

THE END

written by

Aron Eli Coleite

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Draft

1 INT. WALMART - NIGHT

1

AN EGG. Perfect. White. Reflecting bright fluorescent light off it's shell. Slowly. Rotating. Like a planet in the heavens. Until:

A YELLOW TAPE MEASURE --

Rises into frame. Moving into position against the egg. We see the numbers. Measured in millimeters. The egg is precisely 49 mm across.

A CHRYON TELLS US WE'RE IN: SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Adjust to discover --

WAE "PHILIP" REN. 35. Holding the EGG between his thumb and forefinger in one hand. Measuring with his other. Precise. Focused. One eye closed. Making certain. 49 MM.

Ren breaks into an awkward, crooked and yet completely endearing smile. He needs decades worth of orthodontics. Not that he could afford it. On his salary.

We pull further out to see his BLUE JUMPSUIT, TOOL BELT around his waist, and the ever familiar WALMART LOGO emblazoned across his chest. Yes. They even have Walmart in China. Ren carefully places the EGG in a carton. 11 spots to be filled. And as we question why Ren needs 49 mm eggs:

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me....

Ren turns to see: A MAN. To call him disheveled would be offensive to slobs. Shirt torn. Sweating. He looks like a CHINESE OSCAR THE GROUCH. Ren's immediately concerned. Kind. *They speak in subtitled Mandarin:*

OSCAR THE GROUCH
Do you work here?

REN
Are you okay?

OSCAR THE GROUCH
Fine yes fine. Do you work here?

REN
(nods yes)
Continuance Engineer.

OSCAR THE GROUCH
I...I don't know what that is.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

2.

REN
Fancy way of saying janitor.

OSCAR THE GROUCH
What's wrong with saying janitor?

REN
Some people think it's demeaning.

OSCAR THE GROUCH
Continuance Engineer?

REN
Doesn't change my job. Still have to mop. Still have to unclog toilets. And with all the free samples here --

OSCAR THE GROUCH
(oh -- ewwww)

REN
Oh no, I'm not complaining. It's a good job. Good hard work.

Oscar eyes the egg in Ren's hand. The yellow tape measure.

OSCAR THE GROUCH
Are you working now?

REN
My shift just ended -- on my way home to cook breakfast for my family.

OSCAR THE GROUCH
I am interrupting.

Ren checks his watch. **11:03 PM.**

REN
It's no bother really. I have time. Please. How can I help?

Oscar sees the look in Ren's eyes. Beaming that smile. Ren's going to help despite any objections --

OSCAR THE GROUCH
Crab?

REN
Here?

OSCAR THE GROUCH
You don't have it?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

REN
*We have everything. It's Walmart.
 But. It's Walmart.*

OSCAR THE GROUCH
*I could never afford good, real Crab.
 And. There's this girl.*

REN
There always is.

Ren smiles. Thinking on his WIFE. His hands subconsciously drawn to his WEDDING RING. Twisting. Understanding.

OSCAR THE GROUCH
*But I wasn't important enough. So I
 worked harder. Getting promotions.
 Making a plan to take her to a fancy
 dinner at Wang Boa He. Crab. Propose.
 Then she'd see, then she'd know...*

Ren looks to see -- the FISH SECTION -- laid out next to the EGGS in the refrigerated aisle. Searching. Finding.

REN
Blue? Soft shell? Dungeness?

Oscar takes a pack of Blue Crab Meat. Thanking Ren. Gobbling it down. Very much like the muppet he resembles. Ren looks at Oscar, "So?"

OSCAR THE GROUCH
Amazing. Thank you.

And with that, Oscar pulls A GUN from his jacket --

But before Ren can do anything... Oscar puts the muzzle under his chin. AND FIRES. BAM! Collapsing to the ground in a heap. Blood pooling under his head --

Ren looks down at Oscar. SAD. But not SHOCKED. As if it wasn't unexpected. And then. Oddly. Ren turns back to the fish. Taking a nice filet of YELLOWTAIL.

2

INT. WALMART - CHECKOUT COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

2

The checkout stands are EMPTY. Ghost town. No one anywhere. All the video screens play the SAME EXACT COMMERCIAL. Something sappy about KODAK FILM.

Ren has his SHOPPING BAG FILLED. Eggs. Fish. He stops at the FLOWER KIOSK. Looking through Roses. Daisies. Then taking a large BOUQUET OF SUNFLOWERS. When he notices:

(CONTINUED)

BLOODY FOOT PRINTS. Ren looks at his feet. He stepped in Oscar's blood. Disgusting. And awful. And Ren knows he should leave well enough alone. But:

He grabs a RAG from his belt and gets down on hands and knees. Wiping up the blood. Compulsive. Can't leave any kind of mess behind. And as Ren CLEANS, we move to the SCREENS -- switching from COMMERCIALS to:

A NEWS FEED. WE SLOWLY PAN IN UNTIL THE SCREEN FILLS THE FRAME -- IT'S A SATELLITE PHOTO OF THE EARTH. We hear the news-cast in Mandarin -- subtitled:

CHINESE NEWS ANCHOR
*The United Nations Science Council
 confirmed that a GRB -- Gamma X-Ray
 Burst from the dying star Eta Carinae --*

THE CHANNEL CHANGES TO RAW NEWS FOOTAGE OF:

RIO DE JANEIRO. People partying in the streets. Half naked. Whole naked. PG-13 Naked. Drinking. Tongues licking skin. Carnival on steroids. In PORTUGESE --

BRAZILIAN NEWS ANCHOR
*The Government wants -- come on...?
 They expect people to remain calm --*

MOSCOW. A HORDE OF HUMANITY gathered in Red Square. Holding vigil candles. Tears in their eyes. A news report in RUSSIAN --

RUSSIAN NEWS ANCHOR
*A black hole forming inside a star,
 expelling a column of energy --*

AUSTRALIA. The Outback. Aborigines gathered around a tremendous BONFIRE. Listening on a transistor radio:

RADIO ANNOUNCER VOICE
 From BBC Worldwide, this is Voice of
 the World with Sir John Bainbridge --

WE HEAR THE VOICE OF SIR JOHN BAINBRIDGE. Classic radio host molded in Murrow and Cronkite. Part poet. Part philosopher. Opinionated. But there is a wisdom to every word he chooses. Quoting T.S. ELIOT'S THE HOLLOW MEN:

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
 "Between the idea and the reality.
 Between the motion and the act. Falls
 the shadow. For Thine is the Kingdom --

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

PARIS. THE EIFFEL TOWER. A group of people standing on the ledge. None jumping. Yet.

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)
 "Between the conception and the creation.
 Between the emotion and the response.
 Falls the shadow. Life is very long."

LONDON. We must be 30 stories up. A gorgeous view of the city. Big Ben. Parliament. There appears to be rioting in the streets. Plumes of black smoke rising into the sky. But we HEAR NOTHING. ODD. DISCONNECTED. DISCONCERTING.

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)
 "Between the desire and the spasm.
 Between the potency and the existence.
 Between the essence and the descent.
 Falls The Shadow. For Thine is the
 Kingdom. For Thine is Life."

We pull back to realize we're inside:

3 INT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON - DAY

3

Floor to ceiling windows look out over London, while we float inside the booth to find --

ONE WALL is filled with HONORS for Bainbridge's career. PEABODY. PULITZER. A GOLD CROSS -- Knight Commander Order of the British Empire. We still DON'T SEE Bainbridge.

SIR JOHN (O.S.)
 "This is the way the world ends. This
 is the way the world ends. This is the
 way the world ends. Not with a bang
 but a whimper." T.S. Eliot.

THE OTHER WALL is covered in BANKS OF MONITORS:

SIR JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I speak to you with the accumulated
 weight of history clinging to my heavy
 heart. 200,000 years of tragedy, of
 triumph, of perseverance despite the
 overwhelming tide of time and tyranny.

The monitors stream news and images from:

WASHINGTON. Tanks sit sentinel outside the WHITE HOUSE. Protecting the President. But the SOLDIERS have all abandoned their posts. Gone home to their loved ones.

(CONTINUED)

SIR JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I have shaken hands with men whose hands
 shake the earth. Presidents and despots.
 I passionately and dispassionately
 witnessed their governments topple.

BERLIN. In the rubble of Berlin Wall, someone has left a bouquet of flowers in memorial.

SIR JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Walls falling in Berlin.

MANHATTAN. A COCKER SPANIEL devours the HOT DOGS from a toppled cart. A leash attached to its collar. No owner.

SIR JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Towers falling in New York.

MECCA. Inside the Masjid Al-Haram Mosque. Pilgrims circumambulate the Kaaba. Praying.

SIR JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The dogs of war howling in the streets
 of Fallujah and Darfur and Bosnia as
 shrieking bullets murder tranquil hope.

Then floating down from the monitors to:

SIR JOHN BAINBRIDGE'S HANDS. ONLY HIS HANDS. Old yes.
 Scars and Liver spots. But hardly fragile. Thick and strong.
 Palms pressed flat against his DESK CONSOLE. Not reading
 from a SCRIPT. But speaking from his heart.

SIR JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 My hands have bled against jagged rubble,
 laboring to free souls trapped in the
 wake of earthquakes and tsunamis. The
 spark of hope we cling to for better
 tomorrows is flickering to oblivion...

WE ARM UP TO FINALLY MEET:

SIR JOHN BAINBRIDGE. 70s. (Think ANTHONY HOPKINS.) A FIERCE WISDOM forged in his steady BLUE EYES. Unfazed by the images before him. HEADPHONES on. Speaking succinctly into his MICROPHONE. Diligently performing his task.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 200,000 years of history erased in 6
 too terribly brief hours. T.S. Eliot
 was wrong. Not a whimper. But a bang.

Journalist. Essayist. Opinionist.

(CONTINUED)

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

I am humbled to have been invited into
your homes these past decades -- granting
this old man theater to speak his mind,
even when the opinion was not popular.
We boldly fought the days news together --
facing the too often oppressive horror --
seeking silver linings on overcast days.

Bainbridge takes a long, deep sigh -- then wetting his mouth,
the perfect orator...

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

And I shall not leave, but remain your
steadfast servant for these final 6
hours. If you are alone. If you have
no one to offer a comforting hand.
Please take mine...

Bainbridge looks up into the CONTROL BOOTH to see. IT'S
EMPTY. No PRODUCER. No ENGINEER. No ONE. A hint of concern
crosses Bainbridge's eyes, but not his voice:

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

The Prime Minister offered this statement
earlier in the hour.

Bainbridge's FINGER passes along the LIGHTS on his console.
Pressing an ORANGE BUTTON, we HEAR THE ELECTRONIC WHIRRRRR
of TAPE CUEING -- as Bainbridge whips off his HEADPHONES:

INT. BBC - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

WE HEAR the PRIME MINISTER'S STATEMENT play over the hall
speakers, as Bainbridge stalks down the hall, looking for:

PRUDENCE FIGGINS. 30s. Shaken by the news, but trying to
remain calm. Despite the mascara that is threatening to run
down her cheek and mar her pristine alabaster skin.

Prudence is exiting her office. Pulling her coat on. Bag
over her shoulder. All signs indicate:

SIR JOHN
You're off then?

PRUDENCE
Stayed to hear your cold open.

And even with 50 years experience, there's still a self-
conscious artist lurking in Bainbridge's slumped shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)
Brilliant.

SIR JOHN
(self-deprecating)
Plagiarism.

PRUDENCE
You're ten times the poet Eliot was.

SIR JOHN
I'm a journalist. So are you.

Prudence knows where this is going -- feet shuffling.

PRUDENCE
I'm a mom. I have a family.

SIR JOHN
We have a duty --

PRUDENCE
To Gerald -- to my Anton...

SIR JOHN
To the public discourse --

PRUDENCE
And my mum's moved in --

SIR JOHN
Since when...?

PRUDENCE
Two, three months now. Can't afford a
nanny on mine and Gerald's wages.

SIR JOHN
Are you angling for a raise?

Prudence gives an uncomfortable smirk. She always loved Bainbridge's wry sense of humor. Even today. She's very fond of him.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
Pru... Please stay. Who's gonna work
all the switches?

Bainbridge touches Prudence's hand. Delicate. Lingering.
Shit! Are they're having an AFFAIR?

PRUDENCE
You're the one who taught me.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

It's certainly feels like an affair. Longing in their eyes.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)
You could join us.

Leave? But this building. The BBC. This is Bainbridge's life. And standing with Prudence. Nearly 40 years his younger. And even though she's disheveled, her beauty shines through. His silver lining. He's torn. But then.

SIR JOHN
It'd be indecorous.

He pulls his hand away. It breaks Prudence's heart. A mascara-infused-tear escaping her eye.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
I can't leave. I have a job.

PRUDENCE
A knight errant till the bitter --

End. Yes. Precisely. Bainbridge remains -- OBJECTIVE. The journalist. It doesn't help. Only makes Prudence cry more. The gentleman, Bainbridge offers a HANDKERCHIEF -- the chivalry of a lost generation. Then --

SIR JOHN
I've got dead air in 35. Best of luck.

Bainbridge gives Prudence a kiss on the cheek. Tender. Heads back into the booth. We stay with Prudence, holding the handkerchief. She's trying to get her feet to motivate. Then hearing Bainbridge come over the hallway speaker.

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)
We have breaking news coming in from
America...

5 EXT. FOREST - DAY

5

THICK SHAFTS OF SUNSHINE bully their way through a GLADE OF ELMS. Shining on:

OLIVE WINGERT. 16. Her roundish face is giving way to the striking features of adulthood. Cheek bones and chin beginning to find definition out of baby fat.

A CHYRON TELLS US WE'RE IN: ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Olive's BLACK ARMY BOOTS chew through forest floor revealing her STRENGTH, but her PINK-POLKA-DOT-TIGHTS and short mismatch SKIRT hint at her emerging femininity.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Is she a tomboy? Is she a girl? Is she a child? An adult? Olive is STUCK. IN-BETWEEN. At a fork in the proverbial road. And in the forest. Which way to go?

Left? Uphill. The difficult path. Steep jagged rocks. Right? Downhill. Clearly forged trails. Footprints in the mud. Olive considers. And then -- heads downhill.

6 EXT. EASY FOREST TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

6

Olive knows the trail INTIMATELY. Not afraid to be alone in the woods. There's SOLACE in the quiet RUSTLE of leaves. The DRONE of a WATERFALL in the distance. And then, Olive hears:

A GIGGLE. A WOMAN. Tickling Olive's ears. Her eyes narrow in curiosity. When she hears it again. A LAUGH.

Olive climbs off the path. Wading ankle deep in IVY. Following the sound, careful not to make a ruckus. Stepping lightly. Tracking her prey. A hunter. Until she discovers.

THE WOMAN. LAYING UNDERNEATH A MAN. IN A BED OF IVY.

Olive hides behind a tree making certain she's not noticed. Her fingers pressed against canyons of bark, peering to see:

The man's PANTS DOWN around his ankles. The Woman's SHIRT pulled up to her neck. Wriggling. Slowly. The laughter turning to -- MOANS.

Olive's eyes go wide. Holy Crap! They're having sex? Right here? Right out in the open? For anyone to see. And Olive knows she shouldn't watch -- but she can't take her eyes away. Forbidden. Drawn to:

The Woman's BLACK STOCKINGS and GARTER. Sexy. A THICK RIBBON OF LACE -- pulled tight around her thigh. Olive looks down at her own pink-polka-dot-tights. Thick cotton. Faded and worn thin around the knees. CHILDISH.

Olive studies the couple making love. Inquisitive silence. Noticing: THE WOMAN IS CRYING. A cocktail of joy and sadness. A fountain of emotion. The pleasure of sex. The joy of being with her lover. The sadness that the world is going to take this away. Clinging to each other. LOVE. This is what LOVE really looks like. And then:

MAN'S VOICE
OLIVE! OLIVE!!!

The COUPLE stops. Turning their heads in the direction of the VOICE. In Olive's direction. But she's GONE...

7 INT. CAR/EXT. ROUTE 94 - ANN ARBOR - DAY

7

STUCK in traffic. Horns BLARE. Frustrations mounting. The traffic is thick on both sides of Route 94. Everyone is trying to get everywhere. Maxing out at 1 mph. WE FIND:

Olive. Sitting next to her little brother TYLER (10). Olive's father, MR. WINGERT (45) drives, while her father's girlfriend ANGELA (25) rides shotgun.

Angela is way too young to be Olive's mom. And totally inappropriate for Mr. Wingert to be dating. And yet. There she is. They listen to SIR JOHN BAINBRIDGE on the radio:

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
 -- With Dr. Harbahajan Singh from Dubai University. Dr. Singh -- this term -- gravitational fluctuation:

DR. SINGH (ON THE RADIO)
 (slight Indian accent)

Yes...

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
 The U.N. Science Council calls them imminent, but has yet to adequately explain precisely what we can expect.

DR. SINGH (ON THE RADIO)
 (stammering)
 Yes -- so -- what we see occurring in the bimodal subpulses and transient --

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
 -- Pardon my interruption, but I speak for everyone when I say, this ubiquitous terminology is the crux of the dilemma.

Bainbridge brow-beats Dr. Singh's ineffectiveness. Not unkindly, but fatherly. There's a difference.

DR. SINGH (ON THE RADIO)
 Gravity will -- shift. Heavier. And lighter. With ranging frequency as we approach zero hour -- the uhhm end...

Mr. Wingert CLICKS OFF the radio. Checks the clock -- 10:13 AM. Checks his children in the rearview mirror:

MR. WINGERT
 We'll be at church soon. The important thing is we're together. Family.

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Wingert is a rock. Not giving himself an inch for fear or anxiety. He can't. His family is relying on him. To be the patriarch. Leader. He won't let them down.

