

FIRST LIGHT

Logline: A wounded soul trapped in Purgatory is given a human body and 24 hours back on Earth to perform a dangerous mission for a shadowy spirit, risking eternal damnation in order to save his Earthly son and the woman he's fallen for.

Genre: Supernatural Thriller

FADE IN:

A SHADOW MOVING ACROSS PAVEMENT --

The outline of a MAN. Sprinting. Reveal:

THE MAN RACING THROUGH CITY STREETS -- 30's, sunglasses, the slept-in look of a rich playboy. Racing down an alley, he tosses a silver case into an open dumpster and takes off.

AN ENGINE RUMBLE ECHOES off a downtown that's waking up to the rising sun. The Playboy blasts through sleepy commuters.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HI-RISE - MORNING

TWO SECURITY GUARDS lugging a METAL BOX. Another GUARD trailing with a shotgun.

SUNRISE SHIMMERING on glass doors. The Guards enter. Shotgun Guard stays behind, locking doors, turning to the street.

It's quiet. Deserted. Until--

The PLAYBOY stops short, tweaking, itching to get in.

SHOTGUN GUARD

You okay, sir?

No answer. The Playboy suddenly kamikaze-tackles the Shotgun Guard into the glass doors, SHATTERING THEM.

INT. LOBBY - HI-RISE - SAME TIME

The Guards lugging the metal box -- RON and EDDIE -- hear GLASS BREAK O.S. Ron turning to Eddie:

RON

Sit tight.

Ron pulling his SIDE-ARM, backtracking, turning a corner -- the Playboy flattens him. A forearm takes Ron down.

Eddie goes for his gun, dropping the box on the marble floor.

LOOSE DIAMONDS SPRAY EVERYWHERE

Eddie can't get a shot off. The Playboy throws him against a wall. The Playboy has the shotgun, pointing at Ron's face.

RON

I got kids, okay?

DIAMONDS SPARKLING in the Playboy's sunglasses. SIRENS START BLARING. Emergency lights flashing.

Ron eyes the ENTRANCE. The Driver/Guard pulled an alarm. The Playboy takes off, kicking up diamonds, heading to:

A NEARBY BANK OF ELEVATORS--

--doors won't open. Playboy's trapped.

The Driver/Guard arrives, finding Ron, groggy, pointing--

RON

There!

The Driver/Guard turns to the elevators, but nobody's there...

INT. STAIRWELL - HI-RISE - MORNING

The Playboy taking stairs three at a time. ENGINE RUMBLING from outside. Then someone BANGING A DOOR O.S.

INT. EMERGENCY DOOR - LOBBY - SAME

It's the Shotgun Guard BANGING on the door, trying to muscle it open. Ron helping Eddie limp over --

SHOTGUN GUARD

Alarm shuts it all down automatically.

EDDIE

Ten million bucks on the floor, he just takes off.

RON

Where? Only way is up.

Spasms of HEAVY BREATHING taking us to:

INT. STAIRS - HI-RISE - MORNING

The Playboy racing upwards, desperate, reaching a door and--

EXT. ROOF ENTRANCE - HI-RISE - MORNING

Bursting through. Bathed in golden sunlight. Staggering to a ledge. Removing his sunglasses -- he has piercing blue eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - HI-RISE - MORNING

Bedlam. POLICE streaming inside. The RUMBLING gets closer, shaking the ground. A flame-red DRAG ROADSTER pulls up.

Out steps VECK, a hulking, bearded man in motorcycle boots, dingy leathers, and a patchwork of tattoos. He takes in the Hi-Rise, amused. CLANG--

INT. FIRST FLOOR EMERGENCY DOOR - HI-RISE - MORNING

A COP sledgehammers the door. ANOTHER COP works a crow-bar. In the chaos, Cops pass Veck. It's as if he isn't there.

Veck scans upwards, to the top of the Hi-Rise. Grins.

EXT. ROOF - HI-RISE - MORNING

Tears streaming down the Playboy's face. Sensing a FIGURE suddenly looming behind -- it's Veck, from out of nowhere.

VECK

It was a simple job, Jones-y.

PLAYBOY

You know how it is. Shit happens. That Fat-Ass you give me...he freaks out when he sees the gun.

VECK

Get in, get out, walk away clean.

PLAYBOY

He came at me. It-it just went off.
(beat)
Veck. Please--

VECK

One thing I can't stand, it's the begging...

PLAYBOY

I don't deserve no killing.

VECK

I can't kill you, Jones-y. You're already dead.

Veck reaches into the Playboy's spine. Giving a horrific tug. Pulling a Ghostly Wraith from within --

The Wraith claws to get back inside the Playboy. Veck's boot sends the slumping body OVER THE LEDGE --

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - HI-RISE - MORNING

CRASH -- on top of a squad car. The Playboy's crushed body -- his lifeless eyes staring at us. They are now brown.

EXT. ROOF - HI-RISE - MORNING

Cops arrive, survey the grisly scene below. Veck turns--

The Wraith pulled from the Playboy's body. Pale, gaunt, otherworldly. Except for striking blue eyes. This is JONES.

JONES

Gimme another job. Whatever you got, I'll make it up to you.

VECK

Outta' my hands.

JONES

I ain't facing eternal fires because some fatass flips out. I did my job.
(sweating)
It ain't right...him dying ain't my fault...Veck. You gotta' help me.

VECK

Whaddo I look like? A miracle worker?

A HAND APPEARS, stroking Jones chin. Then putting a chokehold on his throat --

The Hand is disembodied, alive. And pulling Jones down. MORE HANDS grip his head, shoulders, arms --

A MASS OF PAWING HANDS dragging Jones down. He screams, sinking into the roof like it was quicksand.

Cops retreat from the ledge. They don't hear Jones' cries. Veck turning away, eyes closed blissfully.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - HI-RISE - DAY

VECK RE-APPEARS, eyes open. Nearby, M.E. TECHS haul a body bag. Veck hops in the Roadster and roars past onlookers, who are oblivious. A SCREAMING GUITAR takes us to--

MAIN TITLES - series of shots

JONES' BODY outlined in the ceiling. "Hands" morphing into fixtures, pulling him through the floors.

VECK STEERING THE ROADSTER, humming what becomes a GRINDING METAL TUNE.

Dark clouds blotting out the sun.

JONES encased in a marble pillar, a mummified nightmare, continuing his descent.

A CHROME ANGEL ORNAMENT riding the Roadster's hood, a noble expression on her face.

GLASS DOORS rippling into Jones' form. Cops don't notice the man-blob spit onto the floor, writhing across the lobby.

BUILDINGS reflected on the Roadster's door warp like a funhouse mirror. Veck HOWLS with the tune.

A BARE LIGHT BULB in the hi-rise's basement. Pipes and ducts pull Jones through a swirling concrete floor.

He's sucked away with a deafening lightning crack. The light bulb explodes. SCREEN GOES BLACK...

END MAIN TITLES

SUPER: Somewhere between Heaven and Hell...

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

A dark, forgotten street in another dimension.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dead souls marking time in Purgatory. A massive ticking clock. A scratchy jukebox. A fat slob, PITTMAN, on a bar stool cradling a drink.

PITTMAN

Help me...somebody help me?...please--
I'm bleeding. I've been shot...

Reveal Pittman's gut -- a bloody GUNSHOT stains his shirt. Barfly SALLY, 40's, bottle-blonde, raises the drink for him.

SALLY

You'll get over it. Everybody does.

PITTMAN

Can't feel anything. Am I dying?

LAUGHTER erupts, then -- a RUMBLE silencing the room. Veck enters, staring to the back of the room. BIGGS, a pudgy bartender, brightens --

BIGGS

El Jefe, long time no see...
(nervous)
(MORE)

BIGGS (cont'd)
 Heard about Jones-y. Told him once, I
 told him a million times -- do a job
 for Veck, I told him, you got to keep
 your head in the game.

Veck pointing to a bottle -- FLOURESCENT LIQUID shimmers.
 Biggs slapping it into Veck's hand. Veck swipes two glasses.

BIGGS
 Never send a boy, huh, Veck? Ain't
 some picnic. Not a freakin' party.
 Down there to do a job.
 (beat)
 You need the right man for the job.
 Somebody with some balls--

SALLY
 What good's having balls if you don't
 know how to use them?
 (turns, smiles)
 --ain't that right, sweetie?

Veck muscles Sally aside, heading to the back, where--

A MAN SLOUCHING IN A CHAIR

Rat's nest of hair, beard like uncut lawn, gnawing a toothpick
 -- this is THE STRANGER. Doesn't look up from his crossword.

VECK
 Don't play hard to get, Sunshine.

Veck pours, sliding the glowing drink to the Stranger.

VECK (CONT'D)
 You got an itch. Everybody does. I'm
 here to scratch it.

STRANGER
 Wasting your time.

VECK
 Around here, that ain't possible.
 (beat)
 Lighten up. Drink your drink.
 Consider yourself lucky I thought of
 you.

The crowd smiling hungrily. The shotglass SHIMMERING.

VECK (CONT'D)
 Two fingers of ever-loving mortality.
 Eating, drinking, fucking, feeling.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

VECK (CONT'D)

Gig's near your old stomping grounds.
Why your name came up. Fresh ocean
air. Water's bathtub warm. Sky a
perfect baby blue.

STRANGER

Send me a postcard.

VECK

He's there.

The Stranger, rattled, trying to hide it.

VECK (CONT'D)

Been a while, but you'd know it's him.
Never forget your own flesh and blood.

The Stranger doesn't flinch. Veck gives up, heads to the
door. The crowd mobs him, pleading for attention.

THE STRANGER EYEING THE SHOTGLASS. Picks it up. Light
glowing on his face. He gulps it. Ecstasy. The Stranger
SLAMS the shotglass down.

Veck hears it and, returns, leaning in, smirking--

VECK (CONT'D)

24 hours on Earth. Cash to burn, air
to breath, a nice place near the
water, sunlight. All yours 'til first
light. There's even a woman. Oh,
you'll like living in this guy's skin.

SHOUTING from the crowd: "Pick me!" "Screw him, take me!"
PITTMAN pushing through--

PITTMAN

I need a doctor...this man shot me,
for no reason. I'm bleeding...can you
help me...?

Veck's hand clamps onto Pittman's face, dissolving into a mass
of mangled skin and bone. Words choke in Pittman's throat.

VECK

Welcome to the Sweet Hereafter.
(to the Stranger)
Well, Sunshine? What's it gonna' be?

The Stranger watches Pittman squirm as--

CUT TO:

INT. VECK'S ROADSTER - STREET HEADING NOWHERE - NIGHT

Veck driving past BUILDINGS, flickering STREETLIGHTS -- a lifeless no man's land.

He dumps METALLIC 3-D SNAPSHOTS on the Stranger's lap. One shot is a good-looking, Kennedy-esque man -- JACK HOYLE.

VECK

Guy's all charm. Rich, handsome,
built like an athlete.

The Stranger taps the Snap-Shot to his temple. A FLASH sparks. The Stranger frowns.

STRANGER

A lawyer?

VECK

I bring you rich and pretty, they got
to be a saint, too?

Veck tossing sunglasses at the Stranger -- BLINDING LIGHT wipes out everything...

EXT. NO-TELL MOTEL - DAY

Two gleaming SPORTSCARS parked side by side. Veck's ROADSTER next to them. O.S. HEAVY BREATHING leads us to --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Clothes on the floor. Champagne bottle on a nightstand. JACK HOYLE in bed with a raven-haired BEAUTY.

Veck and The Stranger at the foot of the bed. Watching.

The Stranger taps another Snap-Shot -- FLASH -- ABBY HOYLE, 30's, a delicate beauty. Not the one Jack's with.

STRANGER

The loving wife.

VECK

She won't be a problem. Daughter's a
different story.

Tapping a Snap-Shot of JESS HOYLE, 14, tomboyish. FLASH --

STRANGER

Can't wait for the family picnic.

VECK
 (re: Hoyle)
 Healthy as a horse. As you can see,
 hung like one, too.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NO-TELL MOTEL - LATER

Hoyle blowing a kiss to the Beauty in the motel. Veck and the Stranger watch him get in a sportscar.

STRANGER
 How bad's it going to be?

VECK
 A few bumps and bruises.

STRANGER
 But he'll walk away?

VECK
You will.

The sportscar screams out of the parking lot.

INT. VECK'S ROADSTER - WINDY MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The Stranger squinting. Veck senses he's restless.

VECK
 Easy, Sunshine. Almost there.
 (re: sportscar)
 It's been fun, Jack--

Hoyle skids out of control, brakes screeching, the sportscar hitting a FALLEN TREE, careening towards the side of a cliff.

From the Roadster, the Stranger watching coldly, clinically.

VECK (CONT'D)
 --but we got work to do.

The Sportscar CRASHES -- a lethal mess of mangled steel, chrome, and glass. A quiet chills the air.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Chaos. Jack Hoyle unconscious on a gurney. Doctors applying shock paddles, intubating. They're in full life-saving mode.

Amid the din, VECK and THE STRANGER go unnoticed.

STRANGER

What's the job?

VECK

Pick up a package. Get to the drop.
Stick to the timeline.

STRANGER

I'm running errands now?

VECK

You got something better to do?

The heart monitor FLATLINING. A Doctor pumping Hoyle's chest.
His heart beat finally recovers.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

Wires, tubes, bandages -- Hoyle is barely alive.

Teary-eyed ABBY HOYLE sitting bedside. A Doctor checks
Hoyle's pulse. Looks at her grimly. Veck and the Stranger
observe from a corner. They are unseen, unheard.

STRANGER

A few bumps and bruises?

Veck hands him a SNAPSHOT -- it's the DUMPSTER behind the Hi-
rise from the opener. The Stranger tapping it. FLASH.

VECK

Package is a silver case. When you
take possession, I'll give a holler.

STRANGER

I get everything up front. What I'm
dropping, when I'm leaving, where this
ripple is headed...

The Doctor grimly hands a sobbing Abby a PINK SHEET and a pen.

VECK

Don't worry. Nobody's killing nobody.

STRANGER

That's right. Because if the ripple's
heading that way, I'm out. It's my
soul on the line.

VECK

There's more where you came from.

(a whisper)

Got to burn, knowing Junior's walking
around. Sun kissing his rosy cheeks.

(MORE)

VECK (cont'd)

Who knows if he even remembers his Old Man.

Abby puts the PINK SHEET at Hoyle's feet. Signs it. Tenderly kisses Hoyle and, shaken, leaves.

The Stranger eyeing Hoyle. A moment later, a distant ENGINE RUMBLES O.S. Veck has disappeared.

Move in on the Stranger. A light glows on his face --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - JACK HOYLE'S ROOM - DAY

DR. PATRICIA GALLEGO sipping coffee, scanning the signed pink sheet. PENNY LASKY, 22, medical student, watches, nervous.

DR. GALLEGO

Consent for termination requires signatures from family, the attending, department chairs. You can die, but you can't escape the paperwork.

PENNY

So we just...pull the plug.

DR. GALLEGO

Not before the transplant team gives the okay.

PENNY

Where are they?

DR. GALLEGO

You're looking at her.

(beat)

Heart's strong, lungs are okay. Might save the kidneys and liver, too.

Dr. Gallego retracts a breathing tube. Reaching for the VENTILATOR MASK --

DR. GALLEGO

First time?

PENNY

In class, they're already...dead.

DR. GALLEGO

Always double-check the chart and the bracelet. You don't want to kill your career along with the patient.

Dr. Gallego removes the tube. Switches off the ventilator.
Click. Switches off monitors. Click, click.

DR. GALLEGO (CONT'D)
Heart should stop in a few minutes,
followed by a spasm, then...

PENNY
I've never actually seen it, y'know--

DR. GALLEGO
Just keep an eye on the EEG.

The monitor isn't working. Dr. Gallego taps it -- her PAGER
SOUNDS. Checking it --

DR. GALLEGO
Code down the hall.
(to Penny)
Ping me when he arrests. We'll wheel
him next door.

Dr. Gallego exits. Penny eyeing Hoyle uncomfortably. She
leans over to fiddle with the broken monitor.

MOVE IN ON JACK HOYLE -- a tiny smile curling his lips. Eyes
fluttering open, taking in a new, glorious world.

Sunlight in the window. Intoxicating. A trace of blue in his
eyes. The soul of THE STRANGER lives inside. Jack sits up --

JACK'S POV: Penny's lab coat rising just enough to reveal a
curvy rear end. Jack's voice pierces the silence --

JACK
Sweet.

Bolting upright, Penny bangs her head on a machine.

PENNY
You're, you're...you're alive.

