

BACKGROUND SONG: "Over My Shoulder" by Mika plays over the credits, a haunting piano lullaby....

| MZD |

*presents*

| DAVID DUCHOVNY |

| JOHN NEVILLE |

| ETERNITY |

ENDS

| MARY McDONNELL |  
| LAURIE HOLDEN |  
| W. EARL BROWN |  
| APRIL GRACE |  
| PARKER McKENNA POSEY |  
| BILL SMITROVICH |  
*and* | GILLIAN ANDERSON |

*based on the virtual series  
created by*  
| ANGELO SHRINE |

*written by*  
| ANGELO SHRINE |

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

As "Over My Shoulder" continues --

CLOSE ON: a blue backpack with a dinosaur on it.

The backpack is worn by a 5-year-old blond boy, ALISTAIR, who's standing all by himself on the playground.

Around him, all of the other kids are playing, laughing, swinging, etc. But Alistair just stands there alone.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - WENDY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Kindergarten. About twenty kids (aged 5 and 6) are having fun finger-painting, while their teacher, WENDY BREEDEN, walks among them, giving kind encouragement.

WENDY

Nice job, Stephanie. Oh, Willie, that's a good one.

Wendy has a strict authority about her, but also a great kindness. Curly brown hair, eyeglasses, soothing voice.

She comes to Alistair, who's sitting alone in the corner, drawing a blue dinosaur with his finger-paints.

Wendy bends down next to him, clearly impressed with his drawing. She rubs his blond hair.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Wonderful, Alistair. You have such a great gift.

Alistair doesn't smile. Just keeps painting.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Wendy proudly shows the blue dinosaur to other teachers, including RONALD RAY PARCH (46), a hairy-faced, greasy, scabbed man with yellow teeth. The janitor.

WENDY

Look at this. Talent beyond his years!

The teachers all nod in agreement. But Ronald squints.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

Wendy waves goodbye from the school entrance as her kids go home for the day. Many go to the bus line, but Alistair is one of the few who walks home.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALISTAIR'S STREET - DAY

Alistair walks down the street, hopping over a familiar pothole. He's still wearing his blue backpack.

A rusted maroon car pulls up. It doesn't park, but instead tracks along at Alistair's speed, keeping up with him.

After several steps, Alistair notices the car. That's when the driver's window rolls down manually.

Ronald Parch sticks his head out the window. He speaks with an uneducated cadence to his voice.

RONALD

Hop on in.

Alistair ignores him, keeps walking. But the car keeps driving alongside him.

RONALD (CONT'D)

You're still a few blocks away,  
Alistair. Hop in, and you'll have  
more time at home for drawin' your  
pictures.

ALISTAIR

How do you know my name?

RONALD

(motioning to the car)  
I got a lot of things in here for  
you. Don't be rude.

Alistair looks up the road, seeing how long he still has to walk. He pulls his backpack tighter.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ronald's maroon car is now parked in the middle of an empty parking lot. Green and orange leaves blow in the wind.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S CAR

Alistair sits in the passenger seat, eyes wide, swallowing. He tightens the seat belt around his waist.

Ronald rubs the boy's blond hair, then moves his hand down and tickles his chin, smudging dirt onto him.

RONALD

This is a part of growin' up. Don't be scared it's your first time.

Alistair looks over at Ronald's waist when he hears a ZIP.

Then, Ronald grabs Alistair's frail hand.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Unbutton this. I can't figure out how.

Shaking, Alistair unbuttons Ronald's pants.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Pull that out. Come on.

ON ALISTAIR'S EYES, which stop blinking.

RONALD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Good, good, good.

(exhaling)

You can touch it if you want.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Ronald's maroon car speeds away from the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRENCH - DAY

A nondescript shallow trench with clear, moving water. Soon, the water turns red.

A bloody blue backpack with a dinosaur on it comes floating along....

FADE TO BLACK.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010**

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

CLOSE ON: the gray eyes of an old man. In his eyes, we see the reflection of a vast field and a rundown house.

A booming, low-pitched "CCRRRIP!" sounds from the sky. As the man squints in agony, his eyes reflect an immense brightness of colors: GREEN and ORANGE.

It's as if there's just been a tear in the fabric of time.

The colors disappear, and all is normal. The man blinks.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHOLOGY BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

PUSH THROUGH the hallway of the psychology building. The lights are off; the building is closed.

A sign hanging on the wall depicts the names of the two psychologists practicing here:

Charles Whartle, Ph. D.  
Lana Simons, Ph. D.

We come to a closed door marked "CHARLES WHARTLE".

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the face of CHARLES "CHARLEY" WHARTLE. He's in his 40s, with brown hair. There's a thin pair of glasses over his slightly large nose.

Charley stands in front of his desk, leaning against it, but not quite sitting on it. His hand rests on his chin.

He's staring at LANA SIMONS, who's sitting in the chair in the middle of the room. She's a middle-aged African-American woman -- beautiful curly hair, smooth voice.

Finally, Lana breaks the odd silence.

LANA  
Do you... honestly expect me to  
believe that?

Charley shrugs slightly.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Because that's crazy, that's  
insane. Charley, that's something  
right out of a bad TV show.

CHARLEY  
Or a movie.

Lana walks over to him. She pats Charley's shoulder in a  
caring, friendly manner.

LANA  
Are you thirsty? Maybe I'll make  
you some coffee.

Charley looks ahead, staring at nothing in particular.

CHARLEY  
(muttering)  
Every time....

LANA  
(straining to hear)  
What's that?

CHARLEY  
Every time I tell you, you offer  
coffee. Every time.

Charley finally meets her gaze.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)  
What is that? Maybe as a child,  
coffee was a coping mechanism for  
you?  
(thinks)  
Or maybe you're just always  
thirsty.

Lana smirks slightly, not sure what he's saying.

LANA  
Charley, why don't I... remember...  
offering you coffee?

CHARLEY

Because for you, and for everyone else on this planet, you just revert back to normal when the clock strikes midnight.

Charley motions to the walls, where all kinds of CLOCKS are hanging -- grandfather clocks, small wall clocks, old antiques, they're all here, and all TICKING.

LANA

So, humor me. How many times have you told me that you repeat the same day over and over again?

Charley stares at her blankly.

CHARLEY

Two-hundred and thirteen.

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYCHOLOGY BUILDING - NIGHT

Charley steps out of the office building and locks it for the night. RAIN falls from the sky, so he pulls his thick black coat up to his neck.

The Chicago skyline is visible in the distance.

Charley turns around... and frowns.

CHARLEY

Look what the cat dragged in.

REVERSE ANGLE to find an old man on the sidewalk, wet from the rain. He has a very elegant, dapper way about him as he stands there with authority. He's holding a leash connected to his large German shepherd, PHILLY.

Meet THE GENTLEMAN.

THE GENTLEMAN

(British accent)

In 1642, in the area that you now know as Massachusetts, colonists there bore witness to the first-ever public execution of a child on this great soil.

(beat)

(MORE)

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

His name was Thomas Graunger, and he readily admitted to having sex with a mare, a cow, two goats, five sheep, two calves, and a turkey.

CHARLEY

Can't forget the turkey.

The Gentleman takes a calm step toward Charley, stepping into a puddle of murky water.

THE GENTLEMAN

There is a first time for everything, Mr. Whartle. No matter how unbelievable, how shameful, or how... repetitive.

(warming his hands)

For everything that happens, I'm sure you will agree, there must always be a first time.

Charley gives him an odd squint.

CHARLEY

If you're hitting on me, I suggest we go at it now, so the rain can wash away all the nasty--

The Gentleman SLAPS Charley's face.

Charley, shocked by the man's action, rubs his cheek and glares at him for a long beat.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

What the hell do you want?

THE GENTLEMAN

You are not the first person to be in this curious situation. Nor will you be the last.

(considers)

Though you are the oldest.

Charley waits for more.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

It has been three years, Mr. Whartle. Three long, long years. And in that time, you have excelled in more ways than I ever thought possible -- than she ever thought possible.

(speaking quickly now)

(MORE)

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

You have fixed countless tears in time, you have mended human relationships, you have destroyed what wasn't supposed to be, and you were even forced to watch as your best friend's house burned down, taking his life with it.

CHARLEY

(exhaling)

Simo....

The Gentleman forces a smile.

THE GENTLEMAN

You have made me very, very... happy... Mr. Whartle.

CHARLEY

(snidely)

Glad I could be of service. Now, if you want to make me happy, you'll give me my damn life back.

THE GENTLEMAN

I can't do that.

CHARLEY

Of course not. God forbid you actually lift a finger to help me.

THE GENTLEMAN

(offended)

I have helped you. Lest you forget when you were lying there in that shack, stab wounds in your shoulder and leg, near death. I brought you to the hospital and sat by your bedside every waking day.

(honestly)

Don't misunderstand me: I want to give you your freedom. But I can't.

Charley looks around, seeing no one else in the area. There is only Philly, who drinks from a puddle of water.

CHARLEY

Why? Just tell me why. I deserve one answer, don't I? I've been waiting long enough.

The Gentleman shocks Charley by his next action: He lightly -- caringly? -- touches Charley's cheeks, holding his face in his wrinkled palms.

THE GENTLEMAN

The day we met, the first day you experienced a repetition, was October 12th, 2007.

CHARLEY

Yeah?

THE GENTLEMAN

And that only happened because on October 11th... you died.

Off Charley's extreme shock --

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

HAZY DREAM

We're in a dream state. There's a BROWN HAZE, like closed eyelids, but absolutely nothing can be made out visually.

CUT TO BLACK.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010  
SECOND ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley is in bed, shirtless, head resting on the pillow. There's an old knife scar on his left shoulder.

Morning light comes in from the bedroom window. From out in the hallway, we hear the sounds of CHILDREN PLAYING.

JOANNE (O.S.)

(from afar)

Pancakes or waffles?!

Charley ignores the voice, deep in thought.

A moment passes, and then we hear footsteps stomping up the staircase.

JOANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Charles? Pancakes or waffles?!

The bedroom door bursts open, and JOANNE WHARTLE (short blonde hair, heavy make-up, short-tempered) comes in.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
 I'm not going to ask you again.  
 What do you want?

When Charley ignores her, Joanne's acerbic demeanor becomes slightly caring.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
 Hon?

From the hallway, three African-American CHILDREN come into the room laughing (10-year-old RACHEL, 7-year-old MICHAEL, and 5-year-old DINA). They jump on the bed, high-fiving each other, singing annoying songs.

Charley gets out from under the covers and steps into the master bathroom.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
 You kids go eat your breakfast.

KIDS  
 Yeah!

The Simons children leave, and Joanne closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Charley stands at the counter, staring at his reflection. His eyes are puffy and red.

There's a soft KNOCK on the bathroom door.

JOANNE (O.S.)  
 Can I come in?

Charley just GRUNTS.

Joanne cautiously steps into the bathroom. She lowers the toilet seat cover and sits on it. A long beat.

CHARLEY  
 The Gentleman came to see me last night.

JOANNE  
 What? But....  
 (thinks)  
 Does that mean yesterday was repeating?

Charley considers how to break it to her.

CHARLEY  
It means today is.

JOANNE  
Right. Well, what did he have to say this time? Come on....

Joanne reaches out and tickles Charley's fingers.

CHARLEY  
Jo, he said I'm dead.

Joanne stops moving.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)  
That the only reason this all started happening in the first place... is because I died.

Joanne's definitely shocked. But for Charley's sake, she forces a wink in his direction.

JOANNE  
Well, there's a strict "no fucking corpses" policy in our marriage contract, so for your sake, he'd better be wrong.

Charley chuckles. Finally, he breaks out of his slump and starts brushing his teeth.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Seriously though, what's he talking about?

CHARLEY  
I don't know, he's a loon.

JOANNE  
Has he ever lied to you before?

CHARLEY  
(through toothpaste)  
I think you'd have to ask what his definition of "lie" is.

JOANNE  
(smiling)  
Lana's still asleep, and the kids are downstairs. Want to lie?

Charley finishes brushing his teeth, then he flat-out attacks his wife on the toilet.

