

Along the Highways

by

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Based on the short story, "Along the Highways," by Nick Arvin

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1 **EXT SAN FRANCISCO - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

A bright June morning in San Francisco.

Rush-hour traffic flows over the steep hills toward downtown.

2 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

In one of these many cars is GRAHAM (25). To see Graham now -
- three-day beard, long-ish hair, and wearing a hipster's
bowling shirt and stylish hat -- you might get an altogether
false impression of who he actually is.

3 **EXT GAMECO, SECURITY GATE - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

Graham drives through the front entrance of GameCo
headquarters. He stops at the security gate, and shows his
ID badge to the SECURITY GUARD at the booth.

The guard gives a double-take -- Graham looks nothing like
his ID photo, which shows him with short, geeky hair and a T-
shirt.

SECURITY GUARD

Graham...? Well, goddam, man.
Look at them new clothes. What in
the hell happened to you?

Graham adjusts his hat uncomfortably and forces a smile.

GRAHAM

Hello, there, Chandra. How are you
doing this morning?

SECURITY GUARD

Wait a minute. Wait a goddam...
You know my name?!

Graham gives a strange, constricted laugh as the guard
returns his badge.

GRAHAM

Have yourself a nice day, all
right?

Graham nods awkwardly and drives through the gate and toward
the parking structure. The guard stares curiously after him.

SECURITY GUARD

What the hell?

4 **INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

Graham drives up the multi-leveled parking structure. His car goes around and around, and so does Graham's mind, caught in a loop as Graham neurotically replays and revises his conversation with the guard.

GRAHAM

Hello, how are you...? How's it going...? Have yourself a nice day... Have a wonderful day...

Graham parks. He smiles at himself in the rearview mirror to see what he looks like doing it.

He exits his car, checks the lock, and walks toward the stairwell at the opposite end of the parking structure.

5 **INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE, STAIRWELL - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

Graham mumbles as he descends the winding stairwell.

6 **INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

Graham emerges from the stairwell on a lower level of the parking structure. He heads toward the walkway which leads to the adjoining office building.

At the walkway stands a blonde woman smoking a cigarette. This is LINDSEY (30). Lindsey is beautiful and knows it, and is hyper-conscious of how others see and receive her.

Graham sees Lindsey and stops. He's about to call to her, but then another voice rings out.

VOICE

Lindsey, hey, there you are.

The voice belongs to DOUG (30), a crass and graceless man wearing expensive and self-consciously casual clothes. Doug emerges from the walkway and approaches Lindsey. Graham watches, confused, unable to comprehend what he's seeing.

LINDSEY

Hi. I'm here. Sorry.

DOUG

I was waiting. I went back inside. I thought maybe...

LINDSEY

The traffic. Oh, my God. You wouldn't believe...

DOUG

Really? Because I called a couple times. You didn't...?

LINDSEY

Did you? This phone, I swear...
I'm taking it back...

Doug regards Lindsey as she makes a show of poking at her cell phone.

DOUG

You know, I'd understand, if... you know... it's too soon. Or whatever.

LINDSEY

No, I want to! I do! It's going to be fun!

Lindsey smiles, which Doug accepts as proof enough, and Doug leans forward and kisses Lindsey lightly on the lips.

From across the parking structure, Graham sees the kiss, and flinches as if he had been slapped.

All ambient sound slowly narrows to a low buzz which gradually increases in pitch and complexity, representing the growing, manic pressure in Graham's head.

Graham stands frozen as he watches Doug help Lindsey into Doug's car. Doug's car backs out, turns around, and starts down the parking structure toward Graham.

The strange buzzing in Graham's head stops abruptly, and Graham turns and runs back into the stairwell.

7 **INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE, STAIRWELL - MORNING -
FLASHFORWARD**

Graham runs back up the stairwell.

8 **INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE, UPPER LEVEL - MORNING -
FLASHFORWARD**

Graham bursts out of the stairwell onto the level on which he parked. He runs for his car.

9 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

Graham drives quickly down the parking structure. Around and around, jaw clenched, hands tight on the wheel.

10

EXT GAMECO - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD

Graham's car emerges from the parking structure. Graham sees Doug's car leaving the security booth and preparing to enter the still-steady stream of morning traffic beyond. Graham speeds to the booth.

SECURITY GUARD

You leaving?

GRAHAM

Yes, I have to... I forgot something. I have to get it.

Graham distractedly eyes Doug's car ahead of him, but the security guard is content to casually resume their previous conversation.

SECURITY GUARD

You know what's funny, Graham? All these years we working together... Not together... at the same place... You know what I mean. But all that time I thought you didn't even know my name.

GRAHAM

I have to go.

SECURITY GUARD

Most times, you never even say nothing when I tell you hello. I go, "Hey, Graham," make a little smalltalk. And you give me the whole side-of-the-face, like this here...

The guard good-naturedly mimes Graham's previous body language, but Graham's impatience bubbles over as he sees Doug pull out into traffic.

GRAHAM

Would you open the gate?!

The guard's smile evaporates, her face gets hard.

SECURITY GUARD

There he is. That's the motherfucker I know.

The gate opens, and Graham speeds out of the lot and in the direction of Doug and Lindsey.

TITLE: ALONG THE HIGHWAYS

BLACK

SUPERIMPOSED: FOUR MONTHS AGO

A11 **EXT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

Rain falls heavily on a small cluster of stand-alone apartments.

11 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

Graham lies asleep in his bed. Beside him on the cluttered nightstand, his cell phone comes to life and begins chirping a wake-up alarm.

The phone presumably sends an infra-red signal to Graham's home computer in the living room, because it comes alive also, crackling with static. An online weather report begins streaming, and a VOICE reports temperatures around the globe.

The computer then presumably sends a signal to the apartment's electrical system, (the exposed wires of which have been mined from the wall and attached to a modified server), and the overhead lights gradually fade up on dimmers.

Following this invisible Rube Goldberg device, we get a good look at Graham's small, nest-like apartment, which is extremely cluttered: tall, teetering stacks of books and video game magazines on the floor; posters upon posters on the walls; piles of fast-food containers; boxes of broken computer motherboards ready to slide off the shelves...

Graham rises from bed and begins his morning routine, which has been refined over time so that no movement is extraneous:

12 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - MORNING**

He showers. Shaves. Brushes his hair (short now, unlike before).

13 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING**

He opens his dresser, which contains only two pairs of pants and three T-shirts (and not the hipster's bowling shirt or stylish hat from before).

14 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - MORNING**

He regards discriminatingly his kitchen cupboard, which is filled exclusively with processed food, and selects a box of cereal.

15 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

As Graham continues preparing breakfast in the kitchen, we get a glimpse of Graham's living room workstation. On the large monitor is a screensaver; it's a photo of Graham and a taller, more handsome guy -- FRANKLIN (30), Graham's brother -- at a San Francisco Giants baseball game.

BING...

Up pops a reminder from his computer's calendar: "FRANK AND THE WHORE RETURN FROM HONEYMOON. 8PM."

Attached to the reminder is a wedding photo of Frank and Lindsey. Lindsey's picture has been Photoshopped so that she holds a giant phallus, rather than a bouquet.

Graham comes to the workstation and sits. His eyes narrow bitterly at the photo.

"FRANK AND THE WHORE RETURN FROM HONEYMOON. 8PM."

"FRANK AND THE WHORE..."

"THE WHORE..."

"WHORE..."

16 **EXT SAN FRANCISCO - MORNING**

It's a dark and windy February morning as rush-hour traffic moves over the San Francisco streets.

17 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - MORNING**

Graham listens to the weather report on the radio as he drives to work. His windshield is smeared with rain.

18 **EXT GAMECO - MORNING**

The sky is still dark as Graham arrives at GameCo security gate. Graham gives his photo ID to the security guard, who is bundled up against the cold. We see that now Graham does, indeed, look like his ID badge, which the guard scans.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, Graham. What you think'a this cold, huh? I ask them inside for a space heater. Know what they say? Fire hazard. I tell them, "Well, what about the hazard of me freezing my ass off out here in this..."

Graham takes his ID back from the guard and drives away in the middle of the guard's sentence.

19 **OMITTED**

20 **INT GAMECO - MORNING**

The front doors of the GameCo building open and Graham enters. There's a large communal room filled with workstations. YOUNG EMPLOYEES in consciously casual, ironic clothing laugh and talk together as they gear up for work.

Graham looks straight ahead, ignoring the other employees as he walks through the room. He turns a corner and is about to enter his office when Doug removes a cell phone from his ear and calls out.

DOUG

Graham! Hey, buddy! How we doin'?

Graham nods and pretends as if he can't tell that Doug wants to speak with him, and escapes quickly into his office.

21 **INT GAMECO, GRAHAM'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Graham's office looks remarkably like his living room: cluttered, disorderly, dominated by an impressive computer workstation, and with the windows darkened by heavy curtains.

There's a perfunctory knock on the door, and Doug enters. His tone is unbearably chummy and good-humored, all of which are warning signs for Graham.

DOUG

How 'bout this rain? Which shows you how smart I am. I had the Dog-mobile detailed yesterday. (Yes, this is how I fill my miserable weekends.) And then first thing this morning, what happens?

Doug pulls back a heavy curtain and behaves as if bemoaning the rain falling outside. Graham glances skeptically at Doug as he goes about his efficient, ritualized routine of starting up his workstation.

GRAHAM

What do you want, Doug?

DOUG

Right. We got a deadline, you want to get to work. Which is why you're my best guy...

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (delicately)
 But I *did* have an idea.

GRAHAM
 Bring it up in Group.

DOUG
 Come on, Graham, I need you on my
 side first. You know how they tear
 me apart in Group.

Graham sighs; he's going to have to listen.

GRAHAM
 What.

DOUG
 Okay. Now just try to visualize
 this: The Crystal Palace. Level
 Eight. The last and final level...
 Level Eight *is* the last level.

GRAHAM
 What? Doug, yes. You don't know
 that? How do you not know that?

DOUG
 I know it. I just said it. How do
 I not know it?

GRAHAM
 Group is going to tear you apart.

DOUG
 Anyway, to continue?
 (big sigh from Graham)
 Our guy reaches the Crystal Palace.
 But his talisman is spent! The
 Eriks are closing in from all
 sides! Who can help him?

GRAHAM
 Nobody. That's the point. He does
 it alone.

DOUG
 Or...

GRAHAM
 (mutters)
 Shit.

DOUG

Or do we add a *Guide*? See? See what that does? Whoa! Talk about possibilities. Now look at this.

Doug shows Graham a photo of a woman on his cell phone. Graham looks at the photo, then slowly fixes Doug with a stare.

GRAHAM

Who is this?

DOUG

Her? She's actually my trainer. I've been killing it in the gym lately. My cardio is just... off the charts.

(beat)

You want to see my abs?

GRAHAM

Doug, you add a biped at this stage, you're talking a whole new animation rig.

DOUG

Which is why I came to you first, buddy. I just need to know if it's possible. That's all. It's just a question.

But it's not "just a question," and in the next moment we see Doug's stare silently manipulate Graham into submission.

22

INT GAMECO - DAY

There's a chaos of disapproval in the communal room as the GameCo employees object in unison to Doug's idea. Doug finally raises his hand for silence.

DOUG

Look, guys. You know I always respect your input. That's what Doug the Dog's all about. But let me say this. Because there's one guy whose been here longer than any of you, and he thinks it's a good idea. In fact, he's all for it. Isn't that right, Graham?

All eyes turn to Graham. Graham looks from Doug to the crowd. He shrugs uncomfortably.

GRAHAM

I guess we could try it.

The other employees mutter to each other and shoot dirty, suspicious looks at Graham. Graham stares at his hands as Doug smiles at the group.

Doug sidles behind Graham and puts his hands on Graham's shoulders as one does to a favorite nephew.

DOUG

I know what you're thinking, Graham. And you're right. I just manipulated you and turned your co-workers against you. If I had any honor... Which I don't. But if I did, I'd probably just open this window right here...

Wind and rain whip through the communal room, creating a tornado of loose papers, as Doug opens the window. Doug has to shout to be heard.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And I would cast myself out onto the concrete below! I'm so sorry, Graham! I'm no good! I hope that one day you'll forgive me!

Doug jumps out the window. His plaintive howl mixes with the sound of the wind still whipping through the room.

But then, abruptly, the room returns to normal: no wind, no open window -- Doug's suicide was a fantasy.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Alright. Back to work.

23

INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Graham mumbles incoherently as he surfs through gaming Web sites on his home workstation.

Graham clicks on the minimized calendar reminder, and the window pops open: FRANK AND THE WHORE RETURN FROM HONEYMOON. 8PM.

Graham checks a digital clock on a shelf -- 7:59. He waits, motionless, trying unsuccessfully to not stare at the clock. Finally it's 8PM.

He presses a speed dial on his cell.

24 **EXT FRANKLIN AND LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A small, modern, high-rise apartment in San Francisco's Presidio district. A phone rings from within.

25 **INT FRANKLIN AND LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The ringing comes from a cell that rests on top of a stack of battered suitcases by the front door.

Lindsey hurries to the phone, hoping to quiet the ringer before it wakes Franklin, who lies asleep, fully-dressed, on the couch. She's too late; Franklin wakes and calls out.

FRANKLIN

Is it him?

Lindsey checks the caller ID and smiles tightly. Franklin motions for the phone.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Hello?

26 **INTERCUT GRAHAM**

GRAHAM

It's Graham.

FRANKLIN

Sorry, who?

GRAHAM

... Graham. It's Graham. It's your brother!

FRANKLIN

Take it easy, man, I'm just fucking with you. What's up, how you doing?

GRAHAM

Fine.

FRANKLIN

Well, you got good timing. We just got back, I was about to call you. I'm literally carrying a suitcase in the front door as we speak.

Lindsey rolls her eyes at Franklin for his lie while Graham racks his brain for an appropriate comment.

GRAHAM

How was the trip?