JACK
Close enough.

PENNY
(overcome)
Unbelievable.

JACK
Isn't it?

He can't take his eyes off Penny.

JACK
 You're so...real.
 (wincing)
 Owwww.

PENNY
 Where's the pain?

JACK
 Hurts to breathe...

PENNY
 Cracked ribs. You were--

JACK
 Car crash, I know. Lucky me.

PENNY
 Don't talk, don't move. Just. Stay
 Here. I have to get a doctor.

JACK
 Wait.

PENNY
 Mr. Hoyle, you need to be looked at.

JACK
 Don't go...please.

Jack motioning for her to come closer. She's unsure.

PENNY
 Is there anything I can do?

JACK
 Lose the doctor outfit.

DR. GALLEGO
 (re: lab coat)
 Oh. You mean this?

Jack smiling. She goes along with the request. Penny takes off her lab coat. She wears a skirt and blouse.

JACK
 Your hair. It's nice. Could you...?

Wary, Penny lets down her curls. Jack invites her closer.

JACK
 Tell me something...how'm I looking?
 I mean, you being a woman and all.

PENNY
Mr. Hoyle, you've been through a
terrible accident.

JACK
Please -- Jack.

PENNY
Uh, sir -- Jack, sir, I really should
get your doctor.

JACK
It's just that I hate surprises.

PENNY
You've got nothing to worry about.

Jack touches her face. A tender moment. His hand drifts to
the top button of her blouse.

PENNY
What are you doing?

JACK
Ssshhh -- don't ruin the moment.

PENNY
Jack -- Sir...

JACK
How about a peek? Promise I won't
touch.

Penny slapping Jack. Hard. DR. GALLEGO enters. Sees Jack.
Stunned. Jack and Penny freezing, two deer in the headlights--

CUT TO:

AN ICE CREAM PARFAIT carried by an orderly, NICK, approaching--

INT. NURSE'S DESK - HOSPITAL - DAY

The FLOOR NURSE, from behind her station --

FLOOR NURSE
Miracle Man?
(Nick nods)
Follow the Heavenly Choir.

She glances at a closed door where MUFFLED SINGING is heard --

INT. EXAM ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Jack in bed singing, surrounded by DOCTORS, including Dr. Gallego. Chief Resident DR. SAM HORN checking Jack's pulse.

DR. HORN
How long has he...?

DR. GALLEGO
Since he woke up twenty minutes ago.

DR. HORN
Motor? OV?

DR. GALLEGO
He's responsive.

PENNY
Very responsive.

DR. HORN
Mr. Hoyle? Mr. Hoyle? I need to
listen to your chest.
(beat)
Feeling good, Mr. Hoyle?

JACK
Feeling great. No...fantastic.

Nick entering with the parfait. Jack, staring, teary-eyed --

JACK
Do you know how long I've been waiting
to see you...?

NICK
Uh, me?

Jack grabs the parfait, devouring it. Dr. Horn takes it away.

JACK (CONT'D)
I came back from the dead for that.

DR. HORN
Have to wait until after the CT scan.
(to Dr. Gallego)
Full work-up, head to toe. I'll need
another blood panel.

JACK
Don't think you're stopping him from
bringing my bourbon.

NICK

I am?

JACK

(to Nick)

Single barrel. Hundred proof.

DR. HORN

Mr. Hoyle, you need to take it easy until we're done running our tests.

JACK

Those tests won't tell you anything.

DR. HORN

How's that, Mr. Hoyle?

JACK

Don't you believe in miracles, doc?

(beat)

How about you unhook these doo-dads and gimme something to wear besides this paper napkin. I gotta' split.

ABBY (O.S.)

Jack?

It's Abby. Looking at Jack. Fighting tears. Wrapping him in an awkward hug. As she pulls away --

JACK

That's all I get?

Jack kisses Abby deeply. Everybody's watching. Abby's embarrassed, but Jack loves every bit of it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - JACK'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Jack working a window latch. It won't open. Looks at the sky, the clouds. Sniffs at the air leaking inside, then --

Jack grabbing a metal tray -- smashing the window -- inhaling fresh air deeply. Overwhelming. Abby enters with a bag --

JACK

You get extra onions with that?

ABBY

What happened to the window?

JACK

This place is a dump. How'd I end up here anyway?

ABBY

The paramedics brought you.

Jack fishing a sandwich from the bag. Starts gnoshing.

ABBY

You never liked pastrami.

JACK

Telling you, Darlin', with this whole near-death thing, I'm a new man.

ABBY

"Darlin'?"

JACK

And I'm just getting warmed up. Soon as I check out, there's a few things I gotta' do, but later how 'bout you and me hit the town--

ABBY

Why are you talking like this?

JACK

C'mon, we'll go dancing, get a little crazy, live it up.

ABBY

Jack, you've been through a lot. We all have. This morning, I thought...
(beat)
Jess has been worried sick about you.

JACK

Jess?

ABBY

Our daughter?

JACK

Yeah. Can't wait to see her. Give her a big hug.
(beat)

You bring me something to wear?

ABBY

The doctors don't think going home is a good idea right now.

JACK
Abby, I'm fine. Look at me.

Jack rising from his wheelchair -- approaching a shocked Abby.

ABBY
What are you doing?

JACK
Proving it to you.

Jack humming, swaying, moving in real close to Abby. She knows something's not right, but can't resist.

ABBY
I didn't know you could walk.

JACK
I'm full of surprises.

ABBY
You need to stay here, Jack. If something were to happen--

JACK
Maybe something will.
(Abby pulls away)
Can't a husband show a little affection?

ABBY
The way you're talking. And acting...your eyes... Something's different...

JACK
That a bad thing?

Abby pushes Jack into the wheelchair. Spots Dr. Horn with other doctors in the hallway. Flips on the t.v.

ABBY
Stay here, okay? And stop enjoying yourself so much. You could be dead.

Abby exits. Jack watching her join Dr. Horn in the hallway.

A VOICE RUMBLES -- it's Veck speaking through the t.v.

VECK
Having fun yet?

JACK
I'm a scientific wonder.

VECK

For another 22 hours. What're you sitting on your ass for?

JACK

I just got out of bed.

VECK

Get your shit in gear. Timeline's starting to shift. We need to make some unscheduled stops.

JACK

You said it was a simple job.

VECK

Be a shame dropping dead before you even got out the door.

ON ABBY WITH DR. HORN AND DR. GALLEGO IN THE HALLWAY--

Through the room window, they see Jack in the wheelchair.

DR. HORN

If we release him now, he could drop dead before you left the building.

ABBY

He says he's fine.

DR. HORN

We need to keep your husband for observation. As a precaution.

ABBY

But he wants to go home. Isn't this Jack's decision?

The doctors trade glances. The awkward truth --

DR. GALLEGO

We're concerned for his physical and mental states.

Abby eyes Jack. Wearing a hospital gown, talking to himself, dripping pastrami. Not the picture of a sound mind.

DR. HORN

Emotional stability, mental acuity, ability to rationalize -- these all could've been impaired by the trauma.

DR. GALLEGO
Sometimes it's necessary the spouse
act as the patient's legal custodian.

ABBY
But--

DR. HORN
Mrs. Hoyle, do you believe your
husband is qualified to make medical
decisions for himself?

Abby twisting under the Doctors' stares--

INT. HOSPITAL - JACK'S ROOM - DAY

VECK (ON T.V.)
I'm getting a bad feeling here.

JACK
You said I could handle her.

Jack sees Abby rubbing her temples, a pained look on her face.

VECK (ON TV)
Think she's talking about where you're
going for vacation?
(beat)
Look in the bag.

Jack grabbing the sandwich bag -- there's a SNAPSHOT: a PICK-
UP TRUCK with a lightning bolt on the door. Jack taps, FLASH.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE JACK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A grim-faced Abby entering--

ABBY
Jack, I talked to the doctors and...

She looks to the wheelchair -- it's empty.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL - DAY

Jack hunting for an exit. Grimacing, aching -- Jack's body
hasn't completely recovered. Rounding a corner--

TWO BEEFY SECURITY GUARDS are with Abby and Dr. Horn. Jack
does an about-face, heading in the other direction --

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Jack passing patients. There's a MOAN. Jack glancing at an OLD WOMAN in a bed talking into thin air. A MONITOR beeps.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Not now...please. My son needs me.
I'm all he has. I can't leave now...

Jack spots surgical scrubs. Snags them. The Old Woman's monitor FLAT-LINES. Jack backing away as we reveal:

A GREY-HAIRED BLACK MAN, a pearl-handled black cane in hand, with a face etched on Mt. Rushmore, looking on.

He's holding a withered white hand. It's the Old Woman's.

Now she's standing with him, looking at her own dead body.

DOCTORS rush in, as if nobody were there. The Black Man and Old Woman watch them give up reviving the dead body--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - DAY

Wearing the stolen scrubs, Jack walks into BLINDING DAYLIGHT. Eyes closed, head tilted to the sun, motionless. Pure bliss.

Then, a PICKUP marked "Water & Power" -- with a lightning bolt insignia matching Jack's snapshot -- screeches to a stop.

A middle-aged MAN pops out cradling a GIRL with a broken leg.

MAN

Fell off her bike near our work site.
Name's Juana, I think. Can you help?
You're a doctor, aren't you?

The girl moans. Jack doesn't even open his eyes.

JACK

I'm kinda' busy.

Shaking his head, the Man blows into the E.R. with the girl.

Jack opening his eyes. Looking at the empty Pickup.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Dimly-lit, sparse crowd. A Dancer grinds on a stage.

Jack slugs shots, gazes at the moving flesh. There's a far-off noise, a beeping. A patron opens the door to leave--

In the parking lot outside, the Pickup's lights flash, horn sounds, alarm blaring. Jack slams his drink and goes.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Jack kills the alarm, gets behind the wheel. Keying the ignition, clicking on the radio -- VECK'S VOICE crackles:

VECK (ON RADIO)
You're late.

JACK
I'm having fun. Perk of the job.

VECK
What you eat or drink or shake your dick at, nothing comes before the job.
(beat)
Check the glove-box. All you need to know 'bout those unscheduled stops.

JACK
There's easier ways to get me wheels than hurting some girl.

VECK
You know what it took to make that ripple happen?

JACK
You're a real swell guy, Veck.

VECK
Get to the pick-up point.

Jack bangs the glove-box. 3-D SNAPSHOTS dropping out. He taps one -- FLASH!

JACK
Be there in fifteen minutes.

VECK
You've got five.

White noise on the radio. Veck's gone. Jack guns the engine--

CUT TO:

INT. PICKUP - CITY STREET - DAY

Jack with a 3-D SNAPSHOT. It's the Hi-Rise Building from the opening. A Red Dumpster visible in an alleyway.

Jack looks up -- the REAL HI-RISE with the real Red Dumpster.

In the b.g. SQUAD CARS and COPS clustering near the Hi-Rise.

Jack gulps Bourbon. Spots workboots and a blue Water & Power uniform next to him in the passenger seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR THE HI-RISE - LITTLE LATER

Jack wearing the uniform and boots. Stopping at CRIME SCENE TAPE strung across the alley entrance.

Sliding under -- opening the Red Dumpster -- digging through trash -- Jack finds a silver case labelled "Pittman."

Jack turning to the pickup, case in hand. A VOICE calling --

ROOKIE COP (O.S.)
Sir, this is a crime scene...

A baby-faced ROOKIE COP stands in Jack's way.

JACK
Crime scene?

ROOKIE COP
There was a shooting.

JACK
Can never be too careful, huh?
(beat)
Got a call for a blown generator.
Address doesn't match any of these
buildings.

ROOKIE COP
Which address?
(Jack's quiet)
I'd like you to come with me, sir.

Rookie Cop reaches for his radio, but Jack rushes him.

Rookie Cop drawing his sidearm. Jack swinging the case, whacking it away.

The two go down. Weak, aching, Jack can barely hold his own.

Rookie Cop slamming Jack against the ground as--

The Silver Case drops, breaking open. Papers and 3-D Snap-Shots fly out -- along with a handgun sliding on the pavement.

Jack is shocked. So is the Rookie Cop.

Jack twisting, kneeling the Rookie Cop's solar plexus. Snatches the handgun. Aims it at the Rookie Cop.

ROOKIE COP
You don't want to make a mistake.

JACK
You're right.

Jack grabs the case, swinging it at the Rookie Cop's head:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE PICKUP - CITY STREET - DAY

-- with the case landing in the passenger seat. Breathing hard, mind racing, Jack keys the car. Flipping on the radio.

JACK
Start talking, Veck...where's this going?...Veck...

Nothing but white noise.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm not moving until I know where this ripple's headed...

Jack spots POLICE running towards the alleyway. A SIREN sounds. Jack throws the Pickup into drive.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT DOOR - HOYLE HOUSE - DAY

Opening on two grim-faced cops, LT. GRACE and SGT. CHO. Abby in the doorway, surprised--

LT. GRACE
Mrs. Jack Hoyle?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - HOYLE HOUSE - DAY

Nerve-racked, Abby faces the Cops in her sparkling kitchen.

ABBY

Are you sure it was Jack?

LT. GRACE

We believe the i.d. is reliable.

SGT. CHO

Do you have any idea why he would attack a police officer?

ABBY

He'd been in the hospital. A head injury. The doctors said he might not be...stable.

LT. GRACE

Does this injury explain the stolen car, too?

ABBY

I don't know...he walked out of the hospital. Disappeared. Now this.

14-year-old JESS enters, plugged into her iPod. Heavy eyeliner. Goth-lite. Doesn't like Cops in the house.

JESS

Mom? What're they doing here?

ABBY

It's your dad.

LT. CHO

We're detectives. We're going to find out where he is, bring him home.

JESS

I'll bet. There's no proof he boosted that car, okay? Mom talked to the cops at the hospital--

ABBY

They say he attacked a police officer.

JESS

Dad wouldn't go off like that.

ABBY

Jess--

LT. GRACE

(moving on)

Ma'am, do you know a Don Pittman? Maybe your husband knew him?

Lt. Grace shows a picture -- it's the Fat Slob with the gut wound in Purgatory.

ABBY

No. Why?

SGT. CHO

He was murdered two days ago. Mr. Hoyle was at the crime scene today. That's where the attack occurred.

JESS

So, what, he's a killer, too?

ABBY

Jess, please...

(to Cops)

I don't know anybody by that name.

JESS

Seriously, you can't just show up and--

ABBY

Jess.

LT. GRACE

That's all we need for now. If you hear from your husband--

ABBY

I've got your card.

The Cops go. Jess waits until the front door closes.

JESS

Nazis. Walking in, making accusations. They don't know Dad. They can't say he's doing this stuff.

Abby seems lost. She grabs a cookpot, restless.

ABBY

How about dinner?

JESS

Mom...

ABBY

Chicken marinara okay?

JESS

Mom...

ABBY
Or maybe a stew. With vegetables.

JESS
Mom.
(beat)
You told me Dad seemed...different.
Y'know, before he walked out.

ABBY
He came back from the dead, Jess.
Yeah, I'd say he's different. We're
all different.

JESS
Still, wouldn't he call? I mean, at
least?

Abby lights the stove. Doesn't want to think about it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PICKUP - NEAR THE BEACH - DUSK

Jack swigging beer. A glowing red sunset against the ocean.

Taking 3-D Snap-Shots from the silver case and tapping --
FLASH. A stream of visions appear:

-- A run-down Waterfront, PEOPLE robbed and beaten.

-- A SCREAMING WOMAN dragged into an alley by TWO MEN.

-- People throwing bricks, looting, clashing with police.

-- A final nightmarish vision: a Waterfront with crumbling
buildings, burning cars, deserted streets.

Jack snapping out of the visions. Tossing the Snap-Shots into
the case and hopping behind the wheel. His eye catches:

A PHOTO clipped to the sun-visor -- the Man who brought the
girl to the E.R. Smiling with Wife, surrounded by Family.

Something gnaws at Jack. He looks out at the ocean.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT HARBOR - NIGHT

Jack surveying the BOATS. Eyeing a run-down SHACK in the b.g.

EXT. OUTSIDE SHACK - NIGHT

Paint peeling, rusted tin roof -- it's the harbor's eye-sore.
A sign overhead: "Younger Nautical."

Jack approaching, stopped by a CRACKLY VOICE --

VOICE (MADDON)
We're closed.

MADDON, 40 going on 65, bearded, matted hair, homeless, "VFW"
on his cap. Sprawled in shadows at the front door.

MADDON
Help you out tomorrow. 'Specially if
you help me now--

Maddon's hand is out. Jack looks at him in disbelief.

