

IN LIMBO

By

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FADE IN:

Azure - cloudless sky warms a vast ocean.

A massive RESORT ISLAND - a thumb-tack pinned in the middle of the glistening blue water.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/ROOM - MORNING

A giant screen covers one wall.

Dozens of computer stations set-up facing the screen. Just as many workers.

JOHNSON, 47, British Upper Class, powers into the office in a pristine black suit.

ROBERTS, 19, San Francisco native, ex doper, ex musician, ex alive, at a console.

JOHNSON

Good morning Shift Managers...What is today's schedule?

ROBERTS

Seventeen deaths to log in.

Johnson gazes to the end of the long desk, addresses -

AHMED, 22, Middle East descent, meek behind his console.

JOHNSON

Bring up the first please, Ahmed.

Ahmed goes to work.

ON GIANT SCREEN -

A SATELLITE IMAGE zooms through the atmosphere.

It picks out a small house in Venice Beach, CA -

- zaps right through the roof into a ceiling height image of -

A sick MAN in bed, medically set-up.

GRACE, 42, fire red hair, by his side, weepy, holds his hand.

GRACE

I wish someone could die in your place...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

Scoot over the PACIFIC OCEAN toward the Californian coastline as if from a Godly perspective.

Pin-point a multi-million dollar BEACH HOUSE etched into the Santa Monica coast.

INT. BEACH HOUSE/MAIN BEDROOM - MORNING

A shambles of a party.

A game of Twister splayed on the carpet - clothing everywhere.

Scattered Champagne bottles, empty flutes.

Two naked WOMEN and a naked MAN flaked out across the bed - limbs entwined.

The man -

JOE, 33, groans, unravels himself and does the full bladder shuffle to his en-suite bathroom.

The Women stir - wake.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - LATER

A taxi waits in the drive.

The two Women - fully recovered and clothed - exit the house and head for the taxi.

INT. BEACH HOUSE/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joe stands before his wall length mirror. Wears -

- Armani jeans, Timberland boots, selects a Hugo Boss long sleeve from the walk-in closet.

He buttons his shirt while his reflection scans the top of his bureau -

A Photo Frame facing the wall.

Joe goes to leave the room, turns the Photo around so the occupier can now see within the room.

Within the frame - a very pretty thirty year old woman.

JENNIFER, Joe's mum, elegant.

Joe stares at the picture for a long beat, leaves.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - SAME MORNING

The Business District.

A Porsche 911 zooms up - brakes at a set of security gates leading to an underground parking lot.

A six year old BOY leaves the Security Booth wearing a man's Security uniform hat and peers at Joe behind the wheel.

Joe frowns at the remnants of a chocolate donut smeared over the boy's face.

BOY

Yes?

JOE

Yes? Yes? What the hell? Charles!

CHARLES the Security Guard leaves his booth and peers down at Joe behind the wheel.

CHARLES

Oh...Morning, Mister Wanton.
Didn't expect you today.

Joe nods to the closed gates.

CHARLES

Oh sure, sorry.

They both watch the gates mechanically open.

The BOY moves to the gate controls.

BOY

Gate opens. Gate close. Gate
opens. Gate close.

The gates slide open and closed.

JOE

Jesus! Charles!

CHARLES

Sorry, Mister Wanton.

Charles drags his kid away.

Joe grimaces at the BOY who continues to stare at him.

JOE
What's going on?

CHARLES
It's bring your kid to work
day...Don't you remember?

JOE
Why would I?

CHARLES
This is Ben.

JOE
Interested. Really.

Joe drives off through the open gates leaving the BOY to
glance up at his father.

INT. BUILDING - LATER

Joe strides past the Secretary's desk, gives her a wink,
passes the sign on the wall -

Libertine Oil and Industry Ltd

- and enters the main office structure.

INT. OFFICES

Joe passes a bunch of women with kids of various gender and
age.

A woman changes a baby's diaper on her desk counter.

Joe pinches his nose at the stench.

JOE
Good God.

DIAPER MOM
Morning Joe...Thought you had the
day off.

Joe wrinkles his nose at the baby who giggles through the
diaper change with poo smeared hands.

JOE
For Chrissake! His hands! His
hands!

Other kids run around Joe, hide behind his legs.

JOE
It's Valentine's Day for
Chrissake!

A four year old Boy runs and stops right in front of Joe with green snot encrusted under his nose.

JOE
Ahhh Christ...What've you got?
Plague?

Another WOMAN comes to him with a Cancer Research Donation Bucket.

Her little Boy by her side with puppy dog eyes.

The Woman displays the bucket to Joe.

He tries to divert, avoid her, but she dances the bucket in front of him and he huffs.

CHARITY WOMAN
Spare change, Joe.

JOE
If they haven't found a cure by now
it won't ever happen and my measly
two bucks won't change that.

An older, chubby Secretary -

MELANIE, comes to Joe.

JOE
Melanie did I know about
this?...I mean...Who authorized
all this?...This?

MELANIE
The C-E-O.

JOE
I'm the C-E-O.

MELANIE
One of three...It was Celine.

JOE
Celine...Haunts my fucking
dreams...

And there right behind him is -

CELINE, 47, pristine designer suit.

JOE

Celine hi.

CELINE

Thanks for coming in on your day off, Joe. Hope you weren't doing anything special.

JOE

Nah. I was s'posed to help some disabled girl ride a horse, fix a kitten's broken leg - had a scheduled Oxfam meeting to help build an African orphanage - oh and then tonight - tonight I was s'posed to go the Children's Ward at the Hospital for storytime but hey - you need me here I'm all yours.

Celine gapes.

CELINE

Oh my God...Um. I'm so sorry. I --

JOE

Yeah I know. Busy day.

CELINE

Well you don't need to be here really.

JOE

Actually...I didn't even get your message - I just came in to pick up some numbers.

Joe strides for the coffee room.

INT. COFFEE ROOM

Calm MUSIC eases into the room via ceiling speakers.

A kid runs screaming past like a banshee.

Joe SLAMS the door to block it out. Huffs.

He starts to make himself a Cappuccino via the expensive coffee machine.

Seated at the table is -

CHLOE, 25, nine months pregnant and about to burst, sips her Decaf while going through some work on her Tablet.

CHLOE
Morning Joe.

Joe jumps.

JOE
Jesus!

Sees her.

JOE
Hi Chloe.

CHLOE
Didn't expect to see you this
morning...How're you coping with
all...

She nods out to the office structure.

Joe scopes all the kids through the glass wall.

JOE
Why don't'cha just shove me in an
airport waiting lounge with this
lot and really make my day.
Fucking kids. Jesus. Who'd ever
contemplate having these noisy
little...

He sees he's upset her.

Chloe loses her smile and lowers her head.

JOE
Oh no - no no - I didn't mean...Why
do parents just let'em run riot
though?...Hey. I'm sure your kid
will be great...Really.

He fixes his cup and stands at the glass watching them.

One kid runs to the glass and sneers up at him. Pulls a face at him.

Joe lowers to his haunches, smiles at the kid then flips him 'the finger'.

The kids starts to bawl, runs off.

Joe giggles.

CHLOE

Nice.

Joe chuckles.

JOE

They'd better get used to it. Life is tough...

(faces her)

You still spending your weekends at a shelter downtown?

CHLOE

(nods yes)

Would you like to come along one --

JOE

Save it. I'm going to Hell in a hand-basket, babe...I don't put much stock in religion or salvation. We do what we do, right. There's no paying for it later. We pay for it now - in life.

CHLOE

Kind of cynical.

JOE

It is what it is...Growing up without a mother I s'pose.

CHLOE

I saw a different man at Celine's Birthday Party last year.

JOE

Was I drunk?

CHLOE

Extremely...You spoke of leaving this life behind and becoming a cook and opening some beach-side joint in Baja.

He laughs.

JOE

Fuck me! I was drunk! Give up all this to serve taco's. Shit! Must've been fucking paralytic.

CHLOE

I believe people always tell the truth when they're drunk...I liked that man.

JOE

I'm your boss...You don't need to like me...You need to take care of yourself first and worry about others later.

She collects her things and goes to the door. Faces him.

CHLOE

I worry about you.

He chuckles.

JOE

Me? I'm great. No soul to be saved here, Chloe, don't worry.

She manages a brief smile then opens the door and leaves the office.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Joe leaves his office with a stack of files underarm. He pauses at a Secretary's desk and sits on the edge.

INT. COFFEE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC eases into the room again.

Grace (the redhead from the start) and another SECRETARY drink coffee while eyeballing Joe out in the main room -

- Joe flirts with the woman.

GRACE

She new?

SECRETARY

Not broken in yet.

GRACE

Doesn't take him long...I even did his old man...He was an asshole too.

Chloe enters the room and makes herself a decaf while eavesdropping and follows their bee line to Joe.

SECRETARY

Jealous much?

GRACE

Y'know. I got an Uncle dying of cancer...Be dead today...Decent guy...Never smoked, never cheated...It's so unfair.

CHLOE

I think Joe's nicer than he lets on.

GRACE

Oh whadda you know...Love-struck teenager...I want Joe Wanton to die in place of my Uncle.

CHLOE

What?! That's a terrible thing to say.

GRACE

Oh like it would ever happen...I'm gonna get some lunch.

She fumes out of the coffee room.

The Secretary finishes her coffee and exits.

Chloe remains and stares at Joe.

She sees a six year old boy run up to Joe and punch his thigh. Joe shoves the kid to the floor with a palm to his chest. The kid pulls himself up then runs off.

Joe sees Chloe staring at him. He shrugs with a smile, pokes out a playful tongue at her - they share a smile.

Over the small speakers in the room the song changes to -

Cliff Edwards singing '*When You Wish Upon A Star.*'

Chloe frowns - twists her head to the song - leaves the coffee room.

ESTABLISHING SHOT

The RESORT ISLAND again.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The same room as earlier.

The giant screen covers one wall.

Johnson strides in.

The '*When You Wish Upon A Star*' SONG continues throughout the office.

JOHNSON

For Pete's-sake! Who altered the alarm code?

All the Workers turn left to face the last guy in the aisle.

Ahmed hides behind his console in shame.

JOHNSON

Disappointing, Ahmed...All right. Administer. Full screen, please.

Roberts punches in the commands.

ON GIANT SCREEN

The SATELLITE IMAGE brings up a ceiling POV of Joe's office building.

The target selects -

Grace, her fire red hair bounces as she paces for the exit.

ROBERTS

It's the same woman as earlier, sir.

JOHNSON

Grace Monroe Bishop...Whom does she want made obsolete?

Roberts checks the request.

ROBERTS

A dude named Joe Wanton...What we gonna do, sir?

JOHNSON

We receive over two hundred of these requests a day...We do what we always do...Ignore it.

ROBERTS

Um. Dude. Ah. Sir. The reason the alarm sounded. Um...The wish - it's the forty seventh thousand request today, sir.

JOHNSON

Excuse me? We have received over forty seven thousand death wishes today?

ROBERTS

And that's just us dealing with the American continent...God knows what the others have had.

JOHNSON

For Pete's-sake...What day is it?

ROBERTS

February fourteenth...It's Valentine's Day, sir. Plenty of pissed off women out there today, man I tell ya.

Roberts chuckles at all his colleagues until Johnson silences him with eye contact.

ROBERTS

Sir...Y'know forty seven is *his* favorite number.

JOHNSON

What's his location?

ROBERTS

I dunno.

JOHNSON

You have never met him?

ROBERTS

No, sir...And I don't wanna.

JOHNSON

Locate him.

ROBERTS

No. No way, dude. Nut-ahh. Um...You're the one promoted. That's your job now. Not ours.

JOHNSON
Not our job. Sir!...Or My Lord is
fine.

Johnson faces them all and they all hide from his glare and pretend they're working.

JOHNSON
Splendid.

EXT. RESORT ISLAND/BEACH - LATER

The sun blazes the earth.

A Woman leads Johnson out past the bar to an open expanse of white sand.

She points to one solitary figure on a sun-lounger down near the water.

A wooden changing clothes hut to one side of him.

She huffs, turns and leaves.

Johnson swallows and scuffs his way onto the sand.

Johnson calms himself with deep breaths as he approaches the sun-lounger.

An elderly MAN wears a black leather thong, chest down on the lounger, enjoys the heat on his back.

Hanging on the side of the wooden hut is a thick black, hooded cloak -

- to one side of this -

- a huge angry scythe with a six foot wooden shaft.

Johnson gulps.

The Man SNORES.

JOHNSON
Ahhh. Mister Death, sir.

The SNORING continues until Johnson warily touches his arm, shakes him.

The Man stirs.

JOHNSON
Mister Death, sir.

DEATH

It's just Death, son. Not Mister. I don't have a first name. I'm not Bob Death. Just Death...Or you can call me Grim. Or Grimmy. Even Reaps is fine.

JOHNSON

Yes, sir.

DEATH

And don't 'sir' me...You new? What's your name?

JOHNSON

Johnson. I am new. Ahhh. Death. Yes. Just promoted.

DEATH

Well hell. Congratulations, son.

Death props himself up on his elbows.

DEATH

Why are you here interrupting my peace?