MR. WINGERT (CONT'D)

Right?

They don't answer. Angela does.

ANGELA

Right.

There's a SPUTTER in Angela's voice. Trying to emulate Mr. Wingert. Siphon off his strength. Falling short.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Why don't we sing? Sing? Yes?

(off Mr. Wingert's nod)

This little light of mine.

ANGELA & MR. WINGERT

I'm gonna let it shine. Let it shine.

ANGELA & MR. WINGERT & TYLER

Let it shine. Let it shine.

Olive eyes her Brother. Tyler submits so easily to adults. The sheep. Following blindly. Too young to formulate his own thoughts. Unlike Olive. Questioning every answer.

We adjust to reveal -- that hidden inside her sweater -- Olive's thumbs are flying across her phone. Texting.

OLIVE'S TEXT

I h8 Angela. H8!

(A NOTE ON THE TEXTING. It should appear on screen like SUBTITLES. Like Ren's Chinese. But in a different color and font. Not small and difficult to read on Olive's phone.)

As the "family" continues singing without her, Olive feels guilty for cursing Angela. She shouldn't have "said" that.

OLIVE'S TEXT (CONT'D)

Hail Mary full of grace...

And then we see who Olive's texting: MALCOLM'S ICON. He's dreamy. A winning smile. Frat boy haircut. Older. Well. Not much. 18. Still. Illegal. Thus hiding her phone.

MALCOLM'S TEXT

U can't txt a Hail Mary.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

OLIVE'S TEXT
*God reads txts. He's on Verizon. Jesus
 is on his friends and family.*

MALCOLM'S TEXT
 ;>

Olive smiles. Smitten with Malcolm.

OLIVE'S TEXT
*Can't believe I'm spending my last hour
 in church. I'd rather be with u.*

MALCOLM'S TEXT
I can meet u.

OLIVE'S TEXT
My dad'll kill u. He thinks u r a perv.

MALCOLM'S TEXT
He's not wrong.

OLIVE'S TEXT
*Ha! U r a choir boy. And let he who
 is w/o sin throw the 1st stone.*

MALCOLM'S TEXT
Bcuz he's dating Angela?

OLIVE'S TEXT
*U r only 2 yrs older than me. He's 20
 yrs older than Angela. How's that fair?*

Olive looks up at Angela and her father. Singing.

ANGELA & MR. WINGERT & TYLER
*Don't let Satan blow it out, I'm gonna
 let it shine. Let it shine.*

MALCOLM'S TEXT
U like me bcuz I'm 4-bdn.

OLIVE'S TEXT
I like u bcuz u write 4-bdn.

MALCOLM'S TEXT
*U r a minor. I should know better.
 But the way you sing in choir --*

OLIVE'S TEXT
Harper Phung has a better voice.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

MALCOLM'S TEXT
Yes. But. U. U make me smile. U r
soulful.

Olive blushes. Malcolm knows just what to say.

MALCOLM'S TEXT (CONT'D)
Marry me.

OLIVE'S TEXT
Not funny.

MALCOLM'S TEXT
Not joking.

Olive's torn. Malcolm? Family? God? What's the right answer? Olive isn't good at committing. She needs some air. Rolling down her window -- sticking her head outside the car -- like a dog...

Olive sees the traffic. Jammed. In each direction. So much so that people are driving up and over the shoulder. Laws be damned. She wonders:

OLIVE
Where's everyone going?

Olive pulls her head back in. As if they didn't hear her:

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Where do you think everyone's going?

MALCOLM'S TEXT
Olive?

Mr. Wingert sees the look on Olive's face. Confusing it for fear:

MR. WINGERT
Everything's gonna be okay, Olive. I
love you.

MALCOLM'S TEXT
I luv u.

MR. WINGERT
You know that?

OLIVE
Yes.

OLIVE'S TEXT
Yes. I'll marry you.

8 EXT. STREET - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

8

THE GLOWING NEON is a blurry mass of light in the POURING RAIN. Like getting out of an over chlorinated swimming pool. Halos everywhere.

(ANOTHER NOTE -- there is always a striking visual palate difference between Shanghai and Ann Arbor. Shanghai is nighttime in the city and neon and steel and rain. Ann Arbor is day in the suburbs and sun and lawns.)

WE FIND HORDES OF PEOPLE.

Sitting in the middle of the sidewalk. Sobbing uncontrollably. Men -- get DRUNK -- blasting away their minds. And on the roof of a car -- a couple goes at it. Hot and heavy and wet. Amongst the crazy we find:

REN.

Umbrella shielding him from the rain. SHOPPING BAG tucked firmly under his arm PROTECTING his EGGS from stray elbows. Zigging. Zagging. Vigilant. Compassionate at the sight of the crying masses. He'd love to stop. To help. And yet he must continue on:

9 INT. HOSPITAL NICU - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

9

A ROW OF PREEMIES. Incubated. Wires running to their tiny chests taking vitals. Some WAIL. Some SLEEP. Some bathe in the PURPLE glow of the BILIRUBIN LIGHTS. WE FIND:

WU "ANGEL" XIAN-BO. 20s. A shock of punk sticking out from her prim nurse's uniform. A tuft of dyed pink hair. Blue glitter eye shadow. She makes her rounds when:

RAT-A-TAT-TAT. A familiar knock on the door. Angel sees:

REN. Standing on TIPPY-TOES -- his little head and sunflowers barely visible in the observation window. Waving --

10 INT. HOSPITAL NICU - SHANGHAI - MOMENTS LATER

10

Ren DUMPS A VASE OF DYING SUNFLOWERS in the trash. Angel watches him work with stunned fascination:

ANGEL
I can't believe you came.

REN
I come every night.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ANGEL
Tonight's different.

REN
I believe in tradition. This NICU saved my son's life.

ANGEL
13 years ago.

REN
Thankful everyday. Everyday grateful.

Ren's swollen with emotion. The love of his family. His son. His wife. It's unrefined joy packets. Angel's jealous of Ren's abundance. It comes across as attitude.

ANGEL
I didn't even work here then. I was 9.

REN
You work here now.

ANGEL
It's a job.

REN
You're saving lives.

ANGEL
Just trying to make enough cash to support my clubbing habit.

REN
Well, as long as I can brighten your night with a hint of sunshine... I will.

Ren unwraps the cellophane containing the NEW FRESH SUNFLOWERS. Angel's amazed by Ren's serenity.

ANGEL
How can you be so calm?

REN
How else should I be?

ANGEL
I'm freaking out, Dude. Game's over.

And yes, but Ren operates as if nothing's different. That confidence. Acceptance.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

REN

Nothing I can do about that. The only thing I can control is getting home. Cook breakfast for my family.

ANGEL

What makes you think they're still there?

And there it is again. That self-assured smile.

REN

Have you ever been to Tangjie?

Angel shakes her head, nope. Ren fills a vase with water. Unafraid to expose the deepest parts of his soul:

REN (CONT'D)

It's a small fishing village. The thrush of waves lulled my family to sleep. And when I return home, I'll take out my grandfather's wok. And wake them with the smell of fresh eggs.

Ren turns off the water.

ANGEL

You must call them --

REN

We have no phone. Or TV.

ANGEL

Then a neighbor.

REN

What good will come of that? Pain and worry and -- no. No no. Not if I can protect them. I will protect them.

ANGEL

Did you hear about this gravity thing?

REN

(nods yes)

My grandfather built our house strong to withstand anything. They'll be fine.

Ren hears the cries of the babies:

REN (CONT'D)

How's young Geo doing?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Ren and Angel look over at the tiniest little baby. GEO. A tube running down his throat.

ANGEL
Not well. I feel bad.

REN
Geo's a bruiser.

ANGEL
*Yes. It's the parents who give up.
 You should've seen his mother.*

REN
*I understand. Having this brand new
 life that you -- adore -- become sick...*

ANGEL
She ran off crying.

REN
*She'll be back. You'll see. It's her
 child. She'll be back.*

ANGEL
What do you know? You're a janitor.

REN
Continuance Engineer.

As Ren puts the flowers into the vase, he turns to Angel -- compassionate -- helpful:

REN (CONT'D)
Is there someplace you'd rather be?

ANGEL
 (shaking her head)
*My parents are on vacation. My mom
 calls sobbing every 20 minutes. And my
 boyfriend's a douche...*

REN
*You could join us -- if you'd like. I
 have more than enough food.*

Angel checks Ren's eyes. No hint of irony or insincerity.

ANGEL
*That's very very kind. But then --
 who'd stay with them?*

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

They look at the babies. At young Geo. Ren smiles -- he likes Angel. Even through her pessimistic attitude, she's a good soul. He puts the finishing touches on the sunflowers.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
You'll never get out of the city.

Ren checks his watch. **11:47 PM.** Plenty of time.

REN
Lightrail subway is automated. Always on time. Even tonight.

And as he heads for the door. Ready to head home.

ANGEL
Ren...
 (then off his look)
Be safe.

11 INT. A 16-YEAR-OLD BOYS BEDROOM - ANN ARBOR - DAY

11

A SOLDIER MOWS DOWN A HORDE OF NAZIS WITH A RIFLE. Blood and guts everywhere. But we quickly can tell, this is a video game. Call of Duty. As we find:

ZEBULON FARMAR. ZEB. In boxers. Using his Wii remote like a gun. A MOP OF BLACK HAIR. That new/old 70s look where you can't tell if it's a boy or a girl.

Zeb is short attention span personified. Playing Wii. Listening to ARCADE FIRE. While glancing at -- AVATAR -- streaming on his computer.

Zeb's PHONE rings. CALLER ID says it's OLIVE. The ICON is a cute pic of Zeb with Olive. Arms around shoulders. Laughing. Zeb is Olive's BEST FRIEND. Answering the phone on speaker:

ZEB
 I'm busy.
 OLIVE (ON THE PHONE)
 Masturbating?

ZEB
 Yes.
 OLIVE (ON THE PHONE)
 Meet me at church. I need your help.

ZEB
 I'm busy.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

OLIVE (ON THE PHONE)
 Are you seriously gonna spend your last
 hours playing video games?

That is what Zeb was planning. Sad. But, it's kind of all he wanted to do.

OLIVE (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Zeb?

ZEB
 Yeah?

OLIVE (ON THE PHONE)
 Put on clothes. Meet me at church.
 Oh. And bring my bike.

12 INT. ZEB'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

12

Fake wood panels. It hasn't been updated since 1980-something. Lower-lower end of the middle class. Zeb pulls on a t-shirt as he enters.

ZEB
 I'm going out.

Zeb sees his DAD. Glassy eyes glued to the TV (remember what it felt like at 9/11 -- now multiply that times a billion.) On the news is a report of A MASSIVE AMOUNT OF PEOPLE STANDING ON THE 5 FWY IN CALIFORNIA -- we hear the familiar voice of SIR JOHN BAINBRIDGE --

SIR JOHN (ON TV)
 This broadcast, one of few remaining, is now being aired globally. Voice of the World in deed. We are joined by US Army Reserve Corporal Tim Brand. Thank you for joining us --

CORPORAL BRAND (ON TV)
 Trying to help, sir --

SIR JOHN (ON TV)
 For those who cannot see -- there is a formidable mob converging on the gates of Camp Pendleton Army Base --

CORPORAL BRAND (ON TV)
 We house the only continuance bunker in the Western Region --

SIR JOHN (ON TV)
 This shelter was constructed in 1964?

(CONTINUED)

CORPORAL BRAND (ON TV)
To withstand a nuclear assault, sir.

SIR JOHN (ON TV)
But will it be effective today?

CORPORAL BRAND (ON TV)
We cannot say at this time.

SIR JOHN (ON TV)
There cannot be near enough space for
the throng I'm observing --

CORPORAL BRAND (ON TV)
No-sir. We will be holding a lottery...

SIR JOHN (ON TV)
Lottery?

CORPORAL BRAND (ON TV)
Yes-sir.

SIR JOHN (ON TV)
And what assurances do you have that
people will cooperate?

CORPORAL BRAND (ON TV)
Sir?

SIR JOHN (ON TV)
If events should turn violent...?

There's a long silence. Followed by wary trepidation:

CORPORAL BRAND (ON TV)
I... I don't know... I'm 19 --

Not much older than Zeb. Not much older at all.

SIR JOHN
(reassuring)
It's alright, Son. It's alright.

CORPORAL BRAND
I'm sorry, I, just I --

The line goes dead. A beat of silence. We hear emotion
bleeding into Bainbridge's voice.

SIR JOHN
We have lost Corporal Brand. A dutiful
serviceman, executing at his best, on
this most improbable of days...

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

ZEB
Dad?

Zeb's Dad doesn't acknowledge him. An empty bottle of alcohol cradled in his arms. Like a child. Zeb hears his MOTHER -- CRYING from behind a CLOSED BATHROOM DOOR. Zeb tries the door. It's locked.

ZEB (CONT'D)
Mom? I'm leaving...

Zeb's Mom doesn't respond. Just crying. Where Olive's Dad is forcing family togetherness. Zeb's folks couldn't be more selfish and self-absorbed.

ZEB (CONT'D)
See you guys in never.

13 INT. CHURCH - ANN ARBOR - DAY

13

THE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS GLOW. Every pew is JAMMED with people. Standing room only. The congregation is shrouded in the reds, oranges and yellows of the stained glass.

Some FACES are caked with tears. Others are cold. All are SINGING A HYMN -- IN THE SWEET BY AND BY. Praying for salvation and deliverance from this world into the next.

Olive sits with her family. Tyler. Mr. Wingert. And ugh, Angela. Olive has a BEAUTIFUL VOICE. Malcolm's not wrong. Olive eyes wander seeing --

A LONG LINE of people wait for the CONFESSORIAL.

ALL OF THE VOTIVES are lit in the apse -- with more people still lighting candles for loved ones passed -- putting them on the ground -- in window sills -- anywhere:

WITH MORE PEOPLE still filing in through the front doors --

Olive checks her phone. **10:53 AM.** It's time to go. She excuses herself. Standing. Seeing. Her little brother. TYLER. Legs dangling above the floor.

If all goes according to plan, Olive is NEVER going to see Tyler again. Olive gives him a HUG.

TYLER
You're just going to the bathroom.

MR. WINGERT
Tyler!

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Tyler knows that strict look from his father. Knows he did something wrong, even if he isn't sure what. He hugs OLIVE.

OLIVE
I love you...

TYLER
Don't worry, Pastor Wallace says we'll all be together in the rapture...

Olive ENVIES Tyler's innocence. So easily digesting the religion he's been fed. Olive believes too. But. It's different. She musses Tyler's hair. Feeling better about leaving him behind. And as she's about to exit...

Her Father takes her hand. Olive flinches. Oh crap! Does he know? Is she busted? Her Father pulls her close, his hand around the back of her head, whispering into her ear --

MR. WINGERT
I'm proud of you.

And Olive's heart stops. Is it the right choice? Leaving her family? It is. Right?

OLIVE
I love you too, Daddy.

Mr. Wingert gives her a kiss on the cheek and sends her on her way. Olive's heart begins beating again. Free to go. Free to get married.

14 EXT. CHURCH - ANN ARBOR - MOMENTS LATER

14

Olive waits at the corner. Anxious fingers fidgeting. She doesn't want to be spotted by ANYONE who knows her father. She doesn't want her rebellion to be crushed before it even begins. She looks down the street.

Where the fuck is Zeb?

And then. As if God heard her prayer. Zeb rounds the corner. Riding his BMX. Steering with one hand, guiding Olive's bike with the other.

As Zeb pulls up. She sees the bike he brought for her. PINK STREAMERS, A BANANA SEAT and a BASKET.

OLIVE
What's this?

ZEB
Your bike?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

OLIVE

I haven't ridden this since I was 13.

Zeb smiles. Rings the BELL. Dddring. This is the shit only true friends can sling at one another. And it will have to do for Olive. As Olive mounts her bike:

15

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - ANN ARBOR - LATER

15

Large, well manicured, perfect green lawns. A ranch style development. Single story sprawl. Inside the LIVING ROOMS, you can see the BLUE GLOW of TELEVISION SCREENS. Like Zeb's FOLKS -- addicted to the news. Leaving the roads desolate. Free for Olive and Zeb to ride down the middle of the street.

Zeb's a very talented rider. Pulling jumps onto parked cars --

Riding over them. Denting trunks and roofs and hoods. Setting off alarms. BWOOP. BWOOP. BWOOOP.

ZEB

You really gonna marry him?

OLIVE

But I wanna do it right. Right? Wanna get my something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue --

Zeb jumps his bike onto another car. It's ALARM synching with the other cars. A SYMPHONY OF CAR ALARMS

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I've been planning this since I was 8. 7? 8. Made a book and everything. My mom and I would cut out pictures --

And then -- tinged with the memory -- of mom...

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Bouquets. Dresses. I've known exactly where I wanna get married since forever. Waterfall. Off the trail head, near the 5 mile marker on route 4.

ZEB

Sometimes you're such a girl.

Olive looks at her Black Army Boots pedaling. Self-conscious.

OLIVE

I am such a girl.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ZEB

Are you gonna do him? Malcolm? That's what this is really about. Sex.

OLIVE

Shut up.

ZEB

Look at you. Hot and buttered. You wanna be devoured.

Olive pedals harder. Pulling away. Calling out --

ZEB (CONT'D)

Bet you won't go through with it. You strung Howie Bell along for a year with out a kiss, let alone an h-job.

OLIVE

I was 12. Howie is no Malcolm.

ZEB

You're stalling. You're afraid...

Olive rides hard down a bike path. Zeb on her tail. Past a PLAYGROUND. They see:

OLIVE

Well yeah --

A MAN. HANGING. The CHAIN from the SWING around his neck. Suicide. Sad and awful. A grim reminder:

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I heard on the news. People trying to get into bunkers.

