"RECYCLE"

by J. E. Kitchell and Carie Swan Kitchell

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jekitchell@yahoo.com c_wildswan@yahoo.com P.O. Box 562 Murphys, CA95247 209-736-4147 WGA #110493030 RECYCLE 1.

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK - 1959- BLACK AND WHITE

We HEAR IMPROV JAZZ TRIO- drums, bass, sax- over the following. The music is hip, cosmopolitan with an underlying meloncholia- like an old dream remembered.

Dizzying, kalideoscopic snippets of hand-held 8mm home movies:

A YOUNG MAN, (YOUNG LOGAN) muscular, handsome, stands before a large blank canvas leaning against the wall. He is apparently addressing the CAMERA.

A dark little ROOM with an indistinct light falling across the bare wooden floor. We can only see shapes on the darkness. Now a shadow of a person grows in the lighted area and just as the person comes into frame we cut to:

LOGAN sits in the far corner of the above room now, looking at two TEMPERA PAINTINGS on the floor beneath them, maybe deciding between them. He notices the CAMERA after a while and laughingly waves it off.

LOGAN stands in front of a large GRAPHIC PAINTING leaning against the wall, with other studio equipment pushed to the sides. He is explaining something to a skinny, blonde young man (WARHOL), who, as usual, gushes with approval.

WARHOL shyly stands before a his painting DICK TRACY. He turns to the CAMERA- makes a frame with his hands and looks at CAMERPERSON.

LICHTENSTEIN bent over a projector in a darkened studio, positioning a newspaper ad, which is projected on a HUGE CANVAS tacked to the wall. He is addressing the CAMERA and urging it to film the painting instead of him.

YOUNG LOGAN, through a doorway, painting on a GRAPHIC STYLE canvas on the floor, suddenly aware of the CAMERA. Angrily waves it away.

CORNER BOOTH in a DARK NIGHTCLUB-A small group, including JASPER JOHNS, AND LOGAN drinking and laughing, seeing and being seen. Behind them, a crowd of hangerson, acolytes, fans, including WARHOL and a WOMAN IN BETTY PAGE HAIRSTYLE and sunglasses (COOKIE), who is the

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most animated of them all.

COOKIE gestures to the camera, and the picture jiggles, brightens and steadies. Cookie laughs appealingly to the camera, LOGAN notices her

COOKIE blows a kiss to the CAMERA, coming so close she goes out of focus.

LEO CASTELLI GALLERY- the center of the new art universe

WARHOL AND LOGAN stand before the entrance, look uncomfortable as flashbulbs light them up.

ART SHOW- LEO CASTELLI GALLERY- The walls are arranged with JASPER JOHNS paintings. A crowd of glitterati mingle.

An island in the swell stream- JOHNS, COOKIE, WARHOL-chatting amid handshakes, hugs and kisses.

LOGAN chats with the CAMERA about his giant POSTER-LIKE PAINTINGS hanging behind him. There are a few tuxedoed viewers at this show.

SMALL COUNTRY CHURCH disgorges a crowd including LOGAN and COOKIE- bride and groom- emerge from the church doors to a blizzard of red and gold autumn leaves and rice Handshakes and hugs all around, then a dive into a Chevy, which races away from the crowd of well-wishers.

COOKIE stands on a cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean, her black hair blowing in the wind, her face ecstatic in the afternoon sun. The camera stabilizes and the LOGAN dashes into the scene, hugging COOKIE tightly and they both smile for the camera.

LOGAN, in spattered t-shirt and jeans, is bent over a drawing table, struggling with drawing. In the b.g. we see two or three unfinished canvases leaning against the wall.

LOGAN shows off a house, obviously just purchased. He seems pleased and proud. The hand-held camera jerkily follows him to the front door as-

The film stutters, begins to turn orange and skip as the JAZZ MUSIC rises to a finale, sax wailing higher and higher until...

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DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOGAN'S SHOP- PRESENT-DAY

...the MUSIC segues to the howling of a JIG SAW biting through wood.

TWO EYES- focused, intense, wise, worn, watch a...

JIGSAW BLADE- carves a smooth perfect arc through the block of wood.

WIDER

JAMES LOGAN guides a piece of WOOD through the JIGSAW with practiced, precise ease. He is a young 68, with a robust working man's build, muscular, upright. His face is unlined, still ruggedly handsome, but closed, no nonsense. His precision marks him as a craftsman and an artist.

Behind him, against the wall, lean large painted SIGN blanks awaiting finishing. LETTERING is blocked in over base colors. To his side, against another wall, we see WOODWORKING TOOLS hang in perfect order by size and shape. His PAINTS and BRUSHES are arranged with German precision. Every tool in its place. No stray chips of wood, no dusting of sawdust. An immaculate work space.

Logan pulls the block of wood from the saw and we see it has been transformed into an intricate LETTER 'S'. He eyeballs the result, running his finger along the cut edge, once, twice. Satisfied, he places it against one of the signs behind him with others, each one identical in craftsmanship. We get the overall sense that Logan is meticulous in his work.

Logan pulls another BLANK and begins cutting another letter.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE-FRONT DOOR-SAME

A woman's HAND KNOCKS on a heavy door, carved in high-relief of TROPICAL PLANTS AND ANIMALS in a whimsical style. Silence. Another KNOCK, more insistent.

ANNALEE

RECYCLE 4.

Stands with a look of coiled determination. Fortiesh, bottle-blonde, harsh but stylish makeup, suit that shouts 'I am all business'. We instantly know that she is a bulldog, a tough cookie, a dame.

She KNOCKS on the door a third time, this time a solid THUMP THUMP. Still nothing. She screws up her face as she contemplates her next move.

She cocks her head, drawn to a SOUND.

WIDER- MOVING

We see that it is the same house seen in the black and white film.

ANNALEE turns and follows the sound. As she carefully makes her way to the side of the house, we see the facade of the modest-sized house. It reflects some craftsmanship- gingerbread, stained glass- but seems more or less tired, in need of attention, maybe a little paint, maybe the grass moved and the bushes trimmed.

As Annalee rounds the corner of the house, she HEARS the JIGSAW screaming from behind a tall fence, on which hangs a large sign emblazoned with KEEP OUT- PRIVATE PROPERTY. She stops for a moment, weighing, and then...

FENCE- SIDE YARD- CONTINUING

ANNALEE'S face pops above the fence, her eyes searching. With the glint of a predator's finding its prey, her face disappears behind the fence and...

THE GATE

Swings open. Annalee steps into the Promised Land. She zeroes in on her objective, smoothes her suit and strides toward...

LOGAN'S WORKSHOP

..utilitarian, where through the half-open door we see Logan bent over his work and HEAR the rasp of the JIGSAW. She stops at the door and flashes her biggest 'friendly salesperson' smile. leans in and calls out over the noise...

ANNALEE

Hello...

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INT. LOGAN'S WORKSHOP

LOGAN

shifts to the side.

ANNALEE

..her smile fades a micron. Is it possible he just turned his back to her?

Annalee ponders this for a moment, then relights the million-watt smile, and manuevers herself back into his sightline, calling out louder...

ANNALEE

HELLO!

ANGLE ON LOGAN

Logan's shoulders sag and he tightly flips the jigsaw's switch. The machine winds down to silence. He turns and faces the intruder, sizing her up with a steely glare, his voice a short, sharp bark.

LOGAN

What?

ANNALEE is taken aback- not the response she was expecting.

ANNALEE

I'm sorry to bother you...

Logan is abrupt.

LOGAN

Are you?

Annalee's smile fades. Her usual approach isn't working. She blinks, wheels turning, finds solid ground.

ANNALEE

No, not really.

Logan stares her down, but nods minutely in appreciation. Honesty. Annalee brightens, encouraged.

ANNALEE

Mr. Logan...May I call you James?

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LOGAN scowls.

LOGAN

You can't even call me Mr. Logan. And it's not for sale.

He turns his back and picks up the scrollwork. This conversation is over.

ANNALEE raises an eyebrow.

ANNALEE

What makes you think I was going to ask?

LOGAN turns, squints at her, daring her to lie.

LOGAN

Isn't it?

ANNALEE nods, sizing him up now. Honest answers are working so far...

ANNALEE

Yeah. Maybe?

LOGAN nods.

LOGAN

Then we're done here.

He turns his back and picks up the wooden letters and walks to the workbench on the back wall.

ANNALEE sucks it up and follows him, not this easily put off..

ANNALEE

I don't want to bother you...

Logan growls to himself.

LOGAN

Good. Goodbye.

Annalee continues.

ANNALEE

...because I'm sure you've

RECYCLE 7.

ANNALEE

already been approached by plenty of agents...

Logan turns, ignoring her, and strides to a cabinet, forcing Annalee to stutter-step out of his way. He opens a drawer.

ANNALEE

...lately hounding you to put this place on the market...

Logan pulls a piece of sanding paper from the drawer and slams it closed. He turns back to the bench, again forcing Annalee to dance out of the way.

ANNALEE

...I know how annoying they can be, always coming around uninvited, wasting your time and interfering in your work...

Logan fits the piece of sandpaper to a sander and begins hand sanding the letters, his back to her.

ANNALEE

...when the truth is if you wanted to put this place up for sale, you would go to a real estate agent rather than have them come to you. Isn't that right?

He stops for a moment, then resumes sanding. That's all the encouragement Annalee needs.

ANNALEE

So, I just wanted to let you know that I agree with you. I think it terrible that some of these guys try to put so much pressure on people to sell their homes when they really don't want to. You know, they're just in it to make a fast buck, to flip 'em quick and move on. They don't care whether they are doing right or doing wrong, as long as they make their

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ANNALEE

commissions. And the hell of it is, they give all of us in the business a bad name. Just makes it harder on the rest of us. And God knows, sometimes this business is hard enough to make a living at. You know what I mean?

Logan grunts. He's listening. Just have to reel him in.

ANNALEE

So... I just stopped by to leave my card... That's all... Just leave my card with you. Not going to try to talk you into anything, no pressure. Just if, and I mean that, IF you ever want to discuss this property, or any other property, or have any questions, just call me. That's all. All I'm asking is that you consider calling me first. Okay?

ANNALEE slowly backs out of the workshop, lingering expectantly for some reaction. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a business card.

ANNALEE

Well, I'll be going now. I have to thank you for at least listening. I don't want to bother you, so I'll just leave you my card. Would you like me to put it on your desk? Maybe by the phone? Somewhere convenient, where you can find it if you ever have any questions?

LOGAN snorts and turns to face Annalee with annoyed resignation. He marches toward her, backing her up until she is...

EXT. LOGAN'S WORKSHOP- CONTINUOUS

...out the door. LOGAN strides past her to the BACK DOOR. He opens the door- it groans with rusty hinges- and turns to Annalee waiting -an invitation of sorts.

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ANNALEE

Of course, if you wanted the best return, you would want to freshen up the place, some paint, some repairs, maybe the plumbing and appliances.

ANNALEE scurries through the door before he changes his mind.

ANNALEE

You know, when buyers look at a place, they want to imagine themselves living there, so it always pays to upgrade as much as you can...

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE-KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

The old-style kitchen reaches across the entire back of the house. Cabinents line the inside wall, sinks, counters and stove the outside wall, doors on either end for ventilation. But it is the quality of the construction that makes it special. It almost looks like a work of a fine sculptor, beautifully carved cabinet doors, cut leaded glass window, and hammered ironwork holding pots and pans over the stove.

ANNALEE, stunned, takes it all in as she follows Logan to..

DINING ROOM

...where heavy, handmade woodwork is everywhere. Columns carved with twisting vines and birds, hand-sewn oak table and chairs, scrolled moulding and Tudor-inspired china cabinets compete with the modern expressionist and Pop art pieces on the wall- eclectic combination, but it works elegantly. A charcoal DRAWING OF COOKIE hangs on the wall, and a fine-art BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of her leans on the buffet.

ANNALEE is goggle-eyed, mentally calculating the house's worth as she studies the obviously hand made masterpieces of craftsmanship and art until she stops at one jarring piece of FRAMED ART. She sees what looks like a-

TELEPHONE BOOK PAGE with a pair of thick strokes of

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black paint crossed by three or four thinner strokes.

Annalee studies this for a moment, flashes a look of puzzlement and dismissal, and hurries to catch Logan in the-

PARLOR

...where he stops at a massive ROLL TOP DESK. He slides the top open to reveal the most perfectly organized desk in history. He opens one of the many little drawers on the face of the desk and reaches in, pulling out a STACK OF BUSINESS CARDS. Turning to Annalee, he offers his hand.

ANNALEE hands her card to him, a little deflated. Logan adds the card to the stack and returns them to the drawer. He slides the top back down with solid finality. He has made his point. With a motion, Logan invites her to the door. Annalee accepts her fate, follows him to the-

ENTRY

...which leads to the front door on one side and a ROPED-OFF STAIRWELL on the other.

LOGAN opens the door and holds it for Annalee. Once through the threshold, she turns for one more try.

ANNALEE

You know, if you were to sign for exclusive representation with one agent, the rest leave you alone. You wouldn't have them coming around any more.

LOGAN

pauses, thoughtful.

ANNALEE

One last glimmer of hope until-

THE DOOR

-closes in her face.

RECYCLE 11.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE- ANNALEE

whose eyes narrow in grim determination.

EXT. MAIN STREET-JACKSON - AFTERNOON

The downtown is small, maybe two or three blocks long and maybe two wide. All of the buildings look to be Gold Rush or Turn of the Century vintage, some updated with paint and other upgrades, others look like they've never been touched since 1899.