JOHNSON

Number forty seven.

Death brightens.

DEATH

Really...Show me.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/ROOM - LATER

All the workers stare at the back of Death wearing his full length hooded cloak, scythe in his grip, as he stares at the giant screen.

DEATH

What we got here then, fellas?

JOHNSON

A wish. Ah - Death. A wish. To replace one life for another.

Death peers at Grace on the screen.

DEATH

She doesn't just want him dead?

JOHNSON

No.

DEATH

Interesting.

ROBERTS

She wants her Uncle to recover
and this dude --

JOHNSON

Joe Wanton - to die in his place.

Death contemplates his options and while doing so he starts
to sing his version of a Katy Perry song.

DEATH

(sings)

'Last Friday night. I was smokin'
lots of grass - had a finger up my
ass - This Friday night - Do it
allllll again'.

Death laughs, scans their serious faces.

DEATH

C'mon guys...Oh c'mon. You need to
relax and laugh a little or this
job'll drive you nuts.

JOHNSON

The death wish was the forty
seventh thousand of the day.

DEATH

I absolutely love the number forty
seven!...Did you guys know I took
over from my dad forty seven
thousand years ago?

They all nod no.

DEATH

Okay...I'll take care of
it...I'll possess Miss Grace
Munroe Bishop and let her do the
dirty work and take the blame
with the living.

Death produces a single key on a long gold chain then lets
it drop back into his pocket.

DEATH

(to Johnson)

You get the Uncle's disk and re-
enter his number into the Birth
Scanner...He's going to have a
miraculous recovery.

Death exits.

Johnson stares at the screen -

ON SCREEN - Joe flirts with another Secretary.

EXT. LIBERTINE BUILDING/UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY/LATER

Joe walks across the Lot toward his Porsche.

He turns just in time to hear and see a -

SQUEAL of RUBBER and -

- the snarling face of Grace behind the wheel of her Smart
Car as her -

- front fender barrels into him.

Joe's bounced to one side and -

- kisses concrete.

He groans - battered and bruised - stands.

And the Smart Car plows into him again as Grace hastens out
of the parking lot for the exit.

SECURITY GATES

Grace floors it and tries to break free but -

- crashes into the gates.

Charles the Security Guard bursts from his booth and -

- peers through the window at her.

His son next to him. His face smeared with chocolate.

She stares straight ahead like a zombie then seconds later
comes back to life -

- shakes her head -

- wrings out her hands and quivers.

GRACE
Ewww yuk...What happened?

Grace angles the rearview mirror to see her bruised face then -

- sharpens her view to behind her to see a group formed around Joe's body.

GRACE
Wow...Who did that?

INT. RESORT HOTEL/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Death emerges from a room with a black bank vault type door, locks it, pockets the key on the gold chain and stumbles off down the hallway. Shudders away his possession.

INT. AMBULANCE/MOVING - LATER

SIREN WAILS

In the rear.

Joe's on a gurney.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Joe's in a bed medically set-up.

Chloe's perched at the foot with a Doctor.

DOCTOR
Are you a relative?

CHLOE
I'm a concerned friend...um. We work together...Will he wake up?

DOCTOR
He's in a coma...We'll just have to wait and see.

FADE TO WHITE

Joe's in a small white room.

Four walls and floor, pristine clean.

The ceiling - an image of a cotton candy vanilla sky.

He wears the same clothes.

He just stands there, confused, glances this way and that.

JOE

Hello?

One wall shimmers and reveals a 40inch flat-screen.

Joe approaches.

ON SCREEN

A type of evolution chart of his life.

Starts with him as a BABY - then to him at TEN YEARS OLD -
then it starts to DISSOLVE into MOVING IMAGES -

Joe at 15 leading a Girl into his bedroom.

Joe at 17 with his Prom Date leaving his house and hopping
into the back of a Limousine.

Joe at 19 at his father's funeral. A picture of his father,
ALEX, 47, grey fox, on an easel.

Joe touches the SCREEN and it GOES BLANK.

In the opposite wall -

- a DOOR HISSES open and Joe tentatively goes through it.

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Joe paces into this small chamber with a set of Pearly
Gates before him.

CLIVE, 45, with a digital clipboard attached to a harp,
stands before him.

JOE

Holy shit!

A BUZZER ECHOES throughout the chamber.

Clive smiles and waves a 'that's a no-no' finger at him.

Consults his clipboard.

CLIVE

Joseph Wanton.

JOE

Joe. Yeah. And who are you?

CLIVE

I'm Clive...Let's take a look-see shall we.

Clive moves to a wall and presses a button and -
- the wall shoots back to reveal a small flat-screen TV.
Joe stands next to him as the TV fires up and the -
TV SCREEN IMAGE forms into that of a Cemetery.
A coffin lowers into a pit.
Only two people pay their respects.
Melanie, his Secretary.
And the heavily pregnant Chloe.

JOE

What's all this?

CLIVE

Your funeral.

Joe's hit by a thunder bolt.
He recedes until his back hits the opposing wall.

JOE

Wwwhat? No no no no way. Hold on hold on hold on no no. How? I? I can't die yet. Not me. No way.

He claws at the wall and after two seconds stops - and it hits him.

JOE

Oh okay...I get it...I'm in some sort'a dream. Yeah okay...Who are you?

CLIVE

I'm Clive...I ain't gonna tell ya again.

Looks at screen - re funeral.

Joe pinches himself.

JOE

Okay asswipe. I'll play along. Be part of your stupid little charade. Go ahead. Continue.

CLIVE

You were murdered...Run over...Don't'cha remember?...Anyway. When it comes to murders I get to choose. Limbo Island, Hell or Heaven.

JOE

What's Limbo Island?

CLIVE

Well there's Real Limbo where the depressives spend their time...There's Space Limbo which houses souls from pre 1900 then there's Death's own personal retirement creation - Limbo Island. It's a little more relaxed and Death only allows those who obey his rules there...Are you a rule breaker?

JOE

No.

CLIVE

Good. 'Cause on Limbo Island you can have sex and more importantly you can watch your child grow up.

JOE

Piss off, nutsack. You're taking this charade just a little too far now. I don't even have kids...

(yells to ceiling)

Should'a done your homework dream gods.

CLIVE

Oh jeez Louise I almost forgot. Sorry.

Clive clicks the REMOTE and -

The SCREEN goes back to the CEMETERY.

Melanie is walking away in the distance.

Chloe remains - stares down into the dark pit.

CHLOE

I wish I had gotten to know you better...I really liked you...I wish I got to tell you this baby is yours...Yes it's yours...The night of Celine's Party...The condom broke...A boy.

Joe just stares at the screen.

JOE

Fuck me!

BUZZER!

JOE

This is a lot to take in in one day.

(to screen)
Shit!

BUZZER!

This wakes Joe from his reverie.

JOE

So you're telling me the people in Heaven can't see the living?

CLIVE

Used to be able too. Until 'bout twenty odd years ago. God got pissed at all the in-fightin' goin' on...Differences not resolved on Earth...Dead parents screamin' at their kids 'cause they made the wrong career choices or wrong partner choices...Watching them have sex...It all got too much so God outlawed it and Heaven is now a place of peace.

JOE

So you're giving me the option?

CLIVE

Nope...Y'see I was just like you in my youth. Cocksured, arrogant, thought I was God's gift and I abandoned my kids and never saw 'em again.

(MORE)

CLIVE (cont'd)

I spent fifteen years making
amends...But not you. No, sir. I'm
sending you to Limbo Island as a
punishment. So you can watch your
son grow and think about your
promiscuous, empty life.

JOE

Hold the fuck...

BUZZER!

JOE

...on a mo, man. You expect me to
all of a sudden become this
wonderful person? Y'know just
'cause you saw the error of your
ways don't expect me to fucking...

BUZZER!

Clive gets in his face and hisses at him.

CLIVE

You curse one more time in my
presence and I'll --

JOE

You'll what? Am I s'posed to be
scared of you? - No! My dad left me
alone in a supermarket when I was
eleven. All alone with the damned
cart - forty five minutes I was
standing there with the cart
waiting for him to come back --

CLIVE

I know...He was so coked up he got
home with the shopping and realized
he'd forgotten something.

JOE

There ya go. So be it...Nothin'
scares me now.

Clive removes a massive syringe gun.

JOE

Fucking hell!

BUZZER

JOE
'Cept maybe that! What's that
for?...A buffalo?

CLIVE
(to Joe)
See ya later, buddy.

Clive injects Joe's neck with the syringe gun and Joe drops
to the floor.

INT. LIMBO ISLAND RESORT HOTEL/BEDROOM - DAY

Joe wakes in a bed.

Bursts upright.

Roberts stands at the foot of the bed, holding a manila
folder.

JOE
Who the hell are you?

Joe's feet hit solid ground, he scans the room.

JOE
What the fuck is goin' on?

ROBERTS
That's somethin' we all asked,
dude...I'm Roberts. Welcome to
Limbo Island...I'll be your tour
guide. You've been out of it for
about four months now.
Transitional adjustment period...

Joe grapples him and levers him into the wall.

JOE
Where am I?

ROBERTS
Limbo Island. You're on Limbo
Island, dude, shit, take it easy.

Joe releases him and sinks to his knees.

Starts to convulse. Quiver.

ROBERTS
That's a usual reaction...Take a
minute to gather yourself, dude.
I'll wait.

JOE

Four months...That guy Clive
said...I have a son.

ROBERTS

We can check on his progress later.
What's the mother's name?

JOE

Chloe...Chloe Saunders.

ROBERTS

Date of birth.

JOE

I don't fucking know!

Roberts jots a note into his pad, checks his watch and goes
and sits on the bed.

JOE

So I really am dead?

ROBERTS

'Fraid so. Yep. We all are...You
can get help...I can schedule you
in for the Anger Management
Meeting if you --

A raised hand from Joe stops him.

ROBERTS

Let's get started, then?

Roberts passes Joe the manila folder.

ROBERTS

Your contract...You'll need to
read through and sign it. And pay
particular attention to item
forty seven.

Joe flips through it. Reads.

ROBERTS

Stipulates if you act up and get
sent to Hell the only way out is
if someone sacrifices themselves
for you.

Roberts hands him a pen.

ROBERTS

It's all standard stuff. Just do as they say and don't start trouble...Also there's a questionnaire on the back which you can fill in later.

JOE

Re what?

ROBERTS

The things you despise worst of all.

JOE

Easy...Postal queues...But the worst is airport waiting lounges...Jesus...Waiting for your flight to board while screaming brats run around.

Joe reads.

ROBERTS

Um. There's some clothes in that drawer. Get dressed when you're done. I'll wait outside.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATER

Joe, now dressed in summer clothes, Hawaiian shirt, shorts, flip flops.

He ambles alongside Roberts.

JOE

I feel like a dork in this shit.

ROBERTS

It's our uniform.

Joe clicks alongside Roberts as an old man -

MISTER PELIGRINO, canes his way toward them.

ROBERTS

Morning, Mister Peligrino. How are you today?

Peligrino pauses with a smile. Talks very slow.

PELIGRINO

I...I...yes, okay. I - was - on -
my - way - to - the - bathroom...

Joe gapes at them both impatiently. Peligrino dribbling out each syllable and Roberts with a pleasant smile and nodding.

JOE

Are you shitting me?
(drags Roberts away)
See ya later old man.

Joe hauls Roberts out of Peligrino's personal space, walks off, Roberts catches up.

JOE

Lemme give ya a bit of worldly advice, okay. You can say hello or good morning but never - ever - ask How are you? Never ask someone how's their day or any of it or you'll get their full life story from birth until present fucking day...Unless of course you wanna be bored shitless by others peoples problems.

Joe strides off, pauses, doesn't know where he's going.

Roberts joins him and nods to the open elevator, they board.

INT. ELEVATOR/MOVING - CONTINUOUS

On the ride down.

Roberts faces Joe.

ROBERTS

Can I ask you a personal question?

JOE

You don't already know everything?

ROBERTS

I don't, no...I went through your evolution chart of memories...It started with you as a baby then it jumped to ten years old, first sexual encounter and so on and so on.

JOE

So?

ROBERTS

So you have no memories of your life from birth until ten years old...What happened, dude?

JOE

How old are you?

ROBERTS

I'm nineteen.

JOE

And how did you get here?

Roberts lowers his gaze.

JOE

Y'see...None'a my business...Lets keep it that way.

The Elevator arrives and the DOORS OPEN.

Roberts leads the way out.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Joe leaves him and wanders to the window view of the ocean.

The luscious white sand scorched by the sun.

Roberts joins him.

JOE

Where are we?

ROBERTS

Limbo Island.

Joe faces him. That's not an answer.

ROBERTS

It's an island, dude. Think of it as a Resort Hotel with all modern amenities...Weekly airdrops...Death has a lot of outstanding accounts.

JOE

Where?

ROBERTS

No-one knows...All I know is everything we had on Earth - when we were alive - is available here except phones or Internet access...We can watch but no contact.

JOE

Limbo Island huh.

ROBERTS

Yeah...Death's thinking of creating Limbo at Sea, y'know, on a cruise ship.

JOE

How fucking exciting!...How do I get off this shit hole?