CHARLEY

Oh, yeah!

She starts laughing as he kisses all over her body.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

The Gentleman sits with perfect posture on a park bench. His arms are outstretched, resting on the back of the bench. Philly sits beside him.

TEENAGERS in his background play catch with a frisbee.

CLOSE ON The Gentleman's face. His chin is slightly quivering, with soft tears welling in his gray eyes.

CRANE AROUND, to finally see what's caught his attention:

A woman, bathed in a WHITE GLOW, hovers ever-so-slightly above the grass (almost like she's bobbing in water). The very epitome of beauty. She gives a menacing, evil frown as her yellow hair flows around her.

Appropriately, this character is called THE LADY.

THE GENTLEMAN

(shaking)

Yes. Yes, I told him.

The kids playing frisbee rush in between The Gentleman and The Lady, none of them noticing the strange scene.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

I... just couldn't keep it from him any longer.

THE LADY

(echoing)

You realize what this means.

Still frowning, The Lady flickers in and out of reality.

THE GENTLEMAN

No. Wait. What does this mean?

A moment later, she completely disappears.

The blue frisbee sails through the air and bonks The Gentleman on the knee.

TEENAGER  
Sorry, Mister!

The teenager rushes over and grabs the frisbee that landed on The Gentleman's shiny black shoe.

The teenager notices The Gentleman's odd behavior: sitting alone, chin quivering.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

In FAST-MOTION, The Gentleman grabs the boy's arm.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)  
Ow -- hey!

The Gentleman pulls the teenager close to him.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Are you good... or bad?

TEENAGER  
Let -- go!

Finally, the boy pulls his arm away. He drops the frisbee in the process, then takes off running, where he meets up with his friends who also rush away in fright.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Come, Philly.

The Gentleman grabs his dog's leash and stands. But instead of leaving, he just stares oddly at the frisbee on the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A large breakfast is laid out on the table, as Charley, Joanne, and the three Simons kids begin eating. Joanne is dressed in her crisp police officer uniform.

LANA (O.S.)  
You didn't start without me, did you?

Lana, wearing a nightgown, hair a mess, enters from the stairway. She's holding her INFANT DAUGHTER.

JOANNE

Just plated up. Feel free to eat  
all you want, Charles isn't feeling  
very hungry this morning.

Charley gives Lana a "cheers" with his glass of orange juice,  
from his position leaning against the counter.

Rachel, Lana's oldest child, snags a piece of bacon from  
Charley's plate when she thinks he isn't looking.

CHARLEY

(playfully)  
Uh-oh.

Rachel shoves the bacon into her mouth.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I think someone stole my little  
piggie.

JOANNE

(blankly)  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

CHARLEY

And I think it was... Rachel!

Charley rushes over and picks up the pre-teen in his arms.  
Rachel starts GIGGLING as Charley swings her through the air,  
spinning her around and around.

Lana watches with a sad look in her eyes.

Joanne notices and rubs her shoulder.

RACHEL

(through laughter)  
Uncle Charley! Stop!

He keeps swinging her around, smiling all the while.

LANA

Careful, Charley, she's still sick.  
I'm gonna have to keep her home  
from school again.

RACHEL

No! I want to go, I want to go!

As Rachel continues whining, there's a KNOCK at the door.

LANA  
I'll get it.

TRACK WITH Lana as she enters the foyer and opens the door.

EXT. WHARTLE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Lana sticks her head outside, seeing no one. She momentarily glimpses the neighboring yard. Where there was once a house, now there's only the burned-out remnants from a fire.

Lana shakes her head sadly.

CHARLEY (O.S.)  
(calling out)  
Who is it?!

LANA  
No one!

She's about to come back inside when she notices something: a hand-written NOTE taped to the door. It says --

**Mr. Whartle, Channel 7, 12:13 p.m.**

LANA (CONT'D)  
The hell?

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The wall clock clicks over to 12:13 p.m.

Charley stands alone in the living room, one hand holding the TV remote, the other holding the note.

Joanne stands at the doorway, peeking inside, curious.

Charley turns on the TV, which displays the Channel 7 News. The current story ends, and then a new one begins.

NEWSCASTER  
(filtered from TV)  
A local woman yesterday was met with the worst fear a schoolteacher could ever face: one of her students was abducted on his way home from school. What makes this story even more unbearable is that the missing child... is her own son.

Footage CUTS TO a press conference outside the school, where CAPTAIN BRUCE PAPICELLA answers reporters' questions. Standing next to him, Wendy Breeden appears terribly distraught, looking many years older. The title "HOURS AGO" appears on the screen.

Behind Charley, Joanne GASPS at seeing the footage. Charley and Joanne exchange a long moment of silence, as they reflect on something.

PAPICELLA

(filtered from TV)

We're currently looking at security cameras in the area around the time of yesterday's abduction, but we urge anyone with information on Miss Breeden's son to contact your local precinct.

Footage CUTS BACK TO the newscaster.

NEWSCASTER

(filtered from TV)

Miss Breeden, of Chicago Ridge Elementary, is unfortunately no stranger to child abductions. Viewers may recall that several years ago, a student of hers went missing and was later found dead. Please, if you have any infor--

The TV is turned off.

Charley once again turns around to Joanne, but to his surprise, she's no longer standing there.

Charley holds up the handwritten note.

CHARLEY

Okay, Gentleman, what's the secret code for passing into tomorrow? Do I have to save the kid?

(sadly)

Or ensure that he remains kidnapped...?

CUT TO:

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: a bottle of gold-colored whiskey, the thick liquid pouring into a glass filled with ice.

WIDER. It's the dead of night. The house is silent.

Wendy Breeden, wearing a bathrobe and looking distraught, raises the glass of whiskey to her lips. Her hand trembles for a moment, then she takes a tiny sip.

Wendy makes a sour face, then, SIGHING, pours the liquid into the sink.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Wendy's eyes light up. She grabs her glasses off the counter.

She runs down the hallway, past photographs depicting her brown-haired family, and opens the door.

Wendy tightens her bathrobe around her body.

WENDY

Can I... help you?

REVERSE ANGLE to find Charley standing there.

CHARLEY

Hello, Wendy.

Wendy's eyes squint. She steps closer, then finally seems to recognize the man standing on her porch.

WENDY

Charley Whartle.

CHARLEY

It's been a while.  
(off her sad face)  
Sorry to disappoint you.

WENDY

No, it's not you, I was just hoping  
for some word from the authorities.  
(gesturing)  
Come. Come in, come in.

Charley steps into the house.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You like whiskey?

CUT TO:

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Charley brings a glass of whiskey to his lips.

He and Wendy stand across the center island from each other, both just a touch uncomfortable in each other's company.

WENDY

But, Charley, I'm just not understanding something. You're still a clinical psychologist, right?

Charley nods, taking a drink.

WENDY (CONT'D)

So, how can you possibly help in the search?

CHARLEY

My wife is a police officer. You remember Joanne?

Wendy bites her lip, recalling the past.

WENDY

She's better now, I take it?

Charley nods, taking a drink.

CHARLEY

Whatever resources she lacks as an officer, which granted isn't much, I can make up for.

WENDY

I -- I'm honored, Charley. I really am. For you to help me....

Wendy's voice trails off. She grabs a photograph from the table, depicting her smiling son in a red baseball uniform. Wendy hands the photo to Charley.

CHARLEY

This is him?  
(off her smile)  
Cute kid. What's his name?

WENDY

He hated his first name.  
(corrects herself)  
Hates.  
(then)  
He likes to go by his middle name, Paul. We call him Pauly.

CHARLEY

Pauly.

Charley hands the photo back.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

He's okay, Wendy.

WENDY

You don't know that....

CHARLEY

I do. Otherwise I wouldn't be here.

As Wendy wonders what that means, Charley finishes the whiskey in one long swig.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S CELLAR - NIGHT

We're in a dark, foul cellar. Mold lines the walls, weeds grow from the cracked cement, flies BUZZ in the corner, where there looks to be a pile of white sticks.

A rusty clock, tilted sideways, ticks over to 11:59 p.m.

We hear the sounds of MUFFLED SCREAMS before we PAN OVER to find the kidnapped boy, who we'll call PAULY BREEDEN. Pauly's arms and legs are tied to the chair by thick rope.

A tattered burlap sack is over his head, tied around his neck, with two holes for his eyes to look through.

His screams continue to come out muffled, suggesting that beneath the sack, his mouth is taped shut.

CREEEEEEEAK -- the trap door to the cellar opens, and Ronald Parch comes plopping down the rotting stairs.

PAULY'S P.O.V.: through the burlap sack, Pauly make outs Ronald's form as the man approaches. A bloody KNIFE appears in front of the eye holes.

RONALD

No one likes to bleed, little boy.

Ronald licks the knife, tasting the dried blood.

RONALD (CONT'D)

You'll be good now, won't you?

REGULAR P.O.V.: Pauly nods frantically, up and down.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Good....

FOCUS ON the wall clock. The second hand approaches midnight:  
11:59:55, 11:59:56, 11:59:57 --

Pauly gives a high-pitched, muffled SCREAM!

-- 11:59:58, 11:59:59, 12:00:00 --

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

HAZY DREAM

Once again, we're in the dream state. Everything is still HAZY, but now we can make out that we're in some kind of interior enclosure.

CUT TO BLACK.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010  
THIRD ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley opens his eyes. From out in the hall, we hear the sounds of Rachel and her siblings playing.

                  JOANNE (O.S.)  
                  (from afar)  
                  Pancakes or waffles?!

Charley jumps up.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME

Joanne ascends the staircase, looking rather annoyed at having to yell to her sleeping husband.

She passes by the Simons children, who are playing leap-frog outside Charley's bedroom.

                  JOANNE  
                  Charles? Pancakes or waffles?!

Just as she goes to open the door, it swings open. Charley gives her a peck on the lips as he puts on his coat.

CHARLEY  
Neither. Sorry, Jo.

JOANNE  
What? Why?

The Simons children, laughing, run into the bedroom and start jumping on the bed.

CHARLEY  
Today's repeating.

Joanne's face falls. She rubs Charley's cheek.

JOANNE  
How many times?

CHARLEY  
This is only the third rotation.

JOANNE  
Can I help you in any way?  
(oddly)  
Have I already helped you?

Charley kisses her again, then runs down the stairs.

CHARLEY  
I'll come to you if I need it.

JOANNE  
Well, what is it? What are you supposed to fix?

Charley's about to answer, but Lana's bedroom door opens, and Lana steps out. Her hair is a mess. She yawns.

LANA  
Fix what? You going into work already?

CHARLEY  
(quickly)  
Uh, yeah. Nahimana called. Coffee machine's broken. Coffee spraying everywhere. It's very... hot.

LANA  
(realizes)  
I could use some coffee.

Charley gives Joanne a nod, then exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARTLE HOUSE - STREET - LATER

Charley's in his black Ford sedan, parked on the street outside the neighboring burned-out ruins.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLEY'S CAR

Charley's focused on the front door of his own house.

CHARLEY  
Where are you, old man?

A moment later, there's a POUNDING on the car window. Charley jumps, then sees The Gentleman standing outside.

The Gentleman makes a "roll down the window" motion with his hand. Charley does so.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Looking for me?

CHARLEY  
(nodding)  
Thought I'd catch you putting that note on my door.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Why would I do that again, when you already have that information from the last rotation?

Charley feels like an idiot.

CHARLEY  
Right.  
(then)  
Hop on in.

The Gentleman, shocked, takes a step backward.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)  
Look, I just want to talk.

The Gentleman looks up and down the road, then walks around and gets into the passenger seat.

The Gentleman tightens the seat belt around his waist.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)  
 (eyeing him strangely)  
 No need for that, we're not going  
 anywhere.

THE GENTLEMAN  
 I have given you what you need, Mr.  
 Whartle. So what is it you want to  
 talk about?

CHARLEY  
 Uh, how about the fact that you  
 said I died three years ago?

THE GENTLEMAN  
 (nodding)  
 That.