Yet it bustles in the afternoon. The streets are flowing with traffic, some of it tourist, and the sidewalks are filled with shoppers and gawkers. The businesses are a mixture of newer tourist boutiques and upscale cafes and older small town businesses like barber, hardware and shoe repair shops.

LOGAN walks purposefully up the sidewalk, less than casually interested in the crowds or the storefront. He does his best to dodge the people, but-

CLOSER- BOUTIQUE EXIT

pukes an endless stream of women, all happily chirping together, all obviously part of a group. There are so many of them they block the sidewalk.

LOGAN

Pulls up short, unable to pass through them. He searches for a gap he can squeeze through, but there is none.

CLOSER- LOGAN

shrinks back from touching the shifting mob. A little sweat beads on his forehead. Then, suddenly-

AN OPENING!

And LOGAN plunges into the gap. Once through the ordeal he shakes it off and forces himself back to control. Continuing up the sidewalk, he turns into-

EXT. SAMMY'S CHINESE-AMERICAN CAFE-

...where as he enters, we see the magnificent CARVED AND

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PAINTED SIGN, depicting a traditional Chinese landscape theme with dragons and heroes. The sign seems out of place in this neighborhood, but is endlessly fascinating to look at.

INT. SAMMY'S CAFE

A tiny BELL over the door TINKLES, announcing LOGAN's entrance. He stands in a greasy spoon diner with a trying-too-hard Chinese-American flair that was cool in 1962- green formica and chrome tables with red and chrome chairs, Chinese calander art and posters depicting Hong Kong and green Chinese landscapes cover the wall. The afternoon clientelle is sparse and widely separated, a low buzz of conversation accompanies the musical clinking of flatware to china.

SEAN, a handsome, late-twenties Chinese man, looks up from the waiter's station by the kitchen door and rolls his eyes. He leans through the kitchen door.

SEAN

Pops.

A round-faced, thickly coiffed, winzied Oriental with a perpetual smile, SAMMY, chugs through the door and follows SEAN's look. He immediately takes a pot of tea and vectors LOGAN.

LOGAN does not look around, but beelines to the corner booth- his usual- and slides in as Sammy sets the tea before him. Logan nods and pours tea while Sammy slips in the other side.

LOGAN

What's good today?

SAMMY nods, smiling. It's a routine.

SAMMY

The usual. Very good today.

LOGAN

Okay, I'll have that.

SAMMY

Okay, right away.

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SAMMY nods and gestures to SEAN.

LOGAN

But watch the MSG. Last time you put too much in and I couldn't sleep all night.

SAMMY

I don't use MSG. I only know salt.

SEAN rolls his eyes and disappears into the kitchen. He's heard this routine a million times.

SAMMY leans closer.

SAMMY

Did you hear about Popovich?

LOGAN doesn't really care.

LOGAN

Who?

SAMMY

Mr. Popovich, the high school teacher. You know? Been there for a long time. Anyway, he dropped dead, right there in class, in front of the children.

LOGAN

Pity. Bad timing.

SAMMY

He was a pretty good teacher, too. Both my boys had him. They liked him.

LOGAN

He couldn't have been that good. Both your boys ended up working in a dive like this.

SAMMY

Oh go on. They both went to college. My oldest runs the restaurant now, does the books, the ordering. Until he took

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SAMMY

over, I never knew how broke I was.

Logan manages a slight smile. A BELL CHIMES and Sammy rises toward the kitchen.

LOGAN sips his tea, looking past the diners to the sidewalk traffic, then further and further out, until...

A plate THUMPS before him, snapping him back. He nods to Sammy and inspects the plate of CHOW MEIN.

Sammy slides into the booth, waiting expectantly.

Logan tastes a forkful, reaches for SOY SAUCE and splashes some on the plate. Sammy's brow wrinkles disapprovingly.

Logan catches the look, then pours even more over the chow mein. He tastes another forkful, it has to taste like brine, but he nods-it's perfect now.

As he brings another forkfull to his mouth, a BELL TINKLES and LOGAN is blasted with INTENSE, PAINFULLY BRIGHT LIGHT from the...

FRONT DOOR

...reflecting the afternoon sun. Two shapes are silohetted in the glare.

LOGAN

...squints into the brightness, blinking, frowning. Finally...

TWO SHAPES

...enter and the door closes, the reflection disappears and we see-

ELAINE, mid-twenties, fresh-faced Madonna, very pregnant. Her hair is pulled back to a pony-tail, her denim shift too tight for comfort. Overall, she looks miserable and harried. She leads her reluctant and fussy five-year-old son DEAN toward an empty table.

SEAN appears with two menus. He offers her a booth, and they are seated.

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SEAN

Two for dinner?

ELAINE is distracted, perhaps by the fussy child, perhaps something else.

ELAINE

Yes...no, three. I'm meeting my husband here.

Sean nods and turns to fetch another menu. Dean is making unhappy sounds and Elaine shushes him, casting a furtive look around the diner. Her eyes lock with-

LOGAN

...squinting disapprovingly.

ELAINE shrinks a bit into the booth, turns to quiet Dean, who is starting to really wind up now, shushing him more insistently. She looks back over and...

LOGAN

...is head down, writing something. A note?

ELAINE

Bites her lip in dread. This is really embarrassing. Her eyes dart around the room. No escape. Does everyone else notice too? Looking back, she sees...

LOGAN hands a piece of paper to Sammy, motioning in her direction. Sammy nods and turns toward...

ELAINE

..total dread- a confrontation. She watches with growing dismay as Sammy approaches, her eyes already apologizing as she looks up at him, but...

SAMMY

...looks past her and beams at DEAN.

SAMMY

You like to color?

Dean stops fussing, suddenly bashful. He nods uncertainly.

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Sammy hands him a placemat and colored felt pens- green, blue, red, yellow.

SAMMY

Here. You color this for Mommy, okay?

Dean is intrigued and studies the paper, then begins right in.

ELAINE

...is nonplussed, questioning eyes darting from Sammy to the man at the booth. What is this?

Sammy nods toward Logan's table.

SAMMY

He thought the boy needed something to do.

Elaine looks at the paper, then suddenly snatches it away from Dean. She studies it in horror.

ELAINE

He can't color this.
It's...it's...

SAMMY

Oh, it's okay. Go ahead. Let him.

(to Dean)

You color and tell Mommy the story, okay?

Elaine slides the paper back to Dean, her eyes full of questions. She looks up but Sammy is already toddling away.

LOGAN

...takes the last forkful of his chow mein, and notices someone is standing over him. He looks up to...

SAMMY

...beaming at him.

LOGAN grimaces.

RECYCLE 17.

LOGAN

What's wrong with you?

SAMMY

Sometimes, you're a pretty nice guy.

LOGAN

He was upsetting my digestion.

SAMMY

Cookie would have been proud.

LOGAN

...a twinge, a moment...

LOGAN

Like hell. She hated kids.

SAMMY

Oh, what do you know?

LOGAN works his way out of the booth, stands with some effort, reaching for his wallet.

SAMMY

On the house tonight. For you, the good guy.

Logan gives Sammy a look, pulls out several bills and pointedly drops them on the table.

LOGAN

Thanks.

LOGAN

...looks unsteady for a moment. It passes.

LOGAN

I think you snuck in a little MSG again tonight.

SAMMY

I don't use MSG. I only know salt.

SAMMY looks closer, concerned.

RECYCLE 18.

SAMMY

You want me to call a ride for you. You don't look too good.

LOGAN

Well, I don't dream about you at night either. I'd rather walk.

Sammy's face is etched with worry as he watches Logan make his way to the door. Sean passes behind Sammy and snatches the money from the table, stopping to watch.

SEAN

No wonder you never made money. Always giving away the house. What makes him so special? He's just a deadbeat to me.

SAMMY

Oh, what do you know? Him? He's big-time.

Sean gives Sammy a look. Sure he is.

LOGAN reaches the door as-

A DEPUTY SHERIFF (DAVID) pulls it open. He stands aside and lets Logan pass through, then enters.

DAVID is thirtyish, tall, turning from boyish good looks to mature handsome, self-confident, radiates strength. He looks around, spots Elaine and joins her with a peck on the cheek.

DAVID

Have you ordered yet?

ELAINE

No, we were waiting for you.

On cue, Sean is at the tableside.

DAVID

(to SEAN)

A family Number 2 and three Cokes.

Sean nods, writing as he turns away toward the kitchen.

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DAVID

How are you doing?

Elaine makes a face.

ELAINE

Ugh! Miserable. I'm beginning to feel like it's never going to end.

DAVID

I can imagine. We have to be pretty close, aren't we?

Elaine shrugs.

FLAINE

Feels like we're overdue. God! I wish it would hurry up. I feel like a whale.

DAVID

Do you feel up to going with the agent tomorrow? Look at houses? We can wait, you know, if you don't.

David's tone signals the opposite. Elaine nods.

ELAINE

No, I'll go. I just won't be looking at two-story places. I am not going to climb stairs.

DAVID

There are a lot of nice new homes going up. See any of them that look good?

ELAINE

I've looked at a few of them, the models. They're...boring. All look alike. Besides, I think they're out of our price range. I want to look at some of the older houses. Something with character.

DAVID

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DAVID

Something that needs fixing, you mean.

ELAINE

Something that has history. I like the idea of a house with a story.

David smiles as Sean begins placing dishes in the middle of the table- rice, chow mein, sweet and sour pork, etc. Elaine takes Dean's drawing and places it on the bench beside her. DAVID notices.

DAVID

What's that?

Elaine hands the paper to David. He looks at it appreciatively.

INSET: PLACEMAT WITH DRAWING OF MACAW, MONKEY, TIGER, ELEPHANT AND JUNGLE PLANTS- clumsily colored with felt pens.

DAVID

Wow. Did he do this? It's pretty good.

ELAINE

Some old guy gave it to him to color while we waited. He was getting fussy.

DAVID

(to DEAN)

Hey, Sport. That's pretty good. Are you going to let us hang it on the fridge.

Dean nods, loving the approval.

David and Elaine smile warmly at each other- those little parenting moments you remember forever.

Sean appears with the Cokes, placing the glasses before each.

A FLICKER of SHADOWS cross the table.

SEAN notices, his attention drawn to the window o.s.

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DAVID and ELAINE follow his look o.s.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

an OLD COUPLE stands and points, excited about something. A MAN runs past them, and then ANOTHER MAN runs past, nearly knocking them aside.

SAMMY'S CAFE- WIDE-

The entire restaurant falls silent, everyone's attention drawn to the commotion outside. A frozen moment.

ELAINE

..looks at David, and then out the window again, puzzled, sensing something bad.

SEAN

...frozen in mid-motion, watches the scene.

SAMMY

...watches with rising apprehension, his perpetual smile fades.

THE FRONT DOOR

...crashes open. A BREATHLESS YOUNG MAN pants-

YOUNG MAN

Call 9-1-1. Some guy's laying on the sidewalk.

THE RESTAURANT

...explodes into motion at once, patrons rushing to the window-

DAVID jumps up, already on his shoulder-mike, moving toward the door.

DAVID

Dispatch. Patrol One requesting ambulance Main crossstreet Creekside- man down-

ELAINE presses her face against the window, trying to see what's going on.-

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SAMMY toddles through the front door- straining to see.

Elaine takes Dean by the hand and leads him outside, next to SAMMY to watch.

DEAN

Mommy, what's wrong.

ELAINE

Nothing, honey. The man's a little sick.

Elaine leads Dean back into the restaurant.

ELAINE

Come on, let's go wait for Daddy.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE- DUSK

We HEAR the rising and falling SIREN, the RATTLE of loose first aide GEAR, and the HISSING of a RESPIRATOR. The sounds are muffled, far away. So far away...

LOGAN'S EYES are slits, unfocused, searching, distant, barely visible under the OXYGEN MASK.

LOGAN'S POV

The CEILING of the ambulance shifts with every bump in the road. A PLASTIC BOTTLE of fluid sways with the motion of the ambulance.

EMT 1 (O.S.)

Hang in there, buddy. Just stay with me, okay?

An EMT leans into view, his face intense, professional. Although we can't see his body, we can tell by his movements he is quick, precise, practiced.

EMT 1

We're almost there. Hang tough. You're doing okay...

The scene fades out for a silent moment, then fades back in. The EMT's expression intensifies.

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EMT 1

Come on, buddy. I need you to work with me. Work with me!

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL-ER-DUSK-MOVING

The AMBULANCE SCREAMS into the emergency entrance, where a TRAUMA TEAM waits. The action moves very fast and overlaps-

The Ambulance backs up to the entrance and...

THE DOORS

...explode open as the...

TRAUMA TEAM

...immediately reach into the ambulance and pull the stretcher out, locking the wheels.

EMT

...leaps from the back of the ambulance with his patient and begins filling in the trauma team as they whisk the stretcher toward the ER.

NURSE

What do you got?

The NURSE is already taking vitals as the CLERK takes the notes on a metal clipboard.

EMT 1

Possible heart attack- event about fifteen minutes ago, right now stable and responsive.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM-

The ER DOORS whoosh open as the team races through them, the lead MAN waving aside people as they enter the busy ER.

MAN

Clear, clear.

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Passing the nurses station, the clerk hands the Nurse a clipboard- she takes it without breaking stride.

EMT 1

(continuing)

...pulse weak and erratic, breathing shallow, rapid, EKG negative, no abnormal peaks,

The TRAUMA TEAM whips-turns the stretcher into the trauma room, barely squeezing through together.

EMT 1

(continuing)

...already administered oh-two, one nitro, one morphine...

