

THE MEANT TO BE'S

A pilot for television

by

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THIRD DRAFT

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Picturemaker Productions, Inc.

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"MEANT TO BE"  
TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT 1

...as SEEN from the HEAVENS on a WINTER'S NIGHT. Flakes of snow make the short trip from the clouds to the tips of skyscrapers, while far below we can just make out taxi cabs, scurrying like yellow ants down the streets and avenues.

2 EXT. THE SALTERS SEBRING GALLERY - NIGHT 2

...its giant plate glass window looking out onto the sidewalks of West 57th Street. Several pieces of oversized late 20th century art hang in the window on DISPLAY. Likewise, the white walls of the gallery are filled with other pieces. And we can't help but notice, TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE SHOP, a sleek desk behind which sits a sleek woman. And we...

CUT TO:

3 TIGHT ON A VERY EXPENSIVE WOMAN'S WATCH 3

...its second hand sweeping by...

INT. THE SALTERS SEBRING GALLERY - NIGHT

...where thirty-year old JANINE SEBRING stares at the watch on her wrist and SILENTLY counts the passing seconds like a high school sophomore in math class waiting for the bell to ring. But something catches her eye...and she LOOKS UP from her desk and SEES SOMETHING she doesn't like. And despite the expression of displeasure on her face, we can't help but think that she just might be a work of art herself for, like the paintings around her, she too is a thing of real beauty whose presentation has clearly been given great thought -- from the beautifully understated Dolce and Gabbana dress, to the perfectly styled hair by Frederic Fekkai, to the face lovingly attended to by Bliss.

JANINE  
(quietly but firmly  
calling off)  
Raymond?

...a moment later a lanky fellow in his late twenties dressed from head to toe in black appears beside Janine's chair...

RAYMOND  
Yes, Miss Sebring?

JANINE

There's a homeless man sitting on the sidewalk in front of our window.

RAYMOND

(not completely surprised)  
Well...y'know...that's where the heat grate is.

JANINE

But he's blocking the bottom of a sixty thousand dollar Samuelson with his head.

RAYMOND

Oh.  
(and then)  
You want me to ask him to move?

JANINE

No, no, no. Of course not. Just ask if he wouldn't mind ducking down whenever anyone prosperous looking walks by.

Raymond just looks at her for a long moment, unsure how to take this.

RAYMOND

(comes the dawn)  
I'll go kick his ass.

JANINE

You do that.

...and as Raymond starts for the door, Janine checks her watch once more and calmly reaches for the phone and presses the intercom...

JANINE

(into phone)  
Elizabeth? I have six fifteen and I don't see the car. You did arrange it with my mother didn't you?

...and at that very moment ELIZABETH, an overworked twenty-two-year old Art History major appears from the back room also dressed exclusively in blacks, whites and greys with a Blackberry in her hand...

ELIZABETH

I absolutely did, Miss Sebring. And Lloyd *will* be here at six fifteen to take you downtown for your dance lesson with Mr. Bradshaw. But according to my cell phone it's still only six eleven so...

TIGHT ON JANINE

...as her eyes light up at the sight of the car pulling up in front of the gallery...

JANINE

Lloyd's here!

ELIZABETH

(relieved; starting back towards the back room)

Have fun.

JANINE

(gathering her things; slipping on her coat;)

Not so fast. Go over tomorrow with me.

ELIZABETH

(about face; referring to her Blackberry)

Nine forty-five I have three new wedding photographers for you to meet. One fifteen is the gown fitting which they say they can do in the back here if that works for you and at seven forty-five tomorrow night you have dinner with Steven...

(correcting herself)

...Mr. Bradshaw...at Cipriani, compliments of the chef so that he can present a new sample menu for the wedding. Also...

...and Elizabeth glances up at Janine just long enough to realize SHE ISN'T EVEN LISTENING. And she follows her employer's gaze to the store window, on the other side of which, Raymond is engaged in a heated and apparently fruitless conversation with the homeless man...

ON JANINE

...shaking her head in disgust...and she fishes through her purse, opening her wallet and coming up with a twenty.

JANINE  
(handing it to Elizabeth)  
Tell Raymond to give him this.

...and as Elizabeth rushes to the door with the bribe, Janine pulls the last of her things together, shoving her newspaper and catalogs into her brown leather briefcase, pulling on her winter hat and her gloves...

ELIZABETH  
(shivering; coming back inside)  
I think that did the trick.

JANINE  
(pulling on the last of her gloves)  
Always does.

RAYMOND  
(coming back into the gallery)  
He told me to tell you "God bless you".

JANINE  
Tell him Gesundheit for me.  
(making her way to the door)  
Bye kids. And don't you dare close before eight.

4

EXT. THE SALTERS SEBRING GALLERY - NIGHT

4

...as Janine hurriedly makes her way towards THE BLACK TOWNCAR...reaching for the door. But A HAND beats her to it. A dirty hand in a torn glove. And Janine LOOKS UP WITH A START to DISCOVER that the HOMELESS MAN is holding the car door open for her, still clutching the twenty dollar bill in his free hand...

HOMELESS MAN  
God bless you, Lady.

JANINE  
(quickly recovering;  
making her way past him  
and into the car)  
Not to worry. He already has.

...and with that she climbs in and tries to SLAM the door closed from the inside, but the HOMELESS MAN continues to hold it OPEN, refusing to allow her to close it. AND trying to avoid a scene, she smiles at him and gives the door a second pull, but still he won't yield the door. And she just looks at him for a LONG MOMENT...

JANINE

Sir? I really have to go now.

ON THE HOMELESS MAN

...and he holds the door for another LONG MOMENT, and then, as if a voice in his head told him it's okay to let it go he nods sweetly and...

HOMELESS MAN

(letting go of the door)

It's fine now.

...and while that makes no sense to us *for the moment* and no sense to Janine at all, she knows how to get while the getting's good, and quickly PULLS THE CAR DOOR CLOSED. And no sooner is it slammed shut than THE CAR PULLS AWAY from the curb and we...

CUT TO:

5 INT. THE TOWNCAR - NIGHT

5

...as Janine quickly flips opens her cell phone and speed-dials a number...

JANINE

(into the phone)

Hey Baby...I'm on my way.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

6 INT. A SLEEK OFFICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

6

...as STEVEN BRADSHAW makes his way down the hall, cell phone pressed to ear...

STEVEN

Hey Baby...that's two of us.

JANINE (O.C.)

Can I pick you up?

STEVEN

Ohhh...I wish you had called ten seconds ago. I just sent my guy to bring the car around. I'll tell you what...when you get to the dance place?...let your car go and I'll take you home. Or wherever.

7 INT. THE TOWNCAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 7

...and Janine smiles. She likes that idea...

JANINE

Or wherever.

...and she snaps her cell phone closed...

8 INT. THE BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 8

...and he snaps his cell off. And as beautiful as Janine is, Steven is even more handsome, a fact that is emphasized in no small way by the perfectly tailored suit and top coat he is wearing as he makes his way through the lobby...past the HEAD OF SECURITY who sits behind a marble desk...

HEAD OF SECURITY

Evening Mr. Bradshaw...

...and through the revolving doors of this beautiful PARK AVENUE OFFICE BUILDING.

9 EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT 9

...and we watch as he makes his way out into the street, towards a LONG, BLACK LIMOUSINE...not even bothering to look back and over his shoulder at the building behind him, which we now realize bears the name "THE BRADSHAW BUILDING".

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Steven grabs for the door to his car, opens it and seats himself inside...

THE OTHER MAN (O.C.)

(quietly)

Hello Mr. Bradshaw.

10 INT. STEVEN'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 10

...and it is only then that he realizes that there is already a large man sitting on the opposite end of the back seat, his visage largely blanketed by shadow...and Steven lets out a gasp.

THE OTHER MAN

(to the driver)

If we could please head to that address I gave you.

DRIVER

(putting the car into gear)

I'm sorry Mr. Bradshaw. He was waiting when I got in the car. He has a gun.

STEVEN

(to the man across from him; trying to remain calm)

The thing is...I have to be some place. If I don't show up...I will be missed.

THE OTHER MAN

(slowly, calmly)

But you also need to see your banker, Mr. Bradshaw. There are some matters that require your urgent attention. You do know that...don't you?

STEVEN

I do. And I had every intention of calling and setting something up.

THE OTHER MAN

Well then this is wonderfully serendipitous. This will be a great weight off your shoulders.

...and as the limousine makes its way down the nighttime streets of New York...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

11

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

11

...a wood plank floor surrounded by white walls, mirrors and dance bars. And Janine looks wildly out of place in her expensive coat and high heeled shoes, standing all alone in the giant room, looking at all her different reflections in the many mirrors that surround her. And suddenly the studio door opens and a young, muscular LATINO MAN in a black spaghetti string t-shirt and black Levis sticks his head in the door...

LATINO MAN  
Not here yet?

JANINE  
No. And I can't seem to get him on his cell.

LATINO MAN  
(taking several steps towards her; his arms outstretched)  
Well listen...why don't I just start with you? The waltz is the waltz. Your fiance can catch up when he gets here...

JANINE  
(a smile; politely; taking several steps backward)  
That's alright. *He's* my fiance. He's the one I have to dance with at my wedding. He's the one I want to learn with.

