

EXPIRATION

by

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FADE IN:

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT / CLOSET - DAY

A naked light bulb sparks to life. Illuminates a cluttered shelf above women's clothes.

A woman's hand searches. Finds a cardboard box, pulls it down.

ZOEY TASKER, 26, a unique combination of beauty and innocence, opens the box. Inside, neatly piled envelopes.

She pulls a photo from an envelope. Her eyes scan it. Her fingertips trace the edges. A hint of a smile forms.

She clicks off the light.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DAY

Scattered open Chinese take-out containers. A table is covered with a collage of photos inside an expensive mahogany frame.

ALAN TASKER, late-twenties, inserts a photo in the montage with the exactness of a surgeon.

Alan's intelligent eyes squint from years of intense concentration yet a charming, easy smile plays on his face.

ALAN

You know the best thing about pictures? That day never completely goes away.

The photos span decades of a happy family life: Alan and Zoey at various ages in candid shots with their parents.

ZOEY

Can you make this one fit?

She hands him the photo. Alan laughs, resumes his lay out.

ALAN

My sister, Bride of Frankenstein. I'm telling you, you jinxed yourself that Halloween.

ZOEY

Wait, let me get one of your wedding pictures. Oh, that's right. Frankenstein never married either.

Alan tosses a checkered bandana in the air, mimes a referee.

ALAN

Personal foul. Unnecessary cruelty.  
Just for that, I'm not helping you  
clean up. I've gotta finish some  
work at home. This looks awesome.  
Mom and Dad are gonna love it.

He hugs her, strides toward the door.

ZOEY

Alan.

He stops, turns expectantly. She holds a look on him. After her mental snapshot, she smiles:

ZOEY

Stay safe.

Alan nods, mildly confused.

INT. FIRSTCAP INSURANCE OFFICE / ALAN'S DESK AREA - DAY

Busy. Alan multi-tasks like a consummate professional.

Awards surround his work station. Alan's area is one of prominence and seniority.

Beside Alan's desk sits a small aquarium. Alan files a paper, drops in fish food. The pump bubbles gaily.

SEBASTIAN, 60, Alan's boss and agency patriarch, approaches. Big power. He carries a perpetually nasty disposition.

SEBASTIAN

I'd like the Crawford numbers by  
the end of the day.

ALAN

Working on them.

SEBASTIAN

My ace? I thought you'd be finished  
by now.

ALAN

You want numbers or you want  
numbers that work?

SEBASTIAN

Impress me. Before you leave.

Sebastian marches off, disrupts a stack of folders on Alan's previously immaculate desk.

Alan realigns his files, resumes his calculations.

INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Alan enters in the same clothes from work. MARTIN & YVETTE TASKER, the parents from the collage photos, pace.

Behind them, in the dining room, the table is set but nothing's been touched.

ALAN

Hey, Mom and Dad! Happy anniversary. Sorry I'm late.

YVETTE

Finally. I was about to call your office.

(looking past him)

Is Zoey with you?

ALAN

No. We're meeting here.

YVETTE

She's not answering her phone or her cell. You're sure she's coming?

ALAN

Yes. We've got a surprise for you. I'm sure she'll be here any minute.

LATER

Three anxious faces. Too much time has passed.

MARTIN

I'm going over there.

Alan intercepts.

ALAN

I'll go. I know the way she drives over. And, it's your anniversary. Call my cell if she gets here.

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Alan drives, inspects both sides of the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

An eerily quiet two-lane stretch.

An economy car rests just off the shoulder. Wheels turned toward the grass. Motor off.

Drawing closer, at first glance, no one appears to be inside.

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Alan spots the parked car, pulls off the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Alan's car screeches to a halt behind the economy car. He leaves the headlights on to illuminate the scene.

ALAN

Zoey?

Alan's face turns to rock as he approaches the car. He leans forward. Tentative. He draws a sharp breath. Inside the car:

Zoey sits behind the wheel, slumped against the door. No blood.

Alan reaches in, touches her neck. His face contorts.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A gray, misty day matches the somber faces and dark clothes of people. A funeral concludes.

People console Martin and Yvette.

BECKY MORRIS, late twenties, approaches Alan. They hug. There's a flicker of intimate familiarity.

BECKY

Zoey touched a lot of lives. She...  
Well, we wouldn't have...I'm sorry.

ALAN

I'm sorry too. About everything.

Becky nods, dabs at a tear, squeezes Alan's hand and moves to his parents. DR. GLENN TASKER, 60, is last in line.

ALAN

Uncle Glenn, this is so...hard.

DR. TASKER

Alan. If you're having a tough time, come by my office. I'll write you a prescription. Help you sleep.

Mourners move away. Alan looks across the cemetery, spots a MAN, late twenties, long hair, shabbily dressed.

The Man wears sunglasses and what appears to be the same checkered bandana that Alan tossed at Zoey's apartment.

He appears to watch the funeral, clutches a dog-eared journal. He paces, kicks grass, looks increasingly agitated.

Alan pulls his Dad aside, gestures with his head.

ALAN

Ever seen that guy before?

MARTIN

No. He was here for the service though. I wondered why he didn't come over.

ALAN

(eyes the mist)

What's with the shades and headband?

Martin shrugs. The Man flips pages in his journal. Alan keeps an eye on him, hugs his parents.

ALAN

I'll meet you at the car.

Alan jogs toward the Man. The Man's fingers glide across numbers and equations on the pages. Alan closes on him.

MAN

She had the wrong date. I tried to tell her but she wouldn't listen. It's all right here.

The Man jabs at his scribble. Alan studies him.

ALAN

Who are you? Why are you here?

The Man shuts his journal, tosses it into his car. He gazes at Alan, pulls off the bandana, tosses it in the car as well.

MAN

I saw the pictures. I have the answers.

Alan looks like he's been hit with a hammer. The Man jumps into his car.

ALAN

Hey. Hold up. What do you...

But the car accelerates away. Alan reads the license plate. He pulls a funeral program from his pocket, writes it down.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Martin exits with a box of Zoey's personal items. Alan stands with the LANDLORD, who locks the unit with a master key.

LANDLORD

Sure gonna miss her smile 'round here. Never had no problems.

ALAN

You know most of your tenants?

They walk past a parking lot. Alan scans license plates.

LANDLORD

Know 'em all. Maybe it's old school but they sign a lease wit' me, that's like a bond. We're in this together, know what I'm saying?

They arrive outside the Landlord's office, sign papers.

ALAN

You keep a list of your tenants' license plates, stuff like that?

LANDLORD

Not me. The Missus. I don't see so good. We already took her off, see?

He offers the list to Alan. Alan scans it, checks the license number on the funeral program, shakes his head.

ALAN

Do you keep the old lists?

LANDLORD

You kidding me? It's a kick in the nuts just keeping current.

ALAN

Seen any unusual guys hanging around? Long hair, messy clothes?

MARTIN

Alan, to our generation that's half the male population.

LANDLORD

Amen to that. But to answer your question, no. She was a dream tenant, know what I'm saying?

ALAN

Did you see her carry anything out lately? A big frame. It would have been tough for her to handle alone.

LANDLORD

Me? No. I mean I keep tabs but I'm not here to baby-sit, you know?

ALAN

Anyone stops by for her, call me?

Alan hands him a business card. The Landlord squints, rubs his face, mouths the words in front of him.

LANDLORD

Actchu. Act two. Ack --

ALAN

Actuary.

LANDLORD

Yeah. So you do that -- You do -- What the hell is an actuary?

ALAN

Basically, I calculate risk.

INT. FIRSTCAP INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

Papers, folders and trash clutter Alan's desk. He stares at an algorithm, taps a pencil. Sebastian rumbles by, disrupts those same file folders.

Alan leaves them askew. He rises, shuts down his computer.

SEBASTIAN

Can we go over the Crawford numbers?

ALAN

I'll make up my time tomorrow.

He blows out. Sebastian watches, stunned.

SEBASTIAN

You'll finish it tomorrow or else.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Alan sits with Becky. Alan talks as Becky's eyes monitor a class of eight-year-old kids enjoying recess.

ALAN

That guy from the funeral? Name is Ray Crandle, lives in Brookfield. He runs his own research service.

BECKY

Jeez, Alan. Stalk much?

ALAN

C'mon, Becky. A couple of bucks and the internet, you can learn a lot.

BECKY

Apparently.

ALAN

This guy said he saw the pictures and my parent's collage is missing.

BECKY

She probably took it to a frame shop to have it set. You think this Ray guy might have it?

ALAN

It was on her table when I left. It wasn't in her car when I...  
(he can't finish)  
And it's not in her apartment.

BECKY

Maybe this guy was just some nut bag that hangs around the cemetery. Why do you think Zoey knew him?

ALAN

He said 'she' wouldn't listen. That 'she' had the wrong date. How would he know it was a woman's funeral?

BECKY

Come on, Alan. You, of all people, know he had a fifty-fifty shot.

ALAN

And Zoey had this funky bandana  
laying around. I swear he was  
wearing the same one. What are the  
odds of that?

Becky rubs Alan's shoulder. She's playfully affectionate but  
there's a hint of something bitter in the way she retracts.

BECKY

Sounds like one of those work  
problems that an overly  
inquisitive, obsessive guy like you  
just loves.

ALAN

I'm not obsessive.

Becky holds a corrective look on him. Alan looks away like a  
guilty student. Becky raises her whistle to call in the kids.

Alan rises, squeezes her hand a long second before standing  
back. He extends his arms in a pleading gesture.

ALAN

He's not in her address book. He  
didn't live in her apartment  
complex. Come on. Ray Crandle.  
Long hair. Short on fashion. He  
came to my sister's funeral. I  
think that's reason enough for me  
to want to know who he is.

BECKY

She wasn't dating anyone. We  
drowned that fact with some  
Margaritas about a week ago. She  
said she'd be my date for the  
ballet next month if I scare up the  
money for the tickets.

ALAN

Don't they have to pay people to go  
to the ballet these days?

BECKY

I should have called it work. Then  
you would have gone there all the  
time. What was I thinking?

NATHAN, 8, in a Yankees cap, wiggles a loose tooth at Becky.

NATHAN

Miss Morris, my tooth.

Becky walks Nathan toward school. She turns to Alan:

BECKY

Alan, I'm sorry. This isn't the time to get into where it went wrong. I miss Zoey. And she loved the fact that you never stopped being her big brother.

INT. FIRSTCAP INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

Alan's desk is mired under stacks of tablets and books. Disorganized. He plods over a file. The fish water is cloudy.

Sebastian emerges, spitting fire. He zeros in on Alan's desk.

SEBASTIAN

We need to talk.

ALAN

The Crawford numbers.

Sebastian waves a crudely marked batch of papers.

SEBASTIAN

It's a train wreck. Look, it's hard right now. Family first. No question. But if you're gonna be here, I need your head here.

ALAN

Give me another shot at it.

Sebastian slides the report across the desk.

SEBASTIAN

No one is untouchable here. I need it right by Friday.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Neat and orderly but fading. Alan, two-day beard, scribbles new formulas in the margins of the tattered Crawford report.

Martin brings in a box of items. A police tag reads: Tasker, Z. Alan reacts. Surprised.

MARTIN

The police are closing the case.

ALAN

What? They're not even going to talk to him?

MARTIN

The autopsy report confirmed the brain aneurism. They said there's no sign of anyone doing anything wrong. In order to process the...

ALAN

Is her laptop in there?

Alan rifles through the box, digs out a laptop.

MARTIN

Alan, they've already checked.

ALAN

Why do you think Zoey put all her personal information in those envelopes right on top of the box?

Martin sinks into a chair, drained.

MARTIN

She was a teacher. It's what they do. Plan ahead. Do things right.

Alan runs a cord from his computer to the laptop. He opens a program from his PC that brings up code data on its monitor.

Martin rubs his temples. Alan types feverishly.

ALAN

Come on, Dad. I know you don't want to think it but Zoey was into something that we don't know about. Where's the picture frame? Why was that Crandle guy at the funeral?

Alan squints at screen. A series of codes and symbols.

ALAN

(writes as he speaks)  
Last login was the 21st. Sent an E-mail to a Jason Daniels.  
(taps keys; stops)  
No entries for a Ray Crandle.

Martin struggles to lift the daunting Crawford report.

MARTIN

This is the report you need to fix?

Alan waves it off. No problem.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Alan leans against an apartment building, watches that same car from the cemetery park at the curb.

The Man (RAY CRANDLE) from the funeral gets out. He wears sunglasses and a baseball cap. He carries a ragged journal.

Alan raises his cell phone, snaps a photo, follows Ray to his doorstep. Ray inserts his key. Alan steps behind him.

ALAN  
Ray Crandle?

Ray stops turning the lock, doesn't turn around.

RAY  
Who wants to know?

ALAN  
The guy you ran away from at Zoey Tasker's funeral.

Ray faces the door, shuffles his feet.

RAY  
You ran my tags.

ALAN  
Where's the picture frame?

RAY  
It's not here.

ALAN  
That bandana you wore. Was it hers?

RAY  
She wouldn't listen to me. I had it right. I showed her the date.

Ray's voice breaks with emotion. Alan backs him to the door.

ALAN  
Show me.

EXT. BENCH / NEAR RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ray opens the journal. Scribble fills every line and margin. Ray's hand skims the page reverently.

Numbers, dates and phrases are circled in various places:

"...April 18" "...Zoey 522" Complex equations abound.

Alan examines the notations. Ray's hands shake. He gazes at the smeared markings on the page.

RAY

I knew she was going to die. I tried to show her but what she wanted was to get that present finished.

That disrupts Alan's concentration. He grabs Ray's sleeve.

ALAN

Where's the picture frame?

RAY

Jason said he'd have it done the next day. That was the day... I showed her the date. I knew...

Ray vaults from the bench, tugs at his hair. His instability fuels Alan's anger. Alan shakes him.

ALAN

Are you doped up? You better start making sense or you're gonna wish you were doped up.

RAY

Let go.

ALAN

You got any answers, answer man?  
(lifts journal)  
Or just bullshit?

Ray slaps Alan's hands away. Suddenly, he's composed and sharp as a scalpel. He squares against Alan, with venom.

RAY

You want your pictures, you better back down. I'll get it from Jason.  
(grabs back journal)  
My work...is not...bullshit.

Alan raises his hands in compliance. Befuddled.

ALAN

Jason. Jason Daniels?

RAY

Come by tomorrow night. I'll have it then.