The STRETCHER slides next to a table, then the team split ups and take sides, with half of the team reaching across the table. They place their hands under LOGAN and, on command, lift him onto the table, kicking the stretcher away.

As Nurse calls out orders...

NURSE

Page Dr. Stone to Trauma One,

The EMT steps back out of the way, writing on his notebook...

NURSE

(continuing)

get the lab up here and draw blood. I want gasses ASAP.

One TEAM MEMBER places EKG leads to Logan's chest and the MONITOR TWEETS to life.

NURSE

(continuing)

Strip him down and tag him. Rig him for monitor and Oh-Two.

LOGAN is stripped and covered with a sheet and an oxygen mas placed over his face.

In the b.g. a NURSES ASSISTANT carefully folds his clothes and check his wallet for identification, making

RECYCLE 25.

notes on a clipboard. Over the hubbub she calls out...

NURSE'S ASSISTANT

Logan, James Logan

LOGAN'S EYES

...flutter, wander, search...

LOGAN'S P.O.V.

The Nurse mouths something muffled, unintelligable...

A YOUNG ER DOCTOR strides into the room, met immediately by NURSE ASSISTANT with a clipboard. As the doctor reads it...

LOGAN'S EYES

...wander the room, taking it all in, maybe the last thing he'll ever see- along the ceiling, down the wall to...

CORNER

...where two figures stand- a MAN IN WHITE (AZUL) and a WOMAN IN BETTY PAGE HAIRSTYLE (COOKIE)- watching...

LOGAN

...blinks weakly, and looks again.

CORNER

... now just cabinets and I.V. poles.

TRAUMA ROOM

The Trauma Team continues on, turning aside for ER DOCTOR and his NURSE and ASSISTANT, begin clearing and organizing the room. The EMT files out and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CCU - NIGHT

The BEEPING OF A HEART MONITOR- regular, rhythmic, musical, almost drowns out other muffled, unidentifiable sounds- bumps, clatters, air ducts- can't tell what they are.

RECYCLE 26.

DR. STONE (O.S.)

Mr. Logan? Mr. Logan?

DR. STONE'S hound-dog face swims into view.

LOGAN'S EYES

flutter open, focus.

WIDER-LOGAN

...the strain is written on his face. His cracked lips move dryly, barely managing a whisper-croak. His skin is waxen, pale. Terminal.

DR. STONE, S FACE

...telegraphs reluctance, but his voice is strong, reassuring.

DR. STONE

Mr. Logan. I'm Dr. Stone. You are in Cardiac Care Unit. You've had a serious heart attack. Do you understand me?

LOGAN

...nods weakly.

DR. STONE

Is there anyone we can contact for you? Family? Wife? Friends?

Logan shakes his head.

DR. STONE

...holds back. This is going to be difficult.

DR. STONE

Mr. Logan. I've always believed that a person has the right to know the score...

LOGAN

...lies impassively. Tired. So tired...

RECYCLE 27.

DR. STONE (O.S.)

(continuing)

...so that they can make their own decisions. I'm not going to hold back or dance around about the barn. Do you understand?

LOGAN nods.

DR. STONE takes a deep breath.

DR. STONE

Okay, your condition is serious. Your heart is just plain giving out. Surgery isn't going to fix it. There's no medicine that will fix it. Do you understand?

DR. STONE lets him digest the news.

DR. STONE

Right now we have you stablized, but to be honest, from here on out, it's going to be an uphill fight. You're going to have to find the strength to keep going. Do you think you can do that for me?

LOGAN does not react. DR. STONE nods.

DR. STONE

We can keep you comfortable— I'll make sure of that. But don't be shy about asking for help if you need it. That's not a sign of weakness. If you feel any discomfort, just let us know and we will help. Okay? Do you understand?

LOGAN nods. His cracked lips move. DR. STONE leans closer.

LOGAN

...manages a croak.

LOGAN

I'm ready.

RECYCLE 28.

DR. STONE nods.

DR. STONE

I thought you'd understand. I know this is difficult. It is for me too. Be strong. Now, I'm going to send a clerk in to take a little information from you. She's just going to ask a couple of questions. Answer the best you can. If you get tired, it's okay to stop. Okay.

LOGAN nods.

DR. STONE waves in a CLERK and exits. The clerk pulls a chair next to Logan's bed.

CUT TO:

INT. CCU NURSES STATION

Dr. Stone leans wearily on the desk as the Nurse hands him a clipboard and a cup of coffee. Dr. Stone writes and sips the coffee, clearly not liking this part of the job. He hands the clipboard back to the Nurse.

DR. STONE

Monitor and keep comfortable. No Code.

The Nurse nods and Dr. Stone shuffles down the hall, a man with a crushing weight on his shoulders.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STEET - NIGHT

A quiet street. Streetlights are the only thing lit, except for a single car slowly moving down the street. It pulls into the driveway of one of the houses, next to a MINIVAN.

CLOSER

The car stops and DAVID wearily emerges, still in his uniform. He locks the door and walks to the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The front door opens and David enters, quietly closing the door behind him. He drops his hat on a table near RECYCLE 29.

the door and slumps. Rough night.

INT. KITCHEN

David opens the refrigerator and pulls out a bottle of juice, downing it in one pass. He notices a paper on the counter and picks it up.

THE DRAWING is now fully colored in.

DAVID

... shakes his head sadly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY- CLOSE ON WHEEL- NIGHT

A CART WHEEL glides noiselessly down a darkened hallway. The only SOUND is the SQUEAK of tennis shoes on tile. The tiles reflect little flashes of the few lights burning.

ORDERLY- LOW ANGLE

...is huge, muscular, hair slicked back from recent shower. His face is a mask of boredom. His body moves with a slow, lolling rhythm. No particular hurry.

WIDER

The orderly pushes a gurney with a tightly wrapped SHEETED FIGURE atop. We know it is Logan.

They pass a YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, who averts her eyes as they pass. The orderly turns the corner to-

ANOTHER HALLWAY

...which is also dimly lit. At the end is an ELEVATOR DOOR. The orderly stops and presses the DOWN BUTTON. The BELL TONE sounds- abnormally loud in the silence.

The elevator door WHOOSHES open, and the orderly pushes the gurney into the car. Reaching across the gurney, he pushes a button and the door closes.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR- ORDERLY AND GURNEY

The orderly's bored eyes watch the numbers change on the

RECYCLE 30.

panel. He leans lazily, with one of his hands on the gurney for support. We HEAR the HUM of the elevator as it drops to the basement, where we HEAR the BELL and the doors WHOOSH open to-

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR

-and the orderly shuffles down the corridor to the well-lighted other end.

ANOTHER ANGLE- BASEMENT CORRIDOR

The orderly parks the gurney against the wall next to a steel door. He tosses an ENVELOPE atop the sheeted figure and slumps out of frame.

We HEAR the ELEVATOR BELL and the DOORS OPENING and CLOSING and then-

Silence.

The white-sheeted figure lies silently, alone, still. We can now HEAR faraway sounds- echoes, vague, unidentifiable- heating vents? We cannot know.

We HEAR approaching FOOTFALLS and a RATTLING CART.

WIDER

A HOUSEKEEPER pushes a JANITOR'S CART past the gurney, accidentally bumping the gurney.

A pale arm slides out from under the sheet, dangles.

The housekeeper stops, tucks the arm back under the sheet and continues on without a backward glance. We HEAR a HEAVY METAL DOOR echoes as it is opened and slams closed. Then, again, silence.

Just the gurney and the white-sheeted figure beneath it. Until...

VOICE (O.S.)
We can't take him yet? Why
not?...How long?...Well, get
busy. Come on, come on!

ANGLE ON SHEETED FIGURE

A HAND reaches into frame and PULLS the sheet back,

RECYCLE 31.

exposing LOGAN'S face, now pink, healthy, asleep.

LOGAN'S POV

A pinched little face of indeterminate ethnicity leans into view. It is AZUL, of whom we will learn later. For now, he looks for all the world like every petty little pain-in-the-ass assistant manager we've ever had to endure.

AZUL

(matter-of-factly)

You can't go yet.

LOGAN

..opens one eye, looks around-puzzled. Both eyes now. What the hell is going on?

WIDER

AZUL, thin but soft like a long-time desk jockey, dressed in white is talking into a cell phone rapidly.

AZUL

I can't believe it. How long do you think this is going to take?...Oh, ha ha. That's rich. 'A blink on an eye". Okay if I use that one later. What a knee slapper...No, please take your time..Of course NOW!

He notices Logan stirs and attempts a reassuring smile. It isn't convincing.

AZUL

A little problem. Nothing to worry about. We'll have it cleared up in no time. You just stay there, okay?

LOGAN pulls himself to a sitting position, confused, disoriented. He pulls the sheet around himself, watching Azul pace impatiently.

LOGAN

What problem? What are you talking about? Who are you?

RECYCLE 32.

AZUL

You just stay there. Kapich?
Just stay right there. Don't
move.Don't make this difficult.

Logan extends a leg to the floor, testing. Azul stops pacing, shaking a finger at Logan.

AZUL

Eh-eh-eh. I told you to stay put. Don't move.

Logan cautiously plants both feet on the floor, stands, testing his weight.

AZUL

I know you're not deaf. Helen Keller could hear me. Get back up there.

Logan stands fully, looks around, ignoring Azul.

AZUL

Are you listening? Hey! You!

Logan pulls the sheet around him tightly and looks up and down the hallway, ponders...

Azul reaches for his cell phone. He speaks into it as he watches Logan.

AZIII.

You'd better shake a leg. We have a situation developing here..

He folds the phone and pockets it, turning to Logan.

AZUL

(scolding)

What-are-you-doing? Did I not just tell you to sit down and stay there? You need to listen to me, Mister.

Logan blows him off, chooses a direction.

AZUL

Hey! Wait a minute. WAIT! I'm

RECYCLE 33.

AZUL

talking to you. What do you think you're doing?

Logan keeps shuffling along.

LOGAN

I'm getting out of here.

Azul catches up to him, at his shoulder.

AZUL

You can't leave. You have to wait. We have to wait.

Logan stops at the elevator doors. He ponders using it, then looks down at his wrap and shakes his head.

LOGAN

(absently)

Why?

Logan does an about-face and is nose to nose with Azul, who plants himself with his hands on hips, blocking.

AZUL

Just because. Because there's been a foul-up. Because I say so, that's why.

Logan steps left, Azul mirrors him. He steps right, Azul matches him. Logan fakes a move and slips past Azul, who grimaces and follows him down the corridor.

AZUL

You're making this more difficult than it has to be. Why don't you be a good boy and sit down.

LOGAN

Where are my pants?

AZUL

Don't know. Don't care. Doesn't matter. You don't need them.

LOGAN

Fine. How do I get out of here?

RECYCLE 34.

AZUL

You don't. That's what I've been trying to tell you. You have to stay right here and don't move.

Logan sees a door and stops. He opens it.

INT. ROOM

Across the room, Logan peeks in, searching the room. Dim light from the hall reflects off glass cabinet doors, and we are aware that the silohette in the foreground is a sheeted corpse waiting for processing. The door quickly closes.

INT. CORRIDOR

As Logan pulls back, Azul is at his shoulder. Logan pulls back, frowning.

LOGAN

Who are you?

AZUL

I am your guide.

LOGAN

Good. Guide me the hell out of here.

Azul shakes his head in frustration. Logan waits for a moment, sees no help is forthcoming, and continues walking. Azul catches him.

AZUL

That's not why I'm here. Do you even know what's going on?

LOGAN

I know you're bugging the hell out of me. Where is the door out of here?

As Logan continues on, Azul begins to panic.

AZUL

Wait a minute, will you? Hey! Just wait a minute. STOP!

Logan stops, faces Azul expectantly. Well?

RECYCLE 35.

Azul struggles to find the words. Logan isn't going to wait. He turns and continues walking. Azul jumps after him, skidding to a stop in front of him.

AZIII.

You are supposed to die.

Logan stops and looks at Azul skeptically.

AZUL

(continuing)

...and I was sent here to be your guide. But there's been a screw up. Your...paperwork...has been misplaced. It doesn't happen very often, you know, but every once in a while...

He shrugs.

AZUL (continuing)

So you didn't die. Well...you did, technically, but we can't actually take you until your paperwork is in order. You have to stay here until we get this straightened out or who knows what damage you can cause. You know...a corpse walking around. You could cause a bus accident or something...

LOGAN rolls his eyes. He's had enough of this.

AZUL

(continuing)

Once this is all straightened out, I will take you and that will be the end of that.

LOGAN

Take me where?

Azul looks at Logan. 'Haven't you been listening?'

AZUL

To Cleveland. Where do you think?

RECYCLE 36.

Logan frowns. Enough of this.

AZUL

To the hereafter, the next plane of existance, the great beyond, the happy hunting ground. You know.

Logan stops- fed up with the gobbledy-gook.

LOGAN

So who are you? Death? The Grim Reaper?

AZUL

Death? No. Death isn't a being. It's a state of being.

LOGAN

Okay, what then? An angel?

AZUL

Angel? No...oh Greek..angelos. Yes. Angelos. Messenger. I am a messenger from God.

Logan stares. Okay, the guy's cracked.

LOGAN

Uh huh. Okay Angelo, where are your wings.

Azul looks perplexed.

AZUL

Angelo? No, my name is Azul. And I'm not a pidgeon. No wings. Where do you get your information?

He pauses, listening to unheard voice.

AZUL

Oh.

Logan has had enough. This guy is crazy. He walks away, shaking his head.