CHARLEY  
 So, was that an exaggeration? Or  
 was I actually dead-dead?

The Gentleman stares him right in the eyes.

THE GENTLEMAN  
 Dead-dead.

Charley leans back in his seat, visibly confused.

CHARLEY  
 You bring me back to life or  
 something?

THE GENTLEMAN  
Me? Of course not. If you've  
 learned anything these past three  
 years, it's that I am every bit as  
 human as you are.

Charley cringes as he asks his next question.

CHARLEY  
 So then, was it God?

THE GENTLEMAN  
 God ain't got nothing to do with  
 this.

CHARLEY  
 (double-take)  
 Did you just say "ain't"?

The Gentleman gestures ahead.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Drive, Mr. Whartle.

CHARLEY  
What? Where?

THE GENTLEMAN  
(repeating himself)  
Drive, Mr. Whartle.

Charley sighs, then turns the key in the ignition.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A press conference is taking place, with Wendy and Captain Papicella answering reporters' questions. We're here live, no longer watching footage on the newscast.

PAPICELLA  
And as you've already heard, due to safety concerns, school's been cancelled today.

REPORTER #1  
Captain Papicella, do you have any suspects yet?

PAPICELLA  
It's too premature to say right now. We're currently looking at security cameras in the area around the time of yesterday's abduction, but we urge anyone with information on Miss Breeden's son to contact your local precinct.

REPORTER #2  
Miss Breeden! Miss Breeden! If the kidnapper is watching right now, what would you say to him?

A visible snarl comes to Wendy's normally calm face.

WENDY  
We will find you, you son of a bitch. If you so much as hurt a hair on Pauly's head, I will hunt you down, and I will kill you.

Many of the reporters are shocked by her honesty.

Wendy turns around, and the reporters go crazy, SHOUTING after her and taking photographs.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Wendy aimlessly walks through the empty corridor. There are no children present, which gives an almost haunting feel.

Wendy goes to open the door to her classroom, but she hears something SLOSHING behind her: the school janitor is mopping the floor.

Wearing a filthy uniform, the janitor rubs his slimy nose with his shirt sleeve. It's Ronald Parch.

RONALD

Sorry to hear 'bout your bad news,  
Mrs. Breeden.

WENDY

Miss. I'm still divorced.

RONALD

Keep prayin'. That's what Mama  
always said. Just keep on prayin'.

Wendy forces a smile at the disgusting man.

WENDY

Thank you for your kind words,  
Ronny.

She opens her door, but stops when he calls after her.

RONALD

Oh, ma'am? Wait up a sec.

Ronald puts his mop in the murky water, then retrieves a bottle of whiskey from a bag hooked to his tool belt.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Here. I want you to have it.

WENDY

(not taking it)  
Oh, no. I don't drink.

RONALD

Neither did I. Till I started.

He forces the bottle into her shaky hands.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
Always a first time.

Ronald rubs her shoulder, smearing it with dirt. Wendy nods her thanks as she holds the bottle of whiskey.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Charley and The Gentleman walk through the park, past several teenagers playing with their blue frisbee.

The Gentleman gestures to the familiar park bench, then sits down. But Charley just stands next to him.

Charley looks around anxiously, while The Gentleman sits calmly, staring straight ahead.

THE GENTLEMAN  
As you can imagine, I'm in a bit of  
trouble, it seems.  
(quieter)  
I was not supposed to tell you of  
your death.

CHARLEY  
Trouble? From whom?

THE GENTLEMAN  
A few times while in your presence,  
I have mentioned to you a woman.  
She has no name -- call her The  
Lady. She has no body either.

Charley stares deep into the older man's eyes, as if trying to determine whether he's telling the truth or not.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
She has the ultimate power, Mr.  
Whartle. That of sight. When a tear  
in time occurs, she, and only she,  
has the ability to envision what  
was originally supposed to happen.

CHARLEY  
(confused)  
But, those hazy dreams I have  
during a rotation -- I thought  
those were literal representations  
of how to fix the tear?

THE GENTLEMAN  
 (nonchalant)  
 Of course. And it is she who gives  
 you those dreams.

Charley is noticeably impressed.

CHARLEY  
 I gotta meet this Lady.

The Gentleman folds his hands together on his lap.

THE GENTLEMAN  
 (ominously)  
 You already have....

CRANE AROUND the park bench, doing a completely 360 around Charley and The Gentleman as they wait. When we come back around to the original position, The Lady still has not made herself known.

CHARLEY  
 Well? Where is she?

The blue frisbee comes sailing through the air, bonking The Gentleman in the knee.

THE GENTLEMAN  
 (through gritted teeth)  
 She did not show.

With that, The Gentleman storms away from Charley, as the Teenager comes over to grab his frisbee.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The nondescript apartment complex overlooks the Chicago River, which runs through the city.

We focus on one window of the complex, where suddenly, there is a bright flash of WHITE from inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GENTLEMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Gentleman steps inside. He removes his thick brown coat and hangs it up. Then, he SNIFFS something.

The Gentleman surveys his elegantly-decorated apartment, with high vaulted ceilings and expensive decor. Packets of Earl Grey tea are on the counter.

Downtown Chicago is visible through a large stain-glass window, including the bridge overlooking the river.

The Gentleman walks to the other side of his couch, and that's when he GASPS.

His German shepherd, Philly, is sprawled out on the floor. Eyes closed. Tongue sticking out. He is dead.

The Gentleman drops to the floor and cradles Philly's body in his arms. His chin shakes as he holds his fragile friend, completely and utterly heart-broken.

Finally, The Gentleman kisses the dog's head.

He gives a furious glare out the window, full of hatred.

CUT TO:

EXT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

Ronald approaches the front door of his house in the middle of a large field. In fact, "house," is too generous a term. It's a decrepid shack -- shattered windows, torn paint, crooked door.

Ronald opens the door and walks inside.

INT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ronald is about to close the door, but he notices the trap door that leads down to the cellar.

It's open.

Ronald's eyes widen.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Pauly Breeden runs full-speed away from the rundown house, looking over his shoulder to make sure he's not being followed. He tries to pull the burlap sack off of his face, but the string holding it to his neck is too tight.

QUICK-CUTS:

-Ronald bolts out of the house. Knife in hand.

-Pauly jumps over a rotten log.

-Ronald speeds through the field.

RONALD

Get back here, you little brat!

-Pauly trips over his feet. FALLS to the ground!

-Ronald stops running. Strains to hear.

-Pauly MOANS in pain. Grabs his hurt foot. Tries to stand.

-Ronald hears Pauly. Smiles. Rushes ahead!

END QUICK-CUTS.

Pauly starts dragging his foot over the grass, trying to ignore the pain. Then --

Ronald grabs him up in his hairy arms!

Pauly SCREAMS beneath the tape, flailing his little arms and legs over and over again, all to no avail.

Pauly's leg smacks Ronald in the face, but Ronald doesn't care about the pain. He notices that the boy's leg is bleeding.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Oh no, you got a boo-boo.

Ronald sets the boy down, then rolls up his pant leg. Pauly's ankle is bleeding from when he fell.

We see Pauly's eyes through the burlap sack, which close shut as Ronald begins SMEARING the blood around on the boy's leg with the knife.

RONALD (CONT'D)

I was a better artist than any of you. She'll see that.

Then, Ronald picks up the boy's frail body.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Back to the cellar with you.

Ronald takes Pauly back toward the house, as the sun goes down in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing shot. A much calmer scene.

CHARLEY (PRE-LAP)  
I know, but that's the thing.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charley and Joanne are fluffing their pillows and pulling back the bed sheets, getting ready for bed.

CHARLEY  
If this boy had been kidnapped today, then I could just go to the school early and see who took him.

JOANNE  
But since he was kidnapped yesterday....

Her voice trails, and Charley nods sadly.

CHARLEY  
Which makes me wonder if I'm even supposed to save him.

Joanne gets under the covers.

JOANNE  
Well, what about the boy's mother, this teacher? Do you think she has any involvement?

Charley doesn't answer. In fact, he looks down at his feet. Joanne notices his odd reaction.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
Charles?

CHARLEY  
It's Wendy Breeden.

Joanne's mouth opens in shock.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)  
Yeah. You had that reaction yesterday too.

Charley gets under the covers and shuts off the lamp. Joanne is still surprised, but she hides it well.

JOANNE  
                  (routinely)  
See you tomorrow.

                  CHARLEY  
                  (routinely)  
See you today.

They close their eyes.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

HAZY DREAM

Everything in the enclosure is still HAZY. But now, we begin making out broad shapes. In fact, there are THREE SHAPES that ascend upwards, toward the ceiling.

CUT TO BLACK.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010**  
**FOURTH ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley opens his eyes. He lies there for a moment. Then:

                  JOANNE (O.S.)  
                  (from afar)  
Pancakes or waffles?!

CUT TO:

INT. THE GENTLEMAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

A clock on the wall comes alive, and a blue bird pops out, screeching *Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*

The Gentleman sits up in bed, wearing expensive silk pajamas. He grabs a water glass from the night stand, next to Shakespeare's *MacBeth*. He takes a long sip.

                  THE GENTLEMAN  
                  (warily)  
Please....

CUT TO:

INT. THE GENTLEMAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The Gentleman exits the bedroom and comes into the main area.

And sure enough, inexplicably, Philly's corpse is still lying dead on the carpet.

The Gentleman's anger boils under the surface.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

The Gentleman storms up to the park bench, walking right through the teenager's frisbee game.

He doesn't sit this time. He stands there, looking at the area where The Lady was previously seen.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Show yourself! Come on!

The Teenagers notice The Gentleman's erratic behavior.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
(squinting)  
I'm waiting!

CRANE AROUND The Gentleman, seeing him clench his fists, breathing roughly. When we come completely around him, The Lady is there, hovering above the grass. She's frowning.

THE LADY  
(echoing)  
Accept your punishment.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Philly should have been back to normal upon waking! This is simply another rotation! But you killed him!

At a loss for words, The Gentleman plops down on the parking bench. He rubs his sweaty forehead.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
So, this... happened... because I told Mr. Whartle the truth?

The Lady gives a quiet nod.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
But I knew the truth.

THE LADY

You and all of the others are different from what this man is going through.

(beat)

I don't need to tell you that.

The Gentleman snarls. He stands.

THE GENTLEMAN

You've just made a mistake.

Still floating there, The Lady eyes him oddly.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

There is nothing else you can possibly take from me now. I have nothing more to lose.

(beat)

I'm going to tell him everything.

THE LADY

(warning)

I would not do that.

THE GENTLEMAN

Watch me.

With that, The Gentleman storms away. His hand inexplicably shoots into the air and CATCHES the wayward blue frisbee that flies at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARTLE HOUSE - DAY

The Gentleman is KNOCKING on the front door of the Whartle house. A moment later, young Rachel opens the door.

RACHEL

Who are you?

The Gentleman oddly eyes her up and down.

THE GENTLEMAN

I am looking for your... Uncle, is it? Mr. Whartle -- uh, Charley?

RACHEL

You're weird. You must be one of his patients.

THE GENTLEMAN  
 (unaffected)  
 Yes. I am.

RACHEL  
 (turning)  
 Uncle Charley!

Rachel stares back up at the odd man at the door, never taking her eyes off of him.

Soon, Lana comes to the door. She gives him a polite smile.

LANA  
 Sorry, Charley's at work already.  
 Something I can help you with?

The Gentleman sighs in annoyance, then leaves.

Confused, Lana pulls her daughter back into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - WENDY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Charley leans against Wendy's desk, chomping on a red apple. He eyes the various children's drawings around the room, and the colorful alphabet above the blackboard.

The door opens and Wendy enters, nodding her thanks to someone in the hall, holding the bottle of whiskey she'd just received. She notices her dirty shoulder.

WENDY  
 Damn.

CHARLEY  
 I'm sure the dry-cleaner can get that right out.

Wendy is shocked, not expecting anyone to be here.

WENDY  
 Who are you? Are you a member of the press?

Charley tosses the apple core into the garbage bin.

CHARLEY  
 Hello, Wendy.

