

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Establishing shot of Earth from space.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)

The world.

EXT. SUBURBS - MORNING

Sunshine. A butterfly lands next to a squirrel on a tree branch. The squirrel spots an acorn in the road and crosses the branch, causing a leaf to detach and fall. The leaf and squirrel take identical paths to the ground. Sights and sounds harmonize. The day is a composition. The squirrel darts in front of a chubby boy who is riding a Razor scooter. The boy swerves and crashes into a bush. His candy bar and Slurpee fall to the ground. The butterfly lands on the boy.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)

I love it.

From the bushes, the boy's eyes widen as he spots a frog. He crawls out and grabs the frog, saving it from a passing car.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's got a special blend of cause
and effect, which gently guides
each moment into the next.

The car zooms by, breaking the acorn and sending the leaf whirling. The leaf and butterfly move in synchrony. Then, as if choreographed, the squirrel and leaf arrive at the acorn. The squirrel starts to eat the acorn, while the boy holds up the frog and looks into its eyes for a moment. Then... he shoves the frog into his pocket. The butterfly floats away.

INT./EXT. WILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car is a crappy, dusty hatchback. The driver, WILL, 34, unremarkable, eats an apple while he talks on a cell phone.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)

The world follows a simple
set of basic rules.

WILL

(distracted)
Uh huh.

As he drives, Will writes "3" in a square of a Sudoku puzzle. The puzzle sits on Will's empty passenger's seat. Out on the sidewalk, a mailman approaches a house. A dog begins to attack the mailman.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
Or laws of Nature.

WILL
(into headset)
Uh huh. Yep.

Traffic slows to a stop. Will checks the time. Across the street a man holding a broom stands at the side of his house. He looks up at a wasps' nest lodged under his gutter and pokes it with the broom. Angry wasps burst forth. He sprints for his front door. It's locked. He begins to wildly swing his broom at the attacking wasps as Will drives by.

WILL
(into headset)
Yes. Right, Honey.

Will takes a final bite from his apple. He opens the window a few inches and tries to toss the apple through it. Nope. It hits the inside of the window and falls back into his lap.

WILL (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.
(then, into headset)
Nothing.

He opens the window and angrily whips the apple core through it. It lands not far from an apple tree. Nearby, a man drives a lawnmower in his yard. He turns just as Will does. The car and lawnmower are perfect, unwitting mimics of each other.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
And those basic rules form
patterns, countless patterns.

Behind the mower: a continuous pattern of diagonals. The next-door neighbor, on a similar mower has mowed the same pattern.

INT. TRACY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT-ON a photo of a bath towel in a catalog. Its diagonal pattern is an exact copy of the lawns. TRACY, 30, cute, intense, looks at the catalog. Her desk is as neat as her hair. "T R A C Y" in craft letters hangs from a shelf. Various Post-It notes adorn her cubicle. As she talks on the phone she aligns a figurine with a row of others on her desk.

TRACY
(into phone)
Will, I really need you to want to
be part of this decision.

She compares two sets of towels from two separate catalogs. Like the lawns, the towels are virtually indistinguishable.

WILL'S VOICE

Okay. Right.

Surrounding the figurines are photos of Tracy and Will over the years: at a football game in college, at a Halloween party as Bonnie & Clyde, vacation at Disney World, then, a studio portrait- sitting on a rug in matching outfits: jeans, white linen shirts, bare feet. They are incredibly typical.

TRACY

Are you listening to me?

She removes a piece of dust from her desk. Next to a catalog photo of an ottoman she places a Post-It note: "**Maybe**". She straightens the Post-It and glares at a less tidy co-worker.

WILL'S VOICE

What, Honey?

She repeats the question. The SCREEN SPLITS. With each word, other people having the exact same conversation in various places around the world chime in. It grows geometrically. ["I" = 2 people, "said" = 4, "are" = 8, "you" = 16,... etc.]

TRACY

(with others)

"...Are you listening to me?"

GROWING NUMBER OF OTHERS

"...Are you listening to me?"

WILL

(with others)

Yes, of course.

256 OTHERS

Yes, of couse.

EXT. "COFFEE COFFEE" - MOMENTS LATER

One of the 256 others is ANGELA, 30, pretty. She is standing in front of a coffee shop with PAUL, 40, handsome. He is wearing rollerblades and elbow pads...and knee pads...and wrist guards. He puts on his helmet. Definitely not cool.

ANGELA

Yes, of course.

PAUL

Okay. Let's do lunch on campus.

ANGELA

Um... we'll see. Let's talk later.

Will pulls into the parking lot.

INT./EXT. WILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Will finds a space not far from where Angela and Paul are standing. He puts the car in "park".

WILL
(into headset)
Um... we'll see. Let's talk later.
Yes. Uh huh-- No, I do care about
the towels... Okay. Gotta go. Bye.

Will hangs up, undoes his seat belt, and looks at his watch.

WILL (CONT'D)
(shaking his head)
Jesus Christ, woman.

A noise from the phone. He looks at it - He hasn't hung up.

WILL (CONT'D)
(scrambling, scared)
Shit!

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
You might even call some
patterns "tendencies"- sort
of built into personalities.

Will hangs up, removes the earpiece and looks down, noticing the odometer: **45,999.99**. He refastens his seat belt then backs up the car a bit, drives forward, then back again... Back and forth some more as Angela and Paul continue talking.

PAUL
... then I have to go to Pilates--

They are both distracted by Will's back-and-forth driving.

ANGELA
(watching Will)
That guy must be very indecisive.

Paul doesn't get the joke. SUDDENLY, he spazzes, loses his balance and falls into Angela's arms.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Whoa. Easy, Knievel.

PAUL
I got it. I'm fine.
(he's not)
You threw off my balance, babe.

ANGELA
Are you sure it wasn't your wrist
things or your cup or something?

INT./EXT. WILL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Finally, Will's odometer clicks: **46,000.00**. Yes! Will checks his watch again. Crap! He hurries.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)

Of course, it's not all patterns
and rules and tendencies. There's
some chaos and chance mixed in too.

Paul skates away awkwardly. He hits a bump and jerks backwards. He almost falls but recovers. Will gets out of his car and shuts the door. It catches his tie. He starts to walk but is yanked... He jerks backwards exactly the same way Paul just did. This saves Will from a clump of falling bird shit.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But beneath all of the chaos there
is a hidden order.

INT. COFFEE COFFEE - MOMENTS LATER

Will gets into a line of customers. A busboy slips. He jerks backwards exactly as Paul and Will just did. The tray of coffee mugs in his hands crashes to the floor.

WAITRESS

(sarcastic)

Nice, Paco. Like clockwork.

A few more customers get in line behind Will; each passes an unnoticed cluster of cookie bits on the floor. TIGHT ON: A line of ants leads up to the cookie bits. PULL OUT: The people and ants are lined up in the very same formation. The broken coffee cups and cookie bits are arranged identically.

Above the coffee shop, birds float by in the exact formation as the customers and ants. The birds approach clouds, which are a perfect copy of the cookie bits and broken coffee cups.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)

It's a delicate balance, which is
subtle. People don't notice it.
They're not supposed to. People
play a different role. They're the
stars of a million trillion little
stories.

Will sneezes. He looks at his hand. He thinks about wiping it on his shirt but spots an old lady squinting at him. He leaves the line for a napkin, passing...

DUMB GIRL
 (into her phone)
 No, Stupid, "touche" is French. It means... you know... touche.

OLDER TAN LADY
 (into her phone)
 And then I was like, "These are my titties, Carlo."

BUSINESSMAN
 (into his phone)
 You know Dave... The midget... No, the Asian one.

ANGELA
 (into phone)
 Well, tell him that there aren't a lot of places to do compatible determinism right now, and also, that he is a fat idiot.

A heavy-set man hears this. Angela doesn't see him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 I know he's not really fat, but he has that look - like he's gonna be--
 (listening, then)
 Two words: Lady hips.

She notices the man. Oops. She smiles at him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (then, into phone)
 Not that "fat" always equals "bad".

Will returns to the line. He squeezes in front of a TOUGH GUY, 30, muscles, tan, hair gel, who has taken his spot.

TOUGH GUY
 What are you doing?

Angela, still on the phone, watches the scene in front of her.

WILL
 Just getting back in line.