...and the Latino Man stops dead in his tracks. The message is very clear.

LATINO MAN  
Okay. Well. When Mr. Wonderful gets here, just come out to the desk and have me paged...

JANINE  
(forcing a smile)  
I will.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

12

INT. AN UNDERGROUND SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

12

...as Steven and The Other Man walk uncomfortably along the tracks of the dark, underground tunnel in their three thousand dollar suits and nine hundred dollar shoes, the OTHER MAN calmly bringing up the rear, shining a flashlight at the tracks ahead trying to make the walk as pleasant as possible for Bradshaw who is clearly frightened.

STEVEN  
(as he walks)  
Isn't this a rather out-of-the-way place to have a meeting?

## THE OTHER MAN

This is the way your banker likes  
to do it.

...they take several more steps and then hear a LOW RUMBLE...

TIGHT ON STEVEN

...as he STOPS and LOOKS UP...

## STEVEN

(panicked)

That sounds like a train.

## THE OTHER MAN

These are subway tracks Mr.  
Bradshaw. Don't worry. We're almost  
there.

...and with that THE OTHER MAN points his high-powered  
flashlight towards the darkness ahead of them, revealing...

A SMALL AREA TO THE SIDE OF THE TRACKS

Invisible in the darkness. Three men in suits stand waiting.  
One of them waves. It is literally just thirty-six inches  
from where the trains run -- a small clearing beside the  
tracks. And as the SOUND of the approaching train draws  
closer and closer, Steven and The Other Man hurriedly make  
their way over. And just as they get close...

THE BANKER

...takes Steven's arm and pulls him towards the group and  
away from the tracks. And as he does, A SUBWAY TRAIN goes  
barreling by, inches from the five men, the flickering light  
from its windows ricocheting off their faces. And they wait a  
long moment for the train to pass and then for its sound to  
recede. And then finally, when silence and near-darkness have  
taken hold again, THE BANKER, a solid and sober looking man  
in his fifties, smiles at Steven.

## BANKER

Welcome to my board room.

Steven says nothing...severely shaken by the proximity of the  
train and the mood of his hosts.

## BANKER

You know why we're here...don't you  
Steven? As of today, you owe my  
partners and I somewhere in the  
neighborhood of eight million  
dollars in interest.

STEVEN

No. Believe me...I do know that.  
And as I explained in our last  
phone conversation...you'll  
*positively* get your money. Your  
money is completely secure. I  
mean...

(looking at the others)  
...Gentlemen...it's being used to  
build one of the most impressive  
pieces of modern architecture in  
Manhattan. Now it's true...  
construction *has* fallen behind  
schedule...

BANKER

(cutting him off)  
That's very nice, Steven. But my  
partners and I are not art critics.  
And we have no interest in being  
landlords. When we got into this,  
you had a plan to get us our money  
back, plus a nice profit. But at  
this point you're not even making  
your monthly payments on the  
hundreds of millions of dollars we  
advanced you. Now didn't you assure  
me that your wife...

STEVEN

(correcting him)  
Fiancee.

BANKER

...one way or the other...had the  
means to make good on all this?

STEVEN

Well...she comes from a very  
wealthy family...yes. But...  
actually...she's not my wife...  
(and then)  
...yet.  
(nervously; a shrug)  
The thing is...she keeps changing  
the date of the wedding.  
Something's always wrong. The  
ballroom she wants isn't available.  
The chef she has to have is booked.  
Her parents have a social calendar  
that keeps getting in the way...  
(and then)  
(MORE)

STEVEN (cont'd)

I do think we're just about there though. I mean...in terms of pinning down a date.

The Banker just looks at Steven, nonplussed by what he's hearing. Far in the DISTANCE, we hear the SOUND of another train approaching.

BANKER

You carry much life insurance, Mr. Bradshaw?

STEVEN

Why?

BANKER

Oh I don't know. What if this time...I *pushed* instead of *pulled*?

...and just as the train rounds the bend he gives Steven a SHOVE.

TIGHT ON STEVEN

...and feeling himself falling backwards towards the train he REACHES FOR THE BANKER, grabbing at the lapels of his coat, then wrapping his arms around him and holding tight as the TRAIN SUDDENLY APPEARS. And Steven has the banker in a death grip of a hug...holding on for dear life...the train barreling past...just inches away. And the banker never smiles. Never frowns. Just stands stoically by, even as the younger man, his back to the train, closes his eyes and presses his head into the older man's chest. And when the train finally disappears, Steven loosens his grip on the older man, and the older man on him, and Steven once again opens his eyes.

BANKER

I see your picture in the paper every day. Eating in some expensive restaurant. Driving around in a chauffeured limousine. Your necktie looks like it cost more than my entire wardrobe. And yet you have no money for me.

(and then)

Tell me why I shouldn't kill you.

...and Steven falls to his knees...

STEVEN

(a whimper)

Please. No. Not now. My building...

(and then;

(MORE)

STEVEN (cont'd)  
 an afterthought)  
 My fiancée...

ON THE BANKER

...and that seems to trigger a thought. And he shares a glance with The Other Man...

BANKER  
 You've already gotten the license?

...and Steven, surprised, looks up and nods.

BANKER  
 The blood test?

Steven nods again. Where is the Banker going with this?

BANKER  
 Then why don't you do yourself a favor? Get married. Tonight.  
 (and then)  
 We'll take care of the rest.

...and from somewhere unseen we HEAR DISTANT MUSIC. And we...

CUT TO:

13

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

13

...and we realize the DISTANT MUSIC we heard earlier is LEAKING IN from a neighboring dance studio. And as Janine just stares off into space, waiting, the music continues to seep into the room. And without realizing it, Janine's TOE BEGINS TO TAP...and now her hips begin to sway ever so slightly...and now she starts to actually dance...sort of... for it is immediately apparent, this is not where her talents lay...although what she lacks in rhythm and coordination she clearly makes up for with a sense of abandon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as she moves around the room...watching herself in the mirror...watching herself *watching herself* in the mirror... trying hard to find the beat...and not even noticing...

LATINO MAN (O.C.)  
 Oh my God! Is there any danger you might swallow your tongue?

...and Janine FREEZES. And there in the MIRROR is the LATINO dance instructor STANDING IN THE DOORWAY...clearly enjoying this.

LATINO MAN  
 ("realizing" she's not  
 having an epileptic fit)  
 Oh! I'm sorry. I guess I  
 misunderstood.

...and Janine turns and looks directly at him, refusing to dignify what he just said with an answer...

LATINO MAN  
 Sorry to barge in, but it's eight  
 thirty and we have another booking  
 for the studio.  
 (looking around)  
 Guess the groom never made it?  
 (and then)  
 You want to re-book now or...?

JANINE  
 (grabbing her coat)  
 No thank you. I think I'll just  
 learn at home.

LATINO MAN  
 (as she BRUSHES PAST HIM)  
 Book now and I'll throw in the  
 Anniversary Waltz...

But he gets no reply.

LATINO MAN  
 (dancing and calling down  
 the hall)  
 A little dee-voice disco?

...and we...

CUT TO:

14

EXT. THE DOWNTOWN DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

14

...the SNOW continuing to fall. And a forlorn looking Janine makes her way through the door and out onto the sidewalk looking up and down the street for her car. And not seeing it, she reaches into her purse for her phone, opening it and speed dialing...

JANINE  
 (after a moment; into  
 phone)  
 Mommy? Hi. It's Janine. Did you  
 call Lloyd back with the car?  
 (and then; remembering)  
 No, you're right.  
 (MORE)

JANINE (cont'd)

I did tell you I was going to meet Steven and we'd use his.

(and then)

No, no, no. Nothing's wrong. Something just didn't work out the way I planned...that's all.

(and then)

No. We didn't have a fight. Just...a mix-up.

(and then; not pleased)

Don't say that. I love him.

TIGHT ON JANINE

...her mother has clearly hit a nerve.

JANINE

"What would I know about love?" I'm thirty years old...I'd better know something about it. It's not like I have a whole lot of time left.

(and then)

Yes...I still know how to hail a cab. I even know how to take the Sub...

...and SUDDENLY there is A GLOVED HAND over her mouth...and someone whispers into her ear...

VOICE

Say goodbye.

...and then the mouth starts to nibble at her earlobe...and she turns slightly and we realize that the hand belongs to STEVEN...

JANINE

(God it feels good)

Gotta go Mom.

...and she snaps her phone closed...and SUDDENLY they are kissing...

JANINE

(between kisses; suddenly remembering)

I'm really mad at you.

STEVEN

Yeah. So?

(between kisses)

Marry me.

JANINE  
 That won't work.  
 (more kisses)  
 You used that the last time I got  
 mad at you.

STEVEN  
 No.  
 (more kisses)  
 I mean it. Marry me tonight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Janine abruptly stops kissing him...pulling back...  
 looking him in the eye...

JANINE  
 What are you talking about?

STEVEN  
 It's really cool. It's this thing  
 people do when they want to spend  
 the rest of their lives together.  
 They go and stand in front of a  
 Minister or a Judge or...

JANINE  
 Shut up. What are you saying?

STEVEN  
 I'm saying...let's elope. I want to  
 be Mr. Janine Sebring already. I  
 want you to make an honest man out  
 of me.

...and he dives back in, trying to kiss her again...