Wendy's eyes squint. She steps closer, then finally seems to recognize the man leaning against her desk.

WENDY  
Charley Whartle.

TIMECUT TO:

LATER in Wendy's classroom, Charley and Wendy are standing near the window, engaged in conversation.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
Charley, any help you can give --  
anything -- I'd be grateful for.

CHARLEY  
Tell me about Pauly.

She smiles brightly.

WENDY  
He sits in the study every night,  
drawing his little heart out. He  
loves it.

CHARLEY  
A young artist.

She nods to a collection of finger-paintings on the wall, but stops. There's one missing.

WENDY  
(looking everywhere)  
Huh. He made a finger-painting the  
other day -- a really good one --  
but it's missing.

CHARLEY  
(leaning forward)  
Wendy. Do you have any idea who  
would do this?

Wendy gives a shaky exhale.

WENDY  
Well, it could be him, couldn't it?

Charley is confused.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
The man you told me about when we  
last spoke -- what? -- three years  
ago now. You never got back to me,  
so I assumed it was a dead end.  
(beat)  
What did happen that night?

CHARLEY

(squinting)

Forgive me, but I don't know what you're talking about. What night?

Wendy walks to her desk. She rifles through all of her drawers, before finally finding a manila folder.

Charley walks over as she starts flipping through the folder.

WENDY

I'm a pack rat, always have been.

These are all my phone records.

(skimming)

Let's see, it was in the fall of 2007, I remember.

Finally, she finds what she's looking for. She points to a phone number, dated October 11th, 2007. Based on Charley's expression, the phone number is his own.

WENDY (CONT'D)

There it is. October 11th.

She notices the look of confusion on Charley's face.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Charley? You okay?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Charley stands on the bridge overlooking the river that runs through downtown. He's still wearing his confused expression, going through things in his mind.

THE GENTLEMAN (O.S.)

You're a hard man to track down.

Charley doesn't turn to the side, where The Gentleman approaches and stands next to him at the edge.

CHARLEY

October 11th, 2007. That date again. I need to know what happened.

THE GENTLEMAN

And I'm here to tell you.

Charley turns to face the older man, as if to make sure he really just said it.

CHARLEY

It's connected, isn't it? This tear  
in time -- this day. It has to do  
with what happened three years ago.  
Why I died.

THE GENTLEMAN

Something tells me it's much more  
important than that.

Charley looks back down to the flowing river.

CHARLEY

Why don't I remember?

THE GENTLEMAN

The Lady made you forget.

CHARLEY

How did I die?

THE GENTLEMAN

You were shot in the stomach.

CHARLEY

Who shot me?

THE GENTLEMAN

I don't know.

CHARLEY

Come on....

The Gentleman looks him in the eye.

THE GENTLEMAN

I don't know.

Charley leans over the edge so that he's looking straight  
down into the water.

CHARLEY

I think I do.

Now it's The Gentleman's time to be curious.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

(drawn-out)

If Wendy's right, then on that day,  
I had finally tracked down the man,  
or who I thought could be the  
man... who took my son.

Charley bites his lip, extremely uncomfortable.

THE GENTLEMAN

(emotionally)

You... never mentioned a son  
before.

CHARLEY

Didn't see the point.

(sadly)

He was taken from school. And Wendy  
was his teacher, just like now. It  
all nearly ruined Jo. Started  
taking pills. Her Captain nearly  
fired her.

THE GENTLEMAN

And you? How did you cope?

CHARLEY

(sadly)

By pretending he never existed.  
'Cause if he didn't exist, he  
couldn't get kidnapped, he couldn't  
feel pain, he couldn't die.

Silence. Charley speaks barely above a WHISPER.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

But he did die. He died. God, he  
died. In a few months, he'll have  
been dead for six years.

Charley and The Gentleman remain standing on the bridge.

Then, The Gentleman puts a calming hand on Charley's back.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

HAZY DREAM

We can make out the three hazy shapes in the enclosure  
somewhat clearer now. It is two ADULTS and one CHILD. All  
three climb up, heading toward the ceiling.

CUT TO BLACK.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010**

**FIFTH ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley's eyes open in bed.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Lana and her four children are eating breakfast at the table.

PULL OUT of the kitchen, finding ourselves in the FOYER.

Charley and Joanne are leaning against the staircase banister in a close huddle, whispering to each other.

JOANNE

(sincere)

That poor woman. But I guess... I guess if anyone knows what she's going through right now, it's us.

CHARLEY

Jo, I need you to work your magic. You can get in on this case, help me out from the inside.

(beat)

Try to smooth things over with Captain Papicella.

JOANNE

(adamantly)

Pap hates my fucking guts.

CHARLEY

Then leave your guts at home. Nothing's as important as fixing this tear.

Joanne sighs, then finally nods.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Captain Papicella trudges through the busy precinct, flanked by several officers and reporters. Joanne is among them, trying to keep up with the man.

JOANNE  
 Captain, please --

PAPICELLA  
 No way. I already have enough  
 people on this, Whartle. Chicago's  
 a big place. Don't you have more  
 parking tickets to hand out?

A few of the officers give demeaning CHUCKLES.

JOANNE  
 Captain --

PAPICELLA  
 I said no!

JOANNE  
 Stop!

Papicella stops. So they all stop. He glares at Joanne.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
 Look, I know this teacher, Wendy.  
 She was my son's teacher the day he  
 was taken. She's going through hell  
 right now, and she needs a familiar  
 face. Someone to lean on.

Papicella scowls.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
 I know the routine. She's a  
 suspect. Probably your only one so  
 far, am I right? And if she did do  
 something to her kid, you really  
 think she's gonna tell you?

Joanne looks the heavy-set, bullish man up and down, as if to  
 enunciate her point.

PAPICELLA  
 (grimacing)  
 There's a press conference at the  
 school in one hour. Drive yourself.

With that, Papicella and his hoard continue trudging through  
 the hall.

Joanne tries to hide a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

As before, Wendy aimlessly walks through the empty school corridor. Only now, Joanne is close by her side.

WENDY

I just can't believe this is happening again....

JOANNE

You can lean on us, if you need to. Don't be too proud, huh?

Wendy gives Joanne a quick hug. Then, the women hear a SLOSHING behind them.

Ronald looks up from his filthy mop.

RONALD

Sorry to hear about your bad news, Mrs. Breeden.

WENDY

Miss. I'm still divorced.

Joanne notices the man's nametag.

JOANNE

You notice anything strange around here, Ronald?

RONALD

Strange?

JOANNE

The boy was taken right outside these grounds. This is your domain, correct?

Ronald goes back to mopping the floor.

RONALD

I just do the cleanin', I don't notice other things.

Joanne gives Wendy an odd look, but Wendy's used to Ronald's behavior.

WENDY

Thank you for your kind words, Ronny.

Wendy and Joanne step into the classroom.

Ronald reaches for the whiskey bottle, but seeing Joanne, stops himself. Instead, he mops.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The wall clock displays 12:13 p.m.

WIDER. Charley stands, watching the newscast.

NEWSCASTER  
(filtered from TV)  
What makes this story even more  
unbearable is that the missing  
child... is her own son.

Footage CUTS TO the pre-taped press conference at the school. Papicella and Wendy are there, as before. But now, so is Joanne. "HOURS AGO" is displayed on-screen.

CHARLEY  
(proudly)  
Good job.

PAPICELLA  
(filtered from TV)  
We're currently looking at security  
cameras in the area around the time  
of yesterday's abduction, but we  
urge anyone with information --

The TV is turned off.

Sensing something, Charley turns around. Young Rachel is standing there, curious.

CHARLEY  
Hey, sweetie.

Rachel comes into the room and hops on the couch.

RACHEL  
Why is Aunt Jo on the news?

CHARLEY  
(hesitantly)  
She's trying to stop a bad guy.

RACHEL  
What did he do?

Charley kisses her forehead sweetly.

CHARLEY  
You still feeling sick?

Lana enters the living room.

LANA  
Temperature's 101, last I checked.

CHARLEY  
(to Rachel)  
Oh no, you should be in bed.

LANA  
Hear that, Rachel? Even Uncle  
Charley thinks so.

RACHEL  
(whining)  
I feel fine! I just want to go to  
school.

LANA  
A child who wants to go to school.  
What kind of monster have I raised?

Rachel sticks her fingers out like claws, and starts GROWLING like a monster. Charley laughs and starts tickling her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYCHOLOGY BUILDING - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

JOANNE (PRE-LAP)  
It can be anyone, Charles.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Joanne and Charley stand at Charley's desk, looking over several different file folders.

JOANNE  
The truth of the matter is, any  
sicko looking for a cock-suck knows  
where to find kids.

CHARLEY  
Actually, not just anyone. I have  
reason to believe that whoever took  
Pauly, also....

His voice trails. But Joanne doesn't need him to finish.

JOANNE

You don't know that. You can't know that.

CHARLEY

It's connected, Jo. It's all connected somehow.

(deep breath)

According to The Gentleman, on October 11th, 2007, I died.

Joanne's shocked. But she covers it fairly well.

JOANNE

Well, there's a strict "no fucking corpses" policy in our marriage contract, so for your sake --

She stops talking, seeing Charley's bored expression.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

What, did I already use that joke?

CHARLEY

A couple times now.

JOANNE

Damn. I thought it was good.

Charley chuckles.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

So why do you think it's the same kidnapper? That was almost six years ago, and this is now.

CHARLEY

Wendy. Wendy's the connection. I just don't know how.

JOANNE

Well, if it makes you feel any better, I've eliminated her as a suspect.

CHARLEY

I have too.

JOANNE

So that leaves... who?

Charley looks up at the various clocks around his office, all depicting the time to be 11:58 p.m.

CHARLEY

Unfortunately, we won't have time to discuss it tonight.

JOANNE

(seeing the clocks)  
Reset time.

CHARLEY

Just give me the cliff-notes version. Did you see anything suspicious? Anything at all?

JOANNE

No.  
(then)  
The janitor.

Charley tilts his head.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

What was his name... Randy? Roland? Ronald! That was it.

CHARLEY

What about him?

As the clocks TICK-TICK-TICK all around them, Joanne starts fumbling through the files on the desk.

JOANNE

Come on, it's gotta be here.

CHARLEY

Running out of time....

JOANNE

Start looking! His name's Ronald, and there was just something... different... about him.

TICK-TICK-TICK, the clocks get closer to midnight, as Charley and Joanne continue flying through the papers.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Here!

Joanne pulls out the file and shows it to him.

TICK-TICK-TICK -- Charley quickly skims through the file, reading information on Ronald Ray Parch.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
It's just a hunch, but, tomorrow,  
I'd start with him if I were you.

Charley flips to the next page, revealing Ronald's employment photo. Charley nearly chokes.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
What? What is it?  
(eyeing the clocks)  
Charles? Hurry, tell me!

Charley continues staring at Ronald's greasy, hairy face.

CHARLEY  
This is him....

JOANNE  
Who? Charles, the clocks!

TICK-TICK-TICK.

CHARLEY  
He's the one I tracked down three  
years ago.  
(enunciates)  
This is the man who killed me.

-- 11:59:58, 11:59:59, 12:00:00 --

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

HAZY DREAM

The three hazy people are becoming clearer. CHARLEY and WENDY appear to be the adults, but the child is too hazy to make out. All three climb up a rotting staircase.

CUT TO BLACK.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010  
SIXTH ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley wakens calmly. He looks around the room.

He SCREAMS!

REVERSE ANGLE: The Lady is hovering at the edge of the bed, her blonde hair flying wildly all around her.

Charley jumps up in surprise, pulling the bed covers over his bare chest.

THE LADY  
(echoing)  
Charles Whartle.

Open-mouthed, Charley just nods.

THE LADY (CONT'D)  
Hold my hand.

CHARLEY  
I don't think I want to do that.

The Lady extends her glowing white hand toward him.

THE LADY  
There is no point in keeping the  
secret any longer.

JOANNE (O.S.)  
(from afar)  
Pancakes or waffles?!

Charley looks to the bedroom door. To safety.