JACK
Tom?...what happened to you?

MADDON
Don't bug-eye me. I'm the one tweaked
in the head.

JACK
I promised your mother--

MADDON
Stop fucking around and gimme a buck.

JACK
You didn't deserve this.

MADDON
(angry)
That's right I don't. Get outta' my
face. Go on. Beat it--

Shaken, Jack backs away as Maddon keeps yelling at him.

EXT. BOAT HARBOR - NIGHT

Returning to the pickup, Jack sees COPS swarming, shining
flashlights inside. Backtracking towards the dock when--

Something seizes Jack. Eyes fluttering, legs buckling, he
falls over the dock's edge and--

--lands in a DINGHY below. His limp body hanging over the
side, head submerged in water.

ON THE DOCK

The Stranger looking down at Jack's lifeless body. Veck grips his neck -- he's ripped the ghostly soul right out of Jack.

VECK

You're fifteen minutes behind.
Fifteen seconds can fuck this ripple.

STRANGER

If you were really fucked, we wouldn't be talking.

Touche'. Veck jams the Stranger back into Jack's body. He revives, jerking himself out of the water, gasping.

JACK

We had a deal. I don't do guns.

VECK

Quit bitching. It ain't for you.

JACK

Guns have a way of going off. People die. It's my soul in play.

VECK

You got your family reunion. Had a good cry. Can we get back to work?

JACK

I know where the ripple's headed.

VECK

Saw the preview, huh?

JACK

He's my son. He's had it tough enough growing up. If you turn this place into a living hell --

VECK

Do yourself a favor. Don't fuck with me. Don't fuck with my timelines. And don't fuck with my boss.

(re: silver case)

This ain't your job. Getting that to the destination is.

(threatening)

If I have to come after you again, you won't like it.

JACK

My wheels. How am I going to--

VECK
Start hoofing it, Sunshine.

Jack swinging an oar at Veck, blowing through his disappearing body -- from far away, Veck's roadster RUMBLES. He's gone.

Jack finds the silver case in the row boat. Takes out a 3-D SNAPSHOT. Taps it his head. FLASH. An old white Bronco SUV.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOAT HARBOR - NIGHT

As the Cops inspect the Pickup, Jack turns to a dark road. Slowly, painfully, picking up speed, and running away--

CUT TO:

EXT. SHACK - BOAT HARBOR - NIGHT

Maddon's asleep at the door. A SHADOW looms, becoming rugged, muscular TOM YOUNGER, 30's. Waking Maddon up, he holds a bag.

YOUNGER
Hot meal.

MADDON
No good without a chaser.

Younger offers a cup of coffee. Maddon sighs.

YOUNGER
Told you to use the shed. Scare away business sleeping it off here.

MADDON
You get the gig?

YOUNGER
Some other designer did a song and dance. They'll pay twice the price--

MADDON
Rich people. There's better out there.
(beat)
Man came. Was throwing your name around.

YOUNGER
Who?

MADDON
Some guy. 'Bout your age. Going on about how sorry the place is.

Younger chews on this.

YOUNGER
They won't muscle me off this dock.

MADDON
Developers. Tell 'em to piss off,
Tom. Give 'em hell.
(re: bag)
Is that pie? You know I like pie.

INT. YOUNGER'S SHACK - NIGHT

A Spartan live/work pad. Maddon dozing on a couch with half-eaten pie. Younger nursing a beer, thumbing a scrap-book.

CU -- A YELLOWED PHOTO of the shack in better days. There's Younger as a boy with his father, beaming, their futures unlimited.

WE MOVE IN ON THE OLDER MAN IN THE PHOTO -- It's the Stranger.

MADDON
Your Old Man?

YOUNGER
Lost him after cancer took Mom. He'd been drinking. Car ran off a bridge. Never sure if it was an accident.

MADDON
My Dad hit me every day 'til I was 15. Sometimes you're better off.

YOUNGER
My Aunt Jo couldn't handle me. I was young...and angry. If I hadn't joined the Navy...

MADDON
You got it turned around. Look at you now.

Younger surveying his tiny kingdom. It's not inspiring. He looks at the scrapbook. Moving in on his Dad/The Stranger --

CUT TO:

JACK FALLING TO THE GROUND

-- out of breath. He's been running a while. Looking up at --

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

-- and ducking into a row of hedges. HEADLIGHTS slicing the darkness. An OLD WHITE BRONCO pulls into the driveway.

A MAN in workboots exits the Bronco with a toolbelt. A WOMAN greets him at a side-door, kissing him, pulling him inside.

Jack holds a 3-D SNAPSHOT -- an exact image of the Bronco and the house. Jack dumping the Snapshot in a garbage can.

IN THE DRIVEWAY

Jack quietly unlatches the Bronco's hood, reaching into the engine. Working quickly, carefully.

GIGGLING comes from a room inside. Lowering the hood, Jack turns -- through a window, there's cake on a kitchen counter.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Jamming cake in his mouth, Jack spots a bicycle stashed by the garage. Thinks about it --

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Jack pedalling the bike. Stopping, panting. Taking out a SNAPSHOT. FLASH. He eyes an electrical box on a brick wall.

With a lug wrench, he cracks the box open, rips a wire, then pedals off. Passing a sign for a mini-mart -- THE RAJ MAHAL.

CUT TO:

A 3-D SNAPSHOT OF A HARBORMASTER'S BUILDING in Jack's hand. The Snapshot slides away and --

EXT. HARBORMASTER'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The real thing. Jack ditches the bike, silver case in hand.

INT. HARBORMASTER'S BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Jack unlocking a door, entering a work area. Finding a locker, opening it. Snags a BLACK TOOL BAG from inside.

Jack stuffing the case in the toolbag. Returning the bag to the locker -- and stopping.

Feels something on his back: the first traces of morning light through a window. His 24 hours are almost done.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - EARLY MORNING

The Security Guard in uniform kisses his Wife goodbye and gets into the OLD WHITE BRONCO. Backing up, the engine revs wildly, and the Bronco speeds into a passing car. CRASH--

A PHONE RINGS O.S. We're at--

INT. TOM YOUNGER'S SHACK - MORNING

A groggy Younger answers--

YOUNGER

Tom here...will Bob be okay?...sure, I can fill in...where's the job?...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HARBORMASTER'S BUILDING - MORNING

First light of morning washing over Jack's face. He emerges through the security gate. It's his final minutes on Earth.

IN THE PARKING LOT --

A truck stops. WORKMEN pile out, among them is Tom Younger. Heading to the Harbormaster's Building. Younger walks right by Jack, no recognition between them.

JACK moves to a clearing, savoring his last moments as --

JACK'S POV -- a Black Sedan pulling up. A red-head (AGENT WENDY GRAFF, 30) entering the gate. She badges OFFICERS at a checkpoint leading to a Naval Yard.

WORKMEN EMERGING FROM THE BUILDING --

-- lugging bags, tools, equipment. Younger is with them. A grizzled FOREMAN calls out --

FOREMAN

Younger! Tom! You're on Tate's crew.

This grabs Jack's attention. He watches Younger go with a crew heading towards the Naval Yard checkpoint.

Officers inspect the Workmen's gear. Younger carries the black tool bag where Jack stashed the case with the gun.

A creeping sense of dread overcomes Jack--

JACK

Tom?

Jack runs back to the gate. He can't get through.

AT THE CHECKPOINT

Younger hands over the TOOL BAG to the Officers.

JACK STARTS TO YELL--

--but the cry won't come. There's a hand disappearing inside his throat. It's Veck clutching The Stranger deep inside.

VECK

If it's any consolation, he'll get
three squares a day.

In the b.g. Officers jump Younger as Veck yanks The Stranger out of Jack's body -- slumping over, straining to breathe.

STRANGER

That drunk at the dock...he isn't--

VECK

(re: Younger)
The winner sonny boy is?
(beat)
Might get it together when he's out of
prison. Then again, he's got your
blood.

Uniforms cuff Younger. Graff produces the HANDGUN from the tool bag.

STRANGER

You sick bastard. I came here to--

VECK

To see how junior's doing. Maybe grab
a few rays while you're at it. Well,
you got a look. Ought to kiss my ass
I gave you the chance.

STRANGER

You're screwing up his life.

VECK

Well, technically, you are.
(beat)
Time's up, Sunshine. Take a good
look. Who knows if you'll be back.

Officers manhandle Younger, shoving him into Graff's Black Sedan. The Stranger is shaken. Jack's body gasps for life.

STRANGER

Wait.

VECK

What? You forget some dry-cleaning?

STRANGER

What if...

VECK

What if what?

STRANGER

I stayed another day. One more job.

VECK

Look. I'm a nice guy. Want an hour to pork the little lady? Be my guest.

STRANGER

Ripple's started. I'll help it along.

VECK

Think you're the first day-job come begging for more time? Why should I?

STRANGER

Because I'm good.

VECK

Nothing you can do for him now.

STRANGER

I gotta' know he'll be okay.

Veck snorts, amused. He's a cool customer.

VECK (CONT'D)

Things could get messy.

STRANGER

I don't care.

VECK

You will.

Veck heaves the Stranger back into Jack, tosses a SNAPSHOT. Jack revives. Bruised and pale, he's not a pretty sight.

Jack eyes the SNAPSHOT. Younger's shack. Tapping it. FLASH.

JACK
Leave his place alone.

VECK
Cost of doing business.

JACK
Burning it down, how's that help?
He'll be in jail...

VECK
It's the job. Take it or leave it.

JACK
That's my place. Our place.

VECK
Don't go getting misty on me.
(beat)
You stayin' or what?

JACK
Go to Hell.

Veck cackles. Jack spotting Younger in the Black Sedan as the door closes. Veck's far-off laughter echoes -- he's gone.

Jack goes after the Sedan. An Officer steps in his path --

OFFICER
Can I help you?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - PARKING LOT - DAY

A FAT COP at the wheel works a crossword. Jack's in the back, handcuffed, eyeing:

ABBY SPEAKING TO COPS NEARBY. Her face etched in pain. Is she angry? Humiliated? Relieved?

Jack turns -- an OLD BLACK MAN, the "ghost" from the hospital sits next to him. This is STRICKLAND. Only Jack sees him.

STRICKLAND
Better hope she's a good talker.

JACK
Who are you?

FAT COP
(oblivious)
A cop waiting for his shift to end.

STRICKLAND

Want to help your son, there's better ways a' going about it.

JACK

(realizing)

You don't work for Veck.

FAT COP

Keep it down, will ya'?

The Fat Cop goes back to his crossword.

STRICKLAND

There's a war going on here, son. You best pick a side.

JACK

(hushed)

Which side'll help me get my son out of this mess?

STRICKLAND

Don't expect no lightning and thunder. War's been underground for a long time. And the one you're working for is getting sloppy. And desperate.

(beat)

I can help. You. And your son.

JACK

How?

STRICKLAND

You're about to spend the rest of your time here in a rubber room. Only one thing'll help. Wanna' know what it is?

(Jack nods)

Smile at your wife.

Just then, Abby looks over. Jack offers her a grin.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)

This ain't a job interview. Like you love her.

Jack's smile becomes broader, more tender. Abby smiles back.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)

Man she married made her suffer. But her heart still beats for him.

JACK
So?

STRICKLAND
Shut up. You might learn something.
(beat)
She sees something in you. A change.
Gives her hope.

JACK
Too bad her husband's dead.

Abby appears to thank the Cops. They all head to the Cruiser.

JACK
Terrific. What now?

STRICKLAND
A thank you'd be nice.

JACK
Sure. Thanks.

STRICKLAND
Now -- my turn. What's your job here?
(Jack shrugs)
Pretty face, load of money, wife's
cute as a button. Think your boss got
you this set up 'cuz he likes you?

Jack doesn't respond. He's itching to get out of the Cruiser.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)
Got a hunch what's going on and, trust
me, it ain't good.

JACK
Wish I could stay and chat.

FAT COP
(rolling his eyes)
Yeah, likewise.

The Cops open the car door and uncuff Jack. Abby eyes him, silent. Jack gets out, revealing an empty seat next to him.

INT. ABBY'S CONVERTIBLE - DAY

A sun-drenched shoreline drive. Jack taking in the ocean breeze. Abby fuming quietly at the steering wheel. A beat.

ABBY
You're not even going to try to
explain?

JACK

Abby --

ABBY

Do you have any idea what you put us through? You just disappeared. We looked everywhere for you.

JACK

Couldn't take laying around in bed.

ABBY

How could you --

JACK

Can we talk about this later?

ABBY

Do you get how serious this is? You stole a car.

JACK

Abby --

ABBY

And assaulted a police officer. They wanted to throw you in jail. I called in every favor, all the way to city hall, to get them to drop charges.

JACK

Look, Abby, I know you're worried.

ABBY

Worried? I'm terrified. Ever since the accident --

JACK

You think I'll drop dead. Or go nuts. Or get somebody hurt. None of that's going to happen.

ABBY

It already has.

JACK

It won't happen again. Because...

Jack's voice trails off. Abby can't bear the silence.

ABBY

Well?

JACK

I never gave you much of a reason to trust me before.

Abby looks at him, mystified.

JACK (CONT'D)

Things'll be different. I'm different.

(beat)

I don't blame you for wishing I died at the hospital. I were you, I would've signed that termination order, too.

Jack inhaling fresh air. The sun kisses his face. Speechless, all Abby can do is drive.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - HOYLE HOUSE - DAY

Jack stiffly following Abby to the front door. She stops.

ABBY

Dad picked her up from volleyball.

(off Jack's blank face)

Jess. Look, this is already awkward enough, okay?

Jack shrugs, doesn't want the lecture. Abby continues --

ABBY (CONT'D)

Just try to be nice, okay?

JACK

No problem. Mr. Nice Guy.

Abby's father, FRANK, opens the door. With him is JIM and CECE, a neighbor couple, and their hottie daughter, NANCY, 18.

FRANK

Glad you're back home, handsome.

ABBY

Dad...

As they enter, Abby simmers, covering it up--

INT. HOYLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ABBY

Where's Jess?

FRANK

Saw her out back--

Nancy throws herself at Jack. A big hug.

NANCY

Welcome home, Mr. Hoyle. How does it feel to be back?

JACK

It feels good. Really good.

ABBY

(in Frank's ear)

Did you have to?

FRANK

(in Abby's ear)

I thought seeing some familiar faces would be good for him.

CECE

Look at you, Jack, just look at you--

JACK

Yeah, we're all looking at me...who are you?

(beat)

Mom?

CeCe blinks. Is he serious?

CECILE

I'm CeCe. This is Jim. We're your neighbors.

JACK

I'm kidding -- c'mere...

Jack gives her a hug. The commotion is too much for Abby.

ABBY

I need to...change.

Abby goes. Jack looking out the open door to the convertible. Freedom is so close.

FRANK

Sit down, relax. I'll get you a nice tall glass of iced tea.

JACK

Wow. Just what I need.

Happy, expectant stares greet Jack. This is not his element.

INT. HOYLE BEDROOM - DAY

Abby's having a cry. Jack enters. She covers the tears with--

ABBY

Did you see your daughter?

(Jack shrugs)

I know. Ms. Anti-Social doesn't mix
with crowds.

Jack spots CAR KEYS in Abby's purse. Abby takes off her
clothes. Stands there in her underwear. Jack tries not to
notice. Abby notices him not noticing.

ABBY

What?

JACK

You look good.

ABBY

('gimme a break')

We have guests.

JACK

You really are...beautiful.

ABBY

I'm not in the mood, Jack.

JACK

When's the last time I said that?

ABBY

We're checking back into the hospital.
Tomorrow. First thing. That's the
deal I made with the Detective.

Jack goes to her. Gets close. Real close.

ABBY

What are you doing?

JACK

What you did at the harbor -- I
appreciate it. You're good to me.

ABBY

Why're you talking like this?

JACK

I'm not the same man, Abby.

ABBY
It'll take time coming back from something like this.

JACK
Jack's never coming back.

ABBY
What the doctors can do now. New drugs, new therapies--

JACK
You don't understand. Your husband's gone. I'm not Jack Hoyle.

Jack takes Abby's hand and puts it on his chest.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's his body. But the soul's not Jack.

ABBY
Oh, God--

JACK
Close enough. I was in...I guess you'd call it limbo.

Abby hastily puts on jeans and a top.

ABBY
It's worse than they said.

JACK
Only way you can come back is by working jobs. You get a body. 24 hours here. It's an amazing deal.

ABBY
You need help, Jack. Serious help.

JACK
Jack wasn't coming out of that coma.

ABBY
Stop it...you don't even know how far you're gone.

Jack grabs Abby. Kisses her deeply.