FRANKLIN

The *honeymoon*? It was great. It was unbelievable. We saw some really incredible things.

GRAHAM

That's nice.

Franklin waits for Graham to ask a question -- any question at all -- but Graham doesn't, so Franklin moves on.

FRANKLIN

So, how have you been? Working away?

GRAHAM

Doug wants to add a new character to Level Eight.

FRANKLIN

He does, huh?

Franklin watches Lindsey unpacking a bag. She holds up a piece of lingerie, and, seeing Franklin watching, slowly tortures him by modelling it.

GRAHAM

He's an idiot. Idiot asshole. Doug. Stupid. I hate him.

FRANKLIN

Graham. We discussed this.

GRAHAM

I know.

Franklin struggles to uphold his end of his conversation with Graham as he playfully pursues Lindsey around the apartment.

FRANKLIN

How you gonna...? How you gonna...?

GRAHAM

(heard it before)
"... get along in the world..."

FRANKLIN

... get along in the world with such a...

GRAHAM

"... such a general attitude of rudeness..."

FRANKLIN

Yes, a general attitude of rudeness
and douchebaggery?

GRAHAM

"It will not do."

FRANKLIN

It won't.

Franklin punctuates his point by smacking Lindsey's ass hard,
and his phone accidentally falls to the floor.

GRAHAM

Hello?

Franklin recovers the phone and tries to wrap things up as
his flirting with Lindsey seems to be leading to the bedroom.

FRANKLIN

Anyway, glad things are going well.

GRAHAM

Gamers' Expo is this weekend. You
want me to get the tickets?

FRANKLIN

Is it this weekend? Oh, man, I
want to. I do. But Lindsey and I
have to go up to her folks' lake
house.

Franklin cringes as he hears deafening silence. He
reflexively reaches for a bottle of Tylenol on the counter
top, and takes a couple pills.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

But you should go. Invite someone
from work. Invite your boss.
What's his name?

GRAHAM

His name is Doug. I just said it
two seconds ago.

FRANKLIN

It's just that Lindsey's parents
want us to look in on the place.
They've been gone on their big RV
thing, so...

Graham's silence continues. Slowly, Franklin's body seems to
crumple under the weight of his obligation to Graham.
Finally, Franklin caves.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

You know what? I've got an idea.
Why don't you come with us this
weekend?

Lindsey's jaw drops open upon hearing this suggestion.
Franklin silently gestures for forgiveness.

GRAHAM

Yeah?

FRANKLIN

It'll be great. We'll have the
place completely to ourselves.

GRAHAM

Lindsey won't be there?

FRANKLIN

Well, yeah, she'll be there.

GRAHAM

Oh.

Franklin traps Lindsey against the kitchen counter, and,
though he ostensibly speaks to Graham, his plea is clearly
meant for her.

FRANKLIN

So... sound okay?

27 **INT GAMECO - MORNING**

Graham enters the large communal room of GameCo. He sees two
co-workers from the previous day's Group meeting whisper and
look askance at him, and pretends not to notice.

28 **INT GAMECO, GRAHAM'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Graham enters his office to find a new workstation directly
beside his. At the new workstation sits NICOLE (25), pretty,
but small and nervous, too eager to please on her first day.
Graham turns on Doug, who stands by.

GRAHAM

Who is this? Who are you?

DOUG

Graham? This is Nicole.

NICOLE

Hi.

GRAHAM
This is my office.

DOUG
Graham, I want you to listen to me
for a moment before you get angry.

GRAHAM
Why is she in my office?

Nicole begins to whither, almost to the point of moaning.

NICOLE
Oh, geez.

DOUG
(to Nicole)
It's okay. Just...
(to Graham)
Look, the deadline is out there.
Right? It's looming. Like what?
Like the sword of Damocles.
(to Nicole)
I'm kind of a history buff.
Doesn't matter.

NICOLE
All right...

DOUG
So last... When, two weeks ago?
I'm thinking, "Why not bring in a
little outside expertise?" And
Nicole here...

GRAHAM
She's going to share my office?

DOUG
Nicole here comes from a very good
firm in New York.
(to Nicole)
Great town. I myself... When I
get a break. Which is almost
never!

GRAHAM
So, she knows Maya?

NICOLE
(to Doug)
Yes.

DOUG
(to Graham)
Absolutely.

GRAHAM
(again, to Doug)
And Virtual Studio? And Poser?

NICOLE
(to Doug, less
confidently)
Yes.

DOUG
(to Graham, also less
confidently)
Absolutely.

GRAHAM
(again, to Doug)
And she has real-world experience
doing a live de-bug in Pix?

NICOLE
Actually, the way we were set up in
my other company...? And it's just
because we only had three
programmers on staff...

GRAHAM
Doug, I would like to have a
private conversation with you in
private.

DOUG
Graham. Your happiness here.
There is nothing more important to
me. And I hope you feel that.
Because I do.

GRAHAM
(mutters)
Asshole.

DOUG
I can... You know I heard that.
You called me "asshole."

Graham shrugs -- so? Doug is angry now.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Graham, what name do you see on
your checks? Is it "Doug the Dog
Makurath"? Because that's my name.
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

And what that implies, I'm going to
leave it up to you.

Doug glances at Nicole as he leaves the office, wondering how his display of dominance was received.

There's silence as Graham takes his seat and begins working. Nicole sneaks a look at him.

NICOLE

I got here a little early -- wasn't
sure how bad the traffic would be.
I found this little hippie coffee
shop. Actual hippies. Didn't know
they really exist. Here's an extra
muffin, if you want it.

GRAHAM

No, thank you.

Silence. A moment later, Nicole begins to cry quietly. Graham turtles, deeply uncomfortable, his hands frozen over his keyboard.

NICOLE

Graham?

GRAHAM

What.

NICOLE

Listen, I know I'm invading your
space, and it's not easy for you...

Graham rolls his eyes, expecting pop psychology prattle, but Nicole's demeanor changes and he gets something else entirely.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

... but if you are mean to me here,
I will literally rip your fucking
balls off with my bare hands and
shove them up your asshole. Okay?

Graham stares at Nicole, stunned. Purged, Nicole exhales, takes a big bite of muffin, and sets to work.

29

EXT GAMECO - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD

As before (but seen from a different angle), Graham tries to leave GameCo in pursuit of Doug and Lindsey:

SECURITY GUARD

... Most times, you never even say nothing when I tell you hello. I go, "Hey, Graham," make a little smalltalk. And you give me the whole side-of-the-face, like this here...

Graham's impatience bubbles over as he sees Doug pull out into traffic.

GRAHAM

Would you open the gate?!

The guard's smile evaporates, her face gets hard.

SECURITY GUARD

There he is. That's the motherfucker I know.

The gate opens, and Graham speeds out of the lot and in the direction of Doug and Lindsey.

We see now that this scenario is being watched by Nicole from behind an upper-floor window of the GameCo building.

30 **INT GAMECO - MORNING**

Nicole picks up her cell and speed dials.

NICOLE

Graham?

31 **INTERCUT GRAHAM**

GRAHAM

What.

NICOLE

We need to talk.

GRAHAM

I don't want to talk to you.

NICOLE

Graham, I'm sorry. How many times can I say it? I fucked up. Graham, where...?

Graham hangs up as, ahead, Doug pulls into a lane leading to a highway on-ramp and stops at a red light. Graham swerves dangerously across traffic to follow. Several cars honk, but Graham ignores them. Graham stops directly behind Doug's car.

Graham scrutinizes Doug and Lindsey, looking for clues in the way they interact. He sees Doug say something apparently witty, which causes Lindsey to throw back her head and laugh. Graham breathes hard, deeply bothered by what he sees.

The light turns green, and Graham sees Doug's car entering the highway. Graham hesitates. He's conflicted, agitated. He squints, blinded by the giant rising sun in front of him.

Behind him, angry horns honk, but soon all ambient sound narrows to a low buzz which gradually increases in pitch and complexity, representing the growing, manic pressure in Graham's head.

Finally, impulsively, Graham stomps on the accelerator, and his car jolts onto the highway.

32 **EXT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAWN**

Back to the present: a dark blue Saturday dawn in February. Water droplets from a recent rainfall drip percussively from the eaves of Graham's apartment building.

33 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAWN**

On Graham's computer screen, the following calendar reminder: "WEEKEND TRIP WITH FRANK AND THE WHORE."

The reminder goes away as Graham, bending at the hip as if too rushed to sit, inputs commands into his computer: the lights dim, the radio changes frequency, the heater clicks off, the security cameras begin recording...

Satisfied, Graham sits on the couch in the dark. He checks his clock impatiently. And again. Finally the doorbell rings, and Graham springs to his feet...

34 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - DAWN**

... but it is with exaggerated nonchalance that he opens his front door, where he finds Franklin, who is dressed in the bowling shirt and hat combo we've seen before. (These are worn by Graham in the flashforward sequences). Graham, having not seen these clothes before (or yet), looks upon them with distaste, as they represent a new, unfamiliar, and therefore unsettling persona for Franklin.

GRAHAM

Nice hat.

FRANKLIN

(not taking the bait)

You like it? Yeah, Lindsey bought it for me. This shirt, too.

Graham looks over Franklin's shoulder.

GRAHAM

Where is she? She's not coming with us?

FRANKLIN

Of course she's... She's in the car. Graham.

GRAHAM

Okay.

FRANKLIN

Come on, now, buddy.

GRAHAM

Okay, I said.

35 **EXT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, STREET - DAWN**

Graham follows Franklin to the street, where Franklin's car is double-parked. Lindsey pops out of the front passenger seat and goes to greet Graham; she smiles too brightly, her demeanor calculated, her voice straining slightly.

LINDSEY

Hi, Graham! It's so good to see you! How are you? I'm so glad you're coming with us this weekend!

Lindsey hugs Graham and kisses Graham with effusiveness. Graham submits uncomfortably, his voice dismal as he says...

GRAHAM

Hello, Lindsey...

Graham gets into the passenger seat of the car (taking Lindsey's place) and shuts the door. Lindsey drops her smile and shakes her head at Franklin, who shrugs apologetically.

36 **EXT FRANKLIN'S CAR - DAWN**

Franklin's car travels south on Highway 101. The San Francisco Bay unfurls eastward, dark and choppy under the early-morning mist, dotted with occasional sailboats.

37 **INT FRANKLIN'S CAR - MORNING**

Franklin glances at Lindsey sleeping in the backseat, and decides to seize this chance to speak privately with Graham.

FRANKLIN

So, you don't like the hat, huh?

GRAHAM
You look different, that's all.

FRANKLIN
Just a hat.

GRAHAM
The shirt, too.

Franklin adjusts the wipers, and checks on Lindsey.

FRANKLIN
Look, Graham. I'm married now.

GRAHAM
Yes, I know that, Frank.

FRANKLIN
And some things are going to have
to change.

GRAHAM
Are we still talking about your
hat?

FRANKLIN
What do you have against her? Tell
me one thing that's actually real.

GRAHAM
I can tell you what *you* said when
you first started dating her.
Because the word "princess" sticks
out in my mind.

FRANKLIN
Do you happen to know anyone else
who maybe doesn't make the best
first impression, Graham?

Beat.

GRAHAM
"Bit of a princess." That's what
it was.

FRANKLIN
Is this how you're going to be for
the whole weekend? Just let me
know now so I can prepare myself.

Graham may feel slightly apologetic, but is without the tools
to express it, and instead remains silent.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a yes.

38 **EXT GAS STATION - DAY**

Franklin stops the car at a gas station. He gets out to pump gas, leaving Graham alone with Lindsey. Graham turns to see Lindsey is still asleep. But when he turns back again, he hears her voice.

LINDSEY
I know what you're thinking,
Graham. And you're right.

Graham adjusts the rearview mirror to see Lindsey.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
It's just not going to work with me
and Franklin. I mean, so far I
have him fooled, you know? But
pretty soon he's going to find out
the truth about me. That I'm not
smart. And I have no skills. And
I'm a whore. I'm a dirty, dirty
whore.

Franklin gets back into the car. When he shuts the door, Lindsey wakes in the backseat, and we realize that she never said what Graham heard -- it was just a fantasy.

FRANKLIN
Boy, that handful of Vicodin sure
took effect.

LINDSEY
Maybe it was the bottle of vodka at
breakfast. Where are we?

FRANKLIN
Graham and I decided we'd go to
Vegas, instead. See some shows.
Go to a couple strip clubs. You
don't mind sitting alone in the
hotel room all weekend.

LINDSEY
'Long as you're happy, sweetie.

Franklin laughs, and Lindsey leans forward to kiss him. Graham turns away. Franklin fixes the mirror that Graham adjusted, and they pull away.

39 **EXT FRANKLIN'S CAR - DAY**

Franklin's car heads south on the Pacific Coast Highway.

They pass a bullet-ridden highway sign for Crystal Lake.

The car takes the exit and travels up a road leading away from the coast and into the inland hills.

40 **EXT LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

They arrive at a small house built -- perhaps over many years, and by the homeowners themselves -- along an isolated bank of Crystal Lake. Despite the dilapidated condition of the house, it has a warm, ethereal, fairy-tale aura.

Lindsey leaves the car and strides eagerly, unself-consciously down the grassy incline to the lake bank. She runs her hand along the surface of the water as if conjuring childhood memories.

41 **OMITTED**42 **EXT LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Graham and Franklin remove the luggage from the car and start across the gravel walkway toward the lake house.

Franklin stops to turn on the water and gas mains, and Graham continues alone.

At the wide front porch of the house, Graham suddenly stops in his tracks. He stares, frozen. Just barely visible between the wooden steps of the porch is a filthy and tear-streaked seven-year-old boy.

43 **EXT PORCH - DAY - FLASHBACK**

The boy, YOUNG GRAHAM (7) is dressed in a dark suit, which is wrinkled and dirty. Young Graham mumbles to himself as he plays with a small collection of toys under the porch. We see that the area in which he plays has been cleared of leaves and debris, making a sort of nest.