THE LADY  
Do it now, or you shall never know  
the truth.

Gulping, Charley extends his shaky hand out toward The Lady. And as their hands TOUCH...

... The Lady disappears.

... Charley loses consciousness and falls to floor.

... Joanne enters and rushes over to Charley's aid. She starts slapping his cheeks, trying to wake him.

JOANNE  
Charles? Good God, Charles? Are you  
okay?! Answer me!  
(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
                  (hysterically)  
                  Lana! Call 911! Lana!

VIEW FROM ABOVE: The curious heads of the Simons children peek into the room, as Joanne continues trying to rouse her fallen husband.

  BLACK OUT.

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

Dark, moody colors envelope the screen, almost like paint being swirled around in a can by some unseen brush.

We hear WIND BLOWING and the sounds of men YELLING.

Then, there's a BANG. Possibly a gunshot, but too soft, so soft. The bang echoes several times before fading away.

FOOTAGE BEGINS REWINDING:

The bang is heard, the men yell, the wind blows, the colors swirl, and then we're in --

INT. SCHOOL - ART ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A younger Charley Whartle lies on the floor amongst toppled-over paint cans. Greens and browns and oranges smear together beneath him. He holds his stomach, where blood appears out of a fresh bullet hole.

Charley rises off the floor to a standing position.

The paint cans fly up onto their shelves.

A bullet flies out of Charley's stomach and into a gun.

Ronald Parch releases the trigger of the gun.

Charley's voice ECHOES BACKWARDS, screaming at Ronald.

Ronald pushes the gun into the back of his pants.

Charley backs out of the room, as the door closes.

  SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

FOOTAGE PLAYS NORMALLY:

SCREEEEEECH! -- Charley's black sedan turns a corner, speeding through a torrential rain storm.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLEY'S CAR

Inside, the windshield wipers are on full-blast. Charley squints into the night, cell phone pressed to his ear.

CHARLEY  
Wendy, it's Charley Whartle!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Wendy stands up from the couch, holding her house phone.

WENDY  
What is it? Are you all right?

CHARLEY  
I think I've found him! I'm on my way!

WENDY  
Your son?

CHARLEY  
Yes! The kidnapper just called me. He wouldn't identify himself over the phone, but he confessed to everything!

WENDY  
God. Are you with your wife?

CHARLEY  
(shaking his head)  
Don't want to get her hopes up until this is over.

WENDY  
Good luck.

Charley tosses his phone into the passenger seat. He kisses the gold CRUCIFIX around his neck, then keeps driving.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Charley's dirty wet shoes stomp over the clean linoleum as he makes his way down the darkened, empty corridor.

CHARLEY  
(frantically)  
Art room, art room, art room....

He starts running, not stopping for anything.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - ART ROOM - NIGHT

Ronald is alone in the art room, staring at a finger-painting. The gun is visible in his back pocket.

The door bursts open, and Charley enters. There's a long, silent staring match between the two men.

CHARLEY  
Where is he?

RONALD  
(weeping)  
I'm so, so sorry....

CHARLEY  
Where is he?!

RONALD  
He didn't make it.

It's like the wind gets knocked out of Charley.

CHARLEY  
No....

Ronald SNIFFS, wiping his nose with his dirty sleeve.

RONALD  
I'm so, so sorry. I had to call you, because I just felt so bad. Mama always told me to pray, and I need you to pray with me. Would you pray with me?

Charley shakes his head, absolutely disgusted.

CHARLEY  
Who the fuck do you think you are?  
You killed my son?!

RONALD  
 (crying)  
 He's the one that touched me. I  
 didn't even want him to.

CHARLEY  
 Shut up!

RONALD  
 I hope you'll -- you'll forgive me.

CHARLEY  
 Shut your fucking mouth!

Furious, Charley goes to charge the janitor. But he stops  
 dead in his tracks when Ronald pulls out the gun.

RONALD  
 Stop! Don't hurt me! I told you the  
 truth, and I didn't have to!

CHARLEY  
 Put the gun down, dammit! Drop it!

But Ronald continues waving the gun around in the air.

RONALD  
 He's been gone for three years. And  
 you don't have to worry about any  
 pain or nothin'.

CHARLEY  
 You son of a bitch!

Forgetting the gun, Charley lunges toward Ronald, and that's  
 when there's an echoing BANG.

The bullet hits Charley in the stomach, and he's pushed  
 backward due to the force. He smacks into the shelves of  
 paint cans, all of the cans dropping to the floor.

Charley falls down on his back, holding his stomach, blood  
 flowing through his closed fingers.

THE GENTLEMAN (PRE-LAP)  
 (from afar)  
 Please! I beg of you! Please!

Charley CHOKES on blood, spraying it onto his face.

FADE TO:

INT. WHITE ABYSS - UNKNOWN TIME

Charley stands like a drone in the never-ending white abyss, motionless. His eyes are open, but he's not looking at anything. Is he even alive?

Further ahead amongst the white, The Gentleman stands next to The Lady. This is the first time we've seen her standing still, and not floating.

Their voices ECHO.

THE LADY

Are you sure?

THE GENTLEMAN

More than I have ever been.

The Lady looks past him, to Charley.

THE LADY

This has never been done before.  
Not with an adult.

THE GENTLEMAN

There is a first time for  
everything, isn't there?

THE LADY

(beat)  
Very well. I will accept your  
offer.

The Gentleman's eyes twinkle.

THE LADY (CONT'D)

And in this wholly unselfish act,  
your true nature has finally been  
revealed.

(warmly)

You would have gone to heaven.

The Gentleman nearly weeps at hearing that. But then, he realizes something.

THE GENTLEMAN

Wait. Would have gone? No....

THE LADY

You will now guide him, as I have  
guided you.

The Gentleman looks down, saddened. He knows not to argue with her. Charley's still standing motionless.

THE GENTLEMAN  
He won't remember any of this?

The Lady shakes her head.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Then I'll make sure he knows.

THE LADY  
(furiously)  
NO!

He takes a step back, shocked by The Lady's tone.

THE LADY (CONT'D)  
He shall never know. He especially  
can't know who you are.

Truly saddened, The Gentleman looks over at Charley.

FADE TO:

INT. CHARLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door opens.

The door closes.

The door opens again.

In walks Charley, healthy as ever. He's sipping coffee and skimming through a file.

All of the clocks come into focus at once, meeting together in one ECHOING TICK as Charley looks up to see The Gentleman, sitting dapperly in the patient's chair.

CHARLEY  
Hello there, Mister....  
(skims the file)  
I'm sorry. It looks like you forgot  
to fill out the form.

THE GENTLEMAN  
And there he is.

STAY ON The Gentleman, who sees Charley up close for the first time, knowing so much, but unable to say anything.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - PRESENT NIGHT

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP, the sounds of a healthy heart rate monitor.

Charley's eyes open. He looks around the unfamiliar room, eventually finding Joanne and Lana sitting in chairs.

CHARLEY

(weakly)

Oh no, did I miss the eulogy?

Both women jump up, excited. They rush to Charley's side.

JOANNE

Oh, thank God you're okay!

LANA

You all right, big guy?

Charley rubs his forehead, recalling everything he just saw.

CHARLEY

I'm wonderful.

(then)

What time is it?

LANA

You and your clocks, I swear.

Joanne humors him, checking her watch.

JOANNE

Eleven-fifteen p.m. Why? Is today... one of those days?

Lana gives them a weird look.

CHARLEY

It is.

LANA

Forget the time -- what the hell happened to you? You've been out cold for over fifteen hours! The doctors didn't know what was going on.

CHARLEY

I'll be fine. Trust me.

(lying)

I probably just have whatever Rachel has, that 24-hour thing. How's she feeling, anyway?

LANA

She's good. Nahimana's at the house  
watching the kids.

Charley gets out of bed.

CHARLEY

Well. I'm fine. Let's go home.  
(winking at Joanne)  
And do it all again tomorrow, huh?

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Standing alone across the road, The Gentleman watches  
silently as Lana and Joanne escort Charley up the stoop and  
through the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT

The women help Charley up the stairs, much to his dismay.

CHARLEY

I said I'm fine.

LANA

And I said I'm a size 2. No matter  
how many times the words come out,  
it still ain't true, rock star.

JOANNE

(straining)  
Almost there.

The women get him to the top of the stairs, where Charley  
finally pushes them off of him.

CHARLEY

Thanks, ladies. I got it from here.

LANA

If you're not too tired, Rachel  
wanted to see you before you went  
to sleep.

Charley peeks into his bedroom, where the alarm clock display  
clicks over to 11:59.

CHARLEY

Better make it fast.

Charley kisses Joanne, then opens Rachel's door.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charley creeps into the bedroom.

CHARLEY

Hey, you little monster. I'm here.

Rachel's form is seen under the covers.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Rach? Wake up, sweetie.

Curious, Charley wiggles Rachel's shoulders.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Rach? Rachel?

Charley turns on the lamp, illuminating the back of Rachel's head. Charley carefully puts his hands over her body and spins her around.

Charley GASPS!

Rachel's eyes are wide open and glassy. She's not moving.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Rachel!

Charley bends down on his knees, holding the girl's frail hand. From out in the hall, Lana and Joanne appear.

Lana sees her unmoving daughter and begins SCREAMING.

Charley delicately kisses Rachel's hand, as we --

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

HAZY DREAM

The dream is slightly more vivid now. Wendy and PAULY climb up a rotting staircase. Charley steps over a white stick and a BODY on the floor before climbing.

CUT TO BLACK.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010**

**SEVENTH ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley wakes with a start. He hears the sounds of the Simons children playing in the hall, and he jumps out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Charley quickly approaches the three kids, paying special attention to Rachel, who appears sick as usual.

CHARLEY

Hey, sweetie. How are you feeling?

RACHEL

I'm fine. I want to go to school, but Mom said she won't let me.

CHARLEY

Listen to your mom.

Joanne peeks her head out of the kitchen. She sees Charley at the top of the staircase.

JOANNE

Morning, Charles. Pancakes or waffles?

CHARLEY

(shaking his head)

Get your things. We're going to the hospital.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO BRIDGE - MORNING

Cars and joggers make their way across the bridge that overlooks the Chicago River.

The Gentleman comes into frame, dragging a large object across the cement wrapped in a black garbage bag.

The object has a distinct German shepherd appearance.

Emotional and silent, The Gentleman lifts the black bag over the railing.

THE GENTLEMAN  
 Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and  
 tomorrow....

With that, he tosses Philly's body over the edge.

The Gentleman watches as the bag plummets down, down, down, then SPLASHES into the water below.

The Gentleman wipes his hands off on the railing, then walks back over the bridge, eventually disappearing amongst all of the other tourists and citizens.

CUT TO:

EXT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises in the background, illuminating the field with crisp oranges and reds.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

An EGG is cracked open, the golden yolk dripping down into a sizzling pan.

A KNIFE mixes the egg, scrambling it. It's the same knife we've seen previously, though not yet bloody.

WIDER. Ronald stands at the dirty stove, wearing only a pair of holey boxer-shorts. His gut sticks out over the waistband, rubbing against the edge of the stove.

The wall telephone RINGS.

Ronald GRUMBLES, then leaves the egg behind to answer it.

RONALD  
 Hello?

WOMAN (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Ronald, this is Barb from the  
 Principal's office. Due to a child  
 abduction, school is closed today,  
 but we'll still need you to come in  
 and clean, okay?

RONALD  
 Child abduction? How terrible.  
 (beat)  
 I'll be there.

He hangs up.

Hearing the egg BURNING, Ronald rushes over to the stove. It's bubbling, and sticking to the pan.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
You'll eat it anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S CELLAR - LATER

Ronald hobbles down the staircase, holding the plate with the charred, disgusting-looking egg.

He turns on a light, and the masked, bound Pauly sits up. He starts fidgeting around, screaming, acting tough.

RONALD  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, keep fightin'.

Ronald brings a chair over next to Pauly and sits down. He pulls aside part of the burlap sack, and yanks the duct tape off of Pauly's mouth.

PAULY  
(desperately)  
Mom! Where -- are -- you?!