ZEB

I heard that wouldn't work...

Olive eyes the hanging man. The playground. A reminder of her childhood. And yet. She's no adult either:

OLIVE

It's not fair. There's so much I didn't get to do...

ZEB

Like what?

OLIVE

I dunno. Everything. Junior prom. Prom. Get drunk. Ride in a limo.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

ZEB
My uncle picked me up in a limo in Miami.

OLIVE
Yeah? How was it?

ZEB
He's a driver. I had to ride shotgun.

OLIVE
Still. Miami. I never swam in an ocean.
Or got to go Paris.

ZEB
What's in Paris?

Olive notches Zeb --

OLIVE
This is why you've never had a
girlfriend.

ZEB
(shrug)
Croissants at Walmart are super good.

Zeb always makes Olive smile. And then. Not.

OLIVE
Today has to be the best day of our
lives. To get what we want while we
can. Nobody can tell us no...
(off Zeb's look)
I want my something old, new, borrowed,
blue. I want my wedding --

A silence... Zeb waiting for Olive expectantly:

ZEB
To Malcolm?

Olive snorts. Course. Goes without saying. But they both
know. It went without saying. Telling. And. As a true
friend, Zeb doesn't pounce. Changing the subject...

ZEB (CONT'D)
We should listen to the news... Just in
case of...

Zeb hits an APP on his PHONE. Tuning into the one broadcast
airing. THE BBC -- as we hear:

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

ST. JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
 The extent of the imminent gravity
 fluctuations remain theoretical. The
 U.N. Science Council has been silent on
 further updates.

Olive and Zeb ride down the street. Listening to the RADIO.
 As if it were 1974.

ST. JOHN (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)
 Meanwhile in Jerusalem --

16 INT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON

16

START ON: THE BANK OF MONITORS. Disturbing images. Bodies
 covered in blood. Guns firing. Flames coughing out thick
 plumes of black smoke. Riots. Violence.

SIR JOHN
 An orthodox sect of radical Lubovitch
 Jew and Evangelical Christians are
 storming the Temple Mount in Jerusalem
 to decimate the Al-Aqsa Mosque --

Bainbridge peers down through his black-framed bifocals.
 Reading with impudence:

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 According to biblical texts, the holy
 site for Christians, Jews and Muslims
 is instrumental in ushering each unique
 messianic age. I --

The violence is disheartening to Bainbridge. The sheer volume
 of horror. His eyes drift to the CLOCK. Like a drone waiting
 for the workday to end...

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 We only have 4 and half hours left to
 make something count and --

Bainbridge is stopped by his own words.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 I was reared Catholic. Now journalist.
 An impartial objectivist. Flirting
 with agnostic after a stiff drink.

All of the news. Dr. Singh. Corporal Brand.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 To me. The bullets fired in God's...
 various names, are as juvenile as a
 schoolyard bruise. Obstinate and obtuse.

But Bainbridge doesn't uncork the scotch. Leaving the demons
 in the bottle. Time being.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 And yet when the news came floating
 through the filament, like the angel of
 death, my eyes closed. I prayed --

Bainbridge does so. Shutting his eyes.

17 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/DIRT ROAD - ANN ARBOR - DAY

17

Olive and Zeb ride their bikes down the street -- turning
 onto a DIRT ROAD. The SUN shines through gaps in the trees,
 warming Olive's face. She closes her eyes:

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
 Please don't let it end. There's too
 much potential left unfulfilled --

18 INT. SUBWAY STATION - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

18

A RAINBOW SWATCH OF PIERCING NEON. Futuristic. SCREENS in
 the station are carrying Sir John Bainbridge's BROADCAST.

Ren stands alone under a DIGITAL SIGN READING (translated
 from Mandarin): NEXT TRAIN IN 2 MINUTES. Then switches
 over to 1 MINUTE. GLOWING RED. The quiet is disquieting.

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
 Please give us the strength to survive
 these hours with dignity and compassion --

He closes his eyes -- praying...

19 INT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - RESUME

19

Matching Bainbridge's CLOSED EYES.

SIR JOHN
 I prayed we could put aside past
 indiscretions. Granting clemency to
 all who seek atonement -- and especially
 those who don't.

Bainbridge opens his eyes. And sees the violence on the
 television screens. The fire reflecting warmly against his
 face. Offering no comfort. No change.

(CONTINUED)

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 But people embrace hate instead of one another. Perhaps God's ending us for a reason. Perhaps God thought me disingenuous. Perhaps it's my fault:

Then suddenly feeling the pangs of guilt. Swallowing his visage into a sad frown.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 I have propagated the fear that fuels the headlines of mass destruction. Civil wars do not make civil discourse. Nuclear meltdown melts down confidence. Infectious ideas spread through my voice into your hearts --

Bainbridge removes his glasses. Looking around the cold and lonely broadcast booth. Undeniably alone.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 I've grown weary of bearing bad news. I want to hear from you -- your story:

Ren holds onto his GROCERY BAG, like a child holding a security blanket. It makes him feel safe. Assured. He looks back up at the sign. TRAIN NOW ARRIVING.

And yet -- there is no "train now arriving."

SIR JOHN
 What are you going to do? How will you spend these precious hours?

Ren's anxious. Should he stay? Should he go? If he stays, he's wasting time. If he goes, he'll miss the train. Stay? Go? Stay? Go? He has to make a choice. Commit. And so -- And so -- and so --

Ren takes out his phone. Looks at a PHOTO OF HIS FAMILY. His wife. His son. Smiling. A day at the circus. They're all wearing RED CLOWN NOSES. AND THEN:

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 What do you hold dear when our sky is consumed in fire? And whom? What's important to you in the end?

A SMALL RUSH OF AIR. Curling the hair in his ears. The slightest hint, but enough to make Ren smile. As THE SUBWAY TRAIN ROARS INTO THE STATION.

21

EXT. DIRT ROAD - ANN ARBOR - RESUME

21

Olive and Zeb's BIKE WHEELS SKID TO A STOP. Kicking up a CLOUD OF DIRT. Still listening to:

OLIVE
Something new.

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
Are you escaping reality? One last
wish? Or healing a wound?

The dust settles like a curtain, revealing -- A FLOWER FARM. A field of RED PEONIES. PURPLE LILAC. BLUE DAFFODILS. YELLOW SUNFLOWERS -- towering over their head -- so many you could get lost in the stalks forever. On and on and on. Endless rainbow growing out of the soil. It's SURREAL.

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)
We all have wounds. We are flawed.
Imperfect. Primal --

Olive and Zeb ABANDON their bikes. Running off. Disappearing in a FIELD OF OVERWHELMING COLOR. Pure. Drunk. Vibrant.

22

INT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - RESUME

22

Bainbridge reaches into his desk and fishes out a bottle of THE MACALLAN -- 30 year --

SIR JOHN
Seeking violent retribution. Numbing
our senses with drink. Giving into the
vices that plague our desires.

He pours himself a drink. Brimming the glass.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
I promised I would not leave you... I
remain to tell the world your story.
So together we won't feel so alone.

But he doesn't drink it. At least. Not yet.

23

EXT. FLOWER FARM - ANN ARBOR - DAY

23

Olive and Zeb pick flowers for her BOUQUET. Olive carefully plucks dainty peonies in a cascade of CRIMSON, watching -- Zeb -- as he attempts to liberate some ROSES. Avoiding THORNS. Olive feels... Guilty.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

OLIVE
You can go.

ZEB
Sorry?

OLIVE
This is my thing. I mean. You can do anything and you're...

Picking flowers for Olive's nuptials. Zeb SHRUGS. Youth without direction or desire.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
You can go.

Zeb's content to be with Olive. Better than playing video games in his boxers. With his cold. Indifferent. Parents.

ZEB
Go where? We walked to school together every day since 1st grade. We snuck into our first R rated movie together. Copied off each others homework.

OLIVE
So you encourage my bad behavior?

ZEB
As if you're innocent?

OLIVE
60/40...

ZEB
Whatever. It was together.

It has been quite a friendship. But before it gets treacly. Before he reveals too much of his desires --

ZEB (CONT'D)
You broke your arm when you fell out of my tree house. I carried you 10 blocks to the hospital. Cried the whole way.

OLIVE
That wasn't me.

ZEB
No?

OLIVE
That was in Can't Buy Me Love --

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

Zeb smiles. Right. That's the kind of friends they are.

24 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

24

Ren STANDS. Holding onto the handrail with one hand. Securing his shopping bag with the other. Even though:

The train is EMPTY. Save for one DUDE. 100 pounds overweight. Writing on the windows in MAGIC MARKER. **"Not with a bang, but a whimper."** The same Eliot poem Bainbridge quoted. Over and over. Like BART SIMPSON.

Bart eyes Ren. Uneasy:

BART SIMPSON
Have a seat, dude.

Ren realizes he's standing. Feeling self-conscious. Apologetic. Feeling the need to justify his actions:

REN
It's normally crowded. Even at this hour. Someone always needs a seat.

Bart rolls his eyes. Whatever. Ren realizes it is -- awkward. So. He sits. Turning back to Bart:

REN (CONT'D)
Where're you headed?

BART SIMPSON
Maoming Road. I only have 700 yuan. You think it's enough for a fuck?

Ren shrugs. Uncomfortable with this conversation.

BART SIMPSON (CONT'D)
I paid 500 for a blow job at a bachelor party. Sex is what...? 8? 900?

REN
I don't think money means anything anymore.

BART SIMPSON
*Oh... Right...
 (a beat then)
 So can I borrow 200 yuan?*

Man. This kid just doesn't get it.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

REN

Isn't there someone you'd rather be with? A parent? A brother? A childhood friend? From grade school?

Bart thinks. His face softening. A memory. But then.

BART SIMPSON

Nope.

Ren stands. Not comfortable sitting. Not comfortable with Bart. Not at all.

REN

Guess I'm used to standing.

25

EXT. FLOWER FARM - ANN ARBOR - LATER

25

As Olive and Zeb finish up collecting flowers... Olive stops. Looking around. Taking it all in.

OLIVE

My mom came here all the time...

Zeb can see the pain in Olive's heart. Expressed in her white knuckles clenching the flowers.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

She would've loved to see me get married.

Olive plucks a blood red daisy. Struck. Silent. Holding her bouquet. A bride in progress.

ZEB

*We have time to visit if you wanna.
Glenn Memorial's not far off.*

Olive sighs. That name. Glenn Memorial. Like death creeping up her spine, putting his icy hands around her neck. And as the thoughts of her MOTHER weigh heavily on Olive.

GRAVITY SHIFTS.

JUST LIKE THEY SAID IT WOULD. HEAVY. PRESSING DOWN. PAINFUL. Olive's KNEES buckle. Sending her to the ground.

OLIVE

What's going on...?

Olive looks up and sees --

ALL THE FLOWERS. COLLAPSING. The GRAVITY -- flattening them out -- like KEEPSAKES in an ALBUM. SMASHED.

26

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

26

A GLOBAL EVENT. Ren and Bart feel the strain of GRAVITY. Pushing down on the SPEEDING SUBWAY. The LIGHTS FLICKER -- THEN CUT OUT -- BLACK -- AS THE TRAIN SKREECHES -- GRINDING TO A HALT -- collapsing --

Ren's KNOCKED OFF his feet.

Thrown through the air. He holds onto his SHOPPING BAG. HIS EGGS! As he hurtles toward the front of the car -- SMASHING into a WINDOW.

Landing with a THUD!

27

INT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON - INTERCUT

27

Sir John stares at his GLASS OF SCOTCH. THE LIQUID begins to CRAWL UP the inside of the glass as the force of GRAVITY pushes down. Bainbridge watches curiously as the scotch begins pouring out over his desk and then --

SMASH.

THE GLASS SHATTERS under the pressure.

Bainbridge goes to the window and sees --

THE THAMES RIVER.

Doing the same thing as his liquor. Overflowing out onto the street. A FLOOD. BIBLICAL.

28

EXT. FLOWER FARM - ANN ARBOR - INTERCUT

28

Olive TRIES to hold onto her Bouquet. Clinging them to her chest. Cradling them. But she feels the gravity RIPPING the flimsy stems out of her sweaty palms.

OLIVE

Zeb!

Olive can't hang on. The red peonies yanked from her hand. Falling from her fingertips. Sent to the ground. Where they are immediately --

FLATTENED. CRUSHED. DESTROYED.

29

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

29

SPARKS fly off the tracks. Metal scraping on metal. Making the entire subway car glow brighter than the night sky on the 4th of July. As the train slows...

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

TO A STOP. It's OVER. GRAVITY RETURNS TO NORMAL

Only the green glow of the exit signs. Ren makes sure he's okay. Bruised. Sure. But okay. But the grocery bag -- dammit -- THE GROCERIES -- THE EGGS...

Ren digs into the bag -- frantically removing the egg carton. Heart sinking. He opens the carton --

And smiles. Nothing's BROKEN. MIRACULOUS. They're fine. Which is more than Ren can say for himself. Bruised. What the hell just happened here? He calls out --

REN
You okay? Hello?

From the darkness he can hear Bart:

BART SIMPSON
Should've taken a seat, dude.

30

EXT. FLOWER FARM - ANN ARBOR - RESUME

30

Olive gets to her feet. Gravity restored. Surveying the damage. The entire field destroyed. Petals torn. Decimated. The reality of the world ending finally sinking in.

OLIVE
This is really happening.

There's no answer. Olive frantically looks around for --

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Zeb?

Finding him curled up. Knees and face in the dirt. Why isn't he getting up?

Olive runs over. Closing the distance between them. Fast. Her legs kicking up petals and pollen in her wake --

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Zeb!

Zeb stirs, opening his body to reveal:

He's holding 5 perfectly preserved SUNFLOWERS. Zeb used his body to try and protect them. Save them. For Olive.

ZEB
Your favorite. Yeah?
(off her look)
Is this enough?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Zeb holds out Olive's BOUQUET. She takes them, thanking Zeb with a smile. For his friendship.

ZEB (CONT'D)
You okay?

It's an intimate moment. A man handing flowers to a woman. Tinged with romance. An uninvited flirtation. And then:

BUZZ BUZZ. Olive's phone. A text. From Malcolm.

MALCOLM'S TEXT
U OK?

Olive looks at Malcolm's ICON. At ZEB. Feeling the triangle. Feeling the pressure. Even though the GRAVITY has returned to normal. She checks her the clock. **12:12 PM.**

Texting and talking at the same time.

OLIVE	OLIVE'S TEXT
I'm fine. 4 hours left. We should go. Something borrowed.	I'm fine. 4 hours left. On my way. B there soon.

31 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

31

A HISS OF PRESSURIZED AIR RELEASES, like a long sigh after a torturous day -- the SUBWAY DOORS OPEN revealing: Ren holding a wrench -- he's a very good CONTINUANCE ENGINEER:

Ren and Bart step out into the darkness of the tunnel. The Subway headlights are the only lights shining in the dark tunnel -- making long shadows.

BART SIMPSON
Yo. What do you think stopped the train?

Ren shrugs. Not wanting to engage. He likes most people. He doesn't like Bart --

BART SIMPSON (CONT'D)
You think it's gonna work again?

Ren shrugs. Starts walking. Bart follows him:

BART SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

REN
Home.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

BART SIMPSON
Walking?

Ren nods -- yeah...

BART SIMPSON (CONT'D)
And if the train starts running...?

REN
Then I'll move out of the way.

BART SIMPSON
Pretty narrow here and you're...

REN
What?

BART SIMPSON
We could both stand to lose a few pounds.
Me more than you. But still.

REN
I'll be careful.

Bart follows Ren. Like a dog. Not wanting to be left alone.

BART SIMPSON
You could get lost. I heard that
happened. Homeless people got lost --
so they started eating each other.
(and then a light bulb)
Maybe they stopped the train! Cannibals.

Ren picks up his pace.

BART SIMPSON (CONT'D)
You don't like me much.

REN
I don't know you.

BART SIMPSON
It's okay. The truth is... Before
when you asked... I called my friends
when the news came in. No one answered.

Ren turns a sympathetic nod. Touched. But then --

BART SIMPSON (CONT'D)
And when I say "friends" -- I mean the
chicks I have internet sex with. And
when I say sex -- I mean play video
games.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

BART SIMPSON (CONT'D)
*And when I say chicks -- I think most
 of them are dudes.*

Ren rolls his eyes. Should always go with his gut. And then -- they see A SHADOW QUICKLY CROSS THE PATH AHEAD.

BART SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Did you see that?

REN
What?

A COUPLE MORE SHADOWS CROSS THE TUNNEL.

REN (CONT'D)
It's a shadow. It's nothing.

And then -- there's A CLANG! Loud. Echoing.

BART SIMPSON
Cannibals.

Ren soldiers on -- into the darkness.

BART SIMPSON (CONT'D)
You're gonna be breakfast man.

Ren moves on ahead. Cautiously now. Step by step by step -- into the darkness. Bart just a step behind him. Cowering. Holding onto Ren's jacket. Like a scared little child.

CLANG!

Bart tightens his grip on Ren. Ren pulls out the WRENCH from his tool belt. Ready to defend himself (and Bart).

CLANG!

The sounds getting louder now. They're getting closer now. Much much closer. It's just around the corner. They edge the wall. Making their way around the bend. A warm red glow illuminating their faces as they discover:

NERDS! Starched suits. Glasses. Computer programmers. Office drones. Holding LANTERNS -- trying to access a SERVICE DOOR. It's BOLTED SHUT.

REN
Who...? What're you doing?

The head nerd -- who looks like a CHINESE BILL GATES, lanky and big glasses, greets our traveling companions.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

BILL GATES
Surviving! Just need to open this door.

