

PAGE ONE

We open in the apartment shared by Taylor Devlin, our protagonist, and his girlfriend, Ellen. This is a primary location to which we will be returning repeatedly.

It's a sizeable, urban, loft-style dwelling with a large, open space constituting the main room. One wall features windows that look out to the neighborhood from several floors up. Some space is taken up by a comfortably sized kitchen area that is sectioned off by a long counter. Past the main room and kitchen is a hallway leading to three more rooms: a bathroom, a master bedroom, and an office/study.

The furnishings are modern and reflect the fact that this couple is financially secure, though nothing rises to the level of luxury. There's a couch with two end tables, a TV, a coffee table, a bookshelf, a dining table, etc.

The building is a five story, brick construction that was converted from warehouse/office space into modern apartments. It's in an upper-middle class neighborhood in a large, east coast city.

Taylor is good looking without seeming affected, in his late twenties/early thirties and in good shape. Ellen, roughly the same age, is beautiful in a girl-next-door sort of way. They are happy and look good together.

The time is late summer.

PANEL ONE

A panoramic shot, at a distance, that gives us a good look at the main room. We can see Taylor and Ellen on the couch watching the 11 o'clock news. They're dressed casually, he in a t-shirt and jeans and she in a tank top and shorts. At the moment Ellen is leaning over on one armrest. On the coffee table in front of the couch is, among other things, a notebook with a pen resting on top.

PANEL TWO

In closer on the couple. She's looking over at him, appearing tired where he is more awake and focused.

ELLEN

I hate it when you have to go on these long trips.

PANEL THREE

He turns his head to meet her face, smiling.

TAYLOR

Yeah...all things considered I'd rather stay.

PANEL FOUR

She leans into him and smiles as he kisses her on the forehead.

PANEL FIVE

She's sitting up now. We're behind them, and the TV is visible in the background of this shot. It shows a weather girl in front of a map.

TAYLOR

But it's only for two weeks or so,
depending on how the seas treat me.

PAGE TWO

PANEL ONE

She is more awake and is about to stand up.

ELLEN
I know, but that doesn't mean I
can't miss you, does it?

PANEL TWO

She stands up.

ELLEN
I'm turning in. Are you coming
back?

TAYLOR
In a bit. I want to go over some of
my research.

PANEL THREE

She rests her hand on his shoulder and starts to walk back to the bedroom.

ELLEN
I'll be up in the morning to say
goodbye.

TAYLOR
Sleep well.

PANEL FOUR

She has left the room. Taylor focuses again on the TV as the weather report continues.

PANEL FIVE

He reaches over to pick up his notebook from the coffee table.

PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE

He opens the notebook and turns his focus to its contents.
The pages are crammed with handwritten information.

PANEL TWO

He idly starts to chew on the end of a pen as he continues to read.

PANEL THREE

He has taken the pen from his mouth and is jotting something down.

TAYLOR
(out loud to nobody)
The *Cyclops*...

PANEL FOUR

He points the remote at the TV and we see the word "mute" appear on the screen.

PANEL FIVE

He sets the remote control back on the table.

PANEL SIX

He continues to read his notes.

PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE

He has fallen asleep with his notebook on his chest, in much the same position as he was in on the last panel of the previous page. The TV is still on "mute" as some late-night show plays on.

PANEL TWO

He wakes suddenly.

PANEL THREE

He rubs his eyes.

PANEL FOUR

He's standing next to the TV, turning it off.

PANEL FIVE

It's now dark except for some ambient light streaming in from the windows. This is a wide shot of him walking towards the hallway, past the kitchen.

PANEL SIX

Still wide, we see that the refrigerator door is very slightly ajar, where it wasn't in the previous panel, and is letting out a sliver of light. Taylor notices it from the corner of his eye.

TAYLOR
What the...?

PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE

He walks into the kitchen, but the door is now closed.

PANEL TWO

With a look on his face that could be either confusion or exhaustion (or both) he pushes it just to make sure.

PANEL THREE

He resumes his walk to the bedroom.

PANEL FOUR

In the bedroom, where the furnishings are consistent with what we've seen of the rest of the apartment. There is another window here, also letting in a touch of ambient light. Having already removed his shirt, Taylor is about to take off his jeans. Ellen is asleep in the bed.

PANEL FIVE

He pulls back the covers to climb into bed with her.

PANEL SIX

They are now both sleeping comfortably.

PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

The next morning. Taylor is still asleep in bed, but Ellen is dressed and has her hand on his shoulder, gently nudging him to wake up.

ELLEN
Honey...it's half past eight. You should get moving.

PANEL TWO

He's pulled the pillow over his head. She remains standing above him, smiling.

TAYLOR
(from under the pillow)
Mmmm...ten minutes.

ELLEN
Rise and shine, sleepy bear.
Coffee's ready and I'm making
breakfast.

PANEL THREE

From Taylor's perspective in the bed, we see Ellen paused as she's leaving the room. She has a mischievous look in her eyes.

ELLEN
Besides, if you don't get up soon
we won't have time for a *proper*
goodbye.

PANEL FOUR

Ellen's out of the room, and Taylor remains in bed with his head under the pillow.

TAYLOR
I'm coming. I swear.

PANEL FIVE

In the kitchen. Ellen is standing at the stove preparing some scrambled eggs.

PANEL SIX

Taylor, in the same jeans and t-shirt from the night before, appears beside her and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

He pours himself a cup of coffee as she continues to prepare the eggs.

TAYLOR
It smells great.

ELLEN
You didn't think I'd let you go
without a full stomach, did you?

PANEL TWO

He's walking to the dining table with coffee in hand.

PANEL THREE

He's sitting at the table now. He has grabbed the morning newspaper which was there waiting for him, and is looking at the front page as he takes a sip from his cup.

ELLEN (O.S.)
You'll have good weather, at least
to start. The whole east coast is
clear.

PANEL FOUR

On Ellen as she scoops the eggs from the frying pan onto a couple of plates.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Good, good. I'm hoping to make this
as much a vacation as work.

PANEL FIVE

Ellen is setting the plates down on the table.

TAYLOR
I doubt I'm going to learn anything
I didn't already get from my
research.

PANEL SIX

She's now seated at the table. Taylor has put the paper aside and they are about to eat.

ELLEN
That's not very journalistic of
you.

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

With breakfast completed, Taylor and Ellen are sitting at the table, relaxing. They're very comfortable and happy in each other's presence.

ELLEN
Your flight's at four, right?

TAYLOR
Yeah. The boat leaves at the crack tomorrow, so staying at a hotel tonight is easier.

PANEL TWO

Now on Taylor.

TAYLOR
I think this research is getting to me. Last night before I came to bed I could have sworn that the refrigerator door opened and closed itself.

PANEL THREE

Ellen is smiling, trying not to laugh.

ELLEN
You mean we have ghosts?

PANEL FOUR

Taylor seems to be about to laugh himself, aware of how absurd his observation must have sounded.

TAYLOR
Yeah, well, who knows?

PANEL FIVE

Ellen smiles as Taylor looks up at a clock on the wall.

ELLEN
You need to relax.

TAYLOR
Yeah. And pack.

PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

In the bedroom, Taylor is placing some things into his suitcase on the bed. Ellen is standing at the door.

ELLEN
Almost done?

TAYLOR
I think so.

PANEL TWO

She steps forward to stand next to him. She's holding out a jewelry box (large enough to hold a watch) with a bow on top.

ELLEN
Except you forgot something.

ELLEN
Happy birthday!