JACK
Be honest - was that Jack?

ABBY

Do what the doctors say. If not for me, then for Jess.

Abby leaves. Jack's thinking, eyeing her purse. Snatches the car keys. Checks a small billfold and finds cash.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RAJ MAHAL MINI-MART - DAY

We've been here before -- Jack crow-barred an electrical box in the alley.

FOLLOW A WOMAN entering. We've seen her before, too -- Agent Wendy Graff. She breezes by a news rack, snagging the daily.

GRAFF

Hey, Raj. How's Sakinah and the kids?

(silence)

Mayor's getting desperate to wrap up that Waterfront deal. That'd help business for you, won't it...?

Working the front, RAJ, 50's, Persian, grunts. Graff grabs juice, starts for the register.

GRAFF (CONT'D)

Not a fan of the mayor, huh?

Graff stops. Raj is quiet, motionless. She follows his stare. A security mirror reveals a GUNMAN hiding behind the counter. He pops up, gun pointed at her.

GUNMAN

Move, bitch, and I pop you.

GRAFF

Raj...is that your wife?

The Gunman turns. Raj takes the cue and slams the Gunman into the register.

In the struggle, Raj staggers. He clamps his chest, short of breath. A heart attack. Graff leaps on the gunman--

GRAFF

The button. Push the button.

EXT. ALLEY - OUTSIDE RAJ MAHAL - SAME

Pulling back from the robbery inside, reveal the electrical box Jack busted. He disabled the security system.

INT. RAJ MAHAL MINI-MART - CONTINUOUS

Raj slumps to the floor, hand on a red button under the counter. Pressing -- nothing.

RAJ
Not...working...

The Gunman pins Graff, who pivots, slamming him against the register, sending the Gunman into a glass cooler. CRASH.

The Gunman is down. Graff rushes to Raj --

GRAFF
Easy, Raj. I'll get help.

But Raj is barely breathing. Graff takes out her cell phone, turns -- THE GUNMAN is there, bloodied, muzzle aimed at her.

GRAFF
Don't...

The Gunman fires, dropping Graff. He runs out.

A deathly pall hushes the scene. As Graff lies bleeding, AN ENGINE RUMBLES O.S. Pull back to reveal--

VECK observing the two half-dead bodies. With him are SALLY and BIGGS, both fresh from Purgatory.

BIGGS
(re: Raj)
I've seen better.

SALLY
(re: Graff)
Sure she's worth it?

Veck hurls Biggs into Raj's body, Sally into Graff's. Their labored breathing "kickstarts." 3-D SNAPSHOTS drop on both.

VECK
Shut up. You're both on the clock.

Veck vanishes. Raj/Biggs sits up. He's weak, but giddy, exhilarated. Graff/Sally gingerly feels her wound.

GRAFF/SALLY
Chick's a mess. You believe this?

RAJ/BIGGS
Yeah...amazing, isn't it?

Graff grabs a phone book near the register. Swipes cigarettes and a bottle of Wild Turkey--

GRAFF/SALLY
Yeah. Fucking amazing.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - HOYLE HOUSE - DAY

Car keys in hand, Jack passes happy family photos on the wall. HEARS voices downstairs -- there's no way he can slip out.

There's a window at the end of the hallway. Jack starts for it, but CeCe calls from downstairs --

CECE (O.S.)
Jack...come on down, I made a cake...

Jack retreating into--

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Trying a window latch. Won't budge. He spots a ceiling vent. Jumps on the toilet to get to it. There's someone watching--

JESS (O.S.)
How bad were you hurt?

Jess is there, looking at him. 14 years of raw emotion.

JACK
Mom didn't tell you?

JESS
She thinks I can't handle anything.
(re: open vent)
That where you keep your stash now?

Jack fishes out a baggie with multi-colored pills. Surprise. Tosses a couple back quickly.

JESS
Don't take the reds with the blues or you'll end up back in the hospital.

JACK
Don't tell me how you know that.

JESS
You look okay. Considering.

JACK
Little fender-bender. I'm all better.

JESS
They said you beat up a cop.

Tough question. Jack punts --

JACK
You can run along now and play or
whatever it is you do.

JESS
Dad --

JACK
I'm kinda busy, okay?

JESS
Jacking cars and hitting cops? Mom's
right -- you've always been an
asshole. Now you're a criminal.

JACK
Pretty mouthy for a thirteen-year-old.

JESS
I'm fourteen, Dad.

JACK
And a math whiz, too.

Jack's "medicine" kicks in. He wobbles off-balance.

JESS
I thought you said you were better.

JACK
I am now.

JESS
Grandpa's looking for you.

As Jack struggles, Jess bangs on the window, cracking it open.

JACK
Look, kid --

JESS
I know. You'll be back. Whenever --

JACK
Save yourself the heartache. Forget
about dear ol' dad.

Jess steels herself. She won't crack in front of him.

JESS

I know you didn't do those things.

Jack sizes her up. She's just a hurt girl. He can't go yet.

JACK

Okay. Listen. I really don't have time for this, but...what I'm going to tell you, I'm not sure you're ready.

JESS

Try me.

Jack closing the window. Jess doesn't know what to expect --

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOYLE HOUSE - DAY

Abby broods as Frank entertains the guests. Jess entering --

ABBY

Honey, we've been looking all over for you. Where's your father?

Jess, dazed, looking to the window. Abby follows her eyeline--

Jack is in the convertible in the driveway. Screeching away, leaving Abby and the others in stunned disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION MINI-MART - DAY

Jack sniffing tree-shaped air fresheners. Love that pine-fresh scent. Prowling aisles, snagging batteries, tape, extension cord, and gum.

Jack at the counter, dumping his items. Eyeing a CASHIER.

JACK

I could use a drink.

CASHIER

Got Slushees. Grape, cherry, lemon-lime.

JACK

I look like a Slushee kind of guy?

The Cashier eyes Jack humorlessly.

EXT. PUMPS - GAS STATION - DAY

Jack at the convertible with a Slushee, pumping gas in a can.

A LITTLE KID eyes Jack from a pickup. Jack watching the Kid's FATHER talking to him M.O.S. It's an everyday moment, but it hits Jack deep.

Jack dumping the gas can in the car -- Move in on the SNAPSHOT OF YOUNGER'S SHACK on the seat.

CUT TO:

THE IRON BARS OF A JAIL CELL, opening. We're in --

INT. CITY JAIL - DAY

A Sheriff's BATON rattling bars. TOM YOUNGER looks up.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Behind half-inch plexi, Younger looks like he's had a beating. Jack on the other side, speaking into a telephone intercom --

JACK

I'm Jack Hoyle. I'm a lawyer.

(beat)

I can get you out of here.

YOUNGER

Look, if you're some ambulance-chaser--

JACK

I don't need money. I'm loaded.

YOUNGER

So that makes you, what? The Lawyer Fairy? I'm good. Thanks.

JACK

You don't look so good.

YOUNGER

A little dispute with a resident.

(beat)

I can take care of myself.

JACK

You run a boat shop. Moonlight patch work to make ends meet. You can't afford to turn down my help.

YOUNGER

I design boats. And build 'em. And I don't 'moonlight.' Patch jobs put food on the table.

JACK
 Carrying a weapon onto a Navy base.
 They tell me that's serious time.

Younger simmers silently.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I know you're innocent.

YOUNGER
 That so? Who sent you?

JACK
 Nobody.

YOUNGER
 Bullshit. You work for Dan Hicks.

JACK
 I don't work for anybody.

YOUNGER
 He plants a gun on me, I go down for
 it, and now you're here to screw me
 for good.

JACK
 Tom...

YOUNGER
 I'm the last one on that dock Hicks
 hasn't bought out. I'm not giving up
 my place. It's been my family's--

JACK
 Since it was your granddad's bait
 shop.

This shuts Younger up.

JACK (CONT'D)
 He left it to your father, the welder.
 30 years. Would it kill you to give
 it a fresh coat of paint?
 (beat)
 Your Dad...made a mistake, leaving you
 so young. All by yourself.

YOUNGER
 The fuck do you know about a drunk
 ghost?

Younger signals for the Guard.

YOUNGER (CONT'D)
Go back wherever the hell you came
from.

Jack watching Younger being taken away by a Guard --

INT. SECURITY EXIT - DAY

BUZZ -- a steel door opens. Jack passing cells with inmates
behind bars. It's Younger's future and it's pretty bleak.

A Correctional Officer, DARRELL, calls out to Jack --

DARRELL
Hoyle!

Jack eyeing him blankly -- "who the hell are you?"

DARRELL
Haven't seen you lately.

JACK
Y'know, busy...

DARRELL
So...?

JACK
So?

DARRELL
You were going to text me?
(Jack is blank)
Monique? From your office? You were
hooking this fine-assed brother up
with her digits.

JACK
Musta' slipped my mind.

DARRELL
You said it was a done deal.

JACK
Tell me something, uh...

DARRELL
Darrell--

JACK
Darrell. Be honest. I'm an asshole,
right?

DARRELL
Well, yeah, kinda.

JACK
I thought so.

Jack turns, closing a steel gate on a perplexed Darrell.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jack in the convertible, flooring the gas. Eyeing the 3-D Snapshot of the burnt dock in the passenger seat, next to --

-- the extension cord. Batteries. Gas can. The job at hand.

Jack flips the wheel, whipping around a corner and--

A LITTLE GIRL ON HER BICYCLE

In the street -- SCREECH -- Jack skidding, stopping short, but there's a thud. Then silence. Jack getting out, feverish.

The Little Girl and her bike sprawled on the street. Jack goes to her. If she's dead...

But she's coming to, crying, upset, hitting Jack, angry that her bike is broken. Jack gives her whatever money he's got.

JACK
You'll be okay. Go home. Buy yourself something.

She takes the money, wiping tears, giving Jack one more smack, and wheels away her broken bike.

Jack returning to the convertible. The afternoon sun playing on his face. He floors it --

Follow the Girl pushing her bike out of frame as --

A BLACK CANE enters. It's Strickland, hobbling as the convertible speeds away from him.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - RAJ'S HOME - DAY

Graff, inhabited by Sally, puffing a cigarette, admiring her breasts in a mirror. Raj, now with Biggs' soul, stitching her wound with needle and thread. Graff flips a phone book.

RAJ
Looking for someone?

GRAFF

What do you care? Keep stitching.
 (winces)
 I don't want to be slowed down.

RAJ

You'll be fine.
 (leering)
 You are fine.

Raj starts kissing her neck. She gives in to it -- then jams an elbow in his crotch. Graff swigging Wild Turkey.

RAJ

Just having...some fun.

GRAFF

That'll come later. And not with some bald piece of shit like you.
 (beat)
 Go have fun with her.

WOMAN'S VOICE O.S. There's POUNDING at the door. Raj opens -- a PERSIAN WOMAN, 50's, sobbing hysterically, yelling in Farci.

RAJ

How many times I gotta' tell you?
English. Speak in English.

WOMAN

How dare you bring this woman here!

RAJ

Give me my car keys.

WOMAN

Not until you tell me who she is. And why you left the store today. What's wrong with you, Raj?

RAJ

I'm fucking her, okay? That what you want to hear? Now, where's the keys?

The Woman howls in pain. Throws keys at him.

WOMAN

Get out. Get away from us!

Raj passing the Woman. A teenage BOY, Raj's son, watching the scene, stricken. Graff breezing by --

GRAFF

Enough drama. Let's get to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - SUV - DAY

Abby driving. Jess watching. It's uncomfortably quiet.

JESS

Mom. It's been four hours.

ABBY

You're sure he didn't say--

JESS

I'm sure.

ABBY

Right. You don't know anything. But you did know he was sneaking out.

JESS

He told me stuff.

ABBY

Stuff?

JESS

Not where he was going, okay?

ABBY

What stuff?

Jess doesn't want to go there.

ABBY

We've been to every bar on the south side and I'm running out of ideas, so you want to help me out here?

JESS

Dad is...well, Dad isn't Dad.

Abby goes silent - she's not liking this.

JESS

There's this soul, inside, and he's using Dad to do good on Earth. He's like an angel or something.

(Abby blanches)

He told you, too?

ABBY
That's not your father talking.

JESS
I know. He's different now. Y'know,
honest. Definitely not Dad.

ABBY
He's sick, Jess.

JESS
It's not like that. We talked, okay?
Not that you'd believe it, but what he
said - it kinda made sense.

ABBY
I can't save him.

JESS
This soul, in Dad, he's got a son. On
Earth. But he's in trouble and Dad's
got to help him. I mean, this soul.

Abby making a sharp turn, hitting the gas, possessed.

JESS
Whoa.

ABBY
I can't believe you're falling for
this.

JESS
Can't we let him do his thing? He's
only got 24 hours.
(beat)
They, like, shape events on Earth,
these angels. They're fighting a war,
the good angels and the bad ones.

ABBY
Enough.

Abby turns, skidding, then stopping short outside a building.

ABBY
(calm)
They were going to harvest his organs.
I signed the order. Your father
should've died at the hospital.

As Abby opens the car door--

JESS

He is dead.

Abby walking up concrete steps - we see we're she's going:

A POLICE STATION HOUSE

Jess sitting in the car, watching, helpless...

CUT TO:

JACK BEHIND THE WHEEL, sitting in traffic--

EXT. CITY STREET - JACK'S CONVERTIBLE - EVENING

Cars packed like sardines. Jack eyeing the dashboard clock - 8 p.m., the sun setting, time dripping away.

There's a commotion up ahead -- EMT, police, a crowd.

Jack jumping out, popping the trunk, finding a heavy-duty bag. He stuffs the gas can, batteries, everything in it, moving to the commotion, where:

A CONSTRUCTION CRANE has crashed, blocking the street --

Jack approaching medics wheeling out a stretcher with a body-bag. Opening the door to the medi-van, a FACE reflects in the glass window -- it's Strickland.

STRICKLAND

Careful now.

Jack spinning, looking, but no sign of Strickland.
Strickland's reflection now appears in an ambulance window --

STRICKLAND

Can't take back what you done to your
boy.

Jack walks off, but Strickland re-appears on a store window --

STRICKLAND

But you can make things worse for
yourself...

Jack picking up his pace, moving through the crowd. Spots a ferry on a dock at the end of the street. Beelines to it --

AND GOES DOWN IN A HEAP

Tripped by a cane -- it's Strickland sitting on a bench.

STRICKLAND
I got your attention now?

JACK
You want to stop me, you have to do
better than that.

STRICKLAND
Ain't my style.

Picking himself up, Jack continues, Strickland right behind --

STRICKLAND
You don't want to do this.

JACK
It's a job.

STRICKLAND
It's a con. Walk away.

JACK
I can help him. There's still time.

STRICKLAND
Torching your boy's home and business.
That's some help.

JACK
I'm rich now. I'll get him back on
his feet.

STRICKLAND
Think it through. Son of yours has a
temper. He'll be looking for payback
what been done to him. From somebody.

Jack keeps moving, Strickland popping up at his side --

JACK
I'm a nobody. A day player looking to
have some fun.

STRICKLAND
Your boss's got more in mind than
burning down a bait shop.

JACK
You're killing my buzz, old man.

STRICKLAND
Everything connects. What's going on
here is something bigger. And your
side's upping the ante.

(MORE)

STRICKLAND (cont'd)
 Signs are popping up. And I know
 there's a pattern. Means there's a
 plan. What is it, son?

JACK
 I don't connect the dots.

STRICKLAND
 Just following orders -- I got ya'.
 But this ripple's playing out all over
 creation...you know where it's headed.

An ENGINE RUMBLES O.S. Jack is startled -- is it Veck?

JACK
 My time's running out.

STRICKLAND
 You ain't playing nice.

JACK
 You going to stop me?

STRICKLAND
 No. Just slow you down is all.

The RUMBLE getting close -- a MOTORCYCLIST passes the crowd.
 It's not Veck. Jack's mind is only on the ferry --

STRICKLAND
 Young man on that bike. Going to be
 in an accident. But he'll walk away.

JACK
 Nice story.

STRICKLAND
 The old lady driving a Buick. She
 won't be so lucky.

JACK
 Not my fault.

STRICKLAND
 Wouldn't be -- if your ride hadn't
 slipped out of gear. Hell of a chain
 reaction. She'll get her just reward.

Jack stopping, looking down the boulevard. Concerned. Sees
 the convertible rolling, edging into oncoming traffic.

JACK
 I didn't do anything.

STRICKLAND

Difference of opinion on that.
Judgment is swift, son.

Jack makes a decision, bolting away from Strickland --

JACK'S CONVERTIBLE

Picking up speed, its bumper crushing the tail-light of the car ahead, and crossing the street.