The nerds give the service door another WHACK! Trying to budge a RUSTED DOOR HANDLE with a STEEL PIPE. CLANG!

Ren eyes the situation. He should go home. He should stop wasting time. But that's not Ren. The second he sees someone in need, it's always the same thing:

REN
Let me help.

32 INT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON - DAY

32

Bainbridge sits with his earphones on. Manning the console. Renewed with a spirit of his youth. Pushing a lit button. Though he, himself -- is not lit. The GLASS of Scotch remains untouched. As if waiting for an invitation.

SIR JOHN
You're on Voice of the World -- what's your name, my friend?

ANNE
Anne Keenan. From Aberystwyth, Wales.

Her deep Welsh accent is kind. Her vocal chords crackle with age and smoking too many cigarettes.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Is this the John Bainbridge?

SIR JOHN
The same --

We can practically hear Anne's smile through the speaker:

ANNE
Oh, I've been smitten with you since News Hour.

News Hour? That's a show he hasn't thought about in years.

SIR JOHN
That was ancient history. You must've listened to it in your toga.

ANNE
Are you having me on? Am I aging myself?

SIR JOHN
Not for a Tyrannosaurus Rex, no.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

ANNE
Such a charmer.

SIR JOHN
Now I usually date younger women.

ANNE
I'm 83, John-dear.

SIR JOHN
You're just playing hard to get.

ANNE
You come up here. I have a nice pot of tea on. Key's under the sunflower pot.

Bainbridge smiles. Enjoying the flirtatious exchange. The levity he was seeking delivered in an Old Welsh Woman.

SIR JOHN
And what are you doing today, Anne-dear?

ANNE
Well, I went to yoga and then to market. Got tea and milk. And some lemons for my famous linzer tarts. Margaret Addison insists that a linzer is made with raspberry, but I prefer lemon.

SIR JOHN
No diet for you then today?

ANNE
Oh, it's not for today no -- it's for Imelda's great-grandson's christening at St. Andrews this sabbath --

On sunday? Bainbridge isn't sure if Anne has alzheimer's or if she's just blissfully unaware.

SIR JOHN
You have been listening to the broadcast?

ANNE
Oh, I never miss you.

SIR JOHN
There won't be anymore sundays.

ANNE
Didn't you say the same thing about Y2K? Satellites falling from heaven?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

And we all know how that turned out.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Or the weatherman telling me to bundle up in my rubbers, when it's lovely out --

SIR JOHN

Did you not feel the gravity? There's not quite 3 hours left.

Anne hesitates. We hear her sipping her tea.

ANNE

When that volcano erupted in Iceland you said airplanes might'n fly for years. Might'n you be wrong now?

And in a lot of ways -- he never considered. Mainly because:

SIR JOHN

It's not mine to say.

ANNE

If I've learned one thing in 83 years, it's that I know nothing. The only thing I can do is my yoga. And pray. I'm praying for you, John-dear. You sound so sad... Talking to no one.

SIR JOHN

I'm talking to you, Anne-dear.

ANNE

You don't know me.

SIR JOHN

Anne Keenan. 83. Aberystwyth, Wales.

ANNE

Hardly intimate, are we? You work too much.

And little, old Anne Keenan in Abersytwyth Wales puts her finger right on it. Working. Even in the last hours.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Is there no one you'd rather be with?

Bainbridge immediately thinks on Prudence. And others --

ANNE (CONT'D)

Or perhaps. I ne'er considered -- Is there none wanted to be with you?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

He didn't consider that himself.

ANNE (CONT'D)
You sound like a kind man.

Her pity stings Bainbridge. Kind? Maybe not. Maybe that's all a part of being the voice. A lie.

SIR JOHN
You don't know me.

ANNE
Oh, I never miss you.

SIR JOHN
I'm doing what I've always done. Just like you and that lemon tart.

ANNE
And that's the problem, isn't it? Doing what you've always done? Isn't it?

And as the question lingers.

ANNE (CONT'D)
How about a song then? Some Badfinger.
For this old Welsh lemon --

SIR JOHN
Badfinger it is, Dear Anne.

The scotch is nearly GONE. Bainbridge was drinking this entire conversation. So talented a drunk, we hardly noticed him taking sips. A true sot.

33 EXT. THE MALL - PARKING LOT - ANN ARBOR - DAY

33

Olive and Zeb ride their bikes through the empty lot, weaving in and out of PARKING STONES -- jumping the curb -- stopping short of the front doors to JCPenny. Only to discover:

THE DOORS ARE LOCKED. Dammit!

Olive tries again. Shaking the doors. Like that could work. If the doors just knew how much she wanted to get in --

VOICE (O.S.)
Can't get in that way.

They turn to find:

LITTLE DAVE -- a short 16 year-old guy, with short 16-year-old issues of overcompensation. RECKLESS.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

The kid who always has a BROKEN SOMETHING. Right now, his arm's in a CAST.

LITTLE DAVE
We've circled around twice.

Little Dave's with: BIG DAVE -- was destined to be a linebacker. 1st string JV. Just made Varsity. Wears the LETTERMAN jacket with pride.

BIG DAVE
Everything's all locked up.

And KAT -- A little heavy but not overweight. Normal. Likes hanging with the boys more than girls which doesn't make her a lesbian, but yes -- a foul mouth.

KAT
Sealed up tighter than a nun's vadge.

Olive and Zeb's FRIENDS from school. On bicycles and skateboards. Lost kids.

Olive gives Kat a warm hug. Smiles exchanged. Hands slapped. Friends happy to see a familiar face.

OLIVE
What're you guys doing?

LITTLE DAVE
Candace is having an end of the world party at Burton Pond.

ZEB
Candace Colt?

BIG DAVE
Candace West.

KAT
Reebok is gonna DJ.

OLIVE
I thought you and Reebok broke off.

KAT
He's still a rad DJ.

ZEB
Sounds all time.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

BIG DAVE
 Jono Hardy scored 3 kegs of the High Life so you know.

LITTLE DAVE
 We thought we'd liberate some Jager or Goose from BevMo. But no love.

OLIVE
 That's what you wanna do? Drink?

LITTLE DAVE
 No...
 (then)
 I wanna drink a lot. I wanna try meth.

BIG DAVE
 I wanna see what happens when you knock over a fire hydrant.

LITTLE DAVE
 That's rad.

BIG DAVE
 Right?

LITTLE DAVE
 I wanna steal a helicopter.

BIG DAVE
 I wanna eat Pizza off a girl's nip.

ZEB
 Dude.

BIG DAVE
 Too much?

LITTLE DAVE
 Don't judge. No judging. Today's gonna be all time --

And that's fine for hormone filled boys, but --

OLIVE
 Kat?

Kat squares Olive --

KAT
 I wanna be with my best friends.

That speaks volumes to Olive.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

KAT (CONT'D)
 What's with the flowers?

OLIVE
 I'm getting married.

KAT
 To Zeb?

Zeb? What? No. Eeesh.

OLIVE
 To Malcolm.

BIG DAVE
 Do we know Malcolm?

OLIVE
 He's at M.U. -- Met in choir.

KAT
 No shit? That's killah.

OLIVE
 Well would be. Bride needs a dress.

BIG DAVE
 We could go to Deerfield.

LITTLE DAVE
 Deerfield's like a million miles away.

BIG DAVE
 It think it's like 15.

LITTLE DAVE
 We'd make it to Henshaw faster.

KAT
 Henshaw's disgusting.

ZEB
 They've gotta Red Robin we could burst.

OLIVE
 Deerfield. Henshaw. It's a waste.
 We're here. We can get in here.

Olive looks around -- searching for inspiration. She's not going to let a stupid LOCKED DOOR ruin her perfect day.

LITTLE DAVE
 How?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (4)

33

Little Dave can be such an asshole. But he's also right. They're shut out. Olive beams a smile. An idea sparking

34 INT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON - DAY

34

Bainbridge has fished out an OLD VINYL RECORD from the vault. Dusty. Placing it on an OLD TURNTABLE he's hooked into the system. DANGLING THE NEEDLE just above the spinning record --

SIR JOHN
For my old Welsh lemon, Anne. You make
me feel young -- day after day...

Bainbridge eyes the groove between songs, the needle picking up dust and scratches as the wah-wah 70s guitar solo of BADFINGER'S "DAY AFTER DAY" comes on as the following plays in awesome SLOW-MOTION OVER:

35 EXT. THE MALL - PARKING LOT - ANN ARBOR - DAY

35

A SHOPPING CART WHEEL turns fast. Plastic GRINDING against the asphalt. Threatening to dislodge from it's axle. Gaining momentum as we discover:

THE SHOPPING CART is loaded down with BROKEN PARKING STONES. Weighing it down. Giving it heft. Rolling down a STEEP PARKING RAMP. As we adjust to find --

OLIVE. PILOTING the shopping cart nee BATTERING RAM on a DIRECT COURSE for the GLASS DOORS of the Mall. Kicking against the ground like a kid on a SCOOTER.

ZEB, KAT, and the DAVES -- cheer Olive on.

And just as the CART is about to mount the curb. Olive abandons ship. Trying not to turn her pretty face into a pizza. Running to a stop. Looking to see:

The Cart. SMASHING into the DOORS. THE DOORS BUCKLE. THE GLASS CRACKS. Spidering, but not breaking. A DENT! They can crack this thing. They can get inside. Olive presents the doors like a PRICE IS RIGHT MODEL -- TAH! DAH!

36 EXT. THE MALL - PARKING LOT - ANN ARBOR - MONTAGE

36

Zeb RIDES the Shopping Cart/Battering Ram with PANACHE. Born skateboarder/BMX/daredevil -- Zeb handles the cart with ease. Ducking into a curl. Faster than Olive.

Hanging on until the very last possible moment -- jumping off -- x-games style -- caroming off a trash can. Seeing:

Another CRACK. Zeb raises his arms in a V!

37

EXT. THE MALL - PARKING LOT - ANN ARBOR - MONTAGE

37

Little Dave's turn on the cart. Determined to be the one to break through --

Except, he TRIPS on his SHOELACE. Tumbling to the ground. SCRAPING his knees on the asphalt. A disgusting mess of road rash. Blood speckled pebbles stuck in his flesh. The Shopping Cart slows to a stop shy of the door. Fail.

38

EXT. THE MALL - PARKING LOT - ANN ARBOR - MONTAGE

38

A RACE! Zeb versus Little Dave versus Big Dave. It's barely a competition. Zeb kicking their ass. As they race down the ramp we favor --

KAT. Watches Zeb intently. She's WAY into him. Trying to give him little hints of her interest. A look. A smile. Cheering Zeb onto victory.

39

EXT. THE MALL - PARKING LOT - ANN ARBOR - MONTAGE

39

Olive versus Kat. Olive takes an early lead, but Kat's more athletic and overtakes Olive -- Kat gives a push -- heaving her Cart into the Mall Doors. The clear winner. But --

Zeb can't take his eyes off Olive. WAY into her. Much to Kat's dismay. Olive notes the odd triangle developing.

40

EXT. THE MALL - PARKING LOT - ANN ARBOR - MONTAGE

40

BIG DAVE rides solo. THE BEHEMOTH. His weight threatening to topple the massive parking stones. But man -- Big Dave is fast as hell. Careening toward the Mall Doors. The battering ram like a ROCKET -- flying up the curb --

CRASHING INTO THE GLASS DOORS --

SHATTERING --

Glass CRUMBLING to the ground! THE DOOR OPENING! MATCH TO:

41

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

41

REN OPENS THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR --

Revealing a set of stairs going down. BILL GATES helps the NERDS rush down. Not wasting a moment. Not even to say thank you. Assholes. BART stares down the stairs --

BART SIMPSON
You really think this'll work?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

BILL GATES
*In America they're fleeing into bomb
shelters.*

BART SIMPSON
Because Americans have never been wrong?

Gates shrugs whatever. Bart shrugs back. Guess this'll do. As Bart and Gates head down -- Ren picks up his shopping bag -- heading in the opposite direction. Gates is stunned:

BILL GATES
Aren't you coming?

REN
I have to get home to my family.

BART SIMPSON
Bring them along.

Ren checks his watch. **1:44 AM.** Seconds peeling:

REN
There's not enough time.

BART SIMPSON
Come on man. Don't be an idiot --

REN
And if you survive -- and then what...?

BILL GATES
We rebuild.

REN
*Because everything -- everything and
everyone is gone.*

BILL GATES
Yes. We start over.

Ren shivers at the thought of it.

REN
*I can't be without my family. Without
the people I love. I can't.*

BART SIMPSON
That's suicide, dude.

REN
I suppose so...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

And as Ren's about to leave -- Bart snags his SHOPPING BAG.
Trying to wrestle it off his arm. Tug of war.

REN (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

BART SIMPSON
We'll need food.

BILL GATES
We have food.

BART SIMPSON
You saying we can't use more?

REN
Please stop -- I need these eggs.

BART SIMPSON
They're just eggs.

REN
*They're for my son. 49 millimeters
exactly. For my son...*

BART SIMPSON
You can get more. We can't.

Bart pulls -- the bag begins to rip -- threatening to break.
Ren grows more paranoid -- looks at Gates for help.

REN
Share. I only need three.

BART SIMPSON
No.

REN
The rest is yours.

BART SIMPSON
No!

Bart gives one last tug -- ripping the bag -- sending all
the eggs and fish and food tumbling to the ground.

THE EGGS CRACK! Break. Spilling yolk and white all over
the cold and filthy ground. Ruined.

BILL GATES
We must leave now --

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

Bart scrambles -- picking up what he can. Before heading down the stairs with Gates. Leaving Ren alone.

Staring at the wreckage of cracked egg shells and yolk.

42 INT. SECURITY ROOM - THE MALL - ANN ARBOR - DAY

42

ON A BANK OF MONITORS WE SEE -- Olive, Zeb, Big Dave, Little Dave and Kat -- riding their bikes throughout the empty mall. From screen to screen to screen to screen.

We notice --

BIG DAVE pull a FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall (next to a portable defibrillator.) Then disappearing from the screen:

It's a moment before we hear -- CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

The DOORKNOB breaks. The DOOR swings open. Big Dave enters and grabs KEYS to the proverbial kingdom, he notices --

The MUZAK SYSTEM. There's an AUX input. Big Dave jacks his phone into the muzak system. Scrolling through his song selection until he finds: THE BEASTIE BOYS, "Gratitude" -- Music Blasts. Big Dave checks the MONITORS -- his friends applauding his choice. The Beastie Boys plays over:

43 INT. ESCALATORS - THE MALL - MONTAGE

43

LITTLE DAVE does RAIL SLIDE down the ESCALATOR. About to dismount when --

Kat BLASTS him with a FOUNTAIN OF FOAM from the FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Sending Little Dave falling --diving head first into the planters. Kat and Big Dave bust a gut. Little Dave pops back up. Spring in his step. Psyched. That was awesome. Ready to go again.

44 INT. FOREVER 21 - THE MALL - MONTAGE

44

ON A ROW OF MANNEQUINS. Typical mall window display. Standing sentinel silence when -- AN ARROW -- pierces a mannequin in the HEART (if it had a heart.)

ANOTHER ARROW -- nails a mannequin right in the HEAD. Decapitating the dummy. WHIP PAN across the mall to find --

Little Dave, Big Dave and Kat -- armed with CROSSBOWS procured from the SPORTING GOODS STORE. Using the mannequins for TARGET PRACTICE. As KAT takes her shot --

45

INT. FOOD COURT - THE MALL - ANN ARBOR - MONTAGE

45

Little Dave tries putting various foodstuffs into a DEEP FRYER -- partially to see how they'll taste -- partially just to watch them boil -- Snickers bars. A Hamburger. A Wetzel's Pretzel. A Chocolate Chip Cookie. Pinkberry...

Meanwhile, at PERRY'S PIZZA -- BIG DAVE pulls a FRESH PIPING HOT PIZZA out of the oven. Big Dave looks over at Kat... Giving her a smile. She's immediately reminded of his "nip" comment. Shaking her head -- no way never never never --

46

INT. BRIDAL STORE - THE MALL - ANN ARBOR - MONTAGE

46

Zeb waits for Olive. Checking his watch. Time's ticking away now. Why must the ladies take so long to get dressed? Zeb hears the echoes of the Dave's laughing, while he's stuck with fringe and lace and tulle. He feels like a tool.

Kat walks past Zeb -- eating THREE SLICES OF PIZZA at once. Two slices of pepperoni with a slice of pineapple in between. Pizz-wich. Kat smiles at Zeb through a chew. Marinara dripping down her chin...

ZEB

You've got --

Zeb wipes his chin. Indicating where Kat should wipe. She does. Awkwardly. Seductive. And not.

KAT

Want some?

Kat's not a great flirt. Worried she's come on too strong...

ZEB

I'm good.

Kat shuffles off. Definitely too strong. Zeb calls back:

ZEB (CONT'D)
You almost done?

OLIVE (O.S.)
Gimme a hand.

Zeb looks at the DRESSING ROOM DOOR. Olive's NAKED ANKLES visible underneath. Zeb hesitates. It's FORBIDDEN to enter a girl's dressing room. That's the rule. The Door protecting Nakedness. Like a BOUNCER standing outside a VELVET ROPE. Zeb nervously pushes the door open. Trying not to stare at:

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE. In her BRA. The WEDDING DRESS gathered around her waist. All sorts of skin exposed. Olive is unashamed. It's just Zeb. Zeb tries not to stare.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Zip me up?

Zeb can't help but stare at Olive's NECK. How the muscles and flesh cascade into her shoulder. The thin blonde hair standing on end in the cold. Olive looks over her shoulder at Zeb. What's taking so long?