JANINE  
 (pushing him away)  
 You're serious?  
 (and then; seeing the look  
 in his eyes)  
 But what about the wedding my  
 Mother and I have been planning?  
 The gowns?...the food?

STEVEN  
 We'll do that. We'll *still* do that.  
 But let's be honest. That's for  
 everybody else. That's for all your  
 friends...and your Dad's clients...  
 and my relatives I never see any  
 more. This...tonight...this would  
 be for us. It would be our...

(MORE)

STEVEN (cont'd)  
(he leans over; a soft  
kiss on the lips)  
...dirty little secret.  
(and then)  
Don't make a fool out of me. I've  
got a judge standing by...

JANINE  
(a playful slap)  
You do not!!!!

...and from behind his back he pulls out a bouquet...and he  
hands it to her. And falls to one knee...

STEVEN  
Marry me. Tonight.

ON JANINE

...suddenly realizing...he's serious...

JANINE  
Oh my God. That's the most  
romantic thing...

STEVEN  
(still on one knee)  
That's not what you're supposed to  
say. You're supposed to say...

JANINE  
Yes!

...and as he rises off his knee and lifts her into his  
arms...we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

15 FADE IN: 15

16 INT. A PARK AVENUE APARTMENT - NIGHT 16

...a JUDGE'S STUDY to be precise. And as we PUSH IN, the ceremony is already underway...the Judge's wife serving as the witness...trying to stifle a yawn as she sneaks a look at her watch...

THE JUDGE

Do you, Steven Bradshaw, take this woman to love, honor and obey all the days of your life?

STEVEN

I do.

THE JUDGE

And do you, Janine Sebring, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband. To love, honor and cherish, for all the days of *your* life?

JANINE

(she can't take her eyes off him)

I certainly do.

THE JUDGE

I now pronounce you Man and Wife. You may kiss the bride.

...and kiss they do. Deeply. Passionately. And as they do...we...

DISSOLVE TO:

17 TIGHT ON THE TWO OF THEM 17

...still kissing. Her arms wrapped around him...she is holding a bottle of Cristal in one hand and a champagne glass in the other. And we PULL BACK SLIGHTLY to reveal that we are in the back seat of STEVEN'S LIMO now watching them devour each other face first. And from somewhere UNSEEN we HEAR the sound of someone THUMPING on the limousine window. Once. Twice. Three times. But neither Steven nor Janine comes up for air. Until finally...

STEVEN

You hear something?

JANINE  
 (a little too much  
 champagne?)  
 Damn. I was hoping that was your  
 heart.

STEVEN  
 I think it's my driver.

...and he reaches across the car and hits the button which  
 rolls down the back window to INDEED REVEAL his driver  
 standing on the sidewalk...

DRIVER  
 Sorry to interrupt, Sir, but we're  
 here.

JANINE  
 (untangling herself from  
 Steven)  
 "Here" where? Where here?

DRIVER  
 Ms. Sebring's place.  
 (and then; correcting  
 himself)  
 That is...Mrs. Bradshaw's  
 apartment. Been here ten minutes in  
 fact.  
 (lowering his voice)  
 I wouldn't've knocked, but they're  
 threatening to have me towed.

JANINE  
 My place? What are we doing here?  
 Is this where we're having our  
 honeymoon?

STEVEN  
 Of course not. I'm just dropping  
 you off so you can pack a couple of  
 things. Then I'm whisking you off  
 to a secret island paradise.

JANINE  
 Oh...you're going to whisk me, huh?  
 Well we're married now. I suppose  
 that's allowed.

...she starts to slide over towards the car door...then  
 suddenly stops...

JANINE  
 What if I won't go?

STEVEN

What do you mean? You don't want a honeymoon?

JANINE

No. I mean to my apartment. I don't think I can stand to be away from you long enough to pack a couple of things.

...and she throws her arms back around him and they begin to kiss again...

STEVEN

(between kisses)

Well I've gotta go pack a couple of things.

(another kiss; and then)

I mean...the truth is...I don't really care if you bring any clothes...but you do need your passport.

(and then)

And I need mine.

(another kiss)

I promise I'll be back for you in ten minutes.

(and then; realizing she isn't answering; realizing she's staring at him)

What are you looking at?

JANINE

You. You sure are *purdy*. God had some party the night he cooked you up.

(and then; pushing herself off of him)

Ten minutes?

STEVEN

Ten minutes.

18

EXT. JANINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

18

...and we watch as she walks...damn near floats...from the car into her building...humming to herself...waving to the doorman as she makes her way to the elevator...a woman whose heart is clearly filled with song and whose liver is clearly filled with bubbly...

19 INT. JANINE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT 19

...as she comes out of the elevator...humming to herself... making her way around the corner to her apartment doorway and fishing through her purse for her keys, and finding them, she begins unlocking her front door...

20 INT. JANINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 20

Dark. The only illumination coming from the wayward streetlight that drifts in through the large windows and allows us to see her coming through her front door. And she closes it behind herself, and in a single motion sets down her purse and keys on a small side table and reaches for her gloves, about to pull them off when...

VOICE (O.C)

Don't take off your gloves and  
don't turn around.

TIGHT ON JANINE

...and she FREEZES. And what little of her face we can see in the dark suddenly appears stone cold sober.

ANOTHER ANGLE

And now we SEE HIM. A figure in A LONG WOOLEN COAT standing just inches from Janine...he must have been standing behind the door when she entered, for now he faces her back. We can't see his face at all through the darkness, but two things are worth noting; he is wearing a pair of white, sterile "surgical booties" over his shoes and it is plain that he is at least a foot taller than the young woman.

JANINE

(calmly; starting to pull  
at her gloves; keeping  
her back to him)

Okay. No problem. Just tell me what  
it is you want and I'll give it to  
you.

VOICE

I want you to stop taking off your  
gloves.

...and she does, quickly putting her hands at her side.

VOICE

Now don't turn around. Just walk  
straight ahead towards the terrace.

...and she doesn't quite know what to make of this, but she does as she's told, calmly walking across the apartment towards the floor-to-ceiling windows in THE DINING ROOM, the intruder staying a step or two behind her.

VOICE

Now open the terrace door.

JANINE

(not understanding)

Okay. But there's nothing out there. The good stuff's inside.

VOICE

Just open the door.

...she UNLOCKS the terrace door and OPENS it. Cold air immediately RUSHES inside, BLOWING the sheers in Janine's face as she stands at the threshold of the terrace.

VOICE

Now walk outside please.

JANINE

You're not going to lock me out, are you? I mean...I haven't seen your face. And I promise I won't look. But I'd really rather be inside. I mean...you're not going to believe this but I just got married and tonight's my honeymoon. I mean...I really don't want to miss that. I'll give you anything you want...but please...don't lock me out here in the snow.

VOICE

Just move outside, please.

...and she does...

21

EXT. THE TERRACE - NIGHT

21

...some forty floors above the city. The snow has become BLIZZARD-LIKE NOW, almost obliterating the lights from the other buildings. And as she stands there in the night, shivering from both fear and chill we FEEL him step up behind her.

VOICE

Why don't you turn around now?

...and SHE DOES, BUT WE DON'T...we just stay trained on her...ONLY ON HER...even as she looks up at him...seeing him. And he takes his arms and reaches around her...

JANINE

What are you doing?...

...and begins to LIFT HER...

JANINE

*WHAT ARE YOU DOING???!*

ON HER FEET

...as we SEE them lifted off the floor of the terrace...dangling...

ON JANINE

...realizing what is happening...LOCKED IN HIS GRIP...and she REACHES for him...starts to claw at him...reaching over his shoulder...tearing at his back...

ON HER GLOVES

...desperately scratching at his coat, trying to dig in with her nails and HOLD ON, but completely unable to...and she starts to SCREAM hysterically...

JANINE

*NO! NO! NO!*

ON HER FEET

...kicking...

ON HER HANDS

...trying desperately to hold onto his back...

WIDER SHOT

...as he changes his grip and GRABS the side of her body and PULLS her off of him...

ON HER HANDS

...sliding off of his back as...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...for just a fraction of a second he holds her aloft and...

FROM ABOVE

...we WATCH as the HUGE MAN literally begins to lift her over the railing even as she kicks and screams...the busy street visible forty stories below...until finally he...

LETS GO

...releasing his hold on her body...

ON JANINE

...and as she starts to TUMBLE towards the street below... falling...falling...closer...closer...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

22

MONET'S FAMOUS PAINTING

22

...of "*Waterlillies Blue Sky*" with its calming lilies floating on a Giverny Pond, or at the very least a painting that looks remarkably like it. Vaguely familiar CLASSICAL MUSIC plays in the background. And when we PAN OFF the painting we realize that we must be in a MUSEUM of some kind for everywhere one looks famous paintings abound. And finally we arrive at Janine, sitting serenely on a marble bench, chin on fist studying the amazing work all around her.

TIGHTER ON JANINE

...and then something catches her eye.

JANINE'S P.O.V.

...A MAN'S BACK.

ON JANINE

...and amid all this art, she can't help but smile to herself as she studies...

HIM

...for even from behind...she just *knows*. Perhaps it is the full head of hair, or the way his suit sits on his body...he is handsome even from the back.

TIGHTER STILL ON JANINE

...as she watches him...standing there...staring at...