ROBERTS

You don't...C'mon. We're already late.

Roberts leads him away.

JOE

How'd you get here?

ROBERTS

Put in a transfer. I spent ten years in Real Limbo, dude. That's mandatory for suicides...Got me down.

JOE

I bet.

Joe dashes out the side door toward the beach area.

EXT. LIMBO ISLAND/BEACH

Joe flip flops sand as he clops past -

VIOLET, 23, pretty, decked out in black.

She interrupts her reading to see -

Joe bolt past her and dive into the water and swim.

Roberts halts his jog at Violet and they both watch Joe.

ROBERTS
Where's he think he's goin'?

VIOLET
What a moron.

She returns to her book.

EXT. OPEN WATER

The flip flops float away as -

Joe swims like he's in contention for a Gold Medal.

Powers through stroke after stroke.

Pauses to catch his breath and giggles back to the coast,
gives them 'the finger' then continues his swim.

Incoming waves approach.

Joe dives under them but gets caught in the rip.

He's inside a tumble-dryer.

He breaks free to the surface to suck in some air but the
next wave smashes into him.

He goes under.

INT. LIMBO ISLAND/JOE'S ROOM - DAY

Joe startles awake, splutters as if from a drowning dream.

Roberts sits at the foot of his bed.

ROBERTS
There's no way off the Island,
dude. You're stuck here for
eternity.

JOE
Ahhh for fuckssake.

Joe slumps back.

INT. OPEN OFFICE AREA - LATER

Roberts opens a door and leads Joe into -

A football field sized open area.

A library of consecutive computer cubicles four feet in height circumnavigate a statuesque mechanical Being in the center.

Giant tubes pipe down the walls and disappear from view.

Everyone wears cheerful summer holiday clothes from shorts and flip-flops to Hawaiian shirts.

Some people peer up at him as he passes - others continue their work.

Joe scans.

Two separate office sections.

One section deals with *Births*.

The *Births* sections cubicles all have light poles fixed to them. Two lights - one pink, one blue.

There's a continued hustle of people.

BLUE and PINK spinning LIGHTS flash intermittently from various cubicles.

The second section deals with *Deaths*.

Joe stares at the statuesque mechanical Being holding center court.

JOE
What's that?

ROBERTS
The Birth Scanner.

Johnson pokes his head out of an office.

JOHNSON
Roberts!

Johnson waves them over.

INT. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Joe sits across from Johnson.

Johnson stands and hands Joe a set of keys on a ring.

JOHNSON
So we're clear?

JOE
Not even close...Listen Mister
Pomposity - or whatever the fuck
your name is --

JOHNSON
It is Johnson. You can call me sir
or My Lord, your preference.

JOE
Well My Lord. The only thing I'm
interested in is - How the hell do
I get outta here?

Johnson consults his notes.

JOHNSON
According to this Clive gave strict
instructions. He will not allow you
entrance into Heaven...You can go
to Hell but other than that you are
stuck here.

JOE
What?

JOHNSON
Afraid so. Until you see the
emptiness of your cold-hearted ways
you have no goal to pursue, nothing
- you are in Limbo, my good man.

JOE
You're shitting me? So who's to
judge when I become this
spectacular being, then? You?

JOHNSON
Affirmative. With weekly reviews.

JOE
And then what?

JOHNSON
Then you can go to Heaven if you
choose to do so. But while you are
here. You will work like the rest
of us.

JOE
Or what?

JOHNSON
Hell awaits.

Joe mulls this over. Looks at the keys in his hands.

JOHNSON
Your cart awaits, Mister Wanton.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/HALLWAY - LATER

Joe pushes a Cleaners Cart full of cleaning apparatus.
He enters a Male Bathroom and drags the cart inside.

INT. MALE BATHROOM

Joe squirts the counter with disinfectant and wipes it clean.
CRYING comes from a closed stall.

Joe pauses his work to stare at the door.

The toilet FLUSHES and Ahmed emerges, wiping his eyes.

Ahmed washes his hands then leaves the bathroom all while
avoiding Joe's gaze.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/DIFFERENT HALLWAY - LATER

Joe sweeps the floor.

Sees Johnson heading his way.

Joe's eyes scan the hall to find Mister Peligrino caning his
way down the corridor.

Joe trots over to him.

JOE
Lemme give ya hand, old timer.

PELIGRINO
Get - off - me!

Joe helps Peligrino who tries to shrug him off.

Joe smiles at Johnson as he passes.

When Johnson has passed Joe releases Peligrino and shoves him
on his way.

INT. RESORT BAR - NIGHT

Joe nurses a beer at the bar.

Roberts comes over to him.

ROBERTS
You wanna play some pool, dude?

Joe looks him up and down then looks at the pool table to see Ahmed and Violet playing a game.

ALICE, 20, comes to the other end of the bar.

JOE
Now she's hot.

Roberts turns to see who he's talking about.

ROBERTS
(in love)
That's Alice.

JOE
She your girlfriend?

ROBERTS
Oh God, no. Um.

JOE
Cool.

Joe slaps him on the arm and approaches Alice.

Roberts watches Alice laugh at Joe's unheard comments then shuffles off back to the pool table.

Violet and Ahmed regard his sorrowful expression, see Alice laughing with Joe.

VIOLET
Don't worry. She won't find
anything interesting about him.

Joe leads Alice to a table in the corner by her hand.

Roberts sighs, leaves the bar.

Violet and Ahmed watch him go.

INT. OPEN OFFICE AREA - MORNING

Joe's emptying trash cans into his cart receptacle.

Johnson comes his way.

Joe stands upright and -

JOE
(to everyone)
Who wants a coffee?

Six hands raise from various cubicles.

PETER, a worker at the Birth Scanner Machine, faces him.

PETER
White two sugars!

Joe makes a real effort.

JOE
(points at Peter)
Got it! Who else?

Joe smiles at Johnson as he nears.

JOE
Just getting everyone some coffee,
My Lord. Would you like...?

But Johnson just nods no and continues into his office.

Joe watches him shut his door then tosses the trash can to the floor and wheels his janitor cart away.

PETER
Hey! White two sugars!

JOE
Sugar on this, asshole.

INT. RESORT BAR - NIGHT

Joe's at the bar drinking a beer.

Roberts comes up next to him.

ROBERTS
(to Bartender)
Three Buds, thanks Matt.

The Bartender grabs them.

Joe faces Roberts.

Roberts stares straight ahead - into the mirror behind the bar, ignores Joe.

JOE
Wanna play some pool?

The beers are on the bar.

Roberts collects them, his glare touches Joe's and he's gone with the beers.

Violet comes to the other end of the bar and waves over the Bartender.

VIOLET
Usual Matt.

Joe shuffles down the bar toward her.

VIOLET
Don't even try it, moron. And while you're at it. Leave Alice alone.

JOE
Who's Alice?

Violet points her out. She's drinking with a group of young women.

JOE
Oh her. She told me she only likes one person here.

Joe puts his back to the bar and looks over at Roberts.

JOE
And by his reaction he likes her too huh.

VIOLET
You got it dipshit.

Ahmed comes out of the male toilets wiping his eyes.

JOE
That's twice I've seen him...
(re Ahmed)
What's his problem?

VIOLET
Ahmed?...A physics student studying engineering - murdered by his brother in Tehran in '83 for not wanting to blow up innocents.

JOE

Jesus.

VIOLET

His folks weren't too impressed
when he decided to follow
Christendom either.

JOE

I bet.

Violet downs her shot of Bourbon and joins Roberts and Ahmed
at the pool table.

Joe watches then faces the Bartender.

JOE

One more for me and a round for
them next time they come up.

Matt places a Corona on the bar, Joe takes it and wanders
over to stand close to the pool table.

Violet leans over the table to take her shot and her T-shirt
lifts from the back exposing the crack of her butt.

Joe's smiles, nudges Roberts to have a gander and Roberts
just eyeballs him then goes to stand on the other side of the
table.

INT. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe stands before a seated Johnson.

Johnson scans his notes.

JOHNSON

Impressive first week, Joseph.

JOE

Can I get into Heaven now?

Johnson chuffs a laugh.

JOHNSON

I'm afraid not?

JOE

I got three people coffee this
week!

JOHNSON

You do not think Clive can see through your faslehoods? Your shenanigans of good will?...Although you have proven yourself a diligent worker. It's time for advancement. I think janitorial skills are a little beneath your schooling.

Johnson leads him out into the -

OPEN OFFICE AREA

Leads him to the Births and Deaths sections.

JOHNSON

With what section would you like to commence?

JOE

What?

JOHNSON

Make a selection...Birth's or Death's. Most people choose --

JOE

I really don't give a fuck.

Joe notices -

Violet in her black gear -

A black swab in the sea of office colors.

She occupies a booth in the Death section.

JOE

I'll go with Death.

JOHNSON

Excellent.

Johnson leads him to an empty cubicle across from Violet.

Joe pauses at her cubicle and offers his hand.

JOE

I'm Joe.

She regards it - makes eye contact.

VIOLET
Whoopity doo.

Johnson offers Joe his empty cubicle.

Joe takes a seat in front of his computer screen.

JOHNSON
Your shift manager Roberts will
be here in five minutes to give
you the specifics.

Johnson leaves.

Joe stands and scans the continuing activity around him.

He leans to Violet.

JOE
Pppssssttt!

Violet faces him.

JOE
How do I get outta here?

VIOLET
You're dead, moron. Where ya gonna
go? There aren't any boats even if
you wanted to take a day trip so
just settle in and do as you're
told.

Violet swivels her chair back to her computer screen and
resumes typing.

Joe leaves his chair and -

- goes up behind Violet.

JOE
What happened to you?

Violet fake wails and Joe backs off until he bumps into -
Roberts

JOE
Hey. Dude.

ROBERTS
Follow me.

Joe obeys. Keeps pace with Roberts.

JOE
Y'know just to tell ya. That Alice
chick only has eyes for you. Told
me herself.

Roberts halts, faces him.

ROBERTS
She said that?

JOE
Yeah.

Roberts smiles.

JOE
You should make your move.

Roberts lowers his face to the floor. Cries.

JOE
Jesus.

Johnson comes to them.

JOHNSON
Problem?

Roberts runs off, can't contain his emotions.

JOHNSON
What did you do?

JOE
Just told him a girl likes him.

JOHNSON
Oh for Petes-sake. Looks like I
will have to take over. Follow me.

Joe follows Johnson throughout the office space.

Joe scopes the walls.

Different times zones throughout the American Continent. A
digital date.

June 12th

Johnson leads him onward.

JOE
What did you do before computers?

JOHNSON
A massive amount of
paperwork...You should view the
archives.

Johnson stops at the large statuesque machine in the center
of the room with the words -

Birth Scanner -

- engraved into it.

JOHNSON
This is the Birth Scanner
machine. Because you are new I
won't go into detail...All you
need to know is at the end of
your shift your data will be
programmed into it by the Shift
Managers via the big screen in
the adjoining room.

JOE
What's it do?

A BLUE LIGHT on a *Births* cubicle spins.

JOHNSON
Let me show you...A baby is born.
A light rotates as such. Blue for
boys. Pink for --

JOE
You're kidding right?

JOHNSON
Each baby is assigned a birth
number on a strip of paper.

A Birth Machine spits out a BLUE STRIP of printed paper.
Johnson handles it.

JOHNSON
A baby boy named Peter Francis
Anderson...The details are
manually entered into the Birth
Scanner - like so...

Johnson types the name and number on the BLUE STRIP into
the Birth Scanner key-pad.

The Birth Scanner starts to grumble and filter a selection.

Johnson leads Joe to the opposite side of the Birth Scanner and it spits out a CD disk.

Johnson loads the name and number engraved CD into a computer and the details fill the -

COMPUTER SCREEN

Johnson prints off a sticky label and fixes it to the CD case.

JOHNSON

Here we are. Number
7,247,694,079. Peter Francis
Anderson...Now although we only
handle the American continent on
this part of the island the
number is total population...This
subject will perish on October
the Eleventh 2084 in New Jersey
District Hospital - of
respiratory illness...Easy enough
to comprehend, yes?

JOE

What's this Birth Scanner machine
do exactly?

JOHNSON

The Birth Scanner makes a random
selection and administers the
preordained outcome of that baby.

JOE

What do you mean - outcome?

JOHNSON

Do you not comprehend the Queens
English?...The machine selects at
what age - and at what time of
day - and what day - and how -
that baby will perish.

Joe gapes, backs off until his ass finds a chair.

JOHNSON

I can see by your reaction you
may need a little while for this
to sink in.

Joe watches Johnson eject the CD from the computer and
place it into a sealable container.

He walks it to a tube on the wall marked *Boys* and slots it in.

Roberts comes back to them a little more composed.

Joe stares at the wall, fixated.

Roberts touches his arm, which snaps Joe out of it.

JOE
Shit! You okay now?

Roberts nods.

ROBERTS
Never had a girl I like like me
before.

Johnson points at them both as he passes.

JOHNSON
Coffee break. Half an hour.

ROBERTS
(to Joe)
This way, dude.

Joe drags himself out of the chair.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Roberts leads the way as Joe ambles.