Zeb snaps out of his reverie. Mans up. ZIPS up.

ZEB
This is something borrowed?

OLIVE
It's a Vera Wang knock off. I can't afford this. If I took it, it'd be stealing.

ZEB
Thou shall not steal, but breaking into the mall is kosher?

OLIVE
I'll pay for the door.

ZEB
You're religious when it's convenient.

OLIVE
I'm religious when it's always.
Spiritual.

ZEB
Who told you that? Malcolm?

OLIVE
They could be wrong. Scientists. People are wrong all the time. God isn't.

ZEB
You don't find that the least bit hypocritical?

OLIVE
No I do. All these people praying.
Jews and Hindus and Muslims and who's to say what's right? It's just now I --

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

Zeb has trouble with the zipper. He needs some leverage. He HOLDS Olive's shoulder. His skin touching hers. He never imagined it would feel so -- SOFT. Zeb tries not to linger.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Everyone going around like maniacs -- ourselves included -- no law or morals and what if it doesn't end? Gonna be a lot of apologies tomorrow. So borrowed. Not stolen. In case. In both cases.

Zeb finally reaches the top. Fastens the hook.

ZEB
You're in. Let's take a look.

And as Olive's about to pose for Zeb --

GRAVITY SHIFTS. LIGHTER. LIKE ASTRONAUTS IN SPACE.

The SKIRT of Olive's WEDDING DRESS begins to FLOAT UP. Like Marilyn Monroe in The Seven Year Itch. And just like before -- THIS IS A GLOBAL EVENT --

47 INT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON - DAY

47

Sir John stares at his MICROPHONE as it floats up, eclipsing his face. He grabs the microphone and looks up at the news feeds. The same gravity event occurring around the globe:

MOSCOW. The VIGIL CANDLES float up, magical, like lanterns.

BERLIN. Chunks of the Berlin Wall rise up into the air.

PARIS. Children cling to parents on the Eiffel Tower, as they're being sucked into the sky.

48 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

48

Ren stares at his broken eggs. The EGG SHELLS begin to FLOAT UP -- out of the yolk. Twisting and turning.

Ren rises to his feet. Staring at the omen. Knowing that this is a sign that the end is coming soon. He takes off running down the tunnel. Not wanting to waste a moment. Having trouble moving -- like said astronauts --

49 INT. BRIDAL STORE - THE MALL - ANN ARBOR - RESUME

49

Olive tries to keep the skirt from flying up. Trying not to expose her PANTIES, STOCKINGS and GARTER -- EXACTLY LIKE the ones Olive saw the woman in the forest wearing. ADULT and SEXY. But right now --

(CONTINUED)

She's attempting to keep some form of modesty in front of Zeb. Pushing the skirt down. Only to have it float up elsewhere. Olive can't help but --

LAUGH. Cracking up. Turning red. It's futile. Zeb laughs. Catching glimpses of what Olive's trying to hide. And then:

GRAVITY RESUMES. Everything returning to normal.

ZEB

Since when do you put on a garter?

OLIVE

Since shut the hell up.

And Zeb can tell, he's dangerously close to pushing Olive's buttons. Again. Olive standing in her wedding dress -- being vulnerable -- and radiant -- so very radiant...

ZEB

Malcolm's lucky.

And now it's Olive's turn to blush. As she realizes -- things are becoming too... intimate. Earnest. Olive needs to deflect. Because she loves Malcolm. Yes. Right. So --

OLIVE

I think Kat's super into you. She'd give it up, if you were into that.

ZEB

Yeah maybe. She's kinda thick.

OLIVE

Like you're some catch.

ZEB

Meghan Frye said I have a strong tongue.

OLIVE

Not a compliment.

ZEB

Pretty sure it was.

OLIVE

Meghan Frye said kissing you was like thumb wrestling her autistic cousin.

That stings. Then covering.

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

ZEB

Kat's not my type. She's got a roll of fat on her neck. It looks like when Scooby Doo swallows a sandwich.

And as they laugh --

KAT (O.S.)

Hey...

They turn to see Kat. Returned with BIG DAVE and LITTLE DAVE. They have a shopping cart filled with ALCOHOL. Awkward doesn't quite cover it. They wonder just how much she heard --

LITTLE DAVE

Big problem. How're we going to get all of this to the pond?

Olive checks the clock: **1:27 PM.**

OLIVE

I've gotta go. I've gotta --

ZEB

I have an idea. And --

(off Olive)

My wedding present. Something blue...

Off Zeb's enigmatic smile and Olive's curiosity --

50 EXT. STREET - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

50

RAIN PISSES DOWN -- PELTING AGAINST THE CARS PACKING THE STREET. Bumper to bumper to bumper. People still desperate to get somewhere. Anywhere. We find:

REN.

Trying to cross the street. But he can't between the damned cars. No one will let him through. Not one to be daunted. Ren climbs up onto the HOOD of a car. Leaping from car to car to car. Making his way across the street. He finds --

AN ABANDONED CAR. Right in the middle of the traffic. Motor still running.

Ren hustles inside. Shelter from the storm. A way home. THE RADIO IS ALREADY ON:

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)

Perhaps I have worked too much. Perhaps there is no one I'd rather be with. Perhaps no one would rather be with me.

START ON: A PULITZER PRIZE. In the dull, golden metal we can barely make out Bainbridge's twisted reflection amongst the trophies. The peabody. The emmy. The Bafta. Honorary doctorates from Oxford and Harvard.

Alone. Still alone. Staring at the awards:

SIR JOHN

Maybe our Dear-Anne was correct? My life's ambition to keep company with silent men sculpted in gold.

(raising his glass)

Mr. Pulitzer. Mr. Peabody. Mr. Murrow.

Then takes a drink.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

No one believes themselves a villain. As vile. Base. We craft stories, lies -- so we forgive ourselves our sins.

Bainbridge takes hold of his 1st Peabody. Not as shiny as the others. Rusting. Specific orders not to give it shine.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

One name shames me. Etched beside mine. Drew Blackwell. We dreamed of being Woodward and Bernstein before we knew Woodward or Bernstein existed.

He puts the Peabody back --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

I lie. I say Drew was his own man. Drew made his own bed. But the truth is the blood on his sheets are from the knife I put in his back --

Swallowing the remainder of his drink like water. A professional drunk.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

I must be a villain -- which explains why no one has come...

And then. A long moment of silence. As the weight of Bainbridge's words drags down the corners of his mouth into an epic scowl. Dead. Uncomfortable. Air. The bane of a newsman's broadcast. Bainbridge revels in it. Until --

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

The phone lines dash the silence. Lights flashing. Many people wanting to chime in. Bainbridge chooses one --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
You're on Voice of the World --

REN (ON THE RADIO)
Someone will come.

Ren's English is choppy, but far from offensive. China is the largest English speaking country in the world.

SIR JOHN
What's your name, Friend?

52 INT. CAR - SHANGHAI - NIGHT - INTERCUT

52

Ren calms his nerves by talking with Bainbridge. The windshield wipers intermittently swipe away the rain with a hideous RUBBER SQUEAL to reveal:

A HUGE TRAFFIC JAM. Red lights everywhere. Practically turning night into day.

REN
Ren. From Shanghai.

SIR JOHN
SPEAKS IN UNTRANSLATED MANDARIN.

REN
Your Mandarin -- very good.

SIR JOHN
3 years as chief correspondent. Is Wangboahé still around?

REN
(correcting pronunciation)
Wang Boa He? Restaurant?

SIR JOHN
Finest crab in the world.

Ren recalls Oscar -- the man who committed suicide -- sadly:

REN
Yes -- yes...

SIR JOHN
How is Shanghai?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

REN
Very bad Shanghai. People everywhere.

SIR JOHN
When is that not the case, yes?

The wiper squeaks. Red traffic lights shine on Ren.

REN
It takes time.

SIR JOHN
Where are you heading?

REN
To cook breakfast for my wife and son.

SIR JOHN
Are you going to make it?

REN
I must try.

SIR JOHN
But realistically. Don't lie. What if
you don't? What will you do?

And even the rubber squeal of the wiper SHRIEKS can't hide
the genuine concern in Bainbridge's voice.

REN
You're not a bad person...

Bainbridge swallows a scowl. Dark thoughts percolating --

SIR JOHN
You have no idea.

REN
Because of stabbing your friend.

SIR JOHN
That was a metaphor.

REN
(smiling crooked)
My English -- very good.

Touche.

SIR JOHN
I convinced Drew to take an assignment
in Jakarta. 1983. It was hot.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

REN
 Jakarta. Very hot.

SIR JOHN
 Not balmy. Politically. Reporters
 forge their name dodging bullets.

REN
 You helped him.

SIR JOHN
 I usurped him.

REN
 Maybe, not so good English.

SIR JOHN
 Drew was heir to the coveted weekend
 desk. But who knew when Reginald
 Rutledge would cede. Blighter held the
 fort since double-u-double-u-two. And
 then Drew got Jakarta...

Bainbridge pours himself another drink.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 The remedy for hesitation is bitters.
 I can still taste the pint. Effingham
 Pub. Think it's a Starbucks now --

Draining the bottle...

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 So I ply our Drew with drink. Playing
 the role of schoolyard bully. Taunting
 masculinity. If he didn't want the
 plumb assignation, I'd take it. A boot
 to the rear would've been more subtle.

Looking back at the awards --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 He left. I inherited this empty empire.

He raises his glass in a toast to the peabody and awards.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 People are vile.

As Bainbridge takes a drink. In Shanghai, the wiper clears
 the rain. Ren's STUCK in traffic. Longing:

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

REN

I love my wife. I love my son. I would sacrifice anything for them.

SIR JOHN

You are the exception. I. The rule.

Bainbridge takes another drink --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

A drunk. An adulterer. I have destroyed every relationship I hold dear for a desk. Drew. My own brother... And...

He spies a photo of PRUDENCE -- in the control booth. He doesn't evoke her name. Not wanting to say it aloud.

REN

Someone will come.

SIR JOHN

Trying to convince me or yourself?

Ren smiles. Bainbridge is right. Ren abandons the car. Following his own advice. Going out on foot. Into the pissing rain. Trying to find another way home. WE RESUME:

WITH BAINBRIDGE. Seeking safety in his tropes.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

It's 17:35 Greenwich Mean Time. 2 and half hours until zero hour. News next --

53 EXT. ALLEY - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

53

Ren HUSTLES down the back alleys. Trying to avoid the crowds of the main streets. Trying to make his way to a market when he finds:

A SEVERED HAND. Cut off at the wrist. Bone and sinew and muscle exposed. Ren cringes. But it's about to get worse as Ren finds --

A FOOT. Well...

A SHOE with the FOOT still inside. And the path of carnage continues the further he walks down the street -- ARMS. LEGS. FINGERS. Spattered blood on the sidewalk like some sort of fucked up Jackson Pollack homage. WE BEGIN TO HEAR:

And then -- as Ren nears the end of the road -- he sees:

(CONTINUED)

A ROW OF HEADS. Like the Hollywood walk of fame. But you know. With severed heads. Ren's astonished. Frozen. What in the shit happened...? And just as Ren realizes he took the wrong fucking street --

HE HEARS A MOTORCYCLE ENGINE REV -- splitting silence -- feels like a chainsaw ripping through your heart.

Ren looks down the street to find: THE RIDER. DARK HELMET OBSCURING HIS FACE. Gripping his throttle with one hand. And in the other -- A SHINING SWORD.

The Motorcycle takes off down the street -- heading right toward Ren. What the hell should he do? Run? Fight? He doesn't even know what's going on...? Lost. Scared.

The Rider pulls to a stop -- inches from Ren. Removing his helmet. He's JAPANESE. Debonair. Wearing a tuxedo. He looks like JAMES BOND.

JAMES BOND
What's your name?

REN
Ren.

JAMES BOND
*Ren. You and I... We're going to duel.
Fight to the death.*

Why? Why why why why why why why why?

START ON: A TRICKED OUT -- DELICIOUS -- CONVERTIBLE -- BMW Z4 -- CHROME RIMS GLISTENING IN THE SUN. AND BLUE! Olive, Zeb, Little Dave, Big Dave and Kat stare at the cars.

ZEB
We'll take the Z. You guys grab an X5 --

LITTLE DAVE
It's no helicopter.

ZEB
But plenty of trunk space --

BIG DAVE
You a car salesman or something?

Or something. But Olive's concerned. Not convinced of Zeb's plan. The worry lines on her forehead deepening into canyons.

54 CONTINUED:

54

OLIVE
 I don't know, Zeb. You just got your learner's permit.

ZEB
 I played Grand Theft since I was 6.

LITTLE DAVE
 You can jack a helicopter in Grand Theft --

OLIVE
 Enough with the helicopter. This isn't a game. You barely passed Zelner's chem class. You can't hotwire a car.

Zeb runs his hands underneath the car. Searching.

ZEB
 My Dad drags me down here every weekend. He can't afford anything this nice. But, you know, test drives are free. Coming here pretending like he's interested -- like we're worth it -- for a 15 minute drive around town.

A sad story, but brutally honest. Zeb finds the hide-a-key. Not very well hidden in the wheel-well.

ZEB (CONT'D)
 I know I'm not prince charming, but Cinderella still needs her coach -- and this is my mouse-portunity.
 (off Olive's ?)
 Because the mouse becomes the chauffeur in the movie...
 (off Olive)
 Something blue.

As Zeb gets in the driver seat. Turns the engine on. Roaring to life.

55 EXT. ALLEY - SHANGHAI - RESUME

55

Bond gives a RED DUCATI STREET FIGHTER 5 MOTORCYCLE the once over twice -- checking to make sure it still works. Ren's eyes are fixed on the BLOOD STAINS on the LEATHER SEAT.

JAMES BOND
 Do you know how to ride? Ren?

REN
 I've ridden a scooter.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

JAMES BOND
Same thing basically.

But -- no -- Ren doesn't want to do this at all --

REN
*I just want to get home to my family...
 My wife and son. In Tangji.*

JAMES BOND
The fishing village?

REN
You know it?

Bond nods yes. He knows it.

JAMES BOND
How old's your boy?

REN
13.

JAMES BOND
Tough age.

REN
Do you have a son?

Ren's hopeful he has talked his way out of this mess but...

JAMES BOND
I hope you get your chance to see him.

.... fails. Frustrating Ren. Awash in confusion.

REN
Why me?

JAMES BOND
Because you walked down the street.

REN
I don't even know your name.

JAMES BOND
Otomo. Katsuhiro Otomo.

Well.... Ren actually does know that name. Everyone knows that name. Even in China. Infamous. Devil.

TOSHI
Yakuza --

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

JAMES BOND
 (fuck you)
*I am bushido. I am samurai. Don't you
 dare compare me to those gold chain
 wearing cocaine snorting hoods.*

BOND removes his BLADE.

JAMES BOND (CONT'D)
*Men like me don't die of cholesterol or
 old age or because of some universal
 fluke. My destiny is to die in battle.
 Even at the hands of a "chuugoku-jin."*

Then chucking the SWORD at Ren -- clanging at his feet.

JAMES BOND (CONT'D)
*We will duel. You and I. 3:00 am.
 Two motorcycles. Two swords. Two men.
 One honorable death.*

REN
And if I don't?

Bond looks at the severed heads lined up on the sidewalk --
 message received.

JAMES BOND
You think I'm a monster.

Ren's sneer confirms Bond's suggestion. Ren's not skilled
 at hiding his emotions. Open book.

JAMES BOND (CONT'D)
*Then that's all the motivation you
 require. Rid the world of this
 deplorable evil. Slay the dragon, Ren.
 And then you will get your reward.*

56 EXT. TOWER DRIVE - ANN ARBOR - DAY

56

A QUIET STREET. A SIGN. 25 mph. Eerily silent. And then...

THE ROAR OF AN ENGINE SHREDS THE TRANQUILITY AS -- The BLUE
 BMW Z4 races past. Must be going 80. Or Faster.
 Disappearing over the horizon just as quickly as it appeared.

57 INT. BMW Z4 - ANN ARBOR - CONTINUOUS

57

The top is down. Olive rides SHOTGUN. Eyes closed. Letting
 the SUN warms her face. Wind whipping her hair. Clutching
 her sunflower bouquet.

(CONTINUED)

The LONG, WHITE VEIL of her wedding dress fluttering behind her -- out of the car -- like the VAPOR TRAIL of a JET.

Zeb DRIVES. Fast. But still. Learner's permit. A little difficult down shifting the clutch as he takes a TURN. Herky. Jerky. Fighting his way out of a stall. He's getting it.

Olive's phone BEEPS. A text.

ZEB

Malcolm?

OLIVE

Little Dave. It says -- race?

And as the words come out of Olive's mouth --

A BLACK BMW X5 zips past. Olive barely registers Little Dave behind the wheel. Kat and Big Dave laughing. Leaving Olive and Zeb in their dust. BEEP. Another text.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

First to Pinball Pete's wins. Loser licks the winner's -- taint.

ZEB

Taint?

OLIVE

Chode.

ZEB

Oh.

Zeb keeps driving. Letting Little Dave slip out of striking distance. Olive knows that look in Zeb's eyes. Disappointed.

OLIVE

You wanna race?

ZEB

Time's running out for you and Malcolm --

OLIVE

It's okay.

ZEB

Really?

OLIVE

I'm not stalling. You should get what you want too. I want you to. Yes?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

Olive touches Zeb's hand on the GEAR SHIFT. Maybe a touch too intimate. Again. For both of them. Olive covers.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Driving music -- you need music.

