleased that he's shown how brave he truly is. With a beam of cocky definance...

**CARTER**

It ain't my time.

He coolly turns back to the ignition, grabs the key and turns it over... only to be met with the DULL CLACK of a dead engine.

CAMERA SWEEPS INTO HIM AS his EYES FLARE with tension...

**CLOSE - IGNITION**

he turns it, again and again... nothing.

**CARTER**

looks up...

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT - CARTER'S POV - THE TRAIN**

is moments away.

**ALEX, CLEAR AND BILLY**

assess the situation...

**ALEX**

Get out! Get out of the car!  
Get out of the fuckin' car!

**CLEAR**

Get out! Get out of the  
car!

**INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT**

As he turns away from them, Carter sees something in the rearview mirror...

**CARTER'S POV - REAR VIEW MIRROR**

the passing shadow is darker than any surrounding darkness.

**CARTER**

as if the image has effected him, he looks to his lap belt and CLACKS the button. He tugs at the restraint, but it will not move. He's strapped in.

He tries to open the door... it won't open. He pulls at the door handle... tugs at the seatbelt... panicked. Horrified, he whips towards the others.

**CARTER**

I can't get out!

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT**

Alex, Billy and Clear look at one another, equally frightened...

**BILLY**

Man, he really is next.

Alex takes off toward...

**CARTER'S CAR**

Alex hustles around the drivers' side. CAMERA SWEEPS INTO THEM as Alex desperately tries freeing the seatbelt.

**THE TRAIN**

the WHISTLES SCREAMS!

**CLEAR AND BILLY**

tense, as the train nears...

**ALEX AND CARTER**

Alex grabs Carter by the shoulders and strains with all his might to pull the much more muscular kid out of the driver's window.

**CLOSE - CARTER'S SEAT BELT**

the shadowy presence is reflected by the chrome buckle, however, after it passes... the seat belt begins to TEAR.

**ALEX AND CARTER**

As CAMERA SWEEPS IN to ALEX and he releases a deep GROAN...

**ACROSS THE TRACKS**

The train TEARS THROUGH the front end of the muscular car! GLASS and METAL ERUPT as the locomotive THUNDERS THROUGH FRAME.

**CLEAR AND BILLY**

must turn away from the shower of metal and broken glass.

**ALEX AND CARTER**

Alex holds Carter by the shirt at the shoulders, dragging him away from the wreckage. The two boys collapse on the road as the train continues to ROAR PAST...

**TRAIN TRACKS**

as the heavy train wheels THUNDER and CLACK, a broken two foot long shard of the car's debris BOUNCES upon the tracks, kicked about by the train wheels.

**CLEAR AND BILLY**

run to the two survivors.

**CLEAR**

runs and falls into Alex's arms, holding him tight.

**ALEX, CLEAR, CARTER AND BILLY**

Carter lies on the road, urine stains around his crotch, hyperventilating and near tears.

**CLEAR**

Scared now?

Carter looks at the piece of seatbelt.

**CARTER**

It broke!

**BILLY**

No one's that strong.

**CLEAR**

(to Carter)

Bullshit. He saved your life...again!

**CLOSE - TRAIN WHEELS**

continue to kick around the chunk of twisted metal...

**RETURN**

The THUNDERING TRAIN intensifies the situation...

**BILLY**  
**THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S RIGHT! YOU ARE**  
**NEXT! I'M GETTING THE FUCK AWAY FROM**  
**YOU!**

Billy begins backing away from the others.

**CARTER**  
**SHUT UP, BILLY!**

**CLEAR**  
**WE DON'T NEED THIS NOW!**

Billy continues backing away, horrified.

**BILLY**  
**I DON'T NEED IT EVER! GET AWAY FROM**  
**HIM! HE'S NEXT!**

**CLOSE - TRAIN TRACKS**

the debris rattles beneath the wheels...

**CARTER AND ALEX**

still on the ground...

**CARTER**  
**FUCK YOU, BILLY! I'M NOT DEAD!**

**BILLY**

backing away...