INT. DR. TASKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan, dazed and on a three-day beard, sits across from Dr. Tasker. He slides some pills to Alan, clutches a file.

DR. TASKER

Alan, your parents are worried. I am too. You're not looking well.

ALAN

I just have a lot on my mind.  
(pockets the pills)  
Thanks for this, by the way.

DR. TASKER

We all need to grieve in our own way but it's not healthy to obsess.

ALAN

It's what I do. Occupational hazard. I need things to fit.

Dr. Tasker sighs, opens the file, examines a medical history.

DR. TASKER

Even though you're family, this severely bends my code of ethics.

ALAN

I work for your malpractice carrier. I checked. You can answer my questions.

DR. TASKER

Okay but in medicine things don't always add up. The answer is that there's no answer.

ALAN

So, there's no way my sister could have known the aneurism was coming?

DR. TASKER

Medically? Not that I'm aware of. Last time I saw her was for her physical about a year ago. She seemed fine. As a favor to your parents, come in for some tests, let me make sure that you're okay.

ALAN

I'm fine. Even if you would have tested Zoey the morning she died, she would have seemed fine too, right? That's what you're saying.

DR. TASKER

It's possible, but --

Alan paces.

ALAN

Would it be unethical to tell me if you treat a particular patient?

DR. TASKER

You work for my insurance company. You tell me.

ALAN

Okay. Have you ever seen this guy? As a favor to my parents. Please?

Alan extends his cell phone, displays the photo of Ray taken outside his apartment. Dr. Tasker shakes a 'no.'

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mail collects dust on the sofa. The Crawford report lays across a table, untouched. Alan, bleary-eyed, types Jason Daniel's E-mail address, cradles the phone to his shoulder.

ALAN

(into phone throughout)  
Daniels, J or Jason. 515 area code.

Alan hits send, scrolls through Zoey's laptop files.

ALAN

Try two N's, then two L's.

'Message undeliverable' appears on screen. Alan tosses a pen across the desk in frustration.

ALAN

Thanks for trying.

Alan hangs up, closes the laptop, drums it with his fingers.

INT. FIRSTCAP INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

Alan, now a step above street bum, sits at his desk. His rumpled attire contrasts the polished professional office.

Sticky notes marked 'Urgent' surround his dark computer monitor. The pump in the dirty fish tank sputters.

Sebastian approaches like a stealth missile. He sees Alan, rubs his chin, smiles like his mouth is full of razor blades.

SEBASTIAN

The Crawford numbers. They're fixed?

ALAN

Just finished.

Alan nudges the pump. The tank's appearance is as sad as Alan's. Sebastian folds his arms. Not leaving.

Alan pulls out the Crawford report from the mess on his desk. It still looks in shambles. Sebastian grits his teeth.

SEBASTIAN

Looks better be deceiving.

Sebastian tucks it under his arm, lumbers away. Alan rockets out of his chair because --

With Sebastian out of his line of vision, he sees Ray arguing with the receptionist. He rushes over, pulls Ray aside.

RAY

(to Alan)

Something's gonna happen.

EXT. FIRSTCAP INSURANCE OFFICE / STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Ray hauls ass, motors past slower pedestrians. On a mission. He carries his journal. Alan struggles to keep up.

RAY

It's lining up behind Zoey. Domino effect. There's not much time.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

Alan and Ray, both breathless, peer from behind dense bushes.

Nathan, the kid from Becky's class, wearing his Yankees cap, tosses a ball into the air as he leaves a baseball field.

Alan stares at Ray. Ray mouths computations to himself as he runs a quivering finger down the algorithm that spans an entire journal page.

RAY

It's today. Definitely today.

Nathan tosses a baseball with friends as they walk out of the park. A group of men, the kid's dads, trail the boys.

ALAN

You're crazy. I can't believe Zoey got mixed up with you.

Ray emerges from the bushes, jogs toward Nathan's group. Alan pulls him back. The dads' notice the two men scuffle.

RAY

(low; urgent to Alan)

We've got to try and stop it. He doesn't know...

Ray offers the journal. Alan slaps it away.

ALAN

Enough!

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is the antithesis of Alan's -- a junk yard of books and journals. An information dump. Ray examines his journal with his sunglasses on.

RAY

You're wasting your time if you're waiting for Jason to bring the frame. When I saw it was Nathan's time, I knew he'd lay low.

ALAN

Where is he? You have an E-mail address? Cell phone? Anything?

RAY

Jason will only deal with me. That kid today? You're gonna have to live with not stopping his death.

ALAN

Cut the crap, okay? I'm not buying. I talked to my sister a lot. She never mentioned either one of you.

RAY

People keep stuff to themselves for  
a reason I guess.

Ray jots notes on a page, tosses it onto a pile of similar  
journals. Alan notices the stack of books.

ALAN

I don't know what you think you see  
but you can't calculate when people  
are gonna die.

RAY

I had Zoey. I have Nathan.

ALAN

You do not 'have' Nathan. I want my  
frame. I don't know what the deal  
is with this Jason guy but I want  
it here tomorrow. Got that?

Ray reacts to his beeper, checks the number, leads Alan  
toward the door.

RAY

I'll get your frame. I've gotta go.

Alan stands firm. Ray sighs, faces Alan. With great  
deliberation, Ray removes his sunglasses, meets Alan's gaze.

ALAN

Tomorrow. Here.

RAY

I've got your number.

Ray tries to close the door. Alan blocks him.

ALAN

The bandana. I want to see it.

RAY

It's in my car.

Ray steps forward. Alan clears the door frame first. Ray  
steps back into the apartment. The lock CLICKS.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alan BANGS on the door. Paces. He eyes the narrow hall to the  
building's front door. This looks like the only exit.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Alan waits on the steps, looks confused when he sees Ray's car SQUEAL into traffic. Alan circles the building, finds no rear exit but a dumpster under one of the windows.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Alan snaps a photo from the doorway of Zoey's apartment. He walks toward the parking lot. Looks around. He snaps a photo in each direction. Pokes around more.

LANDLORD (O.S.)  
Hey, Dick Tracy. Pictures at night?

Alan whirls, sees the Landlord outside his office. He hoists the camera.

ALAN  
Sorry. It's for her insurance.

LANDLORD  
I didn't think you pencil pushers  
ever left your desks.

ALAN  
Only when we lose a family member.

The Landlord lifts his palms.

LANDLORD  
Sorry. I meant nothin' by it. I run  
my mouth ahead of my brain.

ALAN  
Any other cars been by tonight?

LANDLORD  
Ice cream truck. That count?

INT. ALAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Alan drives with the glassy eyes of a tormented soul.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Moonlight bathes that same two-lane stretch where Alan found Zoey.

Alan's car pulls onto the shoulder. The motor shuts off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Alan walks in circles. Finally, he just stands there. Lost.

ALAN  
(mutters to himself)  
Zo. What the hell happened?

INT. ALAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Alan reclines his seat, prepares to sleep. He opens his phone. His face is illuminated by pictures on the screen:

Zoey's apartment, Ray, then a few candid shots of Martin and Yvette. Then, a photo of Zoey smiling with Alan. She wears a Millersville University baseball cap.

The cell phone battery blinks its last charge and shuts down. Alan can't fight off sleep, closes the dead phone. BLACKNESS.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan pulls into his driveway as the neighborhood around him kick-starts its morning. School buses and trash collections.

Screeching in behind Alan is Sebastian in a FirstCap car. He charges at Alan. Pissed was an hour ago. Now, he's ballistic.

SEBASTIAN  
You don't answer your phone. Your cell. I was about to break down your door. What the hell, Alan?

ALAN  
I...had to be somewhere. I'll get a shower. Be there in an hour. I'll clean up the Crawford mess.

SEBASTIAN  
That's not why I'm here.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Becky sobs into a tissue. The desks are empty except a Yankees cap sits on the front desk. Alan steps in.

BECKY  
Nathan was killed last night.

Color drains from Alan's face. He rocks back then puts his arm around Becky. She cries harder.

BECKY  
I can't believe it.

ALAN  
I'm so sorry. How?

BECKY  
He was... A car hit him. It hit  
him...and drove away. Oh, God.

She wails into Alan's shoulder. Alan's eyes shift over her shoulder.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

BAM! BAM! BAM! Alan hammers on the front door. Nothing. He scurries up and down the sidewalk. No sign of Ray's car.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Alan stands with the Landlord. They look at Alan's phone.

LANDLORD  
No. Never seen him. The only guy I  
ever saw her with was Jason.

Alan's head jerks up. Shocked.

ALAN  
Jason Daniels?

LANDLORD  
Yeah. Nice guy. Used to live here.

ALAN  
How long ago?

LANDLORD  
Jeez, maybe three months? I helped  
him carry out all his art stuff.  
Bunch of European crapola, know  
what I'm saying?

ALAN  
And you used to see him with Zoey?  
Like maybe they were dating?

LANDLORD  
Nothing like that. They hung out.  
Like brother-sister. Buds, ya know?

INT. FIRSTCAP INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

Alan's co-workers avoid eye contact as he wanders toward his work station. His desk in full blown chaos. The fish tank is now empty and dirty. His office supplies packed inside it.

Sebastian collects Alan's files.

SEBASTIAN

This part is never easy.

ALAN

Sure it is. You just run the numbers. See who's expendable.

SEBASTIAN

It's business. Not personal.

INT. ALAN'S CAR - NIGHT

The filthy fish tank sits on the passenger seat. Alan shoves a half-eaten slice into an otherwise empty pizza box.

He stares at Ray's building. Alan leans forward. Intrigued.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A lamp turned on from inside Ray's apartment illuminates a window. The curtains are closed.

A tenant approaches the front door.

Alan exits his car, approaches the building door carrying the pizza box like a delivery guy.

The tenant innocently holds the door for the delivery guy.

ALAN

Thanks. Last one for the night.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alan leaves the pizza box by a trash can. He charges toward Ray's door, pulls up at the last second --

The door is open a crack. Lamp light fills the frame.

Alan places his hand on the knob, pushes it open to find --

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray sits at a table, wears that same checkered bandana. He sets up dominos over a folded newspaper. The headline visible: Boy killed by hit and run driver.

Ray lights a cigarette, lets it burn on the table. He's got a beer in front of him and by the way he slurs, several more inside him.

RAY  
Believe me now?

ALAN  
How could you know?

RAY  
(gestures to journal)  
I had his number.

ALAN  
I'm going to the police.

Alan rips the bandana off Ray's head. With sudden cat-like reflexes, Ray tugs it back. The fabric tears with the pull.

RAY  
And say what? That you knew it was going to happen? You saw those dads. And they saw you. Says here the police are looking for someone to come forward. Have fun answering those questions.

ALAN  
I'll bring them to you.

RAY  
I never saw you before in my life.

Ray throws the paper across the room. Dominos scatter.

Alan clutches the torn bandana. Ray drops his cigarette -- hot ash drips onto the wood table. Ray pulls at his hair. He ties on the torn headband. Paces.

Alan inches forward, shifts to a more relaxed posture.

ALAN  
How did you get so good at stochastic analysis?

Ray's eyes come alive. He stops toying with the dominos, rubs journal pages like a toddler fingers a blanket.

RAY  
You know what it is?

ALAN  
Sure. Math that tries to tie  
predictions to random events.

RAY  
The problem is the variables.

ALAN  
But you're smart. You don't use a  
computer. They don't see certain  
connections. Can't understand  
relationships.

Ash smolders. The wood table blackens under the cigarette.

RAY  
That cigarette's going to expire in  
two minutes.

ALAN  
No. It's not.

Alan snuffs out the cigarette, jams it into Ray's beer.

ALAN  
The problem is the variables.

Ray meets Alan's challenging gaze.

RAY  
Looks like you owe me a beer.  
Ready to go get your frame?

Alan cocks his head sideways.

INT. HIMSELF'S TAVERN - NIGHT

SMACK! Balls scatter across a pool table in a dingy bar. Ray  
knocks back a beer, lines up his shot.

RAY  
Jason's a magician with glass. He  
did the mosaic behind the bar.

Alan glances over. Clearly, the most expensive thing in the  
joint -- Detailed craftsmanship. A pearl in a cruddy oyster.

ALAN  
My sister loved art. When did Jason  
start hanging out with Zoey?

Ray shoots, misses. Alan moves in, sinks two quick balls.

RAY

Thought you talked to her all the  
time. Knew all there was to know.

Alan sneers at Ray, botches his next shot.

JASON DANIELS carries in something big cloaked with a hefty bag. Jason looks older than his twenty-four years. His youthful features crusted by life's perpetual harassments.

He stands the bagged frame against the wall, backs away from Alan. Skittish.

Ray exposes the framed collage. Exquisite. Tinted script: 'Happy 30th Anniversary' and 'from Alan & Zoey' across the top. 'The day never completely goes away' on the bottom.

Ray puts a comforting arm around Jason.

RAY

Jason. Zoey's brother wants to ask  
you some questions. It's okay.

Alan kneels by the picture frame. His fingers glide over his quote to that last picture Zoey wanted him to fit in.

He turns, approaches Jason. The pounding forces of conflicting emotions swell behind Alan's eyes.

Jason slips out from under Ray's grasp, bolts.

Alan dashes after Jason.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

Jason runs. Fearless. He doesn't change speed or direction, just blazes through intersections. Cars narrowly miss him.

Alan maneuvers around cars. Jason accelerates at a corner. Buildings block a view of oncoming cars. Alan watches --

A horrific SCREECH then THUD. A car rams into Jason's legs. He falls onto the hood, tumbles onto the street.

Alan gasps, frozen by the accident. The car's driver exits.

Alan resumes chase. Miraculously, Jason rises, sees Alan charging.

A page torn from a spiral note pad falls from Jason's pocket.

Jason skitters up a ladder in a dark alley, jumps to an adjacent roof.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Alan huddles over the page. Cryptic doodle, numbers and equations in a grid. A simplistic version of Ray's journal.

Ray carries the frame, walks toward Alan.

RAY  
Jason's messed up. Can't handle stuff.

Alan shakes his head, astounded.

ALAN  
What's this?

Ray studies the page, mouths computations. He sighs, beaten.

RAY  
He found the variable.

ALAN  
He thinks like you?

RAY  
Something is gonna happen again.

ALAN  
It just did. Did you see that car hit him? I can't believe he lived.

Ray is riveted by the equation on the page. He looks up, moves his lips as he calculates to himself.

RAY  
You better believe me this time. Come on. You'll want to see this.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

Alan and Ray turn a corner. Alan glances at the addresses, clutches the frame against his chest.