Olive scrolls through her playlist, punching in GUIDED BY VOICE'S "Motor Away." As Zeb's foot hits pedal. Going from 35 to Light Speed. Olive SCREAMS in joy -- like going down a roller coaster -- we intercut through:

58 EXT. ALLEY - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

58

Ren sits on his motorcycle. Feet attempting to balance. Tip toeing on the asphalt. While fumbling the sword in his hand. HE SIGHS. Fairly certain this is how he's gonna die. The victim of an odious case of testosterone gone amok.

Ren peers down the alley to see -- JAMES BOND. Flipping his blade like a master -- show off. A duel. A joust. Only one of them will come out of this alley alive.

Ren looks up at a DIGITAL CLOCK on the side of a bank:

2:59. The clock's electric lights BUZZ, switching to **3:00** --

BOND TAKES OFF. Flying down the alley. 0 to 110. Head down. Lowering his sword -- SCRAPING IT ON THE ROAD --

59 EXT. PACKARD ROAD - ANN ARBOR - INTERCUT

59

THE MAIN DRAG. A TREACHEROUS OBSTACLE COURSE OF DOOM. Zeb and Little Dave jockey for the lead -- weaving in and out of ABANDONED CARS and AIMLESS, ROAMING PEDESTRIANS, littering the sidewalk and street... Olive looks through her Phone --

Zeb feels the heat of a CAR CONSUMED IN FLAMES -- nearly burning off his eyebrows.

DAMN. He has to concentrate...

Running NECK and NECK with Little Dave. Almost pulling ahead when:

Little Dave JERK his wheel --

SMASHING into Zeb's Z4.

The SHRIEK of METAL tearing against METAL. Zeb and Olive's seat belts barely keep them inside the car.

60

EXT. ALLEY - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

60

James Bond is hurtling down the alley. Inches away from Ren. Sword raised. Ready to strike.

Ren lifts his sword. Trying to grip with confidence. But the sweat in his palms isn't helping. Trying to BLOCK James Bond's blow when:

CLANG!

Steel hits steel. Ren's managed to parry James Bond's 1st strike. Barely. Ren looks down at his gut and see --

A BLOSSOMING BLOOD STAIN ON HIS SHIRT. A palpable hit. It stings like a mother. But can't focus on that now. As James Bond speeds back down the alley. Ready for round two.

61

EXT. PACKARD ROAD - ANN ARBOR - INTERCUT

61

Little Dave smirks. He's going all MAD MAX on their asses. Gonna RAM them again. Lunatic. And as Little Dave is about to hit them --

Zeb steers out of the way. MOUNTING THE CURB. Driving on the sidewalk. PLOWING down PARKING METERS. A SHOWER of QUARTERS and DIMES and NICKELS rain down on Olive and Zeb.

The WINDSHIELD cracks. Olive covers her face from the Change Storm. Zeb can barely see. Craning his neck. Zagging back onto the street.

He looks over to Olive. Still holding her head in her hands.

ZEB
You okay? Olive?

Olive doesn't answer. Is she crying...? Concern festering --

Olive removes her hands to reveal -- SHE'S SMILING. Zeb laughs too. That was awesome. Olive looks down the street. There's no sign of Little Dave's Car. Gone.

OLIVE
You gonna let him get away?

Zeb JERKS the wheel.

62

EXT. ALLEY - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

62

Ren DOESN'T MOVE. Can't. Too much pain. Sitting. Duck. BOND is closing in Ren. Picking up speed now. When:

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

Ren gets an idea. He grips his sword. Like any good warrior and then --

Drops it on the ground.

63 EXT. PRISTINE BACKYARD - ANN ARBOR - INTERCUT

63

An expansive lawn. A fountain. The nice end of town. And the Z4 ripping through. Zeb concentrating. Trying not to drive into the SWIMMING POOL.

Olive's back seat driving. Like an old couple.

OLIVE

You should have taken Elm.

ZEB

I know where I'm going.

OLIVE

We're in someone's backyard.

ZEB

Colin Tremmel's --

Olive looks around realizing he's right.

OLIVE

Oh yeah...

ZEB

Ran through here everyday in 7th grade to get away from Robert Watkins. God... I hate that guy...

As the car plunges into the next backyard --

64 EXT. ALLEY - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

64

The SWORD on the ground. Bond's CLOSING IN. Ren isn't moving. Standing his ground. Ren is no killer. Ren is a good man. Idealistic. Naive. But good.

Just because the world is descending into chaos, he's not going to let James Bond drag him down or change him. Standing tall. Unwavering. Powerful.

As BOND lifts his blade to deliver the death blow. He's moved by Ren's fortitude. Ren truly is a better man than Bond. He has met his match. And as Bond is distracted, he doesn't see --

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

A CAR. Speeding through the alley. Nailing Bond. Sending him flying off his bike. Landing on the ground. IMPALED on his OWN SWORD.

Ren watches as two 13-year-old kids jump out of the car and scurry off. Did that just fucking happen?

65

EXT. UNIVERSITY AVENUE - ANN ARBOR - INTERCUT

65

Zeb's Z4 bursts out of an alley. Fishtailing onto the large street. Coming out inches ahead of --

LITTLE DAVE'S X5.

It's a race again. Neck and neck. Nearly at Pinball Pete's. The final stretch.

Zeb looks at a FUMING Little Dave in his rearview.

Little Dave attempts to pass them. Jerking the wheel HARD. But. The High Center of gravity. And velocity. And 16-year-old behind the wheel sends Little Dave's car --

TUMBLING OVER --

And OVER -- And OVER --

LANDING UPSIDE DOWN IN A GRUESOME CRASH!

Olive and Zeb watch the whole thing in the rearview mirror. Skidding to a stop. Nearly getting into an accident themselves.

66

EXT. ALLEY - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

66

Ren walks over cautiously to Bond's body. Making certain he's actually dead. Ren sees Bond's face. Hanging onto the last seconds of life. Bond looks up to Ren -- honest:

JAMES BOND
Thank you.

Ren's reverent. He takes no joy in this moment. Dead is dead. Even for someone like Bond.

Ren looks down at his own wound. Blood's pouring out. He thought it was just a little cut. A nick. A scratch. But as he pulls up his shirt -- we see --

A DEEP GASH. BLEEDING OUT. REN'S DYING...

67

EXT. UNIVERSITY AVENUE - ANN ARBOR - INTERCUT

67

Olive and Zeb follow a trail of BROKEN GLASS. TWISTED METAL. And BLOOD. Until they finally reach --

THE WRECKAGE OF LITTLE DAVE'S BMW.

Pure carnage. Roof crashed in. But thankfully -- Little Dave, Big Dave and Kat are still ALIVE. Bruised. Cut. Little Dave's coughing a laugh.

LITTLE DAVE

Now that was all time! Woooo!

Kat whimpers in the back seat as. Big Dave unbuckles his seat belt. Falling with a thud.

OLIVE

It's okay. You guys are gonna be okay.

Olive and Zeb help Big Dave and Kat get out of the car.

ZEB

Your turn, maniac.

But as Zeb goes to help Little Dave -- he notices:

Little Dave is IMPALED on a CHUNK OF SHRAPNEL. Right into his gut. Slowly leaking blood. Drip. Drip. Drip. Oh God. They all stare in horror. Mute panic.

LITTLE DAVE

It's okay. Seriously. I'm fine.

OLIVE

I'm calling 911.

ZEB

They're not gonna come.

LITTLE DAVE

I couldn't dream of a better way to bite it. Stop weeping.

(then to Big Dave)

Especially you, fag.

BIG DAVE

(shouldering a tear)

Whatever.

LITTLE DAVE

But you gotta take this thing out.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

That'll kill you. There's a hospital...

LITTLE DAVE

I went out like a boss. You wish you had it this good. I feel sorry for you all... Go party. Get drunk. Get laid.

Big Dave puts his hands on the shard. But then... Staring at his best friend. Stands. Shaking his head.

BIG DAVE

I can't man. Zeb?

Zeb nods his head. He knows what he's gotta do. But Olive shakes her head.

OLIVE

Zeb. Please don't...

But Zeb doesn't listen to Olive. As he places his hands on the shard... WE SMASH TO:

Bainbridge holds a phone to his ear. In the background we hear a RECORD on the broadcast, so Bainbridge can make this important phone call in PRIVATE. We DON'T hear the other end of the phone call, but based on Bainbridge's posture and posturing, we can tell he's gotten voice mail:

SIR JOHN

I was hoping to reach you, but... you know I've gone to tete to tete with Saddam Hussein. Thatcher. Mandela. Two Popes. Not boasting. Well --

Not trying to boast. It's a default setting.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

I didn't blink at that lot. But you, dear Brother, you shrink me into a child.

Bainbridge looks at the bottle of scotch...

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

We suffered under our Father's rotgut tyranny. Bound in blood. And in blood.

...Then to the SCARS and BURNS on his hands. They aren't from life as a journalist, but an abusive Dad.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

And then you abused me. Wrecked my eyes, forcing me to read school texts twice over. Bruised my knees on church pews. Whipped me into a man. More Father than Brother. It fit you. The patriarch. Biblical.

Bainbridge takes in a long drag of air before continuing.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm certain you're surrounded by family. Kids and Grandkids. I received the invitations. Birthdays and baptisms. Not that I attended. Busy. I had my girl send regrets and scones. I hid in my work. A child's game. Didn't you know I wanted you to play?

Bainbridge looks out over London -- as if he were searching the city for Freddy's house. As if he could see him.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

I wanted a brother to enjoy my success. Not an ersatz father to admonish my shortcomings. Which I am not short on. You couldn't exorcise our father's demon. How I must haunt you --

Bainbridge fingers the bottle. How he desperately wants to take a drink. A taste --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

I heard it in your silence. I was your failure, in spite of my accomplishments -- didn't need to trudge to Gowkshill for an easter egg hunt to feel that pang --

-- But doesn't. Trying to remain strong.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

Then the invites stopped. My message received. And 9 years vanish in a sigh. I imagine you angry. I rejected you, your family. I did. I hoped --

Bainbridge realizes, the news he reported -- he was talking about himself this whole time. Echoing his own words:

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)

Past indiscretions could be forgiven. Clemency granted to those who seek it -- and even for those who don't.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

Bainbridge pauses. Reflecting. Not bad. Not a bad little speech. And then --

TAKES A CARD from an OLD STYLE ROLODEX. We quickly realize as Bainbridge dials, the old newsman was just practicing. Getting it right before he made the call. Always the professional. Even when calling his brother.

The phone line rings. And rings. And rings. And then --

FREDRICK BAINBRIDGE (ON THE PHONE)

Hello?

Not voice mail. No. His brother. Actually on the line.

FREDRICK BAINBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Hello? John? Is that you?

And for all of the bluster and poetry, Sir John is rendered speechless at the sound of his brother's VOICE. Struck mute with overwhelming guilt. Fredrick HANGS UP. The line goes DEAD.

69 EXT. MANGLED BMW - ANN ARBOR - DAY

69

Little Dave's lifeless body lies slumped in the tangled mess of metal and glass. A pool of blood forming around his body.

Olive kneels by Little Dave's body. Silently PRAYING. Kat sits on the curb. Crying. Can't stop crying. Zeb tries to comfort her. But words don't mean much right now -- so all he can give her is an ARM around her.

Big Dave drains the last inches of a BOTTLE OF BEER. Dropping it on the ground with CRASH! Then reaching into the broken car and fishing out another bottle.

Olive finishes her prayer. Opens her eyes. Looks down at Little Dave and closes his eyes with her hands.

BIG DAVE

Beer? It's a little warm but --

ZEB

I'll take one.

KAT

Two.

Big Dave twists off the cap. Then tosses Zeb the beer. A bit SPILLS out as Zeb catches the bottle. WE notice. Some blood on his hands as he takes a long swig --

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
How can you be so cold? Zeb?

She wants Zeb to be her rock. Her friend who saved her sunflowers for her. Despite the times. Olive stares daggers at Zeb -- can't help but feel accusatory:

OLIVE (CONT'D)
"Thou shall not kill."

ZEB
I didn't kill him.

OLIVE
You have blood on your hands.

ZEB
I didn't put that thing in his chest...

OLIVE
No, you pulled it out.

KAT
Give him a break.

Zeb feels enough guilt without Olive piling it on. Taking a long pull on his beer. Swallowing.

ZEB
It was the merciful thing to do.

And that word stings Olive.

OLIVE
Mercy?

ZEB
Yes.

OLIVE
That isn't your choice to make.

ZEB
You are such a douche.

OLIVE
Because I believe in God?

ZEB
Because you're a liar. You hide behind religion. And scavenger hunts. Because you're afraid...

OLIVE
Of what?

ZEB
Of having sex.

OLIVE
I'm not afraid.

ZEB
That it won't be for love....

OLIVE
I'm not afraid of having sex.

ZEB
You don't love Malcolm.

OLIVE
I do. I do love Malcolm.

ZEB
If you did, you'd be with him now.
You'd've gone straight. Not hang around
here -- with me.

Olive studies Zeb's face. Her best friend. It's like she doesn't even know him anymore. Olive grabs her SUNFLOWERS and runs off -- down the street...

Ren STUMBLES down the street. Illuminated in the passing HEADLIGHTS. Holding his WOUND. Trying to keep his insides from falling out with one hand. Trying to wave down a car with the other hand. Trying to stay conscious.

The world seems to be spinning faster. Dizzying. Ren can barely stand. Barely keep focus. The neon a blur. No one stops for Ren. Not a soul. One car nearly runs him over. Ren barely gets out of the way. Ren sees --

A CONVENIENCE STORE. His chance to get EGGS. But as he's about to enter. The doors SLIDING OPEN and CLOSED with a DING. Ren sees his REFLECTION.

He's PALE. Sweating. He doesn't need to be a doctor to know. This isn't good. Ren wants more than anything to get eggs. For his son. To cook breakfast. But he must admit. He has more pressing issues. Hustling back down the street as we MATCH CUT TO:

71

EXT. UNIVERSITY AVENUE - ANN ARBOR - DAY

71

OLIVE RUNS DOWN THE STREET. One hand grasping her BOUQUET OF SUNFLOWERS. The other hand gripping the SKIRT of her WEDDING DRESS. Careful not to trip on it or get it dirty.

The TRAFFIC is still INSANE. Cars strangling road. AND THE BRIDE. Running down the median. Surreal. Very "GRADUATE." Olive tries not to get turned into roadkill. Tries not to cry. But still cries. Her chest is heavy. But it's not the gravity. It's just guilt and fear and anger --

Olive checks her reflection in the STORE FRONT WINDOWS. Trying to fix her hair. Palm away the tears. Make certain she looks beautiful for Malcolm. For her GROOM.

72

EXT. STUDENT HOUSING - UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN - LATER

72

Olive hustles to Malcolm's apartment. WE SEE: FLYERS for bands, poetry slams, credit cards and tutors on bulletin boards. College kids LITTERING THE LAWN.

DRUNK. HIGH. PASSED OUT. Two STUDENTS are fighting. An old grudge taken out in FISTS and BLOOD. Other BRAINY STUDENTS haul CANS and DUCT TAPE and SARAN WRAP -- trying to construct a shelter, 9/11 style --

Olive steps over an unconscious FRAT BOY lying in a puddle of his own PUKE and BLOOD at the bottom of the stairs. It makes her think of Little Dave --

She wants to stop. Make sure he's okay. She doesn't. It's time to press on. Holding her shit together. Running up --

THE STAIRCASE.

The train of her dress getting dirty as she ascends. Her footsteps echoing in the cavernous, dark shaft -- hustling up all three flights without stopping.

Making a BEE-LINE for -- APARTMENT 316. Malcolm's Apartment. Ringing the DOORBELL. Waiting. Breath catching. But. No answer. Olive BANGS. Fist pounding against wood. A hint of desperation in her cadence. Where the hell is Malcolm? He was supposed to be home an hour ago. Olive listens --

She hears MUSIC coming from inside.

Thinking back on Zeb and the car, Olive looks under the WELCOME MAT. Finding the SPARE KEY. OPENS THE DOOR -- the MUSIC bursts out as she enters --

73

INT. MALCOLM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

73

THE STEREO BLARING. IRON & WINE. Sweet. Romantic. No wonder Malcolm didn't hear her knocking. He was setting the mood for their wedding. Olive smitten.

OLIVE

Our song?

No answer. Olive looks around the apartment. A BOOKSHELF and LAMP and PLATES have all crashed to the ground -- due to the GRAVITY EFFECT. Olive becomes increasingly concerned:

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Malcolm?

She walks down a hallway -- toward the bedrooms -- standing in the door jamb -- watching as:

MALCOLM FUCKS ANOTHER GIRL.

Olive watches. Horrified. But this isn't the romantic, tender making love Olive witnessed with the COUPLE IN THE FOREST. No. This is. It's...

RAW. Malcolm going at it with the girl under his comforter. Lust. Worse. A BETRAYAL. Everything Olive did today. All day. Her deepest wishes -- MARRYING MALCOLM -- shattered before her eyes. An acrid acid boiling in her gut.

Olive picks up Malcolm's PSYCHOLOGY 101 TEXTBOOK. Thick and hardbound with sharp edges. And HURLS it at him. NAILING Malcolm in the head. Malcolm turns. What the hell...?

Olive doesn't stop for pomp or circumstance. Furiously chucking whatever her fingers can find. A lamp. His macbook. A glass bong. Hoping to draw blood. Hoping to get satisfaction -- Olive storms out.

74

EXT. MALCOLM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

74

As Olive's about to head down the stairs -- Malcolm comes out, a sheet wrapped around his privates.

MALCOLM

Olive. Just. Wait.

Olive stops -- straddling stairs. Sighing anger.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You were taking a long time so...

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

OLIVE
So your dick slipped in someone's vagina?

MALCOLM
Jenny's a real nice girl.

OLIVE
I'm not blaming her --

MALCOLM
It's the end of the everything --

OLIVE
That's an excuse?