Ronald SLAPS Pauly, and the boy is silenced.

Ronald stabs at the egg mess with his knife. He tries to shove the food into Pauly's mouth, but the boy squeezes his lips together tightly.

RONALD  
You don't eat, you'll be hungry.

Pauly shakes his head back and forth.

Ronald SIGHS, then sets the dish on his chair. He puts the tape back over Pauly's mouth, then lowers the sack again.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
No school today 'cause of you. Did you know you had that power?

When Pauly doesn't make any movement, Ronald lightly touches the boy's fingers, feeling his skin.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
Anyways.

Ronald turns and leaves, shutting the light off as he goes.

Pauly's eyes focus on the plate of food on the chair -- in particular, the knife on the edge of the plate.

Pauly begins desperately trying to scrape his chair over the cement. SCRAPE -- SCRAPE -- SCRAPE.

Finally, his little fingers are able to grab the knife.

With all the patience in the world, he begins awkwardly trying to cut the thick rope around his wrists.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Charley and Joanne are pacing in the waiting room, watching after the other two Simons children, as well as the infant. Joanne is wearing her police uniform.

They look over when Lana appears, looking slightly annoyed.

CHARLEY

Well?

LANA

Just as I thought, Charley. She's got a temperature.

CHARLEY

That's it?

LANA

What were you expecting? Flu's going around. She's not just gonna keel over.

Charley looks down at his shoes. Lana taps his shoulder.

LANA (CONT'D)

Hey. Thanks for worrying. I really mean that.

CHARLEY

(honestly)

Told Simo I would.

Lana nods warmly.

JOANNE

You taking her home?

LANA

No. The doctors want to keep her overnight, just in case.

CHARLEY

Good. That's the right decision.

LANA

She's asking to see you.

Charley nods.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Charley walks into the hospital room. He CLAPS his hands when he sees Rachel in her bed, wearing pink scrubs.

CHARLEY

Sexy look, Rach.

RACHEL

(rolling her eyes)  
Please. I hate hospitals, why do I have to be here?

CHARLEY

Because you're sick.

RACHEL

I'm fine. Maybe you're the sick one.

CHARLEY

(winking)  
Sick is right. You don't want to know what I did in college.

An idea comes to Charley.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

What's your favorite food?

RACHEL

Macaroni and cheese. And brownies. Why?

CHARLEY

No reason. Your mom said you wanted to see me?

RACHEL

Yeah.

(beat)

Am I gonna die?

Charley does a double-take.

CHARLEY

Why would you ask such a thing?

RACHEL

(shy)

Nothing.

CHARLEY

No, why, Rachel?

RACHEL

(hesitantly)

I had a dream... that I died.

Charley gets closer to her.

CHARLEY

What kind of dream?

RACHEL

Just a normal dream.

CHARLEY

How did you die?

RACHEL

I -- I don't know.

(recalls)

But there was a lady there. Wearing  
all white, and floating.

(shakily)

She was scary....

Charley continues staring down into her eyes, confused.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - DAY

Charley washes his face in the bathroom sink, then stares at his reflection. He looks worn out, with bags under his eyes, even new wrinkles appearing on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Ronald and Wendy are talking in the corridor next to his mop bucket. He offers her the whiskey bottle.

WENDY

Oh, no. I don't drink.

RONALD

Neither did I. Till I started.

He forces the bottle into her shaky hands.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Always a first time.

Ronald rubs her shoulder, smearing it with dirt. Wendy nods her thanks as she holds the bottle of whiskey.

STAY ON Ronald, who happily rubs his ungroomed beard. He gives a shy smile.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - BOYS RESTROOM - DAY

PUSH THROUGH the restroom, hearing a MOANING sound coming from one of the stalls.

ANGLE: looking over the stall. Ronald stands inside, pants down to his ankles, left hand grabbing the wall, right hand pleasuring himself rather forcefully.

TIMECUT TO:

Ronald is now at the bathroom sink, washing his hands.

RONALD'S P.O.V.: the clear water coming out of the sink suddenly turns GREEN -- then ORANGE.

Ronald jumps back from the sink and holds up his hands. His right hand is covered in green paint; his left hand is covered in orange paint.

Ronald smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

The trap door opens, as a frantic Pauly escapes!

He drops the knife to the floor, then starts running for the front door. But that's when he spots something through the eyeholes in the burlap sack.

Curious, Pauly walks over to a tiny closet and opens it.

Inside, there are four finger-paintings. Two look relatively recent (a red tiger and a blue dinosaur), the other two look literally decades old and tattered (a green handprint and an orange handprint).

Hearing an AUTOMOBILE approaching outside, Pauly slams the closet shut, then rushes to the front door.

Seeing Ronald's maroon car approaching in the distance, Pauly takes off running into the field, as fast as his little legs can carry him.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - LATER

Ronald steps inside. His eyes widen when he notices that the trap door leading to the cellar is open.

Ronald snags the knife from the floor, then rushes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The familiar chase ends as Ronald grabs Pauly up in his hairy arms. He notices the blood on the boy's leg.

RONALD

Oh no, you got a boo-boo.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

We hear the BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of a healthy heart rate monitor.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Lana is sitting next to Rachel, who's asleep in bed. She's HUMMING a quiet song, rubbing her daughter's hair.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Charley paces back and forth on his cell phone.

CHARLEY  
Find anything?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Joanne sits at her computer monitor, doing a background check on Ronald Parch. She speaks into her desk phone.

JOANNE  
Ronald Ray Parch, fifty-two. No criminal record aside from a speeding ticket, which he had deferred.

CHARLEY  
Fifty-two, you say?

JOANNE  
(skimming)  
Uh, he's lived in this area his entire life. Went to school here as a kid even. Got the job of a janitor a few years after dropping out of high school.  
(shaking her head)  
You're sure this is your guy, Charles?

CHARLEY  
You were sure. Said it was a hunch.

JOANNE  
Really?  
(shrugs)  
Then I must be right.

Charley continues pacing.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
I don't know what you want me to do here. The guy's a good-standing citizen. We don't even have enough for a search warrant.

CHARLEY  
You don't....

END INTERCUT.

JOANNE

Uh-oh. I don't like the sound of  
that, Charles. Charles?

(beat)

Charles?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - SAME

ANGLE: the linoleum floor. Charley runs down the hallway  
after several nurses. PAN LEFT, to see that he had dropped  
his cell phone onto the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

It's a frantic scene in the hospital room, as Lana is  
SCREAMING at her daughter's bedside. Rachel isn't moving. Her  
heart rate monitor is going crazy.

NURSE

Step back, please!

Three nurses rush into the room, followed by Charley. They  
rush to Rachel's aid, testing for a pulse.

LANA

Please, no!

Charley hugs Lana tightly, never taking his eyes off of  
Rachel's unmoving body.

The wall clock displays 11:42 p.m.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Lana slouches in a chair, her head low, make-up smeared all  
over her face. Charley is talking to a doctor, DOC FORTE.

DOC FORTE

Unfortunately, there's nothing we  
could have done.

CHARLEY

What do you mean "nothing"?

(rapid-fire)

(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

If you could do it all again, what would you do differently? If I brought her in earlier, would that have helped any--

DOC FORTE

(calmly)

It was a blood clot in the brain. It just happens. Whether you brought her in last week, or last hour, the results would still be the same.

(to Lana)

I'm sorry for your loss.

The Doctor gives a polite nod, then walks away.

Charley puts a comforting hand on Lana's shoulder as she sits there, mourning in grief.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

HAZY DREAM

The dream is becoming clearer and clearer. Wendy and Pauly ascend the staircase, as Charley steps over a white stick and the fallen body of RONALD on the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010**  
**EIGHTH ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley grabs his car keys off the night stand.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The door opens and Charley steps into the house, a bag of groceries in his hands.

Joanne comes down the staircase wearing her police uniform, getting ready for work.

JOANNE

There you are. Where the hell did you go earlier? You missed breakfast.

CHARLEY

Sorry. Had to buy some things.

Charley heads to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Charley, wearing an apron, is merrily cooking macaroni and cheese on the stove.

The oven DINGS, and he opens it, revealing fresh brownies.

TIMECUT TO:

LATER in the kitchen, Charley watches Rachel eat her food.

CHARLEY

Is it good?

RACHEL

Brownies are kind of overcooked. I like them mushy.

CHARLEY

Mushy. Got it.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Charley watches Rachel eat her new meal: macaroni and cheese and mushy brownies.

RACHEL

This isn't the kind of macaroni and cheese Mom usually buys.

CHARLEY

What kind does she get?

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Charley watches Rachel eat her new meal: cartoon-shaped macaroni and cheese and mushy brownies.

RACHEL  
My favorite is rainbow-chip  
frosting.

Charley nods.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Charley watches Rachel eat her new meal: cartoon-shaped macaroni and cheese and mushy brownies with rainbow-chip frosting.

RACHEL  
(chewing)  
Mmm, that's really good, Uncle  
Charley.

Charley beams.

CHARLEY  
I hope you have a wonderful day.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARTLE HOUSE - NEXT NIGHT

Charley jogs away from his house at night, bundled up tightly due to the cold.

As soon as he starts running, The Gentleman steps out from behind a tree. Charlie jumps in shock.

CHARLEY  
Jesus! You scared the shit out of  
me.

THE GENTLEMAN  
I know what you're doing.

Charley begins jogging in place.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
It's admirable, it is. But you're  
only postponing the inevitable.

CHARLEY  
(angrily)  
No way in hell I'm passing into  
tomorrow.

THE GENTLEMAN  
You're prepared to stay in this day  
for the rest of your life?

CHARLEY  
It's not such a bad day.

THE GENTLEMAN  
(scoffing)  
Be realistic. You can't save  
everyone.

CHARLEY  
I can save Rachel.

THE GENTLEMAN  
For how long? Hmm?

Charley angrily brushes past The Gentleman, ramming into the man's shoulder as he jogs off.

STAY WITH The Gentleman, who rubs his shoulder where Charley had hit him. He keels over slightly in pain.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - RACHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charley, in from his jog, stands at Rachel's bedside.

She's asleep. Then -- she GURGLES slightly.

And that's all it takes. Rachel's eyes open, and she falls completely limp.

Charley remains standing there, not moving.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN on the sounds of TICKING CLOCKS:

HAZY DREAM

The dream is absolutely vivid now. Wendy and Pauly climb up the stairs in Ronald's cellar, and Charley steps over a BONE next to Ronald, who is BLEEDING from the neck.

CUT TO BLACK.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010**

**FORTY-SECOND ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley is already out of bed. He's standing at the window, gazing out at the neighboring burned-out ruins.

The bedroom door bursts open and Joanne comes in.

JOANNE

I'm not going to ask you again.  
What do you want?

When Charley ignores her, Joanne gets worried.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Hon?

The three kids come into the room laughing. They jump on the bed, high-fiving each other, singing annoying songs.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(seeing his face)  
Is today repeating?

Charley nods.

Joanne, saddened at the lack of conversation, rubs Charley's hair. She notices something new: streaks of GRAY HAIR.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(playfully)  
You're going to be a sexy old man,  
I'll tell you that right now.

CHARLEY

(confused)  
Gray hairs?

Charley walks past her and the kids, entering:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charley studies his reflection, seeing the streaks of gray.

Charley SLAMS his hand down on the counter.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARTLE HOUSE - DAY

Joanne rushes outside, worried, watching as Charley's black Ford sedan speeds away from the house.

JOANNE  
Charles! Talk to me!

But the car keeps driving, disappearing around a corner.

Joanne rubs her hands through her hair, upset.

THE GENTLEMAN (O.S.)  
You're worried about him too.

Joanne WHIPS AROUND, coming face to face with The Gentleman. From the look on her face, he is someone she's met before, though she's quite uncomfortable around him.

JOANNE  
What's he doing? What's today about? He won't tell me.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Maybe he gets bored repeating himself.

Joanne eyes the man up and down.

JOANNE  
You repeat too. Don't you?  
(oddly)  
Does this mean you and I have had this very same conversation, every morning?