TOUGH GUY
 I don't think so.

But-- WILL TOUGH GUY
You left the line. It's not
my problem, Numb Nuts.

ANGELA
(to herself)
Numb Nuts?

WILL
Oh, come on--

TOUGH GUY
Go to the end of the line, Faggot!

ANGLE ON: Angela: she's interested. THEN, Paco: worried,
THEN, Ants: oblivious. THEN, the tough guy's shirt: "**Female
Body Inspector**". Will recoils and moves back a place.

WILL
(to Angela, as he steps in
front of her)
Hi.

ANGELA
(into phone)
Karen, hold on for a second.
(to Will)
What are you doing?

WILL
Uh--

ANGELA
Are you cutting me? Cutter! Hey,
we've got a cutter here!

All eyes focus on this confrontation.

WILL
No. No, -I was--

ANGELA
I'm kidding. You're fine there,
"Numb Nuts". Don't worry, I respect
the principles of spot-holding,
unlike some people.

The tough guy glares at them then faces forward again. Angela
smiles at Will. He tries to smile back but looks uneasy.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(to back of tough guy)
Nice tan, Hercules.

The tough guy turns around. This is not what Will wants.

WILL
That was her.

EXT. ROAD/INT. CARS - MOMENTS LATER

The squirrel is eating the candy bar the chubby boy dropped.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
Now, combine the patterns and the
chaos with the underlying order.
Then, add some living things and
natural light, and what you get is
the singular, spectacular
production called Earth.

The squirrel darts in front of the tough guy's Porsche. He
brakes hard. His coffee spills all over him. Will stops
behind him. The Sudoku puzzle slides off his seat and falls
to the floor, revealing a book: Communicate with Your Mate:
Dr. Bill's Relationship Rescue. Angela stops behind Will and
waits to make a left turn, she sings along with the radio.

ANGELA
(singing, tentatively)
I like big butts and I can not lie.

A driver pulls up beside Angela. She becomes self-conscious
and stops singing. She sees an opening in on-coming traffic.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
You can make that.

She hesitates, inches forward. THEN, out of nowhere... The
chubby boy on the scooter appears--

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(swerving)
Whoa!

The boy swerves and crashes into the stopped Porsche. He
plops onto its hood. His Slurpee spills all over the car. He
grunts. The frog crawls out of his pocket and hops away.

As Will drives off, his phone rings: "**Tracy**". He presses
"**Ignore**", leans down, grabs the Sudoku puzzle and puts it
back on top of the book. Will checks his watch and passes
some children playing basketball in a school playground.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - LATER

Establishing shot of a bustling college campus.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)

I've always been into the people.

A student walks by and gets beamed in the head with a frisbee.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I love to think about how they
spend the little moments.

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In an empty classroom, Angela goes to erase the board. Chalk dust in the eraser makes a mark. She notices this and starts to pat the board with it, making what looks like a bunny. A colleague enters, and Angela quickly erases her artwork.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

A car honks and whizzes past Paul, who is now standing on the side of the road with his hand in his crotch. He removes a cup from his shorts, turns it right-side up and reapplies it.

INT. TRACY'S JOB - MOMENTS LATER

Tracy is eating tiny carrots. She stares at product photos of throw pillows on a website called "**Pillow Paradise**". She puts a Post-It on her monitor. It says: "**Pillow Upholsterer?**"

EXT. COMPU-TAUR OFFICES - LATER

A large, bland building: "**Compu-Taur IT Solutions**". A landscaper working in front of the building stares at a fiberglass Minotaur that has a computer for a head.

INT. COMPU-TAUR OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

In a giant grid of cubicles a small man struggles to replace the large, heavy bottle on the water cooler. It gets away from him. He soaks himself.

WILL (O.S.)
 (to himself)
 Come on...

A large woman wearing headphones rocks out at her desk. The programmer next to her leans, farts and then fans it at her.

WILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Come on. Where are you?

TIGHT ON an intricate, colorful page in a Where's Waldo? book. Will's finger enters frame and lands on Waldo.

WILL (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Yes! Gotcha.

Will's cubicle, like his car and clothes, is messy. Charts and schedules surround him. A framed studio portrait of Will and Tracy like the one on her desk: jeans, white linen shirts, bare feet. But in this photo they are sitting with several white cats for some reason. A Post-It on Will's desk reads: "**Meeting with Ken**".

Will looks at the note and sighs anxiously, then back to Waldo. Waldo stares back at him from a crowd. Will starts to pick his nose. Suddenly, MARIE, 35, bitchy, appears. She clears her throat. Will looks up, slams the book shut.

MARIE
 Ken's going to have to reschedule again. He's very busy.

ANGLE ON: Ken's office. KEN, 45, greasy, puts cologne on himself using a free sample from a page in a men's magazine.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 (before Will can respond)
 How 'bout next Friday?

ANGLE ON: A large stash of puzzle books and self-help books behind Will's desk. A book: Assert Yourself sits beside: Really Assert Yourself. "From the Author of Assert Yourself".

WILL
 Next Friday? You know, this is the third time that--

MARIE
 Great.

Marie walks away. Will, angry (if a bit relieved), starts to type the new appointment into his on-screen calendar.

WILL
 (calling to her)
 This is total bull!--
 (then, to himself)
 Unbelievable.

An Instant Message pops up on Will's screen from: **Jason Biatch!** It reads: "**Yo, Douche Bag.**" Marie passes JASON, 35. He is checking out AMY, 25, hot, as she bends over and... punches her computer tower. On Jason's screen is a video game and a reply message from Will: "**Working. Talk later.**" Marie passes the small wet guy as he dabs himself with napkins. She knocks over a large stack of folders on his desk.

MARIE
 (remorseless)
 Oops.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

A bunch of employees watch two co-workers perform a "funny" song. On the wall hangs a sign: **Compu-Taur Corporate Identity Day.** Jason pours some vodka into a punch bowl near a table of pitiful hors d'oeuvres. Will is talking with Amy.

WILL
 But the great thing about computers
 is that they're great followers.
 You just have to tell them the
 right things to do and they do it.

AMY
 Sounds like my ex-boyfriend.

She laughs. Will takes a long drink from a paper cup. The "funny" song finishes. Applause. SUDDENLY, a drunk Jason hops up on a chair. He raises his paper cup to toast the room.

JASON
 A toast...to... all the ladies! You
 make this company hot. You know who
 you are.

There are basically no women in the room, or on staff.

JASON (CONT'D)
 Tech ladies rock my cock!

Laughter and cheers.

JASON (CONT'D)
 And a toast to...
 (scanning the room)
 To Will! Will, give us a toast!

The room goes silent. All eyes on Will. He freezes and stares at the audience. A shiny bead of sweat rolls down his face.

WILL
 Uh... Uh... I, uh...

He goes to pick up a cup. It slips. He tries to save it and knocks over another cup, spilling a drink on the small guy.

WILL (CONT'D)
 ...Shit.

The crowd erupts with laughter. Will panics and runs out of the conference room. His co-workers playfully boo and hiss.

INT. COMPU-TAUR BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will stands at the sink and splashes cold water on his face.

WILL
 (to the mirror)
 Relax. Deep breath.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
 Now, when I said I loved the people
 and the world and everything, I
 meant it...

We PULL UP through the roof, into the sky. THEN, to black.
 THEN, sparks. THEN, daylight. We PASS INTO Another Dimension.

EXT. THE BEYOND - CONTINUOUS

It's sunny, beautiful - like wine country, but more things can fly. This is clearly another world.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
 ...But more from a distance.
 Because, I'm not from the world.

A man and a woman stroll and talk. The man's shirt reads "I [Heart] Humans". A dog with large wings floats by.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I live in-- well, it's kind of a
 different dimension.

A woman stands before a crowd in a gazebo. Through a portal she presents an ocean wave down on Earth. They applaud.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I guess you'd call it The Beyond.
It's the place moments come from.

We PUSH IN to what looks like the back lot of a giant studio.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Even though we are not on Earth, we
are involved with it, intimately.
You see, we produce the Earth.

We pass a building labelled "**Truth**" then a building labelled "**Beauty**", then a building labelled "**Bugs**".

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's actually a bunch of different
departments, working together.

We PULL UP between "**Existence Management**" and "**Craft Services**". Buildings stretch infinitely over the landscape.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There are departments for just
about everything.