RAY  
Over there, third one.

Alan stares at the house Ray points to.

ALAN

That's Becky's. She doesn't know you. I checked.

RAY

She doesn't remember me. I used to look different. My hair and stuff. Before everything started.

ALAN

You know Becky?

RAY

Met her once. With Zoey. Nathan really liked both of them.

They stop outside the home. Lights on inside. The flicker of a television playing is visible. Alan still holds the frame.

RAY

It's going to be a rough year for that class. Zoey, then Nathan...

ALAN

What the hell is going on?

Tears form in Ray's eyes. This news carries weight:

RAY

She's going to die in a month.

Alan lays the frame on a lawn, knocks Ray to the ground, straddles him, winds up --

ALAN

Stop messing with me.

Tears drain from Ray's unflinching face. Alan pulls back.

RAY

I'd stop it if I could.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray works through equations torn from a journal.

Alan stands over him. Taped under each equation is a newspaper story or obituary with a date and a person's name highlighted.

Alan follows Ray's pencil trail, leans in. Engrossed.

ALAN

You twist your variable every time.  
That's why your pages look like you  
puked the numbers all over them.

RAY

So that obituary under each one is  
what? A coincidence?

ALAN

Math can't predict random events.

Ray shoves a handful of papers in Alan's face.

RAY

What's it gonna take for you?

Ray storms to the window. Alan lets the papers cascade down.

ALAN

I can predict stuff too. 7 in 10  
smokers die before they're 70. The  
Yankees will win and lose at least  
30 games this season. This same  
apartment will cost twice as much  
in San Diego. This stuff I know.  
And oh yeah, I know, we're all  
gonna die some day.

RAY

I just happen to know when.

ALAN

Yeah. Only with people somehow  
connected to my sister. And I think  
you're pulling a scam. You want to  
make people think you know that  
something's gonna happen, then you  
just happen to be around to try to  
save them? You missed your calling  
as an insurance salesman.

Ray shakes his head. Alan leans the frame against the door.  
He scoops up a random journal, opens it to a random page.

ALAN

Who's that page about?

He tosses the journal to Ray. Ray reviews the data. While  
he's reviewing it, Ray tugs out a photo from a buried folder.

RAY

If you would've looked, you'd know.

ALAN

Yeah? Who else you got? My uncle?

RAY

You.

Alan freezes. The word hits him like a mallet.

RAY

(reads)

I found out Zoey went to  
Millersville, Class of 04.  
Education major. Graduated top of  
her class but when I asked about  
her best college memory, she said  
it was about a loser ex-boyfriend.  
Some frat guy that left Zoey  
stranded at a party when she  
wouldn't put out. Brother Alan  
found out about it and trolled the  
school for a week. Found him and  
beat the crap out of him.

Alan is awestruck. Ray shuts the journal, offers the photo he  
had dug out. Alan examines it. Eyes still shaken.

RAY

I had school security people blow  
up the surveillance video from the  
day I brought Zoey her research.

Alan stares at the photo, gazes at the image of Zoey  
accepting a package from a younger, cleaner cut Ray.

RAY

That's me handing my work to Zoey.  
Told you I looked different.  
Becky's in the front there. She was  
an aide then. And that kid there,  
that's Nathan.

Alan's gaze travels to the papers on the floor. He picks up  
the spiral note pad page that fell from Jason's pocket.

ALAN

Jason can do this?

RAY

No. That's one of mine. He must  
have seen something when he was  
working on the frame. He added  
stuff. Are there dates on the back  
of these pictures?

Ray moves to the frame. The pictures are sealed inside. Ray holds Jason's grid next to the collage of photos.

In one picture, Becky stands between Alan and Zoey. Her arms around them. Genuine affection.

Alan looks over Ray's shoulder. Their heads together in the reflection off the glass. Both sets of eyes dart for clues.

ALAN

The way he backed away from me?

RAY

He saw something. Common factor maybe.

ALAN

Wait, you said he was messed up.

RAY

Before they called most people brilliant, they called them crazy.

ALAN

You've gotta take me to him.

EXT. NORTH STREET - NIGHT

Strings of poorly kept tract houses. Weedy lawns and trash-filled yards. The kind of place where people are rarely seen.

Ray leads Alan to the back door of a small white house. The door hangs open.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A naked light bulb sparks to life. Exactly the same as the one in Zoey's closet. An open pull-chain light reveals:

An ugly pisshole. Yellowed, peeling walls. Dirty carpets. The furniture left behind is junk. No television. No sign of someone living here.

Ray and Alan poke through the small room. It's deserted.

RAY

Guess he's AWOL. Again.

Alan removes several FirstCap business cards from his wallet. He strikes his office number, jots a cell phone line on each.

ALAN

He contacts you, you call me.

He hands a card to Ray, lays several throughout the house.

RAY

I've got your number.

EXT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Martin and Dr. Tasker on the patio. Martin squints into a high-end telescope. His brother looks away. Disinterested.

DR. TASKER

How's Yvette holding up?

MARTIN

She has her moments.

DR. TASKER

Need me to...I don't want to push.

MARTIN

She'll be fine. No drug can ease the pain of losing a child.

DR. TASKER

Alan coming?

MARTIN

Should be here any minute. Here, look at this.

Martin gestures to the eyepiece. Dr. Tasker moves toward the house. Martin watches Glenn pull open the back door.

DR. TASKER

Be right there. Gonna grab a drink.

EXT. TASKER HOUSE / BACKYARD - LATER

Martin adjusts the telescope. The way he works the sophisticated equipment demonstrates a practiced eye.

MARTIN

I wouldn't trust anything this Ray says, Alan. He's a nut.

ALAN

I saw the house. Jason's gone.

MARTIN

How do you know he was ever living there? Empty houses are easy enough to find. That stuff he read to you? Maybe he knew it from Zoey. You said you never even looked -- I bet that stuff wasn't even written in the journal.

He fixes the settings, steps back to let Alan observe. Alan's face slacks. Realizations making his mouth hang open. Lost.

ALAN

You think he's playing me?

MARTIN

See that inky black dot on Jupiter?

ALAN

No.

MARTIN

Look closer. Shaped like an alien space ship?

Alan pulls away, glares at his father.

MARTIN

It's a shadow of one of its moons.

ALAN

And everything is not just like it seems and objects in the mirror are much larger than they appear. I get it, Mr. Subtle.

Alan sinks into a chair next to his dad. He peers at the sky.

MARTIN

There were things Zoey didn't tell us either and it eats at me if I let it but I'm not chasing down people looking for why. It's hard enough on your Mom.

ALAN

Is she doing any better?

MARTIN

Some. We'll see what happens now that you brought those pictures.

ALAN

I put the frame in my car, okay?

Martin levels a serious look on Alan.

MARTIN  
Stop looking for answers. It...  
hurts too much to keep going over.

ALAN  
Sorry I upset Mom.

MARTIN  
How's work?

Alan's head turns quick. Martin's look reflects concern.

ALAN  
Fine. I'll be alright.  
(beat)  
Gotta go. I need to see Becky.

MARTIN  
She's been over a few times to read  
star charts with me. She's hurting  
too, Alan. Be careful.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alan stares at the collage. Snapshots of yesteryear hang before his eyes. Alan's hand hovers over the photo with him, Becky and Zoey. His fingers spider with indecision.

Finally, Alan grabs a screwdriver, pries off the back of the frame. He lifts out the photo. It was taken at a gym. A date written on the back. Alan smiles at the feminine script.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

A dozen women jostle for position under a volleyball net. The squeak of sneakers and thump of volleys fills the facility.

Alan takes a seat in the bleachers. The only man there. Becky's no threat to Gabby Reese but she's got a bit of game.

She serves an ace. Her teammates clap, some notice Alan's presence. Becky waits for the ball, follows her teammates' glances, sees Alan. He waves. She looks surprised to see him.

INT. GYM / BLEACHERS - LATER

Becky towels sweat from her forehead, sits with Alan. The pick-up game continues on the court.

ALAN

Let's see, Becky, school teacher,  
ballet fan, now volleyball spiker.  
You're a real renaissance woman.

BECKY

Yeah, well it's a womens only  
league with an unspoken no men in  
the stands rule so you're going to  
give me a real good reason why  
you're here before I get back out  
there and face the inquisition.

ALAN

I'd like to take you somewhere  
tomorrow.

BECKY

Is this nice guy maybe-we-could-fix-  
where-it-went-wrong Alan asking me  
out? Or is this I'm-obsessed-with-  
strange-guy-stalker Alan asking me  
to go on some stakeout?

Alan flashes a pair of tickets. Becky's eyes bulge.

ALAN

Russian ballet. Orchestra section.  
Reservations at 6 for Le Bec-Fin.

BECKY

(hugs him)  
Oh, my God! How did you get ...  
(stops; taken aback)  
Wait. That's not until next week.  
You said tomorrow. Here comes the  
creepy-Alan-part. What's tomorrow?

ALAN

I'll pick you up after school.

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Alan drives, sneaks an occasional glance at Becky.

ALAN

It's like the first time we went  
out. Remember, I wouldn't tell you  
where we were going?

BECKY

It was romantic then. Now, you're  
just being sneaky.

ALAN

Come on. It's a little sneaky but I threw in a big bribe. Jeez, I'm not even running for office.

Alan chuckles but Becky's not laughing. Not even close. Alan turns a corner. A doctor's office ahead. Becky turns. Angry.

BECKY

No. Alan, I'm not going.

ALAN

Come on. Fifteen minutes. He cleared his schedule. No waiting.

Alan parks in front of a doctor's office. Glenn Tasker, MD on the sign that can be seen from Becky's window.

BECKY

I'm not seeing your uncle. Face it, you're obsessed with figuring out this freak's deal.

ALAN

It's not like I'm asking the world here. Open. Cough. Turn. The usual crap. I'm going to the freakin' ballet for you.

BECKY

I thought this was about Zoey.

Alan sinks in his seat, picks at the wheel. Becky shakes her head, wipes away the beginning of a tear and opens her door.

BECKY

Stay here.

INT. DR. TASKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Tasker lifts a stethoscope from Becky's back.

DR. TASKER

Thank you, Becky. Everything looks great. I appreciate you coming in.

BECKY

Who's going to check him out?

Becky nods toward Alan's car outside the window.

DR. TASKER

I'm doing a courtesy to the family.  
Alan really does care about you.  
That's not a bad problem to have.

BECKY

So, I'm fine. Zoey was too. Isn't  
this going to make him more crazy?

DR. TASKER

Let me handle that.

They step to the door. Dr. Tasker waves. Alan joins them.

BECKY

I'm going to use the ladies room  
before we hit the road. Thank you  
for your time, Doctor.

Becky fixes a 'don't push it' look on Alan, walks down the  
hall. Alan turns to Dr. Tasker, eyebrows raised.

DR. TASKER

She's fine. Perfect health.

ALAN

How can you say that? There's all  
kinds of tests you could have --

Dr. Tasker flicks off the lights, pulls Alan toward the exit.

DR. TASKER

-- and won't do. Alan, you're  
acting unstable and embarrassing  
yourself on top of it.

ALAN

That scrip that you wrote me for  
sleeping? Any chance of a refill?

DR. TASKER

You should have enough for a month.

ALAN

Or not. What's the next step?

DR. TASKER

Maybe seeing a psychologist. A good  
one can help you cope with a lot of  
life's problems.

ALAN

You think I'm that far gone?

DR. TASKER

No. I think you need to step back  
and give yourself time to grieve.

Becky emerges from the rest room, walks toward them.

DR. TASKER

Lots of patients come in the week  
after someone close to them dies  
unexpectedly. Enjoy life, Alan. You  
never know how much you'll get.

EXT. TASKER HOUSE - DAY

Yvette works in the garden, trims dead portions of flowers,  
focused on the task at hand.

Alan plops on the ground nearby. She continues to work.

ALAN

Want to come over and watch the Red  
Sox beat up on the Yankees tonight?

Yvette doesn't flinch. A stony concentration on her face.

ALAN

I was thinking maybe next month  
we'd do something to make up for  
your anniversary. Maybe try that  
new Italian place?

Her only retort is swift, measured pruning. Yvette's eyes  
don't wander from the dead trimmings falling to the ground.

ALAN

Love you, Mom.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan tosses and turns in bed. He flips onto his back, stares  
at the ceiling. After a few beats, he rips off the covers.

ALAN'S LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

Alan mindlessly flips through channels.

ALAN'S BATHROOM - HOURS LATER

Alan stares into the mirror. Exhausted. He pops his last few  
tablets, pitches the prescription bottle.

ALAN'S KITCHEN - HOURS LATER

Alan struggles to hold his head upright. His eyes glaze over numbers on a legal pad. He writes an equation, carries it through, nods, looks pleased -- Then, he rips the page out.

He balls up the paper, tosses it aside. Only now, we see the numerous crumbled balls around him.

EXT. NORTH STREET - NIGHT

Alan sits in his car, outside the small white house. No one around. There's a broken 45 somewhere near the door.

INT. ALAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Alan looks at a computer print out from the local assessment office for 45 North Street. Under "Owner" it reads: Property Management Services. A second page reads: 'Owner search - Jason Daniels. No record.'

Alan stares. Waits. He starts a new equation on a legal pad.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Alan skims medical journals, then the classifieds. He rubs his eyes, rises as he spots Ray at a microfiche machine.

Alan trudges over, stands behind Ray's work station.

ALAN

How do you sleep?

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SPLASH. Whiskey pours into two cups. Ray hands one to Alan. Their voices makes it clear this isn't their first drink.

ALAN

I can't imagine knowing this all the time. You're saying that I could lock Becky up in a safe place for weeks and it wouldn't help?

RAY

That's right. Seizure. Heart attack. Meteor strike. When your number's up, your number's up.

Ray downs his whiskey, pours another. Alan accepts more.

ALAN

What's this domino effect?

RAY

Jason found the common factor. You. Zoey's date and Nathan's date along with the date on one of those pictures gives all the variables to use for Becky.

Alan fires a legal pad filled with calculations at Ray.

ALAN

Bullshit. You should be committed.

RAY

Fine. She'll live to be eighty. I hope you are very happy together.

Ray feels his head for sunglasses. They're not there. He giggles drunkenly, tugs on the checkered bandana.

Alan drinks heavily. Bleary-eyed.

ALAN

You let Jason use your computer?

RAY

(using quote fingers)  
Jason doesn't 'do' computers.  
Dude's all about 'art.'

ALAN

Mind if I check my email?