**BILLY**  
**YOU WILL BE! YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE**  
**DEAD!**

**TRAIN TRACKS**

the debris bounces directly on the track. With great power and force, a train wheel runs over the debris, cutting it in half. It catches in the wheel and is spun around until shot out with the force of a missile...

**BILLY**

**BILLY (CONT'D)**

**AND YOU AIN'T TAKIN' ME WITH YOU!**

FWOOP! The metal tears ACROSS FRAME, ripping Billy's head from his shoulders.

**ALEX, CLEAR AND CARTER**

The ROAR of the TRAIN seems exaggerated as they are frozen in horrified shock.

**EXTREMELY WIDE - ACROSS THE TRACKS**

The train CLEARS FRAME and is gone... REVEALING, across the tracks, Alex, Clear and Carter can do nothing but watch Billy's decapitated body macabrely wobbling on its two front feet before falling to the ground.

**CARTER**

Jesus fucking Christ!

For a beat, there is SILENCE... until, in the distance, SIRENS can be heard, approaching. As Alex stands and Carter manages to rise on wobbly legs... none of them can remove their eyes from Billy's body.

**ALEX**

(to Carter)

You should have been next. After Lewton, you should've been next.

That's the only pattern. You should be dead.

**CARTER**

You're the fuckin' devil.

**ALEX**

(to Clear)

But I saved him. I intervened. Just like the plane. That's the design.

**CLEAR**

Police are coming.

**ALEX**

That's why It skipped Carter and went to the next one in the path of the explosion; Billy.

Alex looks at Clear as if experiencing an intense epiphany.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

My intervention in the death of 180 survivors will cheat the design.

**CARTER**

"Intervention?" What are you, God now?!

**ALEX**

Of course not! Gods aren't afraid to die! Gods don't die! We do!

**CLEAR**

You're losin' it. The police will be here. We have to go to the cabin. You can hide there. Get your head together.

Alex considers, mind racing... then realizes...

**ALEX**

After Billy... it's me. And then you.

Clear grabs Clear and touches her face.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

(to Clear)

Hey, I won't let it happen, okay.

Carter turns to them; it's as far as he will go to admit he believes... or will help...

**CARTER**

Then, get out of here.

As she moves to Alex, Clear nods her acknowledgement and appreciation to Carter. She takes Alex by the hand and the pair begin running away, off into the woods.

In the DISTANCE, a TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS, eerie, as if Death was punctuating the moment.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

The windows are boarded. The front steps are worn and dilapidated. In the early evening moonlight, the dwelling appears eerie and ghostly. CAMERA CREEPS TOWARD the house, a pre-storm breeze swaying branches and blowing leaves. In the distance... LIGHTNING...

**INT. CABIN - DAY - A SMALL TABLE**

A final piece of duct tape is applied to the corner of the table, dulling any sharp edges. Even though it is sunny outside, all the

shades are pulled. The room sits in dark shadows broken by occasional bright shafts of light.

CAMERA FOLLOWS a hand as it carefully picks up a Coleman lantern and sets it atop an empty can placed in the center and above the water line of a large metal tub; a fire protection moat.

**ALEX**

finds his way to a chair in the center of the room, away from everything except a nearby table holding a fire extinguisher and a first aid kit, both at less than arm's reach.

Unshaven, a week and a half's growth, and unkept, Alex looks horrible. An anxious zombie, especially in the dim glow of the lantern. Dark circles, from lack of sleep. Thin, from lack of food. Pale, from lack of sunlight.

He places workman's gloves on his hands before picking up a can of Underwood chicken spread. With some degree of difficulty, he works the gloves beneath the tab and pulls. Careful not to cut himself, he reaches out and drops the lid into a small trash can.

Alex removes the gloves and, with a plastic spoon, begins to eat. CAMERA PUSHES IN as he begins to chew methodically, chewing and chewing and chewing with concentration until... after steadying himself... prepares to swallow... then, carefully does.