AZUL (O.S.)

Is this what you mean?

RECYCLE 37.

Logan turns, reacts.

AZUL

...has transformed into the image of a classical RENAISSANCE ANGEL- golden hair, asexual features, white robe, huge wings.

LOGAN

...wide-eyed, frozen.

AZUL (O.S.)

...or do you prefer this?

Now AZUL is an ANCIENT GREYBEARD in a hooded robe, complete with SHEPARD'S CROOK.

LOGAN

Jumps backward in surprise with a strangled yell, upsetting a metal cart and sending it to the floor with a CRASH.

AZUL

...or?

AZUL begins morphing into a series of different peopleold, young, male, female, black, Oriental- any and every possible combination of body and face types- dizzying at its ever-increasing strobe-like speed.

AZUL (V.O.)

Just let me know when you see something you are comfortable with.

Logan falls to the floor, screaming in terror, clawing at the walls at the hellacious vision.

AZUL returns to his original form.

LOGAN sits on the floor in a ball, heaving, spent, broken.

Azul's CELL PHONE RINGS and he flips it open.

AZUL

Okay, update me.

RECYCLE 38.

While he listens, Logan pulls himself together and rises shakily to his feet, regarding Azul with a mixture of curiosity, wonder and fear. He approaches him but Azul turns his back to him for privacy.

AZIII.

Alright, let me see if I have this right. You've gone through all the files outstanding, and of all the files outstanding, this is the only one that's missing. Just happens to be this one. Oh really? Well, isn't that a coincidence? What are the odds? It couldn't be someone sticking it to the man, could it?

Logan circles Azul as he talks into the phone, while Azul circles to keep his back to him.

AZUL

(continuing)

Paranoid? Me? Why would I be paranoid? I have nothing to worry about...Oh yeah, that. Well, I don't think we need to bring that up right now. Okay, let's take that off the table and concentrate on this little problem, okay? Focus.

Logan reaches out and tries to touch Azul. Azul shrinks away.

AZUL

Do you mind?

Azul snaps the phone closed, sighs frustrated. Logan in in shock.

LOGAN

What's going on?

AZUL

I told you. What are you, stupid?

LOGAN

Am I a ghost or something?

RECYCLE 39.

AZUL

A ghost? No. There's no such thing as ghosts. You're either dead or you're not.

LOGAN

So am I dead?

AZUL

What do you think?

LOGAN

I don't feel dead. But I don't know what death feels like. What about you?

AZUL

What about me?

LOGAN

You're an angel. Are you dead?

AZUL

Do I look dead to you?

Logan shakes his head. Azul gestures- 'Okay then'. Logan tries to make this make sense.

LOGAN

I thought you had to be dead to be an angel.

Azul rolls his eyes.

AZUL

Where do you get your information? Now, if you don't mind, let's just stay here and wait. It shouldn't be much longer. Then we can both be on our way.

Logan looks around the corridor, dim and gray, depressing. He's made a decision.

LOGAN

I'm going home.

Azul shudders a double-take.

RECYCLE 40.

AZUL

What?! I thought we were done with that nonsense. Listen, you need to just stay put and forget about it. Why do you want to cause problems for me?

Logan is on the move, ignoring Azul.

LOGAN

I hate hospitals. If I have a choice, I'd rather die at home.

AZUL

What difference could it possibly make? One place is as good as another. Stop. STOP!

LOGAN

(with finality)

I'm going home. How do I get out of here.

Azul grimaces and looks upward, silently cursing.

AZUL

Oh, for crying out loud. Free will! All right! End of the hall, right, then end of that hall. Double doors.

Logan walks down the corridor and turns out of sight.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR

Logan shuffles through the darkened corridor. We see pipes and conduits. His shadow precedes him, growing larger, swallowing up his path until it falls upon...

THE EXIT DOOR

Logan stands before the door, tucking and tightening his toga/sheet. He reaches for the handle.

EXT. HOSPITAL- SERVICE ENTRANCE- NIGHT

The steel door pops open, and Logan peeks out.

WIDER- PARKING LOT

RECYCLE 41.

Nearly deserted.

LOGAN eases himself out the door and carefully closes the door behind him, but it sounds like a GUNSHOT in the silence. He hugs the wall and freezes- waiting to see if he has been heard. When he is sure he's safe, he crouches and creeps along the shadowed wall to...

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Logan ducks and weaves through the parked cars, keeping a wary eye for witnesses.

LOGAN

...peeks over the hood of a car, his eyes darting back and forth. So far, so good. He scurries to...

A SILVER SEDAN

...and leans against it, panting. The DOME LIGHT pops on and a MECHANICAL VOICE warns:

MECHANICAL VOICE (V.O.)

You are too close. Step away from the vehicle.

LOGAN jerks away and scurries behind another car, panting and peeks out from the rear. No alarm. He heaves a sigh of relief and makes a break for it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He is unaware that Azul is following right behind him, strolling casually. Even in the darkness, Logan's white sheet and Azul's white clothing stand out like beacons. Finally, they make it to...

EXT. SIDE STREET

Logan ducks into some bushes and takes a relieved breath. He turns and-

AZUL is standing right behind him. Logan starts and falls to the ground with a yelp.

LOGAN

What are you doing? You nearly scared me to death.

RECYCLE 42.

AZUL

That's not likely. Like it or not, I have to stay with you.

LOGAN

Why?

AZUL

I don't have a choice in the matter.

LOGAN

What about free will?

AZUL

You have free will. I don't.

LOGAN

Sucks to be you. Beat it.

AZUL

Can't. You might be called at any second. I have to be here to take you. You're stuck with me.

Logan regains his feet and starts creeping through the bushes.

LOGAN

Fine. Just stay down.

AZUL

Why?

LOGAN

What if they see you?

AZUL

What if they do? So what?

Logan stops, looks at Azul questioningly.

LOGAN

Wait a minute. Can anyone else see you, or are you only visible to me?

AZUL

If someone is looking for me, they'll see me.

RECYCLE 43.

Logan ponders this for a moment.

LOGAN

So if someone needs an angel, you appear? Otherwise, you're invisible.

AZIII.

No, of course not. Don't be an idiot. People can see me as well as they see you.

LOGAN

Then why don't you get down out of sight.

AZUL

Nobody's looking for me.

Logan grimaces, Azul smiles triumphantly. They push their way through the bushes until they emerge into...

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Where they scurry through the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLDER RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Logan and Azul walk along the sidewalk. Logan waddles along, holding his toga, stepping uncomfortably on the cold cement walk. Azul strolls, indifferent to the conditions.

They pass older houses on large lots. Mid-price cars line the streets, lit by the sparse streetlights. We HEAR distant BARKING of dogs.

AZUL

How much further are we going?

LOGAN

I prefer the walk. If you don't want to, why don't you zap us to the house.

AZUL

Zap us? What do I look like,

RECYCLE 44.

AZUL

Samantha Stevens? Where do you get your information?

Logan winces, hops a step and bends down, picking a rock from his foot.

LOGAN

They should have given me slippers in the hospital.

AZUL

Why? Most deceased people don't walk around.

LOGAN

Does this happen a lot?

AZUL

Clerical errors? No. First time.

Logan gives him a look- Oh Sure.

Azul catches the look.

AZUL

First time for me. Up to now I've had a perfect record.

LOGAN

So it does happen.

AZUL

Oh, rarely. You remember that Ecudorian woman who lived to 116?

Logan reacts: He remembers that. Really?

Azul nods.

LOGAN

How long was she...over?

AZUL

Oh, about thirty years. Heads rolled on that one.

He notices Logan's expression of shock.

RECYCLE 45.

AZUL

But that's rare. Not like the old days. I mean, Methuselah and all of those guys. No wonder it took so long to populate the earth...

Azul realizes he is talking out of school and clams up.

AZUL

Usually its a matter of moments. Not enough time to change the order of things.

LOGAN

Change? How?

AZUL

What am I, the Idiot's Guide to the Way the Universe Works?

LOGAN

Jesus! Don't get pissy.

(pause)

How does it work?

AZUL

Oh, I shouldn't waste my time, but here goes. Okay, in Mickey Mouse terms- there are three parts to you...

Pointing to Logan.

AZUL

(continuing)

You, the You that makes you You, the sum of all of your experiences that, together, makes you unique— that part is always you. That's the part that comes with me. That part joins the Cosmic Conscienceness, or whatever it's fashionable to call it these days.

Pointing to Logan's body-

AZUL

RECYCLE 46.

AZUL

(continuing)

Your body, the physical shell part of you, is just rearranged dirt and goes back to being dirt when you're done with it.

Azul flutters his fingers-

AZUL

(continuing)

Your energy, life force, spirit-whatever- is recycled into another being. Returned, reused, recycled. Everything is. Nothing added, nothing subtracted. Nothing is created. Nothing is destroyed. It's just rearranged. A carpenter, an arsonist. Same materials. Just changed. The universe works the same way. The only difference is a matter of scale. Over and over through the millenia since the beginning.

Logan ponders the illustration.

AZUL

Surely you've read it. The secret's been out for five thousand years.

LOGAN

Where?

AZUL

The Book of Bereshith. Genesis. The first line says God created (emphasis)

with the heavens and

(emphasis)

with the earth. I know you've read it.

LOGAN

I've never read that. It doesn't say that.

AZUL

RECYCLE 47.

AZUL

Read it in Hebrew. It's there. It's been there all the time. Right from the horse's mouth.

LOGAN

So I become another person? Who?

AZUL

Not necessarily a who. Could be a what. Grass has life too, you know. You might become somebody's lawn.

Logan falls silent, pondering as we pass-

EXT. SAMMYS CHINESE AMERICAN CAFE- BACK DOOR

Logan stops. An idea. Azul looks quizzically.

AZUL

What are we doing here? You can't be hungry.

LOGAN

Pants. I feel like an idiot in this sheet.

AZUL

Pants? It's a restaurant.

Logan tests the door.

LOGAN

Yeah, that has uniforms. Pants.

Looking around first, Logan wraps his elbow in the sheet and breaks the window nearest the lock. He reaches in and feels around for a lock, flips it and the door opens.

LOGAN

Come on.

Azul follows reluctantly.

AZUL

Oh great. Now I'm an accomplice to a thief.

RECYCLE 48.

INT. SAMMYS CHINESE AMERICAN CAFE- KITCHEN

Logan has already disappeared into the darkness. Azul looks curiously around the kitchen. We HEAR Logan BANGING around in the back room, obviously bumping things in the dark.

Azul looks at the spice rack, eyeballing one container.

AZUL

Hmm. MSG. I didn't know anyone used this anymore.

Logan's head pops out from the storeroom, pointing triumphantly.

LOGAN

I knew it!

AZUL replaces the canister as...

LOGAN steps into the half-light and is quite a sight. He wears a white chef uniform several sizes too small for him. He cannot button either the pants or the shirt and cannot move in it.

LOGAN

You'd think Sammy would feed his help better.

AZUL

You're not going to steal them, are you?

LOGAN

I'm not stealing. I'm borrowing. Sammy won't mind. We've known each other for years. He'll understand.

AZUL

Will he?

Logan grits his teeth, then starts fishing around the desk, coming up with a pen and piece of paper, which he deliberately waves at Azul. He writes on the paper and hangs it on the order wheel. He glares at Azul.

LOGAN

There! Happy? I am not a thief.

RECYCLE 49.

AZUL

If it quacks like a duck...

LOGAN

Come on, let's get out of here.

He stops at the door. Azul is not moving, but seems to be watching something o.s.

AZUL

Oh, I should have known better...

LOGAN

What?

Azul continues to look o.s. Logan follows his gaze to...

EXT. STREET

Flashes of light reflect off the buildings across the street. Police lights!

LOGAN

Damn. Come on. Lets go!

AZUL

Great! Add fugitive to your resume.

Logan dashes out the door, followed by Azul. They duck along the wall, sprint across the street and down an alley between two houses. A DOG BARKS wildly.

EXT. ALLEY

Logan stops at the end of the alley, looking up and down the street. Azul follows, fretful. Logan leads them past...

EXT. HOUSE

..where Logan squeezes through a gap between the back yard fence and the garage.

Azul looks at the opening and stops. Looking around, he lets himself through a gate into the back yard where...

EXT. BACKYARD

..a GIANT ROTWEILER comes from out of nowhere, all teeth

RECYCLE 50.

and mayhem. Azul about-faces and leaps back over the fence inches ahead of the dog.

UPSTAIRS WINDOW

A light comes on.

AZUL notices and scrambles through the gap in the fence.

EXT. STREET

Logan comes to a stop and ducks behind some garbage cans next to a fence, panting. He looks back down the alley where the police car's lights are bouncing off everything. He strains to see Azul, but nothing is between him and the next block. He leans back against the fence and-

AZUL is crouching right behind him, startling him. He jerks backward and knocks a garbage can clattering to the ground. They both shrink back flat against the fence, shushing each other.

LOGAN

Stop doing that.

They both look back. There is nobody coming. They come to their feet and beat it up the street.

EXT. STREET- TREE

They stop at a tree along the sidewalk, both collapsing against it, heaving with the effort. Both look back, satisfied that they have eluded the police. They take a moment to catch their breath.

LOGAN

How come you didn't know about the alarm?

AZUL

I did.

LOGAN

Then why didn't you say something?

AZUL

You haven't proven to be very good at following advice.

RECYCLE 51.

LOGAN

Do you think they saw us?

AZUL

You'd know if they saw you. You'd hear them laughing.