PANEL THREE

Visibly surprised, Taylor takes the box from her.

TAYLOR
What's this? My birthday's not til next month.

ELLEN
I know, but I couldn't resist. I figured you could use it for the trip.

PANEL FOUR

Close on Taylor's hands holding the open box, which contains a very nice watch.

ELLEN (O.S.)
You haven't really had a nice watch since your last one broke, and I thought...

PANEL FIVE

Visibly moved by the gesture, Taylor reaches out and gently touches her cheek. She closes her eyes and smiles.

TAYLOR
I love it.

PANEL SIX

He kisses her gently on the lips.

PANEL SEVEN

No longer kissing but still almost that close.

TAYLOR
I love *you*.

ELLEN
I love you too.

From this scene on, Taylor will be wearing the watch at all times until noted differently.

PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

Late evening on the street in front of a downtown hotel in Norfolk, Virginia. A cab is stopped by the front door.

PANEL TWO

Taylor getting out of the cab. He's wearing a sport coat, button down shirt, and jeans.

PANEL THREE

Taylor and the cab driver standing together at the back of the cab. The driver is reaching into the open trunk to retrieve Taylor's suitcase.

PANEL FOUR

The suitcase removed, Taylor is handing the driver some cash.

TAYLOR
Go ahead and keep it.

DRIVER
Thank you very much, sir.

PANEL FIVE

Panoramic, we're looking straight at the entrance to the hotel. It is dominated by a large revolving door in the center of the panel. Taylor is about to step inside.

PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL ONE

Taylor at the front desk, leaning over and putting his signature on a piece of paper.

PANEL TWO

As he hands the paper back to the clerk she is about to give him his key.

CLERK
Enjoy your stay, Mr. Devlin.

TAYLOR
Thank you.

PANEL THREE

Inside a hallway a few floors up, Taylor steps out of an elevator.

PANEL FOUR

He's putting the key into the door of his room.

PANEL FIVE

In the room now as Taylor sets down his suitcase.

PANEL SIX

He's got his cell phone in his hand and is dialing a number.

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

He's sitting on the bed as he speaks into the phone.

TAYLOR
Yeah, the flight was fine.

PANEL TWO

Close on Taylor's face. He's smiling as he listens to Ellen on the other end of the line, but we can't hear what she's saying.

PANEL THREE

He stands up.

TAYLOR
OK. I'll call you when I get back on shore.

TAYLOR
Love you too.

PANEL FOUR

He presses a button to hang up the phone.

PANEL FIVE

He looks at his watch.

PANEL SIX

He exits the room.

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

The hotel bar. There are only a handful of people lingering around, and the bartender is leaning on the bar watching sports news on TV.

PANEL TWO

The same shot as above, as Taylor enters the scene and makes his way to a seat at the bar near the bartender.

PANEL THREE

He's seated, and the bartender is standing before him.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

TAYLOR
Maker's on the rocks.

PANEL FOUR

Taylor idly watches the sports news as the bartender prepares his drink in the background.

PANEL FIVE

Close on the drink as the bartender sets it down.

BARTENDER
It'll be four fifty.

TAYLOR
Can I start a tab?

BARTENDER
Sure thing.

PANEL SIX

Similar to P4 as the bartender starts to write out a tab.

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

Similar, again, to P12/P4. The bartender and Taylor are both silently watching the sports news.

PANEL TWO

The bartender strikes up a conversation as our focus shifts to the two of them.

BARTENDER
In town on business?

TAYLOR
Yeah, more or less.

PANEL THREE

On Taylor.

TAYLOR
I'm a journalist. I'm leaving early tomorrow to catch a boat ride to the Bermuda Triangle.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Come again?

PANEL FOUR

Taylor chuckles as he raises his drink, about to take a sip.

TAYLOR
I know...it sounds silly. But for a dollar a word plus expenses you'll pretty much go anywhere.

PANEL FIVE

On the two of them as the bartender listens intently.

TAYLOR
I'm supposed to write about the legend, and they want me to liven up the story with some first hand experience.

PANEL SIX

Taylor absentmindedly puts his focus back on the TV for a moment.

TAYLOR
So I hitched a ride, and we'll see what comes of it.

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE

On the bartender.

BARTENDER
Before I got this job I used to
work at a place closer to the
docks. I heard a few stories.

PANEL TWO

On Taylor, now more interested in what the bartender has to
say.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Nothing too serious, but there
seems to be something strange about
it.

PANEL THREE

Back on the bartender.

BARTENDER
I always figured spending that much
time with the sea'll make pretty
much any man crazy.

PANEL FOUR

Backing up now so that we see both of them from a bit of
distance.

TAYLOR
(chuckling)
Heh...no shit.

PANEL FIVE

Taylor holds up his empty glass.

TAYLOR
Let me get another one.

BARTENDER
Sure thing.

PANEL SIX

Almost identical to P12/P4.

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

Early the next morning. A wide, panoramic shot from high above the Port of Norfolk. It's a busy, cluttered, impersonal place.

PANEL TWO

On a street near the entrance. Taylor, his bags at his feet, stands next to the driver-side window of the cab he has just arrived in. He's handing the driver some money.

PANEL THREE

The cab begins to drive away as Taylor picks up his bag and walks toward the waterfront. Activity buzzes all around.

PANEL FOUR

From some distance back, Taylor is approaching a pier where a large commercial vessel is docked. The name on the side of the boat reads *Borrowed Time*. General activity continues, and we can see a security guard next to a ramp that leads up to the boat's deck.

PANEL FIVE

Still back but a little closer, Taylor is talking to the security guard and showing him some papers.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE

In close with Taylor and the Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD
Looks like everything's in order.
Head up the ramp, take a left, and
go around the corner. The captain
should be in his office.

PANEL TWO

Taylor ascending the ramp.

PANEL THREE

He arrives on the deck. There are a handful of workers
milling around performing various tasks.

PANEL FOUR

He's standing in front of the closed door to the office,
where he pauses for a moment to look out across the water.

PANEL FIVE

He places his bags at his feet and knocks on the door.

PANEL SIX

The door opens, and we see Captain Makowski for the first
time. A gruff, weathered man of about sixty, his hair is
bleached light from years at sea. He's in excellent physical
shape.

MAKOWSKI
Can I help you?

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE

Taylor extends his hand to Makowski, who simply looks down at it.

TAYLOR
Taylor Devlin. I'm hitching a ride.

PANEL TWO

Makowski looks Taylor, whose hand is still extended, in the face in a manner suggesting that he is sizing him up.

MAKOWSKI
You're the writer?

TAYLOR
Yes sir.

PANEL THREE

Makowski smiles slightly and shakes Taylor's hand.

MAKOWSKI
Hell, son, even my crew doesn't
call me sir.

MAKOWSKI
The name's Makowski. Come on in.

PANEL FOUR

The two men enter the room. It's cramped, but it has a human touch. There's a pinup girl calendar on the wall, an empty beer bottle here and there, and other small signs that the man who occupies this space is not always strictly business.

PANEL FIVE

As Makowski takes a seat, Taylor is about to do the same.

MAKOWSKI
Have a seat.

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

Both men seated now.

MAKOWSKI
You need a coffee or anything?

TAYLOR
No, thanks, I'm good for now.

PANEL TWO

Makowski grabs a cigar from a box near his chair.

MAKOWSKI
I gotta say, I'm a little puzzled
why you're here. My crew'll talk
your ear off, but I doubt we're
much good for a magazine story.

PANEL THREE

Makowski lights his cigar with a match.