THE GENTLEMAN  
(shaking his head)  
Things change, Mrs. Whartle. The smallest act can have grave consequences. We're all but pieces on a chess board.

JOANNE  
Who's playing?

THE GENTLEMAN  
We play our own game.

The Gentleman begins walking away.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
(over his shoulder)  
You're beautiful. You probably  
don't hear that enough.

As he disappears, Joanne's eyebrows raise in curiosity.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - WENDY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Wendy sits at her desk trying to read something, but stares at all the wall instead, at the missing finger-painting.

There's a KNOCK at the door, and then Charley enters.

Wendy closes the book, which we see now is the Bible.

WENDY  
Yes, can I help you?

CHARLEY  
Hello, Wendy.

Wendy's eyes squint. She finally recognizes him.

WENDY  
Charley Whartle. What on Earth are  
you doing here?

Charley shuts the door, then approaches her.

CHARLEY  
I'm here about Pauly. Forgive me  
for asking, but how old are you?

Wendy stares at him as if that's the weirdest thing she's ever been asked.

WENDY  
Fifty-two. Why?

CHARLEY  
You grew up here. You went to this  
school. Just like the janitor.

WENDY  
Ronald Parch? Yes. We've known each  
other since we were five.

Charley nods, finally understanding the missing connection.

CHARLEY

Do you know where he lives?

Wendy tilts her head, still terribly confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Charley's black sedan speeds down the road.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLEY'S CAR

Charley is driving crazily, with Wendy bracing herself in the passenger seat.

WENDY

This is insane! Ronald is a good man!

Charley ignores her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

He's got a little crush on me, sure. But how in the world is that motive enough to kidnap my son?  
(eyeing him)  
Or yours?

CHARLEY

We'll see....

Charley slams down harder on the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

Charley and Wendy jump out of Charley's car and run toward the house, not bothering to close their car doors.

Wendy gets there first and starts KNOCKING.

Charley, instead, RAMS his shoulder into the door, breaking right through the rotting wood!

WENDY

Hey! You're going to have to pay for that.

Charley sticks his hand through the hole in the door and unlocks the padlock.

CHARLEY  
Put it on my tab.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S CELLAR - SAME

Pauly is handling the knife, straining to cut the ropes off his wrists, when he hears the loud bang from above.

The noises startles him, and he loses his grip of the knife. It CLANGS to the floor behind him.

Through the eyeholes, Pauly sees that the knife is too far away to grab. He loses all hope.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S CAR - DAY

Ronald taps his fingers on the steering wheel as he heads home, none the wiser about what's going on at his house.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

Charley and Wendy look around the interior of the house -- the filthy kitchen, the overflowing laundry room, the messy living room.

Charley comes to the closet door and opens it. He stares at the four finger-paintings.

CHARLEY  
Your missing finger-painting. Is it a red tiger?

WENDY  
(confused)  
Yes. Why? How'd you know that was missing?

But when Wendy approaches the closet, she GASPS.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
My God. Look.

Wendy grabs the decades-old finger-paintings of the green and orange handprints. She holds them delicately.

WENDY (CONT'D)

We made these, Ronny and I -- back when we were just kids. He kept these... this whole time?

The name "WENDY MALLEY" is written on the orange handprint, with "RONNY PARCH" written on the green one.

CHARLEY

Hate to break it to you, but you're dead wrong.

(off her look)

No way in hell does this man have a "little" crush on you.

Charley's about to close the closet door, when he notices the fourth finger-painting. The blue dinosaur. He gazes at it for a moment, lost in thought.

WENDY

I'm starting to get a bad feeling. Should we call the police?

CHARLEY

And tell them what? That this guy lives in a pigsty and steals finger-paintings from Kindergarten teachers?

Wendy sighs, knowing he's right.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Keep searching. Your son is here. I know it.

Wendy STOMPS her foot.

WENDY

How? How do you know it?

CHARLEY

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S CAR - DAY

Ronald approaches his house. He pauses when he sees Charley's black car, both of its doors open.

Ronald scratches his beard, uncomfortable.

He reaches into the glove box and removes a GUN. It's the same gun he used to kill Charley in the flashback.

CUT TO:

EXT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Gun raised, Ronald runs along the side of his house. He keeps low to the ground, peeking into the windows.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

Charley and Wendy are looking over the interior. When she steps on the trap door, her footstep sounds HOLLOW.

Curious, Wendy bends down and starts tapping on the floor.

WENDY

Hey! I think I found something!

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

The trap door is opened, letting in a shaft of light.

Charley is first to walk down the rotting staircase, followed by Wendy, who has a renewed vigor.

WENDY

Pauly? Pauly, are you here?

They hear excited SCREAMS, muffled from beneath tape.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh God -- Pauly?!

Charley flicks on the light switch, and Pauly's figure is illuminated. His eyes light up beneath the burlap sack!

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh, Pauly!

Wendy rushes over to her son and tries to remove the burlap sack, but it's tied too tightly around his neck.

CHARLEY

There's a knife.

Wendy grabs the knife off the floor. She starts cutting away at the ropes holding her son to the chair.

WENDY

I'm gonna get you out of here,  
Pauly! I love you so much!

Charley notices the dozens of flies in the corner, BUZZING over a pile of white sticks. He approaches, and sees that it's actually a pile of BONES.

Charley moves the bones with his shoe, revealing a human skull. Around the skull's neck is a gold CRUCIFIX.

Recognizing it, Charley bends down to get a better look. He's startled speechless.

Wendy finally cuts the ropes, and she's about to cut away the burlap sack, when:

RONALD (O.S.)

HEY!

They all WHIP AROUND, to see Ronald standing at the top of the rotting staircase. Gun aimed at Wendy and Pauly. From his angle, he can't see Charley in the corner.

WENDY

I'm calling the police, Ronny! How could you do this?!

RONALD

Don't speak.

WENDY

You kidnapped my son! Why?! I thought we were friends!

Ronald's hand shakes.

RONALD

He ain't a better artist than me.  
None of them are.

WENDY

What?

RONALD

I'm the good artist, Wendy. I have the proof. How can you not see that?

Wendy pulls Pauly off the chair, holding him tight.

WENDY

You're going to jail.

Ronald steps further into the cellar.

RONALD  
You would tell on me?

WENDY  
You... are sick.

That seems to affect Ronald. He shakes his head, then raises the gun at Wendy's head.

RONALD  
I love you.

Just as Ronald's about to pull the trigger --

Charley jumps out of the corner, tackling him!

Both men fall to the cement floor, rolling over each other, grunting in pain.

Ronald manages to get the upper hand, and he WHACKS Charley's face with the gun.

Ronald's about to smack him again, but then he seems to recognize Charley.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
You...?

CHARLEY  
Me.

With incredible speed, Charley pokes his fingers right into Ronald's eyes.

RONALD  
AAAAHHHHHH!

Charley fingers go deeper into Ronald's eye sockets.

Ronald, clearly in pain, and blinded, aims the gun where he thinks Charley is -- and FIRES!

The bullet just nearly misses Charley's head, hitting the cement beside him.

WENDY  
Ronald -- Get off him!

Pauly tries to run to Charley's aid, but Wendy holds her son back, protecting him.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Stay back!

With his free hand, Charley starts punching Ronald in the gut, over and over again.

But Ronald, for all his pain, still manages to aim the gun at Charley again.

He points it right at Charley's forehead.

BANG!

Charley is hit right between the eyes!

BLACK OUT.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010  
FORTY-THIRD ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley jumps up in bed, SCREAMING in agony!

He calms down. And rubs his sweaty forehead. He's fine.

Taking a deep breath, he rushes over to the dresser. He opens the bottom drawer, finding Joanne's standard-issue GUN.

Charley grabs the gun.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S CELLAR - DAY

Wendy is frantically cutting the ropes that hold Pauly to the chair. She's about to cut away the burlap sack, when:

RONALD (O.S.)

HEY!

They WHIP AROUND, to see Ronald standing at the top of the rotting staircase. Gun aimed at Wendy and Pauly.

WENDY

I'm calling the police, Ronny! How could you do this?!

RONALD

Don't speak.

WENDY

You kidnapped my son! Why?! I  
thought we were friends!

As they argue, Charley, in the corner, pulls the gun out of the back of his pants. He aims it at Ronald's head.

CHARLEY

Drop. The gun.

Ronald is surprised to hear the other voice in the room. He turns to Charley, recognizing him.

RONALD

You...?

CHARLEY

I said drop it.

Ronald gives an arrogant smile, then DARTS FORWARD toward Wendy and Pauly.

Charley FIRES the gun, but misses, as Ronald's too fast.

Ronald pushes Wendy aside, then grabs Pauly up in his arms. He holds the weapon at Pauly's temple.

RONALD

You drop yours.

CHARLEY

(shaking his head)  
Not gonna do that, Ronald.

RONALD

Then this boy dies. Just like your  
boy died.

Charley's chin quivers.

RONALD (CONT'D)

He was a good artist too. But not  
as good as me.

Charley slowly begins approaching Ronald, holding his gun.

CHARLEY

What are you talking about?

RONALD

She loves me. Because of my talent.

WENDY  
You're sick, Ronny. I don't love  
you! We're just... friends.

RONALD  
(spitting)  
You made me that picture! Me! No  
one else!

Wendy shakes her head sadly.

WENDY  
That was more than forty years ago.

RONALD  
Mama always said love's forever.

WENDY  
Well, it's not!  
(furiously)  
Now let him go!

Ronald looks around the room, seeing that he's outnumbered  
and cornered. He's lost.

RONALD  
Fuck this.

Ronald pulls the trigger, shooting Pauly in the head!

BANG!

Wendy SCREAMS!

A splatter of BLOOD!

BLACK OUT.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010**  
**FORTY-FOURTH ROTATION**

FADE IN:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charley opens the bottom drawer. He grabs the gun.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD'S CELLAR - DAY

Wendy cuts away Pauly's ropes, when:

RONALD (O.S.)

HEY!

Ronald aims his gun at Wendy and Pauly.

WENDY

I'm calling the police, Ronny! How could you do this?!

RONALD

Don't speak.

WENDY

You kidnapped my son! Why?! I thought we were friends!

Before Ronald can respond, Charley jumps out of the corner, holding a long femur bone. He WHACKS Ronald right in the face with all his strength!

Ronald falls to the ground, but doesn't drop his gun. He rubs his jaw where the bone hit, then glares at Charley.

RONALD

You...?

Charley goes to whack him again with the femur, but Ronald raises his gun and FIRES!

The bullet misses, and in the commotion, Charley jumps on top of Ronald.

The men roll around on the floor, with Charley slamming Ronald's hand against the cement over and over again.

CHARLEY

Drop it, you son of a bitch!

Ronald moans in pain as Charley tries to grab his gun. But Ronald's too strong. He PUNCHES Charley in the nose.

Ronald gets the upper hand on Charley, and he punches his face again -- and punches him again!

Charley looks like he's about to lose consciousness.

Ronald gives a disgusting grin, then aims his gun at Charley's forehead. But then --

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Now, Wendy!

Curious, Ronald turns to Wendy. He doesn't have time to react before Wendy pulls the trigger of Charley's gun.

BANG!

Ronald's hit in the neck!

He falls backwards, dropping his gun, hitting his head on the cement. Dark blood oozes out of his neck.

He GURGLES on the floor, looking to be in extreme pain.

WENDY

Charley, are you all right?

Charley stands woozily. He nods.

CHARLEY

(breathing roughly)

How's... the boy?

Wendy grabs the knife off the floor and cuts away at the burlap sack. She pulls the tape off his mouth, finally revealing Pauly's face.

He's a cute kid, pale skin, brown curly hair.

PAULY

Mom!

Wendy hugs her son tightly, kissing him.

She eyes Charley, through tears.

WENDY

Thank you.

CHARLEY

Let's get out of here.

Wendy picks up her son and rushes up the staircase. Charley walks behind them, stepping over the white bone, and Ronald's bloody body on the floor.

It's an image that Charley has seen over and over again. As he exits, there's a look of trepidation on his face.