Logan grimaces and begins walking, throwing a look over his shoulder with every few steps.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL SERVICE CORRIDOR - LATER

A FAT MAN heaves his way up the corridor. He wears a smock and has the air of time-worn drudge marking time until retirement.

He sees the empty gurney- a dim bulb comes on in his mind. Then...

He sees the ENVELOPE on the floor. Now he's focused.

He bends down, with some effort, and snatches the envelope from the floor. He looks at it, then looks around for the body it should be attached to. His eyes widen.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMMY'S CHINESE AMERICAN CAFE - LATER

Through the front doors we see a DEPUTY SHERIFF standing, writing a report on his clipboard while the police lights flicker across his body.

SEAN and SAMMY talk to another SHERIFF, who is taking more notes.

SEAN

See Pop, that's why I put in the alarm. These days-people-

SAMMY

I know. I know. You did the right thing.

SEAN

Who would want to rob this place? They must have been desperate.

RECYCLE 52.

SHERIFF

But there's no money missing, is that right?

SEAN

No, we don't leave money here overnight.

SHERIFF

Well, if all they took was laundry, I'd say you got off pretty easy.

SEAN

Yes. But it is strange. What are the chances of catching this guy?

The Sheriff shakes his head. Sean groans inwardly.

SAMMY is silent while Sean and the Sheriff continue their report. MOVING DOWN to his hands casually folded behind him, we see he is holding a HANDWRITTEN NOTE crumpled in his hand.

INT. DAVID AND ELAINE'S HOUSE- KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is bright, with the morning sun streaming through happy yellow curtains.

Elaine dresses Dean for school. She looks like she hasn't slept at all, but forces a smile and good cheer for her son. She tugs his shirt down and smooths his hair. Reaching onto the counter, she snatches his metal lunchbox and hands it to him. Dean is raring to go, and bolts to the front door.

As Elaine joins him, she sees David standing in the hallway in his robe. She smiles, mouths 'coffee' and nods toward the kitchen. He returns a smile with a wink. She takes Dean's hand and leads him out the front door. David stands at the door watching them. He waves, then closes the door.

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL- BIRTH CENTER- LATER

Elaine turns her minivan into the hospital lot. Her face is a tug of war of emotions, fear, anxiety, anger, sorrow and, most of all, a disquieting confusion. She looks like she hasn't slept in a week.

RECYCLE 53.

WIDER

Elaine's van finds a parking spot in the sparsely filled lot away from the other cars.

BIRTH CENTER ENTRANCE

Elaine pauses for a moment, the walks through the door.

INT. BIRTH CENTER EXAM ROOM - MORNING

Elaine sits atop the exam table, full dressed now, waiting absently for the doctor's return. The door opens and KARA, the OB/GYN, enters. She is young, buoyant, wearing bright, flowered scrubs. Elaine stiffens.

KARA

Well, you must be ready for some good news.

Elaine nods.

KARA

The baby's doing better than you, I think. Are you sleeping well lately?

ELAINE

This month's been rough. It feels like the baby's never going to come.

KARA

I know, it seems that way. But you have to understand, babies can't read calenders. They have their own schedules.

(affecting a Southern
drawl)

Perhaps baby desires to arrive fashionably late.

Elaine doesn't smile. Kara turns sympathetic.

KARA

Listen, this thing isn't carved in stone. Sometimes there are reasons- maybe we figured the conception date wrong. But the RECYCLE 54.

KARA

important thing is that the baby has developed fine. Now it's just a matter of the baby deciding to make an entrance.

FLAINE

When?

KARA

Let's say if nothing happens in the next week or two, let's plan on inducing labor, or, if necessary, a C-section. I don't want to take either step if it isn't necessary, but we'll keep it in mind. Okay?

Elaine nods, not reassured.

KARA

Of course, if something does happen, call. It could be any time, you know.

Elaine slides off the table and gathers her coat and purse. Kara holds the door for her.

KARA

Just remember, our goal is a healthy pink bundle of joy. It will happen- always does.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Elaine exits the OB/GYN department and stands in the hallway, lost in thought. She turns toward the exit, stops, looks up the hallway, then turns in the other direction, stepping aside for-

A GROUP OF HOSPITAL EXECUTIVES as they whisk past her. Her gaze follows them until they round the corner, then she procedes up the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY-MOVING

FOUR PAIRS OF FEET march briskly in lock-step. They belong to-

MR. WILMOT- hospital VP, middle-aged, nearly purple: a

RECYCLE 55.

stroke in progress

MRS. YOUNGER- head of personnel- middle-aged functionary- a sharp-featured harpy

MRS. VILLANOVA- patient represenative- matronly Hispanic woman with a worried expression

DR. STONE- his hound-dog face grimly determined.

The group turn as a unit through a door to-

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

..where we see the ORDERLY, the HOUSEKEEPER, and the FAT MAN all nervously waiting. The Housekeeper jumps to his feet.

HOUSEKEEPER

What's going on? I have to get to my other job.

YOUNGER

This shouldn't take too long. Would you like to call them and tell them you will be late?

The Housekeeper shakes his head and takes his chair. Wilmot clears his throat.

WILMOT

We have a problem on our hands, gentlemen. I would rather not have to bring the police into this. I would rather we handle this in-house. But to do that, we are going to have to work together and be completely forthright-

ORDERLY

What?

WILMOT

Honest. Truthful. We need all the facts and we need them now. We are going to take statements and ask a few questions. It is (emphasising)

RECYCLE 56.

WILMOT

Extremely important that you answer fully and completely. No one is in trouble. We just want to get this behind us and move on. Okay?

The three nod in unison. A PAGER BEEPS. Wilmot nods to Younger, who steps forward.

YOUNGER

At about 12:30 last night Dr. Stone declared a patient deceased and noted it in record.

(nodding to Stone)

Is that correct?

Stone nods.

YOUNGER

Now, by 12:45, the deceased was removed from CCU by-

ORDERLY

Me.

Younger nods. A PAGER BEEPS again. Villanova makes her way to the phone by the door.

YOUNGER

Now, what did you do from there?

ORDERLY

I took him to the basement. That's all. I didn't do nothing else, didn't go nowhere else. Took him down, left him where I always do, came back up. Can I go now?

We hear Villanova in the b.g. whispering insistently.

YOUNGER

You didn't see anyone or anything unusual in the basement?

ORDERLY

Nope. Just him-(pointing to the RECYCLE 57.

ORDERLY

Housekeeper)

He was the only person I saw all night.

The Housekeeper jumps up alarmed. The Fat Man shrinks a little.

HOUSEKEEPER

Wait a minute! I didn't do anything.

WILMOT

Sit down please, you'll get your turn.

HOUSEKEEPER

This is bullshit...

WILMOT

(to the orderly)

Do you have any idea what may have happened to him?

ORDERLY

Nope. All I know is he didn't just walk away.

YOUNGER

This is a serious matter.

ORDERLY

I am serious.

VILLANOVA

(breathlessly)

Oh my God!

All eyes turn toward her. Villanova's eyes dart from face to face, panic setting in. Everyone in the group is curious. Villanova shakily hangs up the phone and gathers herself together.

VILLANOVA

Excuse me, I'll be right back.

YOUNGER

Ms. Villanova. This meeting is important. You can't leave...

RECYCLE 58.

Villanova looks back through the door.

VILLANOVA

Oh, I think I'd better go. I think the next-of-kin for... (pointing at the file in Younger's hand)
...just came in.

Wilmot really does look like he's going to have a stroke. Stone looks thoughtful. Younger closes her eyes.

YOUNGER

Damn it!

INT. ADMITTING DESK

The ADMITTING CLERK types busily, casting sidelong glances at Elaine, who shifts from foot to foot.

Villanova strides briskly up the hallway straight for Elaine, who nervously watches her approach. Villanova puts on her most hospitable face, but it doesn't hide that she is a tightly coiled bundle of tension.

VILLANOVA

Mrs.?...

ELAINE

Cook. Yes?

VILLANOVA

Mrs. Cook, would you come with me please?

ELAINE

Why?

VILLANOVA

I think you would prefer a little privacy, wouldn't you?

ELAINE

I don't know...

Villanova gestures and Elaine follows her to a small room around the corner from the Admitting desk.

INT. REPORT ROOM

RECYCLE 59.

Villanova offers Elaine a seat, then joins her across the small desk. Villanova is obviously tense, Elaine obviously confused.

VILLANOVA

I understand you are related to James Logan?

Elaine is taken aback.

ELAINE

No.

VILLANOVA

You're not?

ELAINE

No. Why would you think that?

Now Villanova is confused and Elaine is defensive.

VILLANOVA

You asked to visit Mr. Logan...

ELAINE

I had a gift for him. Is this normal? I've never had to answer so many questions to visit a hospital before. Is this new?

VILLANOVA

(pressing)

Do you have any relationship to Mr. Logan?

ELAINE

No, I just met him yesterday. What is this all about?

Villanova visibly relaxes, the turns on the sympathy.

VILLANOVA

I'm sorry, but Mr. Logan passed away last night.

Elaine sags.

VILLANOVA (continuing)

RECYCLE 60.

VILLANOVA

I thought you might be here to claim the remains.

ELAINE

No, I was just going to try to cheer him up.

Villanova rises, helps Elain to her feet, guiding her to the door.

VILLANOVA

That is very thoughtful of you. I'm terribly sorry to have to be the one to tell you. I know how difficult this must be. Perhaps, if you need, you can make an appointment with the grief counselor. You could inquire at the desk...

Elaine shakes her head and exits the office. Villanova waits for a second and then heaves a sigh of relief. Dodged that bullet.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A WHITE SUV cruises slowly down the steet lined with working class older homes.

ANNALEE (V.O.)

This house is older but has been well taken care of by the homeowner, who, by the way, is a contractor, so you know the upkeep is top quality-lots of upgrades, the best materials...

INT. ANNALEE'S SUV

Annalee is in mid-sales pitch. Elaine is not really listening.

ANNALEE

(continuing)

...and it's in an older neighborhood, and you know what

RECYCLE 61.

ANNALEE

that means- larger lots. You couldn't touch a lot this size in the newer developments, you know. The yard is mature and it even has a white picket fence. What's not to like?

She notices Elaine is not following.

ANNALEE

Are you okay?

Elaine snaps out of it and nods her head.

ANNALEE

If you'd rather look somewhere else, I can show you some houses up on Hillside...

ELAINE

No, this is fine. It's just...

ANNALEE

...but I think, for your budget and-

(indicating the baby)
...since you're going to need
room to grow, this place would
be perfect for you. The school
is just a couple of blocks away,
too. I don't want to pressure
you, but you know how hot the
real estate market is around
here. If you dally too long,
someone else will snatch the
place. Of course, if you don't
feel up to this today...

ELAINE

No, this is fine. I...someone I know died last night.

Annalee is sympathetic.

ANNALEE

Oh, I am sorry.

Elaine bursts into tears- uncontrollably sobbing. Annalee immediately pulls over, taken aback- the

RECYCLE 62.

outburst is so sudden- so unexpected. She is at a loss. She fumbles a comforting gesture.

ANNALEE

There, there. I know. Were you close?

Elaine pulls herself together, sniffling, wiping her eyes.

ELAINE

God, I don't know why I'm acting this way. No. I just met him last night.

Annalee is puzzled. Just met? She pushes on.

ANNALEE

Well, sometimes, you know, people touch you and you feel a connection...and then suddenly they are gone...

She is running out of steam on this thought. Elaine just dumps-

ELAINE

No, it's silly of me. I hardly knew him- not at all, really. I went to the hospital this morning and I thought I would surprise him with this picture my son did and they told me he died last night and ever since I've just fallen apart. It's crazy. I don't know anything about him except his name. Absolutly nothing.

ANNALEE

What was his name?

ELAINE

Jimmy Logan.

Annalee looks at her, stunned.

ANNALEE

Logan? James Logan?

RECYCLE 63.

Elaine looks at her. Question marks.

ELAINE

Yeah. Why Did you know him?

Now Annalee screws up and bursts into tears. Elaine reaches over to comfort her.

ELAINE

Oh my. Were you close?

Annalee looks at her and really winds up, howling. She gestures with thumb and forefinger.

ANNALEE

This close...

Elaine tears up and joins her and both women turn on the faucets. Mutually fed emotional release.

Finally, spent, they pull themselves together. Elaine offers Annalee a tissue to dry her eyes. She wipes, then pulls the rearview mirror over to check her makeup. Elaine sighs.

ELAINE

He seemed like such a nice man.

Annalee sighs.

ANNALEE

He had such a nice house, too.

A light comes on.

ANNALEE

Would you like to see it?

ELAINE

(unsure)

It wouldn't be right.

ANNALEE

Sure it would. It's available now.

Elaine gives her a look- am I with a ghoul?

Annalee pulls out and we...

RECYCLE 64.

CUT TO:

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE- DINING ROOM

Azul is on his phone, pacing, one eye on Logan as he wanders the room, taking in the details

AZUL

What could possibly be the hold up? What are you people doing up there?...uh huh...uh huh...I know the clock is ticking, but there is nothing I can do down here until you get on the ball. So shake a leg, will you?

Logan runs his fingers along the carved buffet.

AZUL

(continuing)

Listen, if you have to look in every file, do it. Pull in anyone you have to, but get on it. We're going into the two-minute warning here.

Logan finds himself staring at the PHOTOGRAPH of COOKIE. In it, she is young, modeling nude in stark lighting.

LOGAN

Does it hurt?

Azul frowns, waves him off, but watches him closely.

AZUL

Okay, okay. I don't need to hear the whole list. Just do it. You can tell me how hard you worked when we get through. Go. Go.