TAYLOR
You're heading to Ponce, right?

PANEL FOUR

Makowski shakes the match to extinguish it.

MAKOWSKI
Sure are.

TAYLOR
That's why I'm here. I need to sail
through the Triangle to get some
firsthand knowledge of what it's
like.

PANEL FIVE

Makowski leans back and smiles. He speaks through the corner
of his mouth as he continues to smoke his cigar.

MAKOWSKI
It ain't like anything. I've gone
through it a hundred times or more.

MAKOWSKI
You just might be wasting your
time.

PANEL SIX

On Taylor, smiling.

TAYLOR
Yeah...I don't disagree, but work's
work.

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

The two men walk along the deck, Taylor with his bags once again in hand.

MAKOWSKI
Everybody more or less knows to expect you.

PANEL TWO

On Makowski.

MAKOWSKI
You have any time on boats?

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Not to speak of, just a little here and there.

PANEL THREE

Still walking.

MAKOWSKI
I'll have someone give you a run-through on the basic safety issues.

PANEL FOUR

From behind as they're approaching a set of stairs, about to head below deck.

MAKOWSKI
Your cabin's this way.

PANEL FIVE

Down in the bowels of the ship, stopped in front of the door to Taylor's quarters.

MAKOWSKI
Make yourself at home.

PANEL SIX

Taylor steps into his quarters. They're small and nondescript, the only furniture being a small bed and desk with a lamp.

MAKOWSKI
We're getting ready to shove off, so I'll catch up to you later when things have settled down.

TAYLOR
OK. Thanks.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

PANEL ONE

Late that evening, as darkness starts to settle in, a panoramic shot of the boat at sea. The only thing for miles.

PANEL TWO

In Taylor's cabin. He's sitting at the desk, jotting some things down in his notebook.

PANEL THREE

A KNOCK comes at the door.

TAYLOR
Yeah? Come on in.

PANEL FOUR

The door opens, and we see Rodriguez, a Mexican in his early thirties, for the first time.

RODRIGUEZ
You're Devlin, right?

PANEL FIVE

Rodriguez eases into the room.

RODRIGUEZ
The crew is in the dining room
having some whiskey and smokes. You
want to come up?

PANEL SIX

Taylor closes his notebook.

TAYLOR
Why not?

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

PANEL ONE

Taylor and Rodriguez entering the dining room area of the ship. The bulk of the crew - about 15 men - is there, having a good time. The room is hazy with smoke and everybody has a drink either in his hand or in front of him. They're a colorful group, largely Latin American, and in this instance they are also mostly drunk.

PANEL TWO

One of the crewmen gets up and walks over to meet Taylor. Rodriguez heads to the table to grab a seat.

CREWMAN #1
Come, come! Have some whiskey with us.

TAYLOR
Thanks.

PANEL THREE

Taylor and the crewman have walked over to a table which is serving as a de facto bar area. The crewman is pouring Taylor a glass of whiskey as the party continues behind them.

CREWMAN #1
Unless there is some pressing need, the *capitan* gives most of us the first night off.

CREWMAN #1
He is a good man.

PANEL FOUR

Taylor receives the glass.

CREWMAN #1
And besides, the real work doesn't start until we get to Ponce.

TAYLOR
(smiling)
I see that.

PANEL FIVE

Makowski walks up and puts his arm on the shoulder of his crewman.

MAKOWSKI
What kind of bullshit are you filling our guest's head with?

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

PANEL ONE

Makowski and the crewman share a laugh.

CREWMAN #1
*Si, si...*I was just telling him to
make sure and come back anytime he
wants to write a story about an
asshole boat captain.

PANEL TWO

Makowski turns to Taylor as the crewman, still laughing,
stumbles away.

MAKOWSKI
One of my best men - the ship
couldn't run without him.

MAKOWSKI
How was your first day at sea?

TAYLOR
Pretty good, actually. You've got a
hell of a crew here.

PANEL THREE

They continue to talk.

TAYLOR
Everyone has been very welcoming.

MAKOWSKI
Good, good. Listen, I wanted to
give you a heads up.

PANEL FOUR

As they continue to talk our focus drifts to another crewman
who has walked up to the table and is refreshing his drink.

MAKOWSKI (O.S.)
We'll be entering the Triangle,
such as it is, sometime later
tonight. Tomorrow should be your
day.

PANEL FIVE

Back on Makowski and Taylor.

MAKOWSKI
Come up to navigation and I'll show
you some oddities that might be of
use to your story.

PANEL SIX

On Taylor

TAYLOR
Sounds great, thanks.

MAKOWSKI
I'm sorry to say, though, that it
looks like this trip will be a
quiet one. The weather's clear for
hundreds of miles around.

PANEL SEVEN

With Makowski now gone, Taylor sips his drink and observes
the crew.

TAYLOR
(to nobody)
All the better.

PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

PANEL ONE

On the deck of the boat, just before dawn as the darkness has not quite begun to abate. Everything is quiet.

PANEL TWO

Extremely close on the deck itself, we see two or three raindrops landing.

PANEL THREE

In Taylor's cabin. He has fallen asleep with his desk lamp on, and we see him on his bed. He's wearing a pair of shorts but no shirt.

PANEL FOUR

A CRASH as the table tilts and the lamp hits the floor.

PANEL FIVE

Taylor, awakened, opens his door. He's disoriented.

PANEL SIX

A crewman pushes Taylor to the side as he races down the hallway.

CREWMAN #2
Out of the way!

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

PANEL ONE

Taylor turns and watches him head up the stairs.

TAYLOR
What the...?

CREWMAN #2
(in the distance)
Get back inside, *pendejo!*

PANEL TWO

We remain by the door and watch Taylor also head up the stairs to the deck.

PANEL THREE

He arrives on the deck to pouring rain. It's a sudden, vicious storm, with driving winds and lightning adding to the downpour. Even in the face of this there is activity all around him as the crew struggles to secure the boat.

PANEL FOUR

Taylor grabs a frantic crewman rushing by. Both men are soaked and can barely stand from the force of the wind. Lightning goes off in the background.

TAYLOR
What the hell is going on?

CREWMAN #3
Nobody knows!

CREWMAN #3
Get your ass back down below -
there's work to do!

PANEL FIVE

Taylor has moved around to the side of the boat. He looks out to sea and sees what looks like a plume of fire rising in the distance.

TAYLOR
Oh my God...

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

PANEL ONE

The boat rocks suddenly, knocking Taylor severely off balance.

PANEL TWO

Close on his head smacking hard into the wall.

PANEL THREE

Having regained his balance he attempts to stagger away. He's holding his head with one hand as blood flows down his cheek.

PANEL FOUR

He drops to his knees, still dazed.

PANEL FIVE

He passes out.

PANEL SIX

Black.

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

PANEL ONE

The next morning. A wide shot at a distance, showing a large portion of the ship's deck. The weather is beautiful, and the scene is utterly silent.

PANEL TWO

Closer in, surveying a smaller, more detailed portion of the deck. There is debris littered everywhere - indeed, there is more debris than one would expect to see. There are not, however, any people.

PANEL THREE

Now close in on Taylor, laying face-down on the deck of the ship next to a wall. He's still wearing only his shorts with no shirt, and he stays this way until noted otherwise.

He's a mess. There's blood dried on his face and he's visibly disheveled from having spent the night passed out in a storm. He's still unconscious.

PANEL FOUR

A bird lands on the deck next to him.