A PAINTING

...not unlike Matisse's "*Blue Nude*". It could almost be Matisse's "*Deep Red Nude*" if there were such a thing.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

...as an intrigued Janine RISES from the bench and makes her way over toward the man and the painting...

JANINE  
 (softly; mindful of where  
 she is)  
 Excuse me...

## ON THE MAN

...and he turns to look at her. Immediately there is something *oddly familiar about him*. But beyond that, his face is rugged and wise and playful all at once. There is something both old world and completely modern about him. She is not disappointed.

JANINE  
 I'm sorry to bother you. But that painting you're looking at? Who painted that?

MAN  
 This little doodle here? Henri Matisse.

JANINE  
 (amazed)  
 You're kidding? That's a Matisse?

MAN  
 Ab-sa-ta-lutely.

And the man smiles and returns his gaze to the painting.

JANINE  
 Wow. I had no idea. I mean I know Matisse.  
 (and then; catching herself)  
 Well I mean...I don't *know* him. But I studied him. Pretty thoroughly actually. And this painting...  
 (she looks at it for a long moment)  
 You must be confused or something. This cannot be a real Matisse.

MAN  
 Well...I know Matisse. And I mean...I *know* Matisse. And I'm telling you...*that's* a Matisse.

JANINE  
(shaking her head)  
Sorry. Don't think so. No. I  
mean...  
(pointing)  
...look at this signature.

MAN  
(looking where she's  
pointing)  
What? You mean over here where it  
says...*Matisse*?

JANINE  
Well...yeah. But look here...right  
next to it...it says 1958.  
(turning to him)  
The real Henri Matisse died in  
1954.

MAN  
Well. Okay. But that's no reason to  
stop painting, is it?

...and with that he SMILES and TURNS back to the painting,  
leaving Janine and us to contemplate the meaning of that...as  
we SLOWLY...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

23

INT. THE MUSEUM - DAY

23

...as Janine, still standing in that same spot, finally takes a moment to consider her surroundings...her eyes darting from...

THE MONA LISA

...or actually an incredibly *similar* painting of old Mona sporting a bemused grin and a neck line cut just a bit lower than the original's, allowing just a peek of cleavage...to...

EDVARD MUNCH'S "THE SCREAM"

...virtually identical to the world famous image save for the fact that in this version, the subject of the painting seems to be LAUGHING...to...

VINCENT VAN GOGH'S "SELF PORTRAIT 1889"

...or something remarkably similar, once you get past the fact that in this rendition he's lost all his hair and is wearing a nose ring.

ON JANINE

...who is clearly thinking "what the f...", assuming one can think that on television...and she quickly turns...and starts after the handsome man, who is now standing and admiring what appears to be a Warhol four panel painting of *himself*...

JANINE

(as she approaches him)

Excuse me?...Sir? What *exactly* did you mean by that?

MAN

(turning to her)

I'm sorry. What did I mean by what?

JANINE

I said, "that can't be a real Matisse, because Matisse died in 1954" and you said...

MAN

(finishing the sentence  
for her)

"That's no reason to stop  
painting."

(he shrugs)

And it isn't. Or sculpting for that  
matter. Or writing music.

...and as if ON CUE, the most (you'll pardon the expression)  
GOD AWFUL SOUND seeps in from somewhere unseen...

MAN (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Unless of course you're Beethoven.

(off of Janine's reaction)

The deaf thing's finally caught up  
with him.

(and then; yelling off)

*Ludwig!!! Save it for the talent  
show, willya?*

(and then; noticing her  
expression)

You okay?

JANINE

(suddenly overwhelmed)

Y'know what? Suddenly I'm not  
feeling great...

MAN

(pulling over a chair;  
sliding it under her)

Wooo. Easy does it...bend at the  
knee.

(sweetly; seating her)

There you go. Now calm down. Truth  
is...it's all in your head. I  
mean...getting sick up here?  
Completely redundant.

...and she looks at him. *There's something familiar...*

JANINE

Forgive me...but...do I know you?

MAN

Gosh...I don't know. I have been  
around. But then, according to your  
file, so have you.

(before she can react;  
moving behind her;  
rubbing her neck)

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)  
 Now just relax. Can I get you  
 something? A drink? A Cigarette?

She just looks up at him.

MAN  
 What? It's not like it's going to  
 kill you.

...and suddenly a CELL PHONE RINGS. And Janine reaches for  
 hers and then realizes that THE MAN has pulled one out of his  
 pocket...

MAN  
 (into phone)  
 M.T.B.  
 (and then)  
 Do I know you?  
 (and then)  
 Look...why don't you try and  
 bargain with the boys in Climate.  
 (glancing at Janine;  
 lowering his voice)  
 Well the thing is, I'm in the  
 middle of an orientation right now.  
 (he sighs; then covers the  
 phone for a moment; to  
 Janine)  
 Do you feel well enough to walk?

ON JANINE

...making a face...somewhere between a shrug and a nod...

ON THE MAN

...taking that for a yes.

MAN  
 (back into the phone)  
 Alright. I'll be there in a minute.  
 But in the meantime call Climate.  
 Tell them you know it's Phoenix and  
 you know there's nothing in the  
 forecast but if they could possibly  
 whip up a thundershower. No  
 lightening. Nothing crazy. Just a  
 good soaker.  
 (and then)  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know the  
 Drought team is going for a record.  
 (covering the phone; to  
 Janine)  
 (MORE)

MAN (cont'd)  
 Ever since the Noah thing, the  
 folks in Drought have had a chip on  
 their shoulder. Like it's some kind  
 of contest...  
 (and then; back into the  
 phone)  
 Forget it. Just meet me at Master  
 Control in three minutes.

...he snaps closed the phone and indicates with a flourish of  
 his hand that she should rise...

MAN  
 This is not the way I normally like  
 to do things, but if you could just  
 chill 'til I get this figured out.  
 (and then; LEADING HER  
 ACROSS THE ROOM)  
 It is still "chill", right? Are  
 people still saying "chill"? Been  
 here so long. Found myself saying  
 "thou" the other day.  
 (to himself)  
 "Wherefore art thou?"  
 (and then)  
 "Thou be chillin!"

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as they move to a FIRE DOOR, and the Man gives it a hip  
 check and it swings open...

MAN  
 Right through here...

24 INT. THE ENDLESS CORRIDOR - DAY

24

...very industrial and unfinished...like something one might  
 find in the basement of an Arena. And the Man begins moving  
 quickly down it, Janine doing her best to keep up...

ON JANINE

...as she WALKS alongside the Man and turns her head and  
 looks down BEHIND HER at the hallway...it is ACTUALLY  
 ENDLESS...just sheet rock walls and exposed girders and door  
 after door after door after door after door after door...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as she turns back and looks in front of her...MORE OF THE  
 SAME...

MAN  
 (nothing gets past him)  
 Everything alright?

JANINE  
 (it isn't)  
 Oh sure. I just...I guess I was  
 wondering how I'll ever find my way  
 back to that Museum.

MAN  
 Don't worry. There is no Museum.  
 Not really. That's just a little  
 something we threw together to take  
 your mind off what was really  
 happening...

JANINE  
 Why? What was really...?

...and SUDDENLY...

25 A FLASH 25

...of Janine...TUMBLING towards the snowy New York sidewalk,  
 having just been thrown from her terrace...

26 INT. THE ENDLESS CORRIDOR - DAY 26

...as Janine suddenly STOPS DEAD in her TRACKS...

MAN  
 (realizing what's  
 happened; stopping as  
 well)  
 Maybe I shouldn't have reminded  
 you.

JANINE  
 (in a daze)  
 Yeah...  
 (and then)  
 No...  
 (and then)  
 Oh my G...  
 (she stops herself; looks  
 at him)  
 Can I ask you a question?

MAN  
 Absolutely. Anything. This is your  
 orientation. Long as we keep  
 moving. I've got a bit of a time  
 crunch.

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)  
 (she nods and they  
 continue down the hall)  
 Yes indeed. Think of me as your  
 Ferdinand Magellan. Nice fellow by  
 the way. Think of me as your  
 Christopher Columbus...  
 (he makes a so-so gesture  
 with his hand)  
 Think of me as your Jeff Probst.

She looks at him, waiting for a comment.

MAN  
 Don't know. Haven't met him yet.  
 So what's your question?

JANINE  
 Well...where are we?

MAN  
 (smiling)  
 Well...where do you *think* we are?

JANINE  
 (afraid to even consider  
 it)  
 I don't know.  
 (and then)  
 Is this...  
 (she can barely say it)  
 ...heaven?

MAN  
 (amused; re: the  
 industrial everything)  
 Does this look like heaven!?

JANINE  
 (truly relieved)  
 Okay. Good.  
 (and then; considering the  
 alternatives)  
 I think.

MAN  
 It's not hell either...if that  
 helps.

JANINE  
 Hey. That helps a lot. Oh...okay...  
 well...then. Cool. It's a dream.  
 I'm having a major weird-ass dream.  
 I've died.

(MORE)

JANINE (cont'd)

But I'm not in heaven or hell. So  
what is this? What are you? Too  
much champagne?

...the Man doesn't answer...just swings around and hip checks  
another steel FIRE DOOR...holding this one open and  
indicating Janine should make her way inside...