Azul folds the phone and pockets it, leaning against the counter with arms folded, watching Logan.

AZUL

Does what hurt?

LOGAN

Dying.

RECYCLE 65.

AZUL

It's like all the best things in life-birth, sex, chocolate. The anticipation, the build-up, is exquisite, then release and then...

(gestures)

..it's over. You move on to the next sensation.

Logan ponders this. He turns away from the photograph.

LOGAN

She was game. Stuck with me after that Japanese thing. I thought for sure she'd leave me. All I had to do was get on a plane...

AZIII.

It wouldn't have mattered. Things work out the way they are supposed to generally.

LOGAN

I never thought I'd have regrets. I always did what I wanted to do. But now...

AZUL

You did what you did. Your choices. There's no point in wallowing now, is there.

LOGAN

Nope.

(makes a decision)
I don't know why I'm telling you anyway.

Azul watches Logan look around the kitchen. Logan stuffs a towel into the sink and turns on the water.

AZUL

What are you doing?

Logan isn't listening. He looks at the slowly rising waters in the sink. Too slow. Looking around, he opens a drawer and pulls out a knife.

RECYCLE 66.

AZUL

What are you doing?

Logan draws the blade across his forearm, wincing. He looks at it. There is no blood.

AZUI

That's not going to do you any good.

Logan slashes his arm over and over, like a violinist playing Dance of the Bumblebee. Then looks. Nothing.

AZUL

You're wasting your time.

Logan tosses the knife and opens a cabinet, pulling out two heavy frying pans. He weighs them in either hand, winds up with one and-

WHAM! He hits himself full in the forehead. The iron pan rings like a church bell. He stands there, unhurt.

Azul leans against the counter, unmoved.

Logan winds up again. BONG. Again, no damage. He looks at the pans. He takes a deep breath and-

BONG-BONG-BONG- Logan pummels his head with both pans over and over again.

Azul rolls his eyes.

AZUL

All you're doing is ruining the pans.

Logan stops and drops the pans to the counter. He sees the sink is full now. He bends over and plunges his head under the water.

Azul watches with bored unconcern. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone.

AZUL

Okay, it's getting nutty down here. We're going to have to go to the bench. Send me a closer.

He rolls his eyes.

RECYCLE 67.

AZUL

You know, this is why the Sox couldn't win a Series in eighty years...Oh yeah, well, remember that the next time you need help...back at you...no you...NO YOU!

He disconnects and jams the phone back into his pocket, standing there fuming. He reaches over and grabs Logan's collar, yanking him out of the sink with a spray of water.

AZUL

Oh...cut it out.

Logan spits out water in a spray, looks around despirately. Runs out of the room. Azul rolls his eyes, follows reluctantly.

AZUL

Oh come on!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE- ANNALEE AND ELAINE

Annalee and Elaine stand at the gate to the Logan's house, hesitating.

ELAINE

Are you sure it's okay? It seems a little...soon.

ANNALEE

Sure. I was practically his agent. Come on.

Annalee boldly pushes through the gate and marches up the walk. Elaine hesitates then follows slowly.

ELAINE

Practically?

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE-ENTRY

Annalee eases the front door open and peeks in. The entry is dark, unlit. She nods to Elaine and lets herself in, followed by a nervous Elaine. She is already mesmerised by the interior.

RECYCLE 68.

INT. PARLOR

Annalee looks around the house critically. Elaine enters, goggle-eyed at the furnishings and details. Their eyes lock- Elaine mouths 'Wow'.

Annalee nods enthusiastically. She turns to the desk and eases up the top, starts opening drawers.

Elaine looks quizically at this.

Annalee opens one of the drawers and finds what she's looking for. She removes a stack of business cards, riffs through them and replaces one back into the drawer, placing the rest into her purse.

ELAINE

(whispering)

What are you doing?

ANNALEE

(whispering)

Planting a seed.

Elaine doesn't understand. Annalee nods for Elaine to continue and they pass into-

INT. DINING ROOM

Annalee creeps through the room, betraying a bit of discomfort at her brash invasion.

Elaine stops before the picture of Cookie, studying it silently.

A SOUND! Both women freeze. They HEAR the sound of MUFFLED VOICES. They look at each other with surprise and fright.

Annalee's expression changes from fear to calculated anger.

ANNALEE

(hard whisper)

If that's another agent here already I'll brain him.

She motions for Elaine to follow her toward the sound, but Elaine shakes her head fiercely. She gestures for Annalee to phone the police, but Annalee shakes her head

RECYCLE 69.

and moves toward the kitchen. Elaine follows reluctantly.

INT. KITCHEN

The women notice the spilled water on the floor, two frying pans tossed carelessly on the counter and the knife sitting out. They exchange looks. Annalee hefts one of the pans, signals for Elaine to do the same, and continues on to-

INT. HALL

.. where the VOICES are now LOUDER and clearer.

LOGAN (O.S.)

I'm going to do it and get it over with.

AZUL (O.S.)

Go ahead, if you like. You think you're so smart.

The women exchange looks again- 'This is it'- and creep up to a half-open door. Annalee hefts the pan one more time as they slowly edge their way along the door to-

INT. BACK ROOM- DOOR-ANNALEE'S POV

As they move past the door, the room beyond comes into view. First a glimpse of Azul, arms crossed, looking up.

AZUL

Ah, amuse toi. Do you really think you can do it?

More of the room slides into view. Now a man with his back to the door can be seen standing on a table with his hands behind his head.

LOGAN

Come on, give me a hand.

AZUL

What do I look like to you? A boy scout? Tie your own knot, for all the good it will do you.

BACK ROOM DOOR

Annalee and Elaine crowd the opening, weapon at the

RECYCLE 70.

ready, wide-eyed at the bizarre scene before them.

Azul notices them, frowns, addresses Elaine.

AZUL

You shouldn't be here.

The man on the table turns to see to whom Azul is speaking.

WIDER

The women recognize Logan. Their eyes get wider.

LOGAN

Get out!

Annalee and Elaine scream.

Azul screams, startled by their reaction.

Elaine's eyes roll up and she faints, falling heavily to the floor.

Logan tries to go to her aid, but his neck is still in the noose, and it yanks him back upright. He fumbles with the noose until he works his head out of it, then climbs from the table and to Elaine's side.

Annalee snaps out of her shock and kneels beside Elaine and she and Logan lift her to a chair.

LOGAN

(to Azul)

Go get a glass of water.

Azul doesn't move.

AZUL

What am I, a busboy? Get your own water.

Annalee shoots Azul a dirty look and disappears out the door.

AZUL

Now do you see? This is what I've been telling you. What if she'd been driving a bus when

RECYCLE 71.

AZUL

this happened? Imagine the possibilities. You should have stayed in the hospital, but no. You had to have things your own way. Do you see what kind of problems your hard-headedness can cause.

LOGAN

Shut up!

Annalee returns with a glass of water, handing it to Logan. He gives Elaine a sip. Elaine opens her eyes, focuses on Logan, then Annalee, then Azul.

ELAINE

What happened?

LOGAN

You took a fall. You'll be okay.

Elaine looks at Logan again, then it hits her. She starts.

ELAINE

They told me you were dead.

LOGAN

They must have made a mistake. (turns to Azul)

That's happening a lot lately.

Azul makes a face at him.

Elaine pulls herself to a sitting position.

ELAINE

What were you doing? Was that a rope?

LOGAN

Nothing. Doesn't matter. Didn't work.

ELAINE

You should be more careful. You could have killed yourself.

Annalee addresses Azul with venom.

RECYCLE 72.

ANNALEE

Yeah! And what about you? What were you supposed to be doing? Holding his hat?

AZUL

(unfazed)

Oh, you are a tart-tongued thing, aren't you. For your information, I am-

LOGAN

(interrupting)

My caretaker.

Annalee cannot contain the spite.

ANNALEE

Caretaker? Well, I'd say you're doing a pretty crummy job of it. If I were you, I'd find another line of work. You suck.

AZUL

And you...you...
 (fumbling)
..you're just unpleasant.

Logan and Annalee exchange puzzled looks. Azul returns the same.

ANNALEE

(sarcastic)

Ouch, that hurt.

LOGAN

I hope the baby is okay. (to Azul)

Is the baby okay?

AZUL

Well, if the baby were harmed, it would be your fault now, wouldn't it?

Logan covers his face, shakes his head in frustration.

AZUL

(continuing)

RECYCLE 73.

AZUL

This is just the kind of thing that comes from people failing to listen to good advice. Oh, you think you know better and the next thing you know -pffft-disaster. One thing leads to another and another, like dominoes and pretty soon you have a mess on your hands, and all because you refuse to follow-

LOGAN

HEY!

Azul snaps out of his soliloquy.

LOGAN

All I want to know is-

AZUL

He's fine.

Logan is visibly relieved.

ELAINE

(looking at her stomach)

He?

Annalee bristles.

ANNALEE

How does he know? I wouldn't-

LOGAN

He knows.

(to Elaine)

What are you doing here anyway?

Elaine is mortified.

ELAINE

I'm sorry. We came to look at your house, since...since...Oh, we're terrible.

Logan smiles and shakes his head, charmed at her embarrassment. Annalee is a little chargrined, fumbling.

RECYCLE 74.

ANNALEE

Well, I was following up on our talk yesterday and I thought it would be a good time to...oh no, I didn't mean a good time...not good, but...oh the hell with it. I thought the house was going to be available and I wanted to find an interested buyer first. Okay?

ELAINE

We thought you were dead. The hospital told me this morning you had...passed away. I told her. I'm so sorry.

AZUL

You couldn't even wait for the body to cool down, could you?

ANNALEE

Listen, buster, if you know what's good for you, you'll button your lip or I'm going to open up a can of Whoop-Ass right in your direction.

AZUL

(cupping his ear)
Oh, do you hear that? That's the sound of 'I-don't-care'.

Logan and Elaine are oblivious to the sparring.

LOGAN

Well, that's understandable. But as you can see, I'm still here.

ELAINE

It's funny, after all that this morning, that you would be fine.

LOGAN

All what?

ELAINE

The way they acted; all nervous and stuff. I don't know. It was strange.

RECYCLE 75.

LOGAN

Maybe it was something else entirely. You don't know.

AZUL

Dominoes.

LOGAN

Do you like my house?

Annalee is instantly on the scent.

ELAINE

Yes. It's very nice. Did you do all of this? It's beautiful.

LOGAN

Yes.

ELAINE

It must have been lot of work.

LOGAN

It took a long time. My whole life.

ANNALEE

I was just telling him yesterday that people would appreciate the craftsmanship. Didn't I say that?

LOGAN

(to Elaine)

You're looking for a house?

ELAINE

Yes. Oh, I couldn't...not now...

ANNALEE

Oh yes you could.

LOGAN

You think about it, then come to me with an offer. In the mean time, I will think about it.

ELAINE

I'd have to talk to my husband first-

RECYCLE 76.

LOGAN

Do what you have to do. I'll figure what the house is worth to me. We'll talk later.

Annalee lights up, smelling opportunity. She begins tearing through her purse

ANNALEE

If you'll just wait, I'll get a letter of intent drawn up...oh shoot, I didn't bring anything with me...Could I borrow a piece of paper-

Logan helps Elaine to her feet.

LOGAN

That won't be necessary. I promise you the right of first refusal. You have my word.

Annalee looks stricken. A handshake deal?

ANNALEE

That's not worth the paper it isn't written on.

LOGAN

It will have to do.

Reluctantly, Annalee shakes his hand. Logan leads them to the door. Azul follows.

INT. ENTRY

Logan opens the door and ushers the ladies through. Annalee hesitates.

ANNALEE

You know, I'm glad you made it, if you don't mind me saying so. I knew this house would impress anyone who saw it. And upstairs. Very big with families. How many bedrooms are up there?

LOGAN

None.

RECYCLE 77.

The answer puzzles Annalee. She turns out the door.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE- ENTRANCE

Elaine walks in a daze as she leaves the house. Annalee turns back.

ANNALEE

I'll bring back the proper paperwork first thing in the morning, okay. I always like to do things on the up and up.

Azul leans out the door.

AZUL

I bet you do. Now you can go rob a graveyard, you ghoul.

ANNALEE

Shut up, bitch.

A small white car pulls up behind Annalee's. A squat man in a loud suit squeezes out.

Azul calls out from the front door.

AZIII.

There's one of your friends now. Looks like the buzzards are circling.

ANNALEE

Oh shut the hell up.

Azul 'caws' like a crow after her. She flips him off.

She girds herself for battle, marching up to the little man and blocking his way.

ANNALEE

Beat it, buster. You're too late.

MAN

The hell you say.

ANNALEE

Yeah, the hell I say. He's mine

RECYCLE 78.

ANNALEE

and I got him. He's got my paper in his desk to prove it and there's already an offer on the table. Now run along, Junior, and go skim the obits for your next client.

MΔN

Damn it. I've been after this place for months. How'd you get him to sign? It's not fair.

ANNALEE

Tough tittie. Scram!

She waits until the man has gotten into his car and driven off, shaking his fist at her. Then she wheels around and jumps into her car next to Elaine.

ANNALEE

Call your husband. We can bag this baby by morning.

ELAINE

Paper?

ANNALEE

He's got my card. Honey, if I've learned one thing, it's this: A deal like this can disappear quicker than my ex-husband with a blonde. We gotta move before he comes to his senses.

Annalee pulls out, ripping a U-turn and disappearing up the street.

CUT TO:

INT. LOGAN HOUSE- PARLOR

Logan closes the door and wanders thoughfully into the parlor. Azul follows.