PANEL FIVE

He moves his hand up to his face to feel his wound, the first sign of life. As he does this, the bird takes flight.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Very close on Taylor's face. He's squinting and holding the side of his head where he sustained the injury.

PANEL TWO

He opens his eyes for the first time.

PANEL THREE

Visibly disoriented and in obvious pain, he sits up and leans against the wall.

TAYLOR
God *damn*...

PANEL FOUR

He stands up, unsure of his footing.

PANEL FIVE

He starts to walk, bracing himself against the wall, toward the Captain's office.

PANEL SIX

Stopped in front of the office door, he knocks.

TAYLOR
Makowski...you in there?

PAGE TWENTY-NINE

PANEL ONE

He pushes the door open to reveal that the office is an utter wreck. Furniture is turned over, the lamps have fallen over and broken, and papers are scattered all around.

PANEL TWO

He starts to walk away, leaving the door open.

TAYLOR
Makowski!

PANEL THREE

He walks around to the navigation room and peers into the open door. We are behind him and can't yet see inside.

PANEL FOUR

He walks in and we see that it is in much the same shape as Makowski's office.

PANEL FIVE

He picks up a stack of papers from a desk and looks them over.

PANEL SIX

Having set the papers back down he leans over the desk, propped up with one hand and holding his wounded head with the other.

PAGE THIRTY

PANEL ONE

He finds the stairs and starts to head below deck.

PANEL TWO

In the hallway near the crew's quarters.

TAYLOR

Hey!

PANEL THREE

He knocks on a door.

TAYLOR

Rodriguez?

PANEL FOUR

He opens the door and sees the same type of destruction as elsewhere.

PANEL FIVE

He keeps walking.

PANEL SIX

Now in the same large room where, just the night before, the crew enjoyed their party. Not only has it not been cleaned up at all, it is now as devastated as everything else. A complete mess.

TAYLOR

Makowski! Rodriguez!

PAGE THIRTY-ONE

PANEL ONE

Very close on Taylor's face. He's got a look that suggests both dread and resignation, but he is still calm.

PANEL TWO

We're looking at his feet as he walks among the debris. He accidentally kicks an unopened and unbroken bottle of whiskey.

PANEL THREE

He leans down and picks up the bottle.

PANEL FOUR

He walks into the kitchen area, carrying the bottle. It's a large, impersonal, industrial kitchen. The devastation continues.

TAYLOR
They can't *all* be gone.

PANEL FIVE

Panoramic back up on the deck, Taylor is looking out to sea. There is nothing in sight, and the weather remains calm and gorgeous.

PAGE THIRTY-TWO

PANEL ONE

We are back in Taylor's quarters. The whiskey bottle he picked up earlier is sitting on his desk. He has changed into a pair of jeans from the shorts he had been wearing, but is still shirtless and is reaching into his suitcase.

PANEL TWO

He's holding his cell phone in his hand, and we see what he sees. The display reads "No Service. Phone Is Off."

TAYLOR
Naturally.

PANEL THREE

Next, he pulls a faded, old T-shirt out of the suitcase. This is the shirt that he will be wearing until further notice - see my notes for the design.

PANEL FOUR

Now wearing the T-shirt, he sits down on the bed.

PANEL FIVE

He's lacing up his shoes.

PANEL SIX

Fully dressed, he grabs the bottle of whiskey as he is about to leave his room.

PAGE THIRTY-THREE

PANEL ONE

We see Taylor sitting in the navigation room at a desk that includes a variety of communication instruments. He's wearing a headset with a microphone, similar to what you would see an airplane pilot wearing. The whiskey bottle is sitting on the desk, open, with a few sips missing. He's holding down a button and speaking into the microphone.

TAYLOR
SOS...anybody, please...SOS.

PANEL TWO

Same situation, different angle.

TAYLOR
My name is Taylor Devlin. I'm
stranded on a ship called *Borrowed
Time*. The crew is missing and I
need immediate assistance.

PANEL THREE

Close on his face. He is starting to appear resigned to his situation, numb.

TAYLOR
This is an emergency.

PANEL FOUR

He takes a large sip from the whiskey bottle.

PANEL FIVE

Speaking again into the headset microphone.

TAYLOR
Would it make any difference if I
said I killed them?

PANEL SIX

He's taken off the headset and set it down on the desk. He's leaning back in the chair, staring at the ceiling.

TAYLOR
For God's sake...

PAGE THIRTY-FOUR

PANEL ONE

We are now in the cockpit of a helicopter flying above the ocean. It's early in the day, and the pilot and copilot are having a conversation.

COPILOT

I'm telling you, the numbers don't lie. The man deserves a spot.

PANEL TWO

On the pilot, smiling.

PILOT

It's all about greatness. If every good player made the list it wouldn't mean anything anymore.

PANEL THREE

On the copilot now. He's counting off the numbers with his fingers.

COPILOT

Listen to me carefully, OK? Two-time MVP, five time Golden Glove winner, two times...

PANEL FOUR

The Pilot interrupts his companion and points out to sea.

PILOT

Hold on a second...do you see that?

PANEL FIVE

Looking out from the helicopter, seeing what the two men inside see, there is a boat barely visible off in the distance -- the *Borrowed Time*. It's the only thing in sight.

PANEL SIX

On the copilot.

COPILOT

Let's check it out.

PAGE THIRTY-FIVE

PANEL ONE

Back on Taylor's boat. He's sitting in what was Makowski's office. He looks weary, as it has been a couple of days. The door to the office is open, and he's sitting at Makowski's desk looking at one piece of paper plucked from a large pile scattered before him. An empty whiskey bottle sits on the desk, as well.

PANEL TWO

He looks up from the paper - something has caught his attention.

PANEL THREE

He's out on the deck now, looking out to sea. We are behind him and can see what he sees - the helicopter off in the distance.

PANEL FOUR

On Taylor's face, showing surprise.

TAYLOR
It can't be...

PANEL FIVE

Similar to P3 of this page, only we are closer to Taylor and the helicopter is closer to him.

PANEL SIX

Back in the office as Taylor rummages through a desk drawer. We can't see its contents, only that he is reaching into it.

PAGE THIRTY-SIX

PANEL ONE

Taylor is back on deck, holding a flare gun in the air.

PANEL TWO

Back in the helicopter, a shot similar to P34/P5. This time we are closer to the boat, and we see the flare going up in the air from the deck.

COPILOT
I'll be damned.

PILOT
Long time since we had one of
these. Prepare to board and rescue.

PANEL THREE

Back on the boat, the helicopter is extremely close now. Taylor is holding his hands up in the air to signal the pilot.

PANEL FOUR

The helicopter is directly above the deck of the boat. Taylor is shielding his face from the wind as a rope ladder comes down from the aircraft.

PANEL FIVE

Taylor and the copilot standing in front of each other. The rope ladder hangs behind them as the wind from the helicopter swirls around. Both men are straining against the wind and speaking loudly.

COPILOT
Whaddya say we get you the hell out
of here?

TAYLOR
Yeah...give me a minute to grab my
stuff.

PANEL SIX

From the deck of the ship, which is now empty save for the debris, we watch as the helicopter starts to fly away.

PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Taylor settles into the back seat of the helicopter, looking down as he buckles a seatbelt. His bag is by his feet.

TAYLOR
What took you guys so long?

PANEL TWO

The pilot and copilot look at each other as if they're not sure what to say next.

PANEL THREE

The copilot cranes his head toward Taylor in the back seat.

COPILOT
So what happened on that boat?

PANEL FOUR

On Taylor, leaning forward.