Ronald chokes on his own blood. Still alive.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charley stands against the kitchen counter, the wounds on his face being tended to by Joanne.

Out in the Foyer, Lana is escorting her kids to bed.

LANA  
Say good-night, kids.

KIDS  
(mocking)  
Good-night, kids!

CHARLEY  
Good-night, everyone.  
(enunciates)  
Have sweet dreams, Rachel.

As Rachel climbs the staircase and escapes from view, she gives him a curious look.

Charley WINCES as Joanne dabs at his wounds with the alcohol and cotton ball.

JOANNE  
Sorry. Does that hurt?

CHARLEY  
Nah, it feels good. I was actually thinking of adding pistol-whipping to our bedroom excursions. You in?

Joanne smiles, rubbing his shoulders.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)  
You talk to the Captain yet?

JOANNE  
(nodding)  
Pap said Ronald is going to live.  
But as for a motive, the guy's not talking.

Charley looks down, knowing the truth.

CHARLEY  
What time is it?

JOANNE  
Just after eleven. Why?

Charley grabs Joanne's shoulders and focuses on her eyes.

CHARLEY

I love you. You know that, right?

JOANNE

Of course, Charley --

CHARLEY

(interrupting)

We've had our problems in the past.  
Especially after our son....

(beat)

But I love you. Always know that.

He kisses her lips.

With that, Charley puts on his coat and heads for the door.

Joanne remains standing there, looking worried.

CUT TO:

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

BACKGROUND SONG: **"I'm Through" by Vic Chesnutt.**

Wendy stands in the door frame, a wondrous smile on her face. She's watching Pauly, who's since been cleaned up, sitting cross-legged on the floor, finger-painting.

He's drawing a red tiger.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Ronald lies in his hospital bed, his neck bandaged. Captain Papicella stands above him, trying to question him, but Ronald simply stares at his two hands.

RONALD'S P.O.V.: both hands are normal, flesh-colored.

Ronald looks extremely disheartened.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joanne's on the bed, wearing her nightgown. She sips a glass of white wine as she looks through an old PHOTO ALBUM.

Joanne's holding back tears as she flips through the pages.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARTLE HOUSE - RACHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lana puts Rachel down for bed. She kisses her daughter's forehead nonchalantly.

Rachel rolls over and goes to sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Charley SITS with perfect posture on the park bench. His arms are outstretched, resting on the back of the bench. (NOTE: this is the first time Charley is seen sitting.)

The Gentleman appears from the side. He wraps his coat around his body, then sits next to Charley.

THE GENTLEMAN

You're wasting your time. She will not appear.

CHARLEY

Shut up.

THE GENTLEMAN

She works on her own schedule. She doesn't care if you're angry or upset or confused --

CHARLEY

(interrupting)  
I fixed the tear.

That gets The Gentleman's attention. He listens.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

In a few minutes, Rachel is going to die.

(beat)

And I want to know my options. You had options.

Charley meets The Gentleman's gaze.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

The Lady showed me something. After I died, you were there, pleading for my life. And now, here I am. Sure, I'm time's bitch now, but I'm alive.

(adamantly)

I want that for her.

THE GENTLEMAN  
 (simply)  
 You'll get what you want.

Charley does a double-take, as if he didn't hear correctly.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
 If she does die, Mr. Whartle, then  
 this...  
 (motioning all around him)  
 ... could be over.

CHARLEY  
 What?

THE GENTLEMAN  
 Your duties could finally end.

CHARLEY  
 (confused)  
 You're not making any sense.

THE GENTLEMAN  
 When she showed you your death, did  
 you understand what came after?

Charley shakes his head no.

The Gentleman gives a conflicted sigh, then finally stands.  
 As he speaks, he paces back and forth.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
 The places you know as Heaven and  
 Hell exist. One for good souls. One  
 for bad souls. However, what you do  
 not know is what happens when a  
 child dies... who is neither.  
 (beat)  
 Are they given the benefit of the  
 doubt and sent to Heaven? Or sent  
 to Hell, for not being good enough?  
 The answer is something else  
 entirely.

CHARLEY  
 (struggling to understand)  
 Purgatory?

THE GENTLEMAN  
 (shaking his head)  
 Such a limited word. Purgatory is a  
 human invention.  
 (MORE)

## THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

What I'm referring to... is another  
go at life for the soul.

The Gentleman continues pacing back and forth as Charley  
listens intently.

## THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Most children who die, experience  
what you are experiencing. They're  
still new to this world, see --  
products of their surroundings. And  
so, to fully prove once and for all  
whether their souls are good or  
bad, they are returned to Earth,  
relocated to avoid being  
recognized, and given someone to  
watch over them. The Lady watched  
over me. In London.

## CHARLEY

You used to be... in my position?

## THE GENTLEMAN

(nodding)

Whenever a tear occurred, I was  
tasked with fixing them. Some tasks  
were good. Others, bad. And she  
monitored how I handled each. I  
wasn't as fast as you, though. And  
so... I aged.

(beat)

It wasn't until your death, Mr.  
Whartle -- upon which I offered up  
my own soul as collateral to let  
you live -- that The Lady finally  
saw my true essence.

Charley tries to wrap his head around the information.

## CHARLEY

I would have gone to Hell...  
wouldn't I?

## THE GENTLEMAN

Your soul became black... hollow...  
toward the end of your life.

Charley jumps up, furious.

## CHARLEY

My son was murdered!

The Gentleman stares back at him emotionally. Charley spins  
around in a tight circle.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)  
Why save me? Who are you to me?

THE GENTLEMAN  
Maybe I just don't like seeing  
people go to Hell.

CHARLEY  
No, you obviously knew me. And she  
didn't want you to say how.  
(eyeing him)  
Why don't I know you? Is that  
something else she removed from my  
memory? You a long lost grandpa? A  
high school teacher? What?

The Gentleman swallows.

THE GENTLEMAN  
My name is Alistair Whartle.

Hearing the shock of his life, Charley steps back.

But The Gentleman walks closer. He grabs Charley's hand.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Hello, father.

FLASH TO:

*EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY*

*5-year-old Alistair stands alone on the playground.*

MATCH CUT TO:

*EXT. WHARTLE HOUSE - NIGHT*

*The Gentleman stands alone across the street.*

FLASH TO:

*EXT. STREET - DAY*

*Ronald's maroon car pulls up alongside Alistair.*

RONALD  
Hop on in.

MATCH CUT TO:

*INT. CHARLEY'S CAR - DAY*

*Charley's in his car, speaking out to The Gentleman.*

*CHARLEY*

*Hop on in.*

*The Gentleman, shocked, takes a step backward.*

FLASH TO:

*INT. RONALD'S CAR - DAY*

*Alistair tightens the seat belt around his waist.*

MATCH CUT TO:

*INT. CHARLEY'S CAR - DAY*

*The Gentleman tightens the seat belt around his waist.*

FLASH TO:

*INT. SCHOOL - WENDY'S CLASSROOM - DAY*

*Wendy rubs Alistair's blond hair as he draws a blue dinosaur.*

*WENDY*

*Wonderful, Alistair.*

MATCH CUT TO:

*EXT. CITY PARK - DAY*

*The Gentleman stares oddly at the blue frisbee on the grass.  
We see now that it has a dinosaur on it.*

FLASH TO:

*INT. WHITE ABYSS - UNKNOWN TIME*

*The Gentleman stands next to The Lady in the abyss.*

*THE LADY*

*He especially can't know who you  
are.*

*Truly saddened, The Gentleman looks over at Charley.*

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Back where we left off. Charley takes another step away from his elderly son / Alistair Whartle / The Gentleman.

CHARLEY

No. That's not possible. His... bones were found, in a dried-out trench.

(gulping)

Starting these repetitions, then finding that... it all led me to the asylum.

The Gentleman allows him a moment of silence.

THE GENTLEMAN

As I said, this is not resurrection. This is merely to determine the worthiness of --

CHARLEY

(emotionally)

I get it! I understand what you're saying, but I don't believe any of it!

THE GENTLEMAN

You do. Because the same happened to you. You died, yet here you are. If I had your body to show you as proof, I would.

Charley looks down. He knows the man is right.

CHARLEY

I saw my body....

The Gentleman nods, vindicated.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

You said you were relocated to avoid being recognized. Well, what about me? Jo, Lana, Simo -- they all still knew me.

THE GENTLEMAN

The rules didn't apply to you, as your soul was already determined to be bad. The only reason you're here now was as a favor to me, for my many years of service.

Overwhelmed, Charley plops down on the park bench.

CHARLEY

So, how does Rachel's death signal  
the end of my repetitions?

THE GENTLEMAN

Rachel Simons will be relocated,  
and she will begin fixing tears in  
time, as most children do.

(enunciates)

She will need a guide. Someone to  
help her on her journey, as I have  
helped you.

Charley stands. He looks absolutely confident.

CHARLEY

I'll do it.

THE LADY (O.S.)

Then it is done.

Both men turn to the side, where The Lady has appeared,  
glowing white, floating above the grass.

THE LADY (CONT'D)

There will be a fire at the home of  
Ronald Parch. Your bones will be  
discovered tomorrow.

CHARLEY

(realizing)

They'll all think I'm dead....

The Lady extends her hand out to The Gentleman.

THE LADY

Your time is over, Alistair.

THE GENTLEMAN

(sadly)

I thought so.

The Gentleman tries to hide a lump in his throat. He sticks  
his hand out to Charley, wanting him to shake it.

Instead, Charley steps forward... and HUGS his son.

It's a silent hug, very emotional, as the men say goodbye.

CHARLEY

I thought you said I was yours for  
Eternity?

THE GENTLEMAN

There is a last time for  
everything, father.  
(winking)  
Even Eternity ends.

The Gentleman gathers his bearings. Then, he finally touches the glowing hand of The Lady.

And as he does, his body turns to WHITE SMOKE, and flies up into the night air.

Charley watches the smoke rise, then disappear.

CHARLEY

Love you too....

The Lady smiles warmly at Charley.

THE LADY

Are you ready for your next  
journey?

Charley wipes a tear from his eye.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BRAZIL - DAY

We're SOARING above the beautiful Brazilian rainforest, with bright green trees and orange plateaus.

CHARLEY (PRE-LAP)

Rachel, I've told you before.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRAZIL - MARKET PLACE - DAY

The face of Charley Whartle graces the screen. He's standing in the busy market place, appearing slightly older. There are more prominent streaks of gray in his hair, bags under his eyes, and a few wrinkles on his brow.

CHARLEY

The only way to pass into tomorrow  
is to fulfill exactly what it is  
your dream presents to you.

REVERSE ANGLE to find Rachel Simons, still young and  
attractive. And alive. She's terribly confused.

RACHEL

So you're saying... I'm supposed to  
let him get hit?

CHARLEY

So it seems.

RACHEL

And all of this will end?

CHARLEY

Until the next time.

RACHEL

What?

CHARLEY

I'm afraid I've said too much.

Rachel rolls her eyes, annoyed.

RACHEL

Uncle Charley, you really are a  
piece of work, you know that?

Charley smiles and ruffles her hair.

CHARLEY

Hey, at least it didn't take me  
over a hundred rotations to  
accomplish my first task.

They begin walking through the market place, past dozens of  
Brazilians who are none the wiser as to what's going on.

Camera stays in a FIXED POSITION as they walk away.

RACHEL

Are you saying I suck at this?

CHARLEY

I'm saying I was better, that's  
all.

RACHEL

Please, you probably had help!

CHARLEY

Are you kidding? My guide was as mysterious as they came! At least you have my good looks to keep you company for the next Eternity....

Their voices soon trail off, as Rachel and Charley disappear amongst the crowd.

|THE END|

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To this day, I still consider it a bit of a mystery why those initial 7 episodes of "Eternity" were so well-received back in 2007. All of your tireless support throughout the past couple years has been remarkable. It's any writer's dream, and I thank you. I just want you to know that your countless, frequent requests to one day read a conclusion to this series (there were even some death threats!) did not go unnoticed.

I hope you liked it.

-Angelo Shrine

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