A large building in the foreground: "**Department of Things**".
Next to it: "**Department of Additional Things**".

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's all very organized - some say
too organized. I don't think so.

A small building reads: "**Department of Departments**" next to
"**Liaison to Department of Departments**".

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Beyond is not perfect. It's
just closer to it. Literally.

We PAN TO a building called "**Department of Perfection**". It is
undergoing renovation, as usual. A guy walks by and trips.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We work in a higher realm, where
time and space move differently.

We PASS a building labelled "**Time**". In one window, different
parts of a room are elapsing at different speeds.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In fact, the other day I figured
 out that one week in the Beyond is
 equal to about one year on Earth.

A toddler smoking a pipe operates an intricate machine. An
 old lady carrying many boxes walks into then through a wall.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We're not angels, but not people
 either. We're kind of in between.
 I guess you'd say our role is more
 technical than spiritual. Like me,
 for example. I'm a life writer.

PAN TO a building called "**Life Writing**". Inside, several
 writers stand in front of a projection of a person. AIMSLEY,
 25, is the youngest writer in the room.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)
 (impatient)
 ...That's why I'm saying, "Let's
 give him a limp or social anxiety
 disorder!"

EXT. COMPU-TAUR OFFICES - DAY

Jason and Will eat lunch at a picnic table behind the office.
 Amy passes in the distance. They wave to her. She waves back.

JASON
 God, she's hot.

They watch Amy as she suddenly kicks a pigeon.

JASON (CONT'D)
 And pretty weird...But I like that.

He peers at Will's sandwich- it looks healthy and disgusting.

JASON (CONT'D)
 What the hell are you eating?

WILL
 This is sprouts, arugula, olive--

JASON
 You lost me at "sprouts".

WILL
 This is a gourmet sandwich,
 dipshit.

JASON

Sounds gour-gay to me. Here, have a twinkie.

WILL

No thanks. Tracy and I just cut processed sugars out of our diets.

Jason shakes his head. He and Will eat some more.

WILL (CONT'D)

Ken's purposely avoiding me. He's trying to screw me again.

JASON

Listen, Ken's an asshole. But it's your fault, too.

WILL

What?

JASON

If you want a promotion you have to go get it. Don't be so passive.

WILL

But I'm due--

Will bites into his sandwich.

JASON

(mimicking)

"But I'm due--" Horse shit! You're almost 35. Stop being a pussy. Don't be so afraid of things.

WILL

Afraid?

--- JASON

Yeah. Afraid... of Ken, of dogs, of ever taking any chances. Guess what, Will- life is unpredictable, no matter how many charts you make.

(re: Will's sandwich)

Go ahead. Eat those green pubes all you want, but you still might get cancer.

Jason bites into a Twinkie defiantly.

WILL
(defensive)
Okay. First of all, I'm only afraid
of dogs that look like wolves--

JASON
Dude, you get diarrhea when you
have to speak in front of people--

WILL
Well sorry I'm not "Mr.
Spontaneous" So I don't do speeches
or sing songs or dance dances. Big
deal! That's not me. I'm a computer
programmer not a... showman.

JASON
"Showman"? What is this, the 19th
century?

WILL
Go ahead, make fun. But you know
what this is really about. You're
jealous. Because, while you're at
the arcade eating ring dings I'm
moving in with Tracy, eating right,
getting promoted--probably--I have
a life and you wish you did. So,
how about you stop trying to bring
me down and start growing up!

Jason looks at him and thinks for a moment.

JASON
You have sprouts on your chin,
Asswipe.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY

Aimsley stands by a projected hologram of a woman. It is
covered with notes. He is working with TERRENCE, 40, LUCY,
35, BRIAN, 35 and ERIC, 30, who is leading the rewrite.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)	LUCY
Sometimes we work in groups	What if she gets amnesia?
to do rewrites on life	
scripts that need it.	

AIMSLEY
Nah. Amnesia's overused.

ERIC
Not necessarily.

TERRENCE
What about drugs?

AIMSLEY
No.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's challenging, because our writing only controls so much.

The projected woman is part of an interconnected diagram. Lines link to other people in her life story. The diagram rotates, revealing its connection to a massive causal tapestry. It rotates more. Values for things like "Guilt", "Insecurity" and "Body Odor" become visible.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
There are other factors involved, like matter, physics, causal chains...and Eric, who is a prick.

ERIC
(to Aimsley)
So quick to shoot down ideas, yet so little to contribute.

Aimsley puts up his index finger- as in "Hold that thought".

AIMSLEY
I've got it. She forgets her keys, which leads to a class 2 self-sabotage. That goes into a Murphy relapse just before he returns, so... She remembers him but is still emotionally unavailable.

They consider this. Brian types on a small keypad and the diagram changes, fast-forwarding through projected outcomes for each person in-it (like a rapid slide show). Next to the words "Relative Chaos Level:" the word "Acceptable" blinks.

BRIAN
Wow! That works.

TERRENCE
That solution is... elegant.

LUCY
And it gets us right into the Age 35 Crisis. Wonderboy does it again.

AIMSLEY
 (to Eric)
 You were saying.

ERIC
 (moving on)
 Okay. We've got Siamese twins
 in Canada talking over each
 other...

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
 Age 35 is what we call a
 "pivot year" in a life
 script. Pivot years are
 important in a person's life,
 because they help us shape a
 person and guide their fate.

INT. SPLIT-SECOND FILMS - DAY

A younger Aimsley stands in front of hundreds of screens.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
 Only a select few get chosen to
 life write. It's a huge honor. You
 see, every person on Earth has a
 destiny. It's our job to make sure
 it happens. I got called up to life
 writing about 35 Earth years ago.

Wearing a headset, Aimsley directs 50 things at once.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 At the time, I was working at Split-
 Second Films. I used to direct the
 films that flash in front of
 people's eyes just before they die.

We ZOOM through the portal down to Earth. It's 1966. An old
 man is moving a piano with a friend at the top of a stairway.

OLD MAN
 I got it. I got it.

AIMSLEY
 Okay, and... roll it.

As the piano crashes, a split-second-long film flashes before
 the man's eyes. Bam! He arrives in the Beyond. Staffers greet
 him. Two men dressed as angels (who look like they're on
 break) quickly run over to play their roles in this scene.
 Two lighting guys and a lady with a harp are there too.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 This might sound braggy, but
 I was pretty much the best in
 the field.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)
 Okay, and ...

We ZOOM DOWN: A daredevil is about to jump his motorcycle
 over a running helicopter. He speeds towards the ramp...

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)
... roll it.

INT. LECTURE ROOM - DAY

Aimsley and six other new writers sit near the front of the room. About 200 older writers sit behind them. On the walls: impossibly intricate charts and graphs. One reads "**The Universe**" another: "**Intramural Schedule**". The head writer, MAX, 55, brilliant, lectures. Eric sits nearby.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
Each of us was hand-picked by Max:
head of the department and all-
around legend in these parts.

MAX
Soon you'll be writing; balancing
human destiny with the laws of the
Universe. Try not to fuck it up.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
My recruit class was large, there
were 7 of us: Terrence came from
Skies. Lucy worked at Emotion.
Brian: Hiccups. Everyone was
impressive. I was the youngest. In
fact, I was the youngest life
writer ever hired. Even younger
than Eric when he started. Again,
not bragging - just explaining.

MAX
--Alright. Let me introduce you to
some of the current staff. Tommy?

A dumpy-looking bald man stands up.

MAX (CONT'D)
That's Tommy. He wrote Gandhi.

INT. LIFE WRITING BUILDING - LATER

Eric is giving the new writers a tour. They walk past various offices, terminals and viewing screens.

ERIC
Now, back when Max started they
used to write every word of a
person's life.
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
Earth had fewer people then and
they didn't live as long. It was
easier.

They watch two cavemen on a screen. As one caveman grunts, a
page from his life script FADES UP next to him.

CAVEMAN 1 [SCRIPT PAGE]
Ugh Ahm Ohnd Brah. Ugh Ahm Ohnd Brah.

ERIC (CONT'D)
But over time, things changed. As
society developed, scripting grew
more complex. More people meant
more stories and more life writers.

They watch a screen that splits into hundreds of smaller
screens showing scenes from Earth in the past.