TAYLOR
The strangest thing I've ever been through, but beyond that I'm not sure.

PANEL FIVE

Taylor leans back and relaxes a bit, relieved to finally be off the boat.

TAYLOR
We had a storm come out of nowhere.

TAYLOR
I went up on deck, got the shit knocked out of me, and woke up alone the next morning.

PANEL SIX

On the pilot and copilot, going about their business as Taylor continues his explanation in the background.

TAYLOR
So I spent the first day trying to figure out what the hell happened, and the next few drinking whiskey and hoping someone out there knew I needed help.

PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Back on Taylor.

TAYLOR
I'm damn glad you guys came along
when you did.

PANEL TWO

A shot of the helicopter speeding across the ocean.

PANEL THREE

Back inside on Taylor.

TAYLOR
So where are we headed?

PANEL FOUR

The copilot looks back.

COPILOT
Back to shore. Norfolk.

PANEL FIVE

Back on Taylor.

TAYLOR
Good, good...that's where we left
from. Shouldn't be too hard to get
home.

PANEL SIX

Close on the pilot, smiling just slightly.

PILOT
Right.

PAGE THIRTY-NINE

PANEL ONE

Back on shore. The helicopter has landed at the same port from which Taylor originally left, and the three men are unloading their gear. It's a different scene from before, however. There's virtually nobody around, and the area is something of a mess. Random objects like keys, cell phones, and other ordinary items are lying around here and there. There are also a few stray dogs and cats wandering about.

There are two important characteristics of Taylor's new world is: there aren't nearly as many people as there were in the world he left, and it is something of a mess. Lying all around are things that have been "lost" by people over the years. Items of importance will be noted in the script, but in general there should be random objects showing up wherever it's convenient to put them.

This world is alive, but the infrastructure was built to accommodate far more people than now actually live in it. It is, in a sense, a developed wilderness.

As they unload, Taylor talks to the pilot and copilot.

TAYLOR
Is this a holiday? Place looks
nothing like it did when I left.

TAYLOR
Are you sure this is Norfolk?

PANEL TWO

The pilot and copilot share another uncertain glance, very much like the one they shared in P37/P2.

PANEL THREE

On the pilot.

PILOT
I don't think I ever actually got
your name, Mr...?

PANEL FOUR

On Taylor.

TAYLOR
Sorry about that.

PANEL FIVE

The two men shake hands.

TAYLOR
Devlin. Taylor Devlin.

PANEL SIX

From a bit of a distance, all three men are standing there ready to go but not yet moving.

PILOT
Listen, Mr. Devlin, there's
something you should know.

PAGE FORTY

PANEL ONE

The three men start to walk away from the helicopter, Taylor holding his bag.

TAYLOR
Yeah? What is it?

PANEL TWO

On the pilot and Taylor only as they continue to walk.

PILOT
That's the thing...I don't know if
I'm the best person to explain it.

PANEL THREE

The copilot joins the conversation, still walking.

COPILOT
Neither of us are.

PANEL FOUR

Taylor steps in front of the other two men and they all stop walking. He's upset but not yet angry. There's a slow burn going on, as frustration starts to set in. He wants an explanation, but as far as he knows it will be a logical one. He speaks directly to the pilot.

TAYLOR
Listen, man, I just spent a week
stranded on a boat and I'm not in
any mood for games. Tell me what
the fuck it is you have to tell me.

PANEL FIVE

The pilot puts his hand on Taylor's shoulder in a bid to help reduce the tension.

PILOT
Look, I know how you feel. Trust
me. I just want to try and make
this a little easier on you.

PANEL SIX

The copilot, unprompted, hands the pilot a small pad of paper and a pen. The pilot looks at him, a but surprised.

PILOT
Thank you.

PAGE FORTY-ONE

PANEL ONE

The pilot is writing something down on the paper and speaking to Taylor as he does so.

PILOT

Some things have changed since you were last here, and you're going to need to understand those changes if you hope to adjust.

PANEL TWO

The pilot keeps writing.

TAYLOR

How much could have possibly changed in, what, five or six days?

PANEL THREE

The pilot hands the paper to Taylor.

PILOT

In a way, you were gone a lot longer than you think.

PILOT

There's a guy a couple of miles from here who's an expert in this kind of thing.

PANEL FOUR

Taylor has taken the paper and is looking down at it.

PILOT

Follow these directions.

PANEL FIVE

As Taylor continues to examine the paper the pilot is holding out a key for him to take. Taylor does not yet notice it.

TAYLOR

You'll forgive me if this looks like a load of bullshit. And besides, how am I supposed to...

PANEL SIX

Taylor looks up and sees the pilot giving him the key.

TAYLOR

There's a black Audi in the parking lot just over there, should be the only one. Take it -- I don't need it anymore.

PAGE FORTY-TWO

PANEL ONE

The pilot and copilot begin to walk away. Taylor remains stationary, confused.

PILOT
Trust me. What have you got to
lose?

PANEL TWO

On Taylor as he watches the two of them continue to walk.

PILOT (O.S.)
And good luck.

PANEL THREE

Taylor picks up his bag to begin his walk to the parking lot, a different direction than that in which the other two men were headed.

PANEL FOUR

At a good distance, we see him crossing the parking lot. It's a big lot, and there are several cars there, but it's by no means full.

PANEL FIVE

He has arrived at the Audi in question - a black 1999 A4. He stands there for a moment, looking off into the distance.

PANEL SIX

Putting the key into the door.

PANEL SIX

Back in the living room with Wilson. He has noticed the sound and seems genuinely perplexed by it. It's as if the bell hasn't rung in quite some time.

WILSON

I wonder what that could be about?

PAGE FORTY-FOUR

PANEL ONE

Outside on the front porch of Wilson's townhome. Taylor is there, pulling the rope to ring the doorbell.

PANEL TWO

He squints into the light as he looks up at the house, wondering if he hasn't been sent on some sort of wild goose chase.

PANEL THREE

We're behind Taylor as the door opens. Wilson appears, looking surprised and intrigued.

TAYLOR
Hello. I, uh...

PANEL FOUR

Wilson steps out onto the porch and looks at Taylor.

WILSON
Let me guess: you're here because
you're hungry.

PANEL FIVE

On Taylor, looking unsure of how to respond.

TAYLOR
Well...I am. But I'm here
because...

PANEL SIX

Wilson puts his hands on Taylor's shoulders.

WILSON
Say no more!

WILSON
I was just about to make some
dinner. Come inside and the rest
will take care of itself.

PAGE FORTY-FIVE

PANEL ONE

We're behind Taylor and Wilson, the latter leading the former, as they walk down a narrow hallway towards the living room we were in earlier.

TAYLOR
Listen, I appreciate your
hospitality.

WILSON
Ah, but it is nothing.

PANEL TWO

They are at the end of the narrow hallway, about to step into the living room.

TAYLOR
No...I mean, thank you. But that's
not all.

PANEL THREE

Wilson has turned to face Taylor.

WILSON
You are hungry, right?

TAYLOR
Yes.

WILSON
Then let us eat, and I will do what
I can to answer your questions
then.

PANEL FOUR

Wilson is heading toward the kitchen, which is just off the living room, as Taylor remains stationary, absorbing his surroundings.

WILSON
Do you like salmon?

TAYLOR
(not looking at Wilson,
but rather at his odd
surroundings)
That would be fine.

PAGE FORTY-SIX

PANEL ONE

In Wilson's kitchen. It's tiny, and there is a table in the middle of the room just big enough for two. Taylor and Wilson are sitting at this table with plates of salmon and sides sitting before them, mostly finished.