27 INT. MASTER CONTROL - DAY

27

...this must be what the nerve center at Direct TV or  
Cablevision or NASA will look like *five years from now*. A  
DARK ROOM that feels like it's almost a quarter of a mile  
long, the only light emanating from one wall which is  
entirely filled with more television monitors than one could  
possibly count displaying scenes that seem to be coming from  
all over the world at once. And everywhere you look there are  
the silhouettes of people huddled in conversation, speaking  
many different languages, some sitting in front of monitors  
tweaking controls, some walking back and forth and whispering  
in the ears of the seated operators and others simply  
standing in groups of twos and threes speaking, listening and  
nodding as if they have the weight of the world on their  
shoulders...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as the Man reaches for a chair on casters and PULLS IT OUT  
from under the console...

MAN

(indicating with a look  
that Janine should sit)  
Don't speak.

...and as soon as Janine is safely in her chair, the Man  
TURNS to the others in the room...

MAN

(LOUDLY; to no one in  
particular)  
Okay. I'm here. Someone tell me  
why.

...and no sooner do the words tumble out of his mouth than a  
slight, pale young MAN approaches...

DARYL

Hi.  
(offering his hand)  
Daryl Lynne. I'm from Fate. We've  
never met but...

MAN  
(cutting him off)  
Okay...what's the emergency?

DARYL  
Well...  
(he hesitates)  
...I need you to relap twenty  
seconds on a kid in Phoenix.

MAN  
(looking pained)  
Yeah...well...look...I don't know  
what you heard, but I don't do  
those anymore. Nobody does.

Daryl just looks at him.

MAN  
C'mon. You know the policy on  
relaps. We never do relaps. Not  
unless it's like...the end of the  
world or something.

DARYL  
I wouldn't have called you if it  
wasn't.

MAN  
Kid...you're overreacting. Tell me  
what the problem is. I'll send a  
Meant to Be. I'll go myself.

DARYL  
It's too late. That won't work. I  
really need a relap.

MAN  
(lowering his voice)  
Look...do you have any idea the  
hell...  
(catching himself)  
...the *heck* I'd have to go through  
if I did a relap? Relap review  
happens right at the top. The *top*.  
And with my record? I'd end up with  
another twenty-five years here.  
Easy.

ON JANINE

...watching and listening from her chair with rapt fascination...

ON DARYL

...lowering his voice...doing his best to try and keep the conversation private...

DARYL

(a conspiratorial whisper)  
I'm sorry to put you in this position...but as far as I can tell, you're the only one left who still knows how to do them.

Now it is the Man who says nothing. Just looks at the ground.

DARYL

You *have* done them...right? You *do* know how to do them?

MAN

Obviously I've done them.  
(a rueful smile)  
I'm still here, right? How many centuries?...how many epochs?...and I'm still here. But just like you...just like all the others, I *would* like to move on. Move up.

DARYL

I'm sorry. I know what I'm asking...

MAN

No...as a matter of fact...you don't.

ON JANINE

...watching this...at once fascinated and puzzled...

JANINE

(CALLING to him)  
Excuse me. I don't mean to interrupt...

MAN

Then don't.

JANINE

(ignoring that)

But this is *my* dream. *My* little drunken hallucination. And it feels like it's suddenly taking a very serious turn. And if that's the case...I'd really like to opt out.

ON THE MAN

...as he TURNS...looks at her. Incredulous. A look that could freeze time.

MAN

"Opt out?"

ON JANINE

...clearly unconcerned with him or his attitude...

JANINE

I sense that you're under some pressure here...

(turning to the others)

I sense that you're *all* under some pressure here...but...I have a fiance waiting downstairs. And a plane waiting to take off. And a bag to pack...

...and by way of explanation, she STANDS...holds out her HAND...displays her ring for everyone to SEE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as the MAN WALKS OVER...clearly not amused...

JANINE

(letting the ring catch the light)

Isn't it beautiful? It's the biggest solitaire they had.

MAN

Sit...

...and she looks up at him. He must be joking...

JANINE

Excuse me?

MAN

(he's not)

...down.

...and she SUDDENLY realizes that every eye in the room is on her. That this is not a negotiation...not a request. And as the Man's eyes bore into her, she realizes what she must do. And slowly she BENDS AT THE KNEE and TAKES HER SEAT, though she is clearly not pleased about it.

ON THE MAN

...turning from her...returning his attention to Daryl...

MAN  
(resigned)  
Okay...let me see what you've got.

FAVORING DARYL

...as he turns and points to...

A GIANT MONITOR

...that looms above the others. On it...

DARYL  
This kid...

28

A FIFTEEN-YEAR OLD BOY (VIDEO)

28

...is walking home from school with a backpack of books on his back and his GIRLFRIEND by his side. Their image FILLS THE SCREEN. They are walking through A WOODED RESIDENTIAL AREA. WE CAN BARELY HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING TO EACH OTHER...

DARYL (O.C.)  
 ...his name is Larkin. He's almost fifteen and he's walking home from school. If nothing stops him he'll get home in about two minutes.

GIRL  
 (muted; barely audible)  
 So now Denise is really pissed, which I don't think is fair, because, y'know, I didn't actually *do* anything. All I did was like I turned in my seat so like she couldn't see my paper and Mister Horn saw *that* and he just *assumed* she was cheating. I didn't like *say* she was cheating. I didn't like *do* anything. But now she's like *pissed* at me. Which makes no sense. I mean, what did I *do*? I was just protecting myself. I mean what if he saw the same thing on my paper that was on her paper? He might, like, think I was cheating...

MAN  
 And why do I care about any of this?

DARYL  
 (to a technician sitting at the board)  
 Take us in the house.

...and the screen is SUDDENLY FILLED with...

29

A SWEEP HAND (VIDEO)

29

...on a kitchen clock...

MAN (O.C.)  
 What's that?

DARYL (O.C.)  
 It's what the father's looking at.  
 It's the kitchen clock.

MAN  
 Okay. Why's he looking at the kitchen clock? For that matter, why am I looking at the kitchen clock?

DARYL  
 (to the technician)  
 Show us the father.

30

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - DAY - (VIDEO)

30

...a MAN in his middle forties is sitting in a darkened, but clearly opulent kitchen in a straight back chair, staring off at something (presumably the clock). All of this is fairly unremarkable save for the expression on the Father's face which is one of intense sadness and remorse. There is also the matter of the HUNTING RIFLE that lies across his lap.

MAN

What's going on?

DARYL

A financial scandal at work. His wife found out and was going to leave him. Now she's lying dead on the living room floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as we REALIZE everyone in the room has slowly stopped what they're doing...all of them turning and watching what's going on between Daryl and the Man...

DARYL (CONT'D)

Is that something you'd like to see?

MAN

No. I'll pass, thank you.

DARYL

Now Dad is waiting for his son to come home.

MAN

Why?

DARYL

(a hopeless shrug)  
He wants them to all go together.

MAN

(half to himself)  
Jackass. They're not even heading to the same place...

DARYL

That's why I really need that twenty seconds.

MAN

I still don't understand. Why twenty?

DARYL

A neighbor heard the shots...  
 (to the technician)  
 Give me the neighbor...

...and the image on the GIANT MONITOR SPLITS IN TWO, one half on...

31 THE NEIGHBOR (VIDEO) 31

...standing in her UPSCALE SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM, looking out her plate glass window, holding the phone in her hand, talking to the Police...

NEIGHBOR

I'm telling you I heard gun shots.  
 (and then)  
 No. Not the sound of a car  
 backfiring. Gun shots!  
 (and then)  
 Can't you send someone over here?  
 Please?

...the other half on...

32 EXT. SUBURBAN THOROUGHFARE - DAY (VIDEO) 32

...as a POLICE CAR...parked along the side of a COMMERCIAL STREET, suddenly flips on its SIREN...PULLS AWAY from the curb and barrels OUT OF FRAME...

33 INT. MASTER CONTROL - DAY 33

...as the two men, bathed only in the blue light of the hundreds of monitors in front of them, regard each other...

DARYL

If I can just stall the kid twenty seconds, the cops will have a chance to get there and...

MAN

(turning to him; cutting him off once more)  
 I told you what to do. Call Climate. Get them to give you a thundershower. The kid'll huddle under a tree for a minute or two and the cops will have a chance to get there and...

DARYL

You don't *know* that. You don't know how he'll react.  
 (MORE)

DARYL (cont'd)  
 You don't know that the rain won't  
 make him run home that much faster.

MAN  
 (calmly; simply)  
 I'm not doing a relap. Call  
 Climate.

...and with that he TURNS and starts to make his way towards  
 the door, signalling...

MAN  
 (to Janine)  
 Hey...Blushing Bride? We're out of  
 here...

...and as Janine RISES and the two of them START FOR THE  
 DOOR...

DARYL (O.C.)  
 (CALLING after him)  
 PLEASE!!!

...and the MAN STOPS...

DARYL  
 (pleading to the Man's  
 back)  
 They won't do it. It's Phoenix.  
 They say there's not a cloud in the  
 sky. It'll raise too many  
 questions.

ON JANINE

...watching the Man now...fascinated and amazed...

MAN  
 (finally turning to Daryl)  
 You don't understand...I can't just  
do a relap. I have to answer for  
 it. There's a plan at work here.

DARYL  
 Well...it's a bad plan!