ROBERTS
I know, right...When I first
found out our deaths are
preordained from birth - wow - I
was blown away --

JOE
What about suicides?

ROBERTS
Oh - um - they're a non scheduled
interruption in the life
advancement process, dude.
They're not preordained. That's
free will. An alarm lets us know
when they occur.

JOE
So my new born has a death file?

ROBERTS

Ah yes, dude. I checked. His name is Simon Charles Saunders and he was born February twenty first and is scheduled to die at the age of seventy seven from a stroke.

JOE

Jesus...Seventy seven...That's a good life I guess...And the mother?

ROBERTS

I'll check on the archives for you if you like.

JOE

Thanks, yeah...Don't want the kid growing up without a mom...So no-one has ever tried to doctor the results?

ROBERTS

Why, dude? It's our fate. The machine decides our fate, dude. Sure you can alter the way you live - food - exercise - but you can't change the fact that everyone will die. The machine - via Death - just decides how it happens...One woman. Ages ago. Tried to tamper with the machine. Death sent her straight to Hell.

JOE

Jesus.

They reach the cafe.

Joe sees Violet leave the cafe with her book and walk off.

Joe stares after her - gobsmacked at her beauty.

JOE

I'll catch up with ya.

Joe follows Violet.

Roberts watches him go.

ROBERTS

(calls after him)
Waste of time, dude.

Joe smiles back at him.

Joe trots after Violet as she turns a corner.

Shoots a look this way and that and sees -

Violet enter a room down the corridor.

Joe runs to follow.

Joe reaches the door marked -

SCREENING ROOMS -

- and enters.

INT. SCREENING ROOMS

Joe paces down a slender corridor with doors on each side.

He sees Violet enter one such room.

Joe follows.

He enters Violet's room.

INT. VIOLET'S SCREENING ROOM

Joe stands at the back of the darkened room.

Two comfortable chairs near a computer terminal face a 50inch TV screen.

Violet sits in one chair and stares at the screen.

ON TV SCREEN

Inside a dingy apartment. A living room filled with stolen household items.

MAX, 45, tattoo's, white hair and white goatee, watches his TV in a chair.

Counts out some money, lays it on a coffee table next to three lines of cocaine and a pistol.

Max hovers a line with a rolled up twenty, swigs a beer.

JOE (O.S.)

Who's that?

Violet hits a few terminal keys and -

- light fills the screening room and she spins on him.

VIOLET
What the hell are you...?

Joe sits in the other chair.

JOE
Where is that?

VIOLET
Venice, California.

JOE
So you can watch people's lives?

VIOLET
Yeah...You choose. Point of view
or widescreen.

JOE
Who is that?

VIOLET
That's the man that murdered my
lover and I when he broke into
our apartment - but that asshole
will get his comeuppance on July
ninth.

JOE
His pre-ordained time to die?

VIOLET
Yep...Death by shooting...Unless
some asshole intervenes.

JOE
And you're gonna watch him die?

VIOLET
Abso-fucking-lutely, yeah.

Joe places a comforting hand on her shoulder.

She slaps his hand away and launches up.

VIOLET
Get out! Get outta here!

Joe leaves her screening room.

Violet flops back in the chair.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe drifts back toward the cafe.

His dad -

ALEX, 47, comes round a corner and stands before him.

Joe looks up to find him, frowns.

ALEX

Hello, son.

Joe cocks his head, baffled.

JOE

Dad?

Alex nods.

JOE

Jesus...But Clive said...Hold on.
If you're here then what?...You
killed yourself?

ALEX

No...I was murdered, Joe...I only
found out it was murder when I met
Clive at the Pearly Gates. He sent
me here to --

JOE

Murdered?...By whom.

ALEX

It was punishment on Clive's
part...At least I got to watch you
grow.

JOE

Jesus, dad...Why?...You were never
interested while I was alive.

ALEX

It takes a while to learn from your
mistakes.

JOE

What a load of shit.

Roberts comes toward them.

His arms fly in the air - there you are.

Roberts intervenes.

ROBERTS
Dude. Had me worried. We gotta
get back...
(to Alex)
'Cuse us, dude but Johnson's having
a fit.

Roberts leads Joe away.

Joe looks back at his dad.

ALEX
We'll talk later.

INT. OPEN OFFICE AREA - LATER

Joe sits at his terminal in the *Deaths* section.

Roberts stands behind him and types on Joe's keypad.

ROBERTS
That's your personal User Name and
Password.

Roberts hits a few more keys.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The IMAGE shows Chloe on the living room floor of her
Apartment playing with her baby son -

SIMON, 4 months old.

Joe peers up at Roberts.

JOE
Thanks...You found out about Chloe
yet?

ROBERTS
Will do as soon as I get a chance,
dude.

Joe's fixated on the Computer Screen.

Roberts quickly CANCELS the viewing.

JOE
Hey!

Roberts nods him to the left to see Johnson powering their way.

Roberts leaves as Johnson stands behind Joe.

JOHNSON

Log in your user name and password.

JOE

Did you know my dad was here?

JOHNSON

Pay attention...Name and password.

Joe obliges.

JOHNSON

Excellent...We work in eight hour shifts...Do not forget to log out...Move the cursor to Open Accounts.

Joe does.

COMPUTER SCREEN

A list of six names in alphabetical order pop up and the times they will die within Joe's eight hour work session.

JOHNSON

Six people are scheduled to die on your shift...You can either watch how it occurs to them - which is not advisable - or check the time and when the red light flashes in the top corner of the screen it will inform you of the person's demise.

Joe glooms up at him.

JOE

What if someone is brought back to life?

JOHNSON

That happens...The green light will flash...At the end of your shift you log in the deaths and Save them to your Hard-Drive then the Shift Managers will take over.

JOE

What about this green flash?

JOHNSON

If the life is saved - brought back by medical purposes or someone intervenes to save another their number will be printed out and then it is as if the person has been born again. The number is entered into the Birth Scanner for another random selection. This is then sent to the archives and added to their disk...Any questions?

JOE

Thousands.

JOHNSON

Excellent. Commence.

Johnson leaves Joe to confront the doom of the computer screen.

Joe takes a glance at Violet working her station but she pays him no attention.

Joe selects the first name on his Death List.

Clicks on the highlighted blue strip of the name.

7,250,576,079 Michelle Penelope Andrews

He checks to see if anyone is watching him. No-one.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Michelle Andrews profile picture. Where and how she will die and at what time fills the screen.

Compton. Westwood Street. Death by shooting at 22:34 aged 26.

Joe clicks on her Profile Picture and a vision of Michelle's life fills the screen.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

At present Michelle is in a bar having drinks and laughing with friends.

Joe quickly exits out of the screen.

Spins his chair around. Sorrowful.

He sucks in a breath.

Faces his screen and clicks on the second highlighted blue strip.

7,241,697,438 Theodore Jeffrey Brown

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Ted Brown's profile picture. Where and how he will die and at what time fills the screen.

Los Angeles, City Hospital. Death by cancer at 16:54 aged 29.

Joe checks the clocks against the wall showing different times throughout the American Continent.

It's 16:45 in Los Angeles.

Joe clicks on Ted Brown's profile picture.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Sees Ted Brown in a Hospital bed surrounded by his family.

His Wife holds a new born baby.

TED'S WIFE

All he ever wanted was to live
long enough to see our baby.

The other family members comfort her.

Joe opens Ted Brown's file and scans through it.

Sees that he was a good man. No criminal record. Just your average citizen.

Joe bolts from his chair and scans the area.

He sees Johnson head inside his office and close the door.

Joe strides for the door and -

- walks straight in without even a knock.

INT. JOHNSON'S OFFICE

Johnson faces Joe.

JOE

What kind'a sick shit is this?

JOHNSON

You will discover that bad things happen to good people all the time.

JOE

Hey. I can accept that. But why doesn't bad shit happen to bad people too? Let the fucking murderer get cancer, the rapist an aneurysm, the terrorist infertile so he can't breed anymore.

JOHNSON

We don't operate like that, Joseph.

JOE

There's a guy out there dying who just wanted to see his son for the first time...He's a good man.

JOHNSON

Take a seat, Joseph.

Joe does.

Johnson sits behind his desk, leans across.

JOHNSON

Death is luck...Just like life...The only way people survive and stay sane is if they push the thought of death to the back of their minds and hope for a long and healthy life. If they all knew when they were going to die then what would be the point of living?...They don't know. Only we do.

JOE

I know all that --

JOHNSON

There are billions of decent people...You cannot become emotionally attached.

JOE
Give Ted Brown another week to
say good-bye. Don't have him die
without getting that chance.

JOHNSON
No.

JOE
A day.

JOHNSON
No.

JOE
An hour...Five fucking minutes to
say good-bye and see his baby.

JOHNSON
No. It doesn't work that way. We
do not interfere. We punch in the
numbers. That's it.

JOE
Fucking hypocritical.

JOHNSON
Explain.

JOE
You say I'm s'posed to become this
caring individual - okay - here I
am. Showing concern for a complete
stranger and you're what? Telling
me to go fuck myself.

JOHNSON
We do not interfere...Do you need
to peruse your contract again?

Joe stands and heads for the door.

JOE
You're an asshole.

Johnson's chair rockets back as he stands to confront Joe.

JOHNSON
I will not tolerate
insubordination! I have to answer
to Death and I will not be held
accountable --

JOE
Fuck yourself, Johnson!

JOHNSON
That's it! Mandatory Anger
Management!

JOE
Fuck you! No!

JOHNSON
No?!

JOE
Yeah! No!

JOHNSON
Check your contract. Article
Nine.

JOE
Fuck - you!

Johnson calmly places a sleeper hold into Joe.

Joe collapses to the floor.

Johnson leans out of his office.

JOHNSON
Roberts!

Roberts dashes over.

JOHNSON
Inform William to handle Joseph's
workload until further notice.

ROBERTS
Yes, sir.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/POOL AREA - NIGHT

A huge lap pool, lane markers removed.

A TV screen against one wall.

WHALE SOUNDS emerge as relaxation.

A circle of large, floating/blow-up chairs.

Johnson heads the occasion.

The circle of blow-up chairs are filled with -

Joe, Ahmed, Violet, Roberts and three other people. All wear swimming attire.

One of them is a bald monk.

JOHNSON

Excellent. Thank you, Quang.

Joe - folded arms, bursts out laughing.

JOHNSON

Something of interest, Joseph?

Joe points at the monk.

JOE

You fucking burnt yourself to death in protest? Tell me. Did it solve anything?

(to everyone)

Listen to you assholes piss and moan...Your stories of pity...Religion, women, love - loss of love, can't find love, never been loved - well boo-fucking-hoo...Jesus people...Selfish the lot of ya. Too chicken shit to deal with life's hardships...Not once did you consider the feelings of the ones you left behind. Only ever thought of yourselves.

VIOLET

Like you...Why don't you share with us why you use sarcasm as a defense mechanism. To shield yourself from any real human contact. Too afraid of that, huh.

JOE

Fuck you.

JOHNSON

That's enough of that, Joseph. Let's hear your story shall we?

They all turn and look at Joe who nods no.

JOHNSON

Hell awaits if you don't feel like sharing.

Joe huffs.

JOE

Hi. My name is Joe.

ALL OF THEM

Hi Joe.

JOE

What do you want me to say?

JOHNSON

Whatever comes to mind...Let's begin with your father, Alex, shall we?...What did you learn from him?

JOE

Business and how to pick up women...He died when I was nineteen...Banging some secretary from work...Or so I thought.

JOHNSON

Yes...We know...This one to be exact.

Johnson handles a REMOTE CONTROL and flicks it over his shoulder at the TV.

The SCREEN is filled with an angry female face.

Ahmed screeches at her angry face.

It's the red haired, Grace.

JOE

She looks familiar.

JOHNSON

She should...She was twenty seven at the time. Her name is Grace. She was the lady that murdered you. Works in your office...Your father was murdered by her?

JOE

Bullshit.

JOHNSON

Grace poisoned his cocaine which caused his aneurysm...The Police assumed he got a bad batch.

JOE

Why are you telling me this?

JOHNSON

Because you hear the truth and accept it as fact, deal with it and move forward...Find peace...What about your mother?

JOE

I don't remember anything about her.

ROBERTS

That's why the first ten years of your memory evolution is empty.

JOE

She ran off with some other guy she was fucking when I was nine.

JOHNSON

She did not run off, Joseph...Do you know why you have no memory of your life prior to nine years old?

JOE

No.

JOHNSON

It was 1990. Your mother had a brain tumor. You were the only one home with her. Your father was away on Business...She dropped dead right in front of you and the shock of that happening was so traumatic the memory of all previous events prior to that day was erased.

Joe wells up.

JOE

(slaps the water)

Liar! That's not what happened! She's not dead! She ran off!

JOHNSON

You were found by your neighbors wandering the streets...You were never told this were you?

Joe breaks down.

JOE
She ran off with some guy she was
fucking!

JOHNSON
A lie your father told you.

JOE
(splashes at Johnson)
Bullshit! Liar! Liar! Liar!
You're fucking full of shit,
Johnson!