TAYLOR
... so surely you can understand
why I'd be a little frustrated.

PANEL TWO

Wilson is wiping his mouth with a napkin and speaking from behind it.

WILSON
Of course I can, of course I can.

PANEL THREE

Wilson has finished with the napkin and is now looking directly at Taylor.

WILSON
But you really are lucky.

WILSON
Tom is a good man, and he did you a
favor by sending you to me.

PANEL FOUR

Wilson stands up.

WILSON
You deserve some answers, and I
will do my best to give them to
you.

WILSON
Follow me.

PANEL FIVE

The two men exit the kitchen, heading back into the living room.

PANEL SIX

They are in the living room, standing in front of one of the two windows, looking out.

WILSON
I've tried to explain it more times
than I can count, but it's never
been easy.

PAGE FORTY-SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Wilson turns to Taylor.

WILSON
Tell me, Mr. Devlin: are you a
religious man?

PANEL TWO

On Taylor.

TAYLOR
Not particularly, no.

PANEL THREE

On Wilson, stroking his chin and looking at the ceiling.

WILSON
As I thought.

WILSON
It is both a good thing and a bad
thing, that.

PANEL FOUR

Wilson gestures to the chairs as the two men are about to sit
down.

WILSON
You will need equal measures of
faith and reason to process what I
am about to tell you.

PANEL FIVE

The two men have taken their seats in the chairs.

WILSON
The world you knew a week ago no
longer exists.

WILSON
At least not for you, and certainly
not for me.

PANEL SIX

On Wilson, now more serious.

WILSON
You will never know your old life
again.

PAGE FORTY-EIGHT

PANEL ONE

We see both Taylor and Wilson. Taylor has his mouth open, about to speak. Wilson is holding his palm up, stopping him.

TAYLOR
I...

WILSON
Please.

PANEL TWO

Wilson reaches into a box on the table between them. It contains a pipe and loose tobacco.

PANEL THREE

He's putting some tobacco into the pipe.

WILSON
Certainly, in your days on this earth, you have lost something.

PANEL FOUR

Wilson holds the pipe out to Taylor, inviting him to take the first smoke.

TAYLOR
No, thank you.

TAYLOR
I mean, yes, I've lost things.

PANEL FIVE

Wilson is holding a box of wooden matches and is about to strike one.

WILSON
And did you ever stop to wonder -- really *wonder* -- what happened to those things?

PANEL SIX

As Wilson lights his pipe with the match, Taylor watches him.

TAYLOR
Now that you mention it, no. I don't suppose I ever did.

PAGE FORTY-NINE

PANEL ONE

Wilson speaks through the haze of his first puff.

WILSON
Most people don't. But that doesn't
mean there isn't an explanation.

PANEL TWO

Wilson leans in to Taylor a bit.

WILSON
You are now living that
explanation.

PANEL THREE

On Wilson, looking up at the ceiling as he reflects on what he is saying.

WILSON
Whatever is before us, at any given
time, will always seem real. For
the most part, that's a fine way to
see things.

PANEL FOUR

Wilson looks back at Taylor.

WILSON
But for people like myself, and now
you, it's infinitely more
complicated.

PANEL FIVE

On Taylor, listening intently as Wilson continues to speak.

WILSON (O.S.)
We are like the car keys and the
socks to which you never gave
another thought. Lost.

PANEL SIX

Wilson takes another puff of his pipe as he speaks.

WILSON
We just happen to be burdened by
awareness.

PAGE FIFTY

PANEL ONE

Wilson stands up.

 WILSON
 That's the basic explanation.

 WILSON
 Something tells me you'd like a bit
 more.

PANEL TWO

On Taylor, still sitting and looking up at Wilson.

 TAYLOR
 I would.

PANEL THREE

Wilson has moved over to his fish tank and is looking into it.

 WILSON
 From our perspective, this would be
 a tough life...a prison.

PANEL FOUR

Close on one of the fish in the tank.

 WILSON (O.S.)
 But I've watched them for many
 years, and they find endless
 possibility within these walls.

PANEL FIVE

Wilson looks back at Taylor again.

 WILSON
 You wanted more.

PANEL SIX

Wilson stands at the edge of the living room, in front of the hallway from which they originally came, gesturing back to Taylor to follow him.

 WILSON
 Come.

PAGE FIFTY-ONE

PANEL ONE

Wilson and Taylor are now in another room in the house. It's an office of sorts, one level above the living room and featuring the same type of windows looking out onto the street. There's a large wooden desk by the windows, while the rest of the room is dominated by bookcases and stacks of reading material.

Taylor is sitting in a chair in front of the desk, while Wilson is sitting behind it. There are several notebooks open on the desk. Their pages are dominated by arcane line drawings and graphs.

WILSON
...yes, but it's not quite as simple as that.

WILSON
There are seams -- gaps -- all over the place. The Triangle just happens to be one of the biggest.

PANEL TWO

On Taylor, examining a notebook as he speaks, with Wilson in the background.

TAYLOR
What about the fact that every incident has been explained?

WILSON
You can explain away anything if you try hard enough.

PANEL THREE

Wilson is reaching his hand out to the desk to pick up a particular notebook. It's got a particular graph on it -- see my notes.

WILSON
The truth is, time is not absolute.

PANEL FOUR

Wilson hands the notebook to Taylor.

WILSON
Look here.

WILSON
Essentially we exist, on average, ten seconds away from the old world.

PANEL FIVE

Taylor looks at the notebook as Wilson takes another puff from his pipe.

WILSON

The gap is so small that physical things remain much the same.

PANEL SIX

On Taylor, looking at Wilson. His face is washed out, empty. He's trying to process something that seems impossible.

WILSON (O.S.)

The line is like a wave, both vertical and linear. We occasionally cross paths with the old world, but we will never reclaim it.

PAGE FIFTY-TWO

PANEL ONE

Back on Wilson.

WILSON

There will be moments here and there. You may glimpse something out of the ordinary, and you may yourself be glimpsed.

WILSON

But the hinges only swing one way.

PANEL TWO

On Taylor, starting to get angry.

TAYLOR

So you're telling me that I'm living ten seconds away from everything I knew, but that I can't touch it? I can't go back?

PANEL THREE

Taylor walks around to the window and is gesturing out into the world. His anger increases.

TAYLOR

That when I go home to my apartment, my girlfriend will be there with me, but I won't see her?

PANEL FOUR

He turns back around. Wilson remains at the desk, facing him.

TAYLOR

That I can't talk to her? Touch her?

PANEL FIVE

Wilson sighs.

WILSON

I'm afraid that's exactly what I'm telling you.

PANEL SIX

On Taylor. He is devastated, but determined and serious.

TAYLOR

No...no. That's not going to work for me.

PAGE FIFTY-THREE

PANEL ONE

From the window of Taylor's apartment, looking down at the street. We are back on the "normal" timeline for now, and the street accordingly shows signs of life.

PANEL TWO

Now in the apartment with Ellen, looking out the window. She has obviously been crying. Her hair is disheveled and she looks a mess.

PANEL THREE

She sits down on the couch, distraught, and buries her head in her hands.

PANEL FOUR

The phone in the kitchen RINGS.

PANEL FIVE

Frantic, excited, she gets up to answer it.

PAGE FIFTY-FIVE

PANEL ONE

She picks a picture up off of the end table next to the couch. In this shot we are looking at her and can only see the back of the picture frame.

PANEL TWO

We see the picture in her hands. It's of her and Taylor in happier times.

