

**TITLE UP: ELEMENT...based on a true story.**

**MIAMI 1980's**

MONTAGE OVER TITLE CREDITS

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN NEAR MIAMI FLORIDA -- NIGHT

Three cigarette speedboats cut through the water on a moonlit night. The boats slow to idle speed and use a signaling device. A cessna prop plane flies low over the water ejecting three large bundles. The boats move in to pick up the floating drugs.

INT. COAST GUARD SURVEILLANCE PLANE -- CONTINUOUS

A Coast Guard technician reviews a radar screen with Florida State Prosecutor, **ALAN BELL**. Alan, 30's, hawk-like eyes, powerful build and intellectual prowess mark him as a formidable adversary.

EXT. DOCK LOADING ZONE -- NIGHT

The cigarette boats pull up to a loading area with a waiting truck. The boat drivers jump to the dock with the duffels of cocaine. Alan, with Broward County sheriffs, races onto the dock and arrest the participants cuffing the lot.

INT. BROWARD COUNTY FLORIDA -- SAFE HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

A well dressed cartel member and three thug workers are in a small room lined with money machines and twenty million loose dollars in bins.

The steel security door is suddenly blown inward. Smoke and dust fill the room. Alan & Swat members charge into the room and force the occupants to the floor, arresting all.

EXT. HELICOPTER FLIES SKIMMING WAREHOUSE ROOFS -- AFTERNOON

Alan hangs out the side of a helicopter, holding binoculars and using a walkie-talkie.

**INSERT** Binocular's View: a motorcycle gang member drives his bike to a warehouse.

Alan's shoulder holster reveals a 357 stainless steel magnum.

INT. WAREHOUSE MOTORCYCLE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Two groups of cycle red-necks parlay high end automatic weapons. A suitcase with cash is on a table.

Alan and SWAT clad DEA burst into the shop from multiple doors and windows. The surrounded suspects drop their guns.

INT. STATE SUPERIOR COURT ROOMS -- ONGOING CASES -- INTERCUT

Judge GREY asks the Jury Foreman to read the verdict. (Money Launderers in B.G.)

Judge FIELDS asks the Jury Foreman to read the verdict. (Drug Runners in B.G.)

Judge Harding asks the Jury Forewoman to read the Verdict. (Biker Gangs in B.G.)

FOREPERSON #1

The Jury finds the defendants guilty on all five counts.

FOREPERSON #2

The Jury finds the defendants guilty on all seven counts your honor.

FOREPERSON #3

The Jury finds the defendants guilty on all nine charges your honor.

A furious cartel defendant jumps up and rants at Alan. He is restrained by Bailiffs and dragged from court.

DEFENDANT

I'll get you Bell! *I'm gonna make sure you suffer! You're a dead man.*  
You hear me?

After the verdict is read, all three courts erupt in chaos from screaming families and protesting defendants.

**Intercut:** The different judges rapidly bang their gavels shouting for order.

INT. REPUBLIC STEAKHOUSE MIAMI -- NIGHT

A well-to-do retirement party is in progress for Alan Bell. Prosecutors, Judges and Law Enforcement mingle with drinks. Alan entertains with his beautiful wife. **SUSAN**, 30's, is a stunning woman with tantalizing figure.

Alan's boss, **MICHAEL SATZ**, 50's, a beefy man with salt and pepper hair, engages the mike at a podium.

MICHAEL

Good-evening everyone. Could I get your attention for a minute. Alan, could you come up here?

Alan walks up to the podium and stands with Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Alan has been a proud member of the organized crime unit for six years and has done an outstanding job for the state of Florida. While with the prosecutors office, Alan prosecuted the biggest criminals and took on the biggest law firms in the country...Including F. Lee Bailey whom he beat and sent his cartel client to jail for life!

Crowd applause.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Alan, the people of Florida, the prosecutors office and justice department are going to miss your work ethic, integrity and passion.

Michael hands Alan a plaque with his former badge embossed on it. Alan accepts the award. Generous APPLAUSE.

ALAN

I really appreciate all of your support and want to thank my colleagues in the department, my counterparts in law enforcement and the justice department. That being said, I'm sure there's a few people that won't miss me very much.

SUSAN

(shouts)

Yeah, but they're all in jail already!

The crowd roars with laughter.

ALAN

Thank you all again it's been great to have worked with such dedicated professionals.

Alan waves to the crowd and they give him another ovation.

Pumping his fist, Alan walks away from the podium and hugs his wife. They look into each other's loving eyes.

The CHEERING continues into the next scene.

EXT. 120 TOWER BUILDING FLORIDA -- MORNING

A large building looms ominously above the Florida skyline. The 120 Tower dwarfs other buildings nearby. A RAVEN circles high above the building.

**MUSIC INSERT:** Native American tribal chanting backed by drumming.

INT. 120 TOWER BUILDING FLORIDA -- MORNING

Alan shaking hands with JORDAN HARDING and the entire legal team for Harding, Broom, Wycoff and Cutter.

JORDAN

Alan, welcome to HBWC! We want you to feel like family.

ALAN

Thanks, Jordan. I hope I can get up to speed and jump in on some of what's going on.

JORDAN

Don't worry about getting up to speed. We charge by the hour so ..TAKE YOUR TIME!

The group laughs. NANCY LANDMAN, 30'S, and well put together, walks up to Alan and is introduced.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Alan, this is your secretary, Nancy Landman. Nancy will show you your new offices. Welcome aboard!

INT. 120 TOWER BUILDING FLORIDA -- INTERCUT -- LAW FIRM & BUILDING -- ALAN'S OFFICE

Alan walks into a spacious office with a fantastic ocean view. Nancy stands by the door. A bare wall is exposed to it's electrical wiring and framing. Building insulation is stacked up in crates next to the wall.

NANCY

Will that be all Mr. Bell?

ALAN

Thank you Nancy. We can go over my schedule in the morning.

NANCY

Oh, by the way, the building started doing some renovations that include your office. They should be done in about six weeks.

ALAN

Thank, you.

Nancy exits and closes the door behind her.

INT. 120 TOWER BUILDING FLORIDA -- ALAN'S OFFICE

TITLE UP: Two months later.

Alan sits at his huge glass desk and puts his feet up and hands behind his head. Alan cups his hands and sneezes violently several times. He notices flecks of blood on his hands and walks to his bathroom, opens the door and enters.

**INSERT** CAMERA POV: An open bale of insulation rests right next to Alan's desk.

A Raven flies by the large picture window.

INT. ALAN'S HOME -- LIVINGROOM -- EVENING

Alan and Susan sip a glass of wine.

ALAN

The new job is the best decision I ever made.

SUSAN

(shows wedding ring)  
Second best!

ALAN

Can't argue with that!

Alan hacks a nasty cough and sneezes roughly into a napkin. Susan sees traces of blood on the napkin.

SUSAN

Are you okay?

ALAN

I'm fine. Probably just a cold.

Alan gets up and heads for the bathroom.

SUSAN

Don't take too long; dinner's ready.

INT. ALAN'S HOME -- BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Alan stares at himself in the mirror. A small trickle of blood from his nose rolls over his lip and falls into the sink. The droplet explodes upon impact with the porcelain and colors the water red swirling down the drain.

INT. 120 TOWER BUILDING FLORIDA -- GYM --MORNING

Alan's biceps muscles glisten with sweat as he pumps some iron. Alan whips off fifty high speed situps and then effortlessly does fifty pushups. Alan picks up a jump rope and starts a timer.

After a few minutes, Alan steps up his pace and rhythmically executes a boxers double jump and skip move. A buzzer goes off on his timer.

**INSERT:** Digital Timer reads twenty minutes.

INT. 120 TOWER BUILDING ALAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

The digital clock on the wall reads 8 am.

Multiprocessing, Alan works a computer, talks on the phone and looks through documents. Alan hangs up the phone perspiring, and drains the last of the water from a bottle. Nancy enters with some paperwork.

ALAN

Great timing. Those the Simmons docs?  
Put them on the stack over there.

Alan points to another desk with several files. Alan sneezes and coughs up mucous. Nancy moves to leave.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Could I get some water and it's very warm in here. Do you know how to turn down the heat? I feel like I'm roasting.

NANCY

No problem Mr Bell. I'll get you another water and the thermostat is on your wall.

ALAN

Thanks, Nancy.

Alan jumps up and fiddles with the thermostat.

**INSERT:** The thermostat says 71 degrees Alan turns the knob down to 60 and goes back to work.

INT. 120 TOWER BUILDING ALAN'S OFFICE -- EVENING

The digital clock reads, 7 pm. Alan works at his desk. His tie is loose and his face is bright red. Seven empty water bottles litter his desk. Alan shivers and puts his jacket on. Nancy enters.

NANCY

I'm leaving for the night Mr. Bell.  
Is there anything I can get for you,  
before I go?

ALAN

Some more water if you could.

Nancy sees a garbage can filled water bottles and is incredulous. Alan gets up to fiddle with the thermostat.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Jeez, it's freezing in here.

NANCY

I'll get you another bottle. Tomorrow I'll stock your office with a case.

ALAN

Thank you Nancy.

Nancy leaves. Perspiring, Alan plops down at his desk dizzy. Alan rubs his aching temples and shuts his eyes. When he opens them, his sight is blurry.

Alan's POV: The blurry room slowly spins around him.

INT. 120 BUILDING RACQUET BALL COURT -- DAY

Alan is playing racquet ball with Judge Grey. Tired, Alan misses an easy shot.

JUDGE GREY

My how the high and mighty have fallen! You're playing like crap Bell!

Huffing and puffing Alan sits on a side bench and chugs some water.

ALAN

I'm gassed your honor. Let's call it a day.

JUDGE GREY

Are you kidding? I haven't had this much fun in years. It's my turn to beat the crap out of *you* for a change! Another set.

Alan drags his tired body back to the court.

INT. ALAN'S HOME BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Alan is in bed tossing and turning. Susan is asleep. Alan turns on the light and starts to hyper-ventilate. He staggers out of the bed and enters the bathroom. He stares at himself in the mirror. Alan's eyes are bloodshot and his face is ashen. He sneezes blood onto the mirror obscuring his face.

INT. ALAN'S HOME BEDROOM -- MORNING -- INTERCUT BOSSES OFFICE

Alan lies in bed with a ice pack on his head and talks to his boss on the phone.

ALAN

Jordan, sorry about this. I'm a little under the weather.

JORDAN

Don't worry about it Alan. Great job on the prelim. You think you'll be better by Friday's hearing.

ALAN

Jordan, I've got a cold. Friday is three days away, I'll be fine.

JORDAN

Okay, rest up we're counting on you.

ALAN

Aye, Aye skipper. I'll report as ordered. Bye.

Alan hangs up. Susan walks in with **ASHLEE**, their five year old daughter. Alan hacks and coughs into a tissue.

ASHLEE

Daddy!

Ashlee tries to run to her dad, but Susan stops her.

SUSAN

Dad's sick honey. We don't want you to get...whatever he has. Go watch TV in the den.

Unhappy, Ashlee runs off for the TV.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Alan, when are you going to go to the doctor?

ALAN

I haven't had time. I have a big case load at work.

SUSAN

Well, don't go near Ashlee until you get checked out.

ALAN

What?

SUSAN

You're not the one who's going to have to stay home with her when she's sick. Stop being so stubborn and go to the doctor.



ALAN  
 (gives in)  
 Fine! I'll call some people.

SUSAN  
 When?

ALAN  
 Today okay?

SUSAN  
 Today when?

ALAN  
 Right now! Happy!

SUSAN  
 Yes!

Susan starts to leave the room and sees Alan's overflowing trash bin of tissues and water bottles.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
 Change those sheets. They're soaking wet.

ALAN  
 Okay, alright, already. Can I just lie here and die in peace?

Susan exits.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
 You can die after you change the sheets!

Alan kicks his covers off and swings his legs out of bed. Standing up he gets dizzy and sits back down. He reaches for the phone and dials.

ALAN  
 Hello, this is Alan Bell I would like to make an appointment with Dr. Saltzman.

INT. DOCTOR SALTZMAN OFFICE -- DAY

The doctor is doing a general look see down Alan's throat.

DOCTOR SALTZMAN  
 Open wide. Say Ahhhhh.

He checks Alan's pulse and heartbeat. The Dr. checks Alan's blood pressure, temperature and eyes, then makes some notes.

ALAN  
 Well?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN  
Your running above 98.6 at about  
101. Low grade fever, with  
inflammation in your sinus cavity  
and an elevated blood pressure.

ALAN  
And?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN  
I need to run some more tests. Could  
be just be a virus...or something  
you ate.

ALAN  
Or?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN  
I'm not sure, but to be on the safe  
side, here are some specialists. I  
want you to see.

Alan's eyes go wide.

ALAN  
Neurologist? Hematologist?  
Endocrinologist? Is all this  
necessary?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN  
Better safe then sorry.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI HOSPITAL -- INTERCUT -- MULTIPLE  
HOSPITALS

Alan walks into the University Of Miami Hospital. Alan walks  
out of the Miami General Hospital. Alan walks up to a door  
with a name plate that reads "Doctor Michael Bender  
Neurologist". Alan exits a door, as it closes we see the  
name plate reads "Dr. Richard Mendolson Endocrinologist".

INT. MIAMI SUPERIOR COURT -- JUDGE FIELD COURT ROOM

Alan sits with Jordan Harding and several lawyers. The  
opposing lawyers sit scowling with baited breath.

The Judge is handed the verdict. He motions for the foreman  
to deliver the verdict.

FOREPERSON #4  
We the jury find Teletrex Corporation  
liable on all five counts.

JUDGE FIELDS  
The Jury has found Teletrex liable  
on all five counts including fraud,  
(MORE)

JUDGE FIELDS (CONT'D)  
 perjury, theft of service and  
 attempted bribery. I will pass  
 judgment on March 14th. This court  
 stands adjourned.

The Judge bangs his gavel.

JORDAN  
 Great work Alan. I'm taking the  
 team to lunch. Coming?

ALAN  
 I've got some errands to run, I'll  
 see you in the morning.

The team leaves. Alan gathers his papers. He blows his nose  
 and the tissue is bloody red.

INT. HOSPITAL VARIOUS ROOMS INTERCUT -- LATER

**MONTAGE:**

Alan is on an MRI table. It moves inside the machine.  
 Accompanied by several doctors, Alan is attached to several  
 monitors, which spit out printed data. Alan is having blood  
 drawn. An orderly hands Alan a container to pee in. A doctor  
 takes swab samples from Alan's mouth. An orderly hands Alan  
 another container labeled "Stool Sample". Alan is in a  
 hospital gown sitting on a exam table. The doctor comes in  
 and puts on some rubber gloves. Snapping the gloves on, he  
 motions for Alan to assume the position. Alan rolls his  
 eyes.

INT. 120 TOWER BUILDING ALAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Alan has three cases of water against a wall and finishes a  
 bottle as Nancy walks in with some briefs. Alan wears a  
 heavy jacket and snuffles as he works.

NANCY  
 Here are the Blackwater briefs.  
 (uncomfortable)  
 It's very warm in here Mr. Bell.

Nancy walks over to the thermostat.

**INSERT:** Thermostat reads 85 degrees

ALAN  
 I'm freezing. Is that thing working?

NANCY  
 I can get the building maintenance  
 to check it...

Alan goes into a violent coughing spasm. He stands up and loses his equilibrium. Alan staggers across the room. He falls to one knee and Nancy rushes over.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I think you better call it quits for today Mr B.

ALAN

I'll be fine Nancy, I just...

NANCY

Mr. Bell, if you don't pack up and go home this instant, I'm calling Mr. Harding.

Alan starts to protest, but thinks better of it.

ALAN

Alright, I'm done for the day.

INT. HOSPITAL INTERCUT HOSPITAL STATIONS -- LATER

Alan breathes into a mask, and a machine checks his breathing. Alan is in an optometrist chair and has his eyes checked. A doctor removes hair samples from Alan. A nurse draws blood. Alan is on a cardiographic machine measuring his heart rate.

INT. ALAN'S HOME BEDROOM -- INTERCUT JORDAN'S OFFICE MORNING

Curled up in his bed, Alan is using a sinus steamer. He calls his boss on the phone.

ALAN

Hi Jordan, I'm under the weather. I won't be in today

JORDAN

Again? This is the third time in two weeks Alan.

ALAN

I'll have the Blackwater brief finished by Monday I promise.

JORDAN

Are you sure? I can put Brady on it.

ALAN

Jordan, I'll finish the brief in time for our court date, you have my word.

There is silence.

JORDAN

Okay, Alan. I'll see you in a couple days.

The phone goes dead. Alan collapses on the bed.

INT. 120 TOWER BUILDING ALAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Digital Clock reads 4 am

Alan is perspiring, his face ashen, nose is red and his eyes are blood shot. Alan slugs down some water.

INT. LAWYER'S CONFERENCE ROOM -- AFTERNOON

The lawyers are sitting conversing when Alan walks in. He is disheveled, bleary eyed and weak.

ALAN

Sorry, I'm late. I finished the Blackwater brief.

JORDAN

Good timing. I was getting worried. Let's get started.

Alan sits in his seat and hands out files to the team. Jordan starts to speak about the case.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Judge Rowlings will be presiding. We go way back to when I was JR. partner, that was pre stone age...

The room laughs and gets down to business. Alan's temples throb, and he chugs more water.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Make sure all of our witnesses are listed. I don't want any of our key people barred from testifying because we forgot to have them identified.

Alan's heart is beating furiously. The sound of his own HEARTBEAT drowns out Jordan's voice.

**Music Insert:** Native American Chanting with drumming over Alan's heartbeat.

Standing in a daze, Alan covers his ears trying to block out his internal audio turmoil.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Yes, Alan? Alan?

**Music Insert:** Native American Chanting with drumming and Alan's heart beat crescendo.

Taking a step, Alan blacks out.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM -- LATER

A doctor finishes checking Alan out with Nancy, Jordan and Susan nearby.

ALAN

I feel fine. I'm just tired. I came in at 4 am to finish the brief.

EMERGENCY ROOM DOCTOR

It's possible he had a heart attack. Everything checks out normal; pulse, blood pressure, cholesterol. We'll keep him over night and do a stress test in the morning.

ALAN

Overnight? No way. I need to prepare for court tomorrow.

JORDAN

You're not going to court tomorrow.

Alan is incredulous.

ALAN

Jordan, it's just a cold. I can handle the opening statement.

JORDAN

Maybe you can, but you're not going to. I appreciate the effort Alan, but you're off the Blackwater case.

ALAN

I can do it, just...

JORDAN

Don't show up for trial tomorrow and don't come into the office.

ALAN

Are you firing me?

JORDAN

No, I'm doing what I should have done months ago. You're on leave. Alan you've got to find out what's wrong with you and fix it.

ALAN

Jordan, I can beat this.

Jordan moves to leave.

JORDAN

We hope you can.

Jordan and Nancy exit. Susan starts to cry.

SUSAN

I don't know how long I can go on like this.

ALAN

Susan, I...

SUSAN

Don't Susan me! You don't know what its' been like Alan. The coughing, headaches, testing, the bills! I want to lead a normal life.

Susan walks out of the E-R.

ALAN

Susan, I can beat this! Susan, don't leave. SUSAN!

Alan sinks back into his bed and pounds his fist on the bed.

INT. MULTIPLE HOSPITAL INTERCUT -- CONTINUOUS

Alan is in an x-ray room. His legs are covered and his chest is bare. The machine shoots x-ray pictures.

Alan is asleep on a table. Watching a video screen, a doctor manipulates a flexible camera down his throat into his stomach.

**INSERT:** Camera view of Alan's esophagus and stomach interior.

Alan is hooked up to some machines getting a blood transfusion. A doctor checks the machine.

DOCTOR ROSE

The first machine will oxygenate your blood, and the second machine will use ultra violet light to kill any molds or bacteria that are in your blood. Are you ready?

Alan doggedly shakes his head yes. The doctor starts the process and blood flows from Alan's arm through clear tubing into the first machine.

DOCTOR ROSE (CONT'D)

The process takes abut three hours.

Alan is wheeled into an operating room and hooked up to an IV drip.

DOCTOR HAMMOND

You'll be unconscious for this procedure. I am getting lung tissue samples for biopsies. Count backwards from thirty.

ALAN

30, 29, 28, 27, 26,...

Alan starts counting and drifts off.

INT. ALAN'S HOME BEDROOM -- MORNING

Ashen, Alan is reviewing medical bills. Susan enters.

SUSAN

The Visa card is maxed out.

ALAN

I had to pay for the last Cat-scan up-front.

SUSAN

Why? You're covered by insurance.

ALAN

Our insurance has denied more than half of the tests I've had. They claim they are "unnecessary".

Alan raggedly coughs into a tissue.

SUSAN

Alan, you have a lingering cold or flu bug. There is no need for all these expensive tests.

ALAN

Flu Bug? Are you kidding me? I don't know what's wrong with me, but I'm going to find out.

SUSAN

Well you better figure it out soon. I'm tired of sleeping in the guest bedroom.

ALAN

You won't have to. I'm leaving for NY, Cleveland, Chicago, and Denver.

SUSAN

More tests? You've already seen six or seven specialists. It's a waste of money.

Susan walks out in a huff.



EXT. INTERCUT -- CAB -- AIRPORTS -- PLANE -- & HOSPITAL

Alan's cab pulls up at **Miami International Airport**.

Alan exits sliding glass doors in **O'Hare Airport**.

Alan walks out of **Chicago Memorial Hospital**

Checking his watch, Alan jogs down a terminal passageway and makes it to the gateway as the stewardess closes the door. He hands her his ticket and is allowed into the gangway.

**INSERT:** Departure sign "Dulles Airport".

Alan hustles into Washington Memorial Hospital.

Perspiring, Alan sits in a plane hacking and sneezing. A large woman sits on the aisle seat pissed off.

PILOT (V.O.)

Ladies and gentleman, please fasten  
your seat belts as we make our landing  
approach.

Alan pushes through a revolving door and waves for a taxi. The Airport sign reads "Kennedy International Airport".

A bright sunny day with pedestrians walking in shorts. Freezing, Alan rubs his hands and blows air into them for warmth, as he enters NYU Medical center.

Alan waits to cross the street in a torrential downpour. A cab tuns the corner and drenches him with curb splash. Frustrated, Alan makes his way to the Sloane-Kettering Hospital entrance.

Alan upchucks in a plane bathroom stall. There is a brisk knock on the door. Alan opens the door.

STEWARRSS

Please take your seat, we are about  
to land.

Alan complies. Leaving the bathroom he walks to his seat and sits back down in a middle seat, squirming with stomach pain. His seat companions sidle far away from him.

A plane lands on a runway tarmac.

**Insert:** Airport sign reads "Welcome to Denver".

Alan walks through the Denver Medical Center doorway and gets dizzy. He leans against an exit doorway momentarily. A security guard walks up to him.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir. you can't stand in front of  
this exit way.

Alan ignores him.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Sir? Sir?

Alan is experiencing vertigo. He drops to one knee.

**Alan's POV:** The room is spinning around him.

INT. DENVER CENTER HOSPITAL ROOM -- LATER

Alan is tended to by a nurse and is hooked up to multiple  
monitors with an IV drip. A doctor approaches.

DOCTOR HANSEN

I'm glad you got here when you did,  
your blood pressure is dangerously  
high.

ALAN

I was at Sloane-Kettering yesterday  
and they said it was fine.

The doctor checks Alan's breathing with a stethoscope.

DOCTOR HANSEN

I had the lab put a rush on some  
preliminary blood work.

ALAN

Now what?

DOCTOR HANSEN

I've ordered a full endocrinological  
and neurological work up.

ALAN

How long will that take.

DOCTOR HANSEN

Relax, you're going to be here for a  
while. Nurse, see that Mr Bell is  
comfortable. He'll staying with us  
for at least a week.

Alan closes his eyes in disgust.

INT. ALAN'S HOME -- LIVINGROOM

Alan enters his home and flips on the lights. He is tired  
and disheveled from three weeks of testing and traveling.  
Alan walks into the kitchen and grabs some water from the  
fridge. He guzzles half the bottle in one gulp.

He picks up the mail and sits down at the kitchen table, thumbing through the letters. Every letter is a bill from a hospital, clinic or doctor.

Exhausted, Alan puts the bills down. Alan sees an open box of animal cracker cookies on the counter and chucks a couple in his mouth. He chews them up and eats a few more washing them down with the rest of his water.

Alan starts to itch his neck and then his arms and legs. His itching becomes frenzied. He takes off his shirt and scratches through his tee-shirt like a man possessed.

INT. ALAN'S HOME BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Alan walks to his bedroom and begins to take off his clothes. Susan wakes up and turns on the night stand light.

SUSAN

Don't even think about getting in this bed. It's your turn to sleep in the guest room.

Susan snaps off the light and turns over to go back to sleep. Dejected, Alan half-naked walks out of the bedroom.

INT. ALAN'S HOME HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Stopping at Ashlee's room, Alan gingerly opens the door and looks inside. He sees Ashlee contently curled up with a pony stuffed animal. The visage brings a wry smile to his weary face.

INT. ALAN'S HOME -- LIVINGROOM -- MORNING

Alan sits under a mound of blankets on the phone.

ALAN

Inconclusive? What do you mean the tests are inconclusive?

(yelling)

I'm paying sixty thousand dollars for you to tell me, you need more tests? This is insane!

Alan hangs up in disgust. He rubs his throbbing temples as Susan comes in the room.

SUSAN

Stop yelling! You're going to wake the dead.

ALAN

I might as well be dead. They have no idea what is wrong with me and now want to do liver and kidney tests.

Somber, Susan sits down in a nearby chair.

SUSAN  
I need to talk to you.

ALAN  
Sure. Come sit by me.

Alan makes room on the couch for her and pats the couch for her to come sit. Susan shakes her head no.

SUSAN  
Alan, you need to find some place else to live.

ALAN  
(shocked)  
What?

SUSAN  
I'm scared to death that I'm going to get what you have or you'll give it to Ashlee.

ALAN  
Come on Susan, the doctors say I'm not contagious.

SUSAN  
The doctors have no idea what the hell is wrong with you.

ALAN  
I'll stay in the guest room, I'll eat in there, I'll...

SUSAN  
No Alan, you need to either find out what's wrong with you and fix it, or we need to live separately.

INT. ALAN'S HOME -- LIVINGROOM

Alan sits with his brother BOBBY, 30's, well tanned.

BOBBY  
Alan you've been tested up the wazu, and the Doctors still don't know what's wrong with you?

ALAN  
Payback's a bitch.

BOBBY  
What do you mean?

ALAN

Who knows if the mob or some cartel goon isn't trying to get even for all those bad guys I put away.

BOBBY

By getting you sick? It would be easier to just kill you.

Alan gives his brother a dirty look.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Sorry. But you know what I mean.

ALAN

All the tests came back. I'm meeting with the three amigos tomorrow.

INT. DOCTOR SALTZMAN'S OFFICE -- NEXT DAY

Alan sits with Doctor SALTZMAN, and several specialists Doctors RICARRDI, & YAMAGUCCHI. There are mounds of print-outs, reports, folders, test results, x-rays on the table.

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

Even though we've done extensive testing, we still need to hone in on what's wrong with you.

ALAN

Over a half million dollars in x-rays, cat scans, biopsies, cultures, blood work-ups and god knows what else and you don't know what's wrong with me?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

No, we know what's wrong with you Alan.

Doctor Landman and the other doctors open folders.

DOCTOR LANDMAN

You have reduced liver and kidney functions.

DOCOTR YAMAGUCCHI

Your white blood cell count is very low, which makes you prone to low grade infections and bacteria.

DOCTOR LANDMAN

It's almost like you've been poisoned with some exotic agent.

(joking))

Do you have any enemies?

ALAN

Yeah, half of South America and the American Mafia.

DOCTOR YAMAGUCHI

Mr. Bell, the Mafia is not so sophisticated. I believe they shoot first...

ALAN

(concerned)

The people I put away have long memories. So do their friends.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

The other test results show that you have hypersensitive reactions to food, chemicals, pollens and molds. Even the air you breathe can trigger some of these reactionary episodes you have been experiencing.

ALAN

Why is this happening?

DOCTOR YAMAGUCHI

We don't know why.

ALAN

What can you do to stop these "reactions" from happening?

The three doctors are uneasy.

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

(beat)

We don't know that either.

Alan has a burst of anger.

ALAN

What good is all this analysis and testing if you can't figure out how to help me?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

Alan...

ALAN

Don't Alan me! If you can't figure out the cause for my illness, *can you get me to someone who can?*

The room goes silent with tension. Dr. Saltzman nods to Dr. Ricarrdi. Dr. Ricarrdi writes down a name and number.

OCTOR RICARRDI

Alan, here is the name of an experimental specialist in Mexico. Doctor Osorio works with tissue regeneration.

ALAN

Can he help?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

Alan there are no guarantees here.

DOCOTR YAMAGUCCHI

Dr. Osorio has been experimenting with implanting fetal cattle cells that seem to help weakened immune systems like yours to regenerate.

ALAN

Does it work?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

It's experimental. In fact it's not even been approved by the FDA in the United States yet.

ALAN

I'll take my chances. Where is this Dr. Osorio?

DOCTOR LANDMAN

Mexico.

Alan stares at the piece of paper and stands up to leave.

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

Alan, where are you going?

ALAN

Mexico. Hasta la vista.

Alan walks out of the room.

INT. ALAN'S HOME -- LIVINGROOM

Alan breathes heavily through his oxygen mask. He dials on his cell phone.

ALAN

Hello Robert? Yeah, it's Alan, and I still feel like shit. I need a favor. I need you to shake up some of your informants. I want to know if any of the Cartels or the mob put a contract out on me. I think I may have been poisoned.

INT. AREO MEXICO AIRPLANE -- DAY

Alan wears an oxygen mask and sits with a small o2 tank on his lap.

EXT. TIJUANA AIRPORT -- CAR RENTAL TERMINAL DAY

Alan holds his o2 tank and pays for a rental car.

EXT. AMERICAN BIOLOGICS BUILDING -- LATER

Alan pulls up to a mirrored late sixty's style four story office building. Alan parks in front and exits the car. He enters the facility.

INT. -- DOCTOR OSORIO'S OFFICE --CONTINUOUS

Alan enters the doctor's sparse office and is greeted by Dr. Osorio, 50's, charming, well tanned and fit.

DOCTOR OSORIO  
Welcome Mr. Bell.

ALAN  
Please, call me Alan.

DOCTOR OSORIO  
Okay, Alan, the program therapy will be administered once a day with seven days of treatment.

ALAN  
How long does it take?

DOCTOR OSORIO  
The procedure is simple and fairly quick.

Alan can sense there is more. He pushes.

ALAN  
Okay it's simple. And you say "fairly quick"?

DOCTOR OSORIO  
The fetal cells are administered by needle, that's simple. After the injection we augment the fetal cells with an IV drip. This can take three to four hours.

ALAN  
Three to four hours a day? That's it? A shot and an IV?



DOCTOR OSORIO  
The shot packs a punch and  
is...uncomfortable to say the least.

ALAN  
I'm not worried, for the past eight  
months, I've been poked and prodded.  
I'm still here.

DOCTOR OSORIO  
Good! Please sign these liability  
waivers and we can start tomorrow.

The Dr. hands Alan several documents and a pen. Alan scans  
the paperwork before signing.

ALAN  
(wry)  
It says here: "If I die I don't get  
my money back".

DOCTOR OSORIO  
That is correct.

ALAN  
(signs)  
Guess I wouldn't be needing it then  
anyway.

DOCTOR OSORIO  
I believe the treatment will help  
your immunity problem.

ALAN  
Let's give it a go then.

INT. AMERICAN BIOLOGICS --ALAN'S ROOM -- MORNING

Alan is in a plain but comfortable room in bed. A nurse has  
set up a double IV drip next to his bed. A large German man  
wearing a lab coat enters the room with an aluminum brief  
case. He opens the case and readies a giant needle. Alan's  
eyes bulge at the menacing foot-long apparition.

DOCTOR OTTO  
(German accent)  
I am Dr. Otto. I will be  
administering your daily therapy  
shot. Please sit on the side of the  
bed.

Alan does as he is told. The nurse opens the side of his  
hospital gown and the Dr. prepares to inject Alan's hip.

DOCTOR OTTO (CONT'D)  
Are you ready?

Alan shakes his head yes and grits his teeth. The Doctor injects the medicine, *waggling* the needle as he pushes into the bone. Alan grips the end of the bed with both hands.

INT. AMERICAN BIOLOGICS --ALAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Alan coughs and wheezes uncomfortably. He walks to the bath room and spots multiple cleaning solutions on a shelf.

**INSERT:** Open ammonia and cleaning solvent containers.

Making a decision, Alan puts on his street clothes and walks out of the room.

INT. ALAN'S RENTAL CAR -- LATER -- NIGHT

Alan pulls into the beach parking lot. He opens his window and a soft breeze washes over him. Alan closes his eyes and falls asleep listening to the waves washing up on the shore.

INT. ALAN'S RENTAL CAR -- MORNING

Alan wakes up. Checking his watch his eyes show alarm.

**INSERT:** The watch reads 6:30.

Alan starts the car and whips the rental out of the parking lot in a hurry.

INT. AMERICAN BIOLOGICS --ALAN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Alan slips back into his room and changes into his hospital gown and gets in bed. The door opens and the nurse enters with Dr. Otto. The Nurse sets up the double IV drip.

DOCTOR OTTO

It seems you did not find our accommodations to your liking last night, Mr. Bell.

ALAN

I couldn't sleep...

DOCTOR OTTO

Dr. Osorio would prefer that you stay within the facility in case you have an adverse reaction to the therapy.

ALAN

The beach air helped me to sleep.

DOCTOR OTTO

As you wish. Just make sure you are ready for therapy at seven am each day.

(MORE)

DOCTOR OTTO (CONT'D)

(to nurse)

Prepare him for the shot.

The nurse moves Alan's gown aside as the Dr. prepares the needle. Alan grips the bed with pain as he is injected.

INT. AMERICAN BIOLOGICS BUILDING -- DOCTORS OFFICE -- MORNING

Alan sits in the office alone. Dr Osorio enters with some print outs. He sits at his desk.

ALAN

My thigh hurts like hell. And my arm is on fire from that daily IV drip.

DOCTOR OSORIO

You will feel some irritation for about a week and then your extremities will be less sore.

ALAN

When will I know if the therapy worked?

DOCTOR OSORIO

We will get results from your biweekly blood work-up. We could see improvement as early as two weeks.

ALAN

I hope so. Thank you, Doctor.

Alan exits the office limping.

INT. ALAN'S HOME -- LIVINGROOM -- NIGHT

Alan on the living room couch coughing, sneezing and wheezing. He reviews some print outs. Susan walks into the room.

SUSAN

Alan, its been a month since you came back from Mexico and you are in the same condition as when you left.

ALAN

(dejected)

I thought it might work. There were no guarantees.

SUSAN

It didn't work and you wasted fifty thousand dollars!

Alan goes into a spasm holding his arm that had the IV. He grits his teeth against the pain.

ALAN

Arrrrrhhhhhh.

SUSAN

Alan! I can't take it any more. I  
can't live with you. Not like this!

Susan runs out of the room.

INT. BELL FAMILY VOLVO WAGON -- NIGHT

Heavy rain beats down on the car Susan drives while Alan  
sucks on his oxygen mask. Ashlee sits in the back.

SUSAN

This is the best thing for you.  
You'll be around people who have the  
same problem.

Alan is silent staring out at the blurry side of the road as  
it whips by.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

What I mean is, if you have a medical  
problem this place has the staff to  
take care of you.

(beat)

I can't do it Alan. I just can't do  
it anymore...

Susan pulls into the parking lot for a large ramshackle  
medical facility.

EXT. BELL FAMILY VOLVO WAGON

Alan gets out of the car with a lone suit case and his oxygen  
mask. Susan yells through the window.

SUSAN

We'll come visit after you settle  
in.

Ashlee pounds on the window.

ASHLEE (O.S.)

Daddy don't go. I love you. Daddy!  
Daddy!

Susan drives off leaving Alan in the pouring rain. As Alan  
watches the car drive off he notices a HEARSE outside the  
building. He picks up his bag and enters.

INT. IMMUNOLOGY COLONY MEDICAL CENTER -- NIGHT -- LATER

Alan is being given a tour of the facility by HILDA, black,  
50'S, a tough old linebacker of a nurse.

HILDA

We have a game room, mostly cards.  
There's a spa pool, but it hasn't  
worked in a few years.

Hilda intervenes in a dispute between two hooded patients,  
who bicker over a walker.

HILDA (CONT'D)

*Brian*, give Mr. Dieter back his  
walker. *Brian*, did you hear me?

Brian releases the walker and his hoodie falls away. Half  
of Brian's face is covered with lesions. He quickly covers  
his face and scurries away. Alan is shell shocked. Another  
patient walks by and his arms are covered with blisters.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Don't you worry none Mr. Bell. All  
the patients here at Imu-Colony have  
hypertensive allergies just like  
you. They are not communicable by  
nature.

They come to the cafeteria; a dowdy space devoid of color  
and cracked white paint, old chairs and tables. The cafeteria  
occupants all wear white some with oxygen masks and IV's.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Breakfast is from 6-8 am. Lunch is  
served 11-1 pm and dinner is 5-7 pm.  
You can buy snacks from 8 am until 8  
pm at the commissary.

An old woman wrapped in bandages walks up to Alan and stares  
at him closely. She points at him menacingly.

OLD WOMAN

No one leaves here alive. The only  
way you'll leave is in a box!

HILDA

Hush now Linny. Come on Mr. Bell.

Hilda guides Alan out of the cafeteria to a small commissary  
with wire mesh covering the front window. An old Latino man  
with white hair sleeps on his elbow inside. Hilda bangs on  
the window.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Chaney! Wake your old ass up. We  
got a newbie. Say hello to Mr. Bell!

Chaney wakes up with a start.

CHANEY

Hilda, you wake me up like that again  
and they'll find your bones in Rex's  
room.

They both have a good laugh.

CHANEY (CONT'D)

Hello Mr. Bell. Welcome aboard. Let  
me know if there is anything special  
I can get you.

Chaney winks at Alan who says nothing as they move on.

HILDA

(whispers)

Chaney can get you cigarettes and  
booze on the low down.

ALAN

Who's Rex?

HILDA

Rex is a patient. He can only eat  
raw meat. He's allergic to everything  
else. This is his room.

Alan peers into the Rex's room. REX, tall, emaciated, wears  
only white underwear and jaws at a bloody steak. He stares  
back at Alan with a malevolent grin. Hilda pushes Alan along.

ALAN

He looks... dangerous.

HILDA

Mr. Bell, Rex is as harmless as an  
old toothless dog. Just ignore  
him. Here's your room.

Hilda unlocks a door and Alan walks in.

INT. IMMUNOLOGY COLONY -- ALAN'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Alan's room is dull. Muted beige walls hold some benign  
lifeless paintings. The furniture is old and the bedding  
faded. Alan sits on his bed and stares at the wall. He  
begins to furiously scratch an itch. His mask falls off and  
Alan begins to hyperventilate. Gasping for air while he  
tries to scratch his back, Alan falls off the bed.

Alan jumps up, grabs his oxygen mask with tank and runs out  
of the room.

INT. IMMUNOLOGY COLONY -- CAFETERIA PHONE BOOTH

Alan is stuffed into a an old phone booth, clutching his  
oxygen bottle in one hand and the phone in the other.

He frantically feeds some change into the phone. Alan hears RINGING and rips off his oxygen mask to speak.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
Hello?

ALAN  
Bobby, you have to get me out of here!

BOBBY (V.O.)  
Alan?

ALAN  
I can't stay here. You have to help me, I can't...

BOBBY (V.O.)  
What is it? Alan? ALAN?

Alan turns and looks out of the booth into the cafeteria. The occupants have serious skin ailments: sores, lesions, growths, and unsightly maladies. Some patients show large amounts of missing hair, others have discolored skin. Masks and scarves partially cover some diners while they eat.

ALAN  
(screams)  
Bobby, just get me out of here.  
It's... a leper colony!

The diners all turn and stare at Alan's hysterics in the phone booth. Dumfounded, Alan drops the phone and stares out at the macabre dining room patients.

INT. ALAN'S FAMILY VOLVO -- HIGHWAY -- EARLY MORNING

BOBBY drives Alan's car. Alan sits in the front seat clutching his oxygen bottle. Numb, Alan stares ahead.

BOBBY  
Sorry I took so long to get you. I transferred twenty grand to your account. It should hold you for now.

ALAN  
Bobby, thank you for coming and getting me out of there.

BOBBY  
That bad?

ALAN  
I would have either turned into one of them, or died.

BOBBY

Hey, I don't want to hear you talk like that. I spoke to your doc and rented a spot that will work for your condition.

ALAN

Where? Miami?

BOBBY

Ahhh, it's a little out of the way.

ALAN

Lauderdale? Boca? Boyton?

Bobby gives his brother a grin and shakes his head no.

INT. ALAN'S FAMILY VOLVO -- HIGHWAY -- DAY

A road sign reads: "Welcome To Arizona"

ALAN

Arizona?

BOBBY

It's just what the doctor ordered. Doc Saltzman said you needed low humidity, low pollution, no rain, and warm temperatures.

ALAN

Could you have picked somewhere farther out in the boonies?

BOBBY

Anywhere is better than that zombie hell hole. Right?

ALAN

(closes eyes)  
Amen to that.

EXT. ALAN'S FAMILY VOLVO -- HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Volvo flies down the highway past cactus and desert landscape. A Raven flies high above the vehicle and caws at the speeding car.

EXT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

The Volvo ambles down a long dirt driveway lined with sparse cactus and tumbleweeds. The car stops, and Alan & Bobby get out. Alan stares at the small brown adobe house.

ALAN

So this is what home looks like.



BOBBY

It's supposed to be environmentally friendly. Allergen free. There's no AC or heat. Doc's orders. Key is in the mail box.

ALAN

Let's check it out.

Alan and Bobby walk to the front door. Alan takes the key from the mail box and they open the door and walk inside.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alan walks through the small sterile house. He moves from room to room. The stark barren house is totally white, devoid of curtains, rugs or amenities. He finds a bedroom with an oxygen mask next to the bed. Taking the mask he turns on the cylinder and inhales deeply.

ALAN

Bobby, you saved my life springing me from zombie land.

BOBBY

Can that shit, will ya. Somebody might mistake me for a nice guy.

ALAN

Yeah, well I owe you one.

EXT. ADOBE BUBBLE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Bobby pulls off in the Volvo and drives away from the house.

A Raven flies high above the house casting an ominous flying shadow across the small home.

**Music Insert:** Native American Chanting with drumming.

**CAMERA POV:** Looking at the roof of the adobe house the view slowly pulls away revealing the surrounding area around the house until the house is a pin prick in the middle of the desolate desert.

INT. ADOBE BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

TITLE UP: YEAR ONE

Sweating, Alan is propped up in bed. Using the remote, he turns on the small TV on a table near the end of the bed.

As the TV comes on, Alan use his hands to shield himself from the electromagnetic energy waves being emitted from the screen.

## WEATHER WOMAN

It's hot hot hot out there, with temperatures topping 120 degrees around the Tucson area...

**ALAN'S POV:** Energy waves pour out of the TV in all directions.

Alan uses the remote and shuts the TV off and dry heaves into a pail at the side of his bed. Wiping his face, Alan stares at the TV with animosity.

Standing up, he walks to the small TV and moves to the potbellied stove in the corner of the room. He opens the door and shoves the TV inside. Threading the plug out of the top of the stove, he plugs it back into the wall. Alan sits back on the bed and contemplates his next move. He turns the TV back on with the remote.

**ALAN'S POV:** Much smaller muted energy waves exit the stove.

Satisfied, Alan puts on sunglasses and settles in to watch a news program.

INT. ADOBE BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Alan writes on a note pad with a pencil. Music is playing from a bedside clock radio. Alan rubs his temples and turns down the music. His head continues to throb.

**INSERT ALAN'S EAR:** The camera lens enters Alan's ear and finds his ear drum. The area is inflamed and the music's vibrations rock his inner ear.

Agitated, Alan grabs the clock radio and flings it across the room. It smashes against the wall shattering in multiple pieces.

ALAN

Fuck you!

Alan goes back to his note pad and notices his swelling fingers. Small sores appear on the fingers gripping the pencil.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Arrrrgggg!

Alan breaks the pencil in frustration and flings it.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Alan listens on the phone.

SUSAN (V.O.)

I'm sorry I haven't gotten out there Alan. I'll try and come see you soon.

Dejected, Alan hangs up the phone.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Alan sits on his bed thumbing through some medical directories with plastic gloves on.

**INSERT:** A directory reads Immunology Specialists.

Alan dials a number.

ALAN

Hello, I would like to speak to Dr. Sterling...No, I'm not a Doctor. My name is Alan Bell.

(beat)

My Number is 520-231-2020. When will the doctor be available. Hello?

Alan stares at the phone which has a DIAL TONE. He hangs up, finds another number and dials.

**INSERT:** The clock on the wall reads 1 pm.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hello, my name is Alan Bell and I'd like to speak to Dr. Graff. No I am not a doctor...

**INSERT:** The clock on the wall reads 4 pm

ALAN (CONT'D)

No, I am not a Doctor. Look, I just want to speak to Doctor Lewellen about my condition... I don't want to make an appointment. Your office is in New York and I'm in Arizona...Hello?

Alan slams the phone down frustrated. He dials again.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hello, I would like to speak with Dr. Richter.

NURSE #2 (V.O.)

Whom am I speaking with? Are you a doctor.

Alan coughs; he covers his mouth and gets an idea.

ALAN

Excuse me, yes this is Dr. Bell from the Bell Clinic in Miami. I'm calling to review a patient's chart.

NURSE #2

One moment Dr. Bell, I will put you through.

Alan has a satisfied smile on his face as he waits for the doctor to come on the phone.

ALAN

Dr. Richter? I'm Dr. Bell and have a patient with severe immune deficiencies. The charts? Sure I can have them sent over, and we can discuss them. When's a good time? Thursday at 3 pm? Great. I'll have my nurse get them over to you. Thank you.

Alan hangs up with a smug satisfied look and dials again.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hello, this is Dr. Bell from the Bell Clinic in Miami. May I speak with Dr. Fulton? Yes, I have a patient chart for him to review...

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Title up: Year Two

Gaunt, Alan takes a bite of a banana. He half gags and spits it into the bucket next to the bed. Alan swigs some water and picks up a box, reading the ingredients.

ALAN

A mixture of proteins and amino acids. Gluten free, sugar free, fat free, sodium free. Probably taste free to.

He picks up a bowl filled with white mush and takes a spoonful, distastefully swallowing the runny goop.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This stuff was made by masochists.

Alan eats another spoonful and is interrupted by the arrival of his mother and brother Bobby.

MOM

There's my boobala.

They pretend kiss each other's cheek from afar.

MOM (CONT'D)

You look like a scarecrow. Is that all you eat now.

ALAN

Ma, I just tried to eat a banana and my mouth felt like it was on fire.

BOBBY

Did you peel it first?

ALAN

Very funny. Did you hear anything from the Mayo Clinic?

BOBBY

Yeah, same ole, same ole. You have acute immune deficiency. Allergic to everything...

MOM

The drive out here is crazy. You're more than an hour from civilization!

ALAN

Bobby picked it! Did you hear from Dr. Richter?

BOBBY

Yeah, he called. The tests were inconclusive.

MOM

I brought these for you. They were your father's. He would have wanted you to have them.

She hands Alan his father's prayer shawl and yamaka. She shakes her head at Alan's threadbare University Of Miami shirt.

MOM (CONT'D)

Is that the only shirt you own? You've just about worn it out.

ALAN

Ma, I'm a University of Miami alumni, and it's the only shirt I have that doesn't give me hives!

A large pile of broken electronic devices, and painted utensils litter the floor.

BOBBY

What's all this?

ALAN

Stuff that makes me sick. I've been meaning to toss it.

MOM

I have some more bad news. Your sister is sick.

ALAN

(concern)

What? Don't tell me it's this immune issue that I have?

MOM

(beat)

Cancer.

Alan hangs his head.

ALAN

How bad?

BOBBY

Bad, maybe a year two at the most.

Alan is devastated.

ALAN

Where is she?

MOM

New York. I'm going to stay with her. So, I won't get back here to see you from Florida as much as I had hoped.

The room is deathly silent.

BOBBY

We knew you'd take it hard so we brought you something to cheer you up?

Alan looks at them quizzically.

ALAN

I can't eat, or drink. The TV gives me a headache even in the stove over there. The radio makes me sick, and I have to wear gloves to handle anything with paint or chemicals on it. I'm lucky I can still wipe my ass.

BOBBY

Speaking of which...

Bobby pulls a package of toilet paper from a bag he is carrying and tosses it to Alan.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
No dyes, perfumes or chemicals.

ALAN  
This is the surprise?

BOBBY  
No, this is.  
(yells)  
You can come in now.

A six year old Ashlee walks in with Susan behind her. Ashlee, dressed in a pony t-shirt, runs to her father and hugs him fiercely.

ASHLEE  
DADDY!

Ashlee hugs Alan and won't let go.

SUSAN  
Hello Alan. How are you feeling?

ALAN  
Much better now. Much better.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- LATER

Alan advises Ashlee on a drawing for a school project.

ASHLEE  
I need crayons!

ALAN  
Sorry Angel, I'm allergic. You'll have to use a pen. I have different colors.

Alan hands her some colored pens.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Why don't you draw horses on the beach?

ASHLEE  
Okay.

Ashlee starts to draw. Alan, with his daughter on his lap, is visually energized.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Alan lies on his bed and dreams.

EXT. FLASH BACK -- PARK -- AFTERNOON

A lovely summer afternoon is punctuated by squeals of children playing games. Families lounge and enjoy picnics in the grass.

ALAN, 10 years old, sits with his father, JULES, 43, fit, on a park bench. Jules shows Alan his yamaka and prayer shawl.

Kids play in the BG.

JULES

One day these will be yours.

ALAN

When will that be?

JULES

After I've made my peace with God.

ALAN

Are you mad at god?

JULES

(chuckles)

No, I'm not mad at God.

ALAN

Why did you say that then?

JULES

The saying means: "Whatever unfinished business I had with this world will have been addressed". God will know that I harbor no ill will toward any man or creature. My peace will have been made.

Jules and his son enjoy the afternoon's activities.

EXT. ADOBE BUBBLE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Alan wakes up shivering clutching the yamaka and prayer shawl. His mustache is covered in ice crystals and his warm breath cuts through the frigid night air. *The wall thermometer reads 27 degrees.* Getting up he angrily moves the yamaka and shawl to a side-table and then lies back down. His eyes stare into space.

ALAN

Who judges God?

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Alan hugs Ashlee Good-bye. Susan stands nearby.



SUSAN  
I'd give you a hug, but I used  
shampoo, I know it makes you sick.

ALAN  
Very thoughtful.

SUSAN  
Ashlee, go out to the car, honey.  
Mommy wants to speak to Daddy.

Ashlee starts to leave and turns around to give her father  
one last hug. She then exits.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I wanted to talk to you.

ALAN  
(tenses)  
Okay.

SUSAN  
Alan, I want to go back to school so  
I can get a decent job and be able  
to pay some of our bills.

ALAN  
(relieved)  
That's it? Sounds like a great idea.

SUSAN  
I need tuition and expense monies.

ALAN  
Don't worry about it, I'll get the  
money for you.

SUSAN  
Thank you.

Susan rushes over to give Alan a kiss and stops. To Alan's  
disappointment, she blows him a kiss and exits the room.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Alan lies on his bed perspiring and breathing heavily.

**ALAN'S POV:** The room slowly spins around him.

Alan shakes his head and blinks his eyes hard to stop the  
spinning. The phone rings, and the room snaps back to  
clarity. Making an effort, Alan answers the phone.

ALAN  
(gravelly voice)  
Hello?

ROBERT (V.O.)

Alan? You really sound like shit, buddy.

ALAN

Always nice to hear the comforting words of a friend. Took you long enough to get back to me.

ROBERT (V.O.)

I wanted to be thorough. I interviewed some of the lifers you put away and then hit the street for the payroll guys. Also shook down some perp's that just got busted. Nada. Zip. No contract, no poison.

ALAN

Well it's nice to know, I'm still loved.

ROBERT

Don't die on me yet. I have a couple more low-lives to toss. I'll get back to you.

ALAN

Thanks.

Alan hangs up the phone and closes his eyes.

**ALAN'S POV:** Upon opening his eye, the room slowly starts to spin again like he's on a merry-go round.

INT. ADOBE BUBBLE HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Alan sits in a chair. A Chinese herbalist is mixing dried herbs with some liquid extracts in a clear glass.

ALAN

I don't think I'll be able to drink that concoction. What's in it?

HERBALIST

(heavy Mandarin accent)

Rare herbs and natural elements. This mixture will heal your liver and kidney functions.

He hands the glass to Alan. Alan holds the glass unsure. The herbalist nods for him to go ahead. Alan drinks it down.

ALAN

Not bad, kind of like...

Alan starts to gag and just makes the garbage pail spewing projectile vomit.

The herbalist takes some money from a table and snakes his way out of the room, while Alan continues to wretch.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Pouting, Ashlee does some homework. Sensing her mood, Alan addresses her.

ALAN

What's up Ash, you don't look happy.

Ashlee hands Alan her beautiful horse drawing.

ASHLEE

I got a "C".

ALAN

What? Why?

ASHLEE

My teacher told us we had to draw it in crayon and I drew it in pen ink. So he gave me a "C". It's not fair!

ALAN

Ash, I'm sorry. The crayons make me sick. I'll talk to the teacher.

ASHLEE

I already told him that, but he's a jerk.

Ashlee picks up her belongings and exits the room.

ALAN

I'm sorry, Ash.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- INTERCUT -- DOCTOR SALTZMAN'S OFFICE

Alan converses on the phone with Dr. Saltzman.

ALAN

Doc, I've had over a hundred tests. How long is this going to go on for?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

(best)

Alan, the tests are inconclusive, but...

ALAN

But what?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

There's good news and bad news.

ALAN

Give it to me straight, Doc.

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

Alan, the tests show that your immune system is broken. Your body is hypersensitive to agitating agents like chemicals and dyes. Even water contaminated with the slightest amounts of trace mineral elements can be lethal.

ALAN

Well, that's the good news. What's the bad news?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

We don't have any idea what is causing your suppressed immune syndrome.

(beat)

Alan, you're going to be living the rest of your life in your environmentally controlled bubble.

ALAN

Or what?

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

You will die.

Alan is sobered by the news and puts the phone down.

**INSERT:** Alan's fingers curl into a claw. Alan's right arm bends into an L-shape, his fingers are bent like a claw.

ALAN

Arrrrrrhhhhhhhh!

Alan stares at his naked arm and sees the muscles in his hand and arm twitching and jumping violently.

Alan grabs his right wrist with his left hand and tries to pull the right arm down. It is to no avail. Alan writhes on his bed in pain, his one hand gripping his other wrist.

Alan's arm and hand gradually release their cramped muscle tension and relax to normal.

Alan lurches to his night-side stand and grabs a straight razor from the drawer. His left hand holds the razor at the ready daring his right appendage to act up.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(manic)

Come on! Come ONNNNNN! *Try it again!*

Razor cocked, Alan waits for the slightest movement from his now limp right arm.

INT. ADOBE BUBBLE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Title up: Year four

Alan tosses and turns in his bed. Waking up to a coughing fit, he swigs at an empty water bottle next to the bed. His hacking grows worse. Alan swings out of bed and plants his feet on the ground.

**INSERT:** Alan's foot steps into a entanglement of cables and wires.

Alan's first step trips him up as one of several monitors fall trailing behind him to the floor. Falling, Alan knocks over his side table, loaded with toiletries and his soy gruel. Alan hits the floor, and two monitors follow on top of him. The soy-goop showers the entire area covering Alan.

Alan wrestles off the equipment and wires. He looks to heaven.

ALAN

Do you exist?

Alan stands upright catching his "U Of Miami" shirt on a monitor and the frayed garment rips off of his body. Alan becomes dizzy. Frantically rubbing his temples, Alan tries to fight his vertigo. He collapses into the chaos on the floor and writhes in pain.

SCREAMING, Alan has an episode of Fibromyalgia.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Arrragh!!!

**INSERT:** Alan's arm muscles ripple in spasms. The ripple effect travels across his back retching his body into contorted pain.

Alan thrashes in pain amidst the debris on the floor. The spasms slowly stop. Shivering, Alan curls into a fetal position and loses consciousness.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- LATER

Half-naked, Alan wakes up amidst his wreckage. He is eye level with his father's yamaka and prayer shawl. A primordial anger sweeps over him. Alan finds the scissors from the wreckage and, grabbing the shawl, begins to cut it up.

ALAN

Where are you now? I will never  
make peace with you!

Alan throws the tattered shawl away. He looks to the heavens.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
I renounce you!

EXT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- NIGHT -- FULL MOON

A Raven flies past the FULL MOON over the bubble house.

EXT. BELL FAMILY VOLVO WAGON -- HIGHWAY -- MORNING

Alan tethered to an oxygen tank, drives his car through blistering Arizona heat. Spotting a sign, he turns off at a non descriptor dirt roadway.

**INSERT:** Sign reads "Navajo Reservation".

Alan drives slowly down a winding dirt road.

Alan spots a small modern building. He pulls into the parking lot and parks the car. Alan gets out of the vehicle, and holding his o2, walks into the building.

INT. NAVAJO TRIBAL MEDICINE CENTER AND CLINIC -- MORNING

Alan talks with a Navajo elder **HIGHKNEE**, 70'S, imposing, and two traditional tribal medicine men; **GREYBIRD** 60'S, and **SINGS WITH WIND**, 60's. They sit in a small office area.

ALAN  
Thank you for seeing me.

HIGHKNEE  
We understand you have a need, but we cannot help you.

One of the medicine men, Greybird, argues in native Navajo and is overridden by Highknee. Alan looks on, mystified.

HIGHKNEE (CONT'D)  
You are not Navajo, but wish to use our ways to heal you?

ALAN  
Yes. I am sick. I...

HIGHKNEE  
Yes. You are sick but we will not help you.

ALAN  
But why not?

HIGHKNEE  
The white man has wronged many and helped few.

(MORE)

## HIGHKNEE (CONT'D)

My people have suffered over many years and now you want to use our healing medicine? Do not ask for our help.

The Elder motions for the end of the meeting. The Navajo exit, leaving Alan alone and confused.

INT. ALAN'S FAMILY VOLVO -- HIGHWAY -- LATE AFTERNOON

Alan drives down the highway sucking air from his mask. He pulls off the highway and drives down the dirt driveway to his environmentally controlled bubble house.

EXT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The raven circles high above the house. Clouds roll in.

EXT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

As Alan gets out of the car, Ashlee opens the front door. An old battered pick-up truck pulls up behind Alan's Volvo.

Greybird steps out of his truck with another Indian man. They walk towards Alan.

## GREYBIRD

I am Greybird. The council elder forbid any Navajo nation member to share native medicine with you. So I brought a Sioux medicine man! His name is Rune-Hoop. It means Strength Of Heart.

They walk to shake hands. The Raven caws overhead as the sky begins to shoot static bolts of lightening. Small black shiny rocks the size of quarters begin to fall on the adobe house. The group are stunned as the pelting picks up it's intensity.

## ASHLEE

Daddy, what's going on? It's raining rocks!

## ALAN

Ashlee go in the house.  
(to Rune-Hoop)  
What's going on?

Rune-Hoop looks up and points to the circling Raven.

## RUNE-HOOP

"Kangee"! The Raven. Very bad medicine.

Lightening crackles splintered fragments of energy,  
illuminating the desert landscape.

ALAN

Can you help my condition?

Rocks continue to fall as the two visitors back away from  
Alan and the house.

RUNE-HOOP

You must cleanse your spirit and  
make peace with the world around  
you.

Frightened by the falling rocks, the medicine men run to  
their truck.

RUNE-HOOP (CONT'D)

This medicine is too strong, I cannot  
help you here.

They jump in the pickup hastily exiting. Rune-Hoop yells  
from the window.

RUNE-HOOP (CONT'D)

(Sioux)

I will try a remote exorcism.

The truck jolts down the driveway in a cloud of dust.

Alan runs toward the home and covers his head from the pelting  
stones. He bursts into the adobe home and slams the door  
shut behind him.

EXT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The Raven, highlighted by the crackling lightning, circles  
the house and flies off into the distance. Fog dissipates  
and the sun breaks through highlighting the desert house.

Shiny black rocks surround the circumference of the home.

EXT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alan peers outside the house. Soft light filters in the  
window.

ASHLEE

I'm scared daddy.

ALAN

Yeah, I know Ash.



ASHLEE

(cries)

Rocks fall on our house and I don't have any friends here. *I don't like it here!*

Hugging Ashlee, Alan comforts her.

ALAN

It's okay Ash. The rocks stopped. It's over.

(beat)

I'll tell you what. Let's have a picnic.

ASHLEE

What? But you can't go outside without your mask.!

ALAN

We'll have a pretend picnic. Right here in the house. If you could go somewhere, anywhere in the world... Where would you go?

Ashlee breaks away from Alan and runs for a magazine. She brings it back shoving it in Alan's face. He recoils with his hands out.

ASHLEE

Oops, sorry I forgot you're allergic.

**INSERT:** The Courier Journal has a horse adorning the cover for the "Kentucky Derby".

ALAN

The Kentucky Derby it is!

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alan sits eating his white soy-goop while Ashlee eats a dry meat sandwich. They pretend and fantasize together.

ALAN

This pudding has a fruity tang but also exudes a subtle hit of chocolate.

ASHLEE

My pastrami is to die for. The rye bread is soooo tasty! Oooh, look Daddy! The horses are in the gate.

ALAN

I picked number six, "Get out of the house".

ASHLEE

No. The number four horse, "Play in the snow" is winning this race.!

ALAN

They're off! And "Get out of the house" takes the lead...

ASHLEE

Now the number four horse moves up from the pack! Six and four are neck and neck.

Both race fans stand cheering their horse on.

ALAN

Six is winning by a nose.

ASHLEE

Now the four horse has opened up a lead.

ALAN

No way, the six is closing...Here they come down the stretch!

Both fans are jumping and screaming.

ASHLEE

Come on number four! COME ON!

ALAN

Go six, go six! Yeaaaahhh I won!

ASHLEE

No way. Four won by a nose.

ALAN

(announcer voice)

Ladies and gentleman there is a photo finish for this years Kentucky derby! The results are in and its...

Ashlee gives her dad the look of death and he knows who won.

ALAN (CONT'D)

"Play in the snow" by a nose!

Ashlee does a victory dance, and then hugs her dad.

ASHLEE

I love you Daddy. One day I know we'll get out of here. We'll play in real snow. And ride real horses.

ALAN

One day Ash, one day.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Title up: Year Six

Alan lies in bed. Susan enters holding Alan's holstered 357 magnum.

SUSAN  
I didn't want to keep this around  
the house.

She puts the weapon down on his bed. Alan fingers the holster as Bobby walks in the room.

BOBBY  
Mom needs to talk to you. What's  
that?

ALAN  
Just an old memento from my prosecutor  
days.

Bobby looks at Alan and quickly snatches the weapon.

BOBBY  
I'll hold on to this for safe keeping.

Bobby gives Susan a dirty look.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
(to Alan)  
Wouldn't want you to get you any  
crazy ideas.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING -- CONTINUOUS

Alan's mother and Ashlee enter.

ALAN  
You guys look like you just came  
from a funeral. Lighten up.

Alan's mom sits down next to him bedside.

MOM  
(somber)  
Your sister passed Alan.

Alan sucks on his oxygen mask and then exhales his sorrow.

ALAN  
When?

BOBBY  
It happened last week. We buried  
her yesterday.

ALAN  
Why didn't you tell me?

BOBBY  
The test came back last week and you  
have Fibromyalgia.

ALAN  
The muscle contractions?

MOM  
We didn't want to stress you out  
anymore then you already are.

Alan leans back on his pillow and closes his eyes. Bobby,  
Mom, and Ashlee stand.

BOBBY  
There's one more thing.

Alan's mom shakes her head and walks out of the room followed  
by Ashlee.

ALAN  
What's going on Bobby?

BOBBY  
I think you should hear this from  
Susan.

Bobby exits. Susan walks into the room. They stare at each  
other silently. Alan knows what's coming.

ALAN  
You're leaving me?

SUSAN  
Yes.

Susan sits bedside next to Alan.

ALAN  
Not really a surprise. You left me  
a long time ago.

SUSAN  
I'm almost done with school and I'm  
going to start over.

ALAN  
(angry)  
I saw those huge dental bills, I  
guess you were getting it all done  
before you made your move.

SUSAN  
Alan...

ALAN

Don't Alan me, you were done when I  
couldn't go back to work.

SUSAN

I tried Alan. I played the good  
loving wife. Took care of our child  
and hoped our life would get back to  
normal. It never did.

ALAN

Susan, I didn't ask to be sick.

SUSAN

And I didn't ask to have no life.  
You think it's easy to be alone hoping  
you'll get better.  
(cries)

ALAN

What about Ashlee? What about our  
daughter.

Trembling and wiping away tears, Susan stands.

SUSAN

I'm leaving Ashlee with you.

ALAN

What are you saying? You're her  
mother?

SUSAN

I'm sorry... For all of us.

Devastated, Alan watches Susan exit the room. Clutching his  
bed sheets Alan begins to hyperventilate.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Alan sits with KATHY BERTARD, 50's, with a spirited  
countenance. Alan reviews her resume with Ashlee listening  
in.

ALAN

My daughter needs to get to and from  
school, and I need someone to shop  
and prepare her meals.

KATHY

Yes, Mr. Bell.

ALAN

Please call me Alan.

KATHY

Okay, Alan. I understand my duties. They will include taking care of Ashlee's school, preparation of meals, and her physical needs.

Alan, clearly impressed, looks to Ashlee.

ALAN

Ash, you have anything to ask Kathy?

ASHLEE

What's your favorite thing to make for lunch?

KATHY

(thinks)

Well, for myself I'm partial to a nice pastrami sandwich with a good rye bread.

ASHLEE

Yummy!

ALAN

That seals the deal. You're hired!

Kathy goes to shake Alan's hand. He backs away.

KATHY

Sorry Mr. Bell, errr, Alan.

Ashlee shakes her new nanny's hand enthusiastically.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- DAY

Alan plays with a rope making knots along the length of the rope. He picks up his bowl with soy-goop and takes a spoonful. Disgusted, he drops the bowl on his side table. Alan spies a box of Ashlee's animal crackers.

Alan picks up the box of crackers and reads the ingredients.

ALAN

Flour, sugar, hi-dextrose corn syrup....What the hell.

Alan tentatively nibbles a cracker. He chews the cracker and swallows. Taking another he flips it into his mouth savoring the taste and chews.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Mmmmm-hmmm

Alan throws some more into his mouth and stands up. Smiling, he starts to gorge himself on the unfamiliar snack. Glutinous, Alan empties the rest of the box into his mouth.

Grabbing his stomach in mid-chew, Alan lurches forward and wretches into the pail next to his bed.

Wiping his mouth, Alan tosses the empty box into the pail. He drinks some water and picks up the bowl with his soy-goop. Unhappy, Alan picks up the spoon and opens his mouth.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Alan lies bored in his bed staring at the ceiling. A bee flies over him and lazily circles his head. Alan swats at the pesky insect which enrages his antagonist. The bee starts to dive bomb Alan, who in turn gets more aggressive trying to knock the flying nuisance out of the air.

Alan, flailing wildly, throws himself out of the bed and crashes to the floor pulling out his oxygen lead and knocking over his side table. Winded, Alan pulls himself back onto the bed and frantically tries to reconnect his oxygen lead. Finally making the connection, Alan slumps back on his bed exhausted. The Bee returns to a lazy flight pattern above Alan's head. Alan gives up.

ALAN

Okay, you win. I surrender.

The bee momentarily hovers and then takes off away from Alan's bed. Alan clutches the rope he had been fooling with to his breast. It is now a fully formed hangman's noose.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- BATHROOM --MORNING -- **DREAM**

Alan views his mirror reflection and shaves dry with only a razor. As he shaves blood starts to trickle from his nose. He stops shaving and blood comes from his eyes then ears.

ALAN

Arrrhhh!

INT. ADOBE BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Alan wakes up perspiring and bleeding from his nose. He runs his hands over his face and sees blood on his fingers. Alan wipes the blood away swinging his legs over the side of the bed. Standing, he staggers his way to the bathroom. Closing the door, we HEAR him urinating.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Title up: Year Seven.

Alan's uses a box with gloves and a viewing window to read a magazine. His gloved hands turn a page to the featured story.

**INSERT:** The "Manhattan Project" brought together brightest US scientific minds"

ALAN

(muses)

It took a war for these guys to meet.

Removing his hand from the manipulator gloves, Alan conceives an idea. He picks up a pen and pad and writes.

**INSERT:** Writing reads, "Environmental Health Summit".

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- INTERCUT -- DR. LANDRIGAN'S OFFICE

Alan is in the middle of making phone calls.

ALAN

Hello, Doctor Philip Landrigan?

DOCTOR LANDRIGAN

Yes, this is Philip.

ALAN

My name is Alan Bell, and I would like you to speak at an Environmental Health Summit.

DOCTOR LANDRIGAN

Really?

ALAN

I'm working with the National Institute Of Environmental Health Services and would love your participation.

DOCTOR LANDRIGAN

Sounds interesting. Where are you operating out of?

ALAN

I'm close to Tucson, Arizona.

DOCTOR LANDRIGAN

(excited)

Have you spoken to Iris Bell at the University of Arizona?

ALAN

No I haven't...

DOCTOR LANDRIGAN

Let me give you her number. Oh, and Glen Sipes is there as well. He's a big environmentalist.

ALAN

I really appreciate your enthusiasm.



INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Alan watches the TV (in the pot bellied stove) with Sunglasses. The TV is angled away from him.

**Alan's POV:** Alan's darkened lenses experience the TV's magnetic waves, which are muted through the potbellied stove.

**INSERT:** TV COMMENTATOR talks about Biosphere Two in the B.G.

COMMENTATOR

I'm here in Tucson. Arizona The Biosphere Two is part of a new cutting edge technology; humans living and working in a contained environment. Connie Maya for Channel 7 News.

Using the remote, Alan clicks off the TV and takes off his sunglasses. He picks up the phone and dials "0".

ALAN

Hello operator? I would like to get the telephone number for the Biosphere in Tucson, Arizona.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- INTERCUT -- PHONE CALLS

Alan sits propped up on his bed. He has two phones on a stand next to him and talks as he takes notes.

ALAN

I really appreciate your help! Adding your expertise and the financial backing of the University of Arizona really gives the summit legs.

DOCTOR IRIS BELL

Alan, this is a great undertaking and it's been long overdue. I'm going to call Joan Crammer at the University of Arkansas.

Alan hangs up one receiver and picks up another ringing phone.

ALAN

Hello. Yes, It's Alan. Deborah, I'm working with the National Institute Of Environmental Health Services and I'm interested in having a summit conference at the biosphere.

DEBORAH

The biosphere is open to that. Do you have funding for your conference.

ALAN

Yes, the Federal Government is funding the majority of the project.

DEBORAH

Would you like to come to the biosphere to discuss the summit?

ALAN

I would prefer you come to where I am. But please no perfume. I'll explain later.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

There is an incessant knocking at the front door. Alan hobbles to the front door and opens it. **DEBORAH LINDSEY**, 40's, buxom, with a sophisticated air stands before him.

DEBORAH

Alan?

There is an instant attraction between the two.

ALAN

Yes. Please come in.

Alan ushers Deborah into his sterile environment.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- OUT SIDE PATIO -- CONTINUOUS

Alan sits with Deborah on the backyard patio deck sucking oxygen.

ALAN

I've been living here eight years.

DEBORAH

I'm sorry, I didn't know about your condition. Is this why you set up the conference?

ALAN

No. The conference has nothing to do with my personal medical issues. It's bigger than me or any one person.

DEBORAH

Then why are you doing this? To save the planet?

ALAN

(ponders)

I'm doing this for humankind. I'm doing it for my daughter, Ashlee. The planet can heal itself.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

The amount of toxins corporations are pumping into the ecosystem and directly into humans is causing cancer, tumors, and death on a planetary scale. We're killing ourselves with manmade poisons.

DEBORAH

I can't believe you've gotten this whole conference set up without leaving here.

ALAN

Philip Landrigan, has been a tremendous resource, and scientists from all over the country have been calling to sign up.

DEBORAH

You've got to be there.

ALAN

(resigned)

That won't be possible due to my health issues.

DEBORAH

Alan, you put it all together! You are the reason that so many talented and wonderful people are coming to discuss our environment and the challenges that are facing mankind's survival.

Alan looks her dead in the eye.

ALAN

If I leave here and intermix with that many people I may die from exposure to ordinary shampoo or cologne.

DEBORAH

Who said anything about leaving?

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Alan is clean shaven and wears a blue jacket with shirt and tie. He wears boxer shorts and socks. Deborah points a video camera at Alan.

ALAN

Ahhhh, will anybody be able to see my...shorts?

DEBORAH

I'll fix it. Go ahead...

**INSERT:** Video monitor displays a focus change to reveal only Alan's torso.

ALAN

(starts uneasy)

Hello my name is Alan Bell, with the Environmental Health Foundation. Welcome to the Biosphere Two and the unprecedented summit of America's top environmental scientists and researchers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BIOSPHERE TWO AUDITORIUM -- MORNING

The auditorium is packed with a hundred scientists, researchers and professors. Ashlee stands in the rear with TV and media press who also fill the outer isles of the auditorium. Alan's visage is projected on a large screen at the front of the gathering.

ALAN

Most Americans are unaware that they live within 4 miles of a toxic waste dump. 75 million Americans, become ill every year from polluted and toxic indoor air. Harvard Medical School concluded that one in every 20 deaths are from outdoor air pollution and the American Cancer society concluded there has been a 44% increase of cancer in the last 40 years. Millions of automobiles and tens of thousands of smoke stacks combined with deadly toxic pesticides, risk our very existence and way of life on planet Earth. Thank you again for your participation at this summit. This harkens a new chapter for the safeguarding of our human race and future generations to come.

Alan's visage fades, and changes to the EHF logo. The audience leaps to their feet and wildly applauds.

INT. BIOSPHERE TWO AFTER PARTY -- NIGHT

The scientists mingle with guests. Ashlee, accompanied by Kathy, is introduced to the scientists by Deborah.

DEBORAH

Gentleman, this is Ashlee Bell, Alan's daughter and her Nanny, Kathy.

PHILIP LANDERGIN

It is a pleasure to meet you. Your father did a wonderful job organizing this conference.

DEBORAH

Ashlee, do you have any questions for these world renowned scientists?

The group puffs up with importance.

ASHLEE

(hesitantly)

Can any of you help my daddy?

Kathy puts her arm on Ashlee, to ward her away. Ashlee having none of it, pushes away Kathy's arm.

ASHLEE (CONT'D)

You are all important smart scientists. Can't any of you help my father?

KATHY

Ashlee, I don't think this is...

Ashlee shuts Kathy down with a wilting glare.

ASHLEE

My daddy's been sick and has been living in his bubble for almost eight years. Can't some one here help him?

The group maintains an uneasy silence.

ASHLEE (CONT'D)

(pleads)

My dad said you were the smartest men and women in the United States.

(whispers)

Please, can't any of you help him?

A lone tear rolls down her cheek. Richmond Web, 60's bespectacled, steps forward and writes down some information.

RICHMOND WEB

Here is the name of a neurologist who is using new medicine and technology. Doctor Seastrunk can help your father.

Tearing up, Ashlee takes the information and hugs Richmond.

ASHLEE

Thank you. Thank you so much.

The scientists and guests applaud the scene.

EXT. ALAN'S HOME BEDROOM -- MORNING

Alan, very weak, is helped into a wheel-chair by Kathy.

EXT. TUCSON AIRPORT -- LATER

Ashlee pushes Alan in a wheel-chair sucking on oxygen. They arrive at a Texas Air Gate and two male strapping stewards appear. A steward checks the tickets and hands them back.

STEWARD

Thank you, we'll take it from here.

INT. TEXAS AIRPLANE -- MOMENTS LATER

The stewards secure Alan, into a bulk head seat. Sitting next to Alan. Ashlee looks on worriedly at her father.

ALAN

Don't worry. I feel good about this.

Petting her father's hand, Ashlee comforts her dad.

EXT. DOCTOR SEASTRUNK'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Alan sits with Ashlee in the Dr's office. He has twenty files on his desk.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

I must say your doctors have done a lot of tests.

ALAN

They don't know what's wrong with me.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

Well, they've been looking in the wrong places. I'm using new some innovative technology...

INT. SEASTRUNK MEDICAL FACILITY -- LATER

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK (V.O.)

The Magnetic Resonance Spectroscopy is similar to an MRI but has newly developed capabilities. The MRS evaluates central nervous system disorders, bacterial brain abscesses, and can differentiate low and high grade brain tumors.

Alan, in a medical gown, is being placed on a table for the "MRS". The attendants leave the room, and the light dims.

INT. MRS CONTROL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dr. Seastrunk and Ashlee observe Alan's patient cradle being moved into the machine through the control room's plexiglas viewing window. The Dr. speaks into a mic.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
Are you ready Alan?

Alan gives a thumbs up. The Dr. pushes some control buttons.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK (CONT'D)  
Just relax, Alan. We'll do the driving from here.

Alan's prone body moves into the chamber.

ASHLEE  
How long will it take.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
It depends what we find young lady. Look at this screen. It shows your father's brain functions.

**INSERT:** MRS SCREEN: Alan's brain is projected on the screen. The brain rotates slowly in 3D.

Other screens are showing blood cell and platelet counts, cardiac rhythm, blood pressure, lung oxygen retention, etc.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK (CONT'D)  
We just finished scanning the left side of the frontal lobe. Now the machine we will scan the right side of the frontal lobe.

**INSERT:** The right side of Alan's front lobe has multiple cyst like lesions.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK (CONT'D)  
Hold it! I'm going to stop the rotation. Ashlee, you see those lesions.

The Dr. has frozen the brain scan rotation and zooms in on Alan's right frontal lobe. He points to the small lesions on the lobe.

ASHLEE  
What are they?

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
*They* have been causing your father to be sick.

ASHLEE  
Can you fix my daddy?

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
I'm going to try, Ashlee.

INT. DOCTOR SEASTRUNK'S OFFICE -- LATER

Excited, Alan and Ashlee sit with the Doctor as he reviews his findings. He shows them pictures taken during the MRS.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
These are the lesions I told you about. Most likely they are from prolonged chemical exposure.

ALAN  
What kind of chemical.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
It had to be an abrasive chemical with powerful side effects like pvc's or formaldehyde.

ALAN  
But, I've been in a controlled environment for over eight years.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
You were exposed to whatever chemical caused the lesions before you went into your bubble. The lesions affect many of your bio functions and are actually causing seizures.

ALAN  
Seizures?

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
Yes, the lesions on the right side of your brain interfere with your central nervous system that regulate your immune and endocrine systems.

Ashlee clings to her dad.

ASHLEE  
Will you have to operate on my daddy's brain?

ALAN  
No, I have another solution. Ashlee, I would like to talk to your dad alone for a moment.

Ashlee clings ardently to her dad.



ALAN (CONT'D)

It's okay Ash. We're only talking.

Ashlee unravels from her father and exits the room.

ALAN (CONT'D)

So what's it going to be Doc? Do you have to operate?

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

Heavens no! Opening up your brain in that area would likely kill you.

ALAN

What then?

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

I have been testing a new drug called Neurontin. It's been synthesized into pill delivery form. It has the ability to help control the seizures you experience when you come in contact with chemicals, pollutants and other bio-irritants. It could eventually allow you to lead an almost normal life.

ALAN

A pill? I can take a pill and be normal?

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

That's the good news.

Doctor Seastrunk pulls out a bottle with the medication. He hands it to Alan.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK (CONT'D)

The only problem is it might kill you. I have to be open with you. Several hyper sensitive patients have died in test trials.

ALAN

Had to be a catch.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

Look Alan, I know this drug is pretty much untested. But I have faith in it's abilities to free you from your current situation and bring you back to living your life again.

Alan holds the bottle up, and stares at it.

ALAN

Outside the bubble...

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
Of course there will be restrictions  
and some limitations; but, yes, you  
could live outside the bubble.

There is a knock at the door and Ashlee peeps in.

ALAN  
You can come in Ash.

Ashlee enters and sits by her dad. The room is silent.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
The Doctor may have a cure for me.

Alan holds the bottle up to the light.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
I would like to keep you here while  
you begin taking the medication

ALAN  
No way Doc. The only way I'm doing  
this is if I can take the pills in  
my own home.

The two men stare at each other. The Doctor acquiesces.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK  
Okay, you win. But I'll want strict  
reporting guidelines and you cannot  
deviate from the dosages levels.

ALAN  
I'm in.

The two men stand and shake on it.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Title up: Year Eight

Alan lies in his bed holding the bottle of Neurontin drug.  
Ashlee comes into the room in pony P.J.s.

ASHLEE  
Daddy, it's been six days since we  
came home from Dr. Seastrunk's office.

ALAN  
Seven.

ASHLEE  
Why haven't you taken your medication?

Alan ponders her question.

ALAN

Ash, if I take this medication and die, who's going to look after you?

ASHLEE

DAD! It's not about me or anyone else. It's about you living a real life outside of this bubble.

ALAN

What if it doesn't work?

ASHLEE

It may be the only chance you have to get out of here.

(soft)

One way or the other.

ALAN

And you're willing to take that chance?

ASHLEE

Only if you are. Night, love you.

ALAN

Love you too, Angel.

Ashlee exits the room. Alan contemplates her words and drifts off to sleep holding the pill bottle.

EXT. SIOUX TRIBAL FIRE ARIZONA DESERT -- NIGHT

A full moon shines down on a half circle of Sioux tribal elders dressed in traditional ceremonial garb. They sit in front of a huge bonfire, rhythmically beating drums. Rune-Hoop dances around the fire and chants in Sioux.

INT. FUNERAL HOME -- VIEWING ROOM -- **DREAM**

Alan's open casket is in the front of the room with rows of seats set up for grieving friends and relatives.

Alan's visage is pale and gaunt. He wears his blue suit and his arms are folded across his chest. Attendees make their way past Alan and share a few last words with him.

**CASKET POV:** Alan stares at his mourners. They speak to him.

MOM

It's a terrible thing for a child to die before his mother. I'll miss my boobala.

BOBBY

I'm sorry Bro'. I'm gonna miss you.

JUDGE GREY

You were a good man Alan. I don't know where the hell I'm going to find another racquet ball player like you.

SUSAN

At least you kept the policy in my name.

ASHLEE

(teary eyed)

Oh Daddy. I'm going to miss you so much. Who's going to play Kentucky Derby with me? I wish you had tried the medicine. You had a chance to live, why didn't you take it?

Ashlee breaks down sobbing on the coffin.

Alan is crying in the coffin. He shouts out silently to Ashlee.

ALAN

Wait. I'm not finished yet. I'll try the medicine. Ashlee I'm still here for you. I'm not going away....

Ashlee is helped away by attendees. Alan stares up at the final mourner, Greybird.

GREYBIRD

You are already gone. Cleanse your spirit, make your peace with the universe.

Greybird slowly closes the casket lid.

INT. COFFIN -- CONTINUOUS

The light slowly fades as the casket lid closes. Alan now in darkness, hears a discernable CLICK as the coffin lid locks shut.

ALAN

I'm not ready to DIE!

EXT. SIOUX TRIBAL FIRE ARIZONA DESERT -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The elder's drumming has picked up to a driving intensity. Rune-Hoops chanting and dance is frenzied. With a final leap and banshee scream, Rune-Hoop jumps through the flames causing a tornado of burning wood embers to dance upward and blot out the moon.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Alan's eyes snap open and he sits bolt upright. His shaking hand clutches the pill bottle. With trepidation, Alan opens the bottle and takes out a pill. He stares at it.

ALAN

I'm not ready to die yet.

Alan swallows the pill and chases it with some bedside water. Laying back down, he falls asleep.

**MONTAGE:** Alan dreams and as visions. A judge's gavel strikes it's cradle three times. The last blow echoes like a gun shot. A setting sun over a beautiful ocean. Lapping shore waves over sand. Ashlee riding a horse along the surf. Snow covered tree tops shiver snow powder into the air, creating glittering multicolored rainbows. A coconut laden tree sways to an island breeze. An eagle soars majestically above snow covered tree tops. Ashlee smiling and giggling.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Waking, Alan dreamily stretches. Looking up at the clock on the wall, he smiles.

**INSERT:** Wall Clock Display is 9 am.

ALAN

Ashlee! ASHLEE!

Ashlee comes running into the room.

ASHLEE

What is it. Daddy, what's wrong?

He shows her the pill bottle.

ALAN

I tried the Neurontin...and I'm alive!

ASHLEE

Does it work?

ALAN

That was the best sleep I've had in eight years! I feel great!

ASHLEE

You're always up at five. You slept until nine?

ALAN

Yep. Let's see how long it takes for the medicine to get me out of here.

ASHLEE  
I can't wait!

Ashlee fiercely hugs her dad and then runs out of the room.

ALAN  
Hey, where you going?

ASHLEE  
I'm gonna start looking at places to  
move on the computer.

ALAN  
Ash, take it easy. This may take  
months...Ash?

Ashlee is long gone. Alan reads the directions on the bottle.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Take one pill morning, noon and night.

Unscrewing the cap, Alan flicks a pill into his mouth and  
washes it down with water.

**TITLE UP:** Five weeks later

EXT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- MORNING

Alan and Ashlee walk down the driveway and come to the front  
door. The front door is slightly ajar. Alan walks inside.

INT. ALAN'S BUBBLE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Alan runs into his bedroom, and Bobby and his Mom are waiting  
for him. Alan is surprised. Ashlee hugs her grandmother.

ASHLEE  
Grandma!

ALAN  
Hello?

BOBBY  
Alan, I called three times. Are you  
okay?

MOM  
Where were you for the last hour?

ALAN  
I was out for a walk with Ashlee.

MOM  
The doctors said you have to stay  
indoors.

ALAN

Mom, Bobby, the Neurontin medication works! I even went outside without my oxygen mask.

BOBBY

Are you crazy?

ALAN

I've been taking the medication for five weeks and had no side effects. The Dr. in Texas just upped the dosage. Another three weeks and we're out of here!

BOBBY

Alan, slow down, you've been in that bubble for eight years and it's kept you alive.

ASHLEE

Daddy said we could move to California!

BOBBY

Alan, before you even start thinking about relocating, do me a favor and get a second opinion. Okay?

ALAN

Mom, Bobby, I feel better...

MOM

(stern)

Listen to your brother. Suppose the pills stop working. Or, you relapse?

BOBBY

All I'm saying is have some tests.

ALAN

More tests?

(beat)

Fine. Anything to get out of prison.

INT. DOCTOR SALTZMAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Alan sits with doctors and discusses his case.

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

We still don't understand why this drug is reversing your white blood cell count.

DOCOTR YAMAGUCCHI

These charts show normal liver and kidney functions. Two years ago you were barely at 25 percent.

DOCTOR LANDMAN

Who knows how long your immune system will hold up?

ALAN

I told you. Talk to Doctor Seastrunk.

DOCTOR LANDMAN

I did. His theory about the lesions creating seizures from past exposure to chemicals is credible.

DOCTOR YAMAGUCCHI

We need new neurology, endocrine and hematology tests.

ALAN

Tests? Find another guinea pig. Gentleman, I've done my time and I'm feeling better.

Alan starts to leave.

DOCTOR SALTZMAN

Alan, where are you going?

ALAN

(over shoulder)

To start living my life. See ya!

Alan gives a backhand wave and walks out of the room.

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN -- ARIZONA

Excited, Alan and Ashlee, (15), race each other climbing to the top of a forested plateau covered in snow.

Ashlee reaches the top first and jumps up and down jubilantly triumphant. Alan reaches the top breathing heavy.

ASHLEE

I win! I'm boss of the mountain!

With a wry eye, Alan falls down in the snow, playing dead.

ASHLEE (CONT'D)

Dad?... Dad? Daaaaaaaaaad.

Ashlee runs toward her fallen father. Alan sits up and fires off a snowball smacking Ashlee in the face. Ashlee blinks through snow covered eyes in astonishment.



ASHLEE (CONT'D)

I thought you...  
 (screams)  
 You're gonna get yours!

ALAN

Come get some!

Laughing, Alan and Ashlee playfully fire off snowballs at each other. Ashlee energetically snowballs Alan into submission.

ASHLEE

Daddy, look at this.

Ashlee lies down and makes an "Angel in the snow".

ALAN

An "Angel in the Snow".

Winded, Alan lies down next to his daughter. They gaze upwards toward the sky.

**Alan & Ashlee POV.** Soaring five story tall pine trees, capped by crystalline snow powder, bend in the slight wind. The snow covered treetops shiver snow powder into the air, creating glittering multicolored rainbows.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)  
 Dejevue.

ASHLEE

Amazing. Dad, is God here?

Alan is taken aback. Thinking hard, he exhales his answer.

ALAN

Yes, God is here. I believe we are all part of something greater than ourselves. All things great and small are part of the universe...Which I think, is *what I call God*.

ASHLEE

Is there a hell?

ALAN

(beat)  
 I think hell is an emotional state of being. It could be manifested on a physical plane. Humans are making bad choices that create hell right here on earth.

ASHLEE

(serious)

Well if their choices are bad, how come we don't stop the people who are making those bad choices?

Alan pulls his head out of the snow and looks at his daughter.

ALAN

You're right! Takes a fifteen year to put it all in perspective! I've been going after the wrong bad guys.

Sun rays cross Alan's face. Alan breathes in deeply and exhales, staring up into the clouds.

ALAN (CONT'D)

My peace is made. The future is ours.

ASHLEE

(giggles)

You sound like an old black and white movie!

Several ladybugs lazily fly over Alan and Ashlee.

ALAN

Ash, after I'm gone, if you see a lady bug you'll know it's me watching over you.

Alan holds Ashlee's hand, and they stare up to the tree tops.

**INSERT:** An eagle flies above the pine crested forest. The eagle flies through snow powder refracted light, creating a rainbow filled kaleidoscope in the sky.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm ready Ash.

ASHLEE

Ready for what?

ALAN

Ready to take care of unfinished business!

Spread winged, the eagle soars on the wind drafts overhead.

EXT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- MORNING

Alan drives his Volvo up the driveway to a modern California home. Ashlee bursts out of the car and runs to the front door. She opens it and runs in. Alan gets out of the car and walks toward the front door admiring the outside of the house. Ashlee runs out of the house SCREAMING with joy.

ASHLEE

I love it!

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- DAY

Alan starts to do some sits ups. After five he stops and rolls over on his stomach. After four pushups he lowers himself down but cannot push back up. He rolls over onto his back.

ALAN

This is going to take some time.

EXT. LAW OFFICES PRATTMEN BOWLES -- MORNING

Alan walks up and into the building.

**INSERT SIGN:** Law Offices Prattman Bowles.

INT. LAW OFFICES PRATTMEN BOWLES -- MOMENTS LATER

Alan is seated with Attorney **CORBIN BOWLES**, 45, sincere eyes.

CORBIN

Look Alan, we could really use your know how and tenacity on our team.

ALAN

I don't know, Corbin. It's been over eight years since I've tried a case.

CORBIN

It's like riding a bike...

ALAN

I may not be ready yet.

CORBIN

Just meet with our client, that's all I ask.

ALAN

Okay, I'll meet her. But I'm not promising anything.

INT. LAW OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Alan is seated with Corbin and client LINDA DAVIES, 45, with sunken eyes. Alan looks over apartment pictures that show black mold growing in many areas.

LINDA DAVIES

My daughter died last year Mr. Bell.

ALAN

How can you be sure the mold caused her death?

LINDA DAVIES

After last year's heavy rains the mold started to grow and Mary got sick. I cleaned it best I could, but it never went away. I told the apartment manager and the rental company. But they did nothing.

ALAN

Did anyone else get sick?

LINDA DAVIES

Yes, several children and an elderly lady Mrs. Pastorick. She died before Mary. I know it was that black mold.

Alan stares at the mold pictures. Linda slips him a picture of a lithe blond girl. Having made a "snow angel", Mary lies in the snow with a magical grin on her face.

LINDA DAVIES (CONT'D)

Can you help us?

Alan takes the picture and peruses it.

**INSERT:** ALAN'S POV Alan Stares at Ashlee in the snow.

Alan blinks hard and swallows. The picture changes from Ashlee's visage back to Mary.

ALAN

(deliberately)

I'll take the case.

EXT. OUT DOOR FAIR LA -- MORNING

A bright effervescent day reveals a park fair filled with many artist booths, food vendors and pedestrians. Alan and Ashlee, 16, walk among the crowd. Alan pauses at a fresh coconut booth and points.

ALAN

Ash, should I try one?

Alan buys the coconut and prepares to take a sip.

ASHLEE

*Oh, my god!* This is the first time I've seen you drink anything but water! I want a picture!

Ashlee gets her camera ready as Alan poses with the coconut.

Alan closes his eyes and takes a sip.

**INSERT:** Coconut juice passes over Alan's tongue. Tiny crackling stars ascend from his taste buds.

Alan's eyes snap open. Ashlee takes the photo.

ALAN

WOW!

EXT. OUT DOOR FAIR LA -- MONTAGE-- CONTINUOUS

Suggested music track: Beatles-"Here comes the Sun".

Alan experiences a heightened sense of taste, touch, sound and vision.

Alan closes his eyes and smells a bushel of violets.

**INSERT:** As the fragrance moves up Alan's nasal cavity, fireworks explode behind his closed eyelids.

Alan visits a booth with multicolored parrots. His eyes dilate.

**INSERT:** ALAN'S POV The colorful parrots are super vivid, almost three dimensional.

Ashlee feeds Alan a chocolate covered strawberry. Alan and Ashlee run with bubble makers and trail huge bubbles.

A gentle sun shower sprinkles rain over Alan and Ashlee. Alan closes his eyes and raises his hands to the heavens. The brief rain is replaced by the sun and gentle wind.

**INSERT:** Alan's hair stands up on the back of his neck. Goose bumps line his arms.

Alan and Ashlee stop to hear a flutist performing. (Matching sound track music).

**INSERT:** The flute music wafts into ALAN'S eardrum.

Alan's body shudders. He lets out an orgasmic sigh of appreciation.

ALAN

Beautiful...

Alan throws a dollar into the musicians jar. Ashlee gives Alan "a cheapskate look" and he donates a ten dollar bill.

Alan and Ashlee walk over hop scotch chalk marks. Ashlee goes back and does the hop.

Arm in arm, father and daughter walk away from the fair sharing a funnel cake.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Eight years of soy-goop and water.  
No music, no color, no LIFE! Thank  
you Doctor Seastrunk!

Alan downs the last piece of cake.

ASHLEE

*Oh my God. You like totally bogarted the last piece.*

ALAN

*Oh my God? Totally? Ash, you've been in LA for two weeks and you sound like an LA valley girl.*

Laughing, Ashlee playfully swipes at Alan and chases him across the grassy field.

EXT. LOS ANGELES APARTMENT COMPLEX -- AFTERNOON

Wearing dark sunglasses, Alan walks along a city street looking for an address. He arrives at an apartment complex and stares at the building. He removes his sunglasses.

**ALAN'S POV:** The apartment complex emits waves of energy much like heat emanating from the ground.

Alan's face grimaces from a foul taste in his mouth. Putting his sun glasses on, Alan double swallows and tastes his fingers like a football quarterback and then rubs his palms together. He spits out the taste in his mouth and walks away from the building.

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- AFTERNOON

Alan doing sit ups. He counts off fifteen and the turns on his stomach and squeezes out ten tough pushups. Panting, Alan rolls on his back to rest. Ashlee has been watching.

ASHLEE

Why don't you make it easy on yourself.

ALAN

Nothing worth doing is easy. And nothing worth fighting for is free.

ASHLEE

Blah, Blah Blah, try working out to this.

Ashlee turns on a Boom Box that belts out Kenny Loggins' "Conviction Of The Heart".

ASHLEE (CONT'D)

Daddy, you need to stretch in between sets. And don't forget to breathe while you work out.

Ashlee leaves. Speechless, Alan decides to stretch his legs and then whips off fifteen pushups.

Alan breathes deeply and then fires off another twenty situps.

INT. TOXICOLOGY LABORATORY -- DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH -- MORNING

Alan reviews computer data with a lab scientist. The scientist holds up a vial of black mold.

TOXICOLOGIST

This particular black mold is *Stachybotrys chartarum* which releases mycotoxins once the mold dries.

ALAN

What can it do to humans.

TOXICOLOGIST

Severe health issues, bleeding of the lungs, allergies, sometimes death.

ALAN

How is the toxin passed onto humans.

TOXICOLOGIST

It's usually inhaled.

ALAN

The landlord has had the building cleaned since we filed our class action suit. I would have to prove they didn't clean it thoroughly and left the tenants at risk.

TOXICOLOGIST

This fungus is very difficult to get rid of. Check the vents and ducts. It's a good breeding ground.

ALAN

Air ducts...They access the entire building.

EXT. LOS ANGELES APARTMENT COMPLEX -- MORNING

Alan walks up to the building and takes his sunglasses off. It does not radiate like it did before. A resident leaves and Alan slips in before the front door closes.

INT. LOS ANGELES APARTMENT COMPLEX -- CONTINUOUS

Alan knocks on a door and Linda Davies answers.

ALAN

Hello Mrs. Davies. Would you mind if I come in?

Alan is ushered in and the door closes behind him.

INT. LINDA DAVIES APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Alan unscrews a vent cover.

ALAN

This will just take a minute.

LINDA DAVIES

It's no bother. The land-lord cleaned the building pretty well after the law suit was filed. They put us up in a nice hotel for a week.

Alan gets the vent cover off and peers in.

**INSERT:** Alan sees waves of energy emanating from the opening.

He shines a bright flashlight down the dark vent.

**VENT POV:** The vent's sides are thick with black mold.

ALAN

I don't think they cleaned it well enough.

INT. LOS ANGELES COURT ROOM -- DAY

Corbin Bowels and Mrs. Davies sit with Alan and his team at the plaintiff's table. Attorney, **ROB GRANGER**, 55, white hair, sits with his team of lawyers and the apartment building landlord at the opposing table.

JUDGE VERNON

Can we have the plaintiff's closing argument.

Alan stands hesitantly. He addresses a packed court room.

ALAN

The tenants in Covenant Garden apartments had the right to expect a safe environment in the homes they lived their lives in.

The landlord stares at Alan with unmitigated hate.

ALAN (CONT'D)

The landlord has a responsibility to ensure proper living conditions for his tenants which include having the premises free from any kind of mold contamination. It was the duty of the landlord to have mold removed and pay for any such removal.

(MORE)



ALAN (CONT'D)

Our case has proven that this landlord has neglected his responsibilities which caused our group of plaintiffs to suffer *severe* health problems and, even *death*.

The landlord hangs his head, wringing his hands.

ALAN (CONT'D)

The evidence is irrefutable. The pain that has been caused is unimaginable. We cannot bring back Mary Davies or Gene Pastorick from the dead. But, we can remember them and make sure this *never ever happens again*.

Alan appears to the jury.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(whisper)

You are the conscience of this community. Make your voices heard. Make them heard for Gene Pastorick. Make them heard for 12 year old Mary Davies.

Alan backs away from the jury box and sits down. Tears run down Linda's face. The court room is silent.

JUDGE VERNON

Closing statement for the defense.

Rob Granger confers with the landlord who shakes his head.

BOB GRANGER

Your honor it is the defense's position that the evidence speaks for itself. And, we hereby waive our closing argument.

JUDGE VERNON

At this time we set the jury to deliberation.

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE OUTSIDE COURT HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Alan addresses a throng of reporters. Corbin, his team and Mrs. Davies stand behind him.

ALAN

Justice is late but it has been served with the correct verdict.

REPORTER ONE

Will eighteen million dollars cover what you've asked for?

ALAN

We're rebuilding lives. It's a start. Other than accidents and war, all premature death and illness boils down to two factors; the genes we are born with and the environment you are exposed to. We can't control our genes, but we can control our environment.

FREEZE FRAME:

Transparent Newspaper front page headlines flash over the frozen frame.

LA TIMES "Toxic Avenger wins against Corporate Housing Giant",  
DAILY NEWS "Attorney Alan Bell fights for Tenants Rights",  
THE WEST SIDER "Environmental Crusader shakes up Housing  
Giant, BURBANK SENTINEL "Toxic Mold Attorney Wins BIG!"

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- MORNING

Alan works out with headphones. He punches a stop watch and starts to jump rope. Sweat pours from his body as he jumps rope to the beat of the music.

INT. LAW OFFICES PRATTMEN BOWLES -- MORNING

Alan walks into the outer office waiting room which is packed with waiting clients. The SECRETARY, is multi-tasking answering many incoming phone calls.

SECRETARY

Prattman Bowles. Counselor Bowles, one moment please. Prattman Bowles, please hold. Prattman Bowles, please hold...

Alan walks by fascinated by all the activity.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Mr. Bell, the partners are waiting for you in the conference room. Prattman Bowles, please hold...

INT. LAW OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Alan walks into the conference room and ten lawyers stand up and applaud him.

ALAN

What's going on?

CORBIN

Your case just put us on the environmental map. We've had over twenty phone calls regarding mold cases and more than sixty other environmental potential clients.

ALAN

Let's go to work.

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- DAY

Alan answers a knock on the front door. He opens the door and Deborah stands before him in a tight fitting dress.

ALAN

This *is* a surprise!

DEBORAH

I was in town visiting some friends and thought I would say hello.

ALAN

Hello, Hello! Come on in.

DEBORAH

Nice digs.

ALAN

Yeah, It's custom designed and environmentally safe for me.

DEBORAH

Where's Ashlee?

ALAN

She's at school.

Alan heads towards the bar.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Can I offer you something to drink?

DEBORAH

Alan, I didn't come here to drink.

Alan stops in his tracks. He turns around.

**ALAN'S POV:** Deborah's dress slides to the ground. She slinks over to him with her large breasts bouncing and puts her arms around him. Alan backs up totally unsure of himself.

ALAN

I'm not so sure this is a good idea.  
I still have to be careful of...

DEBORAH  
I'm shampoo, lotion and perfume free.  
*Au Natural!*

Deborah plants a french kiss on Alan melting him.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
Which way to the bedroom.

Alan points the way and Deborah grabs Alan by his tie and leads him into the bedroom. The door slams shut.

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA BEDROOM -- LATER

The two spent lovers lay entwined on Alan's bed. Alan smiles a satisfied grin.

DEBORAH  
That was amazing!

ALAN  
Nine years. I had forgotten...

DEBORAH  
Can we do that again?

ALAN  
The pleasure would be all mine.

This time Alan takes the lead and gently kisses his way up Deborah's arm. He finds her lips and gently kisses her. Alan rolls on top staring into Deborah's eyes. She pulls him to her and they kiss passionately.

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Alan sits with a grin on his face watching TV. Ashlee enters.

ASHLEE  
What's up?

ALAN  
What do you mean?

ASHLEE  
You look like the cat that swallowed  
the canary.

ALAN  
It's been a good day...  
(sniffs air)  
What's that smell?

ASHLEE  
I'm making some popcorn.

Alan runs out of the room.

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Alan runs into the kitchen as the microwave "BEEPS" done. He opens the microwave and takes out the bowl of popcorn. Alan closes his eyes and inhales deeply. Ashlee enters the kitchen.

ASHLEE  
Dad, it's popcorn.

Alan tries a piece and is ecstatic.

ALAN  
Mmmmmmm. I love popcorn. It's been  
nine years. Mmmmmmm.

Alan eats from the bowl.

ASHLEE  
Hey! Make your own.

Alan runs away with the bowl and sprints to the bathroom popcorn flying. Ashlee chases him.

ASHLEE (CONT'D)  
That's mine!

ALAN  
Possession is nine tenths of the  
law!

Alan beats her to the door and slams it shut behind him.

ASHLEE  
DAD! Give-it-back!

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Alan sits on the toilet and inhales the popcorn aroma, munching the popcorn one kernel at a time. Ashlee, YELLING, bangs on the door.

ASHLEE (O.S.)  
Dad! This isn't funny. Dad open  
the door!

Alan munches and starts laughing uncontrollably.

ALAN  
It's sooooo good.

INT. LAW OFFICES PRATTMEN BOWLES -- MORNING

Alan sits with Corbin Bowles. They go over a stack of files.

ALAN

I think this contamination case with the preschool is one of the stronger suits.

CORBIN

I don't see it. The preschool barely makes ends meet. Where are the damages going to get paid from?

ALAN

The doctor reports and charts I've reviewed show these kids have been exposed to chemical compounds. They had to come from somewhere.

CORBIN

The school was built on fallow farm land and hadn't been farmed in fifty years.

ALAN

I'm going to head over there and check it out.

Alan stands.

CORBIN

Alright, let me know if you come up with anything.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREET -- LATER

Alan makes his way down the street and comes upon a large vacant lot with an old decrepit ramshackle building. Checking an address on a piece of paper Alan spots the preschool on a downhill slope from the empty lot.

Taking off his sunglasses, waves of energy are emitted from the lot. Alan's heartbeat speeds up, and he starts to perspire.

Alan double swallows and tastes his fingers like a football quarterback and then rubs his palms together. He spits out his findings. Walking over to the vacant lot, he spots an old faded sign.

**INSERT SIGN:** Sign reads "Transmission King"

Making his way onto the lot, he spots a placid pool of water. As he gets closer to the water, the energy waves get more intense. Shielding his eyes from the energy emanation, Alan puts on his sunglasses and exits the lot.

INT. LAW OFFICES PRATTMEN BOWLES -- CORBIN'S OFFICE -- LATER

Corbin is working with another lawyer when Alan bursts in holding some paperwork.

ALAN

We've been going after the wrong property owner in the preschool case.

CORBIN

What do you mean?

Alan drops the paperwork on Corbin's desk and shows him some documents.