MAN  
 Really? And you *know* that? How do  
 you *know* that? Fine. He lives. Your  
 boy lives.

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

And spends the rest of his life  
knowing his mother was slaughtered  
and his father was a homicidal  
thief who was lying in wait for  
him. That's the life you're  
consigning this boy to. And you  
know that's better than the Plan?

VOICE (O.C.)

He doesn't *know* it. It's a hunch.  
*My* hunch.

...and everyone turns towards the voice, which belongs to...

AN OLDER WOMAN

...huddled in the shadows, leaning on the console. It is hard to make her out in the dim light of this room, but the cut of her clothes and her manner suggest she is from another time. She takes an unfiltered cigarette out of her purse and lights it.

MAN

And who are you?

OLDER WOMAN

Oh I'm just an old lady, knows a thing or two about Great Men. About how their minds work. Their souls. I've been working in Conscience. Been spending a lot of time with this boy. Studying his thoughts. His heart. If there's still a world twenty, twenty-five years from now, I think he might make a real difference in the kind of place it is. Be a real loss to have him put down because his father's got a mental problem and a gun.

ON THE MAN

...flabbergasted at the woman's chutzpah. And he looks at Daryl, open-mouthed, as if to say...and who the hell (you'll pardon the expression) is this?

DARYL

(a bit meekly; to the Man)  
Sir...this is Eleanor Roosevelt.

ON JANINE

...clearly impressed...

JANINE  
 (to herself; as she slowly  
 drops back down into a  
 chair)  
 Freakin' cool dream...

TECHNICIAN  
 (calling towards the Man)  
 He's within seventy-five seconds of  
 the house...

ON THE MAN

...as he rubs his face with his hands...clearly frustrated...  
 but he knows what he has to do...

MAN  
 (as he rolls up his  
 sleeves and approaches  
 the board)  
 Well clearly I'm going to hell.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as he plants himself behind the technician...

MAN  
 Let's hear what they're saying...

...and we PAN UP to THE GIANT MONITOR where the boy and the  
 girl continue to walk through the woods...

GIRL (CONT'D)  
*So do you think I should say  
 something to her? Maybe write  
 her a note or something? I  
 mean, I still feel like I  
 didn't do anything wrong. I  
 mean...*

MAN  
 (after watching for a  
 moment)  
 Forget this. Let me see what  
 he's seeing.

...and as THE GIRL'S VOICE DRONES ON, we SEE...

WHAT LARKIN IS SEEING (VIDEO)

...his own shoes crushing the grass beneath his feet as he  
 walks...and then his EYES LOOK UP, just in time to SEE a  
 SINGLE GOLDEN LEAF fall from the branch of a tree. And he  
 watches it as it floats down through the air and into a SMALL  
 RUSHING BROOK and is carried away by the tide...

TECHNICIAN  
 He's sixty seconds from the house.

MAN

Okay. Get ready to relap.

34 EXT. THE SUBURBAN WOODS - DAY 34

...Larkin and his Girlfriend just steps away from where the WOODS END and the backyards begin...

GIRL (CONT'D)

...she's the one who cheated. Not me.

...and we can't help but notice a DISTANT SOUND. Growing LOUDER and LOUDER. SIRENS approaching...

35 INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY 35

...as the father reacts...not to the SIRENS, but to something he SEES...

FATHER'S P.O.V.

...visible through the kitchen window...two figures coming out of the woods and towards the back of the house...the boy and the girl...tiny figures in a landscape, but visible nonetheless...

36 INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY 36

...as the father raises the gun to his shoulder...and takes aim...

FATHER'S P.O.V.

...and a second later the Boy and the Girl are gone, blocked by a THICK TRUNKED tree...the SOUND OF THE SIRENS GROWING LOUDER...

TIGHT ON THE FATHER

...gun stock pressed to cheek...waiting for his son to reappear from behind the tree...

37 INT. MASTER CONTROL - DAY 37

...as the Man SEES HIS OPPORTUNITY...

MAN

(to the technician)  
Relap now!

...and UNSEEN behind him, Daryl and Eleanor Roosevelt exchange a glance.

ON JANINE

...leaning forward in her seat. This is really cool...

38 EXT. THE WOODS 38

...and we watch as the boy begins to take ANOTHER STEP and SUDDENLY STOPS and LOOKS DOWN and SEES his shoes AND the crushed grass beneath them...

ON LARKIN

...and he smiles AN ODD SMILE to himself. There's something familiar about all this...

39 INT. THE KITCHEN 39

...as the father SUDDENLY hears the sounds of the SIRENS ARRIVING OUTSIDE HIS DOOR...

40 EXT. THE WOODS 40

...as Larkin LOOKS UP, just in time to SEE a single golden leaf fall from the branch of a tree.

41 INT. MASTER CONTROL 41

...as Janine watches in amazement...her eyes darting from THE MAN'S BACK to the GIANT MONITOR ABOVE HIM where...

42 LARKIN 42

...watches the leaf as it floats down THROUGH THE AIR and into A SMALL RUSHING BROOK...the same bemused smile never leaving his face...even as...

43 INT. THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE - DAY 43

...the POLICE BURSTING through it, carrying armor and shotguns of their own and...

44 INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY 44

...where upon hearing the approaching BOOTSTEPS and the BULLHORNED VOICE demanding he show himself, the father calmly lowers the gun from his shoulder, turns it around and slides the barrel INTO HIS OWN MOUTH...even as...

45 LARKIN 45

...still smiling...watches as the leaf settles on the rushing brook water and is carried away by the tide...AND SUDDENLY THERE IS THE SOUND OF A SINGLE SHOTGUN BLAST.

ON LARKIN AND THE GIRL

...as she jumps with a start...

GIRL (O.C.)  
Larkin?! Ohmigod! You hear that?

...and Larkin looks up at his girlfriend...his reverie broken. He clearly hasn't heard a thing.

LARKIN  
Wow. Did you ever have that? That  
deja vu thing? Y'know...where  
something is happening right now,  
but you can't help but think it's  
already happened?

GIRL  
(growing hysterical)  
Larkin? What are you talking about?  
Didn't you hear that gun shot?  
Don't you hear those sirens?

LARKIN  
Huh?  
(and then; suddenly  
hearing it)  
Oh my God. It sounds like it's all  
happening at my house!

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as ON THE MONITOR we can see the two kids break into a run  
and head towards LARKIN'S house...and we CRANE DOWN QUICKLY  
off the giant monitor, past the hundreds of other monitors,  
just in time to catch THE MAN, as he DROPS HIS HEAD and  
buries his gaze in the floor...

MAN  
(quietly)  
Okay. He's fine.  
(re: the giant monitor)  
You can take it off there now.

...and the technician obliges. The big screen GOES BLACK. And  
like a spent warrior walking off the field of battle, the Man  
quietly turns and makes his way across the room and walks out  
the door...but not before passing...

DARYL  
(quietly)  
Thank you.

...but the Man says nothing, just offers a slight nod. And now Daryl and Janine and Eleanor share a look...

ON JANINE

...not sure what she should do. And slowly, as all the people in the room begin to return to their business, she swivels in her chair towards Daryl...

JANINE

Pardon me but...should I go after him? I mean...he's supposed to be orienting me or something.

(she shrugs)

I mean...I know it's only a dream. And I suppose I could just *dream* him back in here...but...

DARYL

(quietly)

Give him a couple of minutes. Guy just gave up another twenty-five years in heaven for someone he's never met before.

JANINE

(not at all sure she knows what that means)

Oh.

...and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

46 INT. THE ENDLESS CORRIDOR - DAY

46

...and we WATCH as the FIRE DOOR to Master Control OPENS and Janine steps out. And she turns and looks down the corridor. Empty. Not a soul in sight.

JANINE  
(calling)  
Hello? Anybody home?

...and Janine turns and looks in the opposite direction. Empty as well...

JANINE  
(to herself)  
Trippy dream...

...and then she notices in the distance, there is a DOOR AJAR...

47 TIGHT ON A STEEL FIRE DOOR

47

...open just the slightest bit...a sign taped to it marked "CONSTRUCTION - CAUTION". And Janine approaches the door and calls inside...

JANINE  
Knock, knock.  
(and then)  
Hello?  
(and then)  
Late twenties brunette who drinks too much seeks tall, dark and handsome type with expertise in postmortem, post-modern art. You wouldn't be hiding in there would you?

MAN (O.C.)  
Uhhhhh...I might be.

JANINE  
(smiling; calling into the door)  
Soooo...you want some company or would you rather I just woke myself up, had some cereal and watched "Tori and Dean: Inn Love"?

MAN (O.C.)  
 (calling back to her)  
 Oh well...in the name of all that's  
 good...we can't let you do that.  
 Yeah. Sure. Come in. Just watch  
 your step.

...and Janine reaches for the door and PULLS IT OPEN...  
 revealing...

48

EXT. THE CONSTRUCTION ZONE - NIGHT

48

...a SINGLE GIRDER jutting out INTO SPACE. And on the end of  
 the girder, like a small boy perched at the end of a pier  
 fishing, sits...

THE MAN

...staring out at THE STARS AND THE SKY and the vast  
 nothingness of space, save for the area directly below him  
 which is filled with the most eye-popping view of THE PLANET  
 EARTH, a stunning blue ball surrounded by night as seen from  
 several hundred thousand feet up. It is heart-stoppingly  
 beautiful.

