

A-01: INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A-01

The stylish, if sparse, apartment is dark, save for a few lamps which cast small dots of light. NICHOLAS (50's, banker), his buttoned shirt loose at the collar, stands silhouetted against the street lamps outside, speaking into a telephone.

NICHOLAS

Oh! I haven't thought of that in years. I remember so many things, but not that.

Nicholas hangs up the phone and rummages through the fridge. Opening the door amidst the rest of the contents, he sees:

- A beer
- A package of cold cuts
- A half block of cheese
- A jar of olives

A-01A: OPTION A

A-01A

He opens the beer, takes a sip and leaves it on the counter as he EXITS the room.

A-01B: OPTION B

A-01B

He opens the cold cuts and shoves a slice in his mouth. He leaves it on the counter as he EXITS the room.

A-01C: OPTION C

A-01C

He unwraps the cheese and takes a bite without cutting it. He leaves it, opened, on the counter as he EXITS the room.

A-01D: OPTION D

A-01D

He opens the jar of olives, fishes out a few, then pops them into his mouth. The jar remains on the counter as he EXITS the room.

A-01E: OPTION E

A-01E

He stares for a moment at the fridge, then closes the door and EXITS the room without taking anything.

A-02: INT. DEN - NIGHT

A-02

The Man settles into a chair. He looks over to a table beside him: mementos, reminders, knick knacks are haphazardly placed on it. He looks them over, then removes his WRISTWATCH and examines it tenderly.

VOICE (o/s)

It's dark in here.

NICHOLAS

(CONTINUED)

Is it? I'll turn on a light.

VOICE (o/s)

No need. We're alone in here. Just us.

The NICHOLAS looks across the room: there, sitting in a chair across from him, is himself: this twin is dressed in a wine coloured shirt, his hair neat, his demeanour calm with a hint of violence. This is DEATH.

DEATH

Supporting. I'm supposed to be supportive and nurturing now. Do you remember how it was supposed to be? I do!

Nicholas says nothing.

DEATH

What are you thinking about? Are you completely alone in here? Why are you shutting people out? Tell me a story. Entertain me.

NICHOLAS

(pensively)

I have a few ideas.

DEATH

(interested)

Tell me.

NICHOLAS

A man walks to a refrigerator.

DEATH

Oh, come on!

NICHOLAS

A man answers a telephone. A man walks to a refrigerator. And he recalls his life.

ECU on the wristwatch face. The second hand sweeps, then holds...

A-03: INT. DARKNESS - NIGHT

A-03

A face in the dark. We watch as the face morphs into a scream as the light trails the path the Man's face takes. The light draws out his bewilderment.

A-04: INT. DARKNESS - NIGHT

A-04

A face in the dark. Just a face, which stands in stark contrast to the surrounding black. The face recedes until it is just a speck, then blinks out of existence.

(CONTINUED)

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

I think that was the time, the first time in my life, where I felt truly, absolutely alone.

A-05: INT. DEN - NIGHT

A-04

The NICHOLAS sits back, pensive. In the LIVING ROOM, the TELEPHONE rings.

NICHOLAS (v/o)

When the telephone rings, I wonder if the voice at the other end will tremble the way my wife's did.

NICHOLAS stands and EXITS the DEN to answer it.

NICHOLAS (o/s)

Hello? Who is calling?

DEATH is sitting in the chair. As the NICHOLAS passes, the chair is EMPTY. An open prescription bottle and a note that reads 'My Darling' is on the seat.

NICHOLAS (o/s)

Yes, I'm ready. What's that? Oh! I haven't thought of that in years.

A-05A: CONTINUOUS - LIVING ROOM

A-05A

We return to the living room, where we find Nicholas, collapsed on the floor, the telephone dangling from its cradle.

CUT TO BLACK. (END OF FILM)

B-01: INT. DARKNESS - NIGHT

B-01

DEATH (V.O.)

Do you remember that time in Michigan when you'd convinced yourself that you were dead?

Out of the darkness comes...

B-02: EXT. EMPTY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

B-02

Repetitive lane divisions. Passing again and again in a pattern.

DEATH (V.O.)

How long had you been driving for?

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

A day and a half.

DEATH (V.O.)

Straight?

(CONTINUED)

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

Straight.

B-04: EXT. EMPTY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

B-04

It is night. The road is empty.

DEATH (V.O.)

What happened?

The interior and the exterior blend together. Hands on a steering wheel. The same tree passing by again and again, in time with the rhythm of the lane divisions. Clouds. Moon.

In the passenger seat, Nicholas watches NICK (25, a younger version of himself) anxiously gripping the wheel.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

There was this feeling of being in purgatory.  
The sound of the wheels rolling on the road.  
The way the sign came out of the fog. The dip  
in the hill. The sign that read 'Welcome to  
Michigan' over and over.

B-05: EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT.

B-05

NICK stands alone beside the CAR, the turning light flashing on and off on his face.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

I thought if I stopped on the side of the  
road and slept, would it still be night when  
I woke up? What if I never got home?

C-01: EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY

C-01

Footsteps in the snow. Long dark branches reach across the path. The sun makes the snow ultra reflective and light is everywhere.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

I see myself. I see myself. I see myself.  
I am here. I belong here. I am happy here.

DEATH (V.O.)

Why? Aren't you happier in the world of men?  
Making deals? Winning? Where's your fire? Where's  
your Grand Statement? Your victory?

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

I don't have one.

C-02: EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

C-02

(CONTINUED)

The NICHOLAS (25) curls up on the bench with a YOUNG WOMAN(25). Their legs are interlocked, her hair dances in the breeze.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

Springtime. I never expected to know you as I did. There wasn't a hole in my life - I felt good. You gave me something I could never have expected to want. I remember your hair caught the light of the afternoon sun and I wondered if I had ever been aware of being able to love you so much.

The bench is empty. The Young Woman is walking away. An overlaid image of her remains, burning itself out from the middle, like a negative being eaten.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

Where are you now? Have you found what I couldn't give you?

D-01: EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

D-01

The NICHOLAS (50's), walking languidly, looks to his hands. They're older than he remembers.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

There are days, fewer and fewer now, where I revisit the street I grew up on. The canopy of tress. Baseball in the summer.

Nicholas passes CHILDREN playing baseball.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

If I'm honest, sometimes I want to go back and see that child. Speak to him and warn him of what is to come. Would I make the same choices? Would I follow the same path?

Nicholas watches, then EXITS frame.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

What difference would it make?

D-02: EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

D-02

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

I used to pass by the old house and look inside. There's a settee where the mirror over the dinner table used to be. Another family lives there now. I can only guess what they're like. How many times did I run up those stairs? Did they keep the notches Mother made in the kitchen doorway each year on my birthday?

E-01: INT. HOUSE - DAY

E-01

(CONTINUED)

A BABY sleeps in the arms of its mother.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

My son. The softness of his cheeks.

The Baby grasps at the hand of his Father: NICHOLAS (25). His Mother places her hear to the Baby's chest, feeling its heartbeat.

DEATH (V.O.)

Do you remember how you used to look at him?  
Watch over him while he slept?

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

Yes.

DEATH (V.O.)

How does it feel, knowing now how little time  
he had?

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

I speak to him in my dreams now. He is older: an  
adult. We talk and share stories. He is happy and  
I'm happy for him.