Ray shrugs. Alan types, tries to log in under Jason's email address. 'Log in denied' appears onscreen.

Ray skims Alan's notes, becomes more engrossed with each line.

ALAN

How many more do you know about?

RAY

After Becky? Two.

ALAN

I hope you have more of this stuff.

They both gulp another drink. Ray scribbles in the margins, nods. Something clicking with what he's reading.

Alan logs in as himself, sends an email to Jason's address. 'Message undeliverable' appears onscreen.

RAY  
Where did you get these numbers?

ALAN  
(ignores him; taps keys)  
How long do you have?

RAY  
I don't know my time. These numbers? You just did this?

Alan rubs his head, bordering on passing out. He pounds each key with increasing volatility.

ALAN  
Nothing works!

He throws the keyboard aside. Ray, drunk, doesn't flinch.

ALAN  
Wait. You don't know when you're going to die? You only know how to figure out other people?

RAY  
My numbers are incomplete.

ALAN  
You're missing something.  
(long beat)  
My date?

RAY  
You're not dead yet.

Ray raises his drink in a toast gesture, slams back his whiskey and tosses the cup into the sink.

He drops a blanket and pillow on the couch, trudges to his bedroom. He passes a desk, knocks journals onto the floor.

ALAN  
Wa-Wa- Wait.  
(knees wobble)  
You know two more people after Becky?

Alan steps forward, stands face-to-face with Ray. They sway, like boxers touching gloves before the final round.

ALAN  
You know my time.

Ray blinks, barely coherent.

RAY  
I'm wasted. You're spent. Give it a  
day. If you still want to know when  
you're sober, I'll tell you.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Alan awakes. Groggy and hung over, he pulls himself up slow. He watches Ray jot notes in a journal. Ray doesn't see that Alan is awake.

Jason enters with a glass plaque replica of Zoey's headstone.

RAY  
(soft; to Jason)  
Where you been?

Alan leans forward, strains to decipher the muddled voices. He quietly steps forward. The voices become clearer.

RAY  
(to Jason)  
...no, I'm telling you, he sees the  
pattern. I'll show you...

Ray closes a journal, lays the glass plaque on the table. Alan stands on his toes to see it from where he is.

Once it becomes clear what it is -- he lunges toward them. Jason spins, races out. Ray whirls, grabs Alan.

RAY  
Idiot. I almost had him.

Alan shoves Ray aside.

ALAN  
He's not getting away again.

RAY  
You'll never get him without me.

Ray trails Alan, pulls the door closed behind him.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Alan races outside. Sun blinds him. He shields his eyes, looks up and down the street. No Jason. Ray jogs up.

Alan turns to Ray. Suddenly, Ray collapses --

Alan tries to break his fall but Ray sprawls on the sidewalk. Unconscious.

Pedestrians approach from both directions. No one hurries or seems to have seen Ray drop.

Alan tries to carry Ray to his doorstep. The effects of his hangover appear instantly. He doesn't get far.

Alan tries the door to Ray's apartment. Locked. He fishes for keys in Ray's pocket. People draw near.

Then, a short, WRUP from a police cruiser. Alan removes his hand from Ray's pocket. A uniformed cop, CASTILLO, 30's, advances toward Alan.

CASTILLO

There a problem?

ALAN

He collapsed.

CASTILLO

(off Alan's breath)

You guys been drinking?

Castillo checks Ray's vitals, sizes up Alan. The pedestrians gather in a circle. Alan looks squeamish.

ALAN

Last night.

CASTILLO

Any reason you were digging in the man's pockets when I got here?

ALAN

I thought maybe I could get him back inside. He lives there.

An ambulance arrives. A PARAMEDIC attends to Ray. Castillo leads Alan toward the brick wall. The Paramedic looks over.

PARAMEDIC

No ID. We'll take him to Frankford.

ALAN  
His name's Ray Crandle.

CASTILLO  
Let me see some ID.  
(to Paramedic)  
This guy says his name is Ray  
Crandle. I'll verify later.

Alan produces his wallet. Ray is loaded into the ambulance.  
Castillo reads Alan's license. The ambulance pulls away.

CASTILLO  
(into receiver)  
3510. Can you run a male for me?  
Tasker, Alan. 6/20/89.

ALAN  
Did he say they were going to  
Frankford?

CASTILLO  
I need you to put your hands on the  
wall, legs spread apart, please.  
(to the crowd)  
Let's move along people.

Alan puts his hands on the wall. Castillo searches him.

ALAN  
Am I being arrested?

CASTILLO  
How do you know this guy?

ALAN  
He was doing some work for me.

CASTILLO  
Is that so? What kind of work?

ALAN  
Research.

CASTILLO'S RECEIVER (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
3510. Your male has no warrants but  
does have a valid license.

CASTILLO  
So, what are you on probation for?

ALAN  
I'm not on probation. What?

CASTILLO  
Just doing my own -- research.  
Where were you going?

Alan sinks against the wall, looks up and down the street.  
The sun and hangover drive Alan to a squat.

ALAN  
I've got to find a guy named Jason  
Daniels. We were looking for him.

CASTILLO  
(into receiver)  
3510. Run another male. Daniels,  
Jason. Unknown DOB. I'll check in.  
(to Alan)  
Where are you headed now?

ALAN  
Home.

CASTILLO  
You intend on driving?

Alan's eyes flick across his car, parked at the curb. He sees  
Castillo reach for a breath analyzer, shakes his head 'no.'

ALAN  
I just want to get home.

CASTILLO  
You're free to go.  
(into receiver)  
3510. Drop me a set of numbers for  
a hospital case. And one for a  
suspicious person.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - DAY

Alan clutches the bathroom sink, stares at his ragged  
appearance in the mirror, splashes water on his face.

He digs through the cabinets, then the trash can, finds the  
empty prescription bottle. He fixates on the hollow shell.

Alan's bloodshot eyes peer into the mirror glass. He wanders  
out, clicks off the light -- blackness.

EXT./INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Interior and exterior lights are off. It's late. No activity  
outside. Alan's hand reaches through the darkness. KNOCKS.

Moments later, a light snaps on inside. The curtains flutter. Becky opens the door a crack, widens it when she sees Alan.

Sad would be an upgrade for Alan's face. Right now it reads dire hopelessness. He touches Becky's hand, strokes her arm.

Becky hugs him. Alan melts into her embrace.

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Alan blinks awake. A blanket draped over him on the sofa. Becky emerges from the kitchen, already dressed for work.

BECKY  
Calling in sick today?

Alan shakes his head, struggles to get his bearings.

ALAN  
Yeah. Sort of.

She lifts her travel mug of coffee. Keys dangle in her hand.

ALAN  
I don't want to hold you up.

BECKY  
You gonna be okay?

Becky strokes his cheek. Alan nods but his look betrays any sort of confidence.

ALAN  
He's not a nut. Some of his equations make sense. So, you never met Jason?

BECKY  
No. Zoey had lots of friends outside of the school.

ALAN  
What if you knew for sure that you were going to die in a month? What would you do? What would change?

BECKY  
This is where we went of the tracks before. I have to get to school and you need to get back to life.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan sifts through an unattended mail pile on the counter. The doorbell CHIMES. Alan looks outside. His shoulders sink.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Castillo opens his notebook.

ALAN

Is Ray all right?

(long beat)

Did you find his family?

(longer beat)

I didn't do anything to him. Did you find Jason Daniels? Ray and I went looking for him. We started walking. Next thing I knew he was--

CASTILLO

--Passed out with your hand in his pocket.

ALAN

I was trying to help him.

CASTILLO

C'mon. The truth.

ALAN

Should I get a lawyer?

CASTILLO

We're just talking here, Alan.

ALAN

Still, you suspect I did something wrong or you wouldn't be here.

CASTILLO

Wouldn't an actuary say that it's likely the police will want to talk to the person closest to the scene?

ALAN

I told you everything I know.

CASTILLO

Really? I don't recall you telling me that you knew where Jason Daniels lived. You left your business cards all over his place.

ALAN

I...I was --

CASTILLO

I also don't remember you telling me that you and another guy were spotted in the area where Nathan Lightner was killed.

ALAN

That was Ray. Who's telling you this?

CASTILLO

I was thinking you would tell me.

INT. FRANKFORD HOSPITAL / EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

A NURSE crosses the receiving area. Alan enters, stops her.

ALAN

Excuse me, can you check to see if a Ray Crandle was brought here yesterday. He didn't have ID.

NURSE

Are you related to him?

ALAN

No, but --

NURSE

I can't give you any information.

ALAN

Can you at least tell me if he's here? Dark hair, straggly. He was unconscious. A paramedic would have brought him in yesterday morning.

NURSE

You'll have to talk to the police.

ALAN

Can I leave you my number? Please? I don't know if he has family or if anyone knows he's here. I just want to know if he's okay.

The Nurse offers her clipboard. Alan writes his contact information. She pulls the sheet but shrugs, noncommittal.

EXT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Alan blinks into the sunlight blazing behind the Landlord.

ALAN  
You called my office?

LANDLORD  
Former office is what they told me.

ALAN  
What's up?

The Landlord flicks his eyes over Alan, smirks a bit.

LANDLORD  
Ain't you a kettle.  
(mocks Alan's voice)  
Seen any unusual guys hanging  
around? Long hair, messy clothes?  
(back to his own)  
You ain't looking like hot lunch.

ALAN  
Why did you call my office?

LANDLORD  
Jason Daniels. Zoey's friend. He  
showed up here the other night.

Alan jolts forward, like a shock ran through him.

ALAN  
Did you get his number?

LANDLORD  
You kiddin'? Stupid ass was on my  
roof, howling at the moon. Three  
sheets to the wind. He's up three  
stories screaming 'Where are you?'

Alan eyes the roof. Not a place one gets to by accident.

ALAN  
Did you call the police?

LANDLORD  
Nah. I know a bender. What were  
they gonna do? He don't live here  
no more but I take care of my own.

ALAN  
Who was he calling to?

LANDLORD

Beats me. I came out to try to  
quiet him down. Next thing I know  
he took off, know what I'm saying?

EXT. FRANKFORD HOSPITAL / BY ALAN'S CAR - DAY

Glenn exits, shakes his head 'no.' He meets Alan.

ALAN

They won't even tell you? A doctor?  
Okay, suppose he had no ID and no  
one has been in, what would they do  
with his keys?

DR. TASKER

They would be put into an envelope  
labeled Unknown Male and locked in  
the hospital's safe. Why do you  
want to know about his keys?

ALAN

There's things in his apartment...

DR. TASKER

Your things?

ALAN

Things I need. Thanks anyway.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Becky sits at a table. Alan arrives. He looks better, still  
unshaven. A damaged good in a fresh wrapper.

ALAN

How have you been? Anything new?

BECKY

Not much since my impromptu  
physical and...the other night.

ALAN

I haven't been myself. Truce?

She shrugs, browses the menu. Alan glances at Becky as she  
views selections. He holds a look on her.

BECKY

Alan, either tell me I have  
something on my face or stop it.  
You're making me uncomfortable.

ALAN

Sorry.

Becky rubs her forehead.

BECKY

God. This headache is killing me.

Alan spills his water. He wipes it up. Becky helps. Their hands touch, linger -- then separate.

ALAN

Getting excited for the ballet?

BECKY

Dying.

Alan flinches. Becky tosses her napkin on the table.

BECKY

I can't do this.

ALAN

Sorry. It's been a strange week since Ray went into the hospital. I don't even know if he's okay.

BECKY

What is your deal with this guy?

ALAN

He's what we use in insurance. Numerati. He stumbled on a pretty sophisticated set of algorithms based on probability. I was close to figuring out what he was up to.

BECKY

Alan, let it go. Whatever's gonna happen is gonna happen. End of story. You lost your job over this.  
(off his startled look)  
Yes, I know. I care about you but I don't know who you are right now.

Alan closes his menu, gestures for the waitress.

ALAN

No more talk about it tonight.

BECKY

Well, if something happens to me before the ballet next week, dig me up and take me. I'm not missing it.

ALAN  
Don't talk like that.

The waitress arrives, poised for their order.

BECKY  
I'm ready.

ALAN  
I'm not ready yet.  
(off Becky's look)  
But I will be in a second.

EXT. LAKE - DUSK

A sunset melts over the water. Alan and Becky stroll toward the parking area. Their hands brush. Alan retracts, offers his elbow. Becky smiles, slips her hand under his arm.

BECKY  
Beautiful evening.

ALAN  
I had a fantastic time.

They stop at the car.

BECKY  
Where are we going, Alan?

Alan holds a smile, ready with his keys and school boy shrug.

ALAN  
I was planning on reading up on  
this ballet thing. Let me get this  
straight, the swan dies in the end?

BECKY  
Oh, God. Just once, can you not  
have to figure something out?

ALAN  
No more. I promise.

He opens her door. She brushes past him to slip into the car. He kisses her cheek. She returns the kiss. They smile.

INT. FRANKFORD HOSPITAL / OFFICE - DAY

Alan sits with an ADMINISTRATOR. He looks over Alan's card.

ADMINISTRATOR

You know I can't give you any information.

ALAN

It's not for a claim.

ADMINISTRATOR

Yeah, I got that.

The Administrator narrows his eyes at Alan.

ALAN

I'm just asking to be notified when he's alert. I was selling him insurance the night before he collapsed. We never signed papers.

ADMINISTRATOR

So why not wait until he's out of intensive care? Pardon my manners, Mr. Tasker but you've got balls coming in here.

ALAN

You want another uninsured patient? Fine. I was trying to help you out.

Alan reaches over to take back his card. The Administrator softens his look, lays down Alan's card.

ADMINISTRATOR

You must understand. We get a lot of people trying to take advantage.

ALAN

(mimics him intentionally)  
Yeah, I got that.

The Administrator lifts the phone, presses an extension.

ADMINISTRATOR

(into phone)  
ICU. Pull the files on any Unknown Males admitted two days ago.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan pours coffee. Yvette stares at her untouched dinner. Martin stirs his coffee. The CLINK of his spoon and cup punctuates the tension in the air.

ALAN

I need to talk about Zoey, Mom.

MARTIN

Leave her be, Alan.

ALAN

This Jason Daniels. He works with glass. He made the collage. He also made a replica of Zoey's headstone. It's in Ray's apartment.

Yvette is stone-faced, deaf to Alan's words.

MARTIN

Alan, I said...

ALAN

Mom, you were closer with Zoey. Did she ever tell you anything about him? I have to find him.

Yvette looks at her food, lost in a trance.