A LITTLE OLD LADY

Driving a Buick, making a U-turn, avoiding the traffic jam --

THE CONVERTIBLE

Jumping the meridian, driverless, heading into traffic --

THE MOTORCYCLIST

Speeding up. The Little Old Lady's Buick blocking the way.

JACK SPRINTING

Down an embankment, jumping onto stalled traffic, hopping across car-roofs, bag slung on his back. Seeing the convertible on a collision course with the Buick --

THE MOTORCYCLIST

Zooming around the Buick, moving ahead, now becoming the convertible's first target --

JACK LEAPING OFF A CAR

Onto the Buick, clutching the driver's door, half-open window, Little Old Lady, anything --

The Little Old Lady freaks out, jerking the wheel, speeding into the rear end of the Motorcyclist.

THE BUICK BUMPS THE MOTORCYCLIST

Sending him skittering away. The bike slides out from under him and he tumbles across pavement.

THE CONVERTIBLE BARRELING AT THE BUICK

Jack grabbing the wheel, pulling the Buick away from a direct hit. Jack can't hold on, dropping to the street, rolling as --

THE CONVERTIBLE CLIPS THE BUICK

Smashing the back end and careening to a guard rail where it CRASHES. The Buick screeches over the curb and stops.

Jack picks himself up -- a few bumps and bruises. Sees the Little Old Lady face down on the wheel. Bad news. Running to her, putting fingers on her neck for a pulse.

The Little Old Lady coming to -- Jack helps her out of the Buick. She looks up at Jack, dazed --

JACK

You're going to be okay.

LITTLE OLD LADY

My Buick ain't! All paid off and now you've ruined it.

As she curses him, Jack's attention is on the Ferry leaving the dock far away. Far off SIRENS sound--

JACK

(to himself)

Slowing me down, old man...

LITTLE OLD LADY

Who are you talking to? I am a lady!

Digging in his pocket, Jack finds a wallet--

JACK

Whatever you need, take it.

He dumps the wallet on her, runs past the groggy motorcyclist, and hops on the bike, gunning the engine. Taking off --

EXT. DOCK - FERRY PULLING AWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack racing down a sidewalk dangerously close to the water's edge. SIRENS getting closer.

The Ferry chugging, leaving the outermost edge of the dock. Jack heading for wooden pylons --

Jack turning, skidding, jumping off the bike. It crashes into the pylons. Jack rolling, then on his feet, leaping and --

LANDING ON THE BOW OF THE FERRY

Jack struggling to hang on. He climbs in, panting, looking back at the commotion on the dock. He lays back on a tangle of ropes, exhausted, bruised, taking in the stars as --

CUT TO:

TWISTING WIRES on the wooden planks of a dock. Follow the wires to a 3-D SNAPSHOT OF YOUNGER'S SHACK. Reveal:

EXT. YOUNGER'S SHACK - BOAT HARBOR - MORNING

Jack looking at the first traces of morning light. He's holding an end of COPPER WIRE. Wrapping it around a BATTERY.

The wire travels 40 yards to the GAS CAN next to a PROPANE TANK behind Younger's shack. Jack fingers another end of wire, ready to light things up. Hesitating. Unwrapping the battery wire. Goes to the SHACK --

There's scattered tools. A makeshift workbench. Blueprints of a sleekly-designed schooner. Younger's life work.

Jack's impressed by the design. Tears welling up. A father's pride. He rolls up the designs, stuffing them in his jacket.

Spots the photo album. Flips pages, landing on a yellowed photograph of Younger as a boy with Dad, the spitting image of the Stranger from Purgatory.

Jack snatches the photo, kicks over the sawhorse. He's made a decision.

Jack ripping wires off the battery. Heaving it at a poster promoting the Waterfront Development. Jack rushing away as --

CLOSE ON -- MADDON, the drunk, sleeping behind the shack. He opens his rhuemy eyes just enough to see Jack disappear.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - COURTHOUSE - MORNING

A SHERIFF uncuffs Younger, releasing him to Jack.

YOUNGER
How'd you do that?

JACK
I'm rich. And, well, I guess they know me around here.

YOUNGER
So, you don't work for those crooks.

JACK
Like I said, I want to help.

YOUNGER
That stuff you said about the shop, my dad -- how'd you...?

JACK
I do my homework. Can you lay low for
a few days?

YOUNGER
Why?

JACK
Somebody's working for those crooks.
And they'll be coming for you.

YOUNGER
I don't back down from a fight.

JACK
Don't be stupid. Check into a hotel.

YOUNGER
And what are you going to do?

JACK
Rattle a few cages.

Jack's on the move as --

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NO-TELL MOTEL - DAY

Raj in bed with a PROSTITUTE. He's looking at something O.S.

WOMAN
Okay, sugar, we done now?

Raj is frozen at the sight of Veck, sitting in a chair nearby.

VECK
Been a change in plans.

RAJ
But, can't I -- ?

WOMAN
You can all you want. I just gotta'
see more Benjamins.

VECK
Day-player's gone stray. He's messing
with my ripple.
(Raj moves slowly)
Don't start fucking with me.

RAJ
I'm not fucking with you.

WOMAN

Fine. Don't. Get the hell out, your Persian ass don't want this. Ain't heard any complaints the last hour...

The Woman goes on as Raj quickly dresses and heads out --

CUT TO:

INT. VOLVO - PARKED OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Tree-shaped air fresheners litter the car. Jack grabbing pills from a baggie on the dash, popping them, and going --

INT. OUTER OFFICE - ROURKE, LAMM & HOYLE LAW FIRM - DAY

DING -- Jack stepping off an elevator, locking eyes with DANA, his buxom assistant. The entire office goes quiet.

DANA

Jack...we weren't expecting you --

JACK

I should be dead, huh?

DANA

Everybody's been so worried.

JACK

This is where I work, right?

Off Dana's blank face as --

INT. JACK HOYLE'S OFFICE - LAW FIRM

Dana leading Jack in, shutting the door, closing the blinds.

DANA

Are you sure you're okay?

JACK

Still a little...

Jack twirling a finger at his head while scanning the office.

DANA

It's just...awful.

JACK

Comes and goes.

Suddenly, Dana's grabbing him, kissing him. Then we realize -- she's the woman sleeping with Jack at the no-tell motel.

DANA

It's been so hard...pretending to be just a friend...waiting to hear about you...wanting to be with you --

JACK

We're sleeping together...the motel?

DANA

The beach-house. My place. Sometimes right here on your desk.

Jack looks confused. Dana gently touching his head --

DANA

The head trauma -- is it that bad?

JACK

What about my wife?

DANA

You're leaving her. For good. We were looking at property in Italy. You were going to tell her when...

JACK

You like me?

DANA

Jack, I love you.

JACK

Why?

(beat)

How long've you been working for me?

DANA

(puzzled)

Three years.

JACK

I'm a rich prick. Ton of connections. Got my fingers in a lot of shady stuff. Am I right so far?

DANA

Your clients aren't saints.

JACK

Do I do work for somebody named Dan Hicks?

DANA

The whole city does business with him.
He runs the Waterfront development.
It's a 600 million dollar project.

JACK

Big money. Jack's second favorite
thing.

DANA

You weren't working on any deals with
Hicks. I would've known...

JACK

But I'm a prick, remember?
(beat)
Pricks stash their secrets. Where?

Dana eyeing a credenza against the wall. Jack slides open a
panel, revealing a safe. Takes a long look at Dana.

JACK

What are your measurements?

DANA

Why?

JACK

36-26-34?

DANA

36-24-34.

Jack dialing. CLICK. The safe door opens. Jack snagging a
file marked "Pittman." VOICES are arguing outside the office.

JACK

Who's Don Pittman?

DANA

A partner at Hicks' firm. Or was. He
was killed a few days ago.

JACK

Thanks, uh--

DANA

Dana.

JACK

Right, Dana. You're a real peach.

Through window slats, Jack glimpses what's going on outside --

JACK'S POV: Graff staring down an office worker.

JACK
Mind doing me a favor, Dana?

DANA
Sure...

JACK
The commotion outside --

DANA
Stay here, okay? I'll be right back.

Jack nodding, watching Dana exit. Sneaking up to the cracked door, he's looking out at --

INT. OUTER OFFICE - ROURKE, LAMM & HOYLE LAW FIRM

Dana approaching a pissed off Graff, held in check by an office-worker, TATE.

DANA
Is there a problem?

TATE
Lady says she's a cop. Wants to search the office.

GRAFF
I'm looking for Jack Hoyle.

DANA
Do you have a warrant?

GRAFF
(flashing a badge)
I've got this.
(eyeing Dana)
You're the one sleeping with him.

DANA
I don't know who the hell --

Graff brushing past Dana towards Jack's office --

GRAFF
Where is he?

Graff outside Jack's office, pushing the door open. Jack's gone. Graff turning, seeing a side door closing at the end of a corridor. Shoving Dana away, Graff runs, gun drawn --

INT./EXT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Graff seeing an emergency exit door closing, running to --

AN ALLEY STAIRCASE OUTSIDE

The street stories below. Jack scrambling down the stairs.

Graff jumps, her hands gripping a rail, swinging over and landing one floor below. She does this again, swinging and --

FLYING INTO JACK BELOW

It's a street-fight -- flailing, scratching, punching -- until Graff puts Jack in a headlock, choking him.

Jack twists, landing an elbow, sending Graff over the rail --

Graff falling to her death, but Jack reacts, grabbing her wrist. She's hanging in Jack's grip, the street 10 stories below. Graff pulls her gun, pointing at Jack. Stalemate.

JACK

Kill me, go to Hell.

GRAFF

Let go, you burn first.

(beat)

I'll just hang here. Wait a while.

Jack spots a garbage truck moving down the alley. Lets go of Graff's wrist - she gets off a shot, barely missing Jack. Graff falling to the pavement below --

BUT LANDING INSIDE THE GARBAGE TRUCK

Covered in muck, Graff and the truck rumble away.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jack hobbling into the parked convertible and driving away.

On the street, Graff arrives, disheveled but unhurt, watching Jack disappear. A techy NERD passes, thumbing an iPhone--

GRAFF

What's that?

NERD

I-Phone...

GRAFF

Can you find people with that?

Before the Nerd can answer, Graff snatches it. The Nerd protests, but Graff just shows her gun and he moves away.

Graff taking off, thumbing the iPhone...

CUT TO:

EXT. YOUNGER'S SHACK - BOAT HARBOR - DAY

RAJ discarding a 3-D PHOTO. Surveying the scene. Nearby, he spots the battery Jack threw away. Picks it up.

Bracing for an explosion, Raj connects the battery to the wires leading to the gas can at the shack. Nothing happens.

Raj looking hard at the gas can. The wires have come loose and fallen out of its mouth. He sighs as--

A STRONG MALE FIGURE stepping in front of him. It's Younger.

YOUNGER

The hell are you doing?

RAJ

My job.

Younger noticing the wires. Following them all the way to the gas can. Suddenly, RAJ SWINGS A THICK BOAT HOOK AT YOUNGER -- WHACK -- dropping him to his knees.

RAJ SWINGING AGAIN, sending Younger sprawling on the dock.

RAJ

Don't worry. This won't kill you.

Raj starts for the gas can. Younger TACKLES him from behind --

Raj finds a grappling hook. Thinks about where to strike -- PLUNGES IT INTO YOUNGER'S ARM, then scrambling away --

Younger rips out the hook and, HURLING IT AT RAJ, hits his back, and he crashes on the dock.

YOUNGER ATTACKING RAJ, fists flying. Raj kicks, propelling Younger backward into a pile of debris.

Falling boards sever a rope line, loosening a LARGE HOOK tethered to a crane. AS IT SWINGS AT YOUNGER'S HEAD --

RAJ LEAPING AT YOUNGER, clearing him from the hook's lethal path. The momentum carries Younger OVER THE DOCK'S EDGE --

Raj leaning over, searching for Younger -- but the hook swings back, cracking Raj flush in the skull.

ANGLE ON YOUNGER -- he's fallen into a rowboat. Bruised, bloody, but alive.

ON THE DOCK -- spitting blood, gasping, Raj crawling to the gas can. He won't last much longer. And he knows it.

Raj reaches the gas can. Glances at the sun. Wraps the wires together, takes a last breath, and dunks them into the can.

A FIERY EXPLOSION engulfs everything in flames. The propane tank BLOWS, obliterating the shack.

Above the hullabaloo, an ENGINE ROARS O.S. Veck arrives in his Roadster. He gets out, surveying the SMOKE AND FLAME.

BIGGS' GHOSTLY BODY emerging from the fire. Veck's not happy.

VECK

Simple fucking job.

BIGGS

You want the place torched, it's torched. What's the problem?

(beat)

I need a fresh body. I got more time coming.

VECK

Your soul's claimed.

BIGGS

Nobody's dead on account of me.

(Veck walks away)

I ain't going down. We had a deal.

VECK

Say hey to my friends.

Fingers of the flame swarm over Biggs' ghostly image, suffocating him, then ripping him apart in a hellish fire.

ANGLE ON: Veck's boot stepping over Maddon's burned VFW hat.

As Veck disappears --

AT THE ROWBOAT

Drifting near the dock, Younger throwing off the tarp covering him from the flames. Bruised and bleeding, he'll survive --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSIDE FRANK'S AUTHENTIC - NIGHT

Sitting in the Convertible, Jack's on a stakeout. Browsing files from his office safe. They're in a briefcase along with Younger's blueprints. He keeps an eye on --

ABBY AT THE CASH REGISTER

-- inside the family-owned pizzeria. Even at a distance, she is clearly distracted, dropping menus, bumping customers.

ON THE STREET

-- a beat-up OLDSMOBILE packed with hyper TEENAGERS cruising past the Convertible.

FOLLOW THE OLDSMOBILE

-- Jess with the older, cooler, driver's-license-carrying crowd. STEVE, 16, stud at the wheel, speaks up --

STEVE

That your Mom's restaurant?

JESS

Grandfather's.

STEVE

She works there?

Jess sees Abby inside the Pizzeria. Uneasy moment.

JESS

She helps out. Keep driving.
(spots something)
Wait. Pull over.

STEVE

Why?

JESS

Do it.

Steve stops. Jess is already out of the Olds --

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack eyeing the yellowed photo from Younger's shack: a Boy (Younger) with his Father (the Stranger inside Jack). Jack leaves the Convertible, comes face to face with Jess.

JACK

Isn't it past your bedtime?

JESS

I stuck up for you. I don't know why. Maybe I believed your story. Or I wanted to. Now it's like you're just some creep hiding in the dark.

Jack doesn't want the drama. Turning to go --

JESS (CONT'D)

What's with you? Mom's having a full-on breakdown. Not one of her 'wash it down with Paxil' kind of things. I had to drag her out of bed to feed her dinner last night.

Jack returns to the car. Jess grabs the door as he shuts it.

JACK

I told you, Daddy's gone.

JESS

Or crazy and needs help. Either way, what're you doing here now?

Steve gingerly approaches --

STEVE

Jess? You all right?

JACK

Don't keep your friend waiting.

JESS

Steve's a junior. I was going to let him get to second base tonight.

STEVE

She's making it up, Mr. Hoyle. I've never touched your daughter.

JESS

Then we're going to score some 'X'.

STEVE

Seriously, that's so not true.

JACK

Go home, Jess.

JESS

And if I don't?

Jack bristles. Jess glares at him. A stand-off.

STEVE

I'll let you two talk.
 (as he runs off--)
 For real, Mr. Hoyle, I haven't even
kissed her.

Jack motions Jess towards the passenger seat.

JACK

You mind? I got to keep moving.

Jess is surprised. She's used to slammed doors and ignored calls. There's a trace of triumph in her smile. She gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. SENIOR HOSPICE - NIGHT

Graff nurses a tumbler of Scotch. Eyeing a stack of faded black-and-white PHOTOGRAPHS. She speaks to SOMEONE O.S. --

GRAFF

When your mother was a girl, she had a little red bicycle. From Woolworth's. Got it on her sixth birthday. Went everywhere on that bicycle. Even had a name for it -- Lightning.

REVEAL AN ANCIENT WOMAN hooked up to an oxygen tank.

GRAFF

My last day on Earth, I remember your mother found me on the kitchen floor. I could barely speak because of the heart attack. "Lightning," I said. "Get Lightning. Get Uncle Marty." She ran off. Wore a pink dress. It was the last thing I ever saw.

ANCIENT WOMAN

My mother's been dead forty years. Always said it was a shame I didn't have kids of my own.

GRAFF

Very true.