His outburst causes Ahmed to face away to hide his own
tears.

Violet sucks in a breath.

Roberts just stares at the water.

JOHNSON
That is commendable, Joseph. Let
it out.

JOE
No! Not true! You're a fucking
bullshit artist. Asshole! Lying
fuckin' asshole! She can't be
dead! No! Nut-ahh! No way!

JOHNSON
You don't remember, Joseph...You
only know what your father told
you...Why Joseph? Why didn't you
ask anyone why you couldn't
remember your infancy? Why didn't
you check to see what your father
had told you was the truth?

Joe wipes his eyes.

JOE
Whenever I asked - dad said what
did it matter - she was gone. She
didn't love us anymore and she
left...He never spoke of her
again. I know what she looks like
in photo's but in here...
(taps his temple)
Nothin'...I can't picture her.

JOHNSON
You've come along way tonight,
Joseph.

(MORE)

JOHNSON (cont'd)

It will take some time for this new information to digest itself...Let's all thank Joseph for sharing.

They all clap quietly.

Joe stares at the water, eyes Johnson.

JOE

Is she in Heaven?

JOHNSON

Affirmative, lad. That she is.

INT. RESORT HOTEL POOL AREA - LATER

Joe moseys out of the changing room in his clothes, freshly showered.

Alex leans against the wall near the exit.

Joe angers, grabs him by the scruff and shakes him.

JOE

You fuckin' lair!

ALEX

I'm sorry, Joe.

Joe shoves him into the wall.

JOE

Sorry! Sorry for what? Tellin' me mom ran off with someone else and that I'd never see her again. Why? What sort of person does that?

ALEX

I didn't know what to tell you. You were in a fragile state. The Doctors didn't know what was wrong with you. You were catatonic almost. So I created a lie to protect you.

JOE

You died when I was nineteen. You had ten fucking years to tell me the truth. Coward! Look at'cha. Fuckin' Alex Svengali prick! Why? Why'd you choose Limbo Island, dad?

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

Huh?...You wanted to watch me grow up, huh. Fine. Look at me. What do you see?

ALEX

I...I --

Joe shoves him hard in the chest and Alex sinks to his ass.

JOE

Fuck you!

Joe storms out.

Alex groans himself up.

Joe returns to him. Welled up.

JOE

You never loved my mom did'ya? Why didn't'cha tell me she was dead? I never knew any of that...How? How? You made me think - ahh what's the fuckin' point. You don't give a fuck really anyway, huh.

Joe wipes his eyes and leaves Alex to fester.

INT. RESORT BAR - NIGHT

Joe's slumped at the bar nursing a half empty Corona.

Stares at himself in the mirror behind the bar for a very long beat.

Violet and Roberts play Pool nearby.

Violet sinks the Black Ball -

Roberts takes their empty glasses to the bar and orders two more with raised fingers.

Matt nods and pours.

Roberts eases along the bar to stand beside Joe.

ROBERTS

You wanna join us, dude?

JOE

I just wanna be alone.

Roberts understands, collects his drinks and returns to Violet.

INT. RESORT BAR/MALE TOILETS - LATER

Joe leaves the trough step and washes his hands.

Half drunk, he fixes on his mirrored reflection.

CRYING comes from a stall with a closed door.

He dries his hands and moves to the stall.

Joe KNOCKS on the DOOR.

JOE
You okay in there?

The CRYING stops.

Joe frowns at the door, shrugs and leaves.

INT. RESORT BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe returns to his drink at the bar, downs the dregs and waves over the Bartender for another.

His eyes fixed on the Male Toilets - he sees -

Ahmed emerge, wipe his eyes and take a seat in a corner booth.

JOE
(to Bartender)
Make it two.

He's served two bottles of Corona.

Joe carries both over to Ahmed's booth and corkscrews in opposite him.

Both Violet and Roberts keep watch on them.

Joe bores into Ahmed - slides the bottle of Corona toward him.

AHMED
I not drink.

JOE
Start now.

Ahmed takes a sip, winces it down.

JOE

You have me at a bit of a disadvantage. You seem to know all about me but I know nothin' about --

Ahmed wells up.

AHMED

I a failure in eyes of my parents.

JOE

Story of the world, bud.

AHMED

They were promised wealth and glory --

JOE

Well you're dead so you may as well bury that shit right now. Nothin' you can do about it now...

(sips his beer)

So your brother killed ya, huh?

AHMED

I refused his wishes to join him. He call me traitor to my people. To my parents.

JOE

So why'd you choose here?

AHMED

I help design computer system we now use...I like to work.

JOE

You ever wonder if we're like our parents?

Ahmed starts to bubble.

JOE

I mean...Do we become them?

AHMED

I not know. They ashamed of me.

JOE

'Cause you wouldn't blow up
innocent people?

Ahmed nods, wipes his eyes.

JOE

Well I'd call that heroic. More
heroic than I've ever been.

Ahmed pauses his tears to stare at Joe.

JOE

No. I'm not fuckin' with ya...I've
never stood up for what I believe
in. You have a moral compass, Ahmed
and that's somethin' to be proud
of. It takes far more courage to
say no to the temptations around us
than to just succumb. I know. I
succumb every single day 'cause the
other option is too fuckin' hard.
So I say fuck your parents and
their bullshit. Have a beer. Live a
little and celebrate your
decisions.

AHMED

You not understand our culture.

JOE

I know...Alpha males, huh...Y'know
I've never seen a Middle Eastern
comedian...You guys don't poke fun
at yourselves, huh?

AHMED

Our life very serious.

JOE

So where do you find joy?...Jesus.

AHMED

You curse God many times.

JOE

I s'pose yeah...What do you say
when you hit your thumb with a
hammer then?

Ahmed frowns, thinks it through.

AHMED

Ouch! Would be how you say this, yes?

JOE

Yeah...Y'know. Between you an' me. I think the world would be a hell of lot more peaceful if there were no religions. None whatsoever. But I s'pose we all need something to look forward to when we die...We have to believe because we're all so fuckin' afraid of death. It's like Woody Allen said - 'I want to achieve immortality by not dying.'

Ahmed smiles.

AHMED

That is funny. I like you.

Joe offers his bottle for a Cheers and they clink bottles.

Violet smiles at them sharing a laugh and leaves the bar.

Roberts watches her go then moves to their booth.

AHMED

Where Violet go?

ROBERTS

Bed I think.

JOE

Bed...That's where I'd like to take her.

ROBERTS

That won't happen, dude.

JOE

Bullshit it won't...You had time to check up on Chloe yet?

ROBERTS

Shit, dude, sorry. With all that's been goin' on...I'll do it tomorrow, promise.

Roberts smiles until he sees -

Alice enter the bar and order a drink.

She turns and gives him a wave and Roberts shies away from her.

Joe looks at Alice.

JOE
Jesus, Roberts. Go get some.

AHMED
He never speak to her.

ROBERTS
I don't know how to talk to girls, dude.

JOE
Take a seat.

Roberts sits opposite Joe.

JOE
There's two types of men...Men like you and men like me...If I hit on a woman and she's not interested I move onto the next one. You...You think that woman you don't even know is the love of your life...Just go say hello.

ROBERTS
I can't, dude...You don't understand.

JOE
Explain it then.

ROBERTS
I've gotta be up early tomorrow.

Alex approaches the booth with a beer.

Joe holds out a halting hand.

JOE
Fuck off, dad. You stay the fuck away from me! I'd rip ya a new one right here and now...You don't talk to me. You don't look at me. I don't ever wanna see your fucking lying face again.

Alex shimmies away to another table and sits alone.

ROBERTS

He's just trying to make amends,
dude.

JOE

Fuck him. Should'a done it when I
was alive...So tell me about this
girl? Hold on. Stay there a mo.

Joe shuffles out of the booth.

He goes to the bar, whispers in Alice's ear - she giggles.

Roberts panics.

Sees Joe point his way - Alice nods and follows Joe back to
his booth.

Alice slides in opposite Roberts.

Joe nods for Ahmed to leave them be.

Ahmed scoots from the booth with a smile.

ALICE

(to Roberts)

Hello.

Roberts springs from the booth and dashes from the bar.

Joe watches him go then faces Ahmed.

AHMED

The woman he love reject him.

INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Joe has a towel around his waist as he scans all the summer
clothing in his wardrobe and shudders disgust.

INT. LIMBO CORRIDOR - LATER

Joe, different summer outfit, and Roberts head to work.

JOE

I can't spend eternity here, man.
In these fucking clothes.

Roberts love interest, Alice, passes them.

JOE

There she goes.

Roberts huffs and leans against the wall.

ROBERTS

Megan...Her name was Megan...We were in the same music class in college...I wrote her love songs...She ridiculed me in front of everyone.

JOE

Been there done that, pal...I was known as fart boy for a year in high school when I let one rip in Science class one day.

ROBERTS

I know what I did was stupid.

JOE

Damned right it was...And over a woman too...No woman - or person for that matter - is ever worth hurtin' yourself or anyone else over. Like those assholes who say - can't be with me then you're not havin' anyone - then go off and murder the woman and the kids...Fucking cowardly assholes...So how'd you do it?

ROBERTS

Jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge.

JOE

Fucking hell. That must've taken some balls.

ROBERTS

I'd be forty six years old now if I was still alive.

JOE

So you're never gonna try and meet anyone new in fear of rejection, huh? Hey!...What's the worst scenario, now?...You're dead.

ROBERTS

Sometimes I look at Megan now...Y'know she didn't even go to my funeral.

JOE

'Cause she was a heartless bitch.

ROBERTS

She's been married three times.

JOE

Then think yourself
lucky...Y'know. Who we envision
ourselves with is rarely the best
for us...Should be glad you
didn't fuck her.

ROBERTS

I've never done it.

JOE

Ever?...You died a virgin?

Roberts nods and walks off.

Joe's quickens to follow.

JOE

Well that's half your problem.
Nerves. I'll help you get through
that...She already likes you I
can tell so you just have to go
up to her and say...

Joe sees Violet heading in the other direction.

JOE

I'll catch you up.

Joe dashes off.

Roberts gapes at him. Say what?

ROBERTS

Dude?

Joe struts up next to Violet.

JOE

Morning...I was thinking that we
could have a few drinks later,
then...y'know.

Violet giggles.

VIOLET

I don't find you even remotely
attractive.

JOE
C'mon...Just a drink.

VIOLET
Joe...I'm gay.

Joe gapes at her.

VIOLET
True...And even if I wasn't you'd
never be my type...I was a
nurse...I used to help
people...Care for them.

JOE
Yeah yeah and I'm an asshole I
know.

VIOLET
You choose to be. That's different.
But life's too short to be pissed
off all the time and now you're
here you're pissed off too. Woe is
me, huh.

She walks off.

Roberts joins him.

ROBERTS
Tried to tell you, dude...Hope
you're gonna help me out a little
better than that.

Joe chuffs at him.

JOE
You just gotta say one word to her
and the rest will come naturally.

ROBERTS
What word?

JOE
Hello...Then ask her questions.
Women love to talk about
themselves.

INT. OPEN OFFICE AREA - LATER

Joe's at his terminal.

Chin in hands.

Stares at his screen.

ON THE SCREEN

Chloe cradles a sleeping baby Simon.

Rocks him back and forth.

Joe sighs.

Violet spins in her chair to watch him.

VIOLET

What's up?

JOE

I never saw myself as a dad kind'a figure. I mean - Who needs another me wandering the planet? My dad didn't know how to show love so where do I learn it from?...I s'pose this boy's lucky I'm not there.

VIOLET

At least he has his mom.

JOE

You ever wonder why a place like Limbo exists at all.

VIOLET

I'm sure every religion has it's own brand of Limbo...I never went to church...I'd never even heard of Limbo before.

JOE

After my mom left I was petrified of death...I mean - I used to cry myself to sleep...The finality of it all...But you push it to the back of your mind --

VIOLET

I like to think that one day I'd get to see my girlfriend, Andrea, again. The people I love again sometime.

JOE

Yeah but what if you've never loved anyone and no-one has ever loved you?

VIOLET

I dunno...It's what you wanna believe I guess...Whatever gets you through...I now wish I never waited to do all the things I wanted to do though.

JOE

Like what?

VIOLET

I always wanted to travel. I've never even been on a plane.

JOE

And now?

VIOLET

Now after Max is taken care of I'm gonna put in a request and go see Andrea.

JOE

You think she's up there waiting for you?

VIOLET

That's what I believe, yeah.

JOE

That's nice.

INT. CAFE - LATER

Joe heads toward the cafe but before he can enter Violet grabs his arm and tugs him aside.

VIOLET

I have a surprise for you.

JOE

But you said you were gay and --

She slaps his biceps with a cackle.

VIOLET

C'mon.

She leads the way.

JOE

Where are we going?

VIOLET
The archives.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/BASEMENT AREA - LATER

Violet leads the way down into the bowels of the building.

They come across a wide hallway with lights on the wall.

Violet opens a set of double doors and they continue down another wide hallway.

In the middle - one solitary black bank vault type door -

Violet leads him past but Joe pauses at the door.

JOE
What's in there?

VIOLET
Forbidden...It's Death's private chamber...If he feels the need he can return to Earth under the guise of a human and live like us...He has the only key though.