ALAN

What's Uncle Glenn got her on? He doles out pills like they're sunflower seeds.

MARTIN

That's enough, Alan.

ALAN

He might have given Zoey something. Maybe it caused some problems.

MARTIN

You shut your mouth.

Martin shakes with building rage. Yvette blinks, sits.

ALAN

Did you confront him? Dad, I'm serious. He wrote me scripts that would put down a moose.

Martin aids Yvette to her feet, leads her to the door. Alan tries to stop them.

ALAN

Dad, I'm sorry but we've got to at least check this out.

MARTIN

Get out of our way.

ALAN

If I get Ray's journals and there's something in there about Zoey taking something, I swear I'll...

Martin shoves Alan aside. Yvette watches Alan stumble away, strangely unmoved. Martin glares at Alan as they leave.

EXT. GLASS GALLERY / ALLEY - DAY

Alan pokes through trash by the door. The name 'Glass Gallery' is expertly scripted on the window, much like the inscription on the collage. The door opens. Jason exits.

He sees Alan, sprints down the alley. Alan chases him.

Jason carries something wrapped in a velvet bag. Jason is fast and fearless, he blows out of the alley, straight across the street, never looks for cars. Alan chases, loses ground.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SECONDS LATER

Jason turns a corner, vaults a trash can, drops the velvet bag on impact. CRACK. Jason scoops up whatever broken object is inside the bag as Alan turns onto the street.

Alan chugs hard, runs as fast as he can.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Alan BANGS on the door. He gasps for breath, presses every BUZZER. No response. Alan presses every BUZZER again.

A frumpy female TENANT, 50, cracks the door.

TENANT

Hey, who are you banging for?

ALAN

Ray Crandle. The guy in 2B.

TENANT

He don't answer the bell, what do you think? Don't bug everybody.

ALAN

Did another guy just come here? Banging on doors? Acting weird?

TENANT

Other than you? No. Go home.

She slams the door. Alan kicks the stoop.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alan slips on a suit. Dressed to impress. He inspects himself in the mirror, brushes the lapel. Alan pulls Zoey's funeral program from the inside pocket.

He stares at her picture, smooths the crease.

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alan steps in with a bouquet of flowers. The room is empty.

BECKY (O.S.)

Almost ready.

ALAN

I hope so. If I remember, the rule was, if the teacher isn't there in ten minutes. Class dismissed.

BECKY (O.S.)

What do you think?

Becky enters. The light in the room surges 500 watts. Alan's jaw drops. Becky looks sexy, sophisticated. Gorgeous.

INT. LE BEC FIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Exquisite dining in the late 19th century elegance of a Parisian dining salon. Alan and Becky share a quiet table.

BECKY

If we're washing dishes to get out of here, let me know. I've heard entrees here run like car payments.

ALAN

You're not washing anything in that dress. You look sensational.

BECKY

Well, quick math by Miss Morris. Beautiful flowers. Elegant dinner. Attractive date. Ballet tickets. Add it all up, I'm a lucky girl.

Alan grins. Natural and happy. Becky smiles, sips wine.

ALAN

So, help out a rookie. Tell me about the plot of this ballet.

BECKY

It takes place in a village. This nobleman, Albrecht, falls for a common girl, Giselle. He courts her and pretends to be a village boy himself. But this big woodsman really likes Giselle too and finds out that this guy is really a nobleman. When the woodsman tries to win Giselle's heart, he tells her that the other guy has been lying to her. That he's really royalty. At the end of the first act, the girl is so heartbroken by the news, she dies.

INT. BALLET THEATER - NIGHT

APPLAUSE. A ballet dancer feigns death on stage. The curtains close on the first act. Alan and Becky head to the lobby.

ALAN

So, Albrecht fell in love with Giselle even though he knew it could never work out?

BECKY

And she died because she was overwhelmed that someone would love that much.

ALAN

I never thought I'd say this but I'm really enjoying it.

INT. BALLET THEATER - LATER THAT NIGHT

The house lights dim. Alan and Becky settle in their seats.

ALAN

I don't trust myself to keep up so tell me when key things happen.

The curtain parts. As it does, another curtain parts and we're inside--

INT. HOSPITAL / NEUROLOGICAL ICU - NIGHT

A Nurse checks Ray's vitals. A Doctor and the Administrator watch. Ray's eyes blink awake. Urgent. Desperate. They dart from side-to-side. He struggles to free himself of tubes --

BECKY (O.S.)  
 (as whispering to Alan)  
 We're in a cemetery. The woodsman mourns at Giselle's grave. Now the spirits of the young girls who have died before their wedding day rise up from the earth to seek revenge.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The velvet bag is opened by gloved hands. A cracked glass replica of Zoey's tombstone slides out. Where Zoey's name had been -- now the letters are revealed: Ray Crandle.

BECKY (O.S.)  
 To chase the woodsman to his death.

INT. HOSPITAL / NEUROLOGICAL ICU - SAME TIME

Ray cups his hands over his head -- in excruciating pain. He fights off medical assistance, tries in vain to flee, then --

He falls back on the bed. Lifeless.

The doctor looks above the flat line beside Ray's bed, poises a pen. The nurse begins disengaging tubes and sensors.

INT. BALLET THEATER - SAME TIME

The death of the woodsman depicted on the stage is dark and morose. The lighting and torturous, elongated dance draws a collective gasp from the audience.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

The Nurse pulls a sheet over Ray's face, dials the phone.

NURSE  
 (a beat; into phone)  
 I'm calling from Frankford. We need an officer to help ID a deceased unknown male. No family pick up.

INT. BALLET THEATER - SAME TIME

Becky leans closer. Alan takes her hand.

BECKY

That's Albrecht. He's grieving at  
Giselle's grave. This is when the  
unmarried spirits get him back.  
They demand that he dance until  
dawn. They kill him by exhaustion.

On stage, the ballet surges. The 'spirit dancers' circle the  
male dancer and taunt him with a flourish. It's crowded,  
energetic and violent. The male dancer fends off the attack.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

DETECTIVE SANDERS, 40's, tough as nails, lays down the phone,  
punches up a file on his laptop. He lifts the phone:

SANDERS

Castillo, it's Sanders. I'm on an  
ID from 3510. Unknown male you sent  
to the hospital. Suspicious person  
listed. You remember any of this?

INT. BALLET THEATER - SAME TIME

APPLAUSE! Standing ovation. Alan helps Becky with her coat.

ALAN

Giselle still loved the nobleman.  
She stopped him from being killed  
by the spirits even though she had  
to go back to her own grave.

BECKY

Sounds like a soap opera, right?

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

Castillo cradles the phone, types on his desktop.

CASTILLO

(beat; into phone)  
Yeah, SP said the guy's name was  
Ray Crandle. Never got a positive.

SANDERS (O.S.)  
 (filtered; on phone)  
 I'm picking up the deceased's keys  
 at Frankford. You want to meet at  
 the apartment around eleven-thirty?

CASTILLO  
 (while hanging up)  
 See you there.

INT. FRANKFORD HOSPITAL / OFFICE - SAME TIME

Detective Sanders spills Ray's keys from an envelope.

He reviews Ray's chart, spots a note from the Nurse, finds  
 Alan's name and phone number.

EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Becky stands in her doorway. The glow of a perfect evening  
 emanates from her smile. Alan leans in.

They kiss. It lingers and intensifies. Becky opens her door,  
 pulls Alan toward her. She steps one foot inside.

He steps forward, reacts to his cell RINGING. Becky waits.  
 Alan's head volleys from Becky to his phone. He kisses her  
 again. Then the phone RINGS between them. She retracts.

BECKY  
 Oh, for God's sake, answer it.

Alan turns, remains on the front step.

ALAN  
 (into phone throughout)  
 Hello?

SANDERS (O.S.)  
 (filtered throughout)  
 Alan Tasker, this is Detective  
 Sanders. I'm sorry to call so late  
 but it's fairly urgent.

ALAN  
 That's okay. Just a second.  
 (cups phone; to Becky)  
 It's the police.

Becky kisses his cheek, retreats inside.

BECKY

Maybe we should call it a night anyway. It was wonderful. Call me when you get home.

ALAN

(back to phone)

Detective...Sanders, was it?

SANDERS (O.S.)

When would be a good time for me to come by to talk about Ray Crandle?

ALAN

Is he okay?

Alan walks to his car, digs for his keys.

SANDERS (O.S.)

He died, Mr. Tasker.

ALAN

Do they know why? What happened?

SANDERS (O.S.)

It actually might be easier to do this when we get together, like I said, is there a good time to talk?

ALAN

Tomorrow morning?

SANDERS (O.S.)

That's fine. How about nine?

ALAN

Okay. I live at --

SANDERS (O.S.)

-- I have the address, Mr. Tasker. I'll see you at nine tomorrow.

Alan steps toward Becky's house then retreats, bangs his car door. He grunts, runs his hands through his hair. Frustrated.

The light at Becky's door shuts off. Alan climbs behind the wheel, slams the door and pulls away.

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Alan turns onto Ray's block, checks his watch: 11:17 p.m.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Alan scurries to Ray's doorstep, looks around. Deserted. He pulls out a crowbar, pries the lock. Wood splinters. Alan's hand slips. He scrapes the skin on the back of his hand.

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Castillo drives, checks street addresses.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BANG. Alan slams the crowbar against the lock. Finally, it gives way. Alan checks for witnesses, ducks inside.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

BLACKNESS, then the narrow beam of a flashlight crosses Ray's belongings. A dusty cloud of light settles on Ray's journals.

The SNAP of a plastic trash bag being opened and the soft THUD of it being quickly filled cracks the blackness.

The flashlight bounces off a reflection. Alan holds the light on the source -- cracked glass peaking out of a velvet bag.

Alan draws closer, strains to read the inscription. Then --

The MURMUR of a car idling comes from outside.

Alan creeps to the window, peers through the blinds.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

Castillo exits his cruiser, approaches the door, runs his flashlight over the shattered door hanging free.

CASTILLO  
(into shoulder receiver)  
3510. Give me back up. I may have a  
burglary in progress.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

More light spills in as Castillo swings the door wide, weapon drawn. A light switches on, illuminates an empty room.

Castillo inches around. He checks the closet and bedroom.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING / ALLEY - SAME TIME

Alan punches speed dial with his free hand, lugs a bulky trash bag over his shoulder with the other.

ALAN  
 (into phone; soft)  
 Dad, it's me.  
 (beat)  
 I know it's late.  
 (beat)  
 Look, I'm sorry about the other night but I need you to listen.  
 (beat)  
 I'll explain later. Do you still have a set of keys to my car?

Alan looks up. Another vehicle turns onto Ray's street. Alan backs into the dark alley, watches Detective Sanders pull his unmarked car behind Castillo's cruiser.

Alan watches Castillo meet Sanders at the steps to the building. Alan backs away, takes off.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan tosses the bag of Ray's journals onto his bed. He rubs the back of his hand - the skin is raw and bruised.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alan runs water over the scrape, covers it with a band-aid. His cell RINGS. He eyes the number, answers:

ALAN  
 (into phone)  
 Thanks, Dad. Just park it on the street. I've got...some things I've got to do but...I'll come over later. We'll...get past this.

Alan hangs up, then BLEEP. His cell powers down. He connects it to a charger, glances at his answering machine. It blinks back at him: '3' messages await. Alan hits 'play.' BEEP:

SANDERS (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Alan Tasker, this is Detective Sanders. I'm sorry to call so late.

Alan stabs 'delete.' He lifts the land phone, reads incoming numbers: Becky Morris-12:35 a.m. and Becky Morris-1:04 a.m.

Alan tosses the phone on the bed next to Ray's journals.

BECKY (V.O.)  
 (as spoken earlier)  
 Call me when you get home.

Alan rubs his face. The clock beside the bed reads: 3:16 a.m.

Alan spreads the dog-eared journals across his bed. He arranges them in sequence. Dates are scribbled on each cover.

ALAN  
 (mumbles to himself)  
 Hey, Becky. I meant to call when I got home but I had to break into this guy's place and you know how that goes.  
 (mock normalcy)  
 The cops showed up and time just slipped away from me.  
 (beat; chides himself)  
 Sure. She'll be fine with that.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING / ROOF - NIGHT

Jason Daniels paces like a displaced pack animal. He scans the empty streets below, howls at the moon:

JASON  
 Where are you?

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sweat runs down Alan's face. He blinks, fights off sleep. He cups his hands behind his head, sharply inhales and exhales.

Alan opens the next journal. The clock reads: 3:32 a.m.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises, casts a glow over the quiet street.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

KNOCK. Alan swings open the door. Detective Sanders nods.

SANDERS  
 Alan Tasker, Detective Sanders.  
 (shakes hand)  
 Appreciate you making the time.

Alan leads Sanders to the sofa. Sanders opens a note book. Alan sits in a chair opposite him, crosses his legs, lays them flat, then crosses them again.

ALAN

Can you tell me how Ray died?

SANDERS

Well, let's work up to that then I can tell you what I know.

ALAN

Sure. Can I get you some coffee?

SANDERS

Black. Thanks.

Alan dashes to the kitchen area, pours a mug, brings it to Sanders. As he delivers it, Alan twists the band-aid from plain view, tucks that hand inside the chair arm.

SANDERS

What happened to your hand?

Alan overplays, makes a show of waving it now, flashes the band-aid. Sanders blows on his coffee, no hint of emotion.

ALAN

Cleaning stuff out of the garage, getting ready for a yard sale this weekend. Just a brush burn.

SANDERS

You live alone?

ALAN

Yes. Why?

SANDERS

Unusual that's all. Single guy with enough stuff to have a yard sale.

Alan chuckles, picks at the edge of his band-aid.

ALAN

Pack rat. Guilty as charged.

Sanders blows on his coffee again, sips and sets it down. Expressionless. He leans forward, levels a look on Alan.

SANDERS

What's your problem with Ray Crandle?

ALAN

Problem? I didn't have a problem with him. I was trying to help him.

SANDERS

Really? You didn't ask the police to investigate him in connection with the hit and run death of a boy named Nathan Lightner?

Alan's eyes bulge.

ALAN

I -- I didn't ...

SANDERS

You didn't show up at his place and bang on the door, ask people about him? His neighbor says you did.

ALAN

It was... I mean, there was...

SANDERS

Maybe my coffee hasn't kicked in yet but you seem nervous. Is there something you want to tell me?

ALAN

No.

SANDERS

You want to call a lawyer?

ALAN

No.

SANDERS

What really happened to your hand?