ERIC (CONT'D)
But along the way something
convenient happened: People
actually became more predictable
thanks to societal conformity and
the pioneering work of Max's group.

Pairs of people are having the same conversation.

ERIC (CONT'D)
So, nowadays, we don't have to
write every word in a life script.
We just write the key scenes.
People basically fill in the rest
for us.

TIGHT ON: One of the screens. Two hippies are having a
conversation. They look very similar to the cavemen.

HIPPIE 1 [SCRIPT PAGE]
Ugh, I'm stoned, Bro. Ugh, I'm stoned, Bro.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You see, once a human being gets a
sense of his own limitations, he
does exactly what you'd expect. And
that's great because it makes free
will much more manageable.

INT. LIFE WRITING LAB - DAY

Max lectures to the new writers using floating diagrams.

MAX

Have fun with childhood. Even for the most ordinary person, childhood involves a high degree of freedom. That's when they really dream.

The diagram changes. It shows a human developing.

MAX (CONT'D)

Of course, by adolescence, those dreams need to be curbed. Use the awkwardness of puberty to transition into more routine behavior and realistic tendencies. "Growing up" is key in controlling individual and overall chaos.

INT. LIFE WRITING CLASSROOM - DAY

Eric lectures to the new writers in front of sample pages.

ERIC

...When it's done, I'll look at your scripts. Each should then get a green light and go to production. And that is when your person is "born" as they say. Good Luck.

INT. WILL'S CAR/EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Will drives by the campus.

WILL

(into headset)
Uh huh. Right, Honey.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)

You see, people are creatures of habit. Lock in those habits and you're set, because people always repeat their behavior.

Will does a Sudoku puzzle as he passes Angela and Paul.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - CONTINUOUS

Angela and Paul sit. As they talk, script pages FADE UP.

ANGELA

I want to say this the right way. Okay,
(deep breath)
Let's stop seeing each other.

[SCRIPT PAGE]

I want to say this the right way. Okay,
(deep breath)
Let's stop seeing each other.

PAUL [SCRIPT PAGE]
What? What?

ANGELA [SCRIPT PAGE]
I'm not ready for this kind of commitment. I'm not ready for this kind of commitment.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
Most lives are pretty standard.
They feature typical behavior.

PAUL
Commitment? We've been dating for a month.

ANGELA
Try five weeks. I need space.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
Of course, there are some more experimental pieces...

ANGLE ON: A homeless man on the quad. He is dancing around.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And, every now and then, a masterpiece...

PULL OUT: He is dancing in front of a statue of Aristotle.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But the vast majority fall somewhere in the middle...

We MOVE from the statue INTO a building: KAREN, 30, bookish, is performing a psych experiment on a student who has electrodes attached to his head. An assistant shows the student a sad film while simultaneously tickling him.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Angela stands with Karen. Karen's colleagues are waiting.

KAREN
You can write tomorrow. Come out with us. We're going to conduct some "alcohol-related research".

ANGELA
Nah. You guys have your whole Psych Department scene.

ANGLE ON: Karen's colleagues. They are doing trust falls.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Besides, I think I'm close to
having a breakthrough on my paper.

KAREN
All theory and no action makes
Angela a dull girl.

ANGELA
I teach philosophy. Theory is my
action.

KAREN
Please never say that again.

ANGELA
Just go. Have fun. And don't make
out with any students.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela sits at her computer and types. She types the words
"On the Co-existence of Free Will and Destiny".

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
Some even approach self-awareness.
But even when they get close, they
simply don't have the capacity.

Moments later... Angela watches a video clip on the Internet
of a guy getting hit in the balls with a plastic bat. Her
cell phone rings: **"Paul"**. She presses **"Ignore"**.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Will's house is packed up. Each box has a Post-It note on it.
Will and Tracy are eating tofu. She looks at a checklist.

TRACY
So, the movers, tomorrow. Yes.
You'll come right home from
work to let them in?

WILL

TRACY
It will finally be our place. Now,
what should we do about Elanna's
dance recital?

WILL
(thinks for moment)
Simple: I'm moving in, we can't go.
I love your sister, but a modern
dance thing? I can't sit through
that. What's next, a poetry slam?

TRACY
(scolding jokingly)
Will! She's not black.

INT. WILL'S KITCHEN - LATER

Will and Tracy do the dishes. She washes. He dries. Will
leans in to kiss her. She's not into it.

TRACY
Your breath tastes weird.

WILL
Jesus!

TRACY
Sorry. Being honest, honey.

WILL
Are we ever going to have sex
again?

TRACY
That's not fair. You know I've been
really stressed with the Craft-a-
thon coming up. I can't just "get
in the mood" like you do.

WILL
It's been weeks.

TRACY
Oh, so you're keeping score?

WILL
What score? There's no score.
There's nothing to score.

TRACY
Let's not do this. Not tonight.
(exasperated)
Okay? You know, we can't just sex
everything away--

WILL
 "Sex everything away"? I don't even
 know what that means.

As the conversation unfolds, script pages FADE UP on screen.

TRACY
 Will, I'm just not in the
 mood. Let's finish packing.

SCRIPT PAGE
 Will, I'm just not in the
 mood. Let's finish packing.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Okay.

SCRIPT PAGE
 Okay.

She kisses him on the cheek.

TRACY
 And brush your teeth.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Max's office is impressive. On the wall hangs the title page
 from a life called Thomas Jefferson. Aimsley sits across from
 Max. Eric sits off to the side.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
 As soon as training ended, I was
 ready to write an important life.

Max pulls out four tattered scripts and throws them on his
 desk in front of Aimsley.

MAX
 Here are four stock lives. We use
 these for about 95% of all the
 lives we write. Pick one, use it as
 a guide, and start writing.

AIMSLEY
 Stock lives? But I want to write--

ERIC
 Someone major? Of course you do.

MAX
 And you might, eventually. But you
 have a lot of ordinary lives to
 write before you can even pitch a
 major life. A major life affects so
 many other lives. You don't just
 waltz in and write one. It's a
 privilege you earn.

Aimsley picks up a script and opens it. It expands, almost magically, into many more pages. Max's Speakerphone...

MAX'S SECRETARY'S VOICE
(from speakerphone)
Max, I have Bob from Animals.

MAX
(into speakerphone)
Call back. Oh, and make sure my meeting at Fate is still happening.

MAX (CONT'D)
Look, we all want to write the next Ringo Starr, but even Ringo was the culmination of almost 60,000 life scripts.

AIMSLEY	ERIC
The drummer?	Yes the drummer.

ERIC
Rhingo Star the electrician was much simpler.

AIMSLEY
Well how many do I have to write before I can pitch someone big?

MAX
I'd say about 250.

ERIC
Actually, it's more like 255.

Aimsley looks irritated. This is unacceptable.

MAX
We're talking about people's lives here. I don't care how many highlights you've seen at Split-Second Films, you don't know jack about actually writing a life. Now go write me an ordinary person.

INT. AIMSLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Aimsley and Terrence stand in front of five stacks of paper.

TERRENCE
(incredulous)
You're doing five?

AIMSLEY

Yep. A plumber, a soccer mom, a computer programmer, a tribesman, and a seamstress.

Hologram sketches of each of these characters float in front of them. The programmer hologram resembles Will.

TERRENCE

At the same time?

AIMSLEY

Yeah. I bounce back and forth between these stacks.

He shows Terrence one of the stacks of mostly blank pages.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)

I fill out the pages as I go. It really speeds things along. I just write up to a pivot year, like, 18

Aimsley holds up a complicated, hand-drawn outline. He points to pivot years on it: **PIVOT AGE 21, PIVOT AGE 35**, etc.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)

And then switch between the scripts. They're basically interchangeable anyway.

TERRENCE

Wow. Can you do that?

AIMSLEY

Nobody said I couldn't.

TERRENCE

So, you can't.

AIMSLEY

The system is antiquated. I don't think they'll complain when I blow their minds by handing in 5 times what they expected, plus this...

Aimsley points to a stack of pages in the corner.

TERRENCE

What's that?

AIMSLEY

That's my first major life.

TERRENCE

Are you crazy?

AIMSLEY

You mean "crazy productive". I'm here to write someone great. Ordinary people? Fine, whatever. But a major person, Terry--

TERRENCE

Terrence.