Another boy, YOUNG FRANKLIN (12), enters the claustrophobic space under the porch. He calls to Young Graham in an urgent whisper.

 YOUNG FRANKLIN

 Graham.

Young Graham turns away from his brother.

YOUNG GRAHAM
Go away, Frank.

YOUNG FRANKLIN
Graham, what are you doing...?
Graham! Everybody's looking for
you.

YOUNG GRAHAM
I don't care.

Young Franklin crawls in further. Young Graham stops playing and turns to look at his brother, and we see he is dirty and tear-streaked.

YOUNG GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I'm hungry.

Young Franklin pulls a half-eaten sucker from his pocket, takes off the wrapper, and gives it to his brother.

Young Graham lies down in his nest and eats the candy. Through the porch steps, he watches the legs of adults periodically pass by, as if it were all just a dream.

44 **EXT LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

FRANKLIN
Graham.

Graham stares vacantly at Franklin, slow to come back to the here-and-now. Franklin understands what's in Graham's head, and speaks gently.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
You all right?

Graham hides behind a meaningless complaint.

GRAHAM
There's mosquitos here. I hope you
have spray.

FRANKLIN
Let's go inside, come on.

Graham stares once again at the porch before following.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Come on, buddy.

45 **INT LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Graham follows Franklin into the lake house, which is dark and filled with homemade furniture. Franklin sets about waking the house: testing light switches, letting faucets run, opening windows...

Graham stares out the front window. He sees Lindsey wading into the lake, her dress gathered up in her arms, exposing her calves... her thighs. Graham can't look away. It's only when a light bulb bursts behind Graham, startling him, that he finally leaves the window.

46 **EXT NATURE - SUNSET**

Franklin and Lindsey walk into the woods carrying wine, a blanket, etc. Graham follows, uncomfortable in nature.

They spread the blanket in a secluded spot (near a stream, on a cliff, beside a lake), and sit. The sun sets.

Franklin leans against Lindsey's knees as he tells Graham about his honeymoon.

FRANKLIN

At this point, we were exhausted. We had seen pretty much every possible tourist site in the country. And it was raining. But it was our last day, so, you know... What, are we going to stay in the hotel? And this is all to explain why what happened was such a surprise. You with me, Graham?

GRAHAM

(not paying attention)
What? Yeah.

FRANKLIN

So, we're standing in this cathedral. It's only us and a Japanese tour group. And all of a sudden, the bells start chiming. Just this huge sound coming down. Bong... Bong... And we're all standing there listening, and then the sun, just right at that exact moment the sun breaks through and lights up the stained-glass windows. The whole place fills up with this intense light. All these colors. Blue and red and yellow and orange. And I started to...

(MORE)

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I felt like I started to lift off the ground. Like I was floating. And it went on forever, I swear to God, just floating. And then the bells stopped ringing, and a cloud must have passed in front of the sun because the light sort of went away. And then it was over. It was the most beautiful, perfect moment.

Long pause. Tremendous intimacy passes between Lindsey and Franklin.

Franklin sees Graham is left out. Franklin stands, and strangely begins to walk away.

LINDSEY

Franklin? Hey, where are you going? Hey!

Franklin is almost to the car, which is parked a ways off. He turns back and smiles mischievously.

FRANKLIN

Play nice, you two.

Graham jumps to his feet as he sees Franklin drive off.

GRAHAM

Frank!

Slowly Graham turns back to Lindsey; he's confused, but Lindsey seems to understand.

LINDSEY

Well... looks like we've been given a chance to get to talk.

Graham turns back and yells after the receding car.

GRAHAM

Frank!

47

EXT DIRT ROAD - SUNSET

Graham and Lindsey walk back to the lake house. Silence.

LINDSEY

So... you like it up here, or what do you think?

GRAHAM

It's all right.

Lindsey takes an exasperated breath and moves closer to Graham. Graham is surprised when she takes his hand.

LINDSEY

Look, Graham. I'm not the enemy. You guys are brothers, and you're close in a way Franklin and I will never be.

GRAHAM

That's true.

Lindsey bursts out laughing at Graham's rudeness, and the laughter confuses and irritates Graham.

Lindsey finally stops laughing and releases Graham's hand. She studies him for a moment, as if deciding to accept him, rudeness and all.

48

INT LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Dirty dinner dishes sit on the kitchen table and music plays on an old record player as Lindsey leads Graham through the living room, showing him various framed photographs and explaining their significance. Franklin hangs back, letting his brother and wife bond.

The record ends, and the mood shifts as Franklin puts on a new one. Lindsey glances at Franklin, sending a silent signal, before speaking to Graham.

LINDSEY

You know, I had this idea. And personally I think it's a good one, but you tell me... That guest room? Well, nobody uses it. So I was thinking... We were *both* thinking that if you feel comfortable there, you should bring some of your things from your apartment. Some clothes. A computer. Whatever. Make it your own. Because the thing is, it looks like we're going to be making a lot of weekend trips up here. Especially this summer. Right, Franklin?

Franklin smiles weakly as he leans unsteadily against a bookcase and rubs his forehead.

FRANKLIN

You poisoned me with your cheap, two-dollar wine.

LINDSEY

Oh, really. Well, headache or not,
I still expect you to put out.

FRANKLIN

Such a slut.

Lindsey laughs, but Franklin, apparently in pain, does not.
Graham shifts uneasily.

LINDSEY

Come on, let's get you to bed.

Franklin starts toward Lindsey, but his knees buckle.
Lindsey rushes to him, but then Franklin grabs her and slings
her over his shoulder like a caveman, showing that his
dizziness was an act. Lindsey yelps loudly, almost over-
dramatizing the moment.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I guess we'll see you in the
morning, Graham. You have
everything you need? Bathroom's
right by your room.

FRANKLIN

Just don't piss in the sink, okay?
Because she'll know. Believe me,
she caught me doing that once,
never heard the end of it.

Graham has a whisper of a smile as he watches Franklin and
Lindsey disappear into their bedroom.

49 **OMITTED**

50 **EXT HIGHWAY - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

*Doug's small sports car weaves through the highway traffic.
Graham's car follows several seconds behind.*

51 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

*Graham watches Doug's car closely. His own car's engine
whines as Graham pushes it to keep pace.*

52 **EXT HIGHWAY - MORNING - FLASHFORWARD**

*The morning traffic begins to thin as Doug and Graham travel
south past the San Francisco Bay.*

In contrast to its previous appearance, the Bay is now postcard-worthy -- glassy blue water, bright yellow sky, dozens of brightly colored sailboats.

53 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - DAY - FLASHFORWARD**

Graham finds that the cars between his and Doug's have fallen away. Graham has a clear view of Doug's car.

A long moment passes.

Then Graham's phone rings. Graham checks the caller ID, and puts down the phone. Then he impulsively picks it up again and answers. He speaks as though he didn't know who could be possibly calling.

 GRAHAM
Hello?

 DOUG
Graham?

 GRAHAM
Doug?

54 **INTERCUT DOUG**

 DOUG
That you back there, buddy?

 GRAHAM
Behind you?

 DOUG
Yes.

 GRAHAM
Well, I don't know. I mean, I guess so.

 DOUG
Yeah, that's what we thought.

 GRAHAM
Who's "we"?

 DOUG
Well, you can see that for yourself, can't you? Me and Lindsey.

 GRAHAM
You mean Lindsey, my brother's wife.

Pause.

DOUG
Graham, I'm sorry. This is pretty awkward.

Graham laughs in disbelief.

DOUG (CONT'D)
All right, here's the deal, Graham. And I think if you'll just hear me out...

GRAHAM
(derisively)
Doug the Dog.

DOUG
Okay, you're angry, that's entirely fair. I totally accept that.

GRAHAM
You're an asshole, Doug.

DOUG
Okay... Graham? Now, listen, man. What are you doing here?

GRAHAM
I don't know.

Graham hangs up. For some reason he doesn't understand, he instantly becomes calm, as if this whole thing were happening to someone else. He turns on the radio and mumbles along with a song he only halfway remembers.

55 INT GAMECO, GRAHAM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Graham and Nicole work at their computers. Silence.

NICOLE
Graham?

GRAHAM
What.

NICOLE
I don't want to speak out of turn. But this new guide character on Level Eight that Doug wants? Isn't it just... kind of... fucking stupid?

GRAHAM

It's going to entirely ruin the entire game.

NICOLE

Okay, good. I was hoping you didn't...

GRAHAM

Doug is dating her. The real life version of her, I mean. Or he's trying to date her... He does this. On Ninja Force Five he had me add an assassin named Brenda. Which happened to be the name of our last receptionist.

Nicole nods, and they go back to working in silence.

NICOLE

Graham, I may have said some... On my first day? I may have said some things that are... you know...

GRAHAM

You told me you would rip my fucking balls off.

NICOLE

I didn't say that.

GRAHAM

You said you would rip them off and then shove them up my butthole.

NICOLE

Did I say that?

GRAHAM

You made a sort of tearing gesture with your hand.

Graham demonstrates the gesture. Nicole withers.

NICOLE

Okay, this is not an excuse. But I just went through a kinda tough time. A break up? Which is why I left New York. And I have good days and bad days, but mostly bad days right now, and that was one of them.

(pause)

That was an apology.

Graham pauses until he's certain Nicole is done speaking, then goes back to work. Nicole waits for some sort of acknowledgement. Finally she gives up and resumes working. She laughs, and Graham looks at her, not knowing why.

56 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Graham asleep. Phone rings. He answers.

GRAHAM

Hello?

57 **INT FRANKLIN AND LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Lindsey stands outside her closed bathroom door, on which she will knock occasionally.

LINDSEY

Graham, before I say anything else,
I want you to know this, which is
that everything's going to be okay.

58 **INTERCUT GRAHAM**

GRAHAM

What? Who is this?

LINDSEY

It's Lindsey.

She knocks again on her bathroom door.

GRAHAM

What time is it?

LINDSEY

Graham, listen to me for a second
here and what I'm going to tell
you...

The bathroom door opens and out comes Franklin, looking flushed, but smiling as if this whole thing were a lark.

59 **INT HOSPITAL, EXAM ROOM - NIGHT**

Franklin lies in a hospital bed. Lindsey hovers over him. Graham stands off a few paces.

FRANKLIN

It's all that French food on our
honeymoon. All those crepes...
The soufflés...

LINDSEY
Honey, just rest. Don't talk.

FRANKLIN
All that fat and everything
clogging the... what do you call
the veins in your brain? Just
veins? Who remembers biology?

GRAHAM
I don't think the brain has any
veins.

FRANKLIN
Really? No, that can't be right.

GRAHAM
Isn't it just fed through your
spinal column?

FRANKLIN
Huh.

LINDSEY
Could you both please...?

Pause. Franklin thinks of a way to help.

FRANKLIN
Lindsey, come here. Come closer,
lean down here.

LINDSEY
What do you need, honey?

FRANKLIN
I need you to do something for me.

LINDSEY
Yeah, what is it?

FRANKLIN
I need you to show me your boobs.

LINDSEY
Franklin.

FRANKLIN
Just real quick, raise my spirits.
Both of them. One, then the other.
Bam, bam.

The DOCTOR enters with X-rays and papers.

DOCTOR

Good...

(checks watch)

... morning, I guess I should say.

FRANKLIN

Bad timing, doctor. Come in here a minute later, you would have seen some top-shelf titties.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry you were kept waiting.

LINDSEY

Well, we were, actually, yes.

DOCTOR

And I do apologize. Again. Mr. Houlbrook... And you are his wife?

LINDSEY

Lindsey.

FRANKLIN

And that charming fella is my baby brother Graham. Say something charming, Graham.

The doctor looks politely in Graham's direction, playing along for just a moment, but when Graham simply fidgets the doctor returns to business.

DOCTOR

Good. Okay. We're all here, then.

The doctor consults his papers. The moment is charged with tension. Franklin can't stand it.

FRANKLIN

Before you start? Just a quick question.

DOCTOR

All right.

FRANKLIN

What's it going to take for the Giants to win the division this year? And this is open to anyone.

DOCTOR

Mr. Houlbrook, you have a cancerous tumor in your brain.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It's just below the cerebral hemisphere, between the pituitary and the pineal glands. From its size, I'd guess you've had it for roughly a year now. I assume you've been having headaches and nausea like this for some time?

Franklin deflates, but the motor driving his nervous patter continues, though at a slower pace.

FRANKLIN

I thought it was just a hangover.

DOCTOR

I've called a specialist, who should be here in...
(checks watch)
... he's flying in from Los Angeles, probably be here by noon.

LINDSEY

For what? For a second opinion?

The doctor appraises Lindsey, who obviously is not hearing him.

DOCTOR

For surgery. We're going to...
Your husband needs surgery, ma'am.
All right? We're going to do it as soon as the specialist arrives.

Silence.

FRANKLIN

Idea for a reality show. You tell a guy he's got... Tell him he's got cancer. His whole family, everyone rushes to his bedside. And then... And then, "Surprise! We're just joking!" And the bikini girls come out with balloons. Cut to commercial... Fuck, Lindsey. Shit.

Graham watches Lindsey smile at Franklin in order to hold back tears.

60

INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lindsey follows Graham into his apartment, her cell phone clutched like a lifeline in her hand.

She's too exhausted to appear polite or awkward in Graham's home, in which she's never been, and will only occasionally notice the strangeness of the place.

She calls out to Graham, who has disappeared into the bedroom.

LINDSEY
You've got your phone, right?
Graham?

GRAHAM (O.S.)
What?

LINDSEY
Is your cell phone on? I'm just
checking, in case the hospital
calls.

Graham emerges from his bedroom carrying a towel. He shows his phone to Lindsey, and gives her the towel.

GRAHAM
It's not very clean. The bathroom
isn't. The towel is clean.
(he sniffs it, nods)
It's clean.

LINDSEY
It doesn't matter.

Lindsey takes the towel and goes through the bedroom to the bathroom. We hear the sound of the shower running.