Joe tries the door handle and it's locked.

They move on.

INT. ARCHIVES - MOMENTS LATER

Violet opens a set of double doors to see dozens of workers going about their filing tasks.

Tubes everywhere spit CD cases down to them.

MUSIC plays from the PA System.

The whole area is three times the size of the offices above and every wall is crammed with cabinets.

Violet leads Joe to the *Deceased* section - the cabinets all in alphabetical order and year of death. From 1900 to present day.

VIOLET
What was your mom's name and what year did she die?

JOE
Why?

VIOLET
If you tell me I'll show you.

JOE
Jennifer Laura Wanton. 1990.

Violet moves to the Year 1990 - Alphabetical W cabinet and slides open the drawer.

It's crammed with CD cases - the names and numbers along the spine.

Violet searches through until she locates Jennifer's disk.

She hands it to Joe.

JOE
Now what?

INT. PRIVATE SCREENING ROOM - LATER

Joe sits before a terminal in the small cinema like screening room.

Violet's perched behind him.

VIOLET
Give it a few seconds.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Jennifer's life in decade increments in blue highlights.

Joe faces Violet.

VIOLET
Choose what you'd like to see?

Joe clicks on the 1980-1990 decade.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Various images start to emerge.

IMAGE - Jennifer cradles a baby Joe, coos to him.

Joe smiles at the image.

VIOLET
You can fast forward if you want.

Joe hits the Fast Forward Button and it skips a few years.

IMAGE - and there's three year old Joe on the tricycle peddling round his House driveway with Jennifer filming him on an old video camera.

A hand goes to Joe's mouth - he starts to well up.

Violet quietly sits beside him and watches Joe's life unfold before his eyes.

IMAGE - Jennifer in her underwear selecting what to wear from her walk-in closet.

Joe at four comes to her and hops up on her bed - he opens his arms for a hug - she crushes his cheek to her cool bosom.

IMAGE - Joe at six, cries, a grazed knee. Jennifer seals a band-aid across the graze and kisses his cheek, blows raspberries on it until he giggles.

IMAGE - Joe at seven in the doorway of the kitchen. Watches Jennifer and Alex in a heated argument. The toaster flies at Alex and he ducks.

IMAGE - Jennifer in a chair crying. Joe at seven comes to her and she collects him in her arms and rocks him back and forth through her tears.

Tears run down Joe's cheek.

Violet sees them and smiles good-naturedly.

IMAGE - Joe at eight. Playing toy soldiers on Jennifer's bedroom floor.

Jennifer's in bed - she wakes up SCREAMING, holding her head. Joe at eight is frightened.

IMAGE - Jennifer walks down the hallway - all the life drawn out of her.

Joe at nine comes out of his bedroom. Jennifer is before him. She jolts and hits the floor with an almighty thud.

The IMAGE goes SNOWY.

Joe bawls - tries to suck in some air but the tears are too much to contain as he sees the -

SNOWY SCREEN - the end of life.

Violet wipes away a tear and holds his hand.

Joe finally has the nerve to look at her, frog in his throat.

JOE
Thank you.

EXT. RESORT HOTEL/BEACH - LATER

Joe sits in the sand - stares at the water.

He's struck by an idea, bolts up and runs back into the hotel.

INT. RESORT HOTEL - LATER

Joe's in a small office. He uses a bunch of blue crayons and colors in large pages.

His hands are stained blue by the crayon.

Once he's done he lets it flutter to the floor to join at least a hundred blue crayon pages.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/SMALL CORRIDOR - LATER

Joe leads Violet down a slender corridor with her eyes blinded by a fold.

VIOLET
What's going on? This better not be
some weird twisted shit on your
part to get me to...

Joe releases the blindfold and a hand goes to Violet's mouth.

Before her in a slender hallway are a dozen chairs lined against both sides of the walls.

The walls and ceiling are plastered with pages of sky blue.

It's a fake inside of a plane.

At the head are two chairs acting as pilot controls. They are filled with Ahmed and Roberts who wear Pilot hats.

Joe leads Violet to a window seat.

Matt the Bartender comes down the aisle with a cleaning cart full of drinks.

JOE
Would Ma-am like a pre-flight
beverage?

She giggles into her hand, takes the proffered seat.

VIOLET
Where are we going?

JOE
Ma-am can choose the destination.

VIOLET
Switzerland.

Joe waves to Ahmed.

JOE
You heard the lady,
Ahmed...Switzerland.

Peligrino canes down the corridor and slumps into the back
window seat and takes a nap.

The others laugh at him.

DOWN THE HALLWAY

Johnson watches them, a smile forms, he turns to walk away
and almost bumps into Alex.

INT. RESORT BAR - LATER

Joe laughs along with Violet and Ahmed. They all drink beers.

Roberts comes into the bar on a trot, comes to Joe out of
breath.

ROBERTS
Dude! Um...I got some bad news.
Come with me.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/ROOM - LATER

The screening room from the beginning.

The giant screen plastered across the wall.

Joe sits before it as Roberts loads in a disk.

JOE
What's goin' on?

Roberts checks to see he's not being watched.

ROBERTS

Sssshhh...Chloe's disk...I looked her up like you asked...She's an only child...Both parents died in a Tsunami in 2004 while on holiday.

The SCREEN fills with Chloe's personal details.

Roberts scrolls down to a Highlighted Blue Header.

Chloe Marie Saunders. Death by shooting. Ocean Boulevard, Santa Monica, CA. July 9th 13:11 aged 26.

JOE

What?...What does that say?

ROBERTS

Her preordained death, dude. In a few weeks.

JOE

No...No way...Who's gonna raise our boy?...My son?

ROBERTS

I'm sorry, dude. Really.

JOE

Go back...Where?...Where will it happen?

ROBERTS

Ocean Boulevard, Santa Monica.

JOE

Do you know how long that street is?

ROBERTS

What difference does it make, dude? Not like you can stop it and she doesn't know it's coming.

Joe's chair rockets back and he's up.

He leaves the Screening Room and strides into the -

OPEN OFFICE AREA

In one corner of the room -

Alex watches Joe pause at Johnson's empty office then power out of the structure.

Roberts ejects the CD and puts it back into its case. Walks out of the Screening Room but his path is blocked by -

Alex - who halts him - reads the sticker on the CD - sighs - nods to Roberts who walks off.

EXT. RESORT HOTEL/BEACH - LATER

Joe strides out onto the sand. His eyes searching.

INT. LIMBO/VARIOUS CORRIDORS - LATER

Joe strides down corridors - prowling - searching.

Passes the cafe.

He passes a door marked -

Day Spa

Joe enters.

INT. DAY SPA

Joe pops his head into each private chamber - sees people getting massages, manicures, facials.

He pauses at one when he sees a Black Cloak hanging on the wall.

Death lays on a recliner with a face pack sealed and cracked - tea bags cover his eyes.

Joe comes into the room.

JOE
Are you Death?

DEATH
One and only.

JOE
I was gonna talk to Johnson but
he has a stick so far up his ass
he could be a shish-kebab.

Death chuckles.

DEATH

Ain't that the truth...But he's
an obedient, diligent
worker...How can I help, son?

JOE

I just found out my son's mother
will die in one month.

DEATH

And?...I've heard a billion hard
luck stories over the years, son.

JOE

You can intervene I know it...I
know I wasn't s'posed to die
now...I checked my disk in the
archives. I had another forty
seven years to live --

DEATH

I love the number forty seven!

JOE

And you had me killed so I know
you can put a stop to this.

Death removes the tea bags and his black pits for eyeballs
scope Joe.

DEATH

I don't do that...Listen, son.
Everyone - whether they wanna
face it or delude themselves -
everyone will die --

JOE

Yeah but at least let the kid
reach a teenager at least before
you take his mom.

DEATH

It's not how much time you
have...It's what you do with it.

JOE

That's bullshit!...It's always
been about havin' more
time...Where's your compassion?

DEATH

Lemme stop you right there...Do you think I could do this job if I experienced emotions like a person?...No. I don't have any of those feelings...Think of me as a banker...Devoid of all human decency.

JOE

So you're no better than Johnson.

DEATH

Johnson was in World War One France, son. He was one of those Upper Class British assholes who they deemed to label, Lord...One soldier came to him and said - sir - I can see the German General should I fire? Johnson said - a gentleman doesn't do that...Guy could've saved thousands of lives by saying yes. A Corporal under his command shot him during the heat of battle.

JOE

I don't give a fuck about Johnson.

DEATH

And I don't the living...I try and make their stay here as enjoyable as possible but aside from that - as you so eloquently put it - I don't give a fuck.

A Masseuse enters the room.

DEATH

Now it's time for my massage and pedicure. And don't elicit a face to face with me again - you go through the chain of command.

Joe just stares at him.

DEATH

And hostile macho stares don't work on me, boy!

Death's up from his chair in an instant and pins Joe to the wall by his throat.

DEATH
(scary)
You get me!

Death releases him and launches Joe from the room.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/HALLWAY - LATER

Joe powers down a hallway.

Johnson appears and they near bump into one another.

JOHNSON
I have been searching high and
low...I have some excellent news,
Joseph.

Joe just stares at him.

JOHNSON
I've received news from
Clive...He's very impressed with
your new found concern of strangers
and he has allowed your entrance
into Heaven...You can see your
mother, Joseph.

Joe gapes at him.

INT. RESORT BAR - NIGHT

Joe's at the bar, drunk.

Violet, Ahmed and Roberts enter.

ROBERTS
You think he wants some company?

VIOLET
Just leave him be a while.

Violet and Roberts move to play some Pool.

Ahmed goes to the bar and perches next to Joe.

AHMED
We hear the news...You will be
leaving us, yes?

JOE
I'm not going anywhere yet.

AHMED

You not want to see your mother?

JOE

There must be something I can do to save Chloe.

AHMED

I sorry, Joe. There is not.

JOE

By shooting...What sort'a bullshit is that?

AHMED

She not know when she die though...That something.

JOE

It's not fair.

AHMED

No...It happen every hour of every day and unless you blow up Birth Scanner it will go on and on.

Joe perks up.

JOE

Yes! That's it! Let's have some time off work shall we? Put a stop to Death's plan for a while. Fucker won't help. Fine.

AHMED

Ahhh...He not have to do work for thirty years. He not be happy --

JOE

I don't care...Do you? C'mon, bud. I need your help.

AHMED

Me? No.

JOE

I'm sure you can make a bomb outta detergents or cleaning fluids and such, yeah?

AHMED

I know how, yes. No no no. I not involved...I helped design Birth Scanner...It my baby.

JOE

Ahmed. Please! I grew up without a mother --

AHMED

But blow up Birth Scanner not help her.

JOE

But it'll piss off Death...Let's get our own back on that prick who couldn't give a fuck about us humans.

Ahmed scans Joe's pleading expression.

AHMED

Okay...I help...Our secret.

Roberts stands behind them.

ROBERTS

What's your secret, dude?

Joe throws a hand over Roberts mouth. SSShhhh!

Joe stands and leads them over to a booth.

INT. OPEN OFFICE AREA - MORNING

At the Birth Scanner.

Ahmed keeps an eye out.

Joe emerges from under the machine.

A worker (Peter) returns to his station with a coffee.

Joe and Ahmed stride from the machine.

AHMED

What about Peter?

JOE
He's already dead. What's the
worst that could happen?...Like
when we try and swim away...He'll
wake up back in his bed...Let's
get some lunch.

INT. CAFE - LATER

Joe and Ahmed have full lunch trays - untouched.

A muffled BOOM.

Pandemonium within the cafe.

Joe and Ahmed start to eat - smile to one another.

Seconds later Johnson strides into the cafe and pauses,
scans the area.

He sees them and powers for their table.

JOHNSON
Foolish. Very foolish.

JOE
What?

JOHNSON
Well I am certainly not going to
take the blame for
this...Joseph...Follow me,
please.

JOE
I don't know what you're --

JOHNSON
Now!

INT. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Joe sits in the office alone.

Peers out into the open office area.

Sees the twisted metal of the Birth Scanner in the
background.

In the foreground outside the office Johnson is being
reprimanded by Death, who wears his cloak and twirls his
scythe.

OFFICE AREA

DEATH

...well get it fixed. I have no intention of returning to work after so long an absence.

JOHNSON

Yes...Death...What about him?

Johnson nods to Joe inside the office.

DEATH

It's stipulated in his contract and if he wants to act like a child then he will be treated like one...Immediate banishment.

JOHNSON

Genuinely?

DEATH

To Hell. Immediately.

Death faces his workers and claps his hands in glee.

DEATH

It's okay everyone. Back to work. Save everything to your hard-drives. Enjoy enjoy enjoy.

Death snarls at Joe before exiting the office area.

OFFICE

Johnson enters his office - goes to his desk drawer and removes a stun-gun -

- a Taser that fires out electrodes on cables.

JOHNSON

I'm sorry, Joseph but you brought this upon yourself.

Joe stands to fight.

JOE

Get the fuck away from me with that thing...What?...What're you doin'?

JOHNSON

You signed the contract...You knew what would happen if you disobeyed his orders.