Pause... he's alright. He takes the spoon. Scoops some more. And the process begins again.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - DAY**

A pink circle fills THE ENTIRE FRAME.

**EXTREMELY CLOSE - CLEAR'S EYES**

look downward, anxious and full of thought.

**A HOME PREGNANCY TEST**

the results are positive, two pink dots, confirming.

**WIDER**

Clear sighs, frightened as she tosses the test upon a half dozen other discarded tests. You can never be too sure. Outside, WIND of an approaching storm blows. CAMERA tensely INCHES IN ON Clear...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT - CRACK BENEATH DOOR**

The resulting THUNDER RUMBLES. A breeze blows beneath the door, carrying some Autumn leaves. CAMERA FOLLOWS the breeze across the floor to Alex's pant legs which slightly flutter.

CAMERA RISES TO ALEX, sitting in his safe chair. Paranoid and obsessively cautious, his eyes move towards the door, anticipating the consequential events. Following the path of the breeze, Alex turns around...

**ALEX'S POV - TRASH BAG**

the brown shopping bag tips over. Amongst the trash spread on the floor, a can rolls out and across the floor.

**ALEX**

tenses. He doesn't look to where the can has been, but where it is going.

**ALEX'S POV - CAN**

rolls across the floor and gently hits the end of a fishing pole, propped in the corner. The pole teeters and falls over.

**FISHING HOOK**

falls, hooking a closet door. The door begins to swing open.

**ALEX**

is quickly out of his safe chair, hustling towards...

**THE DOOR**

Alex slams the door shut before it can open. Behind the door, a CRASH as something falls. Alex cracks a wicked half smile, cocky he has caught Death before this attempt has brought to fruition.

Alex removes the hook from the door and places the pole on the floor. He cautiously opens the door, REVEALING an old fish scaling knife embedded on the back side of the door, unaware. Removing the knife and securing it, his eyes turn towards the floor.

**CLOSET FLOOR**

a tackle box has spilled thick, rusted old treble and aberdeen fishing hooks upon the floor. Alex bends down and examines them.

**ALEX**



(as if to Death)  
Rusted. Tetanus. Nice touch.  
(defiant)  
I overlooked it. You tried to  
capitalize. But I caught you,  
you fuck. I can beat you. Not  
forever, but I got this cabin  
rigged to beat you NOW!

O.S., a sound. Like a THUMP near the cabin steps. He freezes, like an animal sensing danger. THUNDER RUMBLES. The light around him begins to flicker and sway.

**COLEMAN LANTERN**

a draft creeps beneath the glass enclosure. The flame, dancing.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - DAY**

ENTERING FRAME, Clear peeks out the window, careful not to be seen.

**EXT. CLEAR RIVER'S STREET - DAY - CLEAR'S POV**

The unmarked F.B.I. sedan maintains surveillance. Schreck and Weine sit inside.

**INT. BEDROOM - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - DAY**

Distant... APPROACHING THUNDER RUMBLES as she steps away. The weight of the world on her shoulders, Clear paces, considering her options. She looks to a bookshelf...

**CLOSE - AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH**

A man, early thirties, holds a six year old girl in his arms, waving at the camera. Both appear happy and alive. They are standing before the cabin surrounded by the thick woods.

The photograph is turned over. On the back is marked in a young girl's handwriting, "me and dad at the cabin. 1986."

**CLEAR**

As CAMERA PUSHES INTO HER... considering life. Then, now and what is to come.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT**

Weine sits in the passenger seat looking through the pair of binoculars. Schreck is behind the wheel.

**WEINE**

She was up there a minute ago...

A figure steps into the drivers side window, from the rear. The two agents are startled as Clear Rivers leans into FRAME. She pauses, gauging their trustworthiness, then...

**CLEAR**

I'm not turning him in. There's another life that needs him now.

The two agents remain respectful...

**CLEAR**

I go with you.

**WEINE**

You can't.

She considers... and understands.

**CLEAR**

Don't hurt him.