Graham's cell rings, startling him. In the other room, Lindsey calls out.

LINDSEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Graham?

He checks the caller ID, and calls back to Lindsey.

GRAHAM
No, it's just work.
(answers it)
Hi, Doug.

61 INT GAMECO, GRAHAM'S OFFICE - MORNING

DOUG
Graham. Where are you, buddy? I
was about to send out an all-points
bulletin for my star player.

INTERCUT GRAHAM

GRAHAM

I'm not coming in today.

DOUG

Okay. Okay, buddy. Everything all right?

GRAHAM

Everything is fine. I should have called earlier.

DOUG

It's just we got that deadline. But you know that, so I'm not even going to mention it. We all need personal time. You're sure you're okay?

GRAHAM

I'll be in tomorrow. Nicole can... She knows what she's doing, she can take it until then.

DOUG

She's doing great, isn't she? And the guide character for Level Eight? Hey. Seriously. When I show this to my trainer at the gym?

Doug stares at the printed-out picture of his gym trainer, now tacked to the wall, and laughs happily. The sound is loud and obnoxious in Graham's ear.

The shower turns off, and Lindsey calls from the bathroom.

LINDSEY (O.S.)

I'm going to use your robe!

Graham quickly covers his phone.

DOUG

Who was that?

GRAHAM

I'll see you tomorrow, Doug.

DOUG

You got a girl there?

GRAHAM

Was there anything else?

DOUG

Look at you, Graham. All right.
Enough said.

Graham hangs up. He waits at his workstation. Outside, a leaf blower starts up and makes a horrible racket. Long moment.

Finally Graham rises. He crosses the living room to his closed bedroom door. He knocks quietly.

GRAHAM

Lindsey?

No answer. Graham enters slowly. He sees Lindsey has fallen asleep on the corner of his bed, her wet hair splayed out behind her. The robe she wears has risen up on her legs, and the sun shines on them through the window.

Graham calls out very quietly, uncomfortably.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Lindsey? Lindsey...

Slowly Lindsey's eyes open. She stares up at Graham, but doesn't move.

LINDSEY

Your voice. You sound so much like
Franklin. For a second I thought
you were him.

The space between them is thick and slow and dreamlike.

GRAHAM

I'll let you get dressed.

Lindsey nods, and Graham backs out of the room. The door closes slowly and quietly clicks shut.

63

INT HOSPITAL - DAY

Graham and Lindsey stand beside Franklin's gurney as HOSPITAL STAFF prepare to wheel him into surgery. Franklin's head has been shaved bald.

FRANKLIN

What do you think? Is this a good
look for me?

LINDSEY

Very sexy.

FRANKLIN

Glad you think so. This might not grow back. Baldness runs in the family, you know. My dad.

Lindsey kisses Franklin, who is thinking now of death.

LINDSEY

I'll be here waiting.

FRANKLIN

Where the fuck else would you be?

Lindsey laughs grimly. Franklin turns to Graham.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

How you doing?

GRAHAM

Fine.

FRANKLIN

Sorry about all this.

Graham nods curtly, embarrassed at being the recipient of sympathy at this moment.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Listen, distract her while I'm in there, okay? Juggle or something. Tell her that story about when you banged those twins in college.

GRAHAM

What?

FRANKLIN

(winking at Lindsey)

Oh, right, that was me.

Lindsey laughs, and the laugh lets loose the deeper emotions beneath, which causes Franklin to lose his cool.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go. Come on, let's go, let's go.

Lindsey kisses Franklin quickly before he's wheeled away. As he's taken out of sight, Lindsey grabs Graham's arm, trying her best to keep it together.

64

INT HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - SUNSET

Graham sits in the hospital waiting room. Lindsey sleeps beside him. In the corner, a WOMAN lies asleep on the floor. Her two young BOYS play with toys beside her. Graham watches the boys. Muzak plays from tinny speakers.

A NURSE enters the waiting room. The nurse pulls down her sanitary mask as she goes to one of the boys.

NURSE

Are you Franklin?

Graham sees that the boy is YOUNG FRANKLIN.

YOUNG FRANKLIN

Yes.

The nurse kneels beside him.

NURSE

We need a number, sweetie. Do you have a number we can call? Like for your grandparents? Maybe a teacher...?

YOUNG FRANKLIN

A phone number?

The nurse takes a breath. She stands.

NURSE

Why don't you get your brother and come with me, okay?

Young Franklin turns to Graham, who has been ignoring the conversation, his back turned.

YOUNG FRANKLIN

Graham... Graham!

Young Graham slowly lifts his head to look Graham in the face.

Lindsey wakes with a start as the door opens and the children exit the waiting room with their mother -- not the nurse. The presence of the nurse was a fantasy.

LINDSEY

Did I fall asleep? How can I sleep now? What's wrong with me?

GRAHAM

I saw there's a coffee machine.

LINDSEY
 What time is it?
 (checks her cell)
 What did you say?

GRAHAM
 Do you want coffee?

The small kindness somehow takes the wind out of Lindsey, and she takes Graham's hand in both of hers and leans her head on his shoulder.

LINDSEY
 This stupid muzak they play. It's
 torture. They must design it that
 way to occupy your mind.

Lindsey's physical closeness makes Graham uncomfortable. He finally gets up and leaves the room.

65 **OMITTED**

66 **OMITTED**

67 **INT HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Graham walks down the long hospital hallway, where the muzak is louder than in the waiting room.

He passes a door. The door opens. Inside, Graham gets a glimpse of a DOCTOR changing from dirty scrubs to clean ones.

Graham continues. He finds himself humming to the muzak. He turns a corner and comes to the coffee machine. He takes coins from his pocket, and is about to drop them into the slot when he stops.

Slowly his head turns in the direction he came. He starts back. We stay with him every step as he turns the corner and heads back toward the waiting room.

Ahead, he sees the doctor with the clean smock talking to Lindsey outside the waiting room.

Graham stops. He watches Lindsey closely, and makes no expression or movement of any kind when she bursts into tears.

Slowly the muzak and all other ambient sound narrows to a low buzz which gradually increases in pitch and complexity, representing the growing, manic pressure in Graham's head.

68 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - DAY - FLASHFORWARD**

Graham drives on the highway a hundred yards behind Doug's car. His gaze is intense, unwavering.

His cell rings. He answers.

69 **INT DOUG'S CAR - DAY - FLASHFORWARD**

LINDSEY

*I don't know what to tell you,
Graham.*

70 **INTERCUT GRAHAM**

GRAHAM

*Why don't you tell me how this
happened?*

LINDSEY

Remember I spilled the coffee?

GRAHAM

Coffee... what...

LINDSEY

*Doug helped me clean up. We
talked. He was very nice. We
ended up going to get a beer.*

GRAHAM

He asked you out for a "beer"?!

LINDSEY

I don't recall who asked...

Doug nods to Lindsey.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

*He says yes. That's right. He
asked me.*

GRAHAM

How long after?

LINDSEY

*Graham, maybe we could talk about
this when we get back.*

GRAHAM

You're going to the lake house.

LINDSEY

Yes.

Long pause.

GRAHAM

I thought that we... Do I have to say it?

LINDSEY

Yes. What did you think?

GRAHAM

We talked. You remember that, at least.

LINDSEY

Graham.

GRAHAM

You said...

LINDSEY

I did not!

GRAHAM

Then tell me what you said. Because I want to hear it. And I think Doug should hear it, too.

Lindsey hangs up. She glances guiltily at Doug, who waits for an explanation that doesn't come.

71 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAWN**

The day after Franklin's death.

Graham lies asleep, fully-dressed, on top of his blankets. His cell phone alarm goes off, and the apartment comes to life by the series of computer commands we witnessed earlier: lights up on dimmers, radio streaming, heater on, etc....

Rudderless, Graham goes about his morning routine by rote, as if to find solace in the mundane physical actions that define his life. He mumbles compulsively to himself as he...

72 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAWN**

... showers...

73 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAWN**

... dresses...

74 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAWN**

... prepares his breakfast...

75 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAWN**

... and eats mechanically at his workstation. He stops chewing when the computer, left idle for a moment, displays the screensaver of Graham and Franklin at the San Francisco Giants baseball game.

76 **OMITTED**

77 **OMITTED**

78 **INT GAMECO, GRAHAM'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Graham enters his office and numbly goes about his normal routine of preparing for work.

He sits at his workstation, and soon a figure comes into view behind him. Though we see only the figure's torso, we recognize the now-familiar bowling shirt that he wears. When the figure speaks, we're left with no doubt -- it's Franklin.

FRANKLIN

I know what you're thinking,
Graham. And you're right.
Yesterday, there was a horrible
miscommunication at the hospital.
They said I died... It's not true.
I'm okay. I'm here. Look!

Graham stares frozen at his monitor, afraid to look. It's then that Nicole bursts into the office, looking exhausted and stressed.

NICOLE

Graham, thank God you're back. I
was here all night. I imported the
artist's model, but I couldn't get
the fucking animation rig...

Graham turns to stare at Franklin, but there's no one -- it was a fantasy.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Graham...?
(no response)
Graham.

Graham forces himself to appear composed as he turns to Nicole.

GRAHAM

What?

NICOLE

I imported the model, I attached the rig... So far, everything's fine. But when I play the sequence... Let me start up, I'll show you...

She waits for the computer to boot.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I admit it, okay? I'm lost here.
If you want to tell Doug...
(hopeless; to herself)
Looks like I'm going back to prostitution.
(to Graham)
That was a joke.

Doug enters the office.

DOUG

He's back. Thank you, Jesus Christ in heaven. All those hours in prayer last night... Nicole show you the sequence?

Graham glances at Nicole, who watches him anxiously.

GRAHAM

It looks like it might be a computer problem.

Nicole tries to conceal a deep sigh of relief. Doug takes out his cell.

DOUG

I'll call the vendor.

GRAHAM

No, it's... It's fine. I can fix it. These engines sometimes...

DOUG

Well, this is what I pay them for.

GRAHAM

(a flash of irritation)
I said I can fix it, Doug. Okay?
You can go now.

Doug regards Graham as he pockets his cell. Slowly he smiles, and his tone changes to draw Graham out.

DOUG

Well, someone didn't get enough sleep last night. Huh, Graham. You wanna tell me about it? Or is the scenario in my head so much better?

Graham closes his eyes tightly and holds his head. Doug and Nicole exchange an uneasy look.

Finally Graham opens his eyes. He speaks to no one in particular.

GRAHAM

My brother died. Franklin. Yesterday he died. Frank is dead.

Silence. Then Graham rises abruptly, grabs his bag, and strides out of the office.

79

INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE - MORNING

Graham's breathing is labored as he enters the parking structure. He looks around, disoriented, unable to find his car.

Finally he finds it. He attempts to unlock his door, but drops his keys. He picks them up, and when he stands again he finds Nicole standing beside him. Graham jumps, startled, and lets out a sharp yell that induces a similar scream from Nicole. Finally they settle.

NICOLE

Sorry.

Graham quickly glances over Nicole's shoulder, as if looking for Franklin. Nicole chooses to ignore this strangeness.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Is it true?

Graham nods almost imperceptibly. Long pause.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

When I broke up with Jerry... And I'm not saying I understand what you're going through because of this, because I can't. I'm not a total idiot. But he was there, every day. I wake up, there he is. I go to bed, he's right there. And then one day he's just gone.

GRAHAM
Can I... leave now?

Nicole is caught up in her own story, and doesn't hear Graham.

NICOLE
For the first week I was like,
"This isn't happening. This
actually did not happen. Jerry's
going to come back, he's going to
explain how he really *didn't* fuck
that skank, and somehow magically
everything will all work out."

Seeing Graham's baffled expression, Nicole realizes what she's done, and is embarrassed.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Graham, would you like some company
right now? And feel free to say
no.

GRAHAM
No.

Nicole is a little taken aback as Graham gets into his car and pulls away.

80 **OMITTED**

81 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Graham enters his apartment. He looks around tentatively, fearfully, but the apartment is silent -- he's alone.

He's startled by a knock at the door.

82 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - DAY**

Fearful of what he might find, Graham cautiously opens the door -- and is surprised to find Nicole.

NICOLE
Surprise. I followed you. See how
devious I am? All those years
selling drugs.
(pause)
That was a joke. Wow. Look at
this place.

GRAHAM

You what? You followed me home?

NICOLE

It's nice driving after rush hour. It's like you can actually see the city, you know? So far, I haven't really done much of that. I bought a sightseeing book. But when the weekend comes I just can't get up the energy. Can I have something to drink or something? Whatever you have is fine. And then I'm leaving, no matter what you say.

Graham, annoyed, brushes past Nicole, goes to the kitchen, and fills an unwashed glass with blast of tap water. He returns and presents it Nicole.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

GRAHAM

You're welcome.

NICOLE

You're alone today?

GRAHAM

What?

NICOLE

I mean, do you have family coming? Your parents?

GRAHAM

They died -- our parents. *My* parents.

Nicole wants to pursue this, but thinks better of it. She sets aside her glass of water. Long pause.

NICOLE

Thanks for covering for my horrible incompetence at work.

GRAHAM

You're welcome.

Nicole gives a small laugh, hoping to coax a smile out of Graham, but none comes. Nicole watches Graham for a long moment. Finally she goes to him and hugs him. Graham submits uncomfortably.

Nicole then kisses Graham lightly on the cheek, and Graham is startled. Nicole kisses Graham again, this time on the mouth.

83

INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Nicole and Graham nervously enter Graham's bedroom. Nicole looks around at Graham's various electronic gadgets, and finds herself rambling again.

NICOLE

You've got the new...? That's the MP3 player?

GRAHAM

Yeah, just got it.

NICOLE

I was going to get that.

GRAHAM

It's on sale now at Frye's.

NICOLE

Is it?

GRAHAM

One-sixty-nine before tax.

NICOLE

Really, wow.

GRAHAM

Six gigs.