ALAN

I told you, I --

SANDERS

Where were you last night?

ALAN

I had a date. We went to the ballet.

SANDERS

What time did you get home?

ALAN  
What does this have to do with Ray?

SANDERS  
I don't know. Maybe nothing.

ALAN  
Around eleven.

SANDERS  
Your date will verify all this?

ALAN  
I didn't bring her here.

SANDERS  
But you were here from eleven on?

ALAN  
(flashes bandage)  
Getting ready.

SANDERS  
Do you have anything else to say,  
Mr. Tasker?

ALAN  
What do you think I did?

SANDERS  
You have been inside Ray Crandle's  
apartment before, right? You know  
what was in there?

ALAN  
The usual stuff. What about it?

SANDERS  
(jots a note)  
Just doing my job, Mr. Tasker.

Alan settles his eyes on Sanders, picks his bruise.

ALAN  
Can you tell me how Ray died?

SANDERS  
Cerebral hemorrhage.

ALAN  
Does he have family in the area?

SANDERS  
Why do you ask, Mr. Tasker?

ALAN

Just curious. He was alone a lot.

Sanders gulps the rest of his coffee, offers the mug to Alan. Alan extends his bandaged hand to take it. Sanders clutches Alan's wrist, inspects the bandaged area.

SANDERS

Yard sale on Saturday then?

ALAN

If it doesn't rain.

Sanders pulls out his card, makes a show of handing it over.

SANDERS

Available 24-7. In case you remember something. Sometimes after the shock wears off, things get a little clearer.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Becky monitors the eight year-olds during recess. A few students point to the top floor of the school. Becky turns.

Jason Daniels paces along the edge of the roof.

JASON

(calling out)

Where are you? Becky?

Becky spots him, blows her WHISTLE. Kids shuffle into line.

The sound draws Jason's attention. He saunters to the ledge, looks down at Becky.

Becky guides the kids through the building doors.

She blows the WHISTLE again. Jason stares at her from four stories up. He squints, points a menacing finger at her.

JASON

(to Becky)

Your number is up.

Security officers appear. Becky points to the roof but Jason's gone. The whistle drops from her lips.

She reaches for her cell but accidentally knocks it to the ground. The power light goes dark as the phone dies.

INT. DR. TASKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin stands at the window. Yvette sits opposite the empty desk. Dr. Tasker hurries in, scribbles a prescription.

DR. TASKER  
I've got patients waiting, Martin.  
This should cover the next month.

Dr. Tasker extends the scrip, Martin doesn't turn around. Yvette stares ahead as if Dr. Tasker hadn't entered the room.

MARTIN  
That's not why I'm here.

DR. TASKER  
Is this about the nonsense Alan  
brought up?

MARTIN  
I want my wife back.

DR. TASKER  
Time, Martin. She'll come around.

MARTIN  
I want you to refer us to someone.

DR. TASKER  
A psychologist? Let me write up  
something different.

Martin wraps his arm around his wife.

MARTIN  
No more pills.

DR. TASKER  
This is about Alan then, isn't it?

MARTIN  
Look at her.

Dr. Tasker peers at Yvette over his glasses. She stares ahead. Unresponsive. Dr. Tasker's eyes shift back to Martin.

DR. TASKER  
Zoey saw another doctor.

Martin rocks back. Dr. Tasker shuffles his feet.

MARTIN  
Who? How do you know?

DR. TASKER

A psychologist. I referred her. But it was almost a year ago.

MARTIN

And you didn't tell me?

DR. TASKER

That's not your right, Martin. She didn't even tell me why -- just that she wanted to talk to someone.

MARTIN

Give me the name.

Dr. Tasker turns over the scrip, writes a name and number.

DR. TASKER

I only mentioned her to Zoey. It wasn't a formal referral. I never even knew if she went. I completely forgot about it until this business with Alan, then I checked. She did see her. It was a while ago. That's all I know.

Martin guides Yvette toward the door.

MARTIN

For your sake. I hope that's true.

INT. MAUREEN MCKINLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

MAUREEN MCKINLEY, Psychologist, 38, sits across from Alan. He reviews an earmarked page in Ray's journal.

In Ray's handwriting, set among a jungle of doodle, is a crude drawing of the name plate on Maureen's desk.

ALAN

He was here. He sat right here.

MAUREEN

Your numbers guy? Yeah. About a week after Zoey's session.

ALAN

What did he come here for?

MAUREEN

Maybe you should ask him.

ALAN

He's dead.

Alan tosses the book aside, leans over Maureen's desk.

ALAN

Zoey comes here and you know she's seen another doctor. How could you not even ask if it was my uncle?

MAUREEN

You're in the answer business. I understand your frustration.

Alan opens the book, holds it for Maureen to view.

ALAN

Ray's algorithms. Recipes, really, take data about a person and produce a set of numbers. To him, if you twist something called a variable correctly, you can create an equation to show the date that a person is going to die.

MAUREEN

He actually believed that?

ALAN

Even though it's impossible. Somehow, Ray found out enough about Zoey to be close.

MAUREEN

How close?

ALAN

Six weeks. That's the maddening part. He's on to something but he's wrong...a lot.

Alan turns pages to a sheet filled with red pen. An upright rectangle drawn like a tombstone. The words 'Becky Morris' written across it. Inside the rectangle are numbers: 5/22/09.

MAUREEN

So, his theory is flawed?

ALAN

Or is he just now getting it right? I've worked with numbers my entire life. Never saw anything like this.

MAUREEN

How do you know when it's getting close to right?

ALAN

Before I got fired, I was getting close to right on this project but certain factors wouldn't add up.

MAUREEN

And you're the only person that knows about these algorithms?

ALAN

Jason Daniels knows about them. Did Zoey talk about him?

Maureen shakes her head 'no.' She tugs out a cigarette, holds a lighter under the tip.

MAUREEN

I'm off the clock. You mind?

ALAN

No. Go ahead.

Maureen lights her cigarette. Smoke swirls over the desk.

MAUREEN

So, what's the deal with Jason?

ALAN

He hasn't been right since Zoey died. He connects me with something. When he finds out Ray's dead, I think he'll be dangerous.

MAUREEN

Why?

ALAN

Ray always said stuff like: 'Jason will only deal with me.' Like he controlled him.

MAUREEN

And you've gone to the police?

ALAN

But everything I did with Ray is suspicious to them until they figure out how Ray died.

Alan steps away from the hazy desk, strokes another earmarked page in Ray's journal.

MAUREEN

And obviously someone in those journals has a date coming up. But you're not supposed to know that because you're not supposed to have what you're holding.

Alan nods. Tentative. He moves toward the window, runs his finger along the glass.

MAUREEN

How did you solve that work problem when you were close to getting it right?

ALAN

The Crawford numbers? You make the equation fit the result.

Alan traces his finger to Maureen's glass ashtray. Clarity fills his gaze.

INT. MAUREEN MCKINLEY'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Alan scrambles for the door.

ALAN

He's gonna make sure Ray's date comes true.

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) DAY

Alan drives fast, cell phone to his ear.

BECKY (O.S.)

(filtered)

Hey, it's Becky. You've reached my voice mail, leave me a message and I'll get back to you. Thanks.

ALAN

(snaps off phone)

Shit!

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Alan drives at a crawl through the school parking lot. There's no sign of Becky's car. Alan listens to his cell:

BECKY (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Hey, it's Becky. You've reached my voice mail, leave me a message and I'll get back to you. Thanks.

ALAN  
(after the BEEP)  
Hey, it's me. I didn't think teachers played hooky. This is message number three today. If you're getting back at me for not calling when I got home last night, I get it. We need to talk. I'm coming over.

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Becky's hands tremble. She tosses her broken cell phone pieces into a plastic bag, jams the bag into her purse.

She removes her keys, strides toward the door with purpose.

EXT. ZOHEY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The Landlord screws a 'No Loitering' sign outside the laundry room. He reacts to a BANG on a door.

Jason stands outside Zoey's door. He's in the same clothes he wore on the school roof and has added the checkered headband.

He carries a six pack, opens a beer.

The Landlord eases toward him.

LANDLORD  
Jason?

Jason turns, smiles at the Landlord like an old friend.

JASON  
Hey, look who it is. How you doing, you old bag o'dirt?

LANDLORD  
Looking for Zoey?

JASON  
Yeah. Seen her?

LANDLORD  
Zoey died, Jason.

Jason sips his beer, leans his head back.

JASON

That's right. See, this friend of mine, Ray. He told me then --

Jason lowers his beer, his eyes fidget, lips twitch.

LANDLORD

Then, what?

JASON

Then things got screwy. It was all supposed to be in his books but I can't read 'em. He's not around. Zoey's gone. I can't believe it.

LANDLORD

You know Zoey's brother?

Jason looks around, ready to bolt.

JASON

What about him? He's dangerous. Ray told me he could break it all up.

The Landlord scratches his head.

LANDLORD

So what 'cha been doing?

JASON

I have to finish Ray's problem.

EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE / STREET - NIGHT

Steady traffic. Cars parked along the street.

Becky starts her car, pulls out. Suddenly, the HORN of a passing car blares. She YELPS. Her last nerve severed.

INT. BECKY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Becky fights back a tear, collects her breath, checks traffic. Alan pulls up alongside her window.

He parks, comes to Becky. She opens her door, falls into his arms. A river of tears flow.

EXT. PARK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Alan and Becky sit on a bench. The park is empty and quiet.

ALAN

The police are going to ask you questions about this weekend. That call I got? It was about Ray. He died while we were in the ballet.

BECKY

They think you had something to do with it?

ALAN

If they ask, tell them the truth. I got their call and went home, okay?

Becky shrugs and nods. Her tears well up again.

ALAN

Why'd you leave school early? I tried your cell all afternoon.

BECKY

This drunk creepy guy was on the roof of the school acting strange.

Alan turns. His eyes lock on her like lasers.

BECKY

He was screaming and acting nuts. I got the kids inside as fast as I could. But he saw me when I blew the whistle. I swear, I thought he was gonna jump down and kill me.

ALAN

Ever seen him before?

BECKY

No. But he knew my name, and...  
(beat; crying)  
He said my number was up.

INT. APARTMENT / ZOHEY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The Landlord flicks on the light of what had been Zoey's apartment. Jason carries a half-empty six-pack.

JASON

Man, this brings back memories.

The Landlord takes Alan's card out of his wallet.

LANDLORD

I'm gonna grab a few more beers and  
make a quick call. Be right back.

EXT. PARK - SAME TIME

Alan holds Becky. She cries into his shoulder. The BUZZ of Alan's vibrating cell, sets her off further.

Alan shuts off the phone, holds Becky close. She melts into him. Alan smooths her hair, gently strokes her back.

ALAN

I want you to come home with me.  
You need to get some rest.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan pulls the covers snug over Becky as she curls up in his bed. He kisses her forehead, dims the light, pulls the door closed behind him as he leaves.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alan arranges Ray's journals across the counter, opens the earliest one.

He jots on a legal pad: Ray at the top. Jason at the bottom. He scans the page of the journal, adds dates to his notes.

A KNOCK startles him. He looks for something to throw over the journals. Nothing within reach would work.

A second, urgent KNOCK causes him to toss them into the cabinets with his dishes. He dashes out.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Another KNOCK. Alan opens the door, obviously flustered. Castillo steps forward.

CASTILLO

Mr. Tasker, I need to talk to you.  
I tried your cell.

ALAN

I turned it off.

CASTILLO  
You don't mind coming in to answer  
a few questions, do you?

ALAN  
Now? Any chance we could do it in  
the morning?

Alan glances upstairs but his eyes are brought back by:

CASTILLO  
Detective Sanders would prefer we  
do it tonight.

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Alan avoids Castillo's glances into the rear view mirror.

CASTILLO  
How's your hand?

ALAN  
Huh?  
(looks; mumbles)  
It's fine.

Castillo flicks his eyes back to Alan.

CASTILLO  
I know you lost your sister. I'm  
sorry. I'm tight with my sister.  
Anybody did anything to her... I  
don't know what I'd do.

Castillo holds his eyes on Alan for a long beat. Alan's eyes  
dart around. He stares out the window.

INT. POLICE STATION / INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Castillo escorts Alan past Detective Sanders. Alan sits,  
looks uncomfortable.

SANDERS  
Alan, you're not under arrest and  
you're free to go at any time. If  
you need anything, let me know and  
I'll take care of it.

Castillo and Sanders share a measured glance, walk out.

Alan looks around. The door is open but he's left alone. He  
drums the table, peeks out the door. No one in the hallway.

INT. POLICE STATION / INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Alan paces. Anxious and alone. He steps to the doorway. Castillo trots down the hall, gestures back to the table.

CASTILLO

Hey. Detective Sanders got held up on a call. He'll be with you in a minute. You want something to eat or drink?

Alan shakes his head, perplexed. Castillo backs out. A BUZZ emanates from Alan's pocket. He looks around. No one there.

Alan grabs his cell phone. The voice mail light blinks. He jams it back in his pocket as Castillo walks in.

CASTILLO

Having a yard sale Saturday?

Alan's head tilts.

ALAN

Yeah. Look it's been a few hours...

Sanders reappears, stands across from Alan.

SANDERS

You wanted to know about Jason Daniels?

ALAN

You found him?

Sanders floats a picture across the table. Alan looks at it. Nods. The man looks cleaner cut but that's definitely Jason.

SANDERS

We've got a BOLO out.  
(off Alan's quizzical  
look)  
Be on look out for. We'll find him.

ALAN

Is that why I'm here?

SANDERS

Where were you the night Nathan Lightner was killed?

ALAN

I was with Ray at his apartment.

SANDERS

I'm having a hard time verifying that.

ALAN

We saw the kid walking...Ray wanted...to talk to him but I...we never went near him.

SANDERS

And you told us to check out Jason Daniels for the hit and run.

Alan starts to rebut but closes his mouth. Sanders pounces.

SANDERS

If you're cooperative and truthful, the charging process will be a little more lenient than if you walk me through this field of bull.

Alan's eyes flit around. Sanders locks his eyes on Alan. Castillo leans forward. Alan's face turns resolute. He rises.

ALAN

I'm free to go?

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Alan finds a note taped to the refrigerator. Feminine script: Felt better after a rest. Where did you go? Went home. Big day at school tomorrow. Becky.

Alan tosses Ray's journals into a gym bag. There's a vibrating BUZZ. Then, the voice mail light on his cell blinks.

Alan keys in his password. Listens.

Grabs the gym bag, dashes out.