JOE

I had to do something...C'mon, man...You gonna suck ass for eternity?...No wonder your own men...

Johnson seems pained to do so but he FIRES and the two cables hit Joe in the chest and he jolts, spasms to the floor.

Johnson takes a syringe full of red fluid from his desk drawer and injects it into Joe's neck.

Stands.

Violet, Roberts and Ahmed stand outside the office watching. Aghast.

Violet wipes a tear.

JOHNSON

(to them)

He left me no choice! I had no choice!

INT. OLD ELEVATOR - DAY

Joe wakes on the floor of this wooden contraption.

The DOORS OPEN and Joe's confronted by a long, slender hallway.

Joe exits the Elevator and eases down the hallway.

A mural on each wall.

Etchings, paintings, carvings - all combined into one hellish mural.

Tortured souls, fire and brimstone - Hell.

Joe's a little scared - he reaches the end of the hall - two graffiti flamed metal doors before him.

Joe puts a finger to one door - it's not hot.

He opens it via a handle.

INT. HELL - DAY

Joe leaves the hallway and steps through into an open maze of corridors.

Nothing is red or abnormal. No fire. No brimstone. Looks like an average building basement.

Against the walls - sealed glass chambers filled with catatonic faces.

The Celine Dion song - *My Heart Will Go On* from the film Titanic - plays from the speaker system and is on a continual loop.

Joe's motionless.

Catatonic people scuff past him.

Other people of various stages of zombie life make eye contact.

STEVE, 44, strides for Joe with a digital clipboard and halts before him.

STEVE
Joseph Wanton?

JOE
Joe yeah.

STEVE
Welcome to Hell...I'm Steve. I'll be your guide.

JOE
What did you do?

STEVE
I was one of the guys that helped George W Bush to become President.

JOE
Jesus...Did you write his speeches too?

STEVE
They said you were funny.

Steve leads the way past several different chambers.

He hands Joe a swipe card.

STEVE

Your room key...Number 402...I'll
show you your room later.

Steve opens a door and leads Joe into an expansive airport
waiting lounge full of screaming kids.

Steve leads the way inside.

STEVE

Time moves different here than in
Limbo or on Earth...Take a seat.
Enjoy...

(leans in to whisper)

Although your flight will never be
called.

Steve chuckles.

JOE

Woah woah woah. Hold the fuck on
a mo, man! You got me here for
eternity doin' what?...Waiting in
an airport lounge?

STEVE

We overheard your most hated past-
times...Don't worry. This is only
for the first hundred years then
you move on to Postal queuing.

Steve laughs.

Joe scans the interior.

Shuffles over and flops down in a chair.

Out of control Kids immediately start to run around him.

INT. HELL/AIRPORT LOUNGE - LATER

Same Celine Dion song plays.

Joe - head lowered, fingers in ears as kids screech around
him in circles.

A HAND touches his shoulder and he jerks up.

THE DEVIL stands there in a cherry red suit, sucks a
strawberry lollypop.

He removes a pair of I-Phone headphones from his ears and
lets them dangle.

THE DEVIL

Joe Wanton...Welcome. Lemme give you a tour.

JOE

Oh thank fuck.

Joe follows THE DEVIL to the door.

The Devil snaps his fingers and the kids go quiet. He throws an arm across Joe's shoulder and leads him away.

INT. HELL/OPEN CORRIDORS

Same Celine Dion song plays.

Joe pauses before The Devil.

JOE

I gotta ask you one thing...This fucking Celine Dion song...Does it ever change?

The Devil splays his arms with a wide grin.

THE DEVIL

Welcome to Hell, buddy. Eternal damnation and torture...C'mon.

Joe sees his I-Phone.

JOE

You don't have to listen to it over and over.

THE DEVIL

Got my own personal selection.

They pass a bunch of Catholic Priests huddled together in a circle muttering prayers.

JOE

What're they doin' here?

THE DEVIL

They think the praying helps but when you fuck around with little boys - come to think of it God didn't put up too much of a fight over them...

(leans in)

Guess he doesn't like hypocrites.

JOE

So Hell is what you conceive as
your own personal hell when you're
alive?

THE DEVIL

Pretty much...Unless you're a nasty
fucker...Mass murderers and
psychopathic killers I let roast in
a lava vat...Kiddie fiddlers and
rapists I chop their cocks off and
then let them stew for eternity.
The mediocre sinners just get the
pleasure of roaming and enjoying
the music.

They turn a corner and in phone booth like chambers are a
bunch of people - their names etched into their chambers.

They all wear headphones and they all have horrified
expressions of insanity.

There's *Joseph Stalin, Pol Pot, Adolf Hitler* --

JOE

Hold up a mo...Hitler killed
himself.

THE DEVIL

Oh I made a deal with Grim for
him.

JOE

What are *they* listening too?

THE DEVIL

I put them in these chambers for
a year to quench my own sick
urges.

The Devil presses a button on the outside of their chamber
and a song emerges.

The *Circle Of Life* from the Lion King film.

Joe smiles.

JOE

I dunno which is worse.

THE DEVIL

Well this Celine Dion song is turning me catatonic so I'll hurry along a bit and you gotta get back to the lounge --

JOE

Hey. Um...Devil?

THE DEVIL

Lucifer is fine.

JOE

How 'bout givin' a guy a break?...I don't really belong here...All I did was blow up the Birth Scanner machine.

THE DEVIL

That was you!

JOE

I was pissed...I just found out the mother of my boy would die...Wouldn't you try and stop that?

THE DEVIL

Sorry, buddy. I'm a little too vain to consider other people. I mean...Look at me...Look how gorgeous I am.

JOE

So you're not gonna cut me a break?

THE DEVIL

The only way you're leaving here is if someone sacrifices themselves for you - you read your contract on Limbo Island, right?...Gotta balance the books...Now...Back to work.

They've done a full circle of the lower floor and The Devil opens the airport lounge door.

The bunch of kids stand still - stare at him until The Devil nods Joe inward.

The kids cheer and follow Joe back to a lonely seat.

INT. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Johnson's behind his desk - stressed out.

Roberts sits opposite him, glum.

ROBERTS

He was only doing what he thought
was best...Can't you have a word
with Grim and --

JOHNSON

And ruin my
promotion?...Never!...I spent
ninety years working for that
promotion and I --

ROBERTS

If things had gone differently
for you when you were alive...If
you had not sent your men to the
slaughter and --

JOHNSON

Enough! For Pete's-sake man!

A KNOCK.

Roberts opens the door to see Joe's dad, Alex standing
there.

Alex strides in and leans over Johnson's desk at him.

ALEX

I'm here to sacrifice myself for
my son. I want him returned here.

JOHNSON

Do you know what you are asking?

ALEX

Yes.

JOHNSON

It's eternal.

Alex considers this.

ALEX

I understand...Just tell
me...What happens down
there?...Are your nuts fried or
anything sinister like that?

JOHNSON

We do not know...The only thing we know from the two people who have returned is that time passes differently and they have an excellent music selection.

ALEX

Fine. I don't give a shit. I like music...As long as it's not Celine fucking Dion I don't give a fuck.

JOHNSON

Fine...Roberts. Prepare the transition.

ROBERTS

(perks)
Yes, sir!

INT. HELL - DAY

Alex emerges from the fire red doors and steps into the open infrastructure and hears the Celine Dion song.

ALEX

Ahhh fucking hell.

He strides along the corridors.

ALEX

Joe!...Joe Wanton!

The catatonics all around him turn to follow him.

All scuffing their way behind him.

ALEX

Joe Wanton!

Alex passes the Airport Lounge door and pops his head inside.

ALEX

Joe Wanton!

Joe rises and comes to the door to see Alex enter the lounge.

JOE

Dad?

Alex approaches.

JOE
What're you doing here?

ALEX
You can go back, son. Back to
Limbo Island.

JOE
What're you talkin' about?

The Devil comes over and shoo's away all the catatonics.

He stands before the kin.

Removes his headphones as Steve dashes up next to him and
shows The Devil his digital clipboard.

THE DEVIL
It's true...You can leave. Your
father can take your place.

ALEX
(to The Devil)
Nice choice of music, asshole.

THE DEVIL
Why thank you.

Alex grabs Joe by the biceps.

ALEX
Now you're gonna listen to me
now, son - and listen good. I'm
sorry...I'm a liar and I was a
shit father --

THE DEVIL
You have thirty seconds or you will
both remain.

ALEX
I never even wanted a kid. I just
wanted to play the field...I...I
didn't know how to deal with your
mom's death. I should've talked to
you about it but I do love you,
son.

JOE
I'm sorry you were poisoned.

ALEX

Yeah...And just 'cause I was a shit father doesn't mean you were gonna be. You're better than me.

THE DEVIL

Ten seconds.

ALEX

You get the key from Death's pocket and use his machine to get back to Earth - Y'know. The machine he uses for holiday breaks...You get back and save your Chloe. Do what I couldn't for your mom.

THE DEVIL

Three seconds.

Alex hugs him - shoves him away.

Joe runs - pauses - looks back.

JOE

Where's my mom buried?

ALEX

Westwood Cemetery.

JOE

Thanks.

Alex nods.

Joe bolts through the red doors and is gone.

Alex faces The Devil.

ALEX

So...What've you got planned for me?

Steve checks his clipboard.

STEVE

Says here your worst things were having sex with four women at once.

The Devil chuckles.

THE DEVIL

Nice try dipshit...I know what he hates.

INT. HELL/SMALL ROOM - LATER

Alex stands alongside The Devil in the doorway.

Ten land-line telephones at a long table separated from a glass sound proof booth in the corner with a land-line within.

Ten people at the phones practising their calls.

Practising cold calls.

CALLER

Hello. Is that Mrs Matthews. I'm calling you today with a great deal...

Alex faces The Devil with a sneer.

ALEX

You got me making cold calls? One of those annoying fuckers you didn't even give your number too, selling shit over the phone. Interrupting peoples day --

THE DEVIL

Oh gosh no. You will be receiving them in the booth...Only for the first hundred years. Then you get to make the calls yourself.

The Devil chuckles and pats Alex's back.

Alex opens the door to the booth - the land-line within RINGS.

THE DEVIL

That's for you.

INT. ELEVATOR/MOVING - DAY

Joe wakes on the floor as the Elevator comes to a halt.

The DOORS OPEN and Joe lifts himself from his slumber and exits the contraption.

INT. CORRIDOR/CAFE - DAY

Joe walks toward the cafe.

He pauses before entry and sees -

Roberts sitting at a table and he laughs along with Alice - his desired woman.

Joe frowns.

Ahmed looks up from his book and sees Joe.

Ahmed bolts from the table toward Joe.

AHMED
You make it back.

JOE
Yeah...
(re Roberts)
Finally chalked up the nerve to talk to her huh?

AHMED
They been an item for weeks now.

JOE
What?

AHMED
Ah. Yes...Time difference...They say it moves differently down there.

JOE
I've been gone weeks?

AHMED
Yes...But nothing change.

JOE
Shit...What day is it?

AHMED
It July the ninth.

JOE
Jesus! Talk about cutting it close...I gotta save Chloe.

AHMED
You not able too.

JOE
Yeah I know how. Now I know how.

Joe runs off.

EXT. RESORT HOTEL/BEACH - DAY

Joe scuffs through the hot sand.

Sees Death face down on his sun-lounger.

Joe eyes the black cloak hanging on the outside of the hut.

He pauses above Death.

JOE

I came here to apologize. I want
you to know I won't cause you
anymore trouble...I've learnt my
lesson...I will be an obedient
and diligent worker from this day
forth.

Death SNORES LOUDLY - stirs.

Joe dashes to his black cloak and searches the pockets and
comes up with the key on the gold chain.

Joe sprints back to the building.

INT. OUTSIDE DEATH'S CHAMBER - LATER

Joe marches down the hallway, nods to a few passersby,
pauses outside Death's Holiday Chamber door.

No-one looking.

He inserts the key and a heavy lock shifts.

Joe jostles open the heavy black vault type door.

Enters and hauls it closed.

INT. DEATH'S HOLIDAY CHAMBER

Joe scans the interior.

Only two things within.

A seven foot long hammock and a control panel on the wall.

Joe touches the control panel and it comes to life.

CONTROL PANEL

It requests Location.

Joe types in -

Ocean Boulevard, Santa Monica, CA.

It requests time period.

Joe types in -

One hour.

A TIMER starts to countdown from ten.

Joe dashes to the hammock and lies within.

The bottom of the hammock peels away another layer and envelopes Joe like a cocoon.

Starts to rotate like a pig on a spit. Picks up speed.

EXT. OCEAN BOULEVARD - DAY

Joe wobbles/runs down a street.

Sees a couple coming toward him.

Joe slows to a walk - collects himself - gets his balance.

He stops the MAN.

JOE

What time is it?

The MAN checks his watch.

WATCH MAN

Five past one.

JOE

Exactly?

WATCH MAN

Yes.

Joe sprints off down the street.

JOE

Okay...Here...Ocean
Boulevard...What part though?
Shit!

Cars congested in both directions.

Behind the wheel of a Ford Focus sits Violet's murderer -

Max.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/VIOLET'S SCREENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Violet watches the SCREEN before her.