NICOLE

Six?

GRAHAM

Yeah.

NICOLE

Hm.

With their conversation exhausted, they're left to confront the awkward reality of the moment, and it's hard for them to look at each other.

Finally Nicole starts undressing, and with the first button the dam breaks -- they kiss passionately, and gradually make their way to the bed.

84 **OMITTED**

85 **OMITTED**

86 **EXT LAKE HOUSE - MORNING**

Graham parks behind a cluster of cars at the lake house. He takes a deep breath as he peers out at the group of strangers gathered on the lawn for Franklin's funeral reception.

87 **INT LAKE HOUSE - MORNING**

Graham slinks past the mourners and enters the lake house. The house is empty except for Lindsey, who sits alone on the couch, listening to the record player. Lindsey wears sunglasses and a veil, and it almost seems as if she were trying to resemble Jackie Kennedy in mourning, as if, even now, she were hyper-conscious of how she appears to others.

Lindsey gets up and goes to Graham. She hugs him tightly, almost desperately, and Graham can only submit.

As the music plays -- the song that played on Graham's last visit to the lake house -- Graham and Lindsey stand embracing in the middle of the room. In another context, it might look like two lovers slow-dancing.

88 **EXT LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Graham stands with the other mourners at the shore of the lake. A PASTOR stands in front of the group, his back to the lake, and eulogizes.

Graham's attention wanders, and he finds himself staring out at the lake.

He sees a ripple in the surface of the water. Looking closer, Graham sees Franklin swimming a hundred yards out.

Franklin treads water and looks toward the funeral party on the shore. He waves to Graham. Graham starts to return the wave, but quickly forces his hand back to his side.

Lindsey sees Graham's strange, stifled gesture. Graham senses Lindsey watching him, and guiltily turns back to the Pastor.

89 **EXT LAKE HOUSE, LAWN - DAY**

Graham sits off by himself in a row of folding chairs as the other mourners talk quietly or eat from the buffet arranged on the front lawn.

The chair behind Graham squeaks as someone comes to sit. Graham doesn't have to look -- he knows who it is.

FRANKLIN

Who the fuck are all these people?
I know *him*. Asshole. And *him*.
Also an asshole... And where's all
the rending of garments? The women
wailing and tearing out their hair?
Don't these people know I'm dead?

Graham stands abruptly, wanting to escape, and is startled to find Lindsey beside him. He tries to conceal his distress, but Lindsey is too drunk to notice.

LINDSEY

This is my fourth gin. My fifth.
I don't know why they won't take
effect...

Lindsey leans against Graham and puts her arm around him for support. She looks out at the crowd of mourners.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Will you stay tonight? The guest
room is still yours.

Graham looks back to find that Franklin is gone. When he doesn't respond, Lindsey pulls away to look him in the face. Graham takes a long moment before confessing.

GRAHAM

I keep seeing Frank. I see him
everywhere. He talks to me. I can
hear him. I can see him.

Lindsey's eyes lock on Graham's, but then she lets it go.

LINDSEY

Last night I was up 'til three. I
sat there in bed, asking Franklin
what I should do about our
apartment. We had a whole, one-
sided conversation.
(to herself)
My husband dies and I'm worrying
about money. What's wrong with me?

Graham drops it, knowing he won't be understood.

90 **EXT LAKE HOUSE, LAWN - DAY TO NIGHT**

Graham wanders alone through the mourners, who gradually disappear as the sun sets over the lake and the sky becomes dark.

Graham sits alone on the porch of the house. Night falls. Then from inside the house there's the sound of a bottle crashing to the floor. He goes into the house.

91 **OMITTED**

92 **INT LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Graham enters to find Lindsey, very drunk now, picking up a nearly-empty vodka bottle from the living room floor.

LINDSEY
 (in a "whodunit" tone)
 Was it an accident, or was it a
 desperate cry for attention?

GRAHAM
 Should I get a towel?

LINDSEY
 Let it soak in. Years later we'll
 say, "This is the stain made on the
 day of Franklin's funeral."

Pause.

GRAHAM
 I guess I'll go to bed.

LINDSEY
 Graham. Please?

Graham reluctantly takes a seat beside Lindsey on the couch. Lindsey swoons as the alcohol hits her.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 I need to put my head down.

Lindsey lays her head on Graham's lap. She curls against him and shivers.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 Pull that blanket over me?

Graham pulls a blanket over Lindsey's body, which is covered with only a sheer nightgown, but Lindsey's bare leg remains exposed.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
I should have put something on.

It's possible that Lindsey is not flirting -- maybe it's a reflex, a motor that just never shuts off in her -- but the moment is undeniably sexual as Graham looks down at the drunk, barely-dressed body in his lap.

Graham searches for conversation, anything to break the awkward intimacy.

GRAHAM
Everyone today said the worst part
is that it was so sudden. Frank.

LINDSEY
I got that, too.

GRAHAM
How is that the worst part?

LINDSEY
The worst part is he's gone.

Silence. Lindsey is near sleep, her voice barely audible.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
And anyway, it wasn't so sudden.
Those headaches...

GRAHAM
What?

LINDSEY
Like, months ago he started getting
them. We thought it was just...
We didn't know what to think. Then
they got more regular. On our
honeymoon it was almost every day.

GRAHAM
Every day?

LINDSEY
You knew.

GRAHAM
How would I know? If nobody tells
me, how would I know that?

The mood has shifted abruptly. Lindsey sits up.

LINDSEY
Look, we're both tired... We've
been drinking...

GRAHAM
I haven't been drinking.

LINDSEY
Graham...

GRAHAM
What did the doctors say?

Lindsey scoffs and gestures expansively as if to suggest the impossibility of answering the question.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
What did they say?

LINDSEY
I *told* him to go.

GRAHAM
You didn't *take* him?

Lindsey's anger sobers her.

LINDSEY
Is this an accusation? Is that
what you're doing? I just want to
be real clear.

GRAHAM
Somebody tells me Frank is having
headaches every day...

LINDSEY
I didn't say every single day.

GRAHAM
And you don't take him to the
doctor?

LINDSEY
Well, what about you?

GRAHAM
I didn't know!

LINDSEY
And why do you think that is? Poor
Graham, can't even function in the
outside world. He's not going to
tell you something's wrong.

(MORE)

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

He can't. It's always all about you. Even in the hospital he's whispering to me: "How's Graham? Is he all right?" He was *dying*.

Overwhelmed, Graham can't answer. Lindsey exhales, knowing she's gone too far, but not yet able to care.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I would like to be alone now, please.

(Graham starts to respond)

Goodnight.

Graham forces himself to leave the room.

93 **OMITTED**

94 **OMITTED**

95 **OMITTED**

96 **OMITTED**

97 **OMITTED**

98 **OMITTED**

99 **OMITTED**

100 **OMITTED**

101 **OMITTED**

102 **EXT GAS STATION - DAY - FLASHFORWARD**

Doug pumps gas as Graham pulls into the gas station and stops at the next pump. Doug and Lindsey can't believe it. Graham gets out and approaches Lindsey.

GRAHAM

You passed the turnoff.

Lindsey ignores him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Lindsey, you passed the turnoff for the lake house.

LINDSEY

I know that, Graham!

GRAHAM

Well, where are you going now?

LINDSEY

I don't know. When are you going to stop chasing us?

GRAHAM

I don't know.

Doug finishes pumping gas. He passes Graham as he gets back into the car.

DOUG

What are you going to do, Graham?
Kill me, stuff me in a duffel bag,
and throw my body in the bay?

Doug tries to laugh, but Graham's stony expression kills it. Doug gets back into his car.

LINDSEY

Go home, Graham. I want you to
turn around and go home. All
right? This is over. It's not
funny.

Doug drives off. Graham finishes pumping gas, gets into his car, and follows.

103

EXT GAMECO - DAY

Graham buys his lunch at the food truck outside GameCo. Around him, other GameCo employees enjoy casual conversations, but Graham ignores them.

He's startled when Nicole, who is sitting alone reading a book, calls to him.

NICOLE

Where is Alamo Square from here?

GRAHAM

What?

NICOLE

Alamo Square. It's right around here somewhere, isn't it?

GRAHAM

What's Alamo Square?

NICOLE

You know, the houses you always see
in postcards? The painted ladies
or whatever?

Graham shrugs, not interested.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You live in San Francisco and
you've never been to Alamo Square.

GRAHAM

Painted ladies?

NICOLE

I think it *is* close. I think it's
within walking distance. That's
what the book says.

Nicole holds aloft her book, which we see is a well-perused
guidebook of San Francisco. She puts it down when Graham
doesn't respond. Finally Graham starts to walk away.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Graham. Would you like to go to
Alamo Square with me after work?

GRAHAM

Oh.

104 **EXT ALAMO SQUARE - SUNSET**

Graham and Nicole stare at the famous painted ladies in Alamo
Square. They are clearly unimpressed.

NICOLE

They're actually kind of... tacky.
Don't you think?

Graham fidgets, not quite sure why he's there. Nicole takes
a deep breath.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Graham, about what happened last
week. I'm referring to the fucking
we did... if you'll recall... I'm
sorry, I'm nervous.

Nicole laughs dryly as Graham looks away in embarrassment.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

It's just that... after Jerry? I
need to get over that whole thing.

(MORE)

NICOLE (CONT'D)
 And I can't do that if I'm in
 another relationship.

Nicole waits anxiously for Graham's response, but Graham simply shrugs nonchalantly.

GRAHAM
 Yeah, that's fine.

NICOLE
 What, no bitter tears to protect my
 fragile self-esteem?

GRAHAM
 I don't want a relationship,
 either.

Nicole goes further, hoping to get the reaction she wanted.

NICOLE
 And that means no more sex, too.

GRAHAM
 (less enthusiastic)
 Oh. Okay.

Nicole checks off the page in her guidebook and snaps it shut.

NICOLE
 So, you want to get something to
 eat?

GRAHAM
 I guess.

105 **OMITTED**

A106 **INT GAMECO - MORNING**

Lindsey enters GameCo. As always, she is well-dressed and wears makeup, and her presence is immediately noticed by the generally underdressed GameCo workers.

Lindsey has everyone's attention when she calls out:

LINDSEY
 I'm looking for Graham?

106 **INT GAMECO, GRAHAM'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Graham and Nicole work in their shared office. There's a knock on the door, and Graham is displeased to see Lindsey.

LINDSEY
Hi. Can I...?
(sees Nicole)
Hi, I'm Lindsey.

NICOLE
Nicole. Nice to meet you.

LINDSEY
(to Graham)
I was wondering if we could...

Nicole realizes Lindsey wants her to leave, and she tries to be diplomatic.

NICOLE
Lindsey, I was about to get some coffee. Would you like some?

LINDSEY
Thank you.

Nicole leaves the room, leaving the door open. Graham rises to close it, then turns to Lindsey, who takes a deep breath.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Graham, what I said to you at the funeral. I was nasty. I'm sorry.

GRAHAM
It's fine.

LINDSEY
And I wanted to say also that you had a valid point. I probably should have forced Franklin go to the doctor early on.

Graham shrugs irritably.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
You have to understand, though. I mean, who doesn't get headaches, right? And I did suggest to Franklin that he get checked out. I didn't take him, but I did suggest it, I did that.

The door opens and Nicole pops in her head.

NICOLE
I'm sorry, did you want sugar, or...?

LINDSEY
Yes, that's fine.

NICOLE
Got it.

LINDSEY
Thank you...

NICOLE
(pointedly)
Nicole.

LINDSEY
Nicole, right.

Nicole starts to leave, but comes back, interrupting again.

NICOLE
You know, we have a cappuccino
machine here, too, if you'd rather.

LINDSEY
Is there soy?

NICOLE
Um...

LINDSEY
Just regular coffee is perfect.

NICOLE
Be right back.

Nicole leaves. Beat. Lindsey's strained smile disappears,
and she seems to slump.

LINDSEY
When I was a little girl my Sunday
School teacher told us hell was
like seeing movies of all the bad
things you did, all the times you
were selfish or stupid. You see
those moments over and over for
eternity.
(beat)
It's my fault, isn't it?

Graham reluctantly submits as Lindsey hugs him tightly,
letting her head rest on his chest. It's this tableau that
Nicole sees when she returns to the room with coffees.

NICOLE

And here it is... This is for
you...

Embarrassed, Lindsey grabs up her bag instead of taking the coffee from Nicole's outstretched hand.

LINDSEY

I should let you both get back to
work...

NICOLE

You don't want your coffee?

LINDSEY

Thanks anyway.

NICOLE

No problem. I'll just throw it in
the trash.

Lindsey can't ignore Nicole's rudeness, and the two women lock eyes for a moment, communicating their mutual dislike.

LINDSEY

Bye, Graham.

Lindsey takes the coffee from Nicole and leaves the office.

NICOLE

Bit of a princess.

GRAHAM

That's my brother's wife.

NICOLE

His what?

GRAHAM

His widow.

Nicole cringes, regretting her behavior.

NICOLE

Fuck.

Graham watches through his office window as Lindsey makes for the exit. Lindsey is startled as Doug comes out of his office and nearly collides with her, and she spills her coffee on herself. Graham watches as Doug helps her. Doug appears to introduce himself.

Nicole watches Graham watching closely, ignoring everything else, including her, and her jealousy returns.

107 **EXT SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT**

It's two in the morning when the rain finally stops falling on the city, as if the seasons were changing in this very instant. The city falls momentarily silent, as if surprised.

108 **EXT SAN FRANCISCO, MARKET STREET - DAY**

Graham and Nicole walk down Market Street toward downtown. Nicole has her arms around herself to keep out the freezing wind. Graham turns a video camera over in his hands, investigating its features.

NICOLE

This is spring in San Francisco?
I'm gonna fucking freeze my tits
off.

GRAHAM

How do you work this thing?

NICOLE

You're kidding me. You're asking
my technical expertise?

Nicole points out the record button, and Graham starts recording.