ON JANINE

...as she walks in and sees it and STOPS DEAD in her  
 tracks...

JANINE  
 Holy sh...

MAN  
 (without looking at her;  
 CUTTING HER OFF)  
 Easy. That kind of language counts  
 against you around here.

...and he pats the space next to him and indicates she should  
 sit. But Janine stands paralyzed, her back pressed against  
 the fire door, afraid to take even a step...

MAN  
 What are you afraid of? You can't  
 fall. And if you did, what do you  
 think would happen?

JANINE  
 Really. I have a whole...like...  
 height thing. And you can't get  
 much higher than this.  
 (MORE)

JANINE (cont'd)  
 Maybe I'll just wait in the hall  
 for you to come out. Or better yet,  
 maybe I'll just, wake myself up.

ON THE MAN

...turning himself around on the girder to face her...

MAN  
 You are *really* committed to this  
 dream thing, aren't you?

JANINE  
 Hey. Just trying to make sense  
 of...

...and she looks around and shrugs...

JANINE  
 ...this.  
 (and then)  
 And you.

MAN  
 Really? We don't make sense yet? Me  
 and this place?

JANINE  
 Well you gotta know...this place is  
 pretty "gosh darn" out there...

MAN  
 (for the "gosh darn")  
 Thank you...

JANINE (CONT'D)  
 And you. I mean...what you did for  
 that boy. That was...

...she shakes her head.

JANINE  
 ...apparently...very...  
 (searching for the word)  
 ...selfless.

MAN  
 And that doesn't make sense to you?

JANINE  
 It's not that it doesn't make  
 sense. But...I don't run into a lot  
 of *selfless* in my day to day if you  
 know what I mean.

MAN

Oh.

(and then)

And what else doesn't make sense?

JANINE

Well how 'bout...what is a woman doing, dreaming about a handsome man like you...who can...I don't know...save lives...change lives anyway...a Mr. Destiny sort of guy...what's she doing dreaming about *him* when she just got married a couple of hours ago to a handsome guy of her own?

MAN

(slightly embarrassed)

I don't know. Maybe she should consider the possibility that she's not dreaming.

...and it takes a second for the full meaning of that to hit her...

JANINE

(resolute)

But she is.

MAN

(simply)

Then why don't you wake yourself up.

...and she just stands there...says nothing...and a moment goes by...and it's clear that she can't.

JANINE

Look...Mr. Champagne...this won't work. I know what you're trying to tell me...but...

MAN

What am I trying to tell you?

JANINE

(a smile again; she's got  
him now)

...I don't *actually* remember *dying*.  
And it seems to me, that's one of  
those really special moments in a  
girl's life...like getting her  
driver's license...like her first  
kiss...

MAN

...like getting thrown off her  
balcony?

JANINE (CONT'D)

(ignoring that)

...that she would probably  
remember.

MAN

I grabbed you before you hit the  
ground. Maybe that was a mistake.  
Maybe you wouldn't be having such a  
hard time accepting...

JANINE

Accepting what?

MAN

You *know* what.

JANINE

No. Sorry. I *don't* know what. My  
life is not over. It can't be. I'm  
finally, finally, finally in love.

MAN

No you're n...

JANINE (CONT'D)

(trying not to hear;  
trying to TALK OVER HIM)

Finally , finally, finally  
married...

MAN

Janine...

JANINE (CONT'D)

(defiant)

Finally, finally, finally happy!!!

...and no one says anything for a LONG MOMENT. And then, from out of nowhere and without warning, she begins to cry...and then SOB...and her body begins to heave as she gasps for breath.

ON THE MAN

...watching her. Making no move to comfort her or go to her.

TIGHT ON JANINE

...as she slams HER EYES SHUT...but every time SHE OPENS THEM it's all still there...the infinite space...the earth below...and the handsome man sitting on the end of the girder looking at her. And slowly her legs GIVE OUT from under her, and she SLIDES down the face of the door until she's sitting in a heap. And we HOLD ON HER, as she sits there on the floor. And we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

49 TIGHT ON JANINE

49

...her head buried in a pillow, fast asleep...sunlight from an UNSEEN WINDOW starting to play across her face. And we watch as she slowly begins to STIR. And her eyes start to open, and she pulls the hair off her face and looks and SEES...

A FRAMED PICTURE OF HER FIANCE STEVEN

...on what is clearly her night-table.

ON JANINE

And she smiles. It was a dream. And now we can just make out the murmur of VOICES coming from another room. And she turns her head to see that her bedroom door is indeed open just enough to allow the voices to drift in...

WIDER ANGLE - JANINE'S BEDROOM

...and we watch as she swings her feet to the floor and sits up in bed, still dressed in her "wedding" clothes.

JANINE

(calling)

Consuella? I'm in here. Could you turn down that TV?

(looking down; realizing she's still wearing her clothes from the day before)

Oh my God. Have the cleaners come yet?

(and then)

Would you be a dear and put on a pot of coffee?

(and then; thinking about it)

A really, really big pot?

50 INT. JANINE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

50

...as Janine walks out of her bedroom to DISCOVER five Police Officers from the CRIME SCENES DIVISION fanned out across her living room, collecting fibers with tweezers from the rug, dusting for fingerprints, talking on the phone and making notes...

JANINE  
 (completely startled)  
 Oh my God...

...and while none of the Men reacts to her exclamation, AT THAT EXACT MOMENT, one of the Police Officers STEPS ASIDE revealing THE MAN, who is sitting in one of Janine's living room chairs...

MAN  
 Y'know...this "oh my God" thing is a nasty habit you're going to have to break.

JANINE  
 (startled to see him)  
 Holy...  
 (thinking better of it)  
 ...firetruck.

MAN  
 Now you're getting the idea. Lose the "Holy" and you may just have a future as a dead person.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as one of the Investigators hangs up the phone, looking dismayed by what he just heard...

INVESTIGATOR #1  
 That was the Coroner. There's no D.N.A. evidence under her fingernails because apparently she was wearing gloves.

JANINE  
 (to the Man)  
 Is he talking about me?

...ANOTHER INVESTIGATOR, wearing a smug expression ambles over, clearly oblivious to the fact that Janine and the Man are there...

INVESTIGATOR #2  
 There's no D.N.A. evidence because there was no one else here to leave any D.N.A. evidence. There are no signs of a struggle because there was no struggle. And there is no murder, because when you take your own life that's called *suicide*, not *homicide*.

JANINE

(turning to the Man)  
 What's he talking about?  
 (turning to the  
 Investigator)  
 What are you talking about? I  
 didn't take my own life. There was  
 a big man. He was hiding behind the  
 door and...

INVESTIGATOR #1

Right. One of the richest girls in  
 the city runs off and marries one  
 of our most eligible bachelors and  
 to celebrate, throws herself off  
 her fortieth floor balcony!

JANINE

(re: the men; as she  
 realizes)  
 They can't see me.  
 (and then)  
 They can't hear me either.  
 (and then; turning to the  
 Man)  
 And they can't see you.

MAN

Well...they could if we wanted them  
 to. But...one thing at a time. One  
 thing at a time.  
 (rising; pulling himself  
 out of his chair)  
 Next time someone opens the front  
 door, let's both slip out of  
 here...

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

51 INT. AN ELEVATOR - DAY

51

...as it glides down to the lobby...a clearly morose Janine  
 stands next to the Man...

JANINE

So let me see if I get this. I'm  
 really, really, dead. But I'm not  
 going to heaven. And I'm not going  
 to hell.  
 (looking around)  
 (MORE)

JANINE (cont'd)

I'm just staying right here in New York.

(and then)

So what's the deal? Have I got, like, a rent controlled soul or something?

MAN

It doesn't work that way. Life's not a true false test. It's not as if, you don't kill someone, you get to go to heaven. Very few people die and immediately go to heaven anymore.

JANINE

Well that sucks. I mean, almost all your major religions make some kind of representation...some kind of promise that when the end comes...

MAN

Don't talk to me about religion. I have nothing to do with religion. Religions are created by the living.

...and at that exact moment the elevator DOORS OPEN and the two of them step out...

52

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

52

...as the two of them make their way through it and towards the front door...

MAN

Let's go someplace warm and quiet where we can talk.

...passing an OBLIVIOUS DOORMAN who picks up a phone...

DOORMAN

(into phone)

You better get somebody over here to look at elevator number 2. Half an hour ago it left the lobby with nobody in it and just now it came back down...again with nobody in it.

...and he turns and looks at...

## THE REVOLVING DOOR TO THE STREET

...which seems to start SPINNING OF ITS OWN ACCORD as Janine and the Man make their way through it...

DOORMAN

And while he's here you might want  
to have him look at the front door.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

53 EXT. 42ND STREET BRANCH NEW YORK CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY 53

...daunting concrete steps leading to daunting pillars  
guarded by statues of daunting lions. And from somewhere deep  
in its bowels we HEAR...

JANINE (O.C.)

A Ba-ba-ba-  
Baba-bra-annne!

54 INT. 42ND STREET BRANCH NEW YORK CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY 54

...huge, solemn and cavernous. And right now FILLED with  
people studying and reading and looking up arcane facts in  
ABSOLUTE SILENCE...save for...