EXT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX / LANDLORD'S OFFICE - DAY

The office door swings open. The Landlord smiles.

LANDLORD

Hey, it's the A-chew-ary. A day late and a dollar short but that's life, know what I'm saying?

EXT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

The Landlord dangles a key, walks Alan to an apartment door.

LANDLORD

He's probably still sleeping it  
off. The guy drinks like I snore.

Alan eyes the numbered rooms. They stop at 22. The Landlord matches the key, turns the lock.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The remnants of a night of drinking litter the room. Otherwise, it's empty. Alan and the Landlord at the doorway.

ALAN

You let him leave?

LANDLORD

I watched the door the whole time.  
He never left.

Alan opens the bathroom door. The window is smashed. Jagged glass rims an opening big enough for a man to crawl through.

ALAN

Not through the front.

INT. A DIFFERENT APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Alan drops the gym bag on the bed, unfurls a wad of cash.

ALAN

I know you don't usually do month-  
to-month. I appreciate you making  
an exception for me.

LANDLORD

Figured you'd want to see if he  
comes back. How long are these  
painters taking over your house?

ALAN

Two. Maybe three weeks.

LANDLORD

Good luck with that. Had these  
rooms done last year. That Michael  
Angelo would've charged less.

Alan forks over cash. The Landlord hands over a key.

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Alan drives, turns his head at something. He pulls over.

EXT. STREET / HOUSE DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alan exits his car. A family sets up yard sale items. A 'Sold' sign on their lawn. Alan approaches the tables.

ALAN

(points)

How much you want for everything on  
that table over there?

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Everything that was on that table is crammed into the back seat of Alan's car. He drives past his house, looks around.

He pulls into his driveway, waits, looks around. No one appears to be around. He pulls into the garage.

INT. MAUREEN MCKINLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Maureen takes a seat opposite Martin.

MAUREEN

Your daughter had your wife's eyes.

Yvette stares ahead.

MARTIN

Why did she come to see you?

MAUREEN

She asked for coping skills. She told me she had recently learned that she was going to die soon.

Yvette turns, as if able to hear for the first time. Martin vaults out of his seat, leans over the desk.

MARTIN

Who told her that? Did you verify it with a doctor?

Maureen notes Yvette's sudden attention.

MAUREEN

I helped her with coping skills.

MARTIN

Unbelievable. How could you do that without knowing she was going to die? She was perfectly fine.

MAUREEN

We all handle life and death situations differently, Mr. Tasker.

Martin runs a hand through his hair, bumps a chair with his knee. Yvette rises. Composed.

MARTIN

It's ass backwards. You're supposed to help. How could you look a healthy, twenty-six year old woman in the eye and...

YVETTE

It was her brain.

Martin and Maureen both turn. Stunned at the emergence of Yvette's voice and the words that she uttered.

INT. GLASS GALLERY - DAY

Nothing more than a florescent light above a cluttered work station. Jason, wearing a jacket and gloves, tosses jagged glass pieces aside, finishes a project. He works alone.

He pulls another velvet bag around his project. Before it's enclosed, we see it's another tombstone replica. Across the top, in that now familiar script, Becky Morris 5/22/09.

Castillo enters, nods at Jason, checks out the room.

CASTILLO

I'm working a new beat. Getting to know the shop owners.

Jason nods, brushes glass pieces off his work station.

CASTILLO

Ever see the movie 'Diner?' Kevin Bacon plays this smart guy Fenwick.

Jason strips off his gloves, glances past Castillo, outside the window. No pedestrian traffic walking by.

CASTILLO

Anyway, he shatters a window for kicks, 'cause he's drunk but he says this line that always stuck with me. He said 'I know that glass is made from sand but how come you can see through it?'

Jason tucks his gloves under the desk, straightens his work station, shrugs. Castillo positions himself in front of Jason, offers his hand.

CASTILLO

Officer Castillo.

JASON

(shakes his hand)  
Thanks for stopping in. I'm about to call it a day.

CASTILLO

(backs toward door)  
Understood. But just so I know, next time I'm in the area, you are?

Jason powers off his equipment. Before he cuts his work light, Castillo lands his finger under the business permit.

JASON

Jason.

Castillo turns, fixes a knowing grin on him.

CASTILLO

Jason Daniels?

Jason casually slips his hands in his jacket pockets, strolls around to meet the officer.

JASON

Yeah? What can I do for you?

CASTILLO

We've been trying to contact you.

JASON

I'm between places right now.

CASTILLO

You don't mind coming in to answer a few questions about Nathan Lightner, do you?

JASON

No. Now?

CASTILLO

If you don't mind.

Jason flicks off the light. Castillo trails. It's cramped in the small shop and Castillo is too close. Suddenly --

Jason rips open the door, slams it into Castillo. With his other hand, Jason pulls a shard of glass from his pocket, cuts Castillo's face and neck.

Castillo's hands cover the wound, blood oozes through his fingers. Jason bolts, never looks back.

Castillo drops to a knee, fumbles for his shoulder receiver.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX / ALAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alan tapes Ray's heavily inked journal pages to the wall. Most of the pages are doodling. Numbers circling drawings.

It looks very much like the first time we saw Alan in the insurance office. Multi-tasking. Focused. Energized.

Alan circles the last date on the last page: 5/22/09.

ALAN

Oh, God. Becky. Tomorrow.

Alan dashes out the door, grabs his cell --

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan drives and speaks with urgency:

ALAN

(into cell phone)

If you won't put me through to her room, at least give her this message right away: 'Don't leave the school.' I'm coming to pick her up. Tell her. Right now. Please.

INT. HIMSELF'S TAVERN - DAY

Jason finishes a beer. His arms show fresh scratches. He peels the checkered bandana off his head, pushes his way out.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Children file out. Backpacks trudge under Becky's handwritten note on the board: Homework for May 21, 2009.

After the last student exits, Alan appears in the doorway. A school pass sticker hastily stuck on his chest.

Becky looks over quizzically, smiles. Alan visibly relaxes.

Becky collects things from her desk. Alan rushes over, kisses her. Becky's grin recedes to a look of concern.

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THUP! Becky uncorks a bottle of wine, pours glasses.

BECKY

Where's all this going, Alan?

ALAN

I just realized. I don't want to be...without you in my life.

BECKY

That says a lot. And nothing. We've been here before. I'm still in your life. You just have to decide how much you'll be in mine.

Alan sets his wine aside, between increasingly intense kisses, Alan delivers each sentence:

ALAN

I want you. To be mine. Forever.

At first, Becky resists but Alan's fervor melts her.

INT. BECKY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Becky and Alan are a tangle of flesh, pillows and blankets on the living room floor. Both in different stages of undress. Drained. Becky stirs. Alan pulls her close, kisses her.

ALAN

Don't go to work today.

BECKY

I have to.

ALAN

C'mon, we'll stay here. Make plans.  
I'm thinking church wedding but I  
could be talked into running away.

She turns, kisses him in appreciation, scurries upstairs.

ALAN

At least promise me we can have  
lunch together at school.

She stops mid-step.

BECKY

What has gotten into you?

ALAN

Nothing. I just want to be with you  
today. As much as I can.

BECKY

Well, I have to go to work. I'll  
make you a deal. Go home and get  
some things. Stay here for a couple  
of days. We'll make some plans.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan jogs up his walkway. Stops cold. Stares at a broken  
glass panel next to his front doorknob. The door hangs open.

Alan looks around. Nothing else appears unusual. Alan steps  
toward the door, nudges it fully open. Nothing.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Alan creeps upstairs. Lights are on. Alan steps lightly, head  
on a swivel. The house is still. He checks each room.

Nothing seems out of place. Alan retreats down the stairs,  
then - Chaos. Motion. The door SLAMS. A gun is drawn.

SANDERS

Stay where you are.

Alan freezes. Scared shitless. Sanders relaxes upon seeing  
Alan, holsters his weapon.

Alan collapses against the wall.

ALAN

What the hell was that?

SANDERS

I thought you were Jason. He cut up Officer Castillo's face last night when we tried to bring him in.

ALAN

Was it bad?

SANDERS

He's okay. Pissed but he's okay.

Alan drops onto a kitchen chair, elbows on thighs.

SANDERS

You were just with Becky Morris.

Alan straightens.

ALAN

You talked to Becky?

SANDERS

She's at the school. Best place for her right now. We've got a car there. She isn't in any danger.

ALAN

Where's Jason?

SANDERS

Castillo is waiting at Crandle's. Any other ideas where he might be?

Alan moves to the shattered door frame, picks up broken shards of glass. Sanders hovers nearby.

ALAN

Looks like I missed his call.

Alan lifts the last glass shard. The edge pricks his skin. Blood drips along his finger. Alan moves to the bathroom, washes in the sink. Sanders stays near.

SANDERS

Jason stole a journal out of Ray's apartment. There's stuff in there about your sister.

ALAN

I know. Others too. Ray had mental problems. Math genius but seriously unbalanced. He saw a psychologist named Maureen McKinley.

SANDERS

What did he want with you?

ALAN

He needed to know when I died. In his mind, it was all he needed to be able to figure out when he was gonna die.

SANDERS

Whack job. What's his connection to Jason Daniels?

ALAN

Your tech guys missed it but the last e-mail my sister sent was to Jason. Find out what it says. That might tell us something.

Sanders writes a note. Alan fixates on his blood spiraling down the drain. Sanders touches his shoulder.

Alan splashes water on his face, snaps out of it.

SANDERS

From what we know, he used math to trick people into believing in him.

ALAN

Numbers lie.

SANDERS

Some people need to believe the lie. Have something they can count on.

ALAN

Or make come true.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY

Alan stuffs a shaving kit into a luggage bag. He crosses the room, staggers his steps, spots something unusual --

The rear window is open half way. Alan peers out.

ALAN'S POV - ON THE LAWN BESIDE HIS HOUSE

Three stories below - quite a jump for anyone, the checkered bandana sits in the grass, blood stains are evident.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING / ROOF - DAY

Jason lays on his stomach, turns the last page of Ray's journal. Cuts on his arm. He rolls onto his back. Whoa --

His shoulder grazes the edge. Now it's clear that he's ten stories up, casually kicking back like he's lying on a beach.

This building overlooks Becky's school parking lot. A police cruiser is parked in front of the school.

INT. DR. TASKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Maureen and Dr. Tasker turn as the door opens. Martin enters. Alone. He heaves an agitated sigh upon seeing Maureen.

MARTIN

What's she doing here?

DR. TASKER

Trying to help like me, Martin. She had a session with Alan.

MAUREEN

After he left, I did some digging. I found out that your brother and I weren't the only doctors your daughter saw. She was seeing a neurologist up in Vermont.

MARTIN

My God.

MAUREEN

Zoey knew her prognosis.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING / ROOF - DAY

The school bell RINGS. Jason watches the police officers exit their cruiser, enter the school.

Jason heads for the stairwell.

INT. SCHOOL / HALLWAY - DAY

Becky steps out of her classroom, stops in disbelief.

Alan waits, offers a casual wave and aw-shucks shrug. He almost pulls it off but he sneaks a glance down the hall.

Becky's eyes follow his vision. She sees the police officers. Color drains from her face. Charmed turns to alarmed.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Alan walks Becky to her car, waves off the cops. The police cruiser exits the parking lot.

Alan accepts Becky's keys. She settles into the passenger seat of her car. Concern replaces alarm on her face.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING / STREET - DAY

Jason exits the stairwell, climbs into Ray's car.

INT. BECKY'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

ALAN

That guy that threatened you? That was Jason Daniels.

BECKY

Zoey's friend?

ALAN

And Ray Crandle's biggest fan. Ray had him convinced that you're going to die today.

BECKY

What?

ALAN

It's twisted. The police are on it. Everything is going to be okay.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Becky's car navigates through afternoon rush hour traffic.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SAME TIME

Ray's car approaches an intersection, accelerates --

INT. BECKY'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Alan turns to Becky, starts to say something, sees --

Ray's car barreling forward, about to broadside Becky.  
Alan slams the HORN. Traffic ahead and behind.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ray's car speeds up, ready to T-Bone Becky's car.

Alan swerves Becky's car onto the sidewalk at the last possible second. The car stalls.

Ray's car crashes into the rear panel of Becky's car,  
reverses and, as it does --

Pulls the fender off and pops her passenger door open.

INT. BECKY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Alan frantically tries to restart the car. Becky watches  
Jason back up Ray's car. Its dented grill pointed at her.

BECKY

Alan...

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Ray's car shifts into a forward gear. Becky unhooks her seat  
belt, bolts to safety in the stream of cars in gridlock.

Alan cranks the engine, lays rubber, SCREECHES ahead and back  
into the street --

Jason blows Ray's car through the intersection. HORNS blare.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Sanders drops a printout in front of a bandaged Castillo.

SANDERS

That last email the sister sent? No  
wonder we didn't do anything. Three  
words: 'Where are you?'

Castillo skims the page, checks the file, hands it back.

CASTILLO

That's what he screamed at the  
apartments and at Becky Morris.

SANDERS

He gets that email, finds out she's dead and it pushes him over the edge. Update the BOLO to dangerous.

Castillo hands a page from his file over to Sanders.

CASTILLO

Autopsy confirmed Crandle's hemorrhage was alcohol poisoning.

SANDERS

Thing I don't get? This girl sees a doctor in Vermont for what? Months? How do we not find out about that?

CASTILLO

HIPAA and paying cash. Daniels might have found out but however he did, she didn't want anyone to know that she was gonna die.

INT. TASKER HOUSE - DAY

Yvette pages through photo albums of Zoey and Alan. Dr. Tasker and Martin scribble lists of names.

MARTIN

(points to list)  
Jason Daniels. I've heard of him.

Alan bursts in. Breathless.

ALAN

Anyone heard from Becky?

MARTIN

You didn't get my messages?

ALAN

We need to find Becky. She's in trouble.

YVETTE

Alan, slow down. What's going on?

Alan grabs the phone, tosses Martin his cell.

ALAN

Dad, try the school. I'll call her house.

YVETTE

Was she with you when you saw Dr.  
McKinley?

Alan reacts. Bewildered. Becky's answering machine clicks on through the phone. Alan slowly replaces the receiver.

ALAN

How much do you know?

YVETTE

Zoey had a brain tumor.

Martin brings over the list, hands back Alan's cell.

MARTIN

School's closed for the day.  
(grabs Alan's sleeve)  
Does Becky know about Jason  
Daniels?

Alan nods. His breathing quickens.