[This sequence of outings for Graham and Nicole should be shot on handheld video, as if they themselves shot the footage over several weeks.]

GRAHAM

What's next on the list?

Nicole consults her guidebook.

NICOLE

The fucking stupid trolley
thing...? The cable car?

GRAHAM

Fine.

109 **EXT SAN FRANCISCO - DAY**

Graham and Nicole ride a cable car. Graham is sitting beside a FAT MAN, and makes a disgusted face as the fat man's body rubs against his. Nicole tries to conceal her laughter.

The ride ends, and Nicole checks off the experience in her guide book.

NICOLE
You free this weekend?

GRAHAM
(shrugs)
I guess. What are we doing?

NICOLE
Um... Fisherman's Wharf?

110 **EXT FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAY**

Graham and Nicole walk along the San Francisco Bay, but the wind is blowing and it's apparently still bitterly cold.

Graham videotapes several romantic COUPLES nearby.

GRAHAM
Why do people come here?

NICOLE
The book says it's for the view.

GRAHAM
The view of what?

NICOLE
The air stinks, too. Can you smell that?

GRAHAM
What is that?

NICOLE
Smells like piss. It's homeless piss. I know that smell.

GRAHAM
It's piss and rotting fish.

Nicole poses for Graham, who starts recording with Nicole's camera. She smiles ironically and spins around, as if enjoying a glorious moment. Graham laughs.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
What's next?

Nicole checks off the experience in her guidebook and turns the page.

111 **EXT GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY**

Graham and Nicole walk across the Golden Gate Bridge. Graham looks nervously over the edge, but Nicole is bored by the experience.

NICOLE

You want to see a bridge, you should go to New York. The Brooklyn Bridge. That's a bridge.

GRAHAM

Why don't we go back?

Nicole sees Graham's fear.

NICOLE

You're afraid of heights?

GRAHAM

No.

NICOLE

You are. You total pussy.

GRAHAM

What?!

NICOLE

I called you a pussy. Because that's what you are. You're a big, fat pussy.

GRAHAM

This is why no one likes you.

Nicole stops and stares at Graham in disbelief.

NICOLE

Oh, my God. That was good. I believe that was your first joke.

GRAHAM

Thank you.

NICOLE

A little nasty maybe...

Graham clutches the railing.

GRAHAM

Can we go back?

NICOLE

But we haven't seen a single
suicide yet.

Graham videotapes Nicole checking off the experience in her
guidebook, then hurries back to terra firma.

112 **EXT GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY**

Graham and Nicole stroll through Golden Gate Park. Graham
records with the camera as Nicole stares off into the thick
bushes.

NICOLE

How much gay sex do you think is
happening in this park right at
this exact moment?

The camera slowly falls from Graham's face as he looks around
uneasily. Nicole checks off the experience in her guidebook.

113 **EXT LOMBARD STREET - DAY**

Nicole stares unimpressed at the famously steep and winding
Lombard Street. Graham videotapes Nicole speaking directly
to the camera.

NICOLE

Oh, my God. It's a big, curvy
hill. I can't believe it.
Amazing. Truly.

Nicole checks off the experience in her guidebook.

114 **OMITTED**

115 **OMITTED**

116 **OMITTED**

117 **EXT CLIFF HOUSE - DAY**

Graham and Nicole study the Cliff House's famous camera
obscura, which gives a 360 degree view of the large stone
building and the ocean.

118 **OMITTED**

119 **EXT THE PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR - DAY**

Graham and Nicole walk together through the sculpture garden
outside the museum. For the camera, Nicole imitates the
poses of several familiar statues.

120

EXT SAUSALITO - DAY

Graham and Nicole stand on a corner in downtown Sausalito, a wealthy borough just north of the Golden Gate Bridge. It's sunny and warm, and Graham and Nicole find themselves unable to affect their usual cynical attitude.

Nicole closes her eyes and tilts her head back to enjoy the sun. Graham videotapes her, but slowly puts down the camera and stares at her.

Nicole senses Graham staring and turns to him. Graham looks away. All the things unsaid. Nicole is about to speak when her cell rings. She checks it, turns it off.

GRAHAM

Go ahead, I don't mind.

Nicole shakes her head enigmatically. Graham badly wants to know, but doesn't have the bad taste to ask directly who is calling Nicole.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I mean, I understand, because if it's work...

NICOLE

It's Jerry. My ex?

GRAHAM

What, uh... I mean, why...?

NICOLE

He's been leaving messages. He says he "wants to talk."

Graham laughs awkwardly and tries to make a joke.

GRAHAM

Then just pick up and tell him you're on a date.

NICOLE

This isn't a date, Graham.

GRAHAM

I know.

Nicole sees she's hurt Graham. She touches his arm with the tips of her fingers.

NICOLE

Hey.

GRAHAM
What's next on the list?

NICOLE
I'm sorry.

GRAHAM
What? It's fine. What's next on
the list?

Nicole finally drops it and consults her guidebook.

121 **EXT NOB HILL - DAY**

Graham and Nicole stand awed before the Gothic-style Grace Cathedral in Nob Hill.

122 **INT GRACE CATHEDRAL - DAY**

They enter the immense Grace Cathedral and their eyes naturally rise to the massively high ceilings, which are accented with ornate stained-glass windows.

They walk together through a group of Japanese tourists. Nicole unconsciously grabs for Graham's arm, and from the back they look almost like a young couple about to be married as they approach the altar.

The bells begin to chime and the sun shines through the stained-glass windows, sending red, blue, yellow, orange light to wash over Graham and Nicole. Everything reminds us of the story that Franklin told at the lake.

Graham stops in his tracks, deeply struck by the beauty of the moment, of the city, of his life, and he seems to float weightlessly into the air, just as in Franklin's story.

A123 **EXT NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Nicole leads Graham up the walkway to her ramshackle apartment in a bohemian neighborhood.

123 **INT NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

They enter the apartment. Nicole turns on the light, and Graham sees that every room is completely bare.

NICOLE
This is it.

GRAHAM
Just sit anywhere, I guess?

Nicole laughs, interpreting Graham's question as a joke.

Nicole's cell phone rings again. She checks it quickly, then turns it off and jams it back into her purse. She speaks the first thought that comes into her head.

NICOLE

Coffee?

GRAHAM

Okay.

Nicole goes to the kitchen, leaving Graham alone in the empty living room.

In the kitchen, Nicole quickly checks her cell phone, apparently reading a text message. She takes a deep, silent breath. Without ever having made a move to make the coffee, she goes back to the living room.

Graham is taken aback when Nicole returns and immediately kisses him on the mouth. She does it again, quickly, as if forcing herself, as if afraid of what she might do otherwise.

The kissing escalates quickly to touching. But abruptly, Nicole pulls away.

NICOLE

You have to go.

(Graham doesn't move)

You have to go now, Graham.

Graham goes to kiss Nicole goodbye. She accepts the kiss, which immediately re-kindles the fire. It's only by a tremendous act of will that Nicole pushes Graham away.

124 **EXT NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Graham exits Nicole's apartment and she shuts the door. He remains in place for a long moment.

Then he re-enters the apartment.

125 **INT NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Graham walks purposefully to Nicole, and they embrace and kiss passionately. Finally Nicole pulls away.

NICOLE

I know what you're thinking,
Graham. And you're right. That
was Jerry who called. But I'm glad
he did. Because I told him I found
someone else. I told him I found
you.

They kiss again, finally admitting to their feelings for each other...

126 **EXT NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

... but in the next moment, Graham is back outside Nicole's door -- the moment was a fantasy. Graham hears Nicole's cell phone ringing from inside, and he slowly turns to leave.

127 **INT GAMECO, GRAHAM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Graham and Nicole play a video sequence from the game for Doug's approval.

On the computer screen we see Doug's new female guide character. The previous technical problems have been solved.

The sequence ends, and Graham and Nicole turn to level flat, unenthusiastic stares at Doug.

DOUG

You know, I knew I didn't give you guys enough time. And I knew this was going to be a lot of work. But what you guys have done here... It's great. It's really great.

Graham and Nicole exchange a relieved look.

NICOLE

Graham and I were talking before. We agreed if you didn't like it, Graham was going to kill you, stuff your body in a duffel bag, and dump it in the bay.

Doug laughs uncomfortably. Nicole's cell rings. She answers it quickly, and retreats to the far end of the office. Doug moves closer to Graham.

DOUG

Just a question, though. Just brainstorming... I wonder how hard would it be to change her hair color.

GRAHAM

This is what you... You told us brown hair.

DOUG

And maybe shorter. If it were more, I don't know... blonde? And shorter?

NICOLE
(into her cell)
Hello?

Graham gestures to the picture of Doug's trainer.

GRAHAM
You said you wanted this girl, we
gave you this girl. You showed me
a pic. You said, "This girl."

DOUG
No, I see your point.

GRAHAM
Now you want someone else?

DOUG
Okay, Graham, I get it. Let's go
with this girl, she's fine. She's
great.

Graham can't help repeatedly stealing glances at Nicole
talking on her cell as Doug tries to speak to him.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Listen, I was hoping we'd have a
moment here. How you doing?

GRAHAM
Fine.

DOUG
I appreciate you coming back to
work so soon. Sometimes that's the
best thing, though, right? Move
forward?

GRAHAM
Right.

DOUG
For you to move forward. For
Lindsey, too. She's a great girl,
Graham.

Nicole's voice rises angrily as she ends her call.

NICOLE
No. I said no!

Nicole hangs up and goes back to her seat beside Graham. She
does not look at anyone. Doug pats Graham's shoulder in an
overly friendly way as he gets up.

DOUG
Hey. Good talk.

Doug starts to exit, then turns back and calls out.

DOUG (CONT'D)
We're going with this girl. She's
the one!

Then he's gone. Silence. Graham waits for Nicole to explain the call, but she says nothing, sitting mutely beside him.

Graham picks up Nicole's guidebook, trying to find a way to break through to her. He flips to a particular page.

GRAHAM
I was looking at your guidebook.
One thing we still haven't seen...
(shows her the page)
I used to go here with my brother.
I think they're playing tonight.
Do you...

NICOLE
Okay.

GRAHAM
Great, so, come by my place? We'll
go together?
(no answer)
Nicole?

NICOLE
Yes. Let's do that.

128 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Graham sits on his couch. He wears a San Francisco Giants hat, and watches the game already underway on TV.

There's a knock at the door. Graham answers it. He's surprised to find Lindsey, who is struggling with a heavy box, about to drop it.

LINDSEY
Can you...? It's falling. Graham.

Graham takes the box. He carries it into the kitchen and puts it on the table. Lindsey follows. Tense silence.

GRAHAM
Hi.

LINDSEY

I should have called, I know.
Somehow I've lost all my people
skills.

Lindsey stares at Graham, surprised at his longer hair, his tanned face.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

You look good. You look great.

Graham seems equally surprised by Lindsey's ragged, unkempt appearance. It appears as though Lindsey hasn't slept recently.

GRAHAM

What's in the box?

LINDSEY

Some of your brother's things. I
know he would have wanted you to
have them.

(laughs at herself)

Why is it that this experience has
made me speak in clichés?

Graham starts to open the box. Lindsey stops his hand.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Could you not open it now?

Graham closes the box. Seeing Lindsey's fragile condition, Graham becomes polite.

GRAHAM

Would you like something to drink,
or...?

LINDSEY

(surprised)

That would be great.

Graham goes to the fridge as Lindsey takes a seat. The scenario is eerily similar to when Nicole visited Graham the day after Franklin's death.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I'm moving back to the lake house.
I can't afford that apartment...
What with no job and absolutely no
skills of any kind.

(a hollow laugh)

I don't suppose your company is
hiring someone like that.

Graham stands beside the open fridge.

GRAHAM

All I have is milk.

Lindsey begins to cry. Graham goes to sit beside her and rubs her back. Slowly Lindsey leans into Graham, and they embrace.

Lindsey looks up at Graham, their faces inches apart. She touches his hair, lets her fingertips run through it.

LINDSEY

Your hair. You look so much like him.

Lindsey's fingers stroke Graham's hair. But then Lindsey backs away, embarrassed.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I have to go.

Lindsey reaches the front door. She turns back to give Graham one last look before forcing herself to go.

Graham trembles as he stares at the closed door.

129 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Graham trembles still as he lies in bed. He envisions the worst:

130 **OMITTED**

131 **EXT NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Graham parks and runs up the stairs to Nicole's apartment. He's about to knock, but stops. He backs away. Trying to be silent, he climbs the railing and shuffles toward the front window.

The window's curtains are drawn, so Graham slowly shuffles out onto a precarious ledge to reach another window.

He peers inside.

He's startled by a scream from within, and almost falls.

The window flies open, and Nicole appears.

NICOLE

Graham, what the fuck?

Graham does his best to appear nonchalant despite the situation.

GRAHAM

Oh, hey. I just wanted to... There was a game tonight. A baseball game. I couldn't remember if we...

Nicole takes a deep breath. She fixes her hair.

NICOLE

Graham. I have to tell you something.

Behind Nicole at the window appears a man we can presume to be JERRY. Jerry is preternaturally casual.

JERRY

Is this Graham? Graham, hi. I'm Jerry.

Jerry extends his hand. Graham, straining greatly, manages to shake it.

GRAHAM

What're you...? You're Jerry from New York?

NICOLE

Jerry, could you maybe give us a minute?

JERRY

You know what? Why don't we all talk about this. Why don't you come inside, Graham. We'll sit down, we'll talk about this like adults.

NICOLE

Jerry...

Graham crumples, realizing what's happened. His foot slips, and he grabs the ledge to keep from falling. Nicole leaves the window hurriedly.

Graham shuffles off the ledge, jumps down from the railing, and slowly descends the steps. Nicole appears behind him. We now see she wears a robe.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Graham...

132 **EXT NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Graham walks slowly to his car. His face is expressionless, impenetrable, like the Graham we remember from before.

Nicole comes running after Graham in her bare feet.