**WEINE**

Tell us where he is. Wait at home, and I promise... we'll bring him back safe, in protective custody.

As she senses the agents' sincerity...

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Distant THUNDER ECHOES. Alex kindles a fire in the fireplace, balling up old newspapers. He begins to crumble the local news... then pauses.

A headline catches his attention. CAMERA INCHES IN ON HIM, tense, while THUNDER RUMBLES. As he unrolls the paper, his expression is rocked... anxious... he cocks his head to consider... recalling... as CAMERA PUSHES ALL THE WAY INTO...

**HEADLINE - CRUMPLED NEWSPAPER**

"PARENTS TO ESTABLISH MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS." Besides the headline are two yearbook photos; Christa Marsh and Blake Dreyer.

**ALEX**

his expression reflects a terrifying revelation...

**ALEX**

I... never moved. Christa asked me to move, but I didn't change seats. I would've moved up... next to Tod... How could I not remember... that... I never moved. Clear's seat was in front of mine...

CAMERA PUSHES into a TIGHT CLOSE UP...

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

She's next.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Clear paces in her living room. She moves to the curtains and checks out the window. Although it is not raining, LIGHTNING CRACKS across the sky!

**EXT. CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - POWER LINE**

The lightning STRIKES the top of the pole, SNAPPING two power lines, which whip in the wind.

**INT. CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The power goes out. The room turns dark. Outside, brilliant bluish white arc lights CRACKLE. Clear moves to the window.

**EXT. CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CLEAR'S POV - POWER LINES**

ARC violently striking the ground and each other. Each line whips unpredictably like an uncontrolled garden hose with the water turned on full. And yet, there's a mean, angry and taunting personality to the two power lines. As if Death were within them.

**INT. CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

She assesses the situation and moves to a pair of candles on the mantle, lighting them with a Bic. O.S., from the backyard, a DOG BARKS. Clear brings the candle through the small house.

**INT. KITCHEN - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Clear moves quickly to the kitchen, holding the candle. Outside, BLUE ARC LIGHT CRACKLES. She looks out the backyard.

**EXT. BACKYARD - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CLEAR'S POV**

An old circular clothesline turns like a pinwheel in the wind. In the center of the yard is an oblong, tarped above ground pool. In the furthest corner of the yard, her dog is chained to a tree, BARKING AND FREAKED OUT. An old tire swing rocks in the storm. From the manner in which the house is situated and the length of the snapped power lines, one is capable of reaching the backyard.

The power line STRIKES the ground, "closing in on" the dog.

**INT. KITCHEN - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Clear considers the danger of venturing out to get the dog.

Although no window is open, and the power outage has shut off any air conditioning... the candle flame whips, then extinguishes. The blue smoke swirls ominously into the room.

**EXT. BACKYARD - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CLOTHESLINE**

Sharp metal edges spin. Glinting blue arc light...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Alex charges out the front door, leaping over the steps. O.S., SEVERAL CARS APPROACH, headlights pan across the trees. Alex stops dead in his tracks and runs off into the woods, just as the F.B.I unmarked sedan and three Sheriff 4x4s THUNDER up to the cabin, siren lights swirling.

**INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT**

Weine is driving, leading the other vehicles. Schreck points out the passenger window.

**SCHRECK**

There!

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT - WEINE'S POV - THROUGH CAR WINDOW**

Full sprint, Alex disappears into the dark forest.

**WIDER**

the cars BRAKE to a stop, SKIDDING in the dirt. Sheriffs leap out of their vehicles. High powered flashlights shoot beams in Alex's direction. The officers take after the suspect.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The backdoor opens. Clear charges out into the backyard.

**THE DOG**

Helpless, chain wrapped around the tree. THUNDER RUMBLES.

**CLEAR**

continues to run...

**THE CIRCULAR CLOTHESLINE**

is whipped by a power line. SPARKS FLY as the base pole snaps in two.

**CLEAR**

the metal poles punge into the ground just before and behind her, inches from impaling her. She stumbles, but quickly steps aside and continues toward the tree.