PANEL THREE

She clutches the picture to her chest.

PANEL FOUR

The picture is back on the table, in the foreground, as Ellen lays down on the couch.

PANEL FIVE

We zoom in on it - extremely close so that Taylor's face fills almost all of the panel. His expression is serene and happy.

PAGE FIFTY-SIX

PANEL ONE

Very similar to the previous panel in that Taylor's face fills the shot. Now, however, he appears quite tired and weary. He's in his car.

PANEL TWO

Outside of the car now -- the same Audi from earlier -- we see it pulling up to the curb in front of Taylor's apartment. This is the same area that we observed in P53/P1, only now it looks empty and messy in accordance with the alternate timeline on which Taylor now exists.

PANEL THREE

Taylor getting out of the car.

PANEL FOUR

Still from outside the building, we see him approaching the door to his apartment building.

PANEL FIVE

In the stairwell as he walks, slowly, up to his door.

PANEL SIX

From inside the apartment, looking at the door, we see him entering.

PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Taylor tosses his keys on the kitchen counter. The apartment now looks different than it has before. The physical structures and layout are basically the same, but it is cluttered and less kept.

PANEL TWO

He sits down on the couch, looking up and running both his hands through his hair in a gesture that suggests both frustration and a measure of relief.

PANEL THREE

He looks over to the end table, curious, and picks up a framed picture. This is the same picture that Ellen was looking at earlier.

PANEL FOUR

He looks up as he hears a CLICK coming from off the panel.

PANEL FIVE

The door to the apartment opens and we see a man, STEVE, entering. Steve is in his mid-twenties, has longish hair, and looks unkempt. The only important thing about his dress is that he's wearing a plaid, short-sleeve, button up shirt with two front pockets. He's entering the apartment casually, as if it belongs to him, with no concept of that not being the case. Taylor is nowhere to be seen at the moment.

PANEL SIX

Suddenly Taylor appears (he had been hiding behind the door) and punches him in the face. Steve is caught completely off guard.

PANEL SEVEN

Steve is unconscious on the floor. Taylor is standing next to him, holding his right hand (the punch hand) with his left, looking to be in some pain.

PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Taylor, in his kitchen. We see him from behind, reaching into a cupboard to grab two small glasses. On the counter which sections off the kitchen (in front of us but behind him) sits a bottle of Maker's Mark whiskey and an ice tray.

PANEL TWO

He puts some ice cubes in the glasses.

PANEL THREE

Having already poured some whiskey into the first glass, we see him pouring some into the second glass.

STEVE (O.S.)
Ughhhh...

PANEL FOUR

We see Taylor's feet as he stands above Steve's stirring form. Steve has one hand on his forehead, feeling the wound created by Taylor's bottle attack. His face is stained with streaks of blood.

PANEL FIVE

Very similar to P4, Steve opens his eyes to look up at Taylor.

STEVE
What the hell?

PANEL SIX

On Taylor, looking stern and serious but not unreasonable.

TAYLOR
Sorry about that.

TAYLOR
Get up. I fixed you a whiskey.

PAGE FIFTY-NINE

PANEL ONE

Taylor reaches his hand out to help Steve up, and Steve reaches up to take it.

PANEL TWO

The two men are now standing together, Taylor still holding Steve's hand as he has just helped him up. Taylor's other hand gestures towards the couch.

TAYLOR
Have a seat.

PANEL THREE

Steve sitting on the couch as Taylor follows behind, now with the two glasses of whiskey in his hands.

PANEL FOUR

Taylor hands Steve one of the glasses.

TAYLOR
What are you doing in my apartment?

PANEL FIVE

Taylor pulls up a chair to sit down across from the couch.

STEVE
I don't get it, man.

PANEL SIX

Taylor sits down, but it is at the edge of the seat. He looks intently at Steve.

TAYLOR
Which part?

PAGE SIXTY

PANEL ONE

Steve raises the glass to his lips to take a sip of the whiskey.

PANEL TWO

After taking a sip his face is somewhat pinched, as it always is with the first sip of straight whiskey.

STEVE
I don't get how this is your apartment.

STEVE
And I don't get how you can just clock me on my head like that, dude.

PANEL THREE

On Taylor, holding his whiskey in his hand but not taking a sip just yet, looking very seriously at Steve.

TAYLOR
It's my apartment because I've lived here for three years.

TAYLOR
So I can clock because you have no business here.

PANEL FOUR

Steve takes another sip of his whiskey.

PANEL FIVE

Steve puts his glass down on the coffee table.

STEVE
I think I dig it, man.

PANEL SIX

Close on Steve's face. He's looking down at his whiskey glass, away from Taylor, in a manner that suggests both understanding and a desire to not be confrontational.

STEVE
You're a newbie.

PAGE SIXTY-ONE

PANEL ONE

Steve relaxes and leans back.

STEVE
Listen, I'm cool. If this is your
place then I'm gone with the wind.
I understand.

PANEL TWO

Much closer on Steve.

STEVE
But there's no reason for us to
fight.

PANEL THREE

On Taylor, skeptical.

TAYLOR
Yeah?

PANEL FOUR

On Steve, now smiling and somewhat more content.

STEVE
I've been where you're at, dude.

STEVE
I mean, not exactly. I never
reacted quite like that, but I know
what you're going through.

PANEL FIVE

Back on Taylor, about to take a sip from his drink.

TAYLOR
So?

PANEL SIX

Steve stands up and holds out his hand in a gesture of goodwill.

STEVE
So, my name's Steve.

PAGE SIXTY-TWO

PANEL ONE

Taylor looks at Steve, somewhat skeptically. Steve is still holding out his hand, but Taylor has not yet accepted it.

PANEL TWO

Taylor stands up and reaches out his hand.

Taylor. TAYLOR

PANEL FOUR

On Steve, smiling.

Good to meet you. STEVE

Officially. STEVE

PANEL THREE

On Steve, now gesturing over his shoulder to the door.

Listen, man, let's get out of here for a few. I know a place where we can chill out and talk. Neutral territory. STEVE

PANEL FOUR

Steve has moved to the door and opened it, but Taylor has not yet moved.

We're in the same boat here. You can trust me. STEVE

PANEL FIVE

Taylor also moves to the door.

Alright. TAYLOR

PANEL SIX

Before they exit, Taylor points to the wound on Steve's head.

But don't you think you ought to clean up first? TAYLOR

PAGE SIXTY-THREE

PANEL ONE

The two men are in a bar/restaurant. It's a normal-looking place, if a bit small. They're standing at the bar, Taylor behind Steve. There are two drinks on the bar in front of Steve. He and Taylor are two of only four or five people in the place.

STEVE
(to the bartender)
Thanks, Tony.

PANEL TWO

Steve is holding the two drinks, extending one of them to Taylor. Taylor reaches out to accept it.

STEVE
Let's grab a seat.

PANEL THREE

The two men settle into a booth.

STEVE
I love this place. It's open all the time and the people are cool as hell.

PANEL FOUR

On Taylor, not yet moving at all. He hasn't taken a sip of his drink yet. Rather, he is observing Steve.

PANEL FIVE

Steve looks at Taylor.

STEVE
You gotta relax, brother.

PANEL SIX

While maintaining his gaze firmly on Steve, Taylor takes a sip of his drink.

PAGE SIXTY-FOUR

PANEL ONE

Steve removes a joint from his shirt pocket.

STEVE
I was lucky enough when I first got
here to have someone show me the
ropes.