NICOLE

Graham, we didn't have sex. I'm serious. We didn't.

(no response)

Okay, that's a lie. I'm sorry. Graham, I didn't plan on it.

Nicole grabs Graham's arm, but he pulls free and continues to his car.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I just missed him for so long, and then all of a sudden he's there, and I just lost my fucking head. I'm sorry.

Graham doesn't look at Nicole as he tries to escape into his car, but Nicole stands in his way.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Graham, look at me.

Graham turns and quickly walks away from Nicole.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Graham!

133 **EXT STREET - NIGHT**

Graham strides robotically down the empty street. He hears footsteps pursuing him from behind. He turns, expecting Nicole, but it's not her -- it's Franklin.

Graham continues on, faster now. He passes a man sitting on a dark stoop -- it's Franklin.

And crossing the street, there he is again -- Franklin.

Graham stops in his tracks, frightened, as he sees multiple embodiments of Franklin all around him.

134 **EXT HIGHWAY - DAY**

Doug's car passes on an empty stretch of the Pacific Coast Highway, which winds along the ocean, where the sun is setting. Graham's car follows a moment later.

135 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - DAY**

Graham's eyes droop as he drives. His cell rings. He answers.

GRAHAM

What.

136 **INT DOUG'S CAR - DAY**

DOUG

Whaddya think of that sunset out there, buddy?

137 **INTERCUT GRAHAM**

GRAHAM

Yeah. Nice.

DOUG

I've never been this far south. Great country down here, wouldn't you say? Great for a road trip. How come you and I never did that?

GRAHAM

Where are you going?

DOUG

Kinda not sure. Kinda trying to not think about it and keep from freaking the fuck out over this whole situation, if you wanna know the truth.

Graham's cell beeps.

GRAHAM

*Hold on, I have another call.
(clicks call waiting)
Hello?*

138 **INT GAMECO, GRAHAM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Nicole is getting set to leave work for the night, and we follow her as she leaves the building and heads for the parking structure.

NICOLE

Graham, I know I have this anger thing. So I take that into consideration. But I've thought about this all day now, and I gotta tell you I'm genuinely pissed off.

139

INTERCUT GRAHAM

GRAHAM

At me?

NICOLE

Yes, at you. I said I wasn't ready for a relationship. I was straight up with you on that.

GRAHAM

I never said you weren't.

NICOLE

*And you know what else?**Graham's cell beeps.*

GRAHAM

Hold on. I'm getting another call.

NICOLE

And you know what else? I think it's just fucking rude you didn't answer my calls last night so we could talk about this thing.

GRAHAM

I was busy.

NICOLE

Doing what?

GRAHAM

I was with Lindsey. I went to see her.

NICOLE

*Lindsey, your brother's wife?**Graham's cell continues to beep.*

GRAHAM

*Hold on.
(clicks call waiting)
Hello?*

140

INTERCUT DOUG

DOUG

*Hey, lost you there, buddy.**Lindsey snatches Doug's phone.*

LINDSEY

You know, we're both getting tired
of you hanging up on us every time.

GRAHAM

I didn't hang up. Nicole called.
She's still on the line.

Lindsey is struck with an idea.

LINDSEY

Put me on three-way. I want to
talk to her.

Graham clicks back to Nicole.

GRAHAM

Nicole?

NICOLE

What?

GRAHAM

Lindsey wants to talk to you.

NICOLE

You're with her?

GRAHAM

It's on three-way. Hold on.

*Graham, caught in the rhythm of the phone business, puts
Nicole on three-way.*

NICOLE

I don't want to talk to her.
Graham! I don't want to...

LINDSEY

(having heard Nicole)
Well, I think it might be a good
idea, Nicole. Because Graham is
chasing us in his car. Me and
Doug.

NICOLE

Doug the Dog?

GRAHAM

Yep.

NICOLE

What are you doing with him?

GRAHAM

That's what I would like to know.

LINDSEY

Look, as I tried to explain to Graham, these past few months have been very hard. Doug and I struck up a friendship.

DOUG

A "friendship"...?

LINDSEY

You know what? I don't have to justify this to you, Nicole.

DOUG

You're talking to Nicole?

LINDSEY

She's Graham's girlfriend, Doug.

DOUG

Graham has a girlfriend? Holy shit. Gimme your phone.

Lindsey, still talking on Doug's phone, hands Doug hers. Doug dials, and Lindsey patches him into the conversation to make a four-way call over Nicole's next line.

NICOLE

I'm not his girlfriend, Lindsey. I made that clear. I was straight up with him on that.

DOUG

Doug the Dog here. How we doing, party people?

LINDSEY

Well... Sometimes a girl puts out signals, Nicole.

NICOLE

This coming from you?

LINDSEY

What's that supposed to mean?

NICOLE

I saw you hanging all over Graham at the office. And now he tells me he was with you last night?

DOUG

What?!

LINDSEY

He came over. What am I supposed to do?

DOUG

What did you do?

NICOLE

Yeah! What did you guys do?

Lindsey and Doug continue talking to each other through each other's cells, even though they're riding in the same car.

LINDSEY

I don't think I need to answer that, Doug.

DOUG

Well, I think I have... We're three hundred miles south of the goddam city and I think I have a...
(*emphatically hangs up*)
I think I have a right to know!

Lindsey hangs up with equal emphasis. They exchange phones and resentfully stare out at the highway.

Nicole, who has finally reached her car in the GameCo parking structure, also hangs up.

Left all alone on the line, Graham gently puts his phone down and stares out at the sun setting in the ocean.

141 **OMITTED**

142 **INT FRANKLIN AND LINDSEY'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Stacks of boxes fill Lindsey's apartment in preparation for moving day.

Graham paces the kitchen like a caged animal as Lindsey, dressed in a sheer nightgown, pours him a medicinal cocktail.

LINDSEY

This is vodka. It's made from potatoes, so it's basically pretty good for you.

GRAHAM

I don't...

LINDSEY

Drink it.

Graham takes a drink and makes a face.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

So, what happened?

GRAHAM

You remember the girl from work?

Lindsey gets it immediately.

LINDSEY

Let's sit down.

143

INT FRANKLIN AND LINDSEY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Graham and Lindsey sit together on the couch. We know the story and don't need to hear it again, so we focus instead on the telling of it: we see Graham's lack of self-consciousness as he expresses pain, then anger, then confusion; we see Lindsey's sympathy as she sits beside Graham on the couch and occasionally takes his hand, as is her habit; we see the periodic re-filling of the cocktail glasses...

We see through Graham's eyes, too: the lights of the city getting blurry now after too much to drink; the stacks of boxes seeming to teeter dangerously; the way that Lindsey -- has she always been so kind? -- listens to every word, and looks so beautiful in the lamplight and with her sheer nightgown rising and falling over the curves of her body...

Graham's story ends. Lindsey is holding Graham's hands in hers. Graham treads out onto the fragile silence.

GRAHAM

I wanted to tell you this... It's not your fault, okay?

Lindsey shifts uncomfortably, not wanting to feel the pain of remembering Franklin right now.

LINDSEY

Let's not talk about this.

GRAHAM

You think it was your fault, but it wasn't.

LINDSEY

Okay, Graham.

GRAHAM

You were good to him. I saw it.
And Frank loved you.

LINDSEY

(breaking down)
Yeah?

GRAHAM

Yeah, he... I never heard him ever
say anything bad about you.

LINDSEY

Graham...

GRAHAM

From the first moment he met you,
he just knew.

Lindsey turns away to fight back tears, and Graham
impulsively fills the void.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I don't want you to move back to
the lake house.

LINDSEY

(laughs)
No?

GRAHAM

I want you to stay. I want to...
I've always liked you, Linds.

LINDSEY

I've always liked you, too, Graham.

Graham laughs out loud, a damn breaking inside him.

GRAHAM

I don't want you to go!

The laughter dies, and there's a long silence. He looks at
Lindsey's hand in his and strokes it. He looks up at her.
He leans forward. He kisses her lightly on the mouth, then
slowly pulls away.

Lindsey smiles at Graham. The smile is enigmatic,
impenetrable, as she sifts through feelings of surprise,
discomfort, even pleasure.

LINDSEY

We'll talk soon, okay?

GRAHAM

Yeah?

LINDSEY

Very soon... And I want you to be careful driving home.

Lindsey rises from the couch, and Graham follows. She opens the door for him. Graham turns back, wanting to confirm what he believes just occurred.

GRAHAM

We'll talk soon, then.

LINDSEY

Yes.

GRAHAM

About all of it.

Lindsey holds her smile as she slowly closes the door. The lock bolts quietly.

144 **EXT SAN FRANCISCO - DAWN**

Graham, though exhausted and drunk, is elated as he surveys the beautiful city -- his city, coming to life as the sun rises over the bay -- and laughs from the sheer joy of the moment.

145 **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAWN**

Graham returns home to his apartment. Still full of excitement, he sits at his kitchen table and mutters to himself bits of his conversation as he remembers it.

GRAHAM

I always liked you... I liked you, too. I liked you, too, Graham. Well, so do I...

Slowly the energy dies in Graham. He shudders. Behind him, a figure comes into view -- it's Franklin.

FRANKLIN

I know what you're thinking, Graham. And you're right. How could it work? She was my wife. Your brother's wife. You know this.

GRAHAM

(very quietly)
Shut up.

FRANKLIN

Look, I understand. It's never been easy for you. After mom and dad died...

GRAHAM

(louder)
Shut up, Frank.

FRANKLIN

No, we're going to talk about this.

GRAHAM

No! I don't want to talk about it!
Why can't you leave me alone?
You're dead!

Graham rises quickly. He strides through his apartment, muttering loudly, incomprehensibly. He lashes out indiscriminately with his arms, tearing things off the shelves, kicking over stacks of books, smashing electronic gadgets...

... and then he stops. In front of him is the box of Franklin's possessions that Lindsey brought him.

Very slowly Graham opens the box. He reaches in and pulls out Franklin's hat. He puts it on.

All ambient sound then slowly narrows to a low buzz, which gradually increases in pitch and complexity, representing the growing, manic pressure in Graham's head.

It's then that Graham's alarm goes off, bringing the destroyed apartment to life.

146 **EXT SAN FRANCISCO - MORNING**

A bright June morning in San Francisco.

Rush-hour traffic flows over the steep hills toward downtown.

147 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - MORNING**

In one of these many cars is Graham.

148 **EXT GAMECO, SECURITY GATE - MORNING**

Graham drives through the front entrance of GameCo headquarters. He stops at the security gate, and shows his ID badge to the SECURITY GUARD at the booth.

The guard gives a double-take -- Graham looks nothing like his ID photo, which shows him with short, geeky hair and a T-shirt.

SECURITY GUARD

Graham...? Well, goddam, man.
Look at them new clothes. What in
the hell happened to you?

149 **INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE - MORNING**

Graham drives up the multi-leveled parking structure.

GRAHAM

Hello, how are you...? How's it
going...? Have yourself a nice
day... Have a wonderful day...

150 **INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE, STAIRWELL - MORNING**

Graham mumbles as he descends the winding stairwell.

151 **INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE - MORNING**

Graham emerges from the stairwell on a lower level of the parking structure. He heads toward the walkway which leads to the adjoining office building.

At the walkway stands Lindsey, nervously smoking a cigarette.

Graham sees her and stops. He's about to call to her, but then Doug's voice rings out.

DOUG

Lindsey, hey, there you are.

Graham sees Doug kiss Lindsey, and flinches as if he had been slapped.

152 **INT GAMECO PARKING STRUCTURE, UPPER LEVEL - MORNING**

Graham bursts out of the stairwell and runs for his car.

153 **EXT GAMECO - MORNING**

Graham's car emerges from the parking structure. Graham sees Doug's car leaving the security booth and preparing to enter the still-steady stream of morning traffic beyond. Graham speeds to the booth.

GRAHAM

Would you open the gate?!

SECURITY GUARD
There he is. That's the
motherfucker I know.

The gate opens, and Graham speeds out of the lot and in the direction of Doug and Lindsey.

154 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - MORNING**

Graham speaks to Nicole on his cell.

NICOLE
Graham, I'm sorry. How many times
can I say it? I fucked up.

Graham stares ahead and focuses on Lindsey in Doug's car.

GRAHAM
It doesn't matter now.

NICOLE
Graham, where are you going?
(no response)
Graham!

Graham stomps on the accelerator, and his car jolts onto the highway in pursuit of Doug and Lindsey.

155 **EXT HIGHWAY - MORNING**

The morning traffic begins to thin as Doug and Graham travel south past the San Francisco Bay.

In contrast to its previous appearance, the Bay is now postcard-worthy: glassy, blue water; bright yellow sky; dozens of brightly colored sailboats.

156 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - DAY**

Graham speaks on his cell.

DOUG
That you back there, buddy?

GRAHAM
Behind you?

DOUG
Yes.

GRAHAM
Well, I don't know. I mean, I
guess so.

DOUG
Yeah, that's what we thought.

GRAHAM
Who's "we"?

The moment repeats as the action becomes disjointed, and we see previous bits of action from new angles.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Who's "we"...? Who's "we"?

DOUG
Okay, that's fair.

GRAHAM
Doug the Dog.

The conversation morphs into Graham's call with Lindsey:

LINDSEY
I don't know what to tell you,
Graham.

GRAHAM
Why don't you tell me how this
happened?

LINDSEY
Remember I spilled the coffee?

GRAHAM
I thought that we...

LINDSEY
What did you think?

GRAHAM
You said...

LINDSEY
I did not!

GRAHAM
Then tell me what you said.
Because I want to hear it.

157

EXT HIGHWAY - DAY

Graham's car passes the exit sign for Crystal Lake.

158 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - DAY**

 GRAHAM

I thought you were going to the
lake house.

 LINDSEY

Go home, Graham. I want you to
turn around and go home. All
right? This is over. It's not
funny.