**THE CIRCULAR CLOTHES-LINE FRAME**

is rolled by the winds, across the yard toward...

**ABOVE GROUND POOL**

the clothesline frame punctures the pool. Water streams from the rupture.

**CLEAR**

reaches the tree and begins unfastening the dog's collar from the chain.

**THE POWER LINES**

whipping, strike one another causing an angry FLASH!

**THE RIVETS**

holding the pool frame begin to BREAK and POP. Water floods into the yard.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

CAMERA MOVES WITH Alex, blindly running through the forest, sheriffs' flashlight beams crossing behind him... in pursuit.

Looking back to check the position of the agents, Alex blindly runs over the lip of a downward slope...

**GULLY**

He rolls and tumbles uncontrollably down the hillside. As he nears the base...

**ALEX**

stops with a CRUNCHING THUD... his face an inch from being impaled by a sharp, thick protruding branch. No time to catch his breath, he's up and running.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CLEAR'S FEET**

water floods, pooling the backyard, cascading over Clear's feet. She looks down, in the reflection of the puddle, the dark shadow passes. Clear whips up, checking the position of...

**A POWER LINE**

coils, like a cobra, ready to STRIKE!

**TREE**

Clear drops the chain and hits the dog on its backside.

**CLEAR**

Run!

The dog starts to tear off toward the house. Clear runs toward the hanging tire. Leaps...

**THE POWER LINE**

whips, the frayed wires hitting the puddle of water...

**CLEAR**

in mid-air, desperately grabs the tire, hanging on, literally for her life. O.S., the dog YELPS. Clear turns back...

**CLEAR'S POV - THE DOG**

convulses in the small pool of water, burning from the overwhelming amounts of electricity.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - SMALL CREEK**

Distant flashlights reflect in a small stream, barely two inches deep. Alex's foot splashes in the water. THUNDER RUMBLES.

**ALEX**

races along the path of the stream.

**SHERIFFS**

continue their pursuit through the dark trees.

**ABOVE**

Lightning CRACKS a tree branch. SPARKS FLY! The tree tumbles down the branches.

**ALEX**

The thick branch falls from above, landing on top of him. He's knocked to the ground and pinned... face down in the creek.

CAMERA MOVES IN... his nose and mouth, just below the water line, but he cannot move. His eyes flash with panic, as he struggles... battles to move and avoid drowning in two inches of water.

As he struggles in the f.g., Weine and a pair of Sheriffs appear ten yards beyond him. They pause, confused, panning their flashlights across the forest.

**WIENE'S POV - FOREST**

the lights actually expose the area where Alex lies. From their position, however, he is covered by the branch and out of sight.

**ALEX**

struggles to raise his head above the water, chest bursting...

**WEINE AND SHERIFFS**

believing Alex is not in the area, move ahead into the woods.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD - CLEAR RIVERS'S HOUSE NIGHT**

Clear pulls herself up to a tree branch. Lighting and THUNDER CONTINUE amongst the ARCING, CRACKLING POWER LINES. She searches for an escape.

**CLEAR'S POV - THE TREE BRANCH**

extends toward the house.

**CLEAR**

straining in the storm, begins moving up the branch...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - CLOSE - ALEX'S EYES**

dart open. Taking a tenth of a second to gather all of his strength, all his courage, he arches his back, pushing with his hands, anything to lift his face out of the stream.

With a DEEP GASP, he does so. Drinking up the air. It appears to infuse him with another blast of adrenaline as he manages to push with his arms and free himself from the pinning tree branch.

He pauses only for a couple gulps of air... and is off.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WINDOW - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Clear leaps from the end of the branch to her window, grabbing the sill awkwardly, she dangles outside the house. With a breath, she pulls herself inside, just as the power line bites, ARCING, at her feet.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Weine RUNS INTO FRAME, looks around, frustrated...

**WEINE**

(into radio)

Lost him.

**ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - SCHRECK**

deperately scans the area.

**SCHRECK**

From the direction... there's only  
one place he can heading...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The power lines strike the rooftop.