PANEL TWO

Steve puts the joint in his lips and prepares to light it
with a lighter.

STEVE
I never had a chance to repay the
favor, so you're my man.

PANEL THREE

Steve inhales deeply.

PANEL FOUR

Still holding the smoke in his lungs, Steve offers Taylor the
joint.

STEVE
You wanna hit this?

PANEL FIVE

We see both of the men, looking at them from the side. Steve
is holding out the joint, but Taylor looks a bit surprised,
hesitant, and unsure. It's a quiet pause.

PANEL SIX

Steve starts laughing, the smoke exhaling with the laugh.

STEVE
Heh...that's one thing you
definitely don't have to worry
about.

PAGE SIXTY-FIVE

PANEL ONE

Steve holds the joint out again. Taylor remains still.

STEVE
No? OK.

PANEL TWO

Steve settles into his seat, the joint still in his fingers.

STEVE
As far as your apartment, that's
easy enough to explain.

PANEL THREE

Still on Steve.

STEVE
You kinda move as you please here.

STEVE
I got a friend who lives in that
building, and your place was just
convenient. That's all.

PANEL FOUR

On Taylor, now just looking down at his hands.

STEVE
I only been there a couple weeks.

PANEL FIVE

Once again on both of them. Taylor is still looking down,
while Steve is leaning in and looking for some kind of
response.

PANEL SIX

On Steve, looking confused and quizzical.

STEVE
Are you gonna say something?

PAGE SIXTY-SIX

PANEL ONE

Taylor relaxes a bit.

TAYLOR
I'm just finding it hard to
process.

PANEL TWO

Taylor looks around, observing his surroundings, as he continues to speak.

TAYLOR
How can all this exist without
anyone on the other side noticing?

PANEL THREE

Now on Steve.

STEVE
Man...you're on to some quantum
shit. I can't answer that for you.

PANEL FOUR

Steve leans in towards Taylor a bit.

STEVE
But I can say, you're gonna find it
doesn't really matter. It is what
it is, you know?

PANEL FIVE

Steve raises the joint to his lips, about to take another drag.

STEVE
After awhile you stop worrying
about things like that.

PANEL SIX

Silence as Steve takes a drag and Taylor takes a sip.

PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN

PANEL ONE

On Steve, exhaling.

STEVE
And besides, it ain't like living
this way doesn't have its
advantages.

PANEL TWO

Farther back as Steve gestures out into the broader area of the restaurant. The place has filled up a bit, and some people are milling about, including a young couple leaning against a wall.

STEVE
We're completely off the grid now.

PANEL THREE

We focus in on the couple. They are smiling, happy, leaning in ever close to each other.

STEVE (O.S.)
There's no law here to speak of, no
authority. It's back to nature,
man.

PANEL FOUR

Still focused on the couple as Steve speaks. The man has his hand on the back of the woman's head, drawing her in close to his face. She appears to be speaking, but we don't hear what she's saying.

STEVE (O.S.)
This is a golden rule existence. If
you handle yourself the right way,
there's no limit to what you can
do.

PANEL FIVE

Still on the couple. They share a passionate kiss as Steve continues to speak off the screen.

STEVE (O.S.)
What more could you want than that?

PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT

PANEL ONE

The bartender from earlier has appeared and is setting two more drinks on the table.

STEVE
(looking up at the
bartender)
Thanks.

PANEL TWO

Steve returns his focus to Taylor.

STEVE
You know what I mean?

PANEL THREE

On Taylor, looking down at his glass, contemplative.

TAYLOR
Yeah.

TAYLOR
Except for one thing.

PANEL FOUR

Taylor looks intently at Steve.

TAYLOR
What about wanting to go back?

PANEL FIVE

Steve looks down, sighing.

PANEL SIX

Steve looks back up at Taylor, only now his face shows a touch of sadness. It suggests that he might not totally believe the words he is speaking, that he might be holding back.

STEVE
That fades, too.

PAGE SIXTY-NINE

PANEL ONE

Virtually the same as P56/P5, in the stairwell walking up. Now it is both Taylor and Steve.

STEVE
Just let me grab my stuff and I'll
be out of your way.

PANEL TWO

The two men enter the apartment. Our perspective is from inside.

TAYLOR
Listen, if you need to stay for the
night it's not...

PANEL THREE

Steve stands face to face with Taylor.

STEVE
Golden rule existence, my man.

STEVE
Besides, you deserve a chance to
settle in and get adjusted.

PANEL FOUR

From Taylor's perspective, watching Steve walk back towards the bedroom.

STEVE
(looking over his
shoulder, back at us)
I've only got a couple of things.
I'll be right back.

PANEL FIVE

On Taylor, obviously tired. He's leaning against the counter and looking up at the ceiling in a moment of reflection.

PANEL SIX

Steve reappears, carrying a duffel bag.

STEVE
OK, I'm outta here.

PAGE SIXTY-NINE

PANEL ONE

Steve pauses next to Taylor.

STEVE
Listen, man, I know what you're
thinking.

PANEL TWO

On Taylor.

TAYLOR
Don't take it the wrong way, but I
don't think you do.

PANEL THREE

Taylor steps aside, wandering a bit as he speaks.

TAYLOR
I had plans. I was gonna propose.

TAYLOR
I can't accept the idea that I'm
this close and that far away.

PANEL FOUR

Taylor turns to look back at Steve.

TAYLOR
I appreciate your perspective, but
I can't just let go like that.

PANEL FIVE

On Steve, looking down at his feet.

STEVE
Yeah...in a sense I think you're
lucky.

PANEL SIX

Steve now looks directly at Taylor. For the first time he
appears serious.

STEVE
You'll never know what it's like to
wish you had something to miss.

PAGE SEVENTY

PANEL ONE

Steve moves closer to Taylor.

STEVE
I never had much, so it's easy for
me.

PANEL TWO

Steve puts a hand on Taylor's shoulder.

STEVE
All the same.

STEVE
You gotta let go. Learn to enjoy
it.

PANEL THREE

Taylor shakes Steve's hand.

TAYLOR
Yeah...

PANEL FOUR

Steve moves to open the door.

STEVE
If you need to, feel free to track
me down. It ain't hard to do.

PANEL FIVE

Taylor chuckles.

TAYLOR
I don't doubt it.

PANEL SIX

Steve is mostly out the door, and the door is mostly closed.

PAGE SEVENTY-ONE

PANEL ONE

From behind as Taylor locks the door.

PANEL TWO

He walks into the kitchen.

PANEL THREE

He reaches his hand out to the refrigerator door but doesn't yet touch it.

PANEL FOUR

He pauses for a second and looks at the door.

PANEL FIVE

He puts his hand on the door handle, but does not yet open it.

PANEL SIX

He leaves the kitchen.

PAGE SEVENTY-TWO

PANEL ONE

From the back end of the hallway, Taylor approaches us as he approaches his bedroom.

PANEL TWO

From inside the bedroom, he switches on a lamp, which is on an end table next to the bed. The table also contains a clock and a picture of Ellen. The time on the clock reads 2:48.

PANEL THREE

He takes his watch off and sets it on the same table, in front of a picture of Ellen.

PANEL FOUR

Having removed his shirt and pants, he's pulling back the covers on the bed, preparing to get in. A few minutes have passed on the clock.

PANEL FIVE

Laying down in the bed, the watch and picture evident in the frame. A couple more minutes have passed.

PANEL SIX

The lamp has been turned off, and we see only a body in the bed. The only light is coming in from the window, making it impossible for us to tell if it is Taylor or Ellen.