Malcolm runs his hands through his hair. Frustrated.

MALCOLM
All I'm saying is morality is subjective.

OLIVE
Taking one philosophy class doesn't
make you smart. It makes you an ass.

And Malcolm looks at Olive. In her wedding dress. The sunflower bouquet. Beautiful. Malcolm closes the gap. Takes her hand. Apologetic.

MALCOLM
You look beautiful.

She allows herself to enjoy his touch. It is what she wanted... And she is -- torn -- confused...

OLIVE
Because I love you --

They stare at each other. Olive thinks. For a fleeting moment. Maybe she could forgive him. Maybe...

MALCOLM
You could join us.

Olive sharply pulls her hand away. Walking down the stairs. Taking her flowers and leaves --

75

INT. HOSPITAL NICU - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

75

NURSE ANGEL cradles a BABY. A PACIFIER on her finger -- her finger in the BABY'S MOUTH. She hums a sweet lullaby. SOOTHING THE BABY. Working. Even in the end.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

Angel hears a familiar BANGING at the DOOR. RAT-A-TAT-TAT.
A knowing smirk.

ANGEL
I knew you'd be back, Ren.

She turns to see --

Just like before. REN. Standing on TIPPY-TOES -- his little head barely visible in the observation window. Waving his BLOODY hand --

Angel gasps. Rushing to help Ren. Yanking open the door.

76 INT. HOSPITAL NICU - SHANGHAI - LATER

76

A NEEDLE pokes through FLESH. Ren WINCES as Angel STITCHES up his side. Cauterizing the wound as she goes with a First Aid Kit. As Angel takes another pass through skin --

Ren sucks in air and spit through his teeth. Trying to hide his pain. Still never one to complain. Even though it hurts worse than anything he could ever imagine. Angel's sympathetic even if her fingers are shaky. Making the whole experience that much more unpleasant.

ANGEL
I haven't done this since school.

REN
You're doing fine.

ANGEL
The morphine should kick in soon.

Angel cauterizes the wound. The smell of burning flesh is sickening.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
All done.

As Angel takes off her gloves. Ren ruminates on the words. ALL DONE. Too true. Time to concede. Towel thrown --

REN
You were right.

ANGEL
I usually am.

REN
I'm never going to make it home.

(CONTINUED)

She shouldn't have gloated. Angel's heart breaks for Ren.

ANGEL

You tried.

Meaning. He failed. For all his talk of faith. And belief. And will power. Ren failed. Angel puts a comforting hand on Ren's. Kind. Caring.

He stares at Angel. She is... beautiful. Ren leans in and --

KISSES Angel. The MOST loyal husband. The MOST loyal father. Gerald's words still ring into Ren's ears. And Bart Simpsons' from the subway. SUCCUMBING. For a nano-second before abruptly pulling away.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Dude.

Ren shakes his head. As if he was in some sort of -- daze. Instantly ashamed. Confused. Near tears:

ANGEL (CONT'D)

You lost a lot of blood. And the morphine.

Ren's lost. Confused. Defeated. Sad. So very sad. Angel lays him down on the bed.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

You spend so much time taking care of others. Let someone take care of you.

Draping him in a blanket. Nurturing. And yet. Saddened. If anyone could accomplish the impossible. It would be Ren. And he didn't. It makes Angel feel -- hopeless.

THUMPING BASS thunders out of an ELEPHANT SIZED CONCERT SPEAKER mounted in the back of a FLAT BED. "DJ REEBOK" is spinning tunes. Not exactly LAS VEGAS. But trying to be in these last fleeting moments. Shirt off. Wearing an old-school LL COOL J HAT. KANYE pouring out of the speakers:

AS KIDS DRINK AND SMOKE. Shooting beers. Lighting up joints.

AND SWIM AND DANCE. Sweating. Wriggling bodies. Glimpses of PG-13 RATED FLESH poke out of the pond. WILD ABANDON.

AND CRYING. Finding comfort in friends. Uncontrollable weeping.

AND INSANE. Judging people's suicides off Lattimer Bridge. Holding up scores like OLYMPIC JUDGES. Another two boys playing WILLIAM TELL with a REVOLVER and an APPLE.

Amongst the revelers we discover:

BIG DAVE crosses through a sea of people. Bringing a full bottle of GREY GOOSE over to:

OLIVE and KAT. DANCING. Olive's still in her wedding dress. Refusing to take it off. They all swap swigs of alcohol. Drowning sorrows. Faces contorting into scowls. Getting good and wasted.

Big Dave asks Kat to dance. In the wake of the everything -- Kat agrees. Drunkenly dancing with her best friend. Leaving Olive alone. Olive burns. Vodka pouring down her throat. Rage towards Malcolm. Bad choices ensue:

Dancing. Grinding against the nearest BOY she can find.

Olive doesn't know this dude, but still takes off his shirt. Her hands rubbing up and down his bare chest. Making certain there is no misunderstanding. Olive's only interested in one thing now. As we find an angle on:

ZEB.

Sitting on a BOULDER. Knees folded into chest. Scanning the crowd until he discovers.

Olive. Grinding herself into some GUY. Kissing him.

Zeb leaps off the boulder. Hustling his way through the throng. Seeing Olive's WEDDING DRESS through the cracks in the crowd. Honing in and --

PULLING OLIVE OFF THE DUDE. She stares daggers at Zeb --

OLIVE
The hell are you doing...?

ZEB
I'm sorry about what I said before.

OLIVE
Grand. Excuse me --

Olive tries to push past Zeb, but he's not moving.

ZEB
Don't make a mistake you're gonna regret.

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

OLIVE

So this is wrong? And Malcolm is wrong?
 And God? So you know so much. What's
 the right choice, Zeb?

Zeb doesn't answer. Putting his hands in his pockets. All
 of his bluster evaporating in the afternoon sun. Olive knows --
 and the alcohol has loosened her tongue.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You think I should be with you?

Zeb doesn't answer. But we all know. Olive knows. Zeb
 wants to be with her. More than anything.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

A girl wants to be held. To be cared
 for. And you... you're a coward. You
 can't even admit you love me.

And Olive's not wrong. But the alcohol has removed her
 sensitivity filter. Going straight for Zeb's jugular.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

How could I ever love someone like you?

Hurt. Zeb walks away. And Olive knows she shouldn't have
 said those things. It's like she was possessed. Immediately
 regretful.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Zeb...

But he gives Olive the BIRD as he disappears into the crowd.
 And just as Olive can't imagine this day getting any worse.

MR. WINGERT (O.S.)

Olive.

Olive turns to see her father. Mr. Wingert. Arms crossed.
 Fuming angry at his daughter. Disappointed.

Mr. Wingert grabs his daughter by the arm, squeezing hard
 and angry. Walking Olive to his car. Away from the party.
 Away from Zeb. Away from reconciliation.

78

INT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON - DAY

78

The liquor bottles are empty. Bainbridge suffers under the
 weight of a migraine. Gathering himself. Reporting:

SIR JOHN

We are joined again by Corporal Brand --

(CONTINUED)

CORPORAL BRAND (ON THE PHONE)
Still alive and kicking, sir.

And there is a levity to Corporal Brand's voice that wasn't present before. As if we could hear a smile.

SIR JOHN
Last we spoke, a lottery would determine admission to the continuance bunker. I can imagine the chaos that has ensued --

CORPORAL BRAND (ON THE PHONE)
No-sir. I've never seen anything like this... the community decided only the children would be allowed in the shelter.

SIR JOHN
The children?

CORPORAL BRAND (ON THE PHONE)
We cleared the airspace so the parents could say goodbye. Are you seeing this?

Bainbridge grabs a REMOTE. Changing through the monitors. Until they are all broadcasting the same NEWS FEED:

THE BLUE SKY ABOVE SAN DIEGO. It's filled with BALLOONS. Massive HOT AIR BALLOONS. Rainbows. Bursting color. There must be 70. 80. And then --

Millions of regular balloons are released. Floating up. Like fireworks in the middle of the day. It's magical.

SIR JOHN
For those of you who cannot see -- the sky above California is filled with balloons. There must be millions. These parents have given their children the greatest gift. Smiles.

And with that -- overwhelmed -- all the drink finally catches up to Bainbridge -- as he kneels over, planting his head in a trash can as we SMASH TO:

A CLOSED BATHROOM STALL DOOR. OLIVE'S PUKING. CHUNKS splash in toilet water. Heaving half a bottle of vodka into the toilet. Her 16-year-old gut can't stomach the booze. She FLUSHES. Walks out of the stall. Blood drained from her face. Pale. Discovering:

HER FATHER, Mr. Wingert. A BOTTLE OF WATER in one hand -- WET PAPER TOWEL in the other. That DISAPPOINTED glare that only a father can nail.

MR. WINGERT
What were you thinking?

Olive doesn't answer. Staring. Silent. Mr. Wingert extends the towel to Olive. Olive takes the towel, wiping her face.

MR. WINGERT (CONT'D)
Do you know how afraid I was?

Again. No answer. Mr. Wingert hands Olive the bottle of water. He's trying to be calm. Caring, but not especially nurturing. There's a difference.

MR. WINGERT (CONT'D)
Drink some water.

OLIVE
I'm not thirsty.

MR. WINGERT
Alcohol dehydrates you. You know how you get. Soccer?

Olive looks up at her father. Craning her neck.

OLIVE
You know you can't save me. Right?
Like you couldn't save Mom.

Mr. Wingert's eyes turn sad -- looking at his daughter... Surprised to hear that mouth on his daughter.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
You pray and pray and pray and nothing changes -- Mom never got better...

MR. WINGERT
You're drunk.

A tense moment. Olive palms a tear out of her eye. Trying to be brave.

OLIVE
I'm going.

MR. WINGERT
Where?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
I don't know.

MR. WINGERT
Drinking? Sex?

OLIVE
No. I don't know.

MR. WINGERT
That is not an option.

OLIVE
You don't get to make that choice.

Olive doesn't know what she wants. But she knows. It's her choice. Defiant. Wingert softens:

MR. WINGERT
Did I do something wrong?

OLIVE
No.

MR. WINGERT
Because, this hasn't been easy.

OLIVE
For either of us.

MR. WINGERT
When you asked me about lipstick or
your period and I bought Panty-Liners.

The memory scraping the surface of her thoughts --

OLIVE
Bled all over myself...

MR. WINGERT
What do I know from tampons?

OLIVE
I figured it out.

MR. WINGERT
Your mother should've been... You
should've been mothered. I thought
maybe Angela could...

OLIVE
No she couldn't.

79 CONTINUED: (3)

79

Wingert scowls. So frustrated. Overwhelmed by his failure.

MR. WINGERT
This isn't a job for men.

Olive sees her father's frustrations. Behind the sting is softness. Compassionate, Olive takes her father's hand.

OLIVE
Doesn't mean I don't love you. I love you, Daddy. But you have to let me go.

Mr. Wingert let's go of Olive's hand. Heads to the door. Fishing out a SET OF KEYS --

MR. WINGERT
We need to pray on this. I'll be back soon and -- we can spend our final moments together. As a family.

Mr. Wingert exits, swiftly closing the door behind him. Olive HEARS. The door -- LOCKING. What the...? Olive runs to the door. Yanking on it. But no. NO! It won't budge. It's locked. Her father LOCKED HER IN.

As Olive BANGS on the door -- MATCH CUT TO:

80 INT. HOSPITAL NICU - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

80

A BANGING at the DOOR. Angel's startled. Who the hell could it be? Angel checks on REN -- still sleeping as she makes her way across the room, pulling open the door to find:

A WOMAN. Disheveled. Make-up staining her cheeks. She's been crying. Sobbing. For hours. Exhausted.

ANGEL
Can I help you?

WOMAN
Pauline Yang. Geo's mommy.

She came back. Just like Ren said she would.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
May I...? My son?

ANGEL
Of course of course of course.

Angel leads her over to Geo's incubator.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN
I've been trying to get here all night...

She looks inside. At her son. Tears returning.

ANGEL
Would you like to hold him?

WOMAN
Can I?

Angel nods a smile. Pulling over a ROCKING CHAIR -- indicating for the woman to SIT. Then LAYING a blanket over her lap. Making a warm nest.

Angel cradles Baby Geo in her arms -- wires and all -- transferring him over to his mother's tender care. Geo's mother holds her son close to her chest. Angel looks at Ren. Amazed. He was right. From a nearby radio we hear:

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
*My best lie I told was to my daughter --
 Not that she's conscious of it.*

The wisps of a steaming hot cup of tea cradle Bainbridge's face as he returns to the land of sobriety.

SIR JOHN
*It's a Dickensian level of manipulation --
 not that I'm prone to hyperbolize --*

As he takes a sip of tea --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
The long and short is -- years ago -- I ran into a former female associate whom I'd desecrated on occasion. She was holding the hand of a 3-year-old girl, whose feckless-freckled face was my own --

Bainbridge pains at the memory --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
The mother craved nothing. No fiduciary obligations. No diaper duty. I was to have nothing to do with my daughter. Being a gentleman, and a lout, I obliged.
 (MORE)

81 CONTINUED:

81

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 (then smirking)
 Or so I'd have the mother believe...
 I'd never push a swing, or wipe the
 muck from my girl's pudgy cheek -- but
 everyone needs a guardian angel.

As Bainbridge looks down on the city from up on high --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 My daughter won anonymous scholarships
 for the finest education. A private
 letter to the dean of admissions for
 university. Pulling strings to get her
 CV to the top of the job pile...

Then cradling the tea for warmth as he feels a chill --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 Ever the journalist, ever observing
 from afar as she blossomed into a
 beautiful and kind human being. Honoring
 her mother's wishes. My daughter never
 knew her father existed...

In the reflection of the glass, Bainbridge sees the PHONE
 LIGHT UP. The single signal blinking. A caller. He
 swallows. Nervous. Could it be....? He picks up the line:

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
 You're on Voice of the World.

It's a moment before we hear:

OLIVE (ON THE PHONE)
 Why didn't you tell her the truth?

82 INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - ANN ARBOR - INTERCUT

82

Olive sits on the toilet. In her wedding dress. Flowers on
 the floor. Talking on the phone.

SIR JOHN
 What's your name, dear?

OLIVE
 Olive.

SIR JOHN
 Olive-dear....

OLIVE
 Just. Olive. A girl needs a father --

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

SIR JOHN
I make a better angel.

OLIVE
You didn't give her a choice.

SIR JOHN
Not hers to make --

Olive's clinging to her hate. Of Malcolm. Of her Dad.
Especially her Dad. It transfers easily to Bainbridge --

OLIVE
She dreamed about you. You know that.
It's a fairy tale --

SIR JOHN
My daughter wanted for nothing.

OLIVE
It's easy to pay the bills. Harder to
clean the mess...

SIR JOHN
Too right. All the benefits, none of
the baggage.

Olive sees the mess of her face in the mirror. Takes a paper
towel to wipe up her tears...

OLIVE
You didn't even try.

SIR JOHN
Fatherhood was a gig best left to her
mother. I had... work.

And that breaks Olive's heart. How similar her own father
is to Bainbridge -- angry:

OLIVE
You wouldn't know -- you never met her --

SIR JOHN
I never said that.

What? But Olive assumed --

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
I didn't steer her into broadcast. An
innate genetic yen? A higher power?
But when she applied for a job here --

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
She works with you?

He looks at the photo of PRUDENCE. And holy fucking shit! We quickly realize, Prudence is his DAUGHTER. Not an affair. Not some fling. Bainbridge recalls earlier:

OLIVE (CONT'D)
She must know. It can't be coincidence.

SIR JOHN
Perhaps. She allows me my silence.
Waiting on me to take the first step.
It is my duty. And I had a chance to
confess. To be with my girl. But --

He was haunted by too many demons. A lifetime of conflict stifling his soul. Standing alone in the broadcast booth.

SIR JOHN (CONT'D)
You know how the story ends.

And in the silence. Olive hears: THE DOOR. UNLOCKING.

OLIVE
Story's not over yet. God hears
confessions. So will she --

Olive hangs up. WE REMAIN inside the bathroom with Olive. Staring at the door. Wondering who is going to walk through the threshold. Her Dad?

Malcolm? Zeb? But no:

It's ANGELA. The young, inappropriate girl-friend.

ANGELA
I'm probably one of the last people you
wanna see right now.

OLIVE
No.
(then)
The last.

Angela can practically feel the heat coming from Olive's eyes -- but she presses on. Stepping forward.

ANGELA
I don't expect you to anything -- this
isn't some last minute reconciliation
thing. I just -- I came to spring you --

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

She what now? Angela? Olive's immediately suspect:

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 Your father doesn't understand being
 16. And a girl. But it wasn't that
 long ago for me --

OLIVE
 Yeah, that's not helping --

Angela checks her watch. 3:01 PM.

ANGELA
 Can I give you a lift somewhere?

83 INT. PARKING GARAGE - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

83

Angel helps Ren hobble through the parking garage. She's hitting the ALARM BUTTON. But no HEADLIGHTS are blinking. Ren CRINGES. His wounds smarting. The stitches could come undone. Stumbling along.

ANGEL
*Geo's mom is gonna stay with the babies.
 Gave us her car -- though she couldn't
 remember where she parked...*

REN
Hang on. Just...

Ren needs to take a break. Breathing through the pain. Angel checks the wound.

ANGEL
*I'll drive. But it's up to you to fight
 through the pain, dude.*

Easier said than done...

ANGEL (CONT'D)
*You were right okay? Geo's mom came
 back. So, you do not give up. There's
 still time. Okay? Still time --*

Angel hits the ALARM BUTTON AGAIN. A SMALL HYUNDAI in the corner LIGHTS UP. A way home. Angel smiles. Offering Ren a hand. He takes it. The speech worked. They limp to the car. Getting inside...