ANCIENT WOMAN

No brothers. No sisters. I'm the only soul left. When I'm gone...
 (beat)
 You know so much about the family -- who did you say you are?

GRAFF

Your grandmother, sweetheart.

The Ancient Woman is stunned. Graff downs her Scotch. Sliding a faded photo to the Ancient Woman -- it's a baby and an OLDER WOMAN from 1920's.

GRAFF

That's me.

Graff giving the Woman an emotionally-charged hug--

GRAFF (CONT'D)

See you soon, sweetie. I hope.

And exiting the hospice to --

VECK OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Watching an approaching light-rail COMMUTER TRAIN.

VECK

Took your time...

GRAFF

We'll need help if you want to track down the runaway before first light.

VECK

My lucky night.

Veck doesn't take his eyes off the Train. SPARKS fly off the overhead electric cable. Lights in the cabin flicker and dim.

The Train picking up speed, blowing through an intersection - the brakes are shot. A Driver frantically working controls--

The Train jumps the tracks, tipping over, falling and --

CRASHING, hurtling along the street, passengers SCREAMING --

The Train colliding with a concrete support, crunching, breaking apart. It's a horrific wreck.

VECK ARRIVES

Casually strolling the aftermath. Graff at his side. Victims strewn about twisted metal and glass shards.

Veck ignores a bloody lifeless body, moving to an injured groggy DUDE in gym sweats.

Behind Veck, ghostly figures appear -- fresh Souls from Purgatory. Veck 'throws' a soul into Gym Dude's body. He awakens, hurting.

GYM DUDE

This the best you can do?

VECK

Get up. Job's started.

Veck dropping a 3-D Snapshot on him. He 'throws' souls into other bodies and they revive -- a NURSE in scrubs, a preppy female STUDENT, a CONSTRUCTION WORKER, and a PRIEST.

SIRENS approach -- EMT help arrives, rushing to the scene.

Veck tossing Snapshots at his crew - they get up, shaking off injuries. EMT TECH tends to the Priest's broken arm --

PRIEST

(pushing EMT away)

Get the fuck offa' me.

Veck grimly watching as Graff leads the bruised and bloody group past shocked EMT Techs --

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

Abby with her dad, Frank, passing rooms. Both have the exhausted look of worried parents. Abby on her cell --

ABBY (ON PHONE)

Jess? We're here. Which room?

A door at the end of the hallway opens -- Jess waves to them.

ABBY

You've got us worried sick.

JESS

I'm okay, Mom.

ABBY

I'm not.

FRANK

Abby--

ABBY

No, Dad. She was supposed to be studying at Kathy's, but her Mom says she hasn't been there all night.

(MORE)

ABBY (cont'd)
Now we come across town to play hide
and seek. No explanation--

AT THE ROOM

Abby and Frank with Jess standing in the doorway--

ABBY
I want to know why we're here. Why
you're here...

JESS
Mom. Calm down. There is a reason--

ABBY
You couldn't tell me over the phone?

Jess cracks open the door wider revealing Jack sitting in the
room. Abby goes silent.

JACK
I made her promise not to.

ABBY
Jess, go with your grandfather.

JESS
We need to talk. All of us.

ABBY
(to Frank)
Take her home. Please.

JESS
Mom --

ABBY
Now.

JACK
Jess -- maybe it's best if I talk to
Mom alone.

Jess, anger brewing, gives in.

FRANK
You sure it's okay to leave you here?

ABBY
I'll be fine. Thanks, Dad.

Frank reluctantly leaves with Jess. Abby closing the door --

ABBY
Still filling her head with this angel
nonsense?

JACK
Have you eaten? Hu's stir fry
chicken. Your favorite.

Jack offers takeout Chinese on the table. Abby glares.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm not trying to hurt anybody.

ABBY
I'm scared, Jack. For Jess. For you.

JACK
Remember the night we got together?
(beat)
You had a roommate. You were throwing
her a birthday party. Last minute,
she doesn't show.

ABBY
Jack...

JACK
Turns out you had tickets to a Nirvana
concert. Gave them up so she could
go. Nice present.

ABBY
That was a long time ago.

JACK
When you found out I was coming to the
party, you got rid of the competition.
Even if it was her party.
(beat)
18 years. You never told me.

ABBY
I never told anybody.

JACK
We all have secrets.
(beat)
Jack's a bad man, Abby. Embezzlement,
bribery, outright theft. And he's
made sure you'll be holding the bag
for what he's done. You'll lose Jess.

ABBY
Why're you telling me this?

JACK
You need to know the truth.

ABBY
Just like that. Suddenly you're a
choir boy.

Jack drops the briefcase on the bed.

JACK
Everything Jack's hiding. You might
need it. There's money -- a lot of
money -- in a separate account.
Jack's kept it safe. From everybody.
Including you.

ABBY
Stop! Please! Just stop.

JACK
You're not going to hurt any more.
Not because of your husband.
(beat)
I gotta' go --

As Jack starts for the door, Abby grabs his arm.

ABBY
I want to believe you changed. I want
you to be better...us to be better.
(beat)
Don't go. You know I hate eating
alone.

Abby sitting, picking up chopsticks, dishing up the stir-fry.
Jack can't refuse -- he sits with her. A quiet moment.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Younger, bandaged and drugged, recovering from the fight at
the dock. Graff appears, all business. The Scrub Nurse is
with her, covered with bruises. Graff flashes her badge --

GRAFF
Tom Younger?

YOUNGER
I talked to the police.

GRAFF
You haven't talked to me.

YOUNGER

You were at the shipyard. You arrested me.

Graff doesn't remember -- it was before her soul was switched.

GRAFF

That's not important. Your attorney, Jack Hoyle. Where is he?

YOUNGER

I don't know.

GRAFF

Bailed you out with his own money. That's not some hired gun. He's looking out for you. Where is he?

Younger spots a FIGURE near the room entrance: the Gym Dude, bleeding from a head wound.

YOUNGER

Look, we're not buddies. Why don't you look him up, give him a call.

GRAFF

(offering iPhone)
Great idea.

YOUNGER

And if I don't?

GRAFF

How long would you like to stay in the hospital?

Scrub Nurse grips Younger's bandaged wound hard - he flinches in pain. A FLOOR NURSE arrives. Doesn't like the situation.

FLOOR NURSE

Excuse me -- I don't know who you all are, but it's way past visiting hours.

GRAFF

I'm a cop. This is police business.

FLOOR NURSE

Maybe you're in charge out on the street, but in here, I'm top dog.

(to Scrub Nurse)

No way this one works here.

(to Graff)

You take your friends and go or I call security. That clear?

YOUNGER
Nice chatting with you.

Graff holds a losing hand. She turns on her heels and --

IN THE HALLWAY

Graff with Scrub Nurse and Gym Dude, who steals Jello from a cafeteria tray and devours it.

GYM DUDE
So -- what now?

GRAFF
When I know, you'll know.

Something on a medical cart catches Graff's eye -- she picks up a hi-tech thermometer. Runs it across her forehead.

SCRUB NURSE
Where's the morphine?

GRAFF
Don't be stupid. Stuff'll kill you.

BEEP. Graff reads her temperature and moves on as --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOYLE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

A 4-Runner pulling into the driveway. Jess is with Frank --

JESS
Grandpa --

FRANK
It's been a long night, sweetie.

JESS
Am I crazy for listening to Dad?

FRANK
Of course not. But he's not well.
He's not himself.

JESS
I know. I like him better now.

A HAND REACHES IN THE SIDE WINDOW

-- head-locking Frank. It's the Construction Worker from the train accident. The Preppy Student grabs Jess. They're pulling both from the 4Runner, dragging them to the Priest --

PRIEST
Where is Jack Hoyle?

FRANK
Who are you?

PRIEST
The fucking Pope. Where is Hoyle?

JESS
(to Frank)
Don't--

Frank clams up. Priest eyeing Jess --

PRIEST
Smart girl. Pretty girl.

The Preppy Student sniffs Jess' hair. Priest grabs Frank, throws him in the 4Runner. They all climb in, except Jess, who's dumped on the lawn. As the engine starts --

PRIEST
Make sure Hoyle's at the Pizza place
by sunrise.

JESS
What're you going to do to him?

PRIEST
Get Daddy and we won't find out.

With the 4Runner peeling away --

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Half-asleep, Jack rolls over, feeling the empty space in the bed where Abby had been. Switching on the lamp --

CLICK - looming over Jack are TWO LARGE PARAMEDICS with restraints. Tackling Jack, pinning him down, injecting a sedative -- Abby tries to keep a brave face as the Paramedics straightjacket Jack.

ABBY
I'm sorry.

JACK
Tell them to let me go.

ABBY
They're going to get you help.

JACK
In the briefcase. It's all there.

Abby, resigned, gives the briefcase to a Paramedic.

ABBY
I don't want this.

JACK
Abby --

ABBY
When you're better, you can come home.

Jack is hauled away, shooting a wounded look at Abby --

CUT TO:

INT. EXAM ROOM - HOSPITAL E.R. - NIGHT

Graff on an exam table in a hospital gown. A young physician, DR. PETERS, takes her temperature, checks a chart.

DR. PETERS
That's a nasty wound, Ms. Graff.

GRAFF
I'm not here for that.

DR. PETERS
What are you here for?

GRAFF
I need to get pregnant.

DR. PETERS
There's no reason you shouldn't --

GRAFF
Can I get pregnant now? Right now?

DR. PETERS
Well, you appear to be ovulating --

Peters looking up -- Graff has taken off the gown.

GRAFF
You have children?

DR. PETERS
No.

GRAFF
You like women?

DR. PETERS

(firm)

You should get dressed now, Ms. Graff.

GRAFF

I look good. What's the problem?

Dr. Peters beats a quick exit. Graff slips on her clothes --

INT. MEDICINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- and enters through the lock-broken door. Scrub Nurse sitting slumped on a stool, a needle in her arm, lifeless.

A PALE GHOST - a Skinny Woman - stands there dazed, looking at the body. She was the soul inhabiting Scrub Nurse.

SKINNY GHOST

I wanted a taste. It felt so good.

Gym Dude sticks his head in, clocking Graff --

GYM DUDE

People coming.

SKINNY GHOST

What do I do? I need a body.

A far-off ENGINE RUMBLES O.S. Graff starting for the door --

GRAFF

Good luck with that.

As Graff exits --

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

-- she and Gym Dude turn a corner. Veck is waiting for them.

VECK

Our runaway's close.

Veck tosses 3-D Snap-shots at them.

VECK

This'll get you to the girl. Finish the job, you get some bonus time.

Veck blows by, heading to the room Graff just exited. Skinny Ghost is there. Veck closing the door, then:

A FLASH and a SCREAM. After a moment -- Veck opening the door, returning to Graff and Gym Dude.

VECK
Tick-tock...

As Graff and Gym Dude take off --

CUT TO:

JESS LOOKING AT US --

Tears in her eyes. We're in:

INT. KITCHEN - HOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Abby struggling to stay calm, facing Jess across the dining table. Abruptly reaching for her jacket --

ABBY
We're going to the police.

JESS
We can't.

ABBY
Who knows what they'll do to your grandfather.

JESS
That's why we can't bring in cops.

ABBY
Who are they? What do they want?
(beat)
Talk.

JESS
They want Dad.

ABBY
Why?
(Jess goes silent)
If you're keeping something from me,
this isn't the time.

JESS
They're not from around here. They're-

ABBY
They're what?

JESS
(a little lie)
I don't know. Maybe it's why Dad's
been acting different. They said he
needs to be at the Pizzeria at dawn.

Abby's got something to say. This is torture--

ABBY
Your father's been taken to Palomar.

JESS
That looney bin?

ABBY
I didn't have a choice.

JESS
He's not some lunatic. Or a killer or something. He's trying to do good things--

ABBY
That nutso babble is why he's at Palomar.

JESS
That nutso's the only one who can help us.

(beat)
So are we just going to sit here?

CUT TO:

ABBY STORMING OUT OF THE HOUSE

-- to the Volvo in the driveway, Jess right behind.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: GRAFF IN AN SUV

-- across the street. Gym Dude is with her. Graff, cool as ice, starts the car, heading after the Volvo as it pulls out.

CUT TO:

JACK IN CUFFS

-- being led by Paramedics down a hallway. We're in --

INT. PALOMAR PSYCHIATRIC - DAWN

Cold, sparse, quiet. Jack's cuffed to a bench near intake. Paramedics leave the briefcase with a heavy-set female CLERK.

CLERK
(checking file)
Are you Jack Hoyle?

JACK
For a little while longer...

CLERK

I'll be collecting your info, then taking you for an eval. Okay?

JACK

Cup of coffee? Please? They shot me up with something and I'm groggy.

The Clerk gives Jack a once-over and goes to fetch coffee.

ON A NEARBY TELEVISION

Jack watching a news report of political candidate DAN HICKS, a slick operator, wrapping up a campaign speech --

HICKS (ON TV)

...and when I'm elected mayor, the oceanfront development will be just the first step. I plan to lead a renewal in this city providing good jobs, good schools, making our neighborhoods safe...

A NEWSCASTER cuts in --

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Challenger Dan Hicks highlighting the keynotes from his campaign to unseat front-runner, Mayor Ed Garner--

ON TV - MAYOR ED GARNER, a middle-aged African-American, with poll numbers showing a lead over Hicks.

NEWSCASTER

Tomorrow's debate will be broadcast live from Quincy Hall. Coverage begins at 8 p.m.

Jack watching -- something's clicked. Sees the briefcase on the Clerk's desk. Trying to reach the briefcase, straining --

A CANE SLAPS HIS HAND

-- clamping it to the desk. It's Strickland.

STRICKLAND

You overstayed your welcome.

JACK

(re: cuffs)
Help me out...

STRICKLAND

Asking me for help? I'm in stitches.

Jack's fingertips reach the briefcase, snagging it, fishing the files out of it. Does his best to ignore Strickland.

STRICKLAND

You ain't all bad, give you that.
Doing what you can to help out the
wife. Got that girl turned around...
(beat)
Don't know what you getting out of it.

JACK

Maybe Dad's made 'em suffer enough.

STRICKLAND

Like your son?

This hits Jack deep, but he presses on -- grabbing a manilla envelope, stuffing files inside, and writing on the envelope.

JACK

I told you, he'll be fine.

STRICKLAND

'Cuz you got it handled? From here.
Chained up like a dog.

Jack's silent. Strickland screws out a bulb from a nearby lamp. Holds it up to Jack. Colors appear inside the bulb--

A PICTURE FORMS IN THE BULB - IT'S YOUNGER AT THE DOCK

-- surveying the burnt remains of his work/live space.

STRICKLAND

Thinks he's lost everything. Thinks
the world is against him.

INSIDE THE BULB - Younger taking an oar and whacking at the charred remains. Loses himself, raging, crying.

JACK

He'll get through this --

STRICKLAND

That so?

INSIDE THE BULB - Younger at an upscale office, shouting, angry. Dan Hicks appears and Younger gets more agitated, threatening Hicks. Security arrives and takes Younger away.

JACK

He needs...help...

STRICKLAND
He doesn't think so.

INSIDE THE BULB -- Younger at a gun shop. Buying a Glock.

STRICKLAND
That boy means business.

JACK
I gotta' get out of here...

STRICKLAND
Your boss is showing his hand.
Putting more souls in play everywhere.
Risking all-out war.

INSIDE THE BULB - Younger at a bar drinking with vacant stare.

JACK
Can't you unlock these?

STRICKLAND
Where is the ripple headed?

JACK
Snap your fingers, cast a spell,
whatever it is, I know you can help.

STRICKLAND
Tell me the plan. Give me the
pattern.

JACK
Get me outta' here now --

Jack swiping the bulb, it CRASHES to the floor. All for the Clerk to see -- she faces Jack with a steaming cup of coffee.

But she doesn't see Strickland. Only Jack does. An Orderly arrives --

ORDERLY
You done with him?

CLERK
We'll finish later. I think Mr. Hoyle
needs to cool down.

The Orderly uncuffs Jack and leads him away.

The Clerk scoops up envelopes from her 'out' box -- doesn't notice the manilla envelope Jack stuffed on top. It's addressed to Abby. As she shuffles off--

CUT TO:

EXT. PALOMAR PSYCHIATRIC - DAWN

Abby arriving at the parked Volvo. Jess waiting expectantly.

ABBY

There's a 24 hour 'waiting period.'
They won't let anybody see him.

JESS

You're the one who committed him.
Can't you say you were wrong?

ABBY

That's for a court. They won't budge.