159 **OMITTED**

160 **OMITTED**

161 **OMITTED**

162 **EXT GAS STATION - DAY**

Graham gets out of his car, and he and Doug stare at each
other. Doug tries to joke to conceal his fear.

 DOUG

What are you going to do, Graham?
Kill me, stuff me in a duffel bag,
and throw my body in the bay?

163 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - SUNSET**

 NICOLE

I said I wasn't ready for a
relationship.

 GRAHAM

I was with Lindsey. I went to see
her.

 NICOLE

Lindsey, your brother's wife?

 GRAHAM

That's what I would like to know.

 LINDSEY

She's Graham's girlfriend, Doug.

 NICOLE

I'm not his girlfriend.

 LINDSEY

He came over. What am I supposed
to do?

DOUG
What did you do?

LINDSEY
I don't think I need to answer
that.

DOUG
Well, I think I have a right to
know!

Graham stares out at the ocean as the sun sets and night
falls.

164 **EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

It's somewhere after midnight, and the highway winds along
the Pacific coast. There are few cars other than Doug's and
Graham's.

165 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT**

Graham stares ahead at Doug's car. Graham's eyes are red and
dry. Stubble has appeared on his face.

166 **INT DOUG'S CAR - NIGHT**

Doug looks no better as he continues driving, Lindsey asleep
beside him. His eyelids droop as he begins to fall asleep.

167 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT**

Graham sees Doug's car drift across the road. It's almost as
if the car were being driven by a drunk.

Sure enough, the next sound we hear is a police siren, and a
cop car with lights blaring emerges from the dark and pursues
Doug.

Graham watches Doug's car pull over. Still a few hundred
yards behind, Graham also pulls over.

168 **INT DOUG'S CAR - NIGHT**

Lindsey wakes, sees the COP approaching Doug's window, and
quickly dials her cell.

169 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT**

Graham answers his cell. The reception is very bad.

GRAHAM
Hello?

LINDSEY
 ... choice now... Do you want me
 to... the cop what you're ...? ...
 arrested...

170 **INTERCUT LINDSEY**

GRAHAM
 I can't... .. you repeat...
 reception...

LINDSEY
 ... night in jail...

GRAHAM
 I still can't... Hello?

The call breaks off, and Graham puts down his cell, turns off his car, and waits for his inevitable arrest. It's over.

A long moment later, Graham is surprised to hear the sound of the police cruiser pulling away.

171 **EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Doug gets out of his car and waves his arms at Graham. Graham gets out of his car. From across the two hundred yards, they shout at each other, and their voices echo off the rocky hillside.

GRAHAM
 Why didn't you have me arrested?

DOUG
 Lindsey wouldn't let me.

GRAHAM
 Tell her thanks.

DOUG
 Graham, I think you've made your
 point. But it's over now. Go
 home.

GRAHAM
 What will you do? You and Lindsey?

DOUG
 We'll find some motel. We still
 want to make a weekend out of it.

GRAHAM
 What happened to the trainer?

DOUG
The what?

GRAHAM
The girl from your gym. You showed
me her pic on your cell?

DOUG
She said that ultimately I'm not
her type.

GRAHAM
What's her type?

DOUG
She said she likes... you know...
(glances at Lindsey)
... the more masculine type.

Sitting stoically in the car, Lindsey can't help glancing
back at Doug. Doug is embarrassed.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Will you go home? Please?

Graham thinks about this.

GRAHAM
No.

DOUG
Maybe I could have been nicer to
you.

GRAHAM
You were all right.

DOUG
Then I have to say I'm confused.

GRAHAM
So am I.

Pause.

DOUG
Are you okay?

GRAHAM
No, I don't think I am.

Pause. Doug yells like a petulant child.

DOUG
I have to get gas!

GRAHAM
I saw a sign. It's only a couple
miles up ahead.

Doug and Graham return to their cars. The chase resumes.

172 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR / DOUG'S CAR - NIGHT**

Graham, Doug, and Lindsey are now locked into the chase, as if they were born doing this, and there is nothing else in life to do.

172A **EXT GAS STATION - NIGHT**

We see them at another gas station, again silently going through the motions, not talking.

172B **EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

We see them turning randomly onto a new highway that leads away from the ocean.

172C **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT**

We see Graham scream and slap his face to keep from falling asleep.

172D **EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

As the moon makes its circuit, the tires hum on the pavement of the highway.

The rhythmic hum of the tires becomes the rhythm of the song that played on the record player in the lake house. But the music sounds different now, as if played far off somewhere, and it begins to mix with the low, hollow buzz that we have come to associate with Graham's manic mind.

These strange sounds become the backdrop for the confused images that appear in Graham's mind:

172E **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY**

Graham is consoled by Nicole after Franklin's death.

172F **INT LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Graham consoles Lindsey on the night of Franklin's funeral.

172G **OMITTED**

172H **INT GAMECO - DAY**

Nicole (not Lindsey) spills coffee on herself at GameCo, and is consoled by Doug.

172HA **INT GAMECO - GRAHAM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Graham enters his office to find Lindsey (not Nicole), as it happened on Nicole's first day of work at GameCo.

172HB **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY**

Graham enters his bedroom to find Nicole (not Lindsey), has fallen asleep on his bed, as it happened when Lindsey visited Graham's apartment during Franklin's hospital stay.

172I **EXT SAN FRANCISCO - DAY**

Walking through the tourist sites of San Francisco, Graham finds himself with Lindsey, then Nicole, then Lindsey...

172J **INT GRAHAM'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY**

Graham sees himself dressed as a computer nerd, and then as Franklin, and then as Doug...

172K **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT**

All the while, Graham is drifting closer and closer to sleep.

172L **EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

At some indistinguishable point, Graham pulls to the shoulder and fights off sleep as, ahead, Lindsey takes Doug's place at the wheel.

Driving again, Graham's car drifts dangerously onto the shoulder. The car jolts as it passes over rocks, disrupting the rhythm of the music. All at once Graham finds himself...

173 **EXT PORCH - DAY**

... under the porch we've seen before. This time, Graham is there as an adult. So, too, is Franklin, who crawls in the narrow space and comes to sit beside Graham.

FRANKLIN

Graham?

GRAHAM

Go away, Frank.

FRANKLIN

Everybody's looking for you, buddy.

GRAHAM

I'm not coming out. I want mom and dad.

FRANKLIN

They died. You know that. They're not coming back.

GRAHAM

I want mom and dad.

Franklin takes a deep breath and tries to explain it as simply as he can.

FRANKLIN

(deep breath)

Graham, there was an accident on the highway. It was nobody's fault. But they're gone now. You've gotta come out.

Graham turns away and lays down in the dirt.

GRAHAM

I want to go to sleep now.

FRANKLIN

Don't know if that's the best idea, buddy. As a matter of fact...

174 **INT GRAHAM'S CAR - NIGHT**

Graham wakes with a start and yanks the wheel to avoid driving off the narrow, winding mountain highway he now finds himself on.

His cell rings.

175 **INT DOUG'S CAR - NIGHT**

Lindsey is driving now, and Doug lies asleep in the passenger seat. Lindsey is exhausted and near hysterics.

LINDSEY

Do you know where we are?

176 **INTERCUT GRAHAM**

GRAHAM

No.

LINDSEY

I took some exit. I was going to turn around. What is this place, Graham? I'm lost.

Graham sees Lindsey's car pull to a stop along a deserted mountain road.

GRAHAM

Why are you stopping?

LINDSEY

I ran out of gas!

177

EXT MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Graham pulls to a stop a hundred yards behind Lindsey's car.

Graham watches as Doug gets out of the car ahead. He gesticulates angrily as he sees he is stranded.

Doug stomps toward Graham's car. Graham watches him, his eyes drooping. He's asleep by the time Doug pounds on his window. For a brief moment, Graham smiles, as if surprised to see his boss. But Doug looks furious as he yanks impotently on Graham's locked door.

DOUG

Get out! Get out of the car! Get out of the fucking car!

Graham unlocks his door and gets out.

Graham and Doug face each other. Doug suddenly loses his courage and purpose. The wind blows and Doug shivers.

GRAHAM

Dougie Dog. Doug Doggy Dog.
Doggie Doug Dog Doggie Doug Doug.
(laughs manically)
What now?

DOUG

I guess I'm going to have to beat the crap out of you.

GRAHAM

Oh.

DOUG

Or you can just let us have your car.

Graham shakes his head, and, in his exhaustion, this small act makes him lose his balance slightly.

Lindsey calls out from a few yards away, startling both Graham and Doug.

LINDSEY

Doug is done playing with you,
Graham. He's going to hurt you.

Graham looks at Doug to see if this may be true. Doug, clearly feeling pressured, forces himself to meet Graham's eyes.

GRAHAM

Okay.

Doug runs at Graham and hits him with his shoulder like a linebacker hitting a running back. Graham's hat (Franklin's) falls to the road. Doug and Graham stumble backward, and Doug's head strikes Graham's car. Doug immediately releases Graham and grabs his head with both hands. He hisses in pain.

DOUG

Dang it! Dang it!

Lindsey tries to restart the stalled action.

LINDSEY

Doug, come on!

Doug runs at Graham and begins swinging wildly, head down. Graham grabs Doug in a headlock and begins rapping repeatedly on the spot on Doug's head where he was injured.

Enraged, Doug tackles Graham to the ground. They trade blows and positions as they roll over the muddy road.

Finally Doug establishes a dominant position over Graham, as he sits on his chest and delivers blows to Graham's face.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Hit him harder! Hit him in the
head! Kill him!

Surprised and somewhat disgusted by Lindsey's vehemence, Doug turns to her, as if reappraising this person he thought he liked. In that moment, Graham flings Doug off him and does a knee drop onto his back. Doug squeals girlishly in pain.

Surprised at the effectiveness of his strike, Graham backs away quickly. Doug stands to face him. The fight has now entered a new, more serious level.

Slowly, with Lindsey watching anxiously, Graham and Doug advance on each other. They exchange punches. We see them refine their techniques and land more solid blows.

Doug strikes Graham in the nose. Graham's nose explodes with blood. He backs off and moans.

Doug exchanges a look with Lindsey. They're excited, urgent. Doug is the hero.

Doug advances on Graham and hits him again. Somehow he manages to connect with a right to Graham's temple, and follows up with a left on the other temple.

Graham crumples to his knees. Doug moves close and delivers a series of rabbit punches to the back of Graham's head. Desperate, Graham punches Doug in the balls.

Doug goes down, panting and whimpering. Graham, still reeling from the punches to the head, lies beside him.

Graham only moves when he feels Lindsey digging into his pants for his keys.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Gimme your keys, Graham! Where are they?

She yanks them from his pants pocket and steps back. Graham lunges after her. Lindsey screams and starts to run off into the surrounding woods. Graham pursues her. Behind him, Doug rises to his feet and takes up the chase.

Lindsey, Graham, and Doug run awkwardly through the trees and brush.

Just as Graham is about to catch Lindsey, Doug grabs him from behind. Graham turns to engage, and Doug pulls Graham's shirt over Graham's head entirely by accident, trapping Graham's arms in the process.

Doug delivers knees to Graham's face and bent torso again and again. Graham's shirt (Franklin's) comes off, but Doug keeps hold of Graham's arms and continues throwing the knees.

Finally Graham collapses to the forest floor. His nose and mouth are bleeding. His eyes are swelling shut.

Doug turns quickly to Lindsey.

DOUG

You have his keys?

Lindsey's anger is suspended momentarily as she sees Graham's condition. She leans over him tentatively.

LINDSEY
Is he going to die?

DOUG
What? No, he's just... He'll be fine. Let's go!

Graham rolls over and stares up at Lindsey. He moans, spits up blood. Lindsey recoils.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Let's go, Lindsey!

Doug and Lindsey make their way back to the road. Realizing he'll be left, Graham struggles to his feet and staggers after them.

Doug and Lindsey emerge from the woods and run toward Graham's car.

A moment later, Graham steps out into the clearing. He sees Lindsey about to get into the car and calls out, not quite knowing what to say.

GRAHAM
Lindsey... I'm sorry!

Then the sun rises, blinding Lindsey. She shades her eyes and stares into the sun, but slowly her hand drops.
Silhouetted in the road is Franklin.

Stunned, Lindsey stares at Franklin, and Franklin smiles at her. Lindsey is overcome with sadness and longing.

Franklin watches Doug put Lindsey in the car, and a range of emotions passes over his face. Doug starts the car and speeds off into the distance.

Standing on the other side of the road, Graham sees Franklin, too. Franklin turns to Graham and smiles.

FRANKLIN
Idea for a reality show. Strip a guy naked, throw him in the woods, then drive away.

Graham stares through bloody, swollen eyes.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
You can take care of yourself from here on out?

GRAHAM
Frank, no, I can't.

FRANKLIN
I think you can.

Between the two brothers on the mountain road is Franklin's hat. Franklin goes to it, picks it up, puts it on, whole again. He smiles at Graham one last time.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
You'll be fine.

Franklin turns and walks away. Graham calls out to him.

GRAHAM
Wait! Frank!

Graham watches Franklin disappear into the rising sun. Gradually, he accepts the rightness of it, and lets exhaustion take over.

Graham lays on the ground. He coughs and wipes the blood from his face. He laughs, and moans from the pain of it. He falls asleep.

178 **INT GAMECO, GRAHAM'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Nicole works alone in Graham's office.

The door opens and Graham enters. He has a black eye and fat lip. Without a word, Graham sits down beside Nicole and starts working. Nicole waits for an explanation, but gets none.

A moment passes.

The door opens and Doug enters. He also has a black eye and fat lip. He nods generally to the room. He sits down on the other side of Nicole. Again, Nicole waits for an explanation, but gets none.

NICOLE
So? Should we start?

Doug nods. Nicole glances at Graham, who seems to be waiting, as well.

Nicole plays the sequence. Graham, Doug, and Nicole stare at the monitor.

Finally Graham turns to look at Nicole. She turns to him, her eyes searching, apologetic. Graham smiles, and then so does she.

End.