AIMSLEY

You got it -- Anyway, a major person is what I'm all about. I'm going have my first one done before I even pitch it. Max is going to shit when he sees what I can do.

TERRENCE

So who will this major person be?

AIMSLEY

Either a world leader or a spaceman. Maybe both. And, hey, don't tell anybody.

INT. AIMSLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Aimsley works on the five scripts at the same time. He bounces back and forth between them with impossible speed.

INT. LIFE WRITING BUILDING - DAY

Eric lectures to the new writers. Aimsley looks exhausted.

ERIC

... I'll expect finished scripts tomorrow morning.

Aimsley dozes off. Eric looks at him and shakes his head. Terrence looks at Aimsley and leans over to Lucy.

TERRENCE

He's burning out already.

INT. AIMSLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Aimsley writes the five scripts simultaneously. He struggles to stay awake. He pops pills and works through the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIMSLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Aimsley wakes up at his desk, checks the time and jumps up.

INT. LIFE WRITING BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Aimsley sprints down the hall with his five scripts.

INT. ERIC'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Aimsley rushes in. Eric is reviewing Lucy's script. He looks up at Aimsley, then at his watch, then returns to her script.

INT. ERIC'S OFFICE - LATER

Now it's just Eric and Aimsley. Eric reviews Aimsley's work.

AIMSLEY

What? I did your ordinary life... times five. You'll find exactly what you expect in there. Just more of it than you expected. You're welcome.

ERIC

Nobody authorized this, Aimsley.

AIMSLEY

Come on, man. Don't bust my balls.

Eric flips through one of the scripts casually.

ERIC

This actually looks okay - for a beginner. Was it worth not sleeping, hot shot?

AIMSLEY

I slept plenty.

Eric adds Aimsley's scripts to the pile: "To Green Light".

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That was a lie. I worked my ass off
to get those pages in. I pulled
five all-nighters in a row.

INT. SCRIPT PROCESSING - LATER

We PUSH IN to the "Ordinary" bin just as Aimsley's fifth script comes out of the bottom of the chute. It lands on a giant pile of scripts. The script's title page reads: **WILL** by **Aimsley (Person Register #453,221,874 [Ordinary])**

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
Now, I hardly ever lie. And I
pretty much never make mistakes.
But that day, I managed to do both.

We PUSH IN to the script, passing ink-covered pages until we get to a **BLANK PAGE** followed by **BLANK PAGES TO THE END**. It passes under a sign labelled: "**Green Light**" then glows green.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I handed in an unfinished script. I
didn't realize it. Nobody did. I
guess I lost track, doing so many
pages at once. It was just some
ordinary life. A standard,
forgettable person.

INT. HOSPITAL/EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

A doctor holds up a new-born baby. The year is 1973.

In a continuous sequence, this baby crawls across a rug then walks across grass as a toddler, then skips down a sidewalk as a boy, runs on a track as a teenager, jogs in a park as a young man (now clearly Will), walks in an office as a grown man. Selected script pages FADE UP to correspond with each of these moments as the years of development pass by.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Will's eyes open to find a Post-It on the pillow next to his face. It reads: **Don't forget - movers after work. XO Tracy.**

AIMSLEY (V.O.)
At least for the first 34
years and 364 days of his
life. But that was where his
pages ended...

[SCRIPT PAGE]
"...After an argument, Will
falls asleep. [Sleep] Will
wakes up the next morning.
Then he gggggggggg "

These words in Will's life script are followed by a BLANK PAGE. The script appears to stop mid-sentence. We SCROLL DOWN. The rest of the script is TOTALLY BLANK. Will gets out of bed. He looks out the window.

WILL
(almost involuntarily)
Heyyyohh!

Will is confused by his outburst. He walks to the bathroom.

INT. WILL'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the toilet, Will finds a box with a Post-It: **Happy B-day! I Didn't Forget. Gotcha!** He opens it. It's a tie. A shitty tie. On the tie, a Post-It: **Good luck in your meeting with Ken!** Will looks at his image in the mirror next to a Post-It: **And Remember to Smile!** He studies his reflection and makes different expressions. He is rediscovering his own face.

INT. WILL'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will showers. Sunlight shoots through the shower mist and refracts into a rainbow. Will looks at the rainbow. Then...

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Naked and sopping wet, Will runs across his house. He digs through the neatly packed boxes and retrieves his digital camera. He sprints back to the bathroom with it.

INT. WILL'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will takes a photo of the rainbow.

INT. WILL'S KITCHEN - LATER

Will stands in front of the refrigerator, dressed for work. His tie still has the Post-It on it. On the fridge, another Post-It: **After Movers - Meet me at Long John Silver for B-Day Dinner!** Will pours himself a bowl of healthy cereal. He puts a spoonful in his mouth. Yuck. He winces and spits it out.

He heads for the freezer. He grabs the ice cream. Ignoring the Post-It on it: **Special Occasions Only!**

Moments later... Will plunges his spoon into a giant hot fudge sundae.

INT. COFFEE COFFEE - DAY

The coffee shop is quiet. The only noise: a song coming from the radio. A voice suddenly begins to sing along loudly. It's Will's voice. Everyone looks at him.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Will drives with a cinnamon roll and frappuccino in hand. He looks up at the sky. There are some strange colored clouds dotting the otherwise bright blue expanse.

WILL

Cool.

He drives on, passing, as usual, the children on the playground playing basketball. This time, however, he slams the brakes, backs up and pulls over.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Will dribbles past several 10-year-old defenders, taking the ball to the hoop. He scores. A nearby gym teacher suddenly notices what's happening and chases Will away.

INT. COMPU-TAUR OFFICES - DAY

Will passes Jason's desk, dribbling a basketball.

JASON

Will.

WILL

Yo!

JASON

They were looking for you.

WILL

Check this out.

Will dribbles between his legs, then around a guy in a suit.

INT. KEN'S OFFICE - LATER

Will sits across from Ken and looks around the room.
Everything is fascinating, except Ken.

KEN

I know you're expecting a
promotion. Let me start by saying--

WILL

Ken, I, uh...
(searching)
I would like...to...
(realizing)
I don't like you.

KEN

Excuse me.

WILL

I mean... wait. No, that's right.
Ken, I don't like you!

KEN

Will--

WILL

I'm not finished! I'm a good
programmer. I've deserved a
promotion for a long time and
you've taken advantage of me.
You're mean, you're lazy, and you
smell weird. I should earn twice as
much as I do at this shitty
company, but you know what? I don't
really care. I don't care.

KEN

You don't care?

WILL

I don't care.

Will starts to laugh. Ken is losing patience.

KEN

Is something funny?

WILL

Yes. I just had a vision.

KEN

Of what?

WILL
Me doing this.

Will stands up and flicks Ken's nose with his finger. He starts to leave, then stops and points at a photo of Ken's wife and dog.

WILL (CONT'D)
One more thing: Your dog is cuter
than your wife.

Will walks out of Ken's office to find Marie carrying a large stack of folders. He gently kicks one of her feet into the other. She goes down.

WILL (CONT'D)
Oops.

Will keeps walking. He stops at Amy's desk. She looks up.

KEN
(calling from his office)
Will?

WILL
(to Amy, confidently)
You look great today.

AMY
Thank you.

Will takes two steps, stops himself and goes back. He takes Amy's hand. She stands up. He kisses her, dipping her back.

KEN
Will!

AMY
(amazed)
Wow.

WILL
You have great breath.

AMY
(slightly dazed)
Thanks. It's my gum.

WILL
Spearmint. I love it.

Will walks by the small crowd that has gathered. He continues past a group of co-workers.

They are huddled in the conference room around a small cake that reads: "**Happy Birthday Will**".

CO-WORKERS

(singing)

Happy Birthday to you--

Will leaves. Everyone goes to the windows, some people still singing. They watch Will exit and get into his car. He thinks for a moment, gets out and runs back to the building.

Moments later... Will enters and retrieves his basketball. He heads for the cake, blows out the candles and plunges his hand into it. He scoops a big chunk into his mouth.

WILL

(with mouth full)

Thanks!

Will wipes his mouth on Ken's tie. He runs out, gets into his car and waves goodbye as he peels out. Not looking, he heads toward a landscaper who's walking across the parking lot.

JASON

(watching Will)

Uh oh.