Max's POV as he smokes - waiting in traffic - his HAND THUMPS the HORN.

INTERCUT
BETWEEN VIOLET
AND JOE

OCEAN BOULEVARD

The car two behind Max has Chloe behind the wheel and Simon asleep in a car-seat in the back.

A BANK ALARM SCREECHES into the street.

Joe bolts toward the Bank.

It's across the street.

A SHOTGUN DISCHARGES back into the Bank as TWO ROBBERS in ski-masks emerge with bags of cash and shotguns.

VIOLET'S POSITION

Sees -

Max burst from his Ford with his pistol.

Runs for ROBBER ONE.

ROBBER ONE pauses to fire on Max.

Max ducks behind his car as buck-shot dislodges his fender.

Max scuttles round the cars - comes up and FIRES at ROBBER ONE.

ROBBER ONE hits the deck, dead.

Max shoulders the money bag and dashes back to his car but -

ROBBER TWO

FIRES buckshot into his back and Max splays on the road.

Groans.

OCEAN BOULEVARD

Joe continues to run the street.

POLICE SIRENS in the near distance.

Chloe swerves away from the scene.

Chloe's car PLOWS into ROBBER TWO -

He scrambles up - retrieves his cash bag -

ROBBER TWO

Bitch!

ROBBER TWO swivels his shotgun at Chloe - four feet away behind the wheel -

Chloe SCREAMS - the weapon pointed at her -

ROBBER TWO - finger on the trigger -

He's tackled to the ground by Joe.

Joe punches him twice in the face.

Lifts him by his ski-mask and bashes his head into the street.

POLICE CARS SKID -

Officers drag Joe off ROBBER TWO who groans in place.

Joe rises as a crowd forms.

Chloe makes eye contact with him.

Joe recedes into the crowd.

CHLOE

Joe?...No...Couldn't've been.

Joe hides amongst the people - makes it over to peer down at Max on the street - bleeding.

ONLOOKER

(re Max)

Someone call an Ambulance.

JOE

Don't bother.

Joe leans to Max. Rolls him over.

JOE
Just want'cha to know...Violet,
the woman you killed when you
robbed her apartment, she says hi
and we all know where you're
going asshole.

INT. VIOLET'S SCREENING ROOM

Violet stares at the SCREEN -

- tears in her eyes -

- from Max's POV she sees -

Joe in focus then the SCREEN goes SNOWY as Max dies.

She sighs relief.

INT. CLIVE'S DOMAIN - DAY

Max comes through the door to scope the Pearly Gates.

Clive steps into view with his digital clipboard and
smiles.

MAX
Where the hell am I?

Clive chuckles.

CLIVE
I know exactly where your
murderin' fuckin' ass is going
though...

BUZZER

CLIVE
Shit!

BUZZER

INT. HALLWAY/OUTSIDE DEATH'S HOLIDAY CHAMBER - DAY

Joe emerges from the room.

Strains the black vault door closed and locks it.

He turns into the hallway -

Death stands before him in all his menace.

Face concealed by his hood.

Joe backs off.

Death holds out his hand and Joe dangles the key into it.

DEATH

I've come across some defiant humans in my time but you - You've made me work for the first time since 1986 and that pisses me off...I was enjoying my retirement. And now...Well...You know what awaits you.

JOE

Yeah...But at least she's safe. I intervened so you have to re-enter her number and give her another chance.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/SECURITY CELL - LATER

Joe and Death stand outside a small room.

Death nods and Joe enters.

DEATH

You will need some time for the Holiday to - think of it as decompression time.

Death seals Joe within.

Joe flops into the large beanbag.

There's magazines all over. Old Playboy, Penthouse, Hustler and several other varieties.

Joe selects a New Yorker magazine and reads.

INT. OPEN OFFICE AREA - LATER

Death stands before a newly restored Birth Scanner.

He punches the air in glee.

DEATH

Yeah baby! Back to working order.

Death turns to see Violet, Roberts and Ahmed rigid before him.

ROBERTS
Where's Joe?

DEATH
Resting.

VIOLET
What're you gonna do with him?

DEATH
What is this a quiz show?

Death nudges through them toward the exit.

Johnson stands firm in the doorway of his office.

Death passes him.

AHMED
Excuse me, um, Grim.

Death huffs and faces them.

DEATH
What now?

AHMED
We would like very much if Joe
could stay here with us.

DEATH
You all know the law...My rules,
yes?

They all lower their heads.

DEATH
Oh don't gimme that puppy dog
look shit...I have no emotions
people!

ROBERTS
He's our friend.

DEATH
Wow! I care! He's going to Hell.
That's it! Final! Now I have a
full day planned so piss off huh.

Something occurs to Johnson and he rifles through his desk drawer and comes out with a copy of the Contract and dashes to block Death's exit.

JOHNSON

Pardon my interruption, ahhh,
Death.

DEATH

You as well...He let a living woman he knows see him...You know what that does to people?...It confuses them...At least when I go back I assume a different identity --

JOHNSON

You cannot send Joseph to Hell.

DEATH

I can do what ever I damn well please!

JOHNSON

I beg to differ...It really was your own fault...

(flicks through
contract)

Here in the small print of the contract...

(reads)

No one person may be sent to Hell more than once...

(faces Death)

You called it the Double Jeopardy Clause.

DEATH

(remembers)

Shit! You're right.

(to others)

He's right.

ROBERTS

So he can stay here?

DEATH

No. Definitely not. He's a trouble maker.

VIOLET

So what then?

JOHNSON
Send him back.

Death converges on Johnson which makes him back into a corner.

The other three move to circle Johnson so they're in a tight knit group.

DEATH
(whispers)
Are you insane, Johnson? Do you know the implications of this?

VIOLET
We won't tell.

Death faces them all - Roberts and Ahmed nod no.

JOHNSON
As far as anyone is concerned he went to Heaven...No-one knows he stole your key except the four of us here.

Death considers it.

DEATH
It would get the annoying little pissant outta my hair...
(to Johnson)
Not one solitary soul can know about this...
(to everyone)
If this gets out all of you will go to Hell and I'll write a new contract and you'll never get out...
(to himself)
Actually I'd better write a new contract now and get that Clause removed...
(slaps his head)
What a moron! Putting something like that in there in the first place...Shit!
(to everyone)
You have one minute to say good-bye to him.

VIOLET
Thank you.

AHMED
Much appreciated.

ROBERTS
Thanks, dude...Um...Where is he?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - LATER

Joe stands before his three friends.

Johnson behind them with an elephant syringe.

Roberts shakes Joe's hand with a wide grin.

ROBERTS
Good luck, dude.

JOE
Thanks. And good luck with Alice.

ROBERTS
Oh dude. She's so demanding.

JOE
They all are.

Joe points at Ahmed.

JOE
You! You are a failure in the
eyes of your parents!

Ahmed sucks in a brave breath.

AHMED
Yes. True.

JOE
Can you deal with that?!

AHMED
Yes! Fuck them both. Give me a
beer!

Joe chuckles, hugs him.

JOE
Exactly. Fuck trying to impress
anyone but yourself. Fuck
tradition.

AHMED
Yes! Fuck its ass.

Roberts and Ahmed part to allow Violet to step forward.

VIOLET
You almost blew it by
intervening.

JOE
Sorry.

Joe closes the gap between them and offers his hand.

Violet dives at him and plants a whopper of a kiss on him.

Joe sucks in some air when she breaks the seal.

VIOLET
Thank you for not helping him
stay alive.

JOE
Why don't you come with me?

VIOLET
No...I'm not allowed...I'm gonna
go see Andrea, now.

She hugs him.

VIOLET
You look after yourself.

JOE
You too.

Johnson steps forward with the giant syringe.

JOE
(to Johnson)
Bet you're going to enjoy this.

JOHNSON
I now realize there is a better
way for me to conduct myself...To
not be an - as you declare - an
asshole.
(proffers syringe)
A little gift from me.

Johnson injects Joe's neck.

Joe's eyes roll back and Johnson eases him to the floor.

A BRIGHT LIGHT

Joe stands within the LIGHT and focuses.

He's in a -

CLOUDY ROOM

He walks through the mist.

A Woman sits on a bench with her back to him.

JOE

Hello?

The mist clears and the Woman stands to face him.

JENNIFER, 30, Joe's mom, elegant, angelic.

Joe's emotions burst.

JOE

Mom?

JENNIFER

Oh my. Look at you...How handsome
you've become.

She embraces him and he bawls into her like a little girl.

JENNIFER

There there.

She releases him.

JENNIFER

I'm sorry I left the way I did --

JOE

I never knew...I'm so sorry...I
thought you - dad said you ran off
with some guy.

Jennifer wells up herself.

JENNIFER

What?...No!...And all this time you
thought - oh no - no no Joe - I
didn't run off and leave you.

JOE

I know that now. I know what
happened.

A BELL CHIMES

JENNIFER

It's time for you to go now.

JOE

No no no. I don't - mom - please -
I don't want you to leave again -
I can't --

JENNIFER

Hey...It's okay...My time was my
time. We'll meet again one
day...You were the only love of
my life, honey. Now go. Be a good
father.

Joe bawls - recedes back into a cloud of mist.

JOE

Mom, no.

She blows him a kiss and she's clouded by the mist.

JOE

I love you, mom!

FADE TO WHITE

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chloe feeds Simon at the kitchen table. Dazed and confused.
Her CELL RINGS and she answers it.

CHLOE

Hello...Oh yes Doctor...

INT. HOSPITAL/OUTSIDE JOE'S RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Chloe peers in through the glass.

She holds her son.

The Doctor inside speaks with Joe propped up in bed by
pillows.

The Doctor opens the door and addresses Chloe.

DOCTOR

You can go in now.

Chloe enters with Simon.

Joe shifts the pillow behind his back.

Chloe comes to his side. Choked up.

CHLOE

Hello.

JOE

Hi Chloe.

Chloe displays the boy.

CHLOE

Um. Joe...I'd like you to meet --

JOE

My son...Simon.

She frowns.

CHLOE

Um...Yes...How did you...?

JOE

To tell you the truth I'm not really sure...I had this weird dream like I was given a second - My mom!...I know what really happened with my mom. She didn't run off with some guy...Can't quite remember all the details - I remember bits and pieces - blurred - three friends and a baby boy - the condom broke - a beach - it's all jumbled.

Chloe sits on the edge of the bed, baffled.

CHLOE

I swear I saw you the other day.

She's silent for a long beat then faces him.

CHLOE

Grace was arrested...Denies everything of course.

Joe peers at the boy, touches his hand.

JOE

Hello, Simon.

Chloe smiles.

CHLOE
Do you feel okay? I mean aside
from --

JOE
Yeah. Great...I'm great.

Chloe grasps his hand.

He smiles.

INT. RESORT HOTEL/ROOM - DAY

The Screening Room.

Ahmed's at his computer station at the end of the aisle.

Roberts enters with Alice.

Roberts sits and a loud FART emanates.

Ahmed bursts out laughing as Roberts removes a Whoopie
Cushion from his chair.

Roberts smiles.

ROBERTS
Funny, dude...How's he been doin'
the last few months?

Ahmed hits a few keys and the Big Screen brings up -

Joe's progress on various days.

Joe -

Leaves his office at Libertine Oil and Industry with a packed
box of personal belongings.

He hugs Melanie good-bye.

Joe -

Enters a Pharmaceuticals Building in a flash suit.

Joe -

Is shown the med-lab of several working scientists as they
try and discover a cancer cure.

Joe -

Enters a Brain Tumor building that deals with donations.

Joe signs a Check and passes it over to a man in a white lab coat. Smiles.

Joe -

Donates his time reading stories to young kids in Hospital beds. Laughs along with the story.

Joe and Chloe -

- wheel a pram through a park on a glorious summer's day.

Joe and Chloe -

- at a downtown soup kitchen dishing out meals to the homeless.

The Image skips to -

Joe and Chloe in a Cemetery.

They walk the rows of headstones.

They pause, holding hands.

Joe looks at a headstone to reveal -

Jennifer Laura Wanton 1960-1990

Chloe hugs his arm.

He sucks in a breath and smiles, kisses her temple.

SCREENING ROOM

Johnson clears his throat O.S. behind Roberts and Ahmed.

Roberts and Ahmed twitch and try and close the screen down.

JOHNSON

Where is he now? Today.

They leave it open and face Johnson.

Johnson wears a Hawaiian shirt and flip flops, his white British legs sticking out from balloon shorts.

Roberts and Ahmed hide their snickers.

Roberts punches in the request.

ON BIG SCREEN

Baja, CA

A tiny beach restaurant.

Joe in the kitchen, wears an apron, passes over two plates of Mexican cuisine to Chloe who waitresses, she kisses the air at him.

Joe leaves the kitchen and stands at the doorway overlooking the calm waters as they lap the sand. He smiles into the bright sunshine.

A two year old boy tugs on his pants leg and Joe lifts him to look at the sunset, kisses his cheek.

Chloe comes to their side and throws an arm across them both.

SCREENING ROOM

Johnson, Roberts and Ahmed smile.

THE END