AZUL

That was an unpleasant woman.

Logan sits at his desk, leaning back in his chair wearily. Azul leans against the side of the desk.

RECYCLE 79.

AZUL

You know, chances are you won't be around tomorrow to do this. I'd love to see the look on that woman's face when she finds out the deal went -poof-.

Logan nods, pursing his lips, deep in thought. With a nod, he reaches into his desk drawer and removes a piece of paper and plucks a pen from a cubbyhole. He begins writing.

AZUL

Now what are you doing?

Logan ignores him, writing furiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAMMY'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

The BELL TINKLES announcing a customer. SAMMY looks up from the waiter's station.

David enters the cafe in uniform. He locks eyes with Sammy, then shakes his head. No info. Sammy sighs.

David searches the room, sees Elaine, Dean and Annalee in a corner booth and joins them. Sammy immediately brings tea for them and a coke for Dean.

DAVID

Well, I got your call, finally. Did you find a house?

ANNALEE

Did we ever! You are going to love it. Plenty of room, gorgeous inside, a workshop for you...I think you are going to be happy. Would you like to take a tour of the place. I don't think the owner would mind. He expressed interest in selling to your lovely wife.

Elaine pours tea for the three of them.

ELAINE

I like it. It feels right.

RECYCLE 80.

DAVID

I trust her judgement. If she says it's what she's looking for, I'm happy. How much?

ANNALEE

That's what we have to decide. He want's to see our offer.

DAVID

How much is he asking?

ANNALEE

He didn't say. The ball's in our court. So, going over your financial statement, your preauth, and all of that, I can recommend offering around two eighty five and give him a chance to manuever around. I'd say we'll end up no more than three and a quarter, give or take.

David shrugs. They're just numbers.

ELAINE

I know we can swing the monthly payments- it'll be tight for a while but you'll get raises and I'll get raises and in time we should be able to do it without too much sacrifice.

DAVID

Okay.

ANNALEE

(beaming)

Okay, then. Let's get it on paper. I can drop this off to him first thing in the morning and with a little luck, we might be moving you in in about a month. Oh, I love this business.

She pushes a paper across the table to him, holding a pen.

RECYCLE 81.

ANNALEE

All you need to do is sign the bottom and we're set.

David takes the paper and starts to sign, his pen hovering over the paper as he reads the offer. His brow wrinkles.

ANNALEE

Is something wrong? Do you want to change the offer?

ELAINE

Honey, what's the matter?

DAVID

Who's selling the house?

ANNALEE

The owner. Motivated, too. Hot to sell.

ELAINE

Why?

ANNALEE

I've been after him for a long time. Finally hooked him.

DAVID

Who did you talk to? The son? We couldn't find a next-of-kin.

ELAINE

What? Next-of-kin? Mr. Logan...

David points to the paper.

DAVID

James Logan is dead. He died last night.

ANNALEE nearly chokes on her tea.

A CRASH of SHATTERED PLATES behind them. They turn.

SAMMY stands there like he's seen a ghost.

ELAINE

Whaaat?

RECYCLE 82.

ANNALEE

Bullshit! I know it was him. I've been talking with him for months now. It had to be him.

DAVID

It wasn't his son or something. Are you sure?

Annalee is torn- she sees a deal slipping away.

ANNALEE

Well, yes...no...I'm sure of it, I think.

She stares at the paper- bye bye commission.

ELAINE

He seemed like such a nice man. It can't be.

ANNALEE

Son of a bitch. I can't catch a break.

David reaches for his shoulder mike.

DAVID

Dispatch. Patrol two requesting Code 8 at (reading off paper) 1245 Creekside- 1066.

Elaine and Annalee watch stupified as David rises and heads for the door.

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Logan sits at his desk, drumming his fingers impatiently. Azul leans in the doorway, on his cell phone, a worried expression on his face.

AZUL

I know, I know. The window of opportunity is closing. There isn't anything I can do about it from here...Pull out all the stops and finish this one off...There's no such thing as

RECYCLE 83.

AZUL

overtime in this business. Let me know when you have something.

LOGAN

Window of opportunity?

Azul folds the phone and pockets it.

AZUL

Forget it. You don't need to know.

LOGAN

I think I do.

AZUL

There's nothing either of us can do about it. It's out of our hands. There are some things you just don't have control over.

LOGAN

What if you don't find this file of mine? What happens to me? Do I just stay here until I become a headline? A freak? I couldn't stand it.

(imitating an interview)
'So tell me, Logan, how do you
do it?''Well, Katie, I eat a
pound of bacon fat every
day, chase it with a pint of Tenhigh and smoke three cee-gars
every night.''That's
amazing.''Yup, never gained an
ounce and skin's smooth as a
baby's butt.'

Azul shakes his head.

AZUL

Relax. It'll all be over soon.

Azul reacts to something unseen, unheard.

AZUL

Oh, this isn't going to be good.

RECYCLE 84.

LOGAN

What? What do you mean?

AZUL

Don't answer the door.

A POUNDING at the front door. Logan looks quizzically.

VOICE (O.S.)

Police! Open the door.

Before anyone can react the FRONT DOOR CRASHES open, splintering the frame and black-suited SWAT OFFICERS stream into the room, weapons at-the-ready, shouting. All is confusion.

LOGAN is surrounded and lifted from his chair.

AZUL slumps, seeing the inevitable as-

TWO OFFICERS sweep through and grab him.

AZUL

Careful. I'm taking names, buddy.

The officers throw him to the ground with a heavy THUD.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION- BOOKING ROOM - LATER

A thick, crew-cut JAILER rolls Azul's finger across the inkpad, then rolls it across the card. Lifting the finger, he looks at the card, then the finger, perplexed. He pulls the card and wads it up, taking a fresh one and rolls Azul's finger in the ink again.

JAILER

Okay, buddy. are you going to cooperate or not?

Azul gives him a look of defiant indifference.

JAILER

Relax your fingers.

The jailer tries one more time, then snorts in frustration, wadding up this card. He yanks Azul away.

RECYCLE 85.

INT. CELLBLOCK

The jailer grips the back of Azul's shirt, pushing him toward the cells where Logan sit on a bench along the wall.

JATLER

Come on, wise guy.

AZUL

(affecting 1930's gangster patter)

I don' gotta say nuttin' till I talk to me mouthpiece.

The jailer turns the key to the cell and slides the bars, pushing Azul through the opening.

JAILER

In the cage Rocco

He slides the door shut with a loud CLANG. Azul clings to the bars and pushes his face to them.

AZUL

(still in gangster mode)
Lemme outta he-ya, ya doity
screws. I'm innacint, I tell ya.

LOGAN

What are you doing?

AZUL

I've always wanted to do that.

LOGAN

It's not funny.

AZUL

Yes it is. You just don't appreciate it.

On the other side of the cell another bench is covered with a gigantic SKINHEAD in ripped t-shirt, jeans and heavy boots, laying with his back to the fresh fish.

SKINHEAD

Shut the hell up, the both of you.

RECYCLE 86.

AZUL

(affecting Travis Bickel)

You talkin' to me? You talkin' to me?

The skinhead turns his head. He is the meanest-looking S.O.B. in the world.

SKINHEAD

You're a funny man. Shut up or I'll rip off your head and shit down your neck.

AZUL

Go back to sleep. You really need your beauty rest.

The skinhead rolls over and stands- a mountain of murderous fury.

SKINHEAD

What'd you say, you little prick?

He steps forward, dwarfing Azul. Azul looks up at the man without concern.

AZUL

My, you are a big boy, aren't you?

LOGAN covers his eyes, not wanting to witness the massacre.

He HEARS a strangled CRY and a CRASH. He looks up.

AZUL stands in the middle of the cell, unperturbed. Logan looks quizzically. Why isn't he hamburger? He looks across the cell-

The SKINHEAD is curled up in a ball on the bench, white as a sheet, shivering, mouth soundlessly moving, staring at Azul.

Logan looks at Azul.

LOGAN

What happened to him?

RECYCLE 87.

AZUL

Oh, I have a few tricks up my sleeve.

LOGAN

What did you do?

AZUL

Everyone has their own idea what a messenger looks like.

Azul's phone rings. He pulls it out and puts it to his ear.

LOGAN

I thought they took all of that away from you.

AZUL

I can't be out of touch with the office. Against the rules.
(into the phone)

Yeah?

His face goes grim.

AZUL

(on the phone)

I know, we're almost out of time. Start preparing to terminate and transfer and stand by. We'll plug him in to another one when we wrap it up here..How much longer do we have?...Well, keep at it. We're under the gun, now. The window is closing.

Logan has overheard.

LOGAN

What does that mean? The window?

Azul shrugs.

AZUL

It's just that since you haven't passed, your scheduled recipient isn't going to receive your life force in time. Thus, no birth.

RECYCLE 88.

AZUL

Terminated. When we get this straightened out, we'll pass yours on to another recipient. It's no big deal, really.

LOGAN

Why terminate? Why can't they wait.

AZUL

You can carry a baby only so long, and if there's nothing ready...

Logan feels a pang.

AZUL

You can't change it. It's beyond you. That's life. That's the way it works. There's only so much flexibility. Beyond that-

He shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKING ROOM

David types his report on a computer. He is a slow typist, repeatedly backspacing and starting over in fits and starts. He seems to have difficulty concentrating.

The JAILER enters, leans close.

JAILER

I got the prints back on the old guy.

DAVID

And?

JAILER

They're Logan's, alright.

DAVID

Now how can that be?

JAILER

I don't know. It's weird, spooky.

RECYCLE 89.

DAVID

The other quy? Who's he?

JAILER

That's even more weird. He doesn't have fingerprints. At least, I couldn't get them from him. Like he has none at all.

David leans back in his chair, sifting through his mind. None of this makes sense.

DAVID

Well, we have the advantage of time, don't we. We'll hold them until morning, then we'll charge them, hold them for a while until they have a hearing... could give us time to figure out what the heck is going on. Something is just fishy here.

David rises and the jailer follow him to-

INT. CELLBLOCK

..where Azul and Logan rise as he enters.

AZUL

Well, it's about time.

JAILER

Shaddup and stand away from the door.

Logan and Azul back up.

AZUL

Have you heard of the word 'please'? Don't kid me, I know you have.

LOGAN

When are we getting out of here.

DAVID

Well, that's up to you. Right now, you are a mystery to me.

RECYCLE 90.

LOGAN

You checked my fingerprints, didn't you? Didn't they tell you I am who I am?

DAVID

Yeah, but there's a small part of me that finds that a little puzzeling. The part that witnessed you die twenty-four hours ago. Can you explain that?

LOGAN

Do I look dead to you?

DAVID

No. No you don't. And that is the whole problem. On the one hand, I have two doctors, three nurses and two hospital employees who can say James Logan is dead. They treated him, they coded him, they processed him...

AZUL

They lost him.

DAVID

And on the other hand I have little old you telling me otherwise. That's quite a conundrum.

AZUL

Make that two, officer. I say he's not dead too. Say, you're not real good at this detective work, are you. You should think about another line of work.

DAVID

And what about you? Who are you?

AZUL

I hope I don't look dead to you. It would offend my vanity.

DAVID

RECYCLE 91.

DAVID

Well, we're going to hold you for charges until morning. Maybe by then we can figure this whole thing out.

AZUL

On what charge? Impersonating himself? Find that in the lawbooks Mr. Darrow.

DAVID

Well, if nothing else, we'll start with breaking and entering and petty theft. That'll do for starters.

Azul has a look come over him. He looks at David.

AZUL

You should call your wife.

David is taken aback.

DAVID

She'll probably be a witness at your trial about how you attempted to defraud her. I don't think she'll be much help to you right now.

AZUL

Suit yourself. Don't say I didn't try.

David walks away shaking his head. Logan comes up behind Azul.

LOGAN

What was that all about?

AZUL

She's due any minute.

LOGAN

Is she on the way to the hospital?

Azul shakes his head.

RECYCLE 92.

LOGAN

Will she be all right?

Azul shrugs.

AZUL

(evasive)

She's birthing a full term baby at home. It's been done for thousands of years but...

LOGAN

Will she be all right?

AZIII.

It's not in my hands. I don't have any control over that.

LOGAN

Can't you tell her husband or something?

AZUL

Do you think he'll listen to me?

LOGAN

Well, there's got to be something I can do. I can't just sit here.

(an idea)

There is something I can do.

AZUL

Listen, you can't always do what you want to do. You've always thought could, but there comes a time when you have to understand that there is a natural order of things that you can't change no matter how hard your head is. You can't mess with the system.

Logan boils with frustration and rage. He winds up and-

PUNCHES Azul right in the face, sending him reeling backwards.

Logan remains in a boxer's crouch, chest heaving as-

Azul comes to his feet, rubbing his nose.

RECYCLE 93.

AZUL

You hit me. You hit a messenger from God?

LOGAN

Listen, the natural order of things got screwed up when you didn't take me the first time. Don't give me 'natural order'. I am going to change the order one more time and do something right and good. Now, are you going to help me or not?

A ZIII.

I don't have a choice, remember.

LOGAN

Good. First, we need a plan. So you make a noise like you're sick to bring the jailer and while he's taking care of you, we'll jump him and take his keys...

AZUL

Why would you do that? Let's just go.

Azul swings the door open and walks out. Logan stares. The skinhead shows interest too.

AZUL

Well, come on.

LOGAN

How did you do that?

AZUL

It's an old trick. Used it once before in sunny Roma.