Jess spots something O.S. --

A SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE FACILITY

-- where a laundry truck has unloaded stacked towels, linens, supplies. A Worker with a clipboard chats with a Nurse.

Jess getting out of the car --

ABBY

Where are you going?

JESS

We can't leave without him.

ABBY

(a step ahead)
Don't even think about it.

JESS

You did your best. Now it's my turn.
(Abby stops her)
I got this. Trust me.

Abby doesn't, but there's not many options. Jess goes --

INT. SIDE ENTRANCE - PALOMAR PSYCHIATRIC - CONTINUOUS

Jess discreetly sneaking by medical supplies, boxes, storage units. Spots workers on a break.

Passing a cart with nursing uniforms. Jess stops, thinks...

CUT TO:

INT. IN-PATIENT ROOMS - PALOMAR - DAWN

The Orderly leads Jack inside. Not exactly the funny farm, but close.

ORDERLY

Doc will be by in a bit.

With that, he's gone. Jack taking out the yellowed photograph -- the 'Stranger' with the boy Younger. Father and son. The only thing keeping him here. Looking out the window --

JACK'S POV -- Abby in the Volvo across the street.

Then he hears it -- an ENGINE NOISE echoing O.S. Veck's getting closer. Jack bangs the window. It's hopeless.

INT. HALLWAY - PALOMAR PSYCHIATRIC - DAWN

Jess in a nursing uniform, looking for Jack. She hears a MAN'S ANGRY SHOUTING nearby. A MALE NURSE, busy, stopping at a station next to Jess.

JESS

Is he okay?

MALE NURSE

New admittal pushed Al from his happy room. He's got an issue with that.

Male Nurse rushes off, Jess eyeing his clipboard as --

INT. OUTSIDE JACK'S ROOM - PALOMAR - MORNING

An ORDERLY sits iPhone-browsing. Jess approaching, urgent --

JESS

Phil got out of his room. They can't keep him down...

ORDERLY

Stay here. Keep an eye on him.

The Orderly runs off. Jess grabbing keys on the desk --

INT. JACK'S ROOM - MORNING

Jess opens the door. Jack's on the bed, sniffing the aroma of a soap-bar. He's defeated. It's all ending soon.

JESS
There's people after you. They have
Grandpa.

JACK
They won't kill him.

JESS
They want you, like, now.

JACK
(re: soap)
Smell this. It's amazing.

Jess grabbing Jack, propelling him out the door --

IN THE HALLWAY

Jess pulling Jack towards the front doors. Jack hears the
ENGINE ROAR O.S. The Clerk spots them heading out --

CLERK
Where are you going with him?

JESS
He's having seizures. Really bad.
Taking him to a hospital.

CLERK
This is a hospital.

They bang through the doors --

EXT. PALOMAR PSYCHIATRIC - MORNING

-- stumbling towards Abby in the Volvo parked in an alley.
Jack slows down, gazing at the morning light --

JACK
(to Jess)
I wish...

JESS
What? What is it?

JACK
Wish I coulda' done more...

Jack offering a limp smile for Abby as --

Jack falls on the curb, convulsing, struggling to breath.
Horrified, Jess struggles to pull him to the Volvo.

JESS
Get up...Mom, help...

BEHIND JESS: VECK HAS THE STRANGER BY THE NECK. Pinning his pale, ghostly soul against the side of the facility. Nobody sees them. Veck seething, his body giving off smoke --

VECK
Think you can run? From me...?

STRANGER
I need...more...time...

VECK
Where you're going, you'll have plenty of time. Wish the fires'd taken you --

AT THE VOLVO -- Abby and Jess pulling Jack's limp body inside.

ABBY
What's happening?

JESS
I don't know. He's barely breathing.

WITH VECK AND THE STRANGER -- a few feet away.

STRANGER
I know where the ripple's headed. I can help.

VECK
I'm done with you.

STRANGER
The Mayor. Garner. You need him dead. I'll do it.

VECK
Quit stalling.

STRANGER
Hicks is your man. He becomes mayor, the waterfront project's a sure thing.
(beat)
But it's all a scam. By the time anyone figures it out, the money will be gone, the buildings abandoned, half the city becomes a ghetto, and you get what you want -- a breeding ground for crime and disease.

IN THE VOLVO -- Abby working chest compressions on a lifeless Jack. Jess spots Orderlies coming out of Palomar's entrance.

JESS

Mom, they're coming for him...

ABBY

I'm here, Jack...we're here...

WITH VECK AND THE STRANGER -- they're nose to nose.

STRANGER

That's the pattern. This plays out all over the world. A million Hicks, a million scams, they all end up the same way. A Hell on Earth.

VECK

Who says I need you?

STRANGER

Maybe Hicks wins. Maybe he doesn't.

(beat)

I kill Garner, there's no maybes.

VECK

Eternal damnation. Steep price for your soul. What is it you want?

STRANGER

(re: Jack in the Volvo)

A few years of his life. Make sure my son doesn't throw away his.

(beat)

What do you get? Another lifetime?

VECK

A million lifetimes.

IN THE VOLVO -- Jess getting behind the wheel. Abby struggling to resuscitate Jack in the back seat.

JESS

Maybe we should take him back.

(spots Orderlies)

They see us.

ABBY

Start the car.

As Jess fumbles with the ignition --

WITH VECK AND THE STRANGER -- Veck glancing at Abby and Jess, then back at the Stranger.

VECK

And those two?

The Stranger shrugs, playing it cool.

VECK (CONT'D)

They squirt a few tears, you get weak
in the knees. Bunch of suckers.

Flames appear in Veck's eyes. He tosses a 3-D Snapshot into
the Volvo's back seat, next to Jack's body.

VECK

Job isn't done, I won't come for you.
I come for them. Sonny Boy, too.

IN THE VOLVO -- Jess throwing the gear into place as Orderlies
reach the car. The Volvo's tires spin.

Veck hurls the Stranger's ghost at the Volvo as it speeds off--

IN THE BACKSEAT -- Jack spasms, coming to, gasping for breath.
He's alive. Looking at Abby --

ABBY

Are you okay?

JACK

I'm alive, right?

JESS

Mom?

ABBY

Yes?

JESS

I haven't started driver's ed yet.

ABBY

Stop the car!

Jess brakes hard, lurching everyone forward.

ABBY

I'll drive.

JESS

Where do we go?

ABBY

We have to get Dad.

As Abby gets out, Jack taps the Snapshot to his head - FLASH.

JACK

He's at home.

Abby turning to Jack - how does he know?

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't ask.

JESS

(revving the engine)

I think I got the hang of this.

ABBY

Move over.

Abby getting behind the wheel as- -

CUT TO:

EXT. HOYLE HOUSE - DAY

The Volvo's in the driveway.

ABBY (O.S.)

You need more ice, Dad.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOYLE HOUSE

Lying on the sofa Frank has ice bags applied to his wrists. Abby tending to him, concerned. Jess and Jack looking on --

FRANK

Still swollen. Had me tied up all night.

(to Jack)

They're hot after you. Out of the blue, they dump me here and take off.

JACK

I'm glad you're safe.

FRANK

(to Abby)

Tell your husband, crazy or not, he needs to come clean.

JACK

Look, uh...

FRANK

Frank. I'm the one who gave her away at the wedding.

JACK

Right, Frank - these are bad people. They were looking to make some easy money and got cold feet.

JESS
That's the best you can do?

JACK
Your grandfather's in one piece.
Can't we be happy about that?

ABBY
I'm calling the police.

FRANK
I'm not worried.

Frank reveals a handgun stuffed in his belt. He pulls out a hunting rifle from behind the couch.

ABBY
Dad...

FRANK
Those creeps come around again--

JACK
You won't need that. It's over. For good.

JESS
You're sure about that?

Jack isn't. Abby applying a cold compress to her father's forehead -- she doesn't want to dig any deeper right now.

INT. BEDROOM - HOYLE HOUSE - LATER

Jack quietly enters. Abby packing a suitcase, grabbing at things, stuffing them in --

JACK
Jess went to bed. She's exhausted.
Frank's resting on the couch.
(beat)
They wouldn't hurt him.

ABBY
You know so much, maybe you can tell me -- am I next?

JACK
I won't let anybody touch you. Or Jess.

ABBY
You won't have to worry. I'm taking Jess with me. We're going to Dad's.

JACK
Might be a good idea. Until things
blow over.

Abby hesitates, then turning to Jack --

ABBY
I don't know what's going on with you
since the accident. And what just
happened...I'm worried about your
health. But we're leaving. For good.

JACK
Abby --

ABBY
This doesn't get better. I wish
things were...different.

Jack goes to her, touching her face delicately.

JACK
They are. I am. You feel it. But
you're scared. I get it. So am I.
(Abby packs)
Stay tonight. In the morning, you'll
wake up and, if I'm here, the
heartache will be gone. The craziness
will be gone. It'll be the life you
want. The life I want.

ABBY
And if you're not here?
(beat)
You won't get any more help from me --

Jack takes Abby's hand, kissing her lightly.

JACK
All we have is right now, Abby.

ABBY
I know. You should go.

Jack backtracking out of the room. Abby stares into dead
space -- wants to go after him but can't do it.

INT. OUTSIDE BEDROOM - HOYLE HOUSE

Jack passing, his demeanor changed - determined, focussed.
Hiding against a wall, Jess has been eavesdropping.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOYLE HOUSE

Frank dozing on a recliner, rifle on lap, pistol in hand.

Jack entering, distracted by a spray of flowers in a vase.
Lovely smell. He spots Frank in the recliner --

EXT. DRIVEWAY - HOYLE HOUSE

Jack in the Volvo, dropping Frank's pistol on the seat.

Reveal Jess crouching unseen in the back seat -- clocking the
gun in the passenger seat. The Volvo pulls away --

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOYLE HOUSE

Frank asleep clutching flowers where the gun used to be --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

The Priest leading Gym Dude, Construction Worker, and Preppy
Student past dying patients hooked up to machines. The Priest
swipes syringes from a tray. Veck appears --

GYM DUDE

The more bodies in play, the more
we're noticed.

VECK

I'm not taking any chances. Call it
insurance.

Veck drops SNAPSHOTS, flinging souls into patients. A DOCTOR
catches up to the Priest --

DOCTOR

This is the ICU. You can't be here --

The Priest turning to him, menacingly --

PRIEST

You wanna' go straight to Hell?

DOCTOR

No...

PRIEST

Then let me tend to these poor
stricken souls. Bless you.

The Doctor retreats, threatened. Veck, Priest, et al.
continue on. As patients 'wake up,' they get out of beds.

PRIEST

So our little party's gonna' waltz
into this election shin-dig?

VECK

I'm working on it.

Patients with new souls emerge from rooms, gathering behind
the Priest with Veck leading the way, his eyes burning --

CUT TO:

INT. QUINCY HALL - LUXURY LOUNGE - DAY

A handsome, suit-and-tie-wearing campaign aide, MIKE, smiles
at us. There's empty glasses and food plates in front of him.

MIKE

Debate prep's done. Now we sit back
and let the Mayor do his thing. Ride
the momentum 'til next Tuesday.

(beat)

I promised I wouldn't talk about work.

Reveal Graff facing Mike, Cheshire Cat cool--

GRAFF

Must be hard running a campaign. The
long hours. The pressure.

MIKE

It's seriously intense.

GRAFF

How do you blow off all that steam?

Graff throws back her martini, smiles at Mike--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - QUINCY HALL - DAY

Graff and Mike stumble into the room, pawing at each other,
kissing, groping, shedding clothes. Mike comes up for air--

MIKE

You move fast.

GRAFF

I know what I want, I go get it.

(beat)

Are you impotent?

Mike blinks, baffled. Graff's on top of him, grinding.

MIKE
I'm, uh...healthy.

GRAFF
Well, what are we waiting for?

Graff smothering him with her half-naked body--

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - QUINCY HALL - LATER

Graff dressing in the darkened room. ANNOUNCERS on t.v. blather about the mayoral debate. She snags a security card from a dressing table. Looking to the bed--

GRAFF
That was fun. Odds are I'm pregnant--

A strangled cry comes from the bed - reveal a naked Mike bound and gagged to the bed. As Graff leaves--

GRAFF
Relax. You're not carrying the thing.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - QUINCY HALL - CONTINUOUS

Graff thumbing her iPhone, looking at the security card--

GRAFF (INTO PHONE)
Get your people to the South entrance.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANCHO'S - DAY

Run-down watering hole near the docks. Dark clouds loom on the horizon. A storm is coming.

Jack in the Volvo pulling up, getting out. From the back seat, Jess watching him enter the bar--

INT. PANCHO'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack passing drunk riff-raff. Sighting Younger on a stool at the end of the bar, buzzed, irate. He perks up--

YOUNGER
Well, well, my new best friend--

JACK
Time to go.

YOUNGER
 It's happy hour and I ain't happy yet.
 (beat)
 Why're you here? Yacht Club close
 early?

Jack moving in, bracing for a fight, whispering--

JACK
 Let's find you a place to sleep it
 off.

YOUNGER
 I got plans.

JACK
 I know. Give me the gun.

That gets Younger's attention. He rises, brushing past Jack --

YOUNGER
 You think you know me?

JACK
 Down to your DNA.
 (beat)
 Give me the gun.

Younger elbows Jack, crumpling him to one knee.

YOUNGER
 'Preciate you bailing me out and all,
 but stay the fuck outta' my way.

Jack locking Younger's arm, shoving him against the bar --

The bartender and patrons back up. No one's stepping in.
 This place has seen a lot of fights.

Younger hits Jack, dropping him. Jumping on top, he's ready
 to pound Jack, the drunken fury taking over --

CLICK. Next to Younger's ear. The cocked hammer of a gun.
It's in Jess' hand, pointed at Younger's head.

JESS
 Let him go.

Younger rising slowly, hands up. The bar is quiet. Younger
 is surprised by the shaky teenager holding the gun.

YOUNGER
 Daddy's little girl, I bet.

JESS
I know how to use this.

YOUNGER
You won't.

Younger walks out the door. Jess watches pole-axed, helpless. Jack picks himself up, eyeing Jess.

JESS
What? Like I'm going to shoot
someone.
(Jack grabbing the gun)
A 'thank you' would be nice.

O.S. SOUND of a car screeching. Jack roughly pulls Jess to --

EXT. PANCHO'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

-- the Volvo parked outside. The skies darken, raindrops begin to fall, THUNDER sounds.

JESS
He's your son? What's his problem?

JACK
He's looking to hurt somebody.

JESS
He did hurt somebody.

JACK
Worse than me.

JESS
And you're going to stop him.

JACK
I'm going to beat him to it.

Jack stops -- the Volvo has a flat tire.

JACK
(a mutter)
Slowing me down, old man?

A DRUNK stumbling out of the bar, car keys in hand. Stopping at a beat-up Chevy. Jess goes to him, snatching the keys --

JESS
Are you kidding? Driving while you're
drunk? Go call a cab.

The Drunk won't fight with her. He wanders back to the bar. Jess flips the keys at Jack and gets in the Chevy.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUINCY HALL - SECURITY DOOR - NIGHT

Pouring rain. The door opens -- it's Graff, facing:

Priest with Gym Dude, Construction Worker, and Preppy Student. Behind them, a motley crew of Ex-ICU Patients looking hungry.

GRAFF

Welcome to the party.

The group files inside, passing a HOMELESS MAN -- blind, legless, in a broken wheelchair, holding a cup for change.

The Priest muscles by, knocking the cup away, loose change spraying to the wet ground. This group is all business.

AT A PICKUP IN THE PARKING LOT

Younger, brooding, watching the group slip inside the entrance. On the RADIO, the mayoral candidates debate as--

CUT TO:

CU - MAYOR ED GARNER

Charming African-American at a podium, speaking at us--

GARNER

The people demand an accounting of your waterfront development--

INT. DEBATE ROSTRUM - QUINCY HALL - NIGHT

Mayor Garner attacking his opponent, Dan Hicks.

GARNER

--and all they get is empty promises. The whole deal's smoke and mirrors--

CU - HICKS ON TV SCREEN, oozing telegenic appeal--

HICKS

That's not true, Ed, and you know it. No city project has had more scrutiny than the Waterfront deal...

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ARMED POLICE watching Hicks on a monitor. Graff bursts in --

GRAFF

Graff, FBI. We have a threat. Who's covering the exits?

SECURITY #1

Dave and the Blue Team.

Construction Worker and Preppy Student jump the Police, tackling them. The Priest jams a syringe in them one by one, injecting a sedative. ICU Patients appear, applying duct tape to their mouths, tying them up. Veck pops up on a monitor--

VECK (ON TV)

You're behind.