**INT. CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Clear River's stands in her bedroom just as it fills with blinding blue light. Her television screen BLOWS OUT. Sparks jet across the room. Blasts of FLAME erupt from the electrical outlets. She quickly turns, racing toward the hallway.

**INT. HALLWAY - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

CAMERA IS LOW, RACING WITH HER as SPARKS EXPLODE FROM the lamps and electrical outlets. She cuts and leaps three steps at a time down the staircase...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS/BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Alex tears across the fenceless backyards towards Clear's house. Blue ARC light glowing from the front yard.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A mid-eighties Corolla is parked amongst Clear's artwork. A door, adjacent to the kitchen flies open. Clear hustles through, running to the car and entering via the passenger door, for the sake of expediency.

**EXT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The power lines WHACK angerily against the door.

**INT. COROLLA - NIGHT**

Clear scoots into the driver's seat. She CLICKS the automatic garage door opener...

**GARAGE DOOR OPENER MOTER**

connected to a metal arm, attached to the door, remains motionless - there is no power.

**INT. COROLLA - NIGHT**

Realizing the motor is dead, Clear takes a beat, STARTS THE ENGINE and SHIFTS INTO REVERSE...

**EXT. BACKYARD - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Alex reaches the backyard. CAMERA PUSHES IN as he quickly tries to deduce the deadly situation. HE RUNS OUT OF FRAME...

**INT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Clear guns the small car in reverse.

**GARAGE DOOR**

as the rear of the car makes impact with the door...

**THE GARAGE OPENER**

trembles, the long metal arm collapses, falls...

**EXT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

BAM! In reverse, the Corolla SMASHES through the garage door.

**THE METAL ARM**

of the garage door opener RIPS through the windshield, locking upon the windshield wiper grille. The other end remains attached to the garage roof interior, essentially acting as an anchor.

**INT. COROLLA - NIGHT**

The car SHUDDERS, wheels spinning uselessly, as the arm "holds" onto the car.

**INT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - DOOR OPENER MOTER**

the screws holding the arm to the ceiling begin to pull away...

**A METAL CAN**

on a shelf, is rocked as, O.S., the CAR rattles the garage, trying to break free. The can is marked "TURPENTINE: EXTREMELY FLAMMABLE." The can tumbles over the shelf.

**GARAGE FLOOR**

the can SMACKS on the floor, edgewise, REVREALING the can is sealed tight with a cap.

**EXT. CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - POWER LINE**

thick cable ARCS, snapping toward the car INTO FRAME.

**INT. COROLLA - NIGHT**

Foot to the floor, Clear SCREAMS for the car to move.

**INT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - DOOR OPENER MOTOR**

pulls away from the ceiling.

**EXT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The Corolla lurches backward, freed from the grasp of the house.

**INT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

a chunk of the ceiling collapses upon Clear's artworks, including the canvas incorporating a jagged piece of debris from Flight 180. The metal SLAMS to the floor, on top of...

**THE CAN OF TURPENTINE**

which causes the flammable liquid to stream out, toward the driveway.

**EXT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

As the Corolla lurches away from the house down the sloped driveway...

**THE POWER LINE**

THUDS upon Clear's car.

**INT. COROLLA - NIGHT**

An ear splitting CRACKLE. SPARKS FLY! The electrical system of the small car erupts and the engine dies. The car stops.

**EXT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

From the rear of the house appears Alex. CAMERA SWEEPS IN ON HIM as he reacts to the situation...

**ALEX**

Don't move!

**WIDER**

The power line sadistically rests atop the automobile. The exposed end of the cable flutters and whips like a cat's tail, SPARKING, CRACKLING, as it hits the ground.

**INT. COROLLA - NIGHT**

Clear looks up desperately to Alex.

**EXT. GARAGE - CLEAR RIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Alex extends his hands. O.S., CARS approach THUNDEROUSLY...

**ALEX**

You're grounded in the car. Don't touch anything. DON'T MOVE.