Will suddenly notices the landscaper and swerves to avoid him. He drives onto the grass, then across the lawn and into the Compu-Taur mascot/sculpture. Its head falls off.

AMY

Wow.

EXT. BEYOND - LATER

Aimsley, Terrence, and Lucy sit at the "**Nature vs. Nurture**" barbecue. They are watching a volleyball game between the Nature Department and the Nurture Department.

AIMSLEY

(shouting to players)

You gotta get that!

Strangely colored clouds hang in the distance.

LUCY

The weather's been really weird.

TERRENCE

It has something to do with Earth.

AIMSLEY

Colored clouds form when there's a glitch in the causal continuum.

LUCY

It's not just random weather?

The Nature players set and spike the ball on the Nurture players. Nature is dominating the game. The Nurture players huddle. They hug and encourage each other.

AIMSLEY

(shouting at the game)

Come on, Nurture, nurture!

(then)

Random? No way. The color and quantity of the clouds directly reflect chaos levels on Earth.

Aimsley gets an idea and writes a note to himself.

LUCY

(annoyed)

So, you've studied inter-dimensional weather too? Do you ever not work?

AIMSLEY

No. Why?

Aimsley doesn't see what's sad about this.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you guys, I think they're going to let me present my outline.

TERRENCE

For a major life? So soon?

AIMSLEY

Well, I haven't talked to them about it yet, but I've already written like almost 200 lives, plus I've secretly written half of the major life already anyway, so... But hey, "Shhhh" about that. Don't tell anybody. Okay?

They stare at him.

Moments Later... Lucy and Terrence watch Aimsley walk off. He walks right into the volleyball game.

The Nurture Players are tending to a player who is down. One of them is crying. Aimsley approaches and starts to deliver what looks like a pep talk. This is not received warmly.

LUCY

And that's what happens when work becomes your whole existence.

TERRENCE

I can't believe that that guy writes people.

Aimsley continues his unwanted speech. A Nature player pegs him with the ball. Aimsley charges at him and a fight erupts.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Will stands in the park. He skips his phone across the pond like a rock, MEANWHILE...

INT. TRACY'S JOB - CONTINUOUS

Tracy calls Will's phone. No answer. She starts the conversation anyway, unwittingly talking to herself.

TRACY

(to herself as if to Will)
Will... Hey, honey. So, do you like the tie? Good. Just wanted to remind you about the movers...
Will? Hello? Will? Will. Will?
Will, Hey, honey. So, do you like the tie?-- Am I talking to anyone?

Two co-workers peer at Tracy. She looks back at them.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(to her co-workers)
-- Will. Hey, honey--

Tracy is not sure what's happening. Freaked out by this strange, uncontrolled monologue, she tries to stop, but...

TRACY (CONT'D)

(to her co-workers)
Do you like the tie?

She can't seem to stop. She laughs nervously, smiles and straightens a figurine.

EXT. COMPU-TAUR OFFICES - LATER

Jason eats alone, talking to the air as if Will is there.

JASON
(talking to no one)
So, Will, what did Ken say?
(snaps out of it)
Will? So, Will. So, Will, what did
Ken-- What the hell?

Will is not there, INSTEAD...

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Will jumps out of a tree, runs and rolls down a grassy hill.
Several strangers watch him.

Moments Later... Will glides by on a merry-go-round, standing
on two plastic horses and chugging a large blue Gatorade.

INT. COMPU-TAUR OFFICES - LATER

Jason and Ken stand at Will's desk. They both look frozen and
confused. Will is not there, INSTEAD...

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Will pees in a fountain near the town square. A small group
of people watch him.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - LATER

The movers are standing at Will's front door. They start to
have a conversation with the door.

MOVER 1
(to the unopened front
door)
Sure, sir. We'll start with those
big boxes right there.

MOVER 2
Yes, sir. I'll make sure it does.

They look at each other, confused.

MOVER 1
Did I just talk to the door?

MOVER 2
I think I did too.

Will is not there, INSTEAD...

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

A cashier in a toy store bags a pile of toys for Will.

Moments Later... Will sits in the mall and eats a bunch of candy bars.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - LATER

The movers are still standing at Will's door in confused silence.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - EVENING

Angela and Karen are driving through the mall parking lot.

KAREN
All I'm saying is that whenever there's any chance for real commitment, you always end it. You have to get involved in things, Angela. You can't just hide in an ivory tower forever.

ANGELA
I'm not hiding. Look, Paul's nice, but I just don't feel any sparks.

KAREN
You want sparks? Try dry humping.

ANGELA
Wow. You really are a great psychologist.

They both look up and zone out for a moment as Will dances by with headphones on. He's carrying several large shopping bags. He looks messy and wide-eyed.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I know that guy.
(calling out the window)
Hey!

Will looks at her. He takes off his headphones.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I know you. You're the cutter from
the coffee shop.

He tries to place her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
From Coffee Coffee? Aren't you
"Numb Nuts?"

WILL
You're the girl with the phone.

Angela laughs. She's beautiful.

KAREN
(quietly)
Who's this mook?

Will has chocolate smeared on his face like a kid.

ANGELA
I'm Angela.

WILL
Will.

They shake hands. He is struck by her smile.

ANGELA
And this is Karen.

WILL
Hey. Great shirt.

It's not. Will reaches over Angela with the shopping bags
hanging from his wrist. His arm barely fits into the window.

KAREN
You have chocolate on your face.

WILL
Oh. Thank you.

He goes to lick it off. His tongue can't reach it.

ANGELA

I think it's out of tongue range.

KAREN

(quietly)

"That's what she said".

Will rubs his mouth on his shoulder. The chocolate's now on his shirt. With his hands full, he eats it off his shirt.

ANGELA

There you go.

Will looks dazed.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

WILL

Yes. Although, I think I might have had too many Caramellos.

ANGELA

How many did you have?

WILL

Seven.

KAREN

Whoo. At eight you get Diabetes.

WILL

Okay. Well, I need to get over to Smoothie King before they close. Really great to meet you, Angela.

He shakes Angela's hand again and looks into her eyes for a moment. There is an unmistakable spark between these two.

ANGELA

You too, Will.

Angela watches him go.

KAREN

Good luck with your blood sugar,
(under her breath)
Freak.

Will runs off. His shopping bags bounce wildly as he runs.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Wow. What a weirdo.

ANGELA

I think he's kind of cute.

KAREN

If by "cute" you mean "retarded",
then I'd say he's very cute.

ANGELA

What were we talking about before?

They both try to remember.

KAREN

I have no idea-- God, look at those
clouds.

They both look at strange colored clouds in the sky. Angela snaps out of it. She hits the gas. The car goes 20 yards WHEN SUDDENLY, Will reappears out of nowhere. Angela hits him. He rolls onto the hood, then falls to the ground.

ANGELA

Oh my God!

KAREN

Jesus!

Will pops up.

WILL

I'm okay.

They stare at him. He stares back, bows and scrambles away.

INT. LONG JOHN SILVER - NIGHT

Tracy sits at a table for two. She is alone and confused - and talking to an empty chair.

TRACY

(to herself)

-- Will, I want to talk about--

Scared, Tracy covers her mouth with her hand. A family sitting at the next table watches her. We PULL OUT TO...

INT. DEPARTMENT OF ORDER MAINTENANCE - CONTINUOUS

Tracy's scene is playing on a screen. We PULL OUT MORE. The screen is situated among thousands of screens, each playing a different Earth scene. On one screen two women have a pillow fight. A technician sits nearby under a sign: "**Random Order Monitoring**". He is watching the pillow fight. THEN, a Beep.

He sits up and looks at a warning light, then over at the sky. A strange cloud appears. Lights indicate that the level of disorder on Earth has just increased slightly - but is still in the "**Safe Zone**". The technician jots some notes, then returns to watching the pillow fight.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will's old belongings remain in boxes. His place is now populated with an array of new colorful objects, toys and art supplies. Tracy is standing in front of Will, who is playing a classical guitar softly as he looks at her.

TRACY

(exasperated)

I don't know what to say. I
literally can't find words, Will.

WILL

Tracy, I--

TRACY

Put down the guitar.

Will puts down the guitar.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Okay. So, we're not moving in
together, which still makes no
sense to me. You quit your job, and
yet somehow you're now "always
busy". And since when can you play
music? And what is with the toys?
What the hell is the going on?