GRAFF

So's our trigger man.

VECK (ON TV)

He'll be there.

GRAFF

If he's not?

VECK (ON TV)

There's plenty of volunteers.

The Priest lifting a gun from a cop. Graff grabbing a phone --

GRAFF

Dave. I'm Agent Graff with the FBI. There's been a change with the security detail...

CU - MAYOR GARNER ON TV. Holding a picture of Pittman, the fat slob with the gunshot wound in Purgatory.

GARNER (ON TV)

Don Pittman was my opponent's accountant. Murdered days before he was to appear before a grand jury...

HICKS (ON TV)

A robbery gone horribly wrong. This is a desperate move to cast suspicions on me using an innocent's man death--

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Chevy motoring through torrential rain and thunder. Jack white-knuckling the wheel. Jess, nervous--

JESS
Okay, killing us won't help your son.

JACK
There's no time left.

JESS
He's going to hurt someone?

JACK
He's taking a life. And damning his
soul forever. Unless--

A wind gale uproots a lightpole, crashing it to the street.
Jack swerving around it, skidding, nearly losing control--

JESS
Unless what?

JACK
I take a life first.

JESS
What about your soul?
(beat)
What about my Dad, what happened to--?

JACK
I don't know.

JESS
(realizing)
So I lose you, too.

Jack wasn't expecting this. She's genuine, raw, choked up.

A ferocious wind gust pushes the Chevy out of its lane into
oncoming traffic --

Jack spins the wheel, steering across the freeway to the other
side, barely avoiding a lethal impact. The Chevy churns down
an embankment and up the other side to--

A large municipal building -- Quincy Hall. The mayoral
debate. Jack pulls into a parking lot. Grabs the gun, steps
into the rain. Jess reaches for his arm. Jack stops.

JACK
Stay here. It'll be over soon.

JESS
Why do this? What's the point?

Jack takes the yellowed photo of Younger as a boy with Dad/The Stranger and puts it in Jess' hand.

Jack pushing through a wall of rain towards Quincy Hall--

CUT TO:

INT. QUINCY HALL - REAR LOBBY - NIGHT

People milling about. The debate plays on monitors. SECURITY patrol exits where SUV's wait outside for the candidates.

Younger silently moving through the crowd. He's next to two ARMED COPS. Looks them up and down. Something isn't right--

The cops are Gym Dude in police blues and a sickly Patient from ICU, a uniform draped over his bony frame.

Younger moves off, making sure his gun is tucked away.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUINCY HALL - SECURITY DOOR

Howling wind nearly blows Jack backward as he nears the door. Spots the blind Homeless Man hunkered down behind a wall. He opens the unlocked security door--

JACK

It's bad out here, come inside--

Jack realizes Homeless Man's deaf, pressed for time, moves on--

INSIDE THE CHEVY

Jess clocks Jack entering. Reaches for her phone, dialing --

JESS

Mom, it's me. Get down here now --

AT THE SECURITY DOOR

A FIGURE looms over the Homeless Man. A CANE tapping his cup, coins dropping into it. It's Strickland.

STRICKLAND

This is no place for you, old-timer.

The Homeless Man pushes off on his wheelchair. Strickland waving his cane -- the winds suddenly subside. An eerie calm.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - QUINCY HALL

Jack passing workers, campaign aides, Security. Senses something -- it's Gym Dude in a uniform trailing him. Notices ICU Patients in civilian clothes. Staring. He knows something's up...

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Graff watching a screen -- spots Jack in the tunnel.

GRAFF

It's him...

Veck pops up on a monitor--

VECK

You're on, cupcake.

Graff leaving the control room, Priest and Construction Worker stepping over bound and gagged COPS to follow--

CUT TO:

INT. DEBATE ROSTRUM - QUINCY HALL - NIGHT

Candidate Hicks wrapping up the debate--

HICKS

So it's up to you, the people of our fine city, to decide next Tuesday. Do we settle for politics as usual or move forward with better jobs, affordable homes, more secure neighborhoods? If I am mayor, you won't have to settle. Thank you.

APPLAUSE erupts. Hicks' trophy wife and kids meet him on stage. Mayor Garner waves to the crowd with wife and teenaged daughters. MUSIC plays. It's a festive campaign affair.

ON YOUNGER -- watching on the sidelines. As the candidates head backstage, Younger disappears into the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - OUTSIDE QUINCY HALL - NIGHT

Abby pulling up, getting out of the Convertible. Jess sits on the edge of the Chevy waiting --

ABBY
I'm not going to ask where you got
that car. I'm not going to ask
anything. Just come with me.

JESS
He's inside --

ABBY
There's security.

JESS
He's got a gun.

ABBY
What's he going to do with it?

JESS
What people usually do with guns.

Abby taking out her cellphone --

ABBY
I'll call the police. They'll take
care of him. It's out of our hands.

Jess goes to Abby, putting her hand over the cellphone.

JESS
Is that what you really want?

Abby meeting Jess' look. She pockets the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINCY HALL - REAR LOBBY - NIGHT

Candidates Hicks and Garner and their entourages are warmly
received by the waiting crowd.

ON JACK -- weaving through people towards Garner.

JACK'S POV -- Younger positioned at the exit doors, waiting.

Jack starting towards Younger. Stops. A HAND gripping his
arm. It's Strickland.

STRICKLAND
Back off, son.

JACK
Can't do that.

On the windows of the exit, Veck's reflection glides along the glass, his eyes glued to Jack.

Jack shrugs off Strickland, pushing past, on a course to intercept Mayor Garner at the exit door.

EXT. QUINCY HALL - REAR LOBBY

Abby and Jess approaching. Jess sights the Homeless Man camped out at the exit doors.

Jess turns to the crowd. Recognizes who's next to her -- the Priest in his cop uniform, gaze fixed on the lobby. Jess following his stare. Taps Abby, pointing--

ABBY'S POV -- Jack inside, edging to the exit, hand in pocket.

INT. QUINCY HALL - REAR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jack at the door. Mayor Garner only feet away. Hicks trailing behind with his family.

JACK'S POV -- Younger winding through the crowd, now within arm's reach of Hicks. It's a matter of seconds now.

Jack drawing his gun. Graff emerges behind him --

ON ABBY -- terrified, nearing the exit door:

ABBY

Jack!

Then -- THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Complete darkness inside the lobby and outside on the driveway. Hicks speaks up:

HICKS

Everybody stay calm. Don't do anything rash like vote for Mayor Garner.

Nervous chuckles. Cellphones pop on as flashlights, confusion reigns. The crowd masses, pushing against the doors.

JACK'S POV -- in the darkness, Hicks finds an exit door. Younger points the gun at his head.

Jack, throwing people aside, leaps at Younger, SLAMMING THE DOOR ON HIS ARM.

Gun skittering along the ground. Hicks falling to the pavement outside. There's screams and shoving and panic --

Younger writhes in pain. Jack sees Mayor Garner and his family exit, heading to a waiting SUV. Beelining to them --

EXT. QUINCY HALL - DRIVEWAY

As Garner helps his family into the SUV, Jack arrives, gun in hand, determined. He's-this-close, shrouded in darkness.

There's a MOTORCYCLE COP with Garner. On either side, the Priest and Gym Dude dressed as cops. Jack draws the gun -- looking into the SUV. Garner's lovely wife and daughters. They eyeball Jack. Garner turns --

GARNER

Can I help you?

Jack has only a moment to decide. Leaning in to Garner --

JACK

Somebody's trying to hurt you. Go!

With that, Jack pushes Garner into the SUV --

Priest fires at Garner, but the bullet hits the closing door. We see Veck's reflection in the car window, howling with rage. Jack fires, hitting the Priest's leg, dropping him.

Chaos erupts as people scatter blindly. The SUV speeds off.

Gym Dude fires, hitting the SUV's tire. It swerves -- CLUNK -- dinking a driveway post, stopping short.

ON JACK

-- spotting Younger through the fleeing crowd, clutching his arm, crawling towards --

HIS GUN

-- on the pavement. Jack goes to him. POP! A shot pierces his shoulder. Jack drops to his knees, turns --

Gym Dude holding a smoking gun, shaking with fear. A nearby Motorcycle Cop shoots at him, misses --

All reflex, Gym Dude fires at the Cop, killing him.

GYM DUDE

No...

Before the word leaves her mouth, a ghostly wind snatches the soul right out of Gym Dude and his body crumples in a heap.

Jack straightening himself, standing, face to face with--

THE PRIEST -- his eyes burning. But this is a new man now: Veck's soul is inside. It's his voice, too--

VECK (AS PRIEST)
I'm gonna' enjoy torturing your soul.

MOTORCYCLE COP
Freeze!

VECK (AS PRIEST)
I'm a cop.

MOTORCYCLE COP
(re: Gym Dude)
So was he.

Veck/Priest turns, shoots, and runs. Motorcycle Cop fires and hits Veck/Priest. He's bleeding out. The wound is fatal.

Veck abandons ship -- his ghostly soul squirms out of the Priest's body and flies into the Gym Dude.

Reviving, he pistol-whips the Motorcycle Cop. He's down --

ON JACK

-- spotting Hicks and his entourage sneaking to an SUV.

JESS CRIES OUT O.S. Graff has her in a headlock. Gun pointed at her thigh.

GRAFF
You want her to walk? Finish the job.

Jack standing up, spotting Younger -- he's reached his gun.

JACK'S POV -- Construction Worker and ICU Patients attacking Garner's car, trying to get inside. No time to lose.

ON GRAFF

-- suddenly falling to the ground. Behind her, Abby's holding a nightstick. Jess runs off, finding cover.

Graff recovers, throwing Abby ferociously -- she flies into the Homeless Blind Man, smashing him against the hotel window, cracking the glass and his head.

A Motorcycle Cop shoots Graff in the leg. She's used to the pain. Calmly returning fire, hitting the Cop's shoulder.

Veck/Gym Dude is nearby --

VECK/GYM DUDE
We'll have to do this ourselves.
Bleed him.

Graff shoots Jack in the leg and he drops. Veck/Gym Dude moves towards Garner's car--

VECK/GYM DUDE
(to ICU Patients)
Who wants to make a deal?

Graff approaching Jack. He's crawling to Younger, who has his gun trained on Hicks, getting inside an SUV.

Graff lowers her gun at Jack's other leg.

GRAFF
First light'll come soon enough.

Graff pointing the gun, then: a flying nightstick hits Graff's arm, the gun goes off, firing wide --

TOWARDS THE SUV

Hicks is hit. He falls into the SUV, amid wails and yelling.

ON JACK

-- turning to Younger holding a gun. He's scared.

ON GRAFF

-- realizing it was her shot that killed Hicks.

She spots Jess, who threw the nightstick. A COP SHOOTS HER ARM, but Graff hardly cares. She knows what's coming--

Her face appears to burn, skin scorching, eyes bursting in flame.

It's the soul inside incinerating. Graff's lifeless body collapses, wisps of smoke trailing off of her.

AT GARNER'S SUV

Construction Worker bashes a window, trying to get at the Garners. He is shot by a Cop, sinking to the pavement.

The SUV Driver starts and stops, flinging ICU Patients off the car. Cops move in, taking shots, picking off the attackers.

ON VECK/GYM DUDE

-- moving to the driver window of the SUV, smashing it, and pounding the driver's head against the wheel. He's out cold.

Veck/Gym Dude can't get to Garner -- a protection window separates the driver cabin and back seat. Veck/Gym Dude gets in, keys the ignition, throwing the gear into drive --

ON JACK

-- watching the SUV wheel out of the driveway, turning to the street.

Jack half-limps, half-runs to cut-off the SUV at the street --

ON VECK/GYM DUDE

-- taking cuffs from his police belt, shackling the unconscious Driver to the wheel.

Steering towards a concrete support. Flooring the gas pedal.

As Veck/Gym dude flings the door open to jump out --

VECK/GYM DUDE

You all are dying. No hard feelings --

BUT JACK JUMPS IN FRONT OF THE SUV

-- Veck/Gym Dude wasn't expecting him. Swerving, the SUV hits Jack flush, sending him flying 20 feet away.

No time for Veck/Gym Dude to jump out. The SUV skids to a stop, banging its side on the support. Nothing more than a little fender-bender. Nobody's hurt, except --

JACK LYING ON THE STREET BLEEDING

Abby and Jess run to him. Cops swarm the SUV, where Garner and family emerge unscathed.

Veck/Gym Dude looks on. Jack looks like a goner. From far away, SOUNDS of BARKING, GROWLING, TEETH GNASHING.

Gym Dude's body falls as Veck's soul 'jumps' to a dead ICU Patient.

Veck can't revive him. His soul 'jumps' to another body. Still no good. And another body -- can't get them moving.

Veck's soul is being followed by FLAMING GHOSTLY HELL-HOUNDS chasing him from one dead body to the next. Veck desperately tries Graff's body, but he can't get it to move.

Desperate, Veck's soul flies towards the Homeless Man, slumped at the exit door, and enters his body.

The Ghostly Hell-Hounds chase after him until --

A GLOWING CANE STRIKES THE GROUND

-- and a THUNDERCLAP SOUNDS, stopping the Hell-Hounds. Lights flicker on everywhere. Strickland raises his cane --

STRICKLAND
Judgment is His.

Strickland slaps the cane at the Ghostly Beasts and they scatter, disappearing into wisps of smoke. Strickland leans in, whispering to Veck/Homeless Man --

STRICKLAND
What I hear, you're going to have a
good long time here. You're blessed.
Yes, sir. Truly blessed. For now.

Strickland leaves the deaf, blind Veck/Homeless Man groping aimlessly as SIRENS get closer.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A burly DETECTIVE at the foot of a bed. With him is the Security Guard who was attacked in Quincy Hall's control room.

DETECTIVE
She was ex-military. A decorated
agent. No reason for what she did.

SECURITY #1
What'll to happen to her?

DETECTIVE
Doctors say she may never come out of
the coma.

SECURITY #1
So she stays here until they pull the
plug.

DETECTIVE
If they pull the plug.

Reveal: Graff motionless in bed, the monitor pinging rhythmically. Off the Detective, moving across the hall to --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BEFORE SUNRISE

Jack in bed. We've seen him like this before -- hooked up to life support, barely alive.

Abby and Jess are bedside. Mayor Garner, some nicks and bruises but otherwise okay, enters with aides --

GARNER

Ma'am. Your husband saved my life and the lives of my family. I'll be forever grateful. He's a great man.

JESS

Yes. He is.

ABBY

Thank you.

Garner squeezes Jack's hand and goes.

JACK'S EYES FLUTTER. He's awake. Trying to speak--

JACK

...the window...

Abby barely hears it. She goes to the window and opens the blinds -- it's a spectacular sunrise.

Jack takes it in. The last one he'll see. Abby has his hand.

JACK

We shoulda' gone dancing.

The monitor flatlines. Jack is gone. The Stranger is gone.

Slow R&B GROOVE plays as--

MONTAGE BEGINS:

--Abby and Jess at Jack's funeral. Mayor Garner hands her a folded U.S. flag.

--Younger packing up things from the burnt remains at the dock.

--Jess eyeing the yellowed photograph of the Stranger and Younger as a boy. She sits at a computer doing a Google search.

--Abby signs for a package at the front door -- it's the one Jack sent from the asylum. Abby opens it, sifting through the financial documents. A look of surprise on her face --

--Abby and Jess sit at the breakfast table quietly as sunrise bathes them in golden light.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Abby and Jess are hunkered in a booth sipping latte's. Abby has the financial documents spread before her.

ABBY

He stashed money away. Lots of it.

JESS

What are you going to do?

ABBY

I don't know. Maybe you have an idea.

JESS

Maybe...

ABBY

Is this why you dragged me clear across town this morning? It certainly wasn't the latte.

The front door opens -- a MAN enters. It's Younger -- with a blueprint case of his designs. He sits at the counter.

JESS

Be right back.

Abby watches Jess go to Younger. They trade awkward smiles. She leads Younger back to Abby. Younger eyes her.

JESS

Mom, this is Tom Younger. He designs all kinds of boats.

(to Younger)

This is my mom -- Abby.

ABBY

Boat designer. Really?

YOUNGER

Really.

ABBY

I wish I knew more about boats.

JESS

You could. Tom could show you.

YOUNGER

(to Jess)

This is a little unexpected, you calling out of the blue. How did you come across my name?

JESS

My dad...was real close to your dad.

Jess lets this hang in the air. Abby grins. Younger grins back. It might be the first time we've seen either smile.

ABBY

You want to sit? Tell me about your boats?

Younger pulls up a chair. Jess watches, beaming.

THE END