**IN THE STREET**

The unmarked F.B.I. vehicle and two sheriff patrol cars pull up on the street. Schreck and Weine hustle out of the car.

**WEINE**

Alex, get away from there!

**SCHRECK**

Any part of that line touches you, you're dead.

**THE POWER LINE**

SNAPS in ALEX'S DIRECTION.

**ALEX**

lurches back...

**THE STREAM OF TURPINTINE**

is ignited by a single spark from the power line. It flows toward the car.

**ALEX**

backs away, eyes locked with Clear's, assuring she's remaining in the car.

**CLEAR**

keeps her eyes locked on Alex, watching him. Suddenly, a BURST OF FIRE FLASHES FROM BELOW FRAME...

**ALEX**

reacts, shocked. He realizes...

**WIDER**

the underbelly of the Corolla has ignited from the stream of combustible fluid.

**SCHRECK AND WEINE**

step forward...

**THE POWER LINE**

atop the car, whips, ARCS, warning everyone away.

**IN THE COROLLA**

Clear can see the flames, her instinct is to grab the handle to get out.

**CLEAR'S POV - GARAGE WALL**

The fire roars angrily in the f.g., on the garage wall, however, the shadows do not match that of the flames, rather, the approaching form of Death appears.

**ALEX**

steps closer...

**ALEX**

**NO!**

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON ALEX as he quickly considers, then moves toward the hood of the burning car...

**SCHRECK AND WEINE**

**WEINE**

Get back! You'll both die!

**ALEX AND CLEAR**

hearing this, Alex's mind is made up. He looks to Clear.

**ALEX**

You know what to do.

**CLEAR**

No! No! Don't!

**ALEX**

When I do this.. it'll have skipped you... and it'll all be over.

At that moment, Clear doesn't understand. She looks to him, scared...

**ALEX**

You know what to do. I'll always be with you.

He reaches out and grabs the power line, falling back to pull it away from the hood of the car. The cable ARCS furiously.

#### **COROLLA**

Clear opens the driver's side door and runs out, knocked to her feet as behind her the car EXPLODES.

#### **ALEX**

is engulfed in the flames.

#### **ALEX'S POV - THE SHADOWS**

the edges of the FRAME are collapsing. Alex's face, gray and emotionless appears, yet, before it can transform into decay...

#### **ALEX**

through the flames, as if sensing the oncoming horror, defying the image...

#### **ALEX**

**NO!**

He looks toward...

#### **CLEAR - ALEX'S POV**

She... is the last sight he'll ever see.

#### **WIDER**

The power line ERUPTS! Alex disappears behind the wall of fire and sparks before falling limp on the driveway.

#### **CLEAR**

Schreck, Weine and PARAMEDICS rush to the girl. Schreck turns back, calling out to a paramedic, helplessly watching by their burning car.

#### **SCHRECK**

Is he alive?

#### **CLEAR'S EYES**

flash open, horrified, answering the question...

#### **THE SKY**

a web of LIGHTNING CRACKS across the Heavens, as if Death was making a final angry proclamation.

**SCHRECK AND WEINE**

CAMERA EASES IN on the agents, exchanging rattled expressions that convey their unease in the proof that Alex was right.

**CLEAR - OVERHEAD**

As a pair of paramedics work on her, a soft breeze blows across the girl, and only the girl. CAMERA MOVES DOWN TO HER FACE, her eyes opened... welling with tears... seeming to realize... to sense, he is gone.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY - CLEAR**

SCREAMS, as if reacting to Alex's death, but in actuality it is a reaction to the pain of delivering her child.

**DOCTORS AND NURSES**

stand between Clear's legs in the stirrups...

**DOCTOR**

A little more. Little more!

**CLEAR**

breathes, pushes hard. Alex's parents stand on each side of her, holding her hand, wiping her forehead.

**THE DOCTOR**

cuts the umbilical cord.

**DOCTOR**

He's here. A beautiful boy.

**CLEAR, KEN AND BARBARA**

smile and fight back the tears. Clear begins to laugh euphorically through the tears.