REN
We have to make one stop first...

As Ren slams the door --

84

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - ANN ARBOR - DAY

84

POP! The CIGARETTE LIGHTER SNAPS OUT!

Angela pulls out the lighter. The COIL RED and HOT. Lighting a SKINNY, MENTHOL CIGARETTE. Taking a long drag. Olive, still in wedding dress and the vestiges of her BOUQUET, sits stunned at Angela's rebellion.

OLIVE

You smoke?

ANGELA

Menthols. I convinced your dad it's just the taste of my gum...

OLIVE

Can I...?

Angela hands her the cigarette. Olive doesn't really know how to hold it. Fumbling.

ANGELA

Between these two fingers.

Olive inhales. Her lips awkwardly engulfing the tiny cigarette. Coughing out a plume of smoke. Before handing it back to Angela. As Angela takes a drag.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(off Olive)

Don't tell him, Okay?

OLIVE

Honest? I didn't think you were capable of thinking for yourself.

ANGELA

That's nice.

OLIVE

You know what I mean --

ANGELA

It's not like we took the time to get to know each other.

Very true. Angela passes the cigarette to Olive --

OLIVE

We could cram it all in now?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)
(off Angela)

Pepperoni pizza. I love sunday mornings
but hate sunday nights. I love -- Love
Actually. Geography. I thought I'd
travel. Maybe be cartographer.

ANGELA
What's that?

OLIVE
Make maps. And fall in love. Get
married by the waterfall offa route 5.

Olive passes the cigarette back to Angela.

ANGELA
Pesto gnocchi. Love Actually, actually.
I love driving with the windows down on
a cold day with the heat turned up. I
fell in love... I love your father.

OLIVE
Why?

ANGELA
Because he was my friend first.

Sounds a lot like Zeb. Olive can't help reflect on her best friend. The bouquet of flowers he saved for her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I don't know what I wanna do when I
grow up. I thought I'd be someone's
mother. I thought I'd be good at that...

Angela takes a long long drag. Olive sees Angela's pain.
They're not so different. When it comes right down to it.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
So? Where are you going?

As Olive holds the cigarette in her hand. Ready to make the choice she's been avoiding this entire time:

OLIVE
I want to see my mom --

TO ESTABLISH. Ren and Angel drive through the parking lot.
Looking at the very familiar BLUE LOGO in piercing NEON
reflected in the WINDSHIELD.

85 CONTINUED:

85

REN

Eggs.

As they pull to a stop --

86 EXT. GLENN MEMORIAL - ANN ARBOR - DAY

86

TO ESTABLISH. A SIGN. A SLAB OF GREY GRANITE. Like a large TOMBSTONE. Etched with the words, "GLENN MEMORIAL." STOIC.

Angela's CAR breaks frame -- but as we prepare to find Olive going to visit her mother in a Cemetery WE CUT INTO:

87 INT. GLENN MEMORIAL - MOMENTS LATER

87

A DARK HOSPITAL ROOM. Olive stands over -- VALERIE WINGERT (40) -- ALIVE. Well. Kind of. A BREATHING TUBE running from her throat to a RESPIRATOR. LIFE SUPPORT. Eyes open yes, but VACANT. Olive holds the sunflowers.

OLIVE

I brought your favorite.

Olive presents the SUNFLOWERS. Then goes to the night stand and finds an EMPTY VASE. Takes it to the sink -- filling it with WATER. (All her actions very similar to Ren -- amazingly so -- how small our world really is.) Olive speaks to her mother as if they were having a conversation.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh Angela dropped me off. She's not too bad. Angela. You remember she worked here. That's how they met...

Olive finishes filling the vase. Turns off the water. And then puts the flowers inside. Arranging them carefully.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Dad was so devoted to you, but it's been 7 years. They don't kiss. Just hold hands and stuff. Technically, you and Dad are married until you...

Olive looks at her mother's hand. Eyeing the WEDDING RING on her finger. Then puts the vase by her mother's bed --

OLIVE (CONT'D)

But don't worry. I hate her for you.

Olive cuddles up next to her mom --

88

EXT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON - DUSK

88

Bainbridge stares out the window. The sky is filled with oranges and purples and pinks as the sun begins to head down -- below the horizon and a swath of night begins to creep --

Sir John talks into the microphone.

SIR JOHN
I lived my life without compromise.

89

INT. A DIFFERENT WALMART - SHANGHAI - NIGHT

89

The Dairy Aisle. Ren and Angel stand in a GRAVEYARD OF CRACKED SHELLS AND YOLKS. MEASURING EGGS. Trying to find one that's 49 mm. Just one would be fine. Ren's vigilant eyes on the clock -- **5:14 AM.**

As Ren takes another egg in his hand. Measuring. It's not 49 mm. He drops it with an unceremonious CRACK. Exhausted.

REN
I lived my life without complaint.

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN OLIVE, REN and SIR JOHN:

OLIVE
I think I made a mess of everything.

SIR JOHN
I called it integrity.

REN
*I tried to always be helpful to others --
 To do good in this world.*

OLIVE
*I tried. I prayed. Every sunday.
 Sang in choir. Good grades.*

SIR JOHN
I lied to substantiate my ambition --

REN
People remember those who help them...

OLIVE
You were in my every thought, Mommy.

REN
*My wife says I'm naive. I prefer
 compassionate.*

(CONTINUED)

SIR JOHN
 I feign compassion to endear myself
 fans, though I've long given up.

REN
*I say everything happens for a reason.
 Good or bad.*

OLIVE
 How can it be right to keep you alive?
 How can Dad do this to you?

REN
*That gangster. Those people in the
 subway.*

OLIVE
 Or is Zeb right? Is it merciful to end
 your suffering?

REN
*The man who committed suicide. That
 poor man on the radio.*

OLIVE
 Who's right?

SIR JOHN
 Ren is right.

REN
I couldn't give in to cynicism.

SIR JOHN
 Fight while there is still time.

REN
I never never complained. Kept faith.

SIR JOHN
 And Olive is right.

OLIVE
 I'm confused and -- and confused.

SIR JOHN
 God hears our confessions.

OLIVE
 Prayers aren't answered.

SIR JOHN
 Our Father, hallowed be your name.

REN
I should have complained.

OLIVE
I prayed that you'd die.

SIR JOHN
For thine is the kingdom.

REN
When my son was diagnosed.

OLIVE
How could I live while you were here?

SIR JOHN
For thine is the glory.

REN
When I had to work the night shift.

OLIVE
So yes. Indecisive. I couldn't grow up without you, Mommy.

SIR JOHN
Forever and ever.

REN
I just want to go home.

OLIVE
I tried to cram a life in a day.

SIR JOHN
Even though I'm a plagiarist.

REN
Cook an omelet for my son.

SIR JOHN
I'm sorry I betrayed you Drew --

OLIVE
Old, new, borrowed, blue. A wedding. Something old...

Olive holds her mother's hand. The RING.

REN
Kiss my wife.

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

SIR JOHN
 Thank you for raising me Freddy --

OLIVE
 ...A kiss... and sex... but I was
 afraid. Don't tell Zeb.

WE RESUME WITH OLIVE.

And as Olive's thoughts are drawn to Zeb, again. Staring at the SUNFLOWERS -- as they begin to BEND and COLLAPSE, just as they did on the Flower Farm...

GRAVITY IS SHIFTING. HEAVY. REAL HEAVY.

90 INT. A DIFFERENT WALMART - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

90

THE ROOF COLLAPSES. A LARGE CERAMIC TILE nearly CRUSHES Angel, but Ren pulls her away just in time. Saving her life. For the time being. As EXPOSED WIRING snakes to the ground. Hissing with electric venom. AND AIR CONDITIONING DUCTS are about to descend on them -- cutting them into ribbons -- nowhere to run -- except -- into the WALK IN FREEZER.

91 INT. GLENN MEMORIAL - ANN ARBOR - INTERCUT

91

Feels like the building is going to collapse on top of them. SHAKING. CEILING TILES CRACK. FLUORESCENT LIGHTS dislodge and SHATTER on the floor. POWER CUTS OUT. Drenching them in darkness. Frightened, Olive takes her mother's hand.

Daylight intrudes as the BLINDS are pulled to the ground. The MEATY SHAFTS of LIGHT blinding OLIVE. The GRAVITY topples over the RESPIRATOR, yanking out Val's breathing tube.

Olive can't move. The gravity is too intense. The only thing Olive can do is CLASP her mother's HAND. Holding it tightly.

92 EXT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON - INTERCUT

92

THE GRAVITY sends Bainbridge to his KNEES. Really praying now. Prostrate. Looking out at London. He sees --

BIG BEN. CRUMBLING FROM THE GRAVITY. TOPPLING OVER. And it's not alone. ALL OF THE CLASSIC STRUCTURES appear to be dissolving under the weight (While the newer retrofit buildings seem to be surviving.)

SIR JOHN
 I love you Prudence.

93

INT. WALK-IN-FREEZER - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

93

It's a tight fit. And getting tighter. Ren and Angel hoped the STEEL LINING of the Freezer wouldn't bend. But it is. Coming down. Threatening to turn them into pancakes. They already have the milk and eggs around. It's COLD. They hang onto each other for warmth. And fear.

The AWFUL sound of metal tearing. Piercing. Like death screaming. The roof is millimeters from killing them. Closing in. Ren and Angel have to lay down. Angel cries. Ren takes her hand. Trying to give comfort. As he has this whole night. His whole life.

Confident. That everything will turn out for the best. And then...

It ends.

Gravity resumes. Returning to normal. Ren and Angel catching FROSTED breath. They survived. Surrounded by EGGS.

94

INT. GLENN MEMORIAL - ANN ARBOR - INTERCUT

94

Gravity normal. Olive feels her Mom's hand. Suddenly cold.

OLIVE

Mommy?

All the life drained out of her body. Gone. Dead. Finally dead. Olive looks in her hand to see:

THE WEDDING RING.

The Gravity slipped it off her mother's emaciated fingers. Olive looks up. Is this a sign? A message? From God? From her mother? She closes her mother's eyes (just like she did earlier with Little Dave.) And then -- gives her mother a kiss on her cheek...

95

EXT. WALK-IN-FREEZER - SHANGHAI - INTERCUT

95

Ren takes one of the EGGS. Finds his tape measure. Closing one eye so he can get an accurate reading. And then...

His face breaking out into that wide, awkward grin. He can't believe it. Is this a miracle? A message? From God? But there it is... the tape measure coming into focus:

REN

49 mm.

96

EXT. BBC - BROADCAST BOOTH - LONDON - DUSK

96

Sir John looks at the destroyed city. Watching as the sun dips below the horizon. It's warm caress vanishing from his face. Drenching him in darkness.

97

EXT. REN'S HOUSE - TANGJIE VILLAGE - DAWN

97

The HYUNDAI pulls up in the driveway. Ren gets out of the car. His SHOPPING BAG in hand. Looking at:

THE HOUSE. Still standing. Just as he said it would be. As he hobbles up the driveway. A father returning home from work. He turns back to Angel --

She's hanging back. Feels like she's intruding. Ren just smiles.

REN

Invitation's still open for breakfast.

98

EXT. END OF THE WORLD PARTY - ANN ARBOR - DAY

98

OLIVE pushes her way through the mass of kids. But it's not dying down as we near the final seconds. It rages harder! More kids. More chaos. The crowd's going to swallow her. When Olive finds:

BIG DAVE and KAT. Kissing. Fingers intertwined. A happy ending. Olive hates to interrupt but --

OLIVE

Where's Zeb?

They can't hear Olive. She makes a "Z" with her finger. Kat points off. Olive follows it to find:

ZEB. Sitting on his rock.

Olive crosses to him. Penitent. Apologetic. She talks. BUT. THE MUSIC IS SO LOUD -- we can't hear what she's saying. And neither can Zeb. He has to SCREAM:

ZEB

WHAT?

She tries to explain again. But the music's too loud. He jumps down off his rock. Getting closer. Olive has to scream in his ear. Choosing her words carefully.

OLIVE

I chose to spend the day with you because you're my best friend. And I love you.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

Olive presents her mother's wedding ring. She doesn't want to scream it. Her eyes speak louder than words. MARRY ME?

99 INT. REN'S BEDROOM - TANGJIE VILLAGE - DAWN

99

Ren walks quietly into the dark bedroom -- looking at:

HIS WIFE. Lying asleep in their bed. Ren's heart practically leaping out of his chest. He walks over to his wife. Giving her a kiss. She stirs awake. Smiling at him. He gives another kiss. She looks over at a bedside clock --

WIFE
It's late... everything okay?

REN
Perfect.

WIFE
I think there were some earthquakes last night.

Ren wonders. Does she know? If she does -- she's not saying anything. Ren wants to pretend like it's all normal.

REN
It's fine. Let's make breakfast.

100 EXT. FOREST - ANN ARBOR - DAY

100

Just like the beginning. Olive runs through the Forest. HAND in HAND with Zeb. Splashing through mud puddles. Until they reach. The fork in the road. This time. Olive climbs up. THE MORE DIFFICULT PATH.

101 INT. REN'S KITCHEN - TANGJIE VILLAGE - DAWN

101

START ON: AN EGG. Perfect. White. Slowly. Rotating. Adjust to discover -- it's not Ren holding the egg. But:

HIS SON. 13. Carefully measuring the egg. One eye closed. Reading a tape measure.

SON
This one's good.

Ren and his Wife make breakfast. Frying up fish in the wok. Angel helps. Making tea. Outside the WINDOW -- we hear the OCEAN. WAVES crashing. Ren's Son measures another EGG.

ANGEL
Why must the eggs be 49 mm?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Ren's Son doesn't answer. He cracks the final egg into the bowl. Begins stirring. Avoiding Angel's question.

WIFE
He doesn't do well with strangers.

REN
*It's no an excuse. We've been working
 on this. Right?*

And it's hard for Ren's Son but -- he puts down the bowl. Attempting to look Angel in the eye --

SON
*49 is 7 squared. 7 is not only a prime.
 A Woodall prime. A factorial prime. A
 lucky prime. And a happy number.*

ANGEL
A happy number?

SON
*The sum of the squares of the digits
 eventually equals 1. 7 finds it's 1.
 It's never alone. It's happy.*

Ren puts his strong, encouraging hand on his son's shoulder -- This is what content looks like. His tears are gone. Frustration vanished. Smile refusing to go away.

WIFE
Thank you for taking my husband home.

ANGEL
My pleasure.

WIFE
He's always going on about karma.

REN
She thinks I'm naive.

WIFE
You are naive. It's your finest quality.

102 INT. CHURCH - ANN ARBOR - DAY

102

Mr. Wingert sits in the pews. Praying. ANGELA slides in next to him. Takes his hand. We think she is going to catch a tremendous amount of shit for letting Olive go, but:

MR. WINGERT
Everything go okay with Olive?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

He knew? But...?

ANGELA

I still say you should have done it.

MR. WINGERT

I couldn't.

It was his idea to let Olive go?

ANGELA

You're a great father.

103 EXT. WATERFALL - ANN ARBOR - DAY

103

Tremendous. Cascading water ROARS over a CLIFF. Falling 200 feet into a BASIN POOL. White mist everywhere. SO LOUD you can barely hear anything else.

Olive and Zeb WADE ankle deep into the water. Zeb takes Olive's Mother's RING. Puts it on her finger. Zeb leans in to kiss Olive. Olive's tentative. Giggles. This is very very awkward. Zeb's her best friend. Zeb SQUARES Olive. Taking control. Like Olive suggested earlier. Protective and strong and --

104 INT. REN'S KITCHEN - TANGJIE VILLAGE - DAWN

104

Ren takes a bite of his omelet. Chewing. Watching as his family eats. Steam rising from the eggs. Hot and nourishing and yummy. It makes you hungry just watching them eat.

Ren's wife leans over and gives him a KISS as:

105 EXT. WATERFALL - INTERCUT

105

Zeb leans in. Gently KISSING Olive. WHEN:

GRAVITY SHIFTS. LIGHTER. THE NOISE STOPS. THE WATERFALL -- STOPS. AS IF FROZEN. And then --

The water drops FLOAT UP -- into the air -- reversing direction -- toward heaven. Glistening like CRYSTALS in the afternoon sun. Reflecting on:

Olive and Zeb. Kiss. Deeply. Passionate. And we realize --

They're FLOATING. FLYING. Inches above the water. Ascending. Kissing. Like two angels about to return home.

106

INT. REN'S KITCHEN - DAWN

106

The SUN rises over the OCEAN -- bathing the kitchen in LIGHT streaming through the window.

WIFE
(shielding her eyes)
So bright.

REN
Here.

Ren moves to the shade. Taking a moment to look at his family. Practically GLOWING in the morning light. Like halos. Outside the window -- we see the OCEAN begin to FLOAT UP INTO THE SKY...

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO)
This is goodbye, my friends. Thank you
for the indulgence. Signing off.

Ren LOWERS THE SHADE. Covering the window. Blocking out the sun. Like a curtain falling down on a stage.

BLACK.

AND WE HEAR THE BEGINNING HEARTBREAKING GUITAR CHORDS OF **DANIEL JOHNSTON'S "TRUE LOVE WILL FIND YOU IN THE END."** Over Black we HEAR SIR JOHN BAINBRIDGE ON THE RADIO:

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)
What're...? What're you doing here?

We can't really hear WHO Bainbridge is talking to. WHOEVER IT IS -- they are not close enough to the microphone.

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)
You came... I don't believe it...

His wife? His brother? His daughter? It's left to the imagination. Sir John's voice. Sparkling with happiness:

SIR JOHN (ON THE RADIO) (CONT'D)
It's wonderful to see you.

THE END.