WILL

That's what I've been trying to
tell you. I feel awesome. Tracy,
-- anything is possible! Can you feel
it?

TRACY

This is insane. We're supposed to
be talking about our kitchen
curtains right now.

WILL

What?

TRACY

I can't believe I'm going to say this, but I think that maybe we should take a break.

WILL

You mean break up?

TRACY

Yes.

WILL

Okay.

TRACY

Okay?

WILL

Yes! I think it's a great idea!

Will gives Tracy a big hug.

TRACY

I think you're having a breakdown.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A doctor stands in front of Will with some medical files.

DOCTOR

I can't find anything wrong with you. Not only are you perfectly sane; Your IQ has skyrocketed. And you seem, somehow, to be physically healthier than I've ever seen you.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Are you doing anything different?

WILL

Yes, a couple of things.

DOCTOR

Such as...

WILL

Well, I quit my job, started playing soccer, reading, writing, drawing, painting, photography, dancing, singing, some gymnastics, karate, sculpting a bit...

The doctor stares at him.

WILL (CONT'D)

It's like I just suddenly became interested in everything.

The doctor realizes Will's being serious.

WILL (CONT'D)

Also, I feel a strange ability to focus that I never had before. Do you know what I mean?

DOCTOR

No.

WILL

And I've been eating a great deal of candy.

(beat)

The best thing is: I have no anxiety or fear. I mean, I don't feel afraid of anything, which I've been experimenting with a bit.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. PARK - DAY

A man walks by with a dog that looks like a wolf. SUDDENLY, Will jumps out of the bushes and tackles the dog.

BACK TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WILL

-- That's where I got these scratches.

DOCTOR

Fascinating.

(beat)

So, what kind of candy then?

MONTAGE: "Will on Campus"

1. Will sits in the back of a large lecture and takes notes.
2. Will raises his hand in a crowded lecture hall.
3. Will plays soccer in the quad with some students.

4. Will sketches a nude model in a life drawing class.
5. Will sits on his roof in the middle of the night, next to a telescope. He jots some notes into a notebook.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Will dazzles a small crowd of dorky students by balancing himself on a unicycle and juggling seven beanbags. Angela walks through the quad with several colleagues. As she talks with another professor, she looks up and sees Will.

SLO-MO: Beanbags cascade in front of Will's face. Through this fountain of floating bags, Will and Angela lock eyes for a moment. They smile at each other. She continues on her way.

EXT. LIFE WRITING BUILDING - DAY

Rain falls from colored clouds floating in the Beyond.

INT. LIFE WRITING BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Max is walking down a busy corridor. Aimsley approaches.

AIMSLEY

Max, do you have a minute?

MAX

Not really. I'm getting slammed with all this unexplained weather crap. You can walk with me, though.

AIMSLEY

I wanted to ask you about free will-

As they pass an office marked "9: Deja Vu", a staffer walks up to Max with a document.

MAX

(to Aimsley)

Hold that thought.

Max looks at the document and signs it. The staffer walks away with the document.

MAX (CONT'D)

(to staffer)

See you tomorrow.

(then, to Aimsley)

Sorry. Where were we? Oh yes.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Free will. Getting a little ahead of yourself, aren't you?

AIMSLEY

Just interested. And, I thought I might try to outline a major life.

MAX

Bad idea. You're not ready.

AIMSLEY

But I've--

MAX

Settle down, hotshot. You're not going to skip any steps here. But I will answer your question. The question is not whether a person is free. It is: to what degree does he use that freedom?

Max pulls a floating chart from his pocket and references it. Aimsley takes notes.

MAX (CONT'D)

People have free will. They always have. But in the modern era they've pretty much eliminated it - on their own from not exercising it. You can think of it as like a muscle that's atrophied.

They walk past a room marked "10: Flashbacks". The door opens, the interior of the room is blurry (like a flashback).

AIMSLEY

Because their fear limits their freedom--

MAX

-- Actually it's the combination of fear, distractibility and the desire to be accepted by others. Remember, it all springs from man's need for security.

They walk past a door marked "11: Infinity". It opens revealing an endless progression of doors inside. A staffer stands in front of the doors.

STAFFER

(to himself)

Where are my keys?

AIMSLEY

Yeah. But what about a major life--

MAX

Major lives are different. They use much more of their free will. With a major life you have to think more in terms of the moment.

AIMSLEY

The moment?

Max puts away the chart. Two serious-looking staffers wearing stupid-looking hats emerge from a door marked "12: Nonsense".

MAX

Most ordinary humans avoid the moment. They dwell on the past or the future, or drink a beer. But the masterpieces - those rare people are all about being in the moment, each moment. They have... Presence.

AIMSLEY

Presence... I see.

They pass "13: Supply Closet". A man emerges with a Unicorn.

MAX

And it's that presence that brings other people into the moment with them. It can even inspire the free will of the more ordinary people they interact with.

AIMSLEY

Aha. Hence, rewrites and all--

MAX

In fact, in some cases we've seen ordinary people literally override their own pages after interacting with a major life. It happened to Michelangelo's cousin. That's why there can only be so many major lives. Too many would be disruptive and could lead to chaos.

They pass a door marked "14: Coincidence". A staffer exits holding a jittering box labelled "Chaos". They don't notice.

MAX (CONT'D)

Now do you understand why you have to work your way up to pitching a masterpiece, Aimsley?

AIMSLEY

Yes.

(a long pause)

One last question. What would happen if a life had no pages? If it was all just "in the moment"?

This question stops Max dead in his tracks.

MAX

It wouldn't happen. It couldn't happen. It would be way too risky. Remember, we're talking about people here. They need guidance.

(beat)

Every person needs a destiny, Aimsley.

Aimsley digests this.

MAX (CONT'D)

You know, you ask a lot of questions. It's kind of annoying.

AIMSLEY

I--

A staffer walks up to Max with a document.

MAX

(to Aimsley)

Hold that thought.

Max looks at the document and signs it. The staffer walks away with the document.

MAX (CONT'D)

(to staffer)

See you tomorrow.

(then, to Aimsley)

Sorry. Where were we? Oh yes...

They stop in a front of a door marked "15: Deja Vu".

MAX (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow. I have to go.

(pointing to the ceiling)

I've got a meeting Upstairs.

Max walks through a wall.

INT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING - DAY

The university choir is rehearsing. Will is nestled right in the middle, singing his heart out.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

Angela is writing at a table. She hears a man's voice singing softly, beautifully. She gets up to locate it and finds Will. He's packing up his knapsack amidst a pile of books.

ANGELA

Will?

He stops singing. His notebook is open on the table.

WILL

(surprised)

Angela.

WILL (CONT'D)

How are you?

ANGELA

Hi.

ANGELA

I'm well. I saw you on a unicycle.

WILL

Oh yeah. I was hanging out with some of the guys from the Anti-gravity Society.

Angela looks at his notebook.

ANGELA

Are you taking classes?

WILL

Do you work here?

WILL (CONT'D)

Kind of.

ANGELA

Yeah.

ANGELA

I'm a philosophy instructor.

WILL

Nice. I'm auditing some classes.

ANGELA

What's with all the scratches?

WILL
 (dismissive)
 Uh, I wrestled a dog-like wolf.
 (then)
 So you teach philosophy. Funny: I
 was just working on philosophy.

Angela looks closer at Will's notebook. It's covered with notes and ideas. This guy is either crazy or brilliant.

EXT. CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Will walks with Angela. Various students wave to Will as they walk through the campus. He waves back.

WILL
 I never realized how wonderful it
 is to learn new things. I wish I
 could take every class here.

ANGELA
 (laughing)
 Wow. How very... insane of you.

STUDENT 1
 Will!

A frisbee sails into the conversation. Will taps it, does an amazing move behind his back, twirls it and catches it.

ANGELA
 Cool... I think?

STUDENT 1
 (calling to Will)
 You guys want to play? We need two
 more.

WILL	ANGELA
Hell yeah!	No thanks.

Will turns to Angela.

WILL
 Really? Come on. It'll be fun.

ANGELA
 Oh, no, I can't--

WILL
 I think deep down you really want
 to.

ANGELA

Oh, I don't think deep down.

Will hands Angela the frisbee and starts to jog onto the grass.