**CLEAR**

I felt him! When the baby was  
born... I felt Alex pass through me...  
like the night he died...

Clear lifts her head up, still battling the pain of labor...

**CLEAR'S POV - THE BABY**

covered in goop, eyes shut... a new life arrives.

**DOCTOR**

looks at the clock and reports to an attending nurse. Another nurse cleans up the baby, weighs him and places him in a hospital bassinet.

**DOCTOR**

13th of May... 4:25 p.m.

**CLEAR, KEN AND BARBARA**

Barabra places a cool wet cloth on Clear's forehead...

**BARBARA**

Exactly a year... to the minute.

Everyone recognizes the eerie, yet beautiful coincidence. Clear leans her head back, relieved, euphoric...

**CLEAR**

We beat it, Alex.

Cleaned and wrapped in a swaddling blanket, the baby is placed in the mother's arms. The long retrospective harmonica of Neil Young's "Long May You Run" reprises as Clear looks at the I.D. bracelet...

**WRIST BRACLET**

"Alexander Chance Browning II."

**DELIVERY ROOM**

CAMERA PULLS BACK. The birthing room is quiet; the people introspective. The doctors. The family. The mother and child. A room of new life, in which, each recalls a life lost.

As "Long May You Run" OVERLAPS...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLOWERS**

A bright, colorful arrangement of flowers is carefully placed into a vase. CAMERA ADJUSTS to REVEAL Alex's bedroom is now lived in by Clear and the baby. Clear makes the final adjustment in the arrangement, then checks the sleeping baby in the bassinet.

Clear moves to her bed with a book. As she settles in, O.S., a faint RUSTLE. CAMERA INCHES IN ON CLEAR as she looks to...



**CLEAR'S POV - THE FLOWERS**

a soft breeze causes the petals to flutter...

**CLEAR**

looks toward...

**CLEAR'S POV - THE WINDOWS**

which are closed.

**CLEAR'S POV - THE FAN**

which... is off.

**CLEAR**

looks across the room...

**CLEAR'S POV - THE ROOM**

The breeze moves through the flowers... billows the curtains, posters and photos on the wall... until seemingly settling over the bassinet. The lace trim and blankets rustled by the breeze, it is hovering over the child.

**CLEAR**

CAMERA SETTLES, but her expression does not reflect fear. She knows Alex is here... and she smiles, tears welling in her eyes.

**THE BABY**

the bassinet trim settles, as if the presence is leaving. Before it fully departs...

**CLEAR**

the wind softly and rapidly passes over Clear. Her smile remains as the room becomes still and her eyes look across the room.

**CLEAR'S POV - ON THE WALL**

is a pencil rubbing, like people take away from the Vietnam veteran's Memorial. The name... "ALEX BROWNING..."

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MT. ABRAHAM HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - CLOSE - MONUMENT**

"ALEX BROWNING" is marked in the granite. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the name has been added to the memorial, along with Tod Waggner, Valerie Lewton, Terry Chaney and William Hitchcock.

A hand ENTERS FRAME, fingers hover in space before they gently trace over "Terry Chaney." CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL Carter Horton, staring at the name. Alone, he allows himself the moment to grieve. Carter glances up to find Clear approaching with the baby in the stroller.

Carter straightens and nods, then begins to walk away. He hesitates, then turns back to Clear.

**CARTER**

Alex was right.

Clear looks up.

**CARTER (CONT'D)**

It did skip us.

Clear smiles. As she takes the baby out of the stroller...

**CLEAR**

I believe... that's what Alex believed. But how do we know... this wasn't the design all along?

Clear holds baby Alex up to the monument, showing her son his father's name. Carter stands, watching. CAMERA WIDENS to REVEAL the entire monument against the deep blue sky. At the base in readable, but understandable lettering... "FLIGHT 180."

CAMERA HOLDS as "Long May You Run" CONTINUES... RETURNING each of us to the awaiting darkness.

**FADE OUT.**