ALAN

Jason's trying to make Ray into a  
prophet.

YVETTE

Jason? He was the only friend of  
Zoey's that knew...what she was  
dealing with.

Alan hands Martin Detective Sanders' business card, runs for the door.

ALAN

Send the cops to my house. Pick up  
my car at the school and meet me  
there.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Jason climbs through the window into Alan's bedroom.

He digs in the closet, pulls on the suit coat Alan wore to  
Zoey's funeral and the ballet.

Jason finds Zoey's funeral program on the dresser. He kisses  
her image.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Zoey opens the door, hugs Jason. He flashes two tickets.

JASON

You. Me. And The Museum of European Art. Pack an overnight bag because we're staying near Niagara Falls. And if any of those little freckle faced kids give you a pout, I can show them how people used to go over the falls in a barrel.

She glances at the tickets, returns to the breakfast bar and resumes placing papers in envelopes. He deflates a bit.

ZOEY

When were you thinking?

JASON

Next month.

Zoey tries to cover a hint of hesitation with a nod. She stacks and aligns her papers with great purpose. Something clearly turning over in the back of her mind as she works.

JASON

I thought you'd be more excited.

Now, that heartbreaker of a smile beams. She bounces back.

ZOEY

I am. It sounds awesome. I know I shouldn't but I was just thinking about money. I told Becky I'd go with her to Giselle and I wanted to do something for my parents for their anniversary.

Last envelope filled, she carefully lays them in a cardboard box. She slowly closes the lid and slips back to melancholy.

JASON

Let me pay then. It doesn't have to mean...I mean..I wouldn't expect...

Zoey touches his cheek, moved. Jason takes her hand. He opens his mouth to continue but Zoey presses a finger to his lips.

She squeezes his hand, retrieves the box, opens the closet.

ZOEY  
You're a good man, Jason Daniels.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Jason pulls his quivering lips from Zoey's image.

By his reaction, the paper tastes vile.

Jason boils with raw anger -- readies to tear the page apart.

But he can't. He smooths the paper, tucks it into the jacket.

Jason buttons the blazer, looks at himself in the mirror, fingers the glass. He opens his stenciling tool --

In crude strokes, he cuts into the glass. In moments he etches: The day never completely goes away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Becky exits a cab, walks toward Alan's block, looks at house numbers.

INT. BECKY'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Alan drives like a madman. The loose fender CLANGS partial freedom, SLAPS against the rear tire.

INT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT / CLOSET AREA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

RESUMING THE SAME FLASHBACK.

ZOEY  
You're a good man, Jason Daniels.

JASON  
That's what I keep telling you. Put it this way, if this trip doesn't work out, I'm only asking another five or six hundred times. Then, you're on your own for culture.

She snaps on the light. He helps her clear space for the box. Their bodies brush and they adjust awkwardly in front of a full-length mirror that hangs on the inside of the door.

ZOEY

I'll consider myself warned.

They face the mirror. Two faces framed together in the glass. He leans over her shoulder.

JASON

When we were standing back there. I was getting ready to say something. I don't know why I didn't but you looked ready to say something too. What was it?

Zoey studies his face in the mirror. Her look transforms from bliss to serious. Something dark and tragic in her eyes.

ZOEY

I can't. It's not fair.

She slides the box back onto a cluttered shelf. One pull of the metal chain. CLICK. The closet goes dark.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

Becky nears Alan's driveway. Suddenly, she recognizes --

Ray's dented car parked in the driveway. She reverses direction, runs away.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A quiet two-lane stretch. Becky's fender CLANGS but now the rear tire drops completely flat.

Alan pulls the car to the shoulder, exits, jogs ahead.

INT. TASKER HOUSE - DAY

Dr. Tasker and Maureen sift through the same box Zoey was preparing in the flashback.

They huddle around a phone and laptop. On the screen is a home page for: UVM - Neurology Department.

Detective Sanders hands Yvette photos of items taken from Ray's apartment.

SANDERS

He makes tombstones out of glass.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DUSK

Martin stares at Alan's mirror. The glass etched with: The day never completely goes away.

He takes the mirror off the wall, stops as the door BURSTS open downstairs.

ALAN (O.S.)

Becky?

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Martin comes down the stairs, keys in hand.

MARTIN

She's not here.

Alan takes his keys, dashes back out.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Sunlight is about to call it a day. Sidewalks brim with people shopping and dining in sidewalk cafes.

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DUSK

Alan, head on a swivel, sees someone walking. Hard to tell but it could have been Becky. He parks, dashes after her.

EXT. STREET / CARD SHOP - NIGHT

Alan bends over, gassed from running. He stops in front of a darkened store front, stares at his reflection in the glass.

Alan faces his silhouette. A black outline of his torso reflects on the glass window. He traces it with his finger.

Alan's finger slips off the outline of his shoulder, drops to his heart. He rests his head against the glass.

In the shop window, a display shows a typical end of the school year theme: mugs, pens and plaques. One plaque is prominent in front. It reads: A teacher preserves the past, reveals the present and creates the future.

Alan turns his head. The cemetery is across the street.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Alan leans against Zoey's headstone. Summer mist swirls under moonlight. Alan speaks to the headstone as he would to a friend over coffee:

ALAN

I finally went to the ballet. If it wasn't the aneurism, I think that shocker would have killed you.

He yanks out tufts of grass, lets the blades scatter in the breeze. Alan fixates on the only light available: the moon.

ALAN

I'm gonna marry her, Zo. You're supposed to be here for this.

INT. BALLET THEATER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Becky leans closer. Alan takes her hand, squeezes tenderly.

BECKY (V.O.)

That's Albrecht, grieving at Giselle's grave. This is when the unmarried spirits get him back. They demand that he dance until dawn. They plan to kill him by exhaustion.

On stage, the ballet 'spirit dancers' circle the male dancer.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Alan shakes his head. He gazes across the tombstones --

A flash of movement. The RUSTLE of a wrapper blowing into a head stone. Another flash of movement.

Alan pats himself off, kisses Zoey's headstone.

ALAN

I miss you so much.

Alan walks away, head down. Then, FOOTSTEPS on gravel.

Alan hides behind a tree.

Jason lugs a glass plaque to Zoey's plot, sets up his etching tools. His movement is methodical. A place for every device. He's done this before.

Alan sneaks toward him, low and slow on the grass.

He inches closer, just yards away. He stands up.

Coins JINGLE in his pocket. Enough for Jason to look up.

For a split second, they lock eyes. Hunter and hunted.

Alan charges but Jason springs like a cat, throws him aside.

Jason pounces, raises the etching blade to stab Alan but --

Alan bucks and flips Jason over his head. They scramble. Jason swings the blade wildly, keeps Alan away.

The two men circle one another, literally fighting over Zoey.

Jason swings, misses. Alan grabs his arm and trips Jason, sends him sprawling.

Now Alan climbs on top of Jason. He lands a few blows but can't knock the blade out of Jason's hand.

Alan knees him in the gut. Jason doubles over. Alan lands a punch. Jason rocks back. Alan relents for a second too long.

Alan's fist, still clenched, hovers just above Zoey's headstone. And then -- it happens so fast --

Jason's arm surges like lightning from the night sky. He thrusts the blade into Alan's hand against Zoey's headstone.

Alan HOWLS in pain. Eyes ablaze with fury. He leans forward.

Caught without a weapon, Jason bolts.

Alan tugs the instrument out of his fist, trails blood, chases after Jason.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jason's swerves into heavy traffic.

INT. ALAN'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Alan peels out of the cemetery.

He grabs his cell but his hand is a glove of blood. He pitches it.

Jason's car races ahead.

Alan drives with one hand. Chases him.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

Jason's car speeds into traffic. He drives like he runs -- fearless and reckless. Every intersection brings a heart-stopping near-miss accident.

EXT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jason's car speeds toward a two-lane bridge over a wide river, maybe thirty feet above the water.

Jason's car skids into the metal guardrail. He climbs onto the twisted steel.

Alan's car comes up behind him. Alan bolts for the rail.

JASON

Did you know what Zoey wanted to do most before she died?

ALAN

Jason. Get down.

JASON

She wanted to fall in love. That's not too much to ask for, is it?

Jason wobbles on the rail. Alan creeps closer.

ALAN

It won't work.

JASON

It has to. Nothing's real anymore.

ALAN

Just get down. We've got all night to talk about it.

JASON

All night? I've got years. Decades. Ray had it down. Unless I can prove him wrong. Something about variables.

ALAN

Ray had it all wrong. You can't know when people are going to die.

JASON

I can't wait to see Zoey. There's so much I wanted to do before I die.

ALAN

Jason, tell me. Get down. What do you have to do before you die?

Alan moves in. He draws within inches of Jason --

JASON

I've got to fly.

Jason leaps into the air. Alan lunges for him but grabs air.

Moments later, an ugly, fatal SPLASH.

Alan looks over the rail, fixates on Jason's lifeless torso floating in the inky dark water.

SUPER - THREE WEEKS LATER

EXT. ZOEY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The Landlord locks Alan's apartment with a master key. Alan hands him back his almost finished ice cream cone.

LANDLORD

Jason lived on the edge a little too much. Nice guy but, the kind that flames out early.

ALAN

People deal with things in different ways.

LANDLORD

Still, that's a knee to the stones. Off a bridge? Of all things, that's got to be the least likely way to die.

They arrive outside the Landlord's office, sign papers.

ALAN

Fireworks discharge.

LANDLORD

Fire what?

ALAN

Least likely way to die. Actuary stuff. You're less likely to die from a fireworks discharge than by earthquake or lightning strike.

LANDLORD

You yanking my chain?

ALAN

Look it up.

The Landlord shakes his head, two bites of cone left.

LANDLORD

See life has got to be like this cone here. As good at the end as it was in the beginning and when it's gone, it's over. Take it in big bites or lick it slow. Either way, you get what you get and that's it.

The Landlord polishes off the cone, claps his hands clean.

INT. FIRSTCAP INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

Alan, back to those All-American looks, resumes work. An air of diligent contrition in his actions.

The awards are gone. Mostly because Alan's former desk of prominence and seniority is manned by someone else.

Alan works at a desk close to the door. Sebastian approaches.

SEBASTIAN

I'll have the Watson numbers by Friday?

ALAN

Today.

SEBASTIAN

You're back one day and already with the Superman stuff?

ALAN

Just grateful for the opportunity.

SEBASTIAN

And they'll be right?

ALAN  
They'll add up.

Sebastian backs away. His bull-in-a-china-shop gait disrupts folders on Alan's previously immaculate desk. He whirls.

SEBASTIAN  
Hey, Alan.

Alan raises his pencil, looks up.

SEBASTIAN  
Good to have you back.

Alan grins. He doesn't realign his files, resumes his calculations.

EXT. MAUREEN MCKINLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Maureen leaves her office. Alan waits in the hall, sips soda from a can. They walk.

MAUREEN  
You doing okay?

ALAN  
Just wanted to thank you.

MAUREEN  
You know Ray had some serious OCD.  
Those journals were text book.

ALAN  
He took what we see all the time to  
the extreme. Look.

Alan turns the soda can, points to the label.

MAUREEN  
October 22, 2008. Okay?

ALAN  
Expiration date. There was one on  
my milk this morning. It's on my  
insurance. Expires tomorrow.

MAUREEN  
So what was all this about?

Alan tosses the empty soda can into a recycling bin.

ALAN

My sister knew she was going to die. The Doc in Vermont that no one even knew she saw gave her a month. Ray was a research guy, fixated on dates and numbers. He was a lot like me that way. But he stopped living when he thought he saw something he could control.

MAUREEN

What about Ray and Jason?

ALAN

Jason couldn't handle what he thought he knew, like Ray.

MAUREEN

I can't tell you how many sessions I've ended with -- we could all be gone tomorrow, go out and do this or forgive that person. We all know we don't get to live forever but it's a hell of a lot harder to know you've only got X number of days.

ALAN

I kept trying to buy into Ray's algorithm, trying to work it out, staring at numbers all day and...

MAUREEN

You see how he could believe it. If he believed it enough, he could convince Jason to believe it. When someone believes in you that much. That's a pretty addictive power. So, next week?

ALAN

I'm going to stop my sessions. I'm sleeping pretty well now, and I've got another date for you --

Big smile. The kind that begs the question:

MAUREEN

-- and? C'mon, spill it.

ALAN

I'm getting married.

EXT. TASKER HOUSE / BACK YARD - NIGHT

Alan and Becky gaze at the stars. Martin adjusts the telescope.

MARTIN

The moon is so beautiful tonight.  
Did you know that our moon is a  
rarity itself?

ALAN

Why's that soon not-to-be Miss  
Morris?

Becky shrugs, playfully smacks Alan's arm.

MARTIN

It's a fragment. A Mars-sized  
object, most likely a planet,  
collided with a very young planet  
earth. From the debris of that  
collision came what I'm looking at  
right now. The rest floated into  
the sun. Moons like ours are in  
only five of the planetary systems.  
The fact that we even have a moon  
is amazing.

Yvette joins them in the back yard. She lays out a tray of  
cookies, settles next to her husband.

YVETTE

So, what's this big announcement,  
Alan?

ALAN

We bought you guys an anniversary  
present.

BECKY

We?

Alan winks, drags a gift bag closer to them. Martin and  
Yvette exchange a confused look. Becky seems surprised too.

MARTIN

But that's several months from now.

ALAN

The gift's not in the bag.

Yvette removes a digital photo frame from the gift bag.

YVETTE

And the anniversary present will go  
in the photo frame?

Alan presents a European Cruise brochure. Tickets protrude.

ALAN

We're all taking that dream  
vacation you guys have been putting  
off forever. A two week cruise to  
Europe.

BECKY

We're all? Alan, we've got a  
wedding to...

ALAN

...Plan as well. It's a new  
beginning. Life is for living.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - SUNSET

Alan and Becky and his parents gaze at the sky.

Alan raises a champagne glass for a toast.

ALAN & BECKY

To life.

MARTIN & YVETTE

To life.

CLINK. Glasses part. They all sip bubbly. Martin wraps his  
arm around his wife, smiles at Alan and Becky.

MARTIN

I don't know how we got through  
this year but Zoey is looking down  
on us and I know she's happy.

YVETTE

She would have a lesson for us.  
Always the teacher.

ALAN

She taught us how to live.

Yvette and Martin raise their glasses, Alan and Becky join  
them. CLINK.

The small sound washes out under the vastness of the churning sea wake. The stars paint a mural around the moon.

FADE OUT.