INT. BOOKING ROOM

Azul strolls casually while Logan and the skinhead creep-crouch past the jailer's desk. As they pass, we see David at the computer, still typing his report. They continue until they are out the front door to-

RECYCLE 94.

EXT. POLICE STATION- PARKING LOT-NIGHT

They hug the walls, keeping to the shadows until they are around the corner.

LOGAN

Well, which way now?

SKINHEAD

If it's okay, I'll split.

AZIII.

Be good.

The skinhead turns and looks at Azul with wary eyes.

Azul gives him a stern look.

The skinhead nods and runs off.

LOGAN

Where's that real estate agent?

AZUL

Oh, please. She's so unpleasant.

LOGAN

I want to make sure I get one last thing done my way. Where is she.

Azul slumps, resigned.

AZUL

Okay, come on.

INT. BOOKING ROOM-DAVID

David stops typing, glances at his phone. He looks thoughtful, then banishes the thought. He returns to his typing.

INT. ANNALEE'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Annalee sits on the couch in her robe and fuzzy slippers, the blue light from the t.v. reveals trailer-park decor that has seen better days. She munches on fish sticks and Pepsi. Her hair is in curlers, her face slack and tired.

RECYCLE 95.

There is a KNOCK at her door. She turns, puzzled. Who would come here at this hour? She shuffles to the door and peeks out.

EXT. ANNALEE'S FRONT PORCH- ANNALEE'S P.O.V

There is nothing to be seen.

INT. ANNALEES LIVING ROOM.

She squints, and then shrugs and turns around to see-

LOGAN AND AZUL standing behind her.

ANNALEE screams and the platter of fish sticks goes flying. Logan clamps his hand to her mouth.

LOGAN

Wait. We're not here to hurt you. I need a favor from you.

Annalee's eyes bug, darting back and forth between Logan and Azul.

LOGAN

Will you promise not to scream?

Annalee nods. Logan eases his hand away. A pregnant moment.

AZUL

Oh my. Aren't you a dream come true?

Annalee turns from fear to a hardened dame.

ANNALEE

What are you two doing here? I thought you were in jail.

LOGAN

I wanted to sign the papers before...it's too late.

ANNALEE

Sign the papers? Fat lot of good that would do. You're a crook.

LOGAN

RECYCLE 96.

LOGAN

No, really. I am James Logan. Trust me, it'll turn out in the end.

ANNALEE

Trust you? What a laugh. Beat it before I call a cop.

She reaches for a phone. Logan takes it from her and pulls it from the wall. Annalee is shocked and frightened.

ANNALEE

Okay, okay, whatever you say.

LOGAN

All I want is the paperwork filled out. You can do that, can't you?

ANNALEE

Well, of course. I have contracts right here, but it could take a few hours. There's a lot we should go over.

Logan looks at Azul. He mimes pointing to a watch. Tick tock.

LOGAN

I don't have time for all of that. Listen, in the drawer of my desk I wrote out my terms. Can you promise to fill in the blanks using those terms?

Annalee gives him a shrewd look.

AZUL

Just remember one thing. I'll be watching you- all the time.

Annalee glares at Azul, but there was something in his voice...something...

ANNALEE

I smell a rat. You're in too much of a hurry. It's against

RECYCLE 97.

ANNALEE

everything I've ever learned in this business. What's in it for me?

AZUL

The satisfaction of doing a good deed.

Annalee rolls her eyes.

ANNALEE

That won't put furs on Mama's shoulders. You'll have to do better.

LOGAN

You'll be taken care of. Don't worry. Is it a deal?

ANNALEE

A blind deal? I never thought I'd see the day I'd-

LOGAN

Is it a deal?

ANNALEE

I want to see your terms first.

Azul 'caws' like a crow. Annalee gives him a death-ray.

LOGAN

Fine, come on. You drive. I'll sign.

Annalee smiles triumphantly and gathers her briefcase.

ANNALEE

Well, come on then.

INT. ANNALEE'S CAR

Annalee at the wheel, Logan shotgun, rifling through a stack of papers, Azul in the back, looking concerned.

LOGAN

All of these?

RECYCLE 98.

ANNALEE

Well, you don't probably need all of them, but it would take a while to pick out just the appropriate ones, and since I don't know which ones I'll actually need, I figure it's best to sign them all. Later I'll use just the ones I need.

AZUL

How can you trust her?

ANNALEE

Listen to the jailbird lecturing me about honesty.

LOGAN

She's been honest with me, even when she didn't need to be. I trust her.

A look comes over Azul.

AZUL

Uh oh.

LOGAN

What?

AZUL

I was afraid of that.

Logan looks at him, hoping against hope.

ANNALEE

What the hell is he yakking about?

LOGAN

Me?

AZUL

No. Her. Complications.

LOGAN

Damn it, we have to get over there.

RECYCLE 99.

ANNALEE

Where?

LOGAN

The pregnant lady...

ANNALEE

Elaine? Why? What's wrong?

LOGAN

She's going into labor and she's at home. We have to do something. Quick, call 911?

ANNALEE

I can't. I don't have a cell phone.

AZUL

What kind of real estate agent doesn't have a cell phone?

ANNALEE

The kind that hasn't made a sale in a while. Shut up.

LOGAN

Well, step on it then. We'll get her to the hospital.

ANNALEE

Okay. Hang on.

EXT. STREET

Annalees car makes a screaming donut in the middle of the street and guns off into the night.

INT. ANNALEE'S CAR

Annalee drives like a woman possessed, Logan gathers up the loose papers floating around the car. Azul is white with terror.

ANNALEE

You just keep signing. Leave the rest to me.

EXT. STREET- ELAINES HOUSE - LATER

RECYCLE 100.

Annalee's car skids to a stop in front of Elaines house, taking out a garbage can. Logan and Annalee jump out of the car and race to the door.

INT. ELAINES HOUSE-LIVING ROOM

Logan and Annalee burst through the door and spread out, calling Elaine's name. They hear crying upstairs. They both take the stairs at a gallop to-

INT. BATHROOM

Dean stands outside the bathroom door wailing in fear and need. Annalee takes the boy in her arms while Logan pushes past through the door. On the floor Elaine is on her knees, bent over, breathing heavily.

Logan reaches under her arms and lifts her to the commode. He looks up as Azul appears at the door.

LOGAN

Grab her feet. Let's qo.

Azul hesitates to touch her but forces himself to take her ankles and they pick her up and carry her out. Annalee follows with Dean in tow.

EXT. ELAINES HOUSE- FRONT YARD

Logan eases Elaine through the door, Azul at her feet. They carry her to Annalee's car. They stop, look at the car.

ANNALEE

Too small. We'll never all fit in. You take her. I'll stay with the boy. Go!

Logan and Azul work Elaine into the back seat and then jump into the car. As Annalee pulls Dean back out of the way, the car screeches out and up the street.

INT. ANNALEE'S CAR

Logan is at the wheel, showing the strain, sweating, grimacing.

Azul's phone rings. He answers it- registers shock.

RECYCLE 101.

AZUL

No, not now. Now is not a good time.

EXT. STREET

The car races through the street, squealing around a corner.

INT. ANNALEE'S CAR

AZIII.

Stall for a moment...No listen to me. Stall...

Logan can feel something closing in on him.

AZUL

Just a few more seconds...

EXT. BROADWAY- MOVING

The car weaves through the sparse traffic, honking and swerving $\ -$

INT. ANNALEE'S CAR

AZUL

Now

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

until with one last roar they skid into-

EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE

..where they come to a skidding CRASH against a support pillar.

Suddenly, all is quiet, with just the SOUND of the HISSING broken radiator and the moan of the HORN.

INT. ANNALEE'S CAR- LOGAN

His head rests against the steering wheel.

CLOSER

LOGAN is breathing heavily, with difficulty. His eyes drift upward to see-

RECYCLE 102.

AZUL smiling down at him.

LOGAN

Is she...?

AZIII.

She's going to be fine. You made it.

Logan closes his eyes in thanks. When he opens them, there's a question.

AZUL

The baby's going to make it. You made that too. Are you ready?

Logan nods weakly and is gone.

In the b.g. we can see TRAUMA TEAM members spilling out of the door running toward the car as we pull back and-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Azul and Logan stand against the wall, watching, strangely disassociated from the scene, as-

The Trauma team wheels Elaine through the corridor and whip her through a doorway into a treatment room, followed by staff nurses and ER personnel.

David bursts through the swinging doors and is immediately met by a nurse who hooks his arm and turns him in the right direction, handing him a mask and scrubs.

Annalee holds Dean up to look through the windows in the swinging doors.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM

David is beside Elaine as she strains to give birth. Davids face changes from worry to elation and back as the team works the birth.

We see by body language that the baby has come. Relief floods David and Elaine's faces.

RECYCLE 103.

INT. BIRTH ROOM

A pretty pink BABY wriggles in a crib as a NURSE wipes him down. Behind the nurse, LOGAN and AZUL stand, admiringly. Finally, they turn away and we are in-

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT- NIGHT

Logan and Azul stroll across the lot, no particulary hurry.

LOGAN

Thanks for letting me see. I would have been curious forever.

AZIII.

It was the least I could do. We were late anyway, what could another few minutes hurt. Well, shall we be on our way.

LOGAN

If it's all the same to you, I'd rather walk.

AZUL

It's a long way.

LOGAN

I've got all the time in the world.

They walk off into the darkness and fade away as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Annalee pulls up to the now overgrown front of the house, her car still showing the dent from the accident. She emerges and walks through the gate to the entry.

CLOSER-ENTRY

Annalee strokes the magnificently carved door, then opens it and enters.

INT. PARLOR

RECYCLE 104.

She looks around the now empty house. It seems cold, frozen in time, a relic. She goes to the desk and opens the main drawer.

There is an ENVELOPE with her business card atop. She takes the envelope and opens it, pulling out the letter inside. She reads.

LOGAN (V.O.)

My Terms. You may consider this a binding contract. I want the young lady to have the house for the price of one dollar.

Annalee sags. No commission. She picks up the letter and continues reading.

LOGAN (V.O.)

I know you require a fee or commision, so in addition to the check enclosed, I want you to have a piece of artwork I noticed you admired. It is above the buffet in the dining room. You have a remarkably good eye. It is one of my favorites.

Annalee looks up to see her prize. It is the telephone book page in a frame. Her expression registers disappointment and resignation.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Before you hand the couple the keys, I require one more thing...

INT. LOGAN HOUSE -ENTRY - NIGHT

David removes the rope from the stairs and begins climbing, followed by Elaine, Annalee and Sammy. David flips on a flashlight to light the way.

THE LANDING

The group comes to the top of the stairs, silohetted in the light from below. The stop before a door.

David turns to Annalee with a questioning look. She looks at the paper and nods. David reaches for the doorknob and..

RECYCLE 105.

INT. LOGAN HOUSE- ROOM

The door opens and Davids light pierces the room, flitting over several packages leaning against the wall.

They enter carefully, unsure, spreading out to the corners of the room.

SAMMY

Which one?

ANNALEE

I'm not sure. They're all wrapped alike.

ELAINE

Pick one.

Elaine takes the corner of one of the mysterious packaged and pulls the paper away. A cloud of dust fills the air. She stands back, then steps back again.

ANGLE ON PAINTING

Through the torn paper, we glimpse a giant PORTRAIT OF COOKIE by WARHOL. Elaine is awestruck.

ANNALEE

That's it.

SAMMY

That guy. He's a pretty good guy.

DAVID

What about the rest?

SAMMY

Do you know what this is, I'll bet?

ANNALEE

What?

Sammy points to some of the packages, gesturing David to open them.

David begins tearing the paper from one of them. Elaine does the same with another.

Annalee stands next to Sammy, stupified.

RECYCLE 106.

David and Elaine step back, curious, awestruck.

ELAINE

What are they?

Sammy is in another world. He beams.

SAMMY

You know what this is?

ANNALEE

Well? What?

SAMMY

This is the Tokyo exhibit.

ELAINE

What's that?

We SEE the PAINTINGS through the torn paper. WARHOL, KLINE, MOTHERWELL, JOHNS and several POSTER-LIKE paintings by Logan.

The group gathers together, waiting for Sammy to clue them in.

SAMMY

In 1985, back in the boom days, Sony Corporation wanted to buy Jimmy's paintings and all those that he swapped with other painters when they were a bunch of unknowns. They would have been worth...I don't know...millions? But he didn't go.

ANNALEE

Why the hell not?

SAMMY

Cookie. That's her, the big one. She was a swell. Anyway, he was supposed to meet with the president of Sony, who was buying every post-impressionist he could, but Jimmy never got on the plane. They had this big show ready- t.v., reporters. It

RECYCLE 107.

SAMMY

was going to be a big thing. He didn't go. He quit painting. This is them. The whole collection.

ANNALEE

Must be worth a fortune by now.

ELAINE

Maybe. What are we going to do with them?

ANNALEE

Sell 'em. Call Sony. Maybe they still want them.

ELAINE

I don't know. Maybe a museum.

ANNALEE

You guys don't know a good thing when you see one. Look what you have here. Look. You have millions right here, plus a great house. Did you see what I got? A teensy little check and this...

Annalee holds up the KLINE DRAWING.

ANNALEE

A page from a phone book.

SAMMY

You know what you have there? An original Franz Kline.

ANNALEE

Yeah? So?

SAMMY

So it's only worth about half a million bucks.

Annalee does a double take, looks down at the picture, looks at Sammy, and her eyes roll up and she faints away.

AZUL (V.O.)

Gotcha! Caw..Caw

RECYCLE 108.

FADE OUT: