

GLIMPSE

Written by

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CLOSE ON: FACE

CLAIR DELANEY (mid-60's), a stylish brunette with the face of a go-getter, stares out from behind a pair of glasses.

The skin around her eyes flinch as sounds travel to her through what seems like a tunnel.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Can you hear me?

Her eyes blink. Her expression reveals disorientation.

MALE VOICE  
Clair, can you hear me? (O.S.)

Still no response.

A pair of hands remove her glasses.

The faint sound of piano music... Debussy's Clair de Lune... plays on her face.

Her eyes slowly respond.

CLAIR  
Josh.

She blinks.

MATCH ACTION:

CLOSE ON: FACE

Her eyes open. Clair's face is now young as the piano music continues.

INT. BOSTON APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clair turns over in bed to find the space beside her empty. The bedsheet drops below her shoulders, exposing bare skin.

She climbs out of bed, slips on a robe and a pair of glasses, and drifts toward the piano music.

LIVING ROOM

JOSH ATKINS (mid-20s), slender, hair on end, kind face, sits upright at the piano. A golden retriever lounges at his feet.

Josh's eyes stare straight ahead as his fingers dance across the keys. The piano strings reverberate something heavenly -- beautiful -- sublime.

He leans into the piano as if feeling every note.

He stops abruptly, senses Clair behind him.

CLAIR

Don't stop.

Josh stares straight ahead. She takes a seat beside him.

CLAIR

Nervous about tomorrow?

He rubs his hands together.

JOSH

I'm always nervous.

CLAIR

You don't need to be.

JOSH

I don't want to be pitied.

CLAIR

When they hear you play, they won't pity you.

She takes his hands.

CLAIR

It's not about what they see. It's about what's inside you.

Josh turns to her. His eyes don't focus on Clair but at some distant point. He's blind.

JOSH

I can never be sure... this is what they see first.

Clair takes his face in her hands. Eye to eye.

CLAIR

It's not what I see.

His hands rise and touch her face. He takes off her glasses.

His fingers glide over her facial features... an eyebrow, her cheek, her lips.

He leans in for a kiss. Their lips linger on each other.

He leans back, his expression troubled.

CLAIR  
What's wrong?

JOSH  
Why aren't you going to the  
interview?

CLAIR  
I told you I'm not interested.

JOSH  
It's everything you want.

CLAIR  
I want to stay here.

JOSH  
I'm not sure where here will be.

Josh closes the lid over the keys.

JOSH  
You should go to New York.

She sighs.

CLAIR  
I'd miss your competition.

She studies his face. His resolve is clear. Her face reveals her conflict.

CLAIR  
Okay, I'll go.

Clair leans in. Their foreheads touch.

CLAIR  
But I'm telling you, I've made up  
my mind.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Clair exits a cab and looks up at the daunting architecture. She looks insignificant.

She bumps into a passerby and coffee spills on her outfit.

She looks in horror at the stain on the front of her skirt. She blots at it. No effect.

She glances at her watch, looks around, then rushes up to a newsstand and buys a paper.

CLOSE ON: NEWSPAPER

Date of November 19, 1978 over headline.

INT. D.A'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clair sits in a chair with the paper covering the stain.

A bookish ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY sits across from her. He shuffles some papers.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
First panel interview?

She nods.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (50's), cup of coffee in hand, hair styled, media ready, sweeps in. He extends a hand.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Sorry I'm late.

CLAIR  
Clair Delaney.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
John Frank, District Attorney.

The D.A. settles into his chair and leans back, while the Assistant D.A. peruses his paperwork.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
So, Ms. Delaney, we see you're at the top of your class... Harvard Review...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Did you have an accident on the way over here?

CLAIR  
Excuse me?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Your outfit isn't going to get you the job.

Slowly, the newspaper slides down to reveal the stain.

CLAIR

I was getting out of the cab and--

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

So why the D.A.'s office? You can make a hell of lot more money in private practice. Better food, nicer offices--

CLAIR

I don't want to defend people I believe are guilty. I prefer to defend victims rather than perpetrators.

The Assistant D.A. appears impressed. The D.A. isn't. He lets his assistant take over.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I see you were a law clerk with the Suffolk County D.A.'s office.

CLAIR

Two years.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Can you tell us what your--

The D.A. interrupts.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Victims, huh? So what would you tell the victim's family when you fail to convict the murderer of their child?

The question's shocking premise stops everyone cold. Clair looks unprepared.

She hesitates, feeling the full force of the D.A.'s unrelenting gaze.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

It's a direct question.

The Assistant D.A. glances over at him with a sigh.

Clair glances down at her stain.

CLAIR

You know, this was a mistake. I'm sorry for wasting your time.

She gathers her things to go.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
The child was seven years old...  
bound and tortured--

Clair looks up, confused, as the D.A. continues to press.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Her head slammed repeatedly against  
the edge of a metal tub. What do  
you tell that mother when she's in  
your office?

Clair, her head swimming, reaches for...

CLAIR  
You tell her the conviction can be--

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Really? You'd tell her that?

The D.A. shakes his head in disappointment.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
At least you're right about one  
thing, Ms. Delaney. You wasted our  
time.

Clair's instincts kick in.

CLAIR  
No...

Clair's demeanor changes as she gets it.

CLAIR  
You don't tell her anything... you  
just listen.

The District Attorney stops. Leans back in his chair  
impressed. He sips his coffee.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Or we get a fucking conviction.

He smiles... she smiles.

INT. NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY - JORDAN HALL - DAY

A grand piano is lit center stage. A microphone is off to one  
side.

A FEMALE PRESENTER steps forward into a spotlight.

FEMALE PRESENTER

Ladies and gentlemen... the  
afternoon session will be opened by  
Josh Atkins from the United States.  
He will perform Chopin's Nocturne  
in C-Sharp Minor.

Josh exits the wings with his seeing-eye dog.

He arrives at the piano bench and bows to the crowd, then  
takes his seat. The dog plops down beside him.

A hush falls over the hall as he composes himself and takes a  
deep breath.

His hand slowly stretches out over the keys... lingers...  
then begins to play.

The music wafts up around him... his whole body an expression  
of the music.

It continues over...

EXT. HARVARD - JEFFERSON LAB - DAY

Josh and his dog make their way up the steps of a classic red  
brick building.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Josh's hand runs along the wall checking doors and room  
numbers.

JOSH'S POV

He sees dark shadows surrounded by an opaque, white  
luminescence approach and walk by him.

BACK TO SCENE

Josh finds the room number he's after.

DAVE (O.S.)

The universe is not about what we  
see. Only four percent of the  
universe is visible. The rest... we  
call dark matter.



INT. JEFFERSON LAB - ROOM 250 - DAY

Josh walks into a classroom with tiered seating and dimmed lights. A lecture is in progress

PROFESSOR DAVE ATKINS (30s), tussled hair, pocket protector, glasses, but endearing, clicks the remote to show the next slide.

DAVE

We don't know what it is. We just know that it's there.

STUDENTS look at the --

SCREEN

An amazing picture of the big bang as particles burst outward into space at high speed.

DAVE (O.S.)

Imagine something not bound by anything, flying through space faster than the speed of light.

BACK TO SCENE

Dave crosses in front of the screen.

DAVE

Some theorize that these strange particles are now flying back towards us like a boomerang.

Dave clicks to the next slide.

DAVE

And since they drag space with them...

Female student interrupts...

FEMALE STUDENT

So the future is flying right through us. We just can't see it.

Dave nods as he spies Josh in the back.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Dave helps Josh to a table with a tray of food. Josh slips his dog a scrap as he sits down.

JOSH  
Can't see the future, huh?

DAVE  
Have you seen my 401K?  
(grins)  
Sorry, I couldn't make it. I really tried. But congratulations. That medal should give you the pick of the litter. Have you made a decision, yet?

JOSH  
I've decided to go with DG.

DAVE  
Congratulations.

Dave takes a bite and sizes up his brother.

DAVE  
So if I want to see my little brother in the foreseeable future I have to go to Europe, huh?

JOSH  
There'll be some U.S. dates, if you care to show up.

DAVE  
You play some Billy Joel and I'll show up.

Dave grins.

DAVE  
Clair excited?

Josh picks at his food.

DAVE  
You haven't told her?

JOSH  
She's in New York.

DAVE  
But I thought--

JOSH

I didn't want her to have regrets.  
I didn't want her to make the  
decision--

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE

You're some piece of work. You have  
a great girl and you keep pushing  
her away. I guess you really are  
blind.

Josh dabs his mouth with a paper napkin... crumples it, then  
fires it at his brother, who easily ducks.

DAVE

Or just stupid.

JOSH

It's the future she deserves.

DAVE

If you don't want her, I'll take  
her.

JOSH

I want her...

DAVE

Then tell her. Get her a ring  
before she finds someone less  
insecure.

Josh pulls a ring box from his pocket and puts it on the  
table. Dave cracks it open.

DAVE

I hate to tell you this, but it  
looks like something out of a  
cracker jack box. I think you got  
ripped off.

A panicked look on Josh's face.

DAVE

Kidding. You did good.

Dave sees Josh isn't smiling. He's preoccupied.

DAVE

Are you hoping she doesn't get it?

Josh fidgets with the ring box.

JOSH  
We're meeting at the lake house.

DAVE  
Ask the question.

Josh, reluctantly, nods.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Clair gets out of a 1970s vintage car with her suitcase.

She's about to knock, when she hears splashing sounds from behind the house.

She walks around to the back and sees Josh in the lake with his dog. He holds onto his back and swims behind.

The dog barks. Josh cocks his head and manages to stand up in the shallows.

JOSH  
Is that you?

CLAIR  
You're damn right it's me. You don't have any other women coming up here, do you?

JOSH  
I thought you'd never get here.

She kicks off her shoes, undresses to her underwear. She dives in and comes up beside him.

CLAIR  
Happy to see me?

JOSH  
Can't you tell?

They embrace. Kiss.

He falls playfully backward until he disappears under the water. The dog barks.

She laughs and dives in after him. They come up together, entwined, enraptured with each other.

THUNDER BOOMS in the distance.

EXT. LAKE - DOCK - DAY

Josh and Clair sit dripping at the end of the dock. Legs dangling. Waves bump up against the boats tied to the dock.

Dark clouds gather above. Loons slowly make their way towards the tall marsh grass lining the shore.

CLAIR

If we don't go in we're really going to get wet.

JOSH

How did it go?

Clair's demeanor becomes more guarded.

CLAIR

Good, I think.

JOSH

How could he not be impressed.

CLAIR

I'm glad I went. You were right.

Josh loves up the dog beside him.

JOSH

Of course I was. One of the drawbacks of being brilliant is being able to forecast the future.

He forces a smile.

CLAIR

I think they're going to offer me the job.

Josh bites his lower lip.

JOSH

And you weren't going to go.

CLAIR

I'd be lying if I told you it's not tempting--

Josh turns.

JOSH

You should take it. We have time. Maybe you need to see what it's like before you--

Clair looks uncomfortable.

CLAIR

I don't need to see what it's like.

Josh gets up. She stops him.

CLAIR

I love you. I want to be with you.

Josh, his face in turmoil, turns away from Clair.

CLAIR

What do you want?

LIGHTNING splits across the dark clouds like jagged tentacles.

Wind picks up, combs through Josh's hair. His face is as troubled as the weather.

RAINDROPS pelt the water.

LIGHTNING strikes the lake in branches.

CLAIR

Josh?

Josh let's go of Clair's hand and turns fully to the lake.

LIGHTNING strikes the two boats on either side of Josh, then connects with each other like a circuit through him.

Josh remains upright as electricity travels through him, arms extended.

CLAIR

Josh!

The rain turns invisible, only to become visible again once the raindrops touch Josh's skin and other real matter.

Josh looks at the puddle of water around his feet, sees himself clearly for an instant before all colors disappear.

Everything around him turns to a greyish clear... a muted background for what's coming.

Dark, hollow, infinitesimally small particles travel across the lake horizontally at incredible speeds.

Moving images begin to form...

## VISION SEQUENCE

EXT. BOAT - DAY

ALEX'S POV

A boat approaches a dock in front of a waterside resort.  
Exquisite, tasteful, exclusive.

An ATTENDANT hands Alex a screen tablet.

TABLET SCREEN

For an instant, Josh sees his reflection... but it's not him.  
It's a forty year old... ALEX SCHILLING.

On the tablet appears a nautical logo next to the Balboa Bay  
Resort name and the date of "November 14, 2018."

BACK TO SCENE

With a stencil, Alex electronically signs his name on the  
screen, then passes it back. The attendant departs.

Alex and a BLONDE, with a butterfly tattoo on her shoulder,  
step off the boat and proceed toward the lodge.

Ahead, silhouetted by the sun, is a female figure.

ALEX

Excuse me. I'll be up in a minute.

The blonde gives him a kiss on the cheek and moves toward the  
lodge.

Her hand slides out of his.

Alex's eyes rise to... Clair, now sixty, as she steps into  
the sunlight.

BACK TO LAKE

LIGHTNING whips to Clair, releases Josh.

Josh falls to his knees, gasps.

CLAIR'S POV

She sees the continuation of the same vision sequence.

## VISION SEQUENCE

EXT. DOCK - DAY

CLAIR'S POV

Clair stares at Alex, shorts and a t-shirt, who watches the blonde walk away.

Clair and the woman make eye-contact. They note each other until Alex diverts Clair's attention.

ALEX

What are you doing here?

CLAIR

Saving your life.

Alex gives her a confused look, then his eyes wander.

Clair follows his look back to the blonde, who watches the proceedings with a worried eye.

DING... DING... the boat's bell beside them signals departure.

Clair turns back in time to see Alex's eyes widen at the sound of a GUNSHOT.

Alex's chest thrusts out. His face shows an expression of utter surprise.

He clutches for something to steady him.

He crumples onto the wooden boards of the deck. Clair drops to her knees beside him.

All sounds mute as the blood drains out of Alex's face.

END OF VISION SEQUENCE

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The lightning strike ends.

Clair is on her knees, disoriented, shaken.

Clair looks at Josh, laid out like Alex in the vision.

CLAIR

Josh?



She grabs his shoulder.

CLAIR

Josh!

His eyes slowly open as she holds onto him.

JOSH

I could see... I could see...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Josh and Clair, hair wet, but in dry clothes... sit with drinks in their hands.

Silence lingers. Faces somber, wistful.

JOSH

There was so much. I couldn't take it all in. Everything came at once.

CLAIR

What did you see?

JOSH

I was on a boat. A girl was with me.

CLAIR

Blonde hair.

He turns.

CLAIR

She'd gone up the dock to the resort.

JOSH

How do you--

CLAIR

Go on. What else?

JOSH

Before that... I saw a date. The year was twenty eighteen. I should've been an old man, but my reflection--

CLAIR

It wasn't you. I went up to him. I told him I was there to save him.

Josh's expression grows more and more perplexed.

JOSH  
That was you? That was you I was  
looking at?

He reaches for her face. She takes his hands, but holds them  
at bay.

CLAIR  
I saw her, but I didn't see it  
coming.

Josh searches the memory.

JOSH  
What did we see?

CLAIR  
I don't know.

JOSH  
How could you see what I saw?

She remains silent, at a loss to explain it.

Outside, the rain continues to fall.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A knock on the door.

It opens to reveal Dave with a bottle of wine.

JOSH  
Don't mention the ring. I didn't  
ask her, yet.

DAVE  
What do you mean you didn't ask  
her? I thought--

Clair walks up. Dave thrusts out the wine.

DAVE  
It's from Chile. The guy at the  
store said it was good.

CLAIR  
Thanks. I'll go open it.

She disappears.

DAVE

You take her to a romantic getaway  
and you lose your nerve? What  
happened?

JOSH

We got struck by lightning.

Dave does a double take... what?

DINNER TABLE

The wood table has a lit candle and the wine bottle as the  
centerpiece. Dinner is half-eaten.

All eyes are on Dave as he swirls his wine.

DAVE

So she shot you?

JOSH

I felt the bullet go in. I didn't  
see her shoot, but it came from her  
direction.

CLAIR

I saw her right before the gunshot.  
She had a worried look on her face.  
We both described every detail to a  
detective friend of mine.

Clair offers up a pair of sketches.

CLAIR

Our descriptions were virtually  
identical.

DAVE

That's crazy.

JOSH

Is that your official scientific  
explanation?

CLAIR

Josh...

DAVE

So you really think you saw 2018?  
The future?

JOSH

You think we made it all up?

DAVE

I think you're both lucky to be here.

Unkind stares.

DAVE

Okay, seriously... I suppose it's within the realm of possibility that this wasn't just lightning--

Dave's expression turns professional as he works up a theory.

DAVE

What if it was dark lightning? The type that spews out anti-matter.

JOSH

You're losing me.

DAVE

There's a theory that the future is flying right through us, but we can't see it.

JOSH

An invisible universe?

DAVE

Dark matter.

CLAIR

I thought you scientists didn't have a handle on that yet.

DAVE

I'm just saying, what if... what if the lightning somehow changed how your brains see and created a bridge to the future. Maybe for that instant you were linked.

JOSH

But in 2018, I'd be sixty five. This guy was a lot younger.

CLAIR

I got a good look at him.

She produces a sketch. They all consider it.

CLAIR

(to Josh)

I know people change as they age,  
but this wasn't Josh.

JOSH

Why would I see through someone  
else's eyes if it's not me?

Dave, pensive.

DAVE

Because it is you.

CLAIR

But he --

DAVE

-- in the next life.

JOSH

Next life?

DAVE

If you take what Einstein says as  
gospel, the universe is one big  
recycle bin.

JOSH

(to Clair)

You said he looked forty at the  
most...

Josh's expression turns somber.

JOSH

Which means --

CLAIR

Nobody's dying here.

DAVE

It's just a wild theory, Josh.  
Besides, if a lightning strike  
can't kill you, I'd say you're  
pretty indestructible. You both  
are.

They all smile, but Josh seems preoccupied.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clair lays in bed, her eyes on her interview outfit.

Josh's fingers glide across her face.

JOSH  
You awake...

CLAIR  
Yeah.

She turns and sees something unsettled in Josh's face.

CLAIR  
What's wrong?

His fingers continue to caress her face.

CLAIR  
You're still thinking about it,  
aren't you?

JOSH  
We saw it for a reason.

CLAIR  
You're not going to die.

JOSH  
It's not that. I'm not afraid of  
dying. I am afraid of being cheated  
out of a life with you.

CLAIR  
That's not going to happen. That  
wasn't us.

JOSH  
I know... but it showed me how  
precious every minute is with you.  
The sound of your feet coming down  
the hallway. The smell of your  
perfume when you lean in for a  
kiss. The way you hop back into bed  
after you get the paper every  
Sunday.

Josh produces the ring box and puts it on her heart.

JOSH  
I don't want another minute to go  
by without you knowing how much I  
want you next to me.

Her eyes are a mix of surprise, delight, and a hint of  
conflict.

She takes the ring out of the box. It lingers by her finger.

JOSH

You have to say something... I  
can't see your face.

She gazes into his eyes, then slides the ring on.

She grabs his face with both her hands and kisses him.

JOSH

Does that mean yes?

She smiles through tears.

CLAIR

That means forever.

INT. CAR - DAY

Clair behind the wheel, in a stylish dress, with her hair beautifully styled. Josh sits in the passenger's seat in a nice suit.

JOSH

I thought it was bad luck for the  
groom to see the bride before the  
wedding.

CLAIR

You can't see me.

His hand reaches over and runs down the front of her dress.

CLAIR

Hey, that's for the honeymoon.

Josh smiles.

JOSH

Your parents aren't going to be  
happy about this.

CLAIR

It's not about them.

Clair reaches over and takes Josh by the hand.

CLAIR

Are you sure?

He nods.

JOSH

Nervous?

CLAIR

We'll make it work. There's no distance that can keep us apart.

CRUNCH!

A truck t-bones them.

Josh's passenger door crumples like paper. Broken shards of glass fly in all directions. Their bodies jolt to one side.

The car skids to a halt.

The truck protrudes through the passenger side. Metal strewn, twisted, torn.

Clair, dazed, bloody, opens an eye. She winces as she gets reoriented.

She sees Josh's face in the bent rearview mirror. He's pushed up against her, crushed by the front of the truck just inches away.

She can't turn around. A tear makes its way down her cheek.

Josh stares back... their connection fades as his breathing starts and stops.

His brown eyes suddenly go blank, lifeless.

CLOSE ON: CLOSE UP OF BROWN EYES

The eyelids blink... and there's life again in those eyes.

INT. SURGERY SCRUB ROOM - DAY

In the mirror, the reflection reveals these eyes now belong to ALEX SCHILLING (40), a seasoned surgeon and the man from Josh and Clair's vision.

He stares into the mirror... uncertain.

He wipes his eyes, then hurls his surgical garb into the laundry.



INT. ALEX'S OFFICE - DAY

The glass walls and modular furnishings give the room a modern appearance, not 1970s.

ELENA DODSON (14), jeans and a hoodie, and her father BILL DODSON (40's), dressed like an insurance salesman, wait.

Alex enters.

ALEX

Sorry to keep you guys waiting.

Elena keeps her head down, but Bill perks up.

Alex brings up Elena's CT scan on a large

COMPUTER SCREEN

Date appears on it - MAY 3, 2018.

ALEX

First of all, I know you both are wondering how it could get to this stage when Elena is just beginning to experience symptoms.

Alex focuses his attention on Elena, but she looks numb.

ALEX

The unfortunate thing about this disease is that the damage to one eye isn't always visible because the other one compensates.

Alex hesitates. He waits for Elena to look up, then points to detailed images of Elena's eyes on screen.

ALEX

As a result, your left eye has already sustained significant vision loss. Surgery can't recover that. What it can do, is help retain what vision you have left.

Concern grows on Elena's face.

BILL

What will that entail.

ALEX

We'll make a tiny drainage hole in the sclera... the white part of the eye...

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)  
to allow the fluid to flow out and  
help lower the pressure...  
hopefully preventing--

Alex sees Elena on the verge of tears. Bill puts an arm on her shoulder.

ALEX  
I'm sorry. I know this isn't easy  
to hear.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Alex lingers by the front desk entering information into a terminal.

Elena exits the office and heads right to the elevators.

Bill walks up beside Alex.

BILL  
I knew it was hereditary, but I  
thought we were out of the woods.

ALEX  
You need to get her into  
counseling. Even if the surgery is  
successful, she's going to face a  
life very different from the one  
she saw for herself.

BILL  
I know what I'm facing.

ALEX  
All she knows is what happened to  
her mother.

BILL  
I know she was your sister... but  
she was my wife. And Elena is my  
daughter.

Alex softens.

ALEX  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--

Bill runs his hands through his hair... calms.

BILL  
I know. None of us wanted to be  
back here.

He taps Alex on the shoulder, then heads over to his daughter. They get into an elevator.

Alex watches the doors close.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

A mix of contemporary glass and old style skyscrapers rise high above the street.

Taxi cabs, cars and busses jam the streets. Swarms of business people fill the sidewalks.

Alex, pensive, walks along the crowded sidewalk. He wears designer glasses with frames clear but slightly frosted.

ALEX  
Call Terrance.

ALEX'S POV

Everything looks absolutely clear, perfectly focused, colors vivid. Overlaying the view...

CALLING TERRANCE

Flashes on the upper edge of the right lens.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY - TRAVELING

TERRANCE FARRAR (mid-30s), African-American, professional in a designer suit, looks at paperwork in the backseat.

TERRANCE'S POV

Overlaying the view...

INCOMING CALL: ALEX

TERRANCE  
Answer.

INTERCUT ALEX/TERRANCE

TERRANCE  
To what do I owe the pleasure?

ALEX  
We need to meet.

TERRANCE

That sounds like business. It's happy hour. I've already reserved my table.

ALEX

Make it for two.

Beep. The call ends.

CAB DRIVER looks at Terrance in his rearview mirror.

CAB DRIVER

Are those the new Bluetooth glasses?

INT. NEW YORK RESTAURANT - DAY

A posh Upper East Side restaurant with old style decor.

Terrance sips scotch and studies Alex across the table.

TERRANCE

It's one patient.

ALEX

She's my niece.

TERRANCE

Did you tell her?

ALEX

I'm not going to give her any false hope.

TERRANCE

It's not false. You have a working prototype.

ALEX

In a dog. I need more trials and data before human testing can begin. I can't do that on my own. I need money.

TERRANCE

I'm doing the best I can. Your last failure burned some people pretty bad.

Alex slumps in his chair... sighs.

TERRANCE

Look. What you need is to take your mind off of this for a little while.

Terrance leans in.

TERRANCE

I'm talking an exclusive club. The kind where you don't leave lonely.

Alex's eyes rise to meet Terrance.

ALEX

I need you to get me in front of someone that can help me.

Terrance leans back with his drink.

TERRANCE

You're really going to choose going home to a dog over going home with a beautiful woman?

ALEX

Just find me some investors.

Alex excuses himself and heads for the door.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex enters. A golden retriever comes up to him.

ALEX

Hey, boy, sorry I'm late.

The apartment's furnishings are modest. Outside the windows, aging brick buildings.

Alex takes off his coat and settles in. He passes a second-hand piano.

He presses a remote. A flat panel TV pops on.

He gets some food for the dog, then drifts into a cluttered room filled with electronics... an inventor's lab.

He sits down on a bench, opens a tray. On it... a tiny eye-shaped device.

He picks it up with tweezers and puts it under a huge magnifying lens.

His eyes go over every inch.

His dog comes up to him. Alex looks down into his face.

ALEX

You can see me, can't you boy?

The TV above his work station draws his attention.

TV PANEL

A REPORTER catches up to Clair, now 60, on the courthouse steps.

REPORTER

Is it true that your office is investigating Delcom's CEO Robert Giljum?

CLAIR

I will not comment on that at this time.

REPORTER

Have you issued subpoenas?

CLAIR

No comment.

She disappears into a building and escapes the press scrum.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Clair sits behind her desk, glasses on, sleeves rolled up, immersed in her work.

Knock, knock. It's Dave, also in his sixties, still with the same pocket protector.

DAVE

Dinner.

Clair looks up, smiles.

CLAIR

I thought we were going to go out.

DAVE

I figured given what happened this afternoon, the press would probably be looking for you... and I don't like the limelight.

CLAIR  
What did you bring?

DAVE  
Indian.

CLAIR  
You're getting adventurous.

DAVE  
I'm trying to expand my horizons.

CLAIR  
You're about as subtle as a brick wall.

DAVE  
After forty years, I think the time for subtlety is passed.

Dave dishes up the food.

CLAIR  
I'm set in my ways. I admit it.  
You're no different.

DAVE  
What are you talking about? I've changed universities, I've learned to cook.

She makes a face.

DAVE  
Okay, I'm learning to cook.

He turns more earnest.

DAVE  
We see each other more than most married couples. Why not--

She looks up, a little surprised. Sees his vulnerable face.

DAVE  
I just thought--

Her face tells him the answer is no. He lowers his head.

DAVE  
I guess it was a flawed hypothesis.

CLAIR  
I'm married to my work.

DAVE  
You're married to a memory.

Seeing the comment sting Clair, he immediately backtracks.

DAVE  
Sorry. That was unfair.

She focuses on her work.

CLAIR  
I know you don't understand.

DAVE  
I do understand. I just don't see the point.

CLAIR  
I know it doesn't make any sense. Scanning crowds for years looking for a face I've only seen in my head... hoping to get a glimpse of Josh.

DAVE  
You can't change the future any more than you can change the past.

CLAIR  
I don't believe that. I wouldn't be doing this job if I believed that.

DAVE  
At some point you're going to have to let it go.

CLAIR  
After everything I've learned? You know I can't.

Dave nods, then tries to lighten the mood.

DAVE  
I've waited forty years... what's a few more months.

INT. CLAIR'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Clair keys in. The townhouse has an empty feel as she takes off her coat and drifts into the kitchen.

She walks to a panel and pushes a button. Piano music plays.



She pours herself a glass of wine and walks over to a desk. She moves the computer mouse. The

COMPUTER SCREEN

Comes on. May 3, 2018 appears on it.

Clair glances over at the current date... She swipes it to November and focuses in on the fourteenth.

Her eyes drift up to a board. On it, we chart her old clues and subsequent discoveries.

A nautical logo next to Balboa Bay Resort. An actual photographic image of the dock where Alex was shot.

Two rough sketches of faces... Alex and the blonde. Neither has a name attached to it.

Clair opens a drawer and reveals... a gun. She picks it up.

Her cellphone RINGS.

INSERT SCREEN

Incoming call displays photo of FRED PRESSLEY (30's), an Assistant D.A. that's Robin to Clair's Batman.

BACK TO SCENE

Clair answers on speaker.

CLAIR

Go ahead.

FRED (V.O.)

We just got word. Our informant's been rushed to Mount Sinai. Cardiac arrest.

CLAIR

I'll meet you there.

Clair tucks the gun back in the drawer.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Clair beeps her car on the street, then realizes she's blocked in by a delivery vehicle.

She glances around, sees no relief in sight. She sees a subway station nearby.

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clair holds onto a pole to steady herself as the train slows to a stop. With the other hand, she holds her cellphone.

CLAIR (INTO PHONE)

We're going to have to reschedule the deposition. I want you to talk to Shaw's doctor--

FRED (V.O.)

That's not going to be necessary.

CLAIR

I don't care about patient/doctor privilege. I want to know his condition and I want to know the minute we can talk to him.

FRED (V.O.)

That's not going to be necessary.

CLAIR

You let me decide what's necessary.

FRED (V.O.)

He didn't make it.

CLAIR

What?

FRED (V.O.)

He just arrived. Apparently, he flatlined on the way over. He's dead.

CLAIR

Damn.

The doors open. Passengers step in as Clair rubs her temples.

FRED (V.O.)

What now?

Clair's eyes drift to the train on the opposite side preparing to go the other direction.

She notices a man step into the other train. He turns and faces her.

It's Alex. Their eyes meet. Clair, stunned, freezes. Alex looks away.

Clair frantically pushes past the oncoming crowd to get out the doors.

CLAIR

Wait!

She rushes across the platform. Alex's train doors close.

CLAIR

Wait!

The train pulls away.

Clair stands there, numb, as the train recedes into the darkness.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Clair paces alone in a hospital waiting room, cellphone in hand.

RINGING at other end. Dave answers...

DAVE (V.O.)

Hey, I'm sorry about earlier. I--

CLAIR

I saw him.

DAVE (V.O.)

Saw who?

CLAIR

The man from the vision... the one who dies.

The line goes silent.

DAVE (V.O.)

Clair.

CLAIR

I know what you're thinking, but I saw him.

DAVE (V.O.)

Where?

CLAIR

He was on the subway train opposite mine. It was just for a second. I couldn't get to him, but we saw each other.

DAVE (V.O.)  
Are you absolutely certain?

CLAIR  
I saw his eyes... and...

DAVE (V.O.)  
What?

CLAIR  
I didn't see it before, but... when  
I looked into his eyes... I saw  
Josh. I can't explain it, but I  
know those eyes.

Clair waits for an answer as Fred walks up. He tries to read her troubled expression.

FRED  
You okay?

CLAIR  
(to Dave)  
I have to go.

Clair ends call.

She turns her attention to her subordinate.

CLAIR  
What did you find out?

FRED  
He had no history of heart trouble.  
He was in perfect health... until  
he wasn't.

CLAIR  
So our only link to Giljum dies the  
day before his deposition.

FRED  
Bad luck.

CLAIR  
Or awfully good timing. I want an  
autopsy.

FRED  
You think--

CLAIR  
With the stakes this high, I don't  
want to think... I want to know.

INT. NEW YORK HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Elevator doors slide open, revealing...

VINCENT DEMARCO (30s), a young Pacino in an impeccable suit and a controlled face that gives nothing away.

He walks down a hallway toward another elevator with a Delcom logo.

A SECURITY GUARD (30s), extremely fit and menacing, waits.

VINCENT  
Vincent Demarco.

SECURITY GUARD  
Members only.

VINCENT  
I was told to meet Mr. Giljum here.

The Security talks into a communication device.

SECURITY GUARD  
Vincent Demarco to see Mr. Giljum.

He touches his ear to hear the response.

SECURITY GUARD  
Someone's coming down.

Vincent stares into his reflection in the elevator doors. Doors open to reveal...

MR. ROBERT GILJUM (60's), a wealthy corporate Titan with a receding hair line, glasses, and a waistline that reveals his appetite for the finer things.

MR. GILJUM  
Vincent.

VINCENT  
Mr. Giljum.

Mr. Giljum signals the Security Guard with a nod and he gestures Vincent into the elevator.

VINCENT  
I'm not a member.

MR. GILJUM  
I'm covering your membership. Your recent service to the firm hasn't gone unnoticed.

VINCENT

You don't have to do that.

MR. GILJUM

This company prizes loyalty.

Mr. Giljum smiles as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The opposite side of the elevators are glass and showcase the lights of the city.

Mr. Giljum presses the button. The elevator ascends.

VINCENT

I was doing my job. I didn't do it to curry favor.

MR. GILJUM

We can tell the difference.

The elevator rises...

VINCENT

I like to pay my own way.

MR. GILJUM

You can't afford this... but I wanted to give you a taste for what your future holds.

The elevator stops at the top floor. The doors open.

MR. GILJUM

Enjoy.

They step out of the elevator and into --

EROTIQUE CLUB

MUSIC fills the lounge -- eerie -- erotic -- seductive.

Posh, high-end lounge with a long, well-lit bar. Beautiful WOMEN walk around in next to nothing. They wear exotic masquerade masks.

Vincent and Mr. Giljum approach the bar.

The BARTENDER comes over.

MR. GILJUM  
Some champagne for our newest  
member.

Bartender nods.

MR. GILJUM  
(to Vincent)  
Everything is taken care of for  
you. Here... whatever you want...  
is on the house.

Bartender returns with two glasses filled with champagne.

MR. GILJUM  
To your future.

They toast as Mr. Giljum's cellphone RINGS.

MR. GILJUM  
Business calls.

Mr. Giljum disappears.

Vincent surveys the room.

#### DRESSING ROOM

BRITTANY FISCHER (30s), the blonde from the vision, holds a  
BRUNETTE WOMAN's (20s) hands. Brittany has the look of a  
seductive goddess, piercing blue eyes, perfectly proportioned  
body, Hollywood starlet hair and... and a butterfly tattoo on  
her shoulder.

AUBURN WOMAN (20s) watches.

BRITTANY  
(to brunette)  
You were young when it happened.  
Eleven, maybe twelve.

The brunette's face fills with concern, hesitation.

BRITTANY  
You walked in... At first you  
weren't sure. He was slumped over.  
Quiet. Wasn't moving. Then you  
touched him.

BRUNETTE  
How do you know all that?

AUBURN WOMAN  
I told you she's good.

BRITTANY  
When you walked around. That's  
when you saw.

Brunette withdraws his hand.

BRUNETTE  
That's enough.

Brunette storms out, emotional.

AUBURN WOMAN  
How do you do it?

BRITTANY  
It just comes.

Brittany adjusts her skimpy outfit, puts on her exotic masquerade mask.

BRITTANY  
Back to work.

She walks out.

LOUNGE

He spies Brittany exit the dressing room in a skimpy costume wearing a black mask.

A tall PATRON (30s), muscular, roughly grabs Brittany's ass. She looks back... but takes it as business as usual.

Vincent puts down his drink and walks over.

PATRON  
(to Brittany)  
Now, you're gonna do whatever the  
fuck I want.

VINCENT  
I don't think so.

The patron stands a few inches taller, looks down at Vincent. The pissing contest begins.

PATRON  
I don't think you understand the  
rules of the game.



VINCENT  
I'm a new member.

PATRON  
Maybe you should take it all in  
before you involve yourself in  
other people's business.

VINCENT  
That's not my style.

PATRON  
Look, I don't know who you are, but  
I was here first and this is my  
entertainment for the night. Afraid  
you'll have to look elsewhere.

VINCENT  
Is that right?

Before the patron can react, Vincent brutally punches his  
Adam's apple. The patron buckles to his knees, unable to  
move.

VINCENT  
My style of doing business. Now,  
I think you're going to excuse  
yourself and politely find another  
source of entertainment.

Terrance, engaged with another MASKED GIRL in the corner,  
glances up in time to see Vincent lead Brittany away as the  
patron writhes.

BRITTANY  
You're going to get yourself in  
trouble.

VINCENT  
I've been in trouble before.

BRITTANY  
I don't need to be rescued.

VINCENT  
What do you need?

BRITTANY  
A drink.

Vincent signals the bartender as they ease up to the bar.

BRITTANY  
Tequila.

Vincent signals for two.

Two shots are filled.

BRITTANY  
(gestures at the patron)  
So what was that about?

VINCENT  
I don't like assholes.

She grins and raises her glass. They down their shots.

VINCENT  
What's your name?

BRITTANY  
We aren't allowed to give our  
names.

Vincent nods.

VINCENT  
I'll settle for what's behind the  
mask.

She hesitates, then nods.

His hand reaches over and slides her mask up.

Their eyes lock.

INT. CLAIR'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Clair's sketches of Alex and Brittany lie flat next to the  
computer, though rough, imperfect.

Facial recognition program scans through database at  
attempting to match Clair's sketch of Alex.

ON SCREEN

1,500,000 possible matches flash.

Faces file through at a slow speed.

DAVE  
One and a half million?

Dave looks skeptical.

CLAIR  
I have to start somewhere.

DAVE  
How do you even begin to go through something this massive?

She pulls up a chair for Dave.

CLAIR  
With help. I know he's in the city.

DAVE  
But you don't know where. You don't know if he's just visiting--

Clair pulls him down into a chair.

CLAIR  
Eyes on the screen.

She sorts through the matches. Dave watches her.

INT. BILL'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

KNOCK on door. Bill opens it to find Alex with his dog Chase.

BILL  
Thanks for coming.

INT. ELENA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alex taps on the half open door.

ALEX  
Can I come in?

No answer. Elena sits curled up on her bed clutching a pillow. Her teenage room is an homage to astronomy.

He enters.

ALEX  
Your dad tells me you don't feel like going out to lunch today.

No answer.

ALEX  
I had a really special place picked out. Heard they have--

ELENA

James and I broke up.

Alex sees her face crinkle up.

ELENA

I told him about my vision loss.  
He wanted to stay with me... but I  
could tell. It was just pity.

Alex sits down next to her.

ALEX

There's nothing you can't do.

ELENA

I can't dance, I can't look through  
a telescope. I can't read--

She picks up a book beside her and throws it.

ELENA

Look at me. This is all I'm ever  
going to be.

ALEX

That's not true. You'll adapt.

ELENA

Mom didn't adapt.

ALEX

You are not your mother.

She's not hearing it.

ELENA

I just want to be normal.

Alex sees he's not making any headway.

ALEX

Look, we had a date. C'mon.

ELENA

I don't feel like it.

ALEX

Tough. Chase needs a walk and he  
specifically requested you.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

Elena walks Chase down Columbus Avenue as the setting sun peeks through the concrete canyons. Alex tags along.

ELENA  
Where are we going?

ALEX  
Lincoln Center.

ELENA  
I want to go home.

ALEX  
I want to show you something first.

ELENA  
Why bother?

ALEX  
You don't need your eyes for this.

She looks puzzled.

ALEX  
Every month the New York  
Philharmonic holds open auditions.

ELENA  
I don't understand. You want me to  
audition?

ALEX  
I want to show you there's more to  
people than what you see.

They turn and walk up the steps to reach the expansive courtyard in front of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - DAY

Elena stands in the wings with Chase as a PANEL of three interviews Alex.

LEAD PANELIST  
So tell me, Dr. Schilling, what's  
your formal training in music? I  
didn't see it in your paperwork.

ALEX  
I don't have any. Self-taught.

LEAD PANELIST

Very well. What will you be playing.

ALEX

Clair de Lune by Debussy.

LEAD PANELIST

Whenever you're ready.

Alex sits behind the piano for a brief moment, closes his eyes, then strikes the keys with incredible flair -- elegantly -- brilliantly.

The notes resonate throughout the performing arts center -- masterful -- heavenly -- sublime.

Panelists raise their eyebrows in surprise. Elena sits up.

The music continues over...

INT. CLAIR'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Clair sits slumped over her desk as faces flash on and off the screen... all being missed.

The music ends.

Clair rouses awake.

CLAIR

Sorry.

She rubs sleep out of her eyes.

CLAIR

Where are we?

Dave puts a cup of coffee down in front of her.

DAVE

Nowhere... right where you started.

Clair shoots him a look.

CLAIR

If you want to go home, there's the door.

DAVE

I just want you to understand the futility in all this.

She turns her attention to the screen and the faces.

DAVE

You are one stubborn woman.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

Alex buys Elena a gelato from a stand near the fountain. He hands it to her and they watch the water jets rise.

ELENA

I didn't know you played.

ALEX

I don't know where it comes from.  
When I sit down in front of a piano  
and close my eyes, it just comes.

Elena pets Chase.

ALEX

So little of what's real comes  
through your eyes.

Alex leans in and taps her heart.

ALEX

It's what's here that counts. So,  
don't let the James' of the world  
tell you different.

Elena considers.

INT. EROTIQUE CLUB - NIGHT

Vincent sits at the bar nursing a drink. A gorgeous woman in a mask comes up to him.

GORGEOUS WOMAN

You look awfully lonely here by  
yourself.

VINCENT

I'm not interested.

GORGEOUS WOMAN

C'mon... Who do you want me to be?  
I can be anyone.

VINCENT

I'm sure you can, but I'd always  
know it was you underneath.

Vincent leaves her at the bar.

DRESSING ROOM

Vincent walks in like he owns it.

A few girls give him a harsh look... except Brittany.

BRITTANY

You're not supposed to be back  
here.

VINCENT

Are you telling me to leave?

Instead, she signals the other girls to give her a minute.  
They brush past Vincent.

Brittany sits in front of a mirror applying makeup.

BRITTANY

The girls tell me you've been  
passing them up.

VINCENT

I was waiting for you.

BRITTANY

Then let's get to it.

She spins off her stool and rises up in front of him. She  
puts her arms around his neck.

He takes her hands off of him... looks her dead in the eyes.

VINCENT

Look, I don't do the five minute  
fantasy thing these other jokers  
do. I play for keeps.

Vincent puts his business card down on her makeup table.

VINCENT

There's my card. If you're  
interested, I'm all in.

Vincent walks out.



Brittany turns and picks up the business card as the woman with auburn hair appears in the doorway.

BRITTANY  
What do you think?

AUBURN WOMAN  
Better get what you can get before those stars fall out of his eyes.

BRITTANY  
Maybe they won't fall.

Her eyes go to the TV panel on the wall.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)  
Delcom CEO Robert Giljum announced today that despite rumors of a possible investigation into the company's involvement in price fixing and possible corporate collusion, that he expects the company to emerge unscathed and for the stock to rebound with their new biomedical arm...

AUBURN WOMAN  
There are no white knights in here.

She turns to leave, looks back.

AUBURN WOMAN  
Black knights have nice castles, too.

INT. DIRTY APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Peeling paint, a broken window at the end of the corridor.

Brittany navigates around a passed out drunk.

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brittany keys in, turns on the lights.

The room is a surprise contrast to the hallway. It's reasonably neat.

She stops in front of a mirror.

BRITTANY  
What do you see?

Her eyes drift to her coat. Vincent's card sticks out of a pocket.

She walks over, takes out Vincent's card, stares down at it... rubs it between her fingers.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cellphone on nightstand RINGS. Alex reaches over, answers on speaker.

ALEX

Yeah.

TERRANCE (V.O.)

You got your second chance, buddy boy. Don't blow it.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

Alex rushes through the crowded sidewalk filled with well-dressed business people.

INT. WALL STREET BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Terrance adjusts Alex's tie.

TERRANCE

One of these days you're going to learn how to tie one of these.

ALEX

You're not coming in with me?

TERRANCE

No legal counsel during the pitch. They just want you.

Alex looks at his watch.

A DELCOM ASSISTANT approaches.

DELCOM ASSISTANT

They're ready.

ALEX

I'll be right there.

The assistant nods.

TERRANCE

Look. This stuff with your niece. You can use that. What you're feeling... put it all into your presentation. These guys you're going to be talking to aren't just investors, they're human beings. A good story goes a long way.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Vincent sits at the head of a table that includes a CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER (60's), stodgy, and a FEMALE RESEARCH SCIENTIST (50's), hair in a bun.

Behind Alex is a --

GLASS PANEL

With Alex's company name EYECURE, its logo, and the metallic contact lenses.

Vincent glances at the glass panel, then at a nervous Alex.

VINCENT

Welcome, Dr. Schilling.

Vincent points to the others.

VINCENT

We have our chief financial officer and the head of our research division here. Needless to say, you have Delcom's full attention. So, tell us why you're here.

Alex clears his throat. He takes a sip of water.

ALEX

Eyecure is a pretty small operation. It's just me.

He gets up and stands next to the panel with his invention.

ALEX

I have always been fascinated by what we see and how we see it. It's what led me to be a surgeon. But there are some things I couldn't do in the surgery. There were battles I lost... and I'm a bit of a sore loser.

The room smiles.

ALEX

When my sister lost her battle with blindness and... could not cope with that loss, I had to do something. Now, I realize my initial offering failed in trials. I knew this one had to be more than theoretical. So this prototype has a living, breathing face behind it.

Alex touches the panel and a slide show begins to play... a video of a blind dog, X-rays, a surgery, etc...

ALEX

This device was trial tested on my dog Chase who had gone blind as a result of Sudden Acquired Retinal Degeneration Syndrome. The first step--

Vincent holds up his hand and Alex halts his speech.

Vincent rises and walks over to the screen. He takes a measure of the man in front of him.

VINCENT

(gestures at table)  
Is this the device?

Vincent picks up the small metallic contact lens and places it in the palm of his hand.

ALEX

They are designed to be fused into the retina.

Vincent holds it up, then looks past it into Alex's eyes.

He studies the man in front of him as his hand closes around the device.

VINCENT

I've heard enough. Ms. Sloan will review what you have.

Alex looks at all the faces in the room... is this over?

VINCENT

Pending her assessment, we'll tender an offer to your counsel.

Alex nods and extends a hand. Vincent shakes it.

ALEX

Thank you for your time.

EXT. LOBBY - DAY

Terrance rises from his chair and greets Alex, who looks like he's been blind-sided.

TERRANCE

What happened? Didn't they give you a chance to--

ALEX

They're looking it over.

TERRANCE

What does that mean?

ALEX

I think they're going to make an offer.

TERRANCE

You serious?

Alex glances back at the office doors.

TERRANCE

Jesus... what a poker face. I thought we were screwed.

Terrance pats Alex on the back.

TERRANCE

I think this calls for a drink.

They start toward the door.

TERRANCE

On you.

They both smile.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Vincent stands alone in front of a flat TV panel. On screen is a giant image of Mr. Giljum.

VINCENT

He's created a working prototype.

MR. GILJUM (ON SCREEN)  
Are there any other suitors?

VINCENT  
No. He's damaged goods. We have the leverage.

MR. GILJUM (ON SCREEN)  
If Delcom can become a symbol for bringing light into this world, I think all our troubles could go away. Appearance is everything.

VINCENT  
Just tell me what you want me to do.

MR. GILJUM (ON SCREEN)  
You lessened the pressure we were all feeling, but you didn't eliminate the threat. Ms. Delaney is still digging. We can't allow rumor to become fact. We need to insulate ourselves against any and all accusations. So we need this to happen fast. Your discretion.

His image vanishes. Vincent stands there, silhouetted against the screen.

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Clair's eyes are red, her face says she's spent. She sips a coffee and walks with Fred and DETECTIVE PETE DANIELS (40's), chiseled face, disheveled hair.

FRED  
The autopsy revealed traces of an experimental new diabetes drug called Talazine.

CLAIR  
Experimental?

FRED  
It failed in trials. The report came out two months ago. The reason... high risk of heart attack and stroke.

CLAIR  
Did Shaw have diabetes?

FRED

No. But the parent company to Selwyn biomedical is Delcom.

Clair looks up from her coffee.

FRED

And to answer your next question... this is a fast acting drug. Based on what I read, it would've been two hours tops between the time he ingested it and the 911 call.

CLAIR

(to Detective Daniels)  
Did you find anything in his home?

DETECTIVE DANIELS

We went through the place with a fine tooth comb. We came up empty.

CLAIR

No trace at all of how that got inside him?

Detective Daniels shakes his head and heads off.

FRED

He probably got it in liquid form. I'm sure there were a lot of people who wanted to buy him a drink.

CLAIR

I want a list of everyone with access.

Clair stops. She rubs her head.

CLAIR

Time lines of where they were and who they were with.

FRED

That's going to take some time.

CLAIR

Pull whatever resources you need. If this is what we think it is, it goes to the top.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex sits at the piano. He glances at a photo of himself with his sister propped on top.

He closes his eyes and plays a solemn, soulful classical piece until his cellphone RINGS.

His eyes open. The music stops.

Alex answers on speaker.

TERRANCE (V.O.)

We have an offer. All it needs is a signature and you're a very rich man. No more living like an artist.

ALEX

This isn't about the money.

TERRANCE (V.O.)

If it makes you feel better, you can give it all to me.

Alex grins.

ALEX

I'll go over it tonight.

TERRANCE (V.O.)

Just know they are buying you out. You won't have any control of this once you sign. But they're fast-tracking it. You could be helping your niece sooner than you think.

Alex leans in with a troubled expression.

Alex slumps back in his chair. His eyes dart up to the photo of his sister.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - DAY

Vincent sits in a stylish car. His eyes fixate on the doorway to a high rise.

EDWARD FINLEY (40's), tall, looks of a bureaucrat, exits and flags down a cab.

Vincent glances down at his iPad.

INSERT SCREEN



News article with photo of Edward Finley. It mentions he is FDA Administrator.

BACK TO SCENE

Vincent puts the car in drive.

He follows the cab through the concrete canyons of the Wall Street district.

His cellphone RINGS. He answers on Bluetooth.

VINCENT

Yeah.

BRITTANY (V.O.)

Hi.

VINCENT

Hi.

Vincent waits her out.

BRITTANY (V.O.)

It's my day off.

VINCENT

I'll pick you up at seven.

BRITTANY (V.O.)

I'll meet you --

Vincent weighs her counter.

VINCENT

The Six Swans. Be on time. Seven o-one, I'm gone. Understand?

BRITTANY (V.O.)

Yeah.

VINCENT

Good.

Vincent ends call, grins, then refocuses on his prey.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

The cab stops outside a brownstone. Ed gets out.

As he pays, he sees Vincent's car ease toward him. Edward glances around the block like a man who's afraid of being watched.

The cab takes off and Vincent's car replaces it. Vincent's passenger window slides down.

VINCENT  
Get in.

EDWARD  
My wife is expecting me.

VINCENT  
That wasn't an invitation.

Edward glances back at the brownstone, then gets in the car.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Terrance strides through the corridor like a man possessed.  
He stops at a nurse's station. A NURSE looks up.

TERRANCE  
I'm looking for Dr. Schilling.

NURSE  
He's on rounds.

TERRANCE  
What room?

She hesitates.

NURSE  
Would you like me to page him?

TERRANCE  
This is an emergency.

NURSE  
He just went into three twelve.

TERRANCE  
Thank you.

INT. ROOM 312 - DAY

Alex stands by the bedside of a YOUNG BOY. His MOTHER looks on.

ALEX  
We'll take the bandages off--

TERRANCE (O.S.)  
I'm sorry to interrupt. Could I  
have a minute of your time, Doctor?

Alex turns and sees Terrance in the doorway.

ALEX  
I'm with a patient.

TERRANCE  
We need to speak, now.

Alex pats the arm of the boy.

ALEX  
You'll excuse me. It'll just be a  
minute.

Alex heads into the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Terrance ushers Alex to the end of the wing. Terrance's  
expression is both irate and accusatory.

TERRANCE  
What the hell do you think you're  
doing?

ALEX  
We'll find someone else.

TERRANCE  
Someone else? Do you understand the  
scope of their offer? You say no,  
and there won't be any other  
offers.

ALEX  
They killed my sister.

TERRANCE  
That was five years ago. And she  
had a reaction to a drug. She was  
already depressed. Not coping with  
her blindness...

ALEX  
She was reaching out for help. They  
knew it caused suicidal thoughts.  
They had the data and they ignored  
it. They pushed approval through  
for profit.

Terrance runs his hands through his hair.

TERRANCE

I know how that affected you. It was tragic, but they paid for their mistake.

ALEX

But they haven't changed. The D.A. is investigating--

TERRANCE

Delcom... over some accounting mistakes. It's a huge company. It happens. What we're talking about is a small biomedical division that is on its best behavior precisely because of what happened to your sister.

Alex isn't convinced.

TERRANCE

You can help millions of people with what you've created. But you can't do it alone. You need their help. You have to let this go.

ALEX

This has to be done the right way. I need assurances.

TERRANCE

Okay, you need assurances. Let me work on that. Just don't dismiss them out of hand. Can you do that for me?

Alex considers, then reluctantly nods.

ALEX

Alright.

TERRANCE

Good. Put together a list of all your concerns. I'll take it to them and we'll see what happens. In the meantime, you've been invited out to one of their company shindigs out at the Hamptons. They're giving you the royal treatment.

Alex peeks back into the hospital room.

TERRANCE

You don't have to say anything.  
Just tell them it's all in your  
lawyer's hands. Can you do that for  
me?

Alex nods, but Terrance isn't reassured.

TERRANCE

Fake it.

INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - THE SIX SWANS - NIGHT

Vincent and Brittany dine at a table beside a picture window.

Outside the window, snowflakes swirl in the wind. A host of  
skaters make their way around the ice.

Vincent takes a last bite as Brittany sips her wine.

BRITTANY

You don't talk much. I don't know  
anything about you.

VINCENT

You know enough to be in that  
chair.

BRITTANY

Most men would've told me how  
beautiful I look tonight.

VINCENT

You don't need a man to tell you  
what you see in the mirror every  
day.

BRITTANY

Then what do I need a man for?

Vincent wipes his mouth with a napkin. He leans back. His  
eyes bore into her. Her eyes dip.

BRITTANY

So what did you mean by all in?

He smiles.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vincent and Brittany walk into a stunning apartment with contemporary decor and spectacular views of the Manhattan skyline.

She looks around...

VINCENT  
What do you think?

She touches the high-end finishes.

BRITTANY  
It's beautiful.

Vincent holds up the keys.

VINCENT  
It's yours.

BRITTANY  
What's the catch?

VINCENT  
No catch.

Brittany plays along. Goes to the window... sees the city through her reflection.

VINCENT  
I think you and I are a lot alike.  
We both aspire to great heights.

She turns to find Vincent right behind her. He dangles the keys in front of her.

She reaches... he reels them back out of her reach.

VINCENT  
I just want to make sure you're all  
in.

She moves closer... studying every inch of him.

He doesn't move. She kisses him. He holds back.

VINCENT  
I want all of you.

She searches his eyes. Kisses him again. This time, he engages. He pushes her up against the glass.

The kissing becomes more passionate... more aggressive.

CLOSE ON: CLAIR'S GUN

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Clair has a set of ear protection on and steadies her weapon as it kicks.

She lowers the gun as the target report appears on a screen above. Her accuracy is highly rated.

She reloads and takes aim.

Her eyes see something... it's not the target...

Her eyebrows furrow.

The gun becomes slightly unsteady.

Her breath intensifies.

Gunshot.

MEMORY FLASH

Clair's car is t-boned. Josh crumples into the metal.

DING... DING...

MEMORY FLASH

Alex crumples to the ground... blood oozes out of his chest.

BACK TO SCENE

Clair's gun lowers.

She slows her breath.

She looks lost.

INT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brittany, frazzled, has on an apron and buzzes around the kitchen. Steam escapes from one of the pots she's watching.

She lifts a lid and stirs as the front door opens.

BRITTANY  
Is that you?

VINCENT (O.S.)  
Yeah.

BRITTANY  
Don't come in here. I'll bring  
everything out. Just grab a drink.

She continues her frenetic pace.

Pulling open the oven, she catches Vincent in the kitchen doorway, watching her.

Half-frustrated, half amused, she wipes a curl out of her eyes.

BRITTANY  
I told you to wait.

VINCENT  
I don't take orders.

She smiles.

BRITTANY  
Well, you're going to--

She stops cold at the sight of PUTNEY LATHAM (20s), sexy beautiful, sensuous to an extreme, sliding up next to Vincent.

Putney wraps an arm around Vincent as Brittany closes the oven and straightens up.

VINCENT  
Brittany... Putney. She's going to  
join us tonight.

Brittany bites her lip.

BRITTANY  
I only made enough for two.

VINCENT  
We'll order in.

Brittany stares hard at Vincent.

VINCENT  
(to Putney)  
Why don't you go wait in the  
bedroom for us?



Putney drifts away. Vincent walks up next to Brittany and the red hot stove.

VINCENT  
Is there a problem?

BRITTANY  
I don't understand.

VINCENT  
It's just a little something extra.

BRITTANY  
I thought you were all in.

VINCENT  
That's right. Look around you. You have everything you need.

BRITTANY  
Why are you doing this?

Vincent turns toward the bedroom. Brittany follows, more insistent.

BRITTANY  
Why are you doing this?

Vincent whirls around. He grabs her chin and turns it to him.

VINCENT  
I know everything about you. I know who you were at five and why it fell apart at fifteen when your father lost everything... I know what it took to get you in my bed and why you'll do what I tell you. I know everything about you. You got what you wanted.

He touches her outfit, taking liberties.

VINCENT  
A little appreciation would be nice.

Vincent walks towards the bedroom. Brittany, vulnerable and on the verge of tears, watches him walk away.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Contemporary, upscale restaurant near closing. Dimly lit. A few customers.

BARTENDER (50s), hair slicked back, wipes the counter.

Alex plays the piano. A romantic tune. Sensuous.  
Captivating.

The lights flicker.

Alex stops.

He looks down the bar at the bartender, whose eyes glance up  
at the lights.

The bar goes dark.

Seconds later, the lights flicker and come on.

Lights reveal Brittany on a bar stool.

Alex fixates on Brittany.

BARTENDER  
What would you like, Miss?

BRITTANY  
Chardonnay would be--

She hesitates.

BRITTANY  
A shot of tequila.

BARTENDER  
You got it.

Brittany looks over at Alex.

BRITTANY  
What are you looking at?

ALEX  
Nothing, I--

He turns back to the piano, now plays Clair de Lune.

Bartender brings Brittany a shot of tequila.

She downs it and signals for another. Her eyes drift back  
down the bar to Alex... and the piano music.

Brittany's transfixed. Her expression softens, now  
endearing, curious, captivated.

She moves towards Alex.

Their eyes meet.

Alex stops.

BRITTANY

Don't stop.

Alex continues to play.

BRITTANY

It's pretty... a bit sad, but pretty.

ALEX

He was awestruck.

BRITTANY

A woman?

ALEX

He described her as melancholy moonlight, sweet, lone.

A smile emerges.

He plays until the last note lingers and dies.

BRITTANY

That was nice.

He nods, but keeps it low key.

BRITTANY

Sorry... about before. It wasn't you.

Alex sees she's upset.

ALEX

You all right?

Brittany raises her tequila, then downs it.

ALEX

Can I help?

BRITTANY

You can buy me another drink.

Alex signals the bartender.

ALEX

It's a short term fix.

BRITTANY  
I'll settle for that.

Another tequila arrives. Alex signals for one.

ALEX  
Okay.

Her furtive glance connects them.

BRITTANY  
What do you do?

ALEX  
I'm a surgeon.

BRITTANY  
You should play piano.

He smiles.

ALEX  
What about you?

Brittany fidgets with her shot glass.

BRITTANY  
Modeling.

ALEX  
You certainly make those clothes  
look good.

She downs the shot.

BRITTANY  
Are those the new glasses people  
are talking about?

ALEX  
Yeah.

BRITTANY  
Can I try them on?

He nods.

She scoots down next to him and removes his glasses. He watches her intently as she puts them on.

ALEX  
How do I look now?

BRITTANY

Crooked.

His eyebrows furrow in confusion. She takes them off and puts them back on him.

BRITTANY

Not you. Your tie.

She adjusts his tie.

BRITTANY

Your significant other needs to step it up.

ALEX

I don't have--

Bartender comes over.

BARTENDER

-- We're closing in two minutes.

BRITTANY

Just my luck.

She grabs her purse.

BRITTANY

Thanks for the drink.

Alex looks at her as she walks away.

ALEX

Can I give you a ride home?

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

They walk outside.

BRITTANY

Where's your car?

Alex gets a sheepish look.

ALEX

Underground. I took the subway.

She grins.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

They walk onto the platform.

BRITTANY  
Is all this yours?

ALEX  
I like to share the wealth.

She smiles.

ALEX  
Uptown or downtown?

BRITTANY  
Uptown.

ALEX  
I'm downtown. Your train should be here any minute.

They wait. Alex keeps stealing glances.

ALEX  
You must be very good at what you do.

The words linger on her solemn face.

ALEX  
Living uptown... sorry... I'm blowing this, aren't I? I'm not used to--

The train starts pulling into the station.

BRITTANY  
That's me.

ALEX  
Look, I... I know we just met, but I... I'd like to see you again.

BRITTANY  
You don't know me.

ALEX  
Give me the chance. Please... I was invited to a party this weekend out in the Hamptons. Right on the beach. I don't have a date and I don't want to go alone.

She hesitates.

BRITTANY  
I like the beach.

The train doors open and people pour out.

BRITTANY  
Do you have a business card?

She steps onto the train.

Alex fumbles for a card and passes it to her just as the doors close.

She mouths the words... "I'll call you."

INT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brittany walks in, sees Vincent sitting in the dark with a drink.

She drops off her keys and stands before him.

VINCENT  
Closer.

She walks right up to him. He eyes her up and down.

VINCENT  
Meet someone?

She remains silent.

VINCENT  
And did he fall for those eyes?

Vincent holds out his glass, waits her out.

She produces Alex's business card.

VINCENT  
Good girl.

He toasts her, then sips his drink.

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

A photo of Vincent appears on a screen.

FRED

Vincent Demarco. He was recently elevated to oversee Selwyn Biomedical. He had access. We haven't been able to account for his time.

CLAIR

Put him under surveillance. I want daily reports.

Clair peruses a file.

FRED

I understand you're headed off on vacation.

CLAIR

In a few weeks.

An awkward silence. Clair glances up at Fred.

CLAIR

Sooner or later, you need to fly solo. You can handle this.

Fred nods with gratitude at the vote of confidence, then heads out.

Clair taps her work screen. Up pops her itinerary.

EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

Brittany exits her building.

She looks absolutely stunning -- stylishly Hamptons -- casual yet upscale elite -- subtle sparkly bling.

She raises an eyebrow as she enters a waiting limousine.

I/E. LIMO - DAY

Alex offers her a hand and helps her inside.

BRITTANY

I wasn't expecting anything like this.

ALEX

I wasn't either.

LATER



The limo passes tall grasses that rise high above the alabaster-colored sand. It sways with the ocean breeze.

Brittany lowers her window. She lets the breeze comb through her hair. She inhales the fresh ocean air.

BRITTANY

What is it about the ocean?

She turns, looks at Alex.

BRITTANY

And what is it about you?

ALEX

What you see is what you get.

BRITTANY

Give me your hands.

She holds them, closes her eyes. Her expression changes to intrigue, confusion.

BRITTANY

You're... different. Like an old soul. Longing. Sad. Innocent.

She opens her eyes.

BRITTANY

Like the song you played.

Their eyes meet.

Estates roll by; some with Cape Cod feel, some contemporary, and others typical Hamptons design.

Finally, the limo pulls into the driveway of an exquisite Southampton estate by the seashore.

The limo stops.

A VALET opens the door.

Perfectly shaped legs lead as Brittany gets out.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

String lights hang over the well-manicured yard and expansive deck.

Waves can be heard just 100 feet away. The last remnants of dusk are overtaken by the starry night.

GUESTS chat, laugh while they sip their drinks.

Vincent talks to Mr. Giljum by a turquoise pool. They both note the arrival of Alex and Brittany.

OUTSIDE BAR

A SERVER places drinks in front of Alex and Brittany.

SERVER

Here you go.

BRITTANY

Thank you.

(to Alex)

And thank you for bringing me. I forgot how much I missed the sound of the ocean.

Alex stares at her as Vincent walks up with a smile.

VINCENT

(to Alex)

Mr. Schilling. The man of the hour. Glad you could make it.

ALEX

Call me, Alex. Mr. Schilling's my father.

He turns to Brittany.

ALEX

This is Brittany Fischer.

Vincent's eyes rise to meet her.

VINCENT

A pleasure, Ms. Fischer.

Vincent leans in toward Brittany and gestures at Alex.

VINCENT

Although you wouldn't know by looking at him... this man is a tough negotiator.

Alex looks a little unnerved.

VINCENT

I don't know if he's told you, but I made him an offer I didn't think a sane man could refuse.

ALEX  
My lawyer would agree with you.

VINCENT  
Not everyone is motivated by money,  
I suppose.

ALEX  
I wasn't going to talk business.

VINCENT  
No. No business tonight.

Vincent surveys the posh surroundings.

VINCENT  
Tonight... is about enjoying the  
finer things.

Vincent politely excuses himself.

BRITTANY  
(to Alex)  
What was all that about?

ALEX  
I have an invention he wants to  
acquire.

BRITTANY  
And what do you want?

Alex scans all the pretty faces and conversations going on  
around him.

ALEX  
A walk with you on the beach.

Her eyebrows raise.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Moonlight reflects off the ocean. Brittany has her shoes in  
her hand.

BRITTANY  
So why did you turn down his offer?

ALEX  
It's a long story.

BRITTANY  
I'm not going anywhere.

He looks over at her.

ALEX

When my sister lost her sight, she didn't cope with it. She had an idea of what her life was going to be and then, that life was gone.

The story plays on Brittany's face.

ALEX

She fell into a deep depression. We all tried to help, but she wanted to do it on her own. She went to a doctor and got prescribed this drug. What she didn't know... what we didn't know... was the drug triggered suicidal thoughts.

Brittany's head bows.

ALEX

The company responsible was Selwyn Biomedical. The same company that wants my invention.

BRITTANY

I'm sorry. I didn't--

ALEX

It's okay.

They walk on.

BRITTANY

Are you worried your prototype isn't safe?

ALEX

The human body is a mysterious thing. Everything's connected. I just want it done the right way.

They exchange a glance as intimacy grows between them.

ALEX

What about you? I'm sure there's a long line of men more interesting than me you could be spending your time with.

BRITTANY

Quantity is no substitute for quality.

Brittany walks down to towards the water. The waves ripple across her feet and elongate over the sand.

ALEX

You're going to get wet.

She flashes a coy expression.

BRITTANY

When I was a little girl, my father used to take me to the beach. We would sit in the sand for hours building castles. He could build anything.

Brittany kneels down and scoops up some sand.

BRITTANY

My specialty was the tower. I'd fill up empty sno-cones and turn them upside down to get a perfect spire. Of course, right as we would finish, the tide would creep in and eat away at the walls. My father and I would frantically dig these moats to try and save our castle, but they would inevitably fill and the water would rise. And little by little, the walls would come down.

Brittany stares down at her hands.

BRITTANY

I tried so hard to keep it there, but it always slipped away. Just like he did.

Alex steps closer as the conversation turns confession.

ALEX

What happened to your father?

She looks up at him with a little girl's lost expression.

BRITTANY

The water came up over the walls.

She tosses the sand back onto the beach and wipes her hands.

BRITTANY

I learned not to build castles on sand.

She rises. Alex is mesmerized by her.

ALEX

You want to go back?

BRITTANY

No. I want to stay here with you.

Alex moves in... his hand drifts across her face, through her hair. Their eyes lock.

They move toward one another and their lips touch.

A wave rushes up around their feet, pulling the ground from beneath their feet.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A bright light comes through the window.

Dave gets up from bed. Yawns. Then his eyebrows furrow. He looks disoriented, dizzy.

He heads to the bathroom.

Midway, he winces, reaches for his chest.

DAVE

My god...

He collapses.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Clair leaps out of a taxi and rushes up the steps.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

Clair enters the room and finds Dave hooked up to several machines.

She takes a seat beside him. Her hand slides up over his. He's unresponsive.

She fights back tears.

CLAIR

I talked to the doctor. He seems to think you've given up. I told him I know better.

The ventilator machine thrums.

CLAIR

I know that's not your style.

She squeezes his hand. Her eyes strain for the tiniest signs of life.

CLAIR

I know you don't give up that easy.

No response. Her defenses break down. Tears roll down her cheek.

CLAIR

This wasn't part of the plan.  
I can't lose you both.

She lays her head on his chest. The embrace he's been waiting for all his life.

INT. TERRANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

A contract and a pen sit on the desk.

TERRANCE (O.S.)

It's as good as it's going to get.  
You get to monitor the trials and  
can pull the plug at anytime during  
that phase if you feel they're  
cutting corners...

ALEX (O.S.)

What did you have to give them?

TERRANCE (O.S.)

Nothing of consequence. They want  
your signature.

Alex's hand lingers over the pen.

He picks it up and signs his name, then pushes the contract to Terrance.

TERRANCE

It's the right decision.

Alex stares blankly back at Terrance.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Vincent stands in front of the wall video screen. Mr. Giljum, larger than life, sits reviewing a document.

MR. GILJUM  
Total transparency?

VINCENT  
I had to give something to get what we needed.

MR. GILJUM  
He wasn't willing to bargain on that point?

VINCENT  
His lawyer was... for the right compensation. If Mr. Schilling dies of natural causes during the transparency period, controlling interest in the patent reverts to us... It's structured to look like an offset against potential loss of investment.

Mr. Giljum lifts his eyes from the document.

MR. GILJUM  
Is that what a life goes for these days?

EXT. DAVE'S NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A cab pulls up.

Clair steps out in a black dress. She gazes up at the facade and sighs.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clair keys in to Dave's apartment holding a plastic bag.

She glances around at bookcases stuffed to overflowing and a mix of eclectic but comfortable furniture.

She spies a photo of her... and a photo of Josh.

She drifts into the...

KITCHEN

She finds an open cookbook and smiles. Her fingers caress the pages.

She reaches into the bag and pulls out some takeout.



CLAIR

You always took such good care of me.

A knock on the open door.

BILL (O.S.)

Hello? Is anyone here?

CLAIR

In the kitchen...

Bill and Elena meet Clair in the...

LIVING ROOM

The space doubles as an office with a messy desk in one corner.

BILL

Sorry, didn't mean to disturb you. I just saw the door open... Bill Dodson. And this is my daughter Elena.

Elena's whole demeanor appears pulled inward. Her eyes cast downward.

CLAIR

Clair Delaney.

Polite nods all around.

CLAIR

We were old friends. I just wanted to see the place one more time.

Elena drifts over to a telescope on the small patio outside the window.

BILL

(to Clair)

He talked about you an awful lot. Said you were the best D.A. the city ever had.

CLAIR

He was a bit biased.

BILL

He was a good neighbor. Invited Elena over to look through the telescope on clear nights.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

And when we got news of my daughter's vision loss, he was a good listener.

CLAIR

His brother was blind.

BILL

Really? Well, it helped having someone to talk to.

They both glance over at Elena, who caresses the telescope, but doesn't look through it.

CLAIR

Do you think she would like it?

BILL

I don't know. It's an incredibly generous offer, I just don't know that she'll want to be reminded of--

CLAIR

Of course. I'm sorry.

BILL

No. It's all right.

Something catches Clair's eyes... above Dave's desk, amid all the clutter... some paper copies of the police sketches done forty years earlier.

Clair's drawn over to the desk. She grabs the sketch of Alex. It's even more poignant in the current context.

Bill walks up. He has a confused expression.

BILL

Elena, did you draw this?

She doesn't answer.

CLAIR

No, these are some old sketches done many years ago.

BILL

Couldn't have been done too long ago. It's a good likeness of Alex.

Clair's head swivels to Bill.

CLAIR

You know him?

BILL

Sure. He's my brother-in-law. Alex Schilling.

The bombshell paralyzes Clair for a moment. She takes a breath to regain her composure.

CLAIR

Do you think you could introduce us?

Bill nods.

INT. CLAIR'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Clair sits down with a glass of wine. She punches up a file on Alex Schilling. Josh's piano music plays in the background.

Up pops info about his charitable work with eye patients, his company EYECURE, and his invention. She stares at it.

Clair turns to her sketch, then takes a sip of wine.

INT. SOHO ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Posh art gallery. Magnificent artwork. A mix of artsy and wealthy PEOPLE mill about as jazz music plays in the background.

People chat, laugh.

WAITRESSES walk through with champagne.

Alex and Brittany admire an abstract painting full of vibrant colors.

Alex seems a bit reserved.

BRITTANY

It's beautiful.

ALEX

It's by my sister.

Brittany turns with a start.

ALEX

She did it shortly before she took her own life.

Her surprise turns to empathy.

ALEX

It wasn't her normal palette. I think it was an act of defiance in the face of what was happening to her.

Brittany studies Alex as the story unfolds.

ALEX

The darker her world got, the brighter her paintings became.

Brittany suddenly sees someone she recognizes and turns her head to avoid being recognized.

BRITTANY

Do you mind? I'll be right back.

Brittany heads toward the restrooms.

NEAR RESTROOMS

Terrance intercepts Brittany.

TERRANCE

I haven't seen you at the club lately.

BRITTANY

I'm sorry, you must have me--

TERRANCE

You here with another member?

BRITTANY

I don't believe we know each other.

Terrance leans in close.

TERRANCE

I don't forget a working girl.

He takes a step back up. She sees she's busted.

BRITTANY

I don't work there anymore.

TERRANCE

Where do you work?

BRITTANY

None of your business.

She turns over her shoulder leading Terrance to Alex. His eyes track back to Brittany.

TERRANCE

On the contrary... I'm afraid it's very much my business.

He sizes her up.

TERRANCE

So you're the one he's been talking about.

Brittany won't look at him.

TERRANCE

He's in love, you know.

Her eyes rise.

TERRANCE

And he's not the kind that falls in love. I take it he doesn't know.

BRITTANY

What do you want?

Terrance's eyes roam every inch of her.

TERRANCE

Personally or professionally?

She heads for the bathroom, but he grabs her arm.

TERRANCE

You understand I have a duty to my client to give him all the facts he needs to make an informed decision.

Her eyes challenge Terrance.

TERRANCE

Of course, it'd be better coming from you. I'll give you a week.

Brittany wrests her arm away and disappears into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brittany stares at her reflection in the mirror. She reaches into her purse and pulls out some lipstick.

A trembling hand applies a fresh layer...

She stops. Her hand reaches out and starts applying lipstick on the mirror... on her reflection.

Back and forth, back and forth... her movements grow more jagged, more intense.

She blots out her face in red streaks.

INT. SOHO ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Alex eyes the bathroom, waiting...

BILL (O.S.)  
Quite a turnout.

Alex turns and sees Bill and Clair stroll up.

BILL  
They told me she'd gotten more popular, but this is incredible.

ALEX  
She would've loved the attention, but probably would've spent the evening at the bar.

Bill smiles.

ALEX  
How's Elena?

BILL  
She's holding up.

They exchange a knowing glance. Bill remembers his guest.

BILL  
(gestures to Clair)  
I'm sorry. Alex... this is Clair Delaney. Clair, my brother-in-law, Alex Schilling.

Alex extends a hand. Clair, a little in awe of the man in front of her, takes it.

Her eyes meet his. For a moment, he searches her face.

ALEX  
Have we met?

CLAIR

No.

ALEX

You look familiar.

BILL

New York City's District  
Attorney... in the flesh.

ALEX

Of course. I've probably seen you  
on TV.

Clair lingers on his eyes a bit too long, making things awkward.

CLAIR

Bill tells me you've just sold an  
invention.

ALEX

The first step down a long road.

Alex keeps coming back to Clair's face. There's something about her.

ALEX

I'm hoping the trials will prove  
the promise of the prototype.

BILL

I'm sorry... I need a drink. Can I  
get you anything?

Both Alex and Clair decline. Bill drifts off toward the bar.

Alex ushers Clair over to a row of paintings.

ALEX

Are you an art lover?

CLAIR

Music. My fiance, Josh Atkins, was  
a concert pianist. You... remind me  
of him.

ALEX

Do I?

CLAIR

I think it's the eyes. Do you play?

ALEX

A little.

CLAIR

When he played, you held your breath. You wanted nothing, not even the sound of your own breathing to get between you and the music he was making.

Clair, lost in a memory, grows quiet.

ALEX

I wish I'd had the opportunity to hear him. Did Bill drag you here?

CLAIR

Actually, I came to meet you.

ALEX

Me?

Clair searches for an easy way to broach the subject.

CLAIR

I've been looking for you for quite some time.

ALEX

Hopefully, not professionally.

Clair forces a smile.

CLAIR

No.

She pulls out a sketch from her purse and reluctantly releases it to Alex. He studies it.

CLAIR

That was drawn forty years ago.

ALEX

I don't understand.

Clair fidgets.

CLAIR

It's from my fiance, Josh... before he died.

Clair sees the growing confusion on Alex's face. She keeps going.



CLAIR

You see, he was blind. He worried people pitied him.

Those words resonate on Alex's face.

CLAIR

He didn't understand his own gifts. He'd never laid eyes on me, and he still thought I was beautiful.

Alex absorbs what she's saying, but grows increasingly uncomfortable with Clair's intimacy.

CLAIR

I know, you're asking yourself why is she telling me all this.

Alex makes an offhand gesture.

CLAIR

It's because, he didn't see anything in his life until he saw you... a glimpse of the future we saw together. You were there. I was there.

Alex's expression grows troubled as the story veers into a weird realm.

CLAIR

We had this sketch made to make sense of what we saw.

Alex looks down at the sketch in silence.

ALEX

You think this is me?

She nods.

CLAIR

I know this is a lot to swallow.

ALEX

It could be me. I see the resemblance... but I'm sure it could be a half dozen other people. I still don't understand why you'd hold onto something like this for forty years.

CLAIR

In the vision, I saw you shot... I saw you die.

Alex's eyes rise... half-disbelief, half alarm.

CLAIR

I know the time, the place... and I know the killer.

The preposterous nature of what she's saying elicits a chuckle.

ALEX

The killer?

She hands him another sketch of... Brittany. This one stops Alex cold. It's Brittany.

On instinct, he shoves the drawings back at Clair.

ALEX

Look... I don't mean to be rude, but I'm not comfortable with this.

CLAIR

I just want--

ALEX

I don't know what happened to you, what you saw, what you think is going to happen to me... and I don't want to know.

CLAIR

Please...

ALEX

I'm sorry. If you'll excuse me.

Alex abruptly leaves and moves off into the crowd, but he's still carrying the weight of Clair's conversation.

Clair glances down with a forlorn look at her sketches.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Brittany, nervous, fidgets beside Alex.

BRITTANY

I need to tell you something.

She swallows.

BRITTANY  
And I don't know how to...

She looks up and sees Alex preoccupied, staring out the window at the passing lights.

BRITTANY  
You're not listening.

ALEX  
What? I'm sorry.

BRITTANY  
What's wrong?

ALEX  
It's nothing.

Brittany presses, uncertain she really wants to know.

BRITTANY  
You haven't said a word since we  
got in the cab?

He turns to her... studies her face. He hesitates, but finally blurts out--

ALEX  
Someone came up to me tonight...  
said she had seen me die.

Brittany sees Alex's solemn expression.

ALEX  
Had some sort of vision forty years  
ago. Saw me being shot.

BRITTANY  
You don't believe her, do you?

ALEX  
Of course not.

BRITTANY  
Then, why are you bothered by it?

ALEX  
Because she was so sure.

Brittany snuggles in close.

BRITTANY  
Well, I'm sure you're not going  
anywhere. I won't let you.

Alex shrugs off his dark mood and gazes into Brittany's face.

ALEX

Where'd you disappear to tonight?

BRITTANY

I met an old friend.

ALEX

And you didn't introduce me?

BRITTANY

You were with someone.

Her face turns downward and a worried look colors her expression.

ALEX

What was it you were going to tell me?

BRITTANY

It was nothing.

INT. CLAIR'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Clair plops down on the chair.

She kicks off her shoes, frustrated, defeated.

Her computer DINGS. The incoming message displays on screen.

She clicks on it.

Photos pop up.

INSERT PHOTO

Vincent with FDA Director Edward Finley.

She clicks mouse.

INSERT PHOTO

Robert Giljum at Southampton estate party with Vincent.

She clicks mouse.

INSERT PHOTO

Alex stands next to Brittany.

Clair's expression grows grave at the sight of... Brittany on his arm.

INT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT

Brittany walks into her darkened apartment. She doesn't turn on any lights.

She wanders toward the large picture windows looking out on the lights of the city.

She takes off her expensive earrings... drops them to the floor.

Steps out of her shoes.

Undoes her dress.

Bit by bit, she strips away the expensive layers until she's bare. A tear rolls down her cheek.

The bedroom door opens and shines a harsh sliver of light onto her.

VINCENT (O.S.)  
I didn't think you'd be back  
tonight.

BRITTANY  
Close the door.

He shuts it... and she disappears back into the darkness.

Vincent walks up beside her. He runs his hand up her back.

BRITTANY  
Don't.

VINCENT  
It's too late to grow a conscience.  
We both know who we are.

Vincent kisses the back of her neck.

BRITTANY  
Please...

VINCENT  
And what we want.

He presses her against the glass. She closes her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Vincent straightens his tie. He looks impeccable in the mirror.

He walks over to the bed where Brittany is wrapped up in a sheet. He places a vial on the nightstand.

BRITTANY  
What's that?

VINCENT  
A little something for Alex.

BRITTANY  
I can't see him again.

VINCENT  
I'm not asking.

She picks up the vial with a grave expression. Her eyes wander up to Vincent's cold face.

VINCENT  
It's already happened. It's just whether you want to profit from it or not.

BRITTANY  
I can't.

VINCENT  
You want to get away? This buys your freedom.

They stare at one another for a long moment. She searches his eyes... finds nothing to appeal to.

VINCENT  
The cost of doing business.

He walks out leaving her holding the vial.

CLOSE ON: BOTTLE

A hand takes the lid off a water bottle.

The contents of a small vial are dumped inside.

INT. CENTRAL PARK BATHROOM - DAY

Brittany tosses the vial into the trash and screws back on the lid.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Brittany exits the bathroom to find Alex and Chase.

BRITTANY  
Mind if I walk him for a bit?

Alex offers her the leash.

She hands Alex her bottle.

Brittany looks over at a nearby limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Mr. Giljum and Vincent look through the tinted glass and see Brittany nod her head.

Mr. Giljum smiles.

VINCENT  
Like a trained dog.

Mr. Giljum leans towards the DRIVER with a glass of scotch in hand.

MR. GILJUM  
(to driver)  
Let's go.

Limousine slowly pulls away.

Mr. Giljum points to a bottle of scotch with glass already full.

MR. GILJUM  
Join me in a toast.

Vincent pours himself some scotch.

Mr. Giljum raises his glass.

MR. GILJUM  
To the future.

They toast.

Mr. Giljum watches Vincent down the scotch.

MR. GILJUM  
 (to driver)  
 Mike, why don't you pull over?  
 (to Vincent)  
 We might as well see it to its  
 conclusion.

Limo stops at curb. Alex and Brittany still in sight.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Alex and Brittany continue along the trail. Brittany keeps looking down at the bottle.

ALEX  
 You know, I spent half the night  
 reading about him on the internet.

BRITTANY  
 Who?

ALEX  
 Josh Atkins... the guy that  
 supposedly had the vision...  
 Anyway, it turns out he died the  
 day I was born.

Brittany notes Alex's fidgeting with the bottle's lid as if he's about to unscrew it.

ALEX  
 You believe in reincarnation?

BRITTANY  
 I never gave it much thought.

ALEX  
 We both play the piano. We both  
 went to the same college. He was  
 blind and I'm trying to cure it.

Brittany looks over at him.

ALEX  
 I don't know. I guess I'm letting  
 it get to me.

They stop at a cross walk.



INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Vincent and Mr. Giljum watch Alex and Brittany when...

VINCENT

Fuck.

Vincent grimaces, grabs his chest, doubles over.

VINCENT

Motherf--

He musters enough energy to grab Mr. Giljum's jacket.

Mr. Giljum looks back at a Vincent with no empathy.

VINCENT

What happened to all that loyalty  
shit?

MR. GILJUM

Leverage.

VINCENT

Leverage?

MR. GILJUM

I can't have anybody with leverage  
over me.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Alex takes off the lid.

ALEX

It's just... don't you ever wonder  
if there's something guiding you?

BRITTANY

I think we make our own choices.  
That's what makes life so  
unpredictable.

Alex considers.

ALEX

Just think... if I hadn't been  
playing piano in that bar that  
night... we never would've met.

Brittany lowers her head.

ALEX

And I never would've fallen in love  
with you.

She hears the words, but can't quite process them.

BRITTANY

You hardly know me.

ALEX

I know enough to know I don't want  
to spend another minute without  
you.

He raises the bottle toward his lips.

She knocks the bottle out of his hand. The contents spill on  
the ground.

Startled, the two stare into each other's eyes.

BRITTANY

Did you just ask me to marry you?

I/E. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Vincent sees the water bottle empty, then erupts into a  
sinister laugh.

VINCENT

You're fucked.  
(spiteful chuckle)  
So fucked.

Vincent weakens, lets go of Mr. Giljum.

Mr. Giljum opens the limo door, pushes out Vincent.

Vincent falls on the grass, lifeless.

Limo pulls away.

INT. CLAIR'S STUDY - DAY

Cellphone RINGS.

She sees it's Fred calling, answers.

FRED (V.O.)

Alex just booked a flight to LA.

CLAIR

Let me guess... They're staying at  
the Balboa Bay Resort --

FRED (V.O.)

How did you --?

CLAIR

I'll take it from here.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

The boats are tied up.

Clair walks up the dock.

The wind picks up, blowing hair across her face.

In the distance... thunder. A streak of lightning snakes  
across the sky.

MEMORY FLASH

Josh is struck by lightning.

He convulses.

MATCH ACTION:

MEMORY FLASH

Alex thrusts forward as a bullet hits him.

BACK TO SCENE

The lightning flashes light up the pain on Clair's face.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Brittany awakes with a start to a beeping sound.

Her cellphone comes to life.

The screen on it reads: TERRANCE FARRAR.

A door opens.

ALEX (O.S.)

Aren't you up, yet?

Brittany scrambles to hide her cellphone. On her finger is a ring.

She sits up.

BRITTANY

I was wondering where you went.

Alex appears with pastries and coffee.

ALEX

Breakfast.

He sits down beside her and begins to unpack the food.

ALEX

I didn't have the heart to wake you. You looked so beautiful.

Her eyes drift to her cellphone. Her eyebrows furrow, troubled.

ALEX

What's the matter?

Brittany looks up into his sweet, innocent face.

BRITTANY

I was just thinking how lovely it's all been. Just you and me... away from everything and everyone. It's perfect... just like when I was a girl. Putting that last sno-cone on top of the castle before the water came over the walls.

Alex leans in and takes her ringed finger.

ALEX

Afraid it won't last?

She half smiles to play it off, but he sees the real concern on her face.

ALEX

I'm not going anywhere.

BRITTANY

Things change. People change.

ALEX

Hearts don't.

He leans in and gives her a kiss. A smile grows... he nurtures it along.

ALEX

I've got a surprise for you, Mrs. Schilling. So, eat your breakfast. We have to be somewhere.

BRITTANY

Where?

ALEX

Eat your breakfast.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator doors open to reveal... Mr. Giljum.

He strides down the hallway, his eyes hidden behind sunglasses. He stops in front of a hotel room door.

He glances both ways... no witnesses.

He puts a small electronic device up to the door. The lock clicks.

Quiet as a cat, he enters. In his hand... a gun.

He comes around a corner into the master bedroom and sweeps his gun from side to side.

The room is empty.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Alex and Brittany scuba dive in the turquoise blue waters to the weightless PIANO MUSIC of Debussy.

Shimmering fish dart around them.

Brittany's face fills with wonder.

As the music comes to an end, they kick toward sparkles of light on the surface of the water.

EXT. DIVE BOAT - DAY

Alex and Brittany emerge from the water together.

The underwater world is shattered by the return of sound and a boat bobbing beside them.

Brittany's face changes.

She lingers in the water as Alex climbs aboard.

He beckons her with his hand.

Reluctantly, she lets herself be dragged aboard.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Clair fidgets with the gun in her pocket.

She paces the dock. Her eyes swivel from side to side as people pass by.

Her face is tense and tight.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

The boat approaches the dock.

An ATTENDANT hands Alex a tablet. He gazes down at the screen.

His face registers familiarity. The logo... the date... He lingers on it.

ATTENDANT

Is there something wrong?

Alex looks up into the attendant's face.

ALEX

No, everything's fine.

Alex and Brittany step off the boat and proceed toward the lodge.

Ahead, silhouetted by the sun, is a female figure.

Clair's eyes flash recognition.

As she steps forward, Alex makes the connection.

ALEX

(to Brittany)

Excuse me. I'll be up in a minute.

Brittany gives Alex a kiss on the cheek and whispers in his ear.

BRITTANY  
Remember I love you.

She moves toward the lodge. Her hand slides out of his.

Brittany and Clair exchange a long look.

Alex takes Clair aside.

ALEX  
What are you doing here?

CLAIR  
Saving your life.

ALEX  
This is harassment.

Clair's eyes keep glancing back at Brittany.

CLAIR  
I know you don't believe it, but  
we're connected.

ALEX  
No, we're not.

CLAIR  
You need to listen to me.

ALEX  
I really don't.

He pushes past her.

CLAIR  
She was hired by Vincent Demarco to  
get close to you.

Alex whirls around.

ALEX  
That's a lie.

CLAIR  
The contract you signed would've  
ceded the patent to him in the  
event of your death during the  
transparent period.

Alex's expression turns bewildered.

CLAIR  
He provided her with a poison that  
would've stopped your heart.

ALEX  
No.

CLAIR  
I know that you don't want to  
believe it but it's true.

ALEX  
But she--

CLAIR  
We've had them both under  
surveillance.

Alex sits with the devastating words he's just heard.

DING... DING... It's the boat bell from the vision.

The boat just up the dock signals departure.

Clair whirls around and draws her gun.

ALEX  
No!

Clair sees Brittany just off the end of the dock on the beach  
sand. She stares back, but she doesn't have a gun.

Clair's face registers confusion.

ALEX  
You can't do this.

CLAIR  
She's going to kill you.

ALEX  
She's had the opportunity. She  
hasn't done anything. You can't  
kill her for something she hasn't  
done.

CLAIR  
Why are you protecting her?

Clair doesn't look back. She's focused on Brittany's stricken  
face.

ALEX  
I... I... love her.



CLAIR

You haven't seen what I've seen.

Alex inches up to her.

ALEX

No, but I know what I feel.

Clair's gun becomes unsteady. The barrel dips.

She looks absolutely lost.

Alex slowly puts his hand on her gun hand.

ALEX

And I know this doesn't feel right.

He takes possession of the weapon and lowers it.

Clair looks into his eyes... searches them.

BRITTANY (O.S.)

Gun!

Alex's eyes rise toward the voice. Clair turns and sees Mr. Giljum at the end of the dock with Brittany... his gun aimed at Alex.

GUNSHOT.

Clair puts her arms around Alex and forms a human shield.

The bullet jolts her.

Clair drops to a knee, then topples onto her back... staring up at a clear blue sky as life drains from her.

Brittany SCREAMS.

BRITTANY

No!

Alex's eyes shift from Clair to Brittany, who struggles with Mr. Giljum for possession of the gun.

Mr. Giljum shoves Brittany to the ground and takes aim.

ALEX

Put the gun down! Put it down!

Mr. Giljum turns an eye toward Alex but keeps the gun trained on Brittany.

MR. GILJUM

She played you, as much as you  
don't want to believe it.

Brittany gazes up the dock at Alex. Her face full of pain and  
regret.

BRITTANY

I'm sorry.

MR. GILJUM

She's still playing you.

Alex turns his attention back to Mr. Giljum.

ALEX

Please... you want the patent...  
I'll sign it over to you. Just let  
her go.

MR. GILJUM

You think it's that easy now?

He turns back to Brittany.

Pulls the trigger.

The report echoes like a ripple up the dock to Alex's ears.

Time slows as people scatter.

Mr. Giljum's gun pivots toward Alex.

Alex closes his eyes and empties the clip.

Mr. Giljum's chest explodes and he falls into the water...  
leaving a streak of red on the surface.

People rush to Brittany as Alex glances down in time to see  
the life drain from the woman at his feet.

He kneels down beside Clair.

CLOSE ON: CLAIR'S FACE

Clair's eyes blink. The skin around her eyes flinch.

Sounds reach her as if through a tunnel.

ALEX (O.S.)

Can you hear me?

Her eyes blink. Her expression reveals disorientation.

JOSH (O.S.)  
Clair, can you hear me?

Still no response.

A pair of hands remove her glasses to reveal her eyes.

The faint sound of piano music... Debussy's Clair de Lune... plays on her face.

Her eyes slowly respond.

CLAIR  
Josh.

She sees Josh's face. He smiles.

A hint of a smile crosses her face as her eyes lock into place. The life is gone.

The music stops.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

CLOSE ON: BRITTANY'S FACE

Her lifeless eyes stare out... then, she blinks.

The faint sound of piano music begins again as life comes back into her face.

EXT. DOCK/BEACH - DAY

Brittany's hand clutches at the sand she can't hold onto.

A firm male hand replaces the sand.

She looks up into Alex's face.

ALEX  
Stay with me.

She looks into his loving eyes.

ALEX  
Stay with me.

Brittany blinks back tears... the hint of a smile.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

NIGHT SKY

The music continues as the darkness suddenly includes a fuzzy white ball of light...

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Elena takes her eye off the telescope. Her dad hovers behind her.

Elena gets her bearing, then puts her eye back to the viewfinder. Makes some adjustments.

TELESCOPE POV - NIGHT

The image is crisp, unbelievably sharp... the pupil of a great cosmic eye.

It hovers over...

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Two lovers... Alex and Brittany are hand in hand as they walk down a moonlit beach. A dog trails behind.

FADE OUT.