ALAN

The preschool is on a downward slope from this vacant lot. The lot was owned since 1938 by a transmission and engine specialty shop.

CORBIN

And?

ALAN

I sent our industrial testers over there on a hunch.

EXT. TRANSMISSION KING VACANT LOT -- DAY

Gloved technician testers use metered detectors and take soil and water samples.

One of the technicians pushes open the ruinous door to the rundown building.

**INSERT:**Technicians POV The inside of the building is filled with rotting barrel-drum containers leaking chemical fluids.

ALAN (V.O.)

The shop had stored barrels that leaked PCB's, chemical contaminants and, God knows, what else. It's been closed for fifteen years.

EXT. PRESCHOOL PLAY GROUND -- DAY

ALAN (V.O.)

The school is on a downward slope. Over the years the contaminates made their way into the stream behind the school Playground.

Kids play tag, kick ball and frisbee on the playground. A boy leaps in the air to catch the frisbee and falls in ankle deep water.

**INSERT:** The fallen boy swallows stream water.

INT. LAW OFFICES PRATTMEN BOWLES -- CORBIN'S OFFICE --  
CONTINUOUS

ALAN

There was repeated chemical exposure from rain, and evaporated water that carried the contaminants.

CORBIN

Who owns the lot?

ALAN

(smiles)

Transmission King was bought out in 1950 by one of the largest automotive companies in the US. "Zip Boys".

CORBIN

Bingo! *Deep pockets.*

Alan pulls out another document as a trump card.

ALAN

The corporation tried to sell the property five times since 1975. The EPA would have required them to clean up the toxic waste left behind and the bill would have run over a million dollars.

CORBIN

So the bastards just left it to fester.

ALAN

Even after the preschool was built, "Zip Boys" *knowingly*, and *deliberately* did not clean up the toxins from forty years of illegal waste disposal.

CORBIN

How the hell did you know to test the lot?

ALAN

(winks)

Sixth sense.

INT. LOS ANGELES SUPERIOR COURT -- MORNING

The court room is packed. Alan and Corbin sit confidently at their table. The Zip Boys defense team is huddled around their table animatedly discussing the case.



JUDGE WOODEN

Is the defense ready to proceed?

The defense lawyers argue some more. The judge bangs his gavel for attention. The defense teams snaps to attention.

JUDGE WOODEN (CONT'D)

As I have just asked, *is the defense ready to proceed?*

ZIP BOYS LAWYER

May we approach the bench your honor?

JUDGE WOODEN

Proceed.

Alan and the Zip defense lawyer approach the judge's bench.

ZIP BOYS LAWYER

Your Honor, in light of the evidence we would like to ask for a settlement hearing.

Alan turns to Corbin and winks.

JUDGE WOODEN

Counselor?

ALAN

Yes, Your Honor, the plaintiffs agree to a settlement conference.

JUDGE WOODEN

This case is now on hold pending settlement litigation.

The judge bangs his gavel to end the court session.

INT./EXT. INTERCUT MONTAGE -- LOS ANGELES COURT -- NEWS CASTS --  
ALAN INVESTIGATING ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARDS -- INTERVIEW

WATER BASIN: Alan walks up to a fence separating him from a water basin. An Industrial complex is in the background. Alan takes off his sunglasses and waves of energy emanate from the water. Alan double swallows and then tastes his fingers and rubs his palms together. Putting his sunglasses back on he walks away.

COURT: Judge Grey is speaking with a defense attorney. He beckons for Alan to approach the bench. He does.

ALAN

(to judge)

Settlement conference?

The Judge smiles and nods.

INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX: Alan looks over the hillside bluff of an industrial complex. It's smoke stacks billow plumes of white smoke. The stiff breeze blows the smoke directly into a housing development. Alan takes off his sunglasses.

Waves of energy emanate from the thick smoke coming from the complex. Alan double swallows and tastes his fingers like a football quarterback and then rubs his palms together. He spits out the taste.

COURT: The judge asks for a verdict. JURY FOREPERSON #4, reads it.

JUDGE HALLDEN

Please read the judgment.

JURY FOREPERSON #4

We the jury find defendant State Petroleum liable for gross negligence, We award one million dollars in compensatory damages and twenty million dollars in punitive damages.

Alan looks over to the Defense table. They wearily close their briefcases, heads hanging.

SEWAGE PLANT: Alan walks around the lurid plant. Following a hunch, he walks outside and finds a crack in one of the huge piping networks spewing hundreds of gallons of sewage into an overflowing catch basin.

COURT: A packed court room holds silently awaits Judge Sanders judgement.

JUDGE SANDERS

The Longridge Sewage Plant has not only shown negligence, but callous disregard to the people and environment it was supposed to protect. I award 28 million dollars in compensatory damages to the plaintiffs.

The judge bangs his gavel.

NEWS COMMENTATORS:

NEWS COMMENTATOR #2

The Longridge Sewage Plant was shut down today, and has to pay a record 28 million dollars in compensatory damages.

NEWS COMMENTATOR #3

In today's news, environmentalist Alan Bell took down another corporate  
(MORE)

NEWS COMMENTATOR #3 (CONT'D)  
 polluter. Myriad Chemicals will be  
 paying record damages and was also  
 hit with punitive damages...

NEWS COMMENTATOR #1  
 Prattman Bowles lead Attorney Alan  
 Bell, stuck another blow for the  
 environment today by stopping the  
 construction of a chemical plant  
 just 100 yards away from an elementary  
 school. We have Alan Bell on a live  
 feed. Bree...

EXT. JOHN H GLENN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- MORNING

Surrounded by children, Alan stands being interviewed by a  
 reporter. The school is near a pristine lake.

BREE WLAKER  
 Alan, can you tell us why you fought  
 so hard to keep the chemical plant  
 from being built here.

ALAN  
 A chemical plant within fifty yards  
 of this or any other school is a  
 recipe for disaster. Potential  
 contaminants from the plant could  
 affect the students, teachers and  
 parents at this school and the  
 beautiful lake beside it.

He prompts the kids.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
 Kids, what do we say?

KIDS  
 (yell)  
 Don't blow it, good planets are hard  
 to find!

Excited the kids jump up and down behind Alan.

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- DAY

Alan watches himself on TV with Ashlee.

KIDS  
 (yell)  
 Don't blow it, good planets are hard  
 to find!

Alan turns the TV off.

ALAN  
How'd I look.

ASHLEE  
Time for a new suit.

ALAN  
What's the matter with the one I had on?

ASHLEE  
It's ten years old. You can't save the world looking like a hayseed.

INT. BARNEY'S SUITS -- LATER

Alan tries on several suits with matching shirts and ties. Ashlee coordinates his clothing and dresses Alan sharply in an elegant dark blue Armani suit.

INT. LAW OFFICES PRATTMEN BOWLES -- ALAN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Alan sits with DAVID HARRIS, 44, bald, angry and PATTI DEVORE, 36, pretty, very thin. Alan peruses some paper work while he talks to the potential clients.

ALAN  
What makes you think the symptoms you are having have anything to do with your workplace?

PATTI SCREVANE  
I've been sick almost every week and lost thirty five pounds in three months.

DAVID HARRIS  
I used to have a full head of hair Mr. Bell. It began falling out after I started working in *that building*.

PATTI SCREVANE  
It's not just us. Twenty three people including half the janitorial staff have had a variety of sickness.

ALAN  
I see you would be asking for medical bills and punitive damages.

DAVID HARRIS  
Can you help us?

PATTI SCREVANE  
Will you help us?

ALAN

I already have 26 cases on the court docket.

Alan puts the paperwork down and stares across the desk at David and Patti's pleading eyes.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(gives in)

Alright. I'll take a look at the building. No promises about taking the case.

EXT. CITY STREET -- LOS ANGELES -- MORNING

Alan huffs and puffs jogging down a city street. Seeing a red light at the end of the block he slows down, jogging in place.

A bee hovers right in front of him. Alan smirks.

ALAN

You don't fuck with me, and I won't fuck with you!

The bee momentarily hovers and then zips off in a different direction. Alan jogs around the corner.

Alan looks up at the giant building exuding waves of energy.

**INSERT:** A Thirty Story Building emits waves of energy that resemble heat rising from pavement.

He blocks the incoming energy with his arms and backs away from the building. Bursting into a full stride, Alan runs away from the area dodging pedestrians, beggars and animals.

Alan runs as if chased by demons. After several blocks he veers over to some garbage cans and dry heaves. Alan's hands shake as he wipes the spittle from his face with a handkerchief. Alan staggers onward, confused.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(under breath)

What the hell was that?

INT. LAW OFFICES PRATTMEN BOWLES -- ALAN'S OFFICE

Alan holds a picture of the building he just saw. He works at the computer.

**INSERT:** The computer screen reads "The BK Building Corporation building homes and office space for the future".

Alan makes some notes and scrolls through the site.

ALAN  
What are you hiding BK?

Alan scrolls through some of the buildings BK has built. He comes to a particular picture and his brow furrows. Alan moves closer, almost putting his nose against the screen. He prints the picture on the screen and compares the new picture with the first.

**INSERT:** The new picture is of Alan's old law offices, the 120 Tower building in Miami.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Well, well, well, what have we here?

Alan picks up the phone and dials.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Hello Robert.

ROBERT (V.O.)  
Hi Alan. Still pissing people off?

ALAN  
Nobody's tried to kill me lately. I need some wet work. You up for it?

ROBERT (V.O.)  
What'cha got?

ALAN  
I need you to *surreptitiously* interview some people.

ROBERT (V.O.)  
My specialty.

ALAN  
While you're at it, get whatever info you can on the BK Building corporation.

ROBERT (V.O.)  
Do I smell a rat here?

ALAN  
Find out, and *you can tell me*. I'll e-mail you the particulars. Late.

Alan hangs up and ponders the picture of his old building. On a hunch, Alan types on the computer keyboard.

**INSERT:** The computer screen reads "Building Materials Contractors."

EXT. LONGO BUILDING SUPPLIES -- AFTERNOON

Alan walks with a floor foreman through several connecting warehouses full of building materials. Forklifts with various payloads zip around the warehouse floors.

ALAN

So you said BK bought this insulation before?

FOREMAN

Yeah, the manufacturer discontinued the product, and BK bought the remaining stock in bulk for cheap.

ALAN

So they just leave it here until they need it?

FOREMAN

Part of the deal. Nobody else will touch this stuff, we couldn't give it away.

ALAN

Why is that?

FOREMAN

Seems like all the installers got sick or something. We keep it locked up back here.

The foreman unlocks a pad lock and swings open the door.

Alan takes off his sunglasses and stares inside. The room is filled with crates of insulation.

**INSERT:** Alan's POV Waves of radiation emanate from the packing crates.

Alan backs away from the door.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

You wanna take a look inside.

ALAN

No thank you. I've *seen* enough.

Alan turns and hustles out of the warehouse. As Alan makes his way for the street, a warehouse company man runs after him.

COMPANY MAN

Hey! Who the hell are you? BK Builders never partnered with Alan Bell to build anything! Hey...

Alan hustles out of the building.

EXT. LONGO BUILDING SUPPLIES -- CONTINUOUS

Alan staggers down the block away from the building. The company man exits the building and watches him go. A heavy set man in a trench coat watches Alan from across the street and begins to follow him.

Walking a block, Alan tastes his fingers quarterback style and rubs his palms together. The trench coat man crosses the street and begins to close on Alan.

Alan notices the man walking behind him and picks up his pace. He cuts around a corner quickly and heads toward a park. The man hustles to catch up.

Alan walks to the rear of the park and is followed. He ends up at a fenced-in area. The trench coat man catches up and walks up to him. His trench coat casually opens and reveals a holstered weapon.

They stare at each other. ROBERT GWYNN, 50, with a marine toughness, removes a manila envelope and hands it to Alan.

ALAN

Robert, you were right. But I had to see it for myself.

ROBERT

Aren't I always. You seem to make a habit of finding bad guys.

Alan opens the envelope and reviews the contents.

ALAN

These bastards knew it all along. The insulation was toxic.

ROBERT

I did some interviews at BK's two buildings. A total of 38 people had treatment for medical issues.

ALAN

BK paid off a suit regarding their installers.

ROBERT

Those lab reports confirm the insulation is formaldehyde based.

Alan looks up and hears Dr. Seastrunk's words.



DOCTOR SEASTRUNK (V.O.)  
 ...it had to be an abrasive chemical  
 with powerful side affects like pvc's  
 or formaldehyde.

ROBERT  
 Alan?

Alan snaps back to reality.

ALAN  
 It was the formaldehyde. Anything  
 else?

ROBERT  
 A judge's daughter died from unknown  
 toxins in your old building. No  
 correlating proof at the time.

ALAN  
 We've got a whole warehouse full of  
 proof. I'll file a motion to have  
 that warehouse impounded for evidence.  
 We've got 'em by the balls now.

ROBERT  
 All these years you had me chasing  
 cartel and mob ghosts and it was  
 some fuckin' insulation that poisoned  
 you?

ALAN  
 Yeah, pretty fucking ironic.

ROBERT  
 Time for some payback, I'd say.

ALAN  
 Not for me. The statute of  
 limitations is four years. This is  
 for all the people that are living  
 and working in those toxic buildings  
 now. *Right now.*

INT. LAW OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM -- BINDER, BENDER LIPMAN AND  
 HAVASHAW

A luxurious well appointed conference room seats fourteen  
 coiffed ivy league lawyers at their weekly Monday meeting.  
 The meeting is led by senior partner, **MARTIN BINDER**, 65,  
 silver hair, with a steely eyed commanding presence.

MARTIN BINDER  
 Congratulations on your team work.  
 You bested Cranston, Wise and Fischer,  
 saving our clients fifty million  
 dollars. Well done.

He picks up and opens a file.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)

We have had a query from our clients at the BK building conglomerate. They are concerned about an environmentalist named *Alan Bell*. Who has the prelim on this?

**PETER JACOBS**, 40, handsome, cleft jaw, raises his hand and recites from his notes.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)

Peter?

PETER JACOBS

Alan Bell, former state prosecutor, has been MIA from court for eight plus years. He's recently won some environmental law suits but nothing in our league. Hell, he got his law degree from the University of Miami... "Sun Tan U"!

The room bursts out in agreeable laughter.

MARTIN BINDER

Okay, he's been out of the game for a while so he's rusty. Nothing my ivy leaguer's can't handle. Peter, You can work with Mark on this.

**MARK SANFORD**, 40, impeccably dressed, signals his understanding.

MARK SANFORD

I'm on it Mr. B. We could use one more team member for logistics.

MARTIN BINDER

Judge Grey likes eye candy. Rachel see if you can keep the old codger from falling asleep.

**RACHEL MILLS**, 40, stunning beauty, smiles shrewdly.

RACHEL MILLS

I've got just the outfit.

MARTIN BINDER

Good. This case will be dead in the water before it begins.

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- MORNING

Alan saunters into the kitchen. He opens up a cabinet filled with vitamins.

Finding his neutronin medication he opens the bottle and pops a pill into his mouth. He grabs a bottle of water from the fridge and chugs some water down.

Sitting down at the counter, he notices a box of animal crackers. Staring at the box, he picks it up and smells the contents. Making a decision, he opens a drawer with a garbage can and throws it out.

Looking around the kitchen, Alan sees a half eaten candy bar and throws it out. Alan goes into cleaning mode and begins to throw out additional food stuffs on the counter and cabinets including: a half eaten peanut butter and Jelly sandwich, bread, candy, nuts, cookies, cereal and other food stuffs.

Satisfied, Alan walks out of the kitchen and into his office. taking a seat at his computer, he begins to work.

Ashlee screams from the kitchen.

ASHLEE (O.S.)

Dad! Daaaaad!

ASHLEE, 16, comes running into the office.

ASHLEE (CONT'D)

What happened to my animal crackers?

ALAN

Threw'em out.

ASHLEEN

My peanut butter & jelly sandwich?

ALAN

History.

ASHLEE

The Fruit Loops?

ALAN

Done.

ASHLEE

Daddy, what is wrong with you? I left the kitchen for ten minutes and you act like a crazy person.

ALAN

When in doubt, throw it out.

ASHLEE

Daddy, but you're not eating those things.

ALAN

Ash, number one, I don't want to be tempted. Number two, all that crap is full of chemicals. We should be eating healthy!

ASHLEE

Aaarrggghh, I'm living with a crazy person.

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- LATER

Alan walks into his workout room and flips on the boom box. A driving rock tune fills the room. Picking up his jump rope, Alan starts jumping rope to the music's beat.

As the guitar solo wails through the room, Alan does some fancy foot and rope work; double jumping, single hopping, and a 360 degree spin.

The music tempo increases to a crescendo, and Alan "double whips the jump rope" to a climax. The song finishes, and Alan turns off the music and stares into a mirror.

Alan's baby blue eyes twinkle with an intelligent gleam. His muscle culture is defined and his skin, hair and personage are alive and vibrant.

ALAN

I'm back!

INT. JUDGE GREY'S COURT -- MORNING

Alan and Corbin sit confidently across from their nervous defense rivals Peter Jacobs, Mark Sanford & Rachel Mills. Judge Grey reviews some documents.

JUDGE GREY

I am ruling for the plaintiffs and setting a trial date for June 6th.

Peter Jacobs stands to object.

PETER JACOBS

Your Honor, I object. The tests that the plaintiffs have conducted are not credible. They...

JUDGE GREY

Overruled, Counselor. I am also placing the Longo Warehouse under seizure. The insulation in question will be impounded as evidence and tested accordingly. Court is adjourned.

The judge raps his gavel sharply.

INT. LAW OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM -- BINDER, BENDER LIPMAN AND HAVASHAW

Fourteen lawyers take a shellacking from Martin Binder.

MARTIN BINDER

You incompetent, indignant, imbeciles!

PETER JACOBS

We didn't *know* he had so much information.

MARTIN BINDER

Didn't know? That's what I pay you for.

MARK SANFORD

I'm sorry, we'll pick up the slack.