JANINE

A Ba-ba-ba-baba-ra-annne!

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to reveal that Janine is singing AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS  
from the SECOND FLOOR BALCONY overlooking the whole of the  
library's main reading area...

JANINE

Barbraannnnnnne!

...and NO ONE MOVES. No one flinches. No one reacts in any  
way. This pleases Janine greatly.

JANINE

(really impressed)  
Wow.

MAN

(not impressed at all)  
Yeah. Wow.

JANINE

(leaning against the  
marble railing; taking it  
all in)

This place is unbelievable. Y'know  
I've lived here all my life and  
never been here?

MAN

You'd be amazed how often I hear  
that.

JANINE

(her expression changing;  
suddenly remembering)

I wonder how Steven's holding up.  
I'll bet he's devastated.

The Man says nothing. Janine continues to drink in the  
beautiful, old library.

JANINE

I wonder if Steven's ever come  
here. Stood here.

(and then)

Steven loves architecture. He loves  
architecture more than anything  
else in the world.

MAN

(all he can do not to say  
anything)

Yes he does.

55

ONE OF THE LONG LIBRARY STUDY TABLES

55

...as the Man sits on one side and Janine sits on the other,  
a small golden library lamp between them. And it is clear  
from the Man's manner and the way his hands are folded  
soberly in front of him that what he is saying is  
tremendously important and should be given great weight.

MAN

Janine...I brought you here so we  
could talk. So we could try and put  
your present situation in some kind  
of context.

JANINE

That would be nice. I would  
appreciate that.

MAN

You have to understand...when the idea of a heaven and a hell first took shape, the world...the earth, was a much simpler place. "Don't bite that apple". "Don't covet that wife". Those were the sort of moral choices men and women wrestled with. And they didn't wrestle with them all that often, because, quite frankly, there weren't all that many men and women around. But in the last several hundred years, between some really cold winters, not to mention the invention of wine...the back seats of cars... lots of stuff...the population of the world has really ballooned and life's become...much more complicated. And as a result it's become a lot more difficult to figure out whether any individual soul has actually earned the right to a heavenly reward.

JANINE

So what are you saying?

MAN

I'm telling you all this, so that you'll understand...your being denied a place in heaven the second you died is not all that unusual. In fact, nowadays it's pretty much the norm.

JANINE

Norm, shmorm...are you saying I'm not going to heaven?

MAN

Absolutely not. I'm just saying...it might take a while.

JANINE

(popping out of her chair;  
pacing; not pleased)  
But why?

MAN

Why?  
(pulling a HUGE file out  
of nowhere and slapping  
it on the table)  
(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)  
 Let's work backwards.  
 (opening the file, going  
 to page one)  
 Item eight million, three hundred  
 and eleven: "...the gluttonous  
 consumption of alcohol on your last  
 evening on earth".

JANINE  
*Gluttonous?*  
 (she stops PACING; and  
 fixes him with a glare)  
 What are you talking about,  
 gluttonous? It was my wedding  
 night. It's not like I was  
 drinking Thunderbird from a  
 bottle! And besides...you  
 offered me a drink a minute  
 after you met me!!!

MAN  
 According to this report you  
 and your companion went  
 through three bottles of  
 champagne in little more than  
 four hours. Haven't you ever  
 heard the expression, "your  
 body's a temple?" And when I  
 offered you that drink your  
 temple was already closed for  
 business.

MAN  
 (RAISING HIS VOICE to CUT  
 HER OFF; turning the  
 page)  
 ITEM EIGHT MILLION THREE HUNDRED  
 AND TEN...

...and Janine cringes...convinced his YELLING has disturbed  
 someone...somewhere...and she turns to SEE...

JANINE'S P.O.V.

...people continue reading, studying, etc, as though not a  
 peep was heard...

MAN (CONT'D)  
 (lowering his voice;  
 softly)  
*The inhumane and hurtful manner in  
 which you dealt with a certain  
 dance instructor...*

JANINE  
 Inhumane? That man insulted me!

MAN  
 Says here you refused to touch him.

JANINE  
 Did you see him?

MAN  
 Why? Was he a leper?

She doesn't respond. Just glares at him again.

MAN

Something oozing I should know  
about?

She still doesn't say a word.

MAN

According to this he simply wanted  
to dance with you.

...and still she says nothing.

MAN

That's nice. You don't snub and  
tell. I find that laudable.  
(turning another page)  
Item eight million three hundred  
and nine...  
(reading)  
...something about a homeless man.

JANINE

No, no, no, no, no, no, no! I gave  
that homeless man twenty dollars!

MAN

(still reading)  
Yeah. To get out of your sight.

JANINE

Says who?

ON THE MAN

...as he looks up at her and smiles...

MAN

God bless you lady.

ON JANINE

...and suddenly it hits her.

JANINE

Oh my Go...  
(thinking better of it)  
...oodness. That was you!?

He winks at her.

JANINE

*That's* where I know you from!?

MAN

Gesundheit.

JANINE

Well...this whole conversation is null and void. I mean...that's entrapment. Or something. I'm getting a lawyer. That's it. I'm going to appeal. I'll bet there are a lot of great dead lawyers looking for work around here.

He looks at her. Shakes his head "no". Looks down towards the underworld.

JANINE

Oh. Right. Of course.

(and then)

Well I demand an explanation. If you weren't really destitute, my disgust towards you shouldn't really count.

(pointing to the file)

And that means, who knows how many of those items were set-ups! I mean...what were you doing there anyway?

MAN

(quietly; simply)

Trying to save your life.

(and then)

And not doing a very good job of it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and that gets her attention.

MAN

Sit down, Janine. Please

...and it takes a moment...but finally, slowly, she does.

MAN

See...your fiance Steven owes some very powerful people an awful lot of money. So much money, that I believed he was going to be killed the other night.

56 EXT. THE SALTERS SEBRING GALLERY - NIGHT

56

...we've seen this scene before...and now in SUPER SLOW MOTION, we watch as Janine hurriedly makes her way towards THE BLACK TOWNCAR...reaching for the door. But a hand beats her to it. A dirty hand in a torn glove...and we PAN UP TO SEE that under the scruffy beard and the torn clothes, it's THE MAN as we HEAR...

MAN (V.O.)

I was afraid that if you were with him, you'd be killed as well.

...and we watch as Janine attempts to close the limo door, wrestling it away from the homeless man,

MAN (V.O.)

I figured if I could delay your departure long enough...

...and SUDDENLY the screen SPLITS in two...and as Janine fights to close the limo door, we watch as...

57 STEVEN BUZZES

57

...on his office intercom and asks for his car to be brought around...

MAN (V.O.)

...Steven would call for his own car...

...and we watch, as IN SLOW MOTION he rises from his desk, pulls on his overcoat and starts out his office door...and that IMAGE IS PUSHED OFF THE SCREEN BY...

MAN (V.O.)

...and encounter his angry creditors by himself.

58 THE HOMELESS MAN

58

...and as if a voice in his head told him it's okay to let go of the limo door, he nods sweetly and...

HOMELESS MAN

(letting go of the door)  
It's fine now.

59 BACK TO THE LONG LIBRARY STUDY TABLES

59

...as the Man looks sadly at Janine...

MAN

But I was wrong.

(and then)

Their thinking changed.

(and then)

And they decided to kill you instead of him. And by the time I realized, you were already ten stories down the side of that building.

ON JANINE

...as she sits there...open mouthed...staring. And then...finally...

JANINE

Who are you?

MAN

I'm a Meant to Be.

JANINE

A what to what?

MAN

A "Meant to Be". And now, so are you.

(taking her hand)

You have been chosen to join a very select, very elite group of souls. Souls who earn their heavenly reward by returning here to earth from time to time...sometimes seen...sometimes unseen...to make small...

(he searches for the word)

...corrections...adjustments. So that things will happen the way they were meant to. Help tip the scale our way.

JANINE

You mean like what you did with that boy?

MAN

What I did with that boy? No. That was an exception. We try never to do that. What we specialize in are little things. Giving destiny a tiny nudge here, a little shove there. And as you now know all too well...it doesn't always work.

She just looks at him.

JANINE

(after a moment)

I'm dreaming again aren't I?

MAN

(a whisper)

I've always been there.

(and then; leaning  
forward)

Do you remember when you were in the eleventh grade and you needed a 4.7 so you could go to Stanford? You wrote a report on heredity. It counted for thirty percent of your grade and you actually had it done three days before it was due. But on the morning you were supposed to turn it in, you looked through your backpack and it wasn't there. You realized you probably left it on the kitchen table and you tried calling your mother but she wasn't home. So you thought, maybe I just won't go to class. Maybe I'll stick my fingers down my throat and throw up in the hall and they'll think I'm sick and then I can hand it in tomorrow? And then...the weirdest thing...you looked in your backpack one more time and there it was?

She just looks at him.

MAN

Do you...remember that?

...but it's clear...she's virtually in a state of shock.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as he pats her hand twice and rises.

MAN

I know I've given you a lot to think about. Stay here as long as you like. Whenever you're ready to get to work, just lower your head on the desk and close your eyes. That'll bring you back to me.

...and with that he turns and walks away.

ON JANINE

...sitting there. Numb. For the longest time. And finally,  
she lowers her head to the desk. And closes her eyes...and  
we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END