MARTIN BINDER

Sorry?

Martin swipes folders from the conference table.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)

You bet your asses you're sorry. You're fired! You and your good for nothing ivy league Harvard team member. You're both fired!

PETER JACOBS

We're fired over a prelim?

MARTIN BINDER

You idiot. Now that the judge has accepted the case, we can't suppress the evidence that this...*this environmental anarchist* has brought out into the open. Do you know how you've exposed our client? *Exposed this firm?* This case should never have been put on the court calendar. Get out. GET OUT NOW! Before I...

Martin moves to go after Peter who abruptly jumps out of his seat and heads for the conference room door with Mark following swiftly on his heels.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)

Rachel! I want you in my office with stenographer's notes in fifteen minutes. I will personally be heading the team for the next round.

RACHEL MILLS

Yes, sir, Mr. Binder.

MARTIN BINDER

There's no lunch, no dinner, no damn sleep, until this matter is put to rest. Is that clear?

The remaining lawyers nod their agreement.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)

Now get out! All of you. I have a call to make.

The lawyers hustle out of the room closing the door behind them. Martin walks to a side bar and pours a hefty triple shot of scotch. He takes out a bottle of pills and dumps two into his palm. Thinking better of it, he shakes a third one out of the bottle and washes it down with a Scotch grimace.

Loosening his tie, Martin sinks into an over-plush chair. He picks up his cell phone and dials.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)

Judge Grey? Hello, it's Martin Binder. I'm calling about the BK case you just put on your calendar. Rather than waste the court's time I would like to set up a settlement hearing with the plaintiff's attorney.... Yes, tomorrow morning at 8 am is fine. Thank you.

Martin hangs up and throws the phone across room.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)

Goddamn, "Sun-tan U".

INT. LAW OFFICES PRATTMEN BOWLES -- ALAN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Alan addresses a thick envelope.

**INSERT:** Envelope label reads; "Environmental Protection Agency Washington"

INT. JUDGE GREY'S CHAMBERS -- MORNING

Alan enters the Judge's chambers. Judge Grey and Martin Binder are waiting. They sit in easy chairs around a coffee table sipping coffee. Alan joins and sits in an empty chair.

JUDGE GREY

Alan Bell, this is Martin Binder lead counsel for...

ALAN

...Lead counsel for Binder, Bender Lipman and Havashaw. Very impressive credentials.

MARTIN BINDER

Not impressive enough. You took my legal team to school at the prelim.

ALAN

Oh that? We were just warming up.

MARTIN BINDER

May I call you Alan?

Tensing, Alan does not respond.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)

My firm made a mistake in underestimating you...

ALAN

That seems to happen a lot with me.

MARTIN BINDER

My client is prepared to make a very generous settlement offer to see this claim go away.

ALAN

(disgusted)

They knew all along that their insulation was toxic.

MARTIN BINDER

I have been given the authority to make this offer.

Martin hands Alan a piece of paper. Alan looks it over.

ALAN

Five hundred thousand dollars?

MARTIN BINDER

Our client is willing to pay each law suit participant over twenty five thousand dollars and pay for any medical expenses incurred up to now, or in the future as a result of undue chemical exposure.

ALAN

Of course BK Building corporation will admit to *no wrong doing* and assume no other liabilities *now and forever?*

MARTIN BINDER

(smiles)

I knew you would be reasonable.

ALAN

I am reasonable. So reasonable that I filed an addendum to the original suit.

Martin Binder puts his coffee down and sits up.

ALAN (CONT'D)

It includes all 12 buildings that your client built with formaldehyde based insulation.

MARTIN BINDER

Do you really think someone from the University of Miami can take on Counsel from Harvard, Yale and Stanford?

ALAN

The eye of *this* hurricane is coming right at you *and your client!*

MARTIN BINDER

(angry)

We are a very big firm Mr. Bell and have many friends. I will personally be representing our client.

ALAN

What's the price of making people sick? Can you put a price on destroying families. What's the price for the agony and suffering that your client *knowingly caused* and did nothing about?

MARTIN BINDER

So what are you saying? How much to make this *go away?*

ALAN

There is no price!

Alan stands and prepares to leave. He shoots his last remark over his shoulder.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Just a place in hell for those who did this.

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- LIVING ROOM

Ashlee is watching TV as Alan walks into the living room.

ALAN

You got a minute Ash?



ASHLEE

Sure.

Alan sits down next to her.

ALAN

I found out what caused the lesions that Dr. Seastrunk found during my MRS.

ASHLEE

(eyes wide)

Hold on. This I have to hear.

Ashlee remotely turns the TV down.

ALAN

When you were six years old, I went to work for a law firm in Miami. The building had been made with toxic insulation material. Poly-ethyl-alurathane is a formaldehyde based material and has a thirty year half-life.

ASHLEE

Half-life?

ALAN

Yes, it's poisonous to humans for sixty years, and then it's chemical composition changes and it is no longer toxic.

ASHLEE

Did the people who built the building know that the insulation could hurt people?

ALAN

They not only knew it, but they built many buildings with the same material to make more profit.

ASHLEE

(angry)

Daddy, I want you to take them down. You had to live in that sterile house for eight years! I had no friends in the middle of the desert, we never went anywhere and you and mom...

(starts to cry)

...You and mom broke up because you were sick. I hope you put them *under* the jail for what they did to us.

Alan pulls Ashlee close and pets her hair comforting her.

ALAN

Ash...It's not about me or you or revenge... This fight is for all the people that have to work in those buildings and suffer all sorts of things. Consider us lucky. I'm alive and we know what was wrong with me. Some of the people I'm fighting for have no idea what is wrong with them or why. I'm doing this to help them.

Alan holds Ashlee and looks deeply into her eyes.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm doing this to help educate everyone on the planet about the hazards of the toxins we are creating.

ASHLEE

Will they listen to you Daddy?

ALAN

I hope so, baby.

INT. JUDGE GREY'S COURT -- DAY

An over-packed courtroom with Alan and Corbin at the plaintiffs' bench. Martin Binder and six of his legal team sit with him. Another seven of his firm sit in gallery seating directly behind him. Ashlee sits with Robert.

JUDGE GREY

Defense's closing arguments. Proceed Counsel.

A crisply dressed and very confident Martin Binder steps in front of the jury and delivers his statement.

MARTIN BINDER

Ladies and gentleman of the jury; You have been shown a myriad of tests, chemical compositions, and medical evaluations from as many as fifty expert witnesses. 38 individuals claimed to have been sickened by an insulation product that was legally purchased and widely used as an industry standard.

Martin walks down the jury box looking each juror in the eye.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)

None of the medical tests could be conclusively linked to any of the  
(MORE)

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)  
 patient's medical illnesses, or to  
 the insulation itself. No long term  
 tests have been done to prove that  
 the poly-ethyl-ala-urathane causes  
 any illness at all. Ladies and  
 gentleman, where are the conclusive  
 facts that back any of the claims  
 made by the plaintiffs? People get  
 sick everyday in buildings the world  
 over. Is plaintiffs' counsel  
 suggesting that every runny nose or  
 sore throat comes from a toxic hazard?

Jury LAUGHS. Martin reverses course moving down jury row.

MARTIN BINDER (CONT'D)  
 That is as ridiculous as it sounds.  
 I'm asking you to look at the facts  
 in this case. My team and I have  
 proved that there is no hard evidence  
 to support any of the plaintiff's  
 claims. I ask you to send these  
 unfounded claims, these distorted  
 lies and ill-conceived perceptions,  
 to where they belong; *the rubbish*  
*bin*. You are good citizens, and I  
 know you will do the right thing.  
 Thank you.

Martin shoots a smile at Alan before he sits down.

JUDGE GREY  
 Plaintiffs' closing rebuttal. Are  
 you ready counselor?

Alan sharply dressed in his new Armani suit, stands and nods.

JUDGE GREY (CONT'D)  
 Proceed.

ALAN  
 My esteemed colleague is right about  
 one thing. You *are* good citizens,  
 and you *will* do the right thing,  
 because you have good common sense.  
 Just plain 'ole everyday smarts.  
 You don't have to be a rocket  
 scientist to see that out of 38  
 people, 12 got cancer. You don't  
 have to trade stock on wall street  
 to understand that 22 people had the  
 same "multiple immune disorder  
 syndrome". You don't have to be a  
 architect or an engineer to understand  
 that more than one person got tumors  
 (MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)  
or paid with their lives working in  
BK built buildings...

MARTIN BINDER  
Objection, your honor. Speculation.

JUDGE GREY  
Over ruled.

Alan moves closer to the jury and speaks plainly.

ALAN  
This company bought cheap insulation  
to save money. BK Builder's paid  
off another law suit to the sick  
installers that handled the toxic  
insulation...

MARTIN BINDER  
OBJECTION! Your honor, that was a  
sealed suit...

The judge bangs his gravel down hard.

JUDGE GREY  
OVERRULED! Counselor, if you  
interrupt Mr. Bell again I will  
consider you in contempt of court.  
Do you understand me?

Martin swallows back his indignation and acquiesces with a  
nod. Alan picks up the pace.

ALAN  
You want facts? Formaldehyde is a  
compound **element** that has proven to  
be toxic to human beings. Prolonged  
exposure to formaldehyde can kill a  
human being. The 12 buildings that  
BK built using this cheap profit-  
making formaldehyde based insulation,  
sickened and murdered everyday people,  
*just like you.*

Martin wants to object desperately, but grits his teeth and  
grips a pencil in his hand tightly. Alan moves in very close  
to the jury.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Forget the tests, the lawyers mumbo  
jumbo and expert witnesses. Forget  
the medical exams and all the  
rhetoric. I'm asking one thing of  
you and one thing only.

Alan shoots a look at a very uptight defense table.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You must use your common sense.  
 Yup, use that feeling in your gut.  
 You'll see the truth and when you  
 do, *send a message*. Send it *loud*  
*and send it clear*. BK Builders are  
 responsible for their actions. They  
*knowingly and deliberately* used  
 inferior building materials in the  
 name of profit.

(whispers)

BK's holy grail was not the people  
 who lived, worked *and died* in their  
 precious sky scrapers. It was the  
 promise of greater profit that they  
 worshipped. Human life is more  
 precious than Juda's gold. Thank  
 you. Plaintiff's counsel rests.

The jury sits enraptured with Alan. Some nod their heads in agreement. A juror wipes away a tear. Alan makes his way to his seat. Martin cannot hold Alan's withering gaze.

**INSERT:** Martin's fist snaps the pencil in his hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDGE GREY'S COURT -- AFTERNOON

The court is tense. Alan and his team are positive. Martin and his resigned. The judge rules.

JUDGE GREY

The jury has found the BK Building Corporation liable and awards the plaintiffs one million dollars each in compensatory damages and five million dollars in punitive damages. It is a disgrace that so many have suffered for the greed of so few. This court is adjourned.

Alan looks back to Ashlee and Robert in the Gallery. Ashlee smiles and gives him a thumbs up.

Martin Binder opens a pill container and first drops three, then four of the pills into his palm and throws them into his mouth, following them with a glass of water. Alan smiles.

INT. RACQUET BALL COURT -- LOS ANGELES

Alan and Judge Grey drip with sweat during a spirited volley. Alan ends the game with a wicked forehand smash sending the Judge sprawling to the deck. Alan helps him up.

ALAN

That's game Your Honor. Another?

JUDGE GREY

No, I'm done. I liked it better  
when you took the beating.

The judge packs up his balls and racquets.

JUDGE GREY (CONT'D)

Your win against the BK building  
corporation was just the beginning  
of their problems...

INT. MARTIN BINDER'S LAW OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Martin sits at his desk working in a darkened office. A  
clerk enters, putting a law brief on his desk and leaves.  
Martin stops his work and looks at the brief.

JUDGE GREY (V.O.)

The EPA has filed a federal lawsuit  
against BK Builders, asking for 500  
million dollars in punitive damages.

**INSERT:** Law Brief reads; Federal Lawsuit, "EPA Plaintiff vs  
Defendant BK Building Corporation."

Martin drops his head into his hands.

MARTIN BINDER

Goddamn, "Suntan U".

INT. CALIFORNIA MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Attended by a nurse, Dr. Seastrunk lies in a hospital bed  
hooked up to an IV drip and multiple heart and respiratory  
monitors. His face, gaunt and pale, has oxygen tubes coming  
from his nose. Alan enters the room.

NURSE

I'm sorry family only.

With great effort the patient lifts his head and sees Alan.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

He *is* family.

The nurse scrutinizes Alan.

ALAN

First cousins. My mother's side.

NURSE

Fifteen minutes.

The nurse leaves and Alan pulls up a chair to the bed. The  
Dr. hacks out a rough cough.

ALAN

Easy there. How you doing?

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

I've been better.

Alan takes the doctors hand.

ALAN

We're beating them. We just got awarded millions in compensatory and punitive damages.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

Good for you. Good for the planet. We need more like you, Alan.

ALAN

You're dying from lung cancer caused by the environment. I wish I could save you.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

Alan, I am so terribly proud of you.

The doctor grips Alan's hand and arm forcefully.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK (CONT'D)

I do want you to do something for me.

ALAN

Anything. You saved my life.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK

I want you to get those bastards...

The Doctor goes into a wicked coughing spasm and then calms.

DOCTOR SEASTRUNK (CONT'D)

Go get them for me. Those greedy corporate pigs are going to kill every human on the planet. I know you can make a difference.

Alan bends over and kisses the patient on the forehead and then whispers into the doctor's ear.

**INSERT:** Alan's lips whisper into Seastrunk's ear.

ALAN

(whisper)

*I will fight now and forever, as my word is my bond. This I swear to you.*

The doctor releases his grip on Alan's hand and arm, then drifts off to sleep with a satisfied smile on his face.

Alan pulls the covers up on the patient and exits the room.

Within seconds of Alan's departure. The cardiac monitor flat lines. Dr. Seastrunk lies dead with a smile on his face.

INT. TAXI CAB -- NIGHT -- LATER

Alan rides in the cab, lost in his thoughts. His cell rings.

ALAN

Hello? Yeah, it's Alan... How long ago? I just left him. Thank you.

Hanging up, a sadness washes over Alan. The outside light washes over Alan sitting in the interior of the cab like staccato eight millimeter black and white film.

**INSERT:** Alan's eyes burn with a fiery determination.

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*I will fight now and forever, as my word is my bond. This I swear to you.*

INT. ALAN'S CALIFORNIA HOME -- NIGHT

Alan walks into the darkened home. He flips on the lights and a crowd of friends and family yell surprise. Birthday party accouterments adorn the livingroom.

CROWD

Surprise! Happy Birthday!

Ashlee and Mom hug Alan. He high-fives Bobby, Corbin, and lawyer co-workers. The party crowds in for handshakes and pats on the back. Alan calls for quiet.

ALAN

Hey everybody, simmer down for a moment. Can I have quiet for a minute, please?

The crowd quiets down waiting for Alan's words.

ALAN (CONT'D)

A woman called her husband and asked him to pick up some organic vegetables for that night's dinner on his way home. The husband went to the store but couldn't find the organic veggies. So he asked the produce guy... who had no idea what he was talking about.

(MORE)



ALAN (CONT'D)

So the husband said "*These vegetables are for my wife. Have they been sprayed with poisonous chemicals?*"  
To which the produce guy replied  
"*No, sir, you will have to do that yourself.*"

The crowd is mystified at Alan's meaning.

ALAN (CONT'D)

"You'll have to do it yourself!"  
It's a joke!

Ashlee starts to giggle. Her chuckle is infectious setting a chain reaction the room bursts out into bombastic laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALAN'S MERCEDES -- NIGHT

Alan and Ashlee continue to laugh hysterically.

ASHLEE

That's the first joke you've ever told.

ALAN

Put the blindfold on. I want to surprise you.

ASHLEE

Daddy, you're crazy!

ALAN

Come on Ash, play along.

Ashlee puts on the blindfold.

ASHLEE

You better not be playing a joke.

ALAN

Well, you'd be a pretty tasty treat for those zombies I met.

ASHLEE

DADDY!

They both continue laughing. Alan pulls into a parking lot.

EXT. CAPISTRANO BEACH PRE-DAWN

Alan whips the sporty vehicle into an empty beach parking lot. He exits and then helps Ashlee out of the car.

ASHLEE  
 (giggles)  
 Where are we?

ALAN  
 You'll find out very soon.

Alan leads Ashlee from the parking lot over the sand. He comes to a horse trainer with two saddled horses.

ASHLEE  
 Daddy, what is going on?

Alan looks out over the water to the approaching dawn and tastes the salty sea air.

ALAN  
 Just a minute more.

The sun barely peeks out over the water. The sun's orange-yellow rays cut a swath of warming light over the glistening water. Alan removes Ashlee's blindfold.

Ashlee looks out over the water as the incoming sunrise hits her face. She chokes up.

ASHLEE  
 Wow! I...

Ashlee hugs her father.

ALAN  
 You don't have to say anything.

The horse trainer brings Ashlee's horse over and helps her into the saddle and shows her how to hold the reins. Alan swings up into his saddle like a old cowhand.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
 I picked sunrise so we could ride off into the *future* and let the ocean wash away the foot prints of our past. Ash we have a new lease on life. Let's live it.

ASHLEE  
 I don't know how to ride...

ALAN  
 It's like life, **just hold on.**

The two horses walk down the beach as the small incoming ocean wake washes away the horse hoof-prints.

The only sounds on the silent beach are the breaking waves as the horses make their way along the shore.

The sun, half-risen over the water, illuminates the riders. The hushed dawn is broken by the cries of a majestic eagle soaring high above them.

A satisfied smile creeps over Alan's face. He begins to gallop his horse. Ashlee holds her reins tight and rides behind him.

ASHLEE

(yells)

I love you, Daddy!

ALAN

I love you too, Ash. I love you too.

**CAMERA POV:** Backlit by the fully risen sun, the eagle circles high above the beach looking down on the galloping riders.

THE END