WILL

Give me a throw!

ANGELA

I'm not really--

WILL

Don't leave me hanging!

Angela throws the frisbee. It sails perfectly to Will. He catches it and gives a pleading look. She thinks, then kicks off her shoes and jogs onto the grass. The students cheer.

WILL (CONT'D)

Yes!

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - LATER

Will and Angela play ultimate frisbee with a group of students. At first Angela is tentative, but she starts to loosen up and get into it. She and Will exchange several glances. They look like two kids playing in the grass.

EXT. CAMPUS - EVENING

WILL

That was a hell of a catch in game three.

ANGELA

Thank you. God, I haven't played Ultimate in like ten years.

WILL

That's a shame, 'cause you are a vision with a frisbee.

(then, realizing the time)

Ooh. I'm late for an improv class.

(struck with an idea)

Hey, can I ask you a favor? If it's not too much trouble could you take a look at some of my stuff--

He holds up his notebook and hands it to her.

WILL (CONT'D)
Maybe, tell me if I'm on the right
track here?

Will gives Angela the notebook.

ANGELA
Uh, sure.

He hugs her and starts to run off.

WILL
(running, calling)
Plus, it's a good excuse for us to
hang out again. See you soon!

Not looking where he's going, Will accidentally collides with
a student. They both fall. Without missing a beat, he picks
himself up along with the student and bows. Angela laughs.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Tracy's sister ELANNA, 25, free-spirited, is dancing with
several other dancers on stage. From the audience...

TRACY
(on her feet, shouting)
Work it, girl! That's my sister!

Everyone else is sitting except for Tracy and her date,
JAVIER, 50, Latino, attractive.

EXT. THEATER - LATER

Tracy and Javier stand with Elanna outside the theater.

TRACY
- - You kicked ass up there.

ELANNA
Thank you so much for coming.
(then, quietly)
And Javier... Wow. Where did you
find him?

TRACY
We just randomly met in the
supermarket! He loved your show. We
both did.

JAVIER
(broken English)
Great show.

EXT. WILL'S TOWN - DAY

The two guys mowing their lawns are making much more creative patterns than before. Their lawns and hedges look like art.

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

Will and Jason are dancing next to each other on Dance Dance Revolution.

JASON
I don't get you, man. You pick up
and quit your job. I don't hear
from you for weeks. Then suddenly
resurface here, at the arcade? What
is up, man?

The game speeds up. They both dance faster.

WILL
I missed you. Plus, I've kind of
developed a new interest in games.

Faster. Will is insanely good. Jason can't keep up. He bails. Will keeps going. Faster. Faster. He's breaking records on this game. People start to gather and watch. He's almost superhuman at it. Jason is awestruck.

JASON
(to himself)
Jesus.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - LATER

Will and Jason stand in adjacent cages. Will hits a home run.

JASON
So, where have you been?

WILL
Oh, around. Doing a bunch of
things.

Some cute girls walk by. They wave to Will. He waves back.

JASON

Now, why did you throw your phone
into the lake again?

Jason hits a grounder.

WILL

I wanted to see if I could skip it
across. I'm gonna get a new one.

Will hits another home run, really crushing the ball.

JASON

Dude, are you on 'roids or
something?

WILL

No, man, I'm just happy.

Jason swings and misses at a pitch.

JASON

You're freaking me out.

Will stops and looks at Jason. Jason looks back at him. A
fast pitch flies at Will's head. Without looking, he raises
his hand and catches the ball. Jason stares at him, amazed.

JASON (CONT'D)

Who are you? Seriously.

A pitch flies at Jason's head. In a flash, Will throws the
ball he's holding at the ball headed for Jason. Incredibly,
it knocks the other ball away. Another pitch flies at Will.
He ducks. Jason shakes his head in disbelief until the pitch
nails him in the face. He goes down.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela sits at her computer. She glances at Will's notebook.
She starts to read it. She is enthralled. As she reads page
after page, excerpts from it FADE UP.

WILL'S VOICE

... fulfillment is not the result
of any achievement. It is not an
endpoint, but more a process, a
series of conscious choices....
...Let x represent any thing in
itself, then y must exist in
relation to x....

(MORE)

WILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
...I wonder if any birds are afraid
of heights, that would suck...

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There are photographs and drawings of things everywhere -
from butterflies to trucks to old men playing Bocce in the
park. Will is sketching Angela from memory.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Angela and Karen are sitting at a table. Each has a colorful,
frozen Margarita.

KAREN
Well, all of my students are
obsessed with him. Apparently, he
was a computer programmer. Then one
day he just quit and decided to go
find himself or something.

Karen sips her Margarita.

KAREN (CONT'D)
God, these drinks are so gay.

ANGELA
Not for us. We're chicks. For us,
gay would be more like Bourbon.

Karen considers this.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I find him strangely captivating.
On one hand, he seems like a space
cadet, but at the same time the guy
can write like Descartes.

KAREN
Does someone have a crush?

ANGELA
No. I don't know. Maybe a tiny one.

KAREN
Good for you.
(sips her drink)
But, what about Paul?

ANGELA

We're having dinner on Sunday.
(sighs)
I'm just... I'm confused.

KAREN

Torn - between the guy who
rollerblades and the guy who
juggles. The classic dilemma.

ANGELA

It's like *Sophie's Other Choice*.
(laughing)

KAREN

You know, juggling is actually the
oldest form of birth control.

ANGELA

Second oldest. You're forgetting
magic.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Will does an amazing magic trick in front of some members of
"Campus Magic". They are blown away.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The boxes, still packed, now sit in one corner. Art supplies,
cool toys, musical instruments and books are everywhere. The
doorbell rings. Will is knitting very quickly. He looks up.

EXT. WILL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Will opens the front door to find Angela.

WILL

(surprised)
Angela.

ANGELA

Hi. I was just... nowhere near your
neighborhood and I thought I'd stop
by. Got your address from the
inside cover.

She holds up Will's notebook.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
A little creepy, I know.

Will looks at her for a moment, doesn't say anything and then closes the door. He waits a beat then re-opens it.

WILL
Just kidding.

Angela lets out a small sigh of relief and shakes her head.

WILL (CONT'D)
Please, come in, creep.

Angela walks into the house and looks at the mess.

ANGELA
Potentially nice place, Will.

WILL
Thanks. Can I get you anything?
Glass of water, milk shake?

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - LATER

Will and Angela are sitting on the couch drinking milk shakes. Will struggles to suck a glob of ice cream through his straw. It's not budging. Angela watches him try some more. He can't get it. Finally, he gulps the shake, then closes his eyes and rubs his temple.

WILL
Ow. Head rush. Too cold...
(deep breath)
That was delicious but painful.

ANGELA
I get that with Captain Crunch,
when I don't put enough milk in.

WILL
A head rush?

ANGELA
No. The delicious but painful part.
You know, on the roof of your
mouth?

WILL
Oh, yeah. Totally.

ANGELA

So, I read your notebook. It's unbelievable. Is all of that writing in there your own?

WILL

Yeah. Except for the fortune cookie collage.

ANGELA

Some of your ideas are really brilliant.

WILL

Not too crazy then?

ANGELA

No. There's crazy in there too. But good crazy.

A gentle breeze blows in through an open window.

WILL

Ah, that breeze feels good. Lets sit outside.

EXT. WILL'S PORCH - LATER

Will and Angela are sitting on the porch.

ANGELA

...Well I love philosophy, but at work there's all this pressure: publishing, tenure, internal politics. Sometimes I feel like I'm trapped in a race I can't win.

WILL

-- What did you want to be when you were little?

ANGELA

A dancer. And before that, a lion.
(laughs)
What about you?

WILL

An astronomer, a soccer player and an artist.

Angela spots a telescope, soccer ball and paint on his porch.

ANGELA

I believe you.

WILL

When I was a kid, the world seemed full of possibility. I really had dreams. But then, one-by-one, those dreams gave way to plans. And then one day I looked up, and suddenly there were no dreams left. Just plans.

ANGELA

I know what you mean.

WILL

I think I spent so much time worrying about the future that I forgot about the present when that's the only place I can really be. I gotta say - It feels great to focus on the now, to not know what's coming next.

ANGELA

As weird as you are, Will, you somehow make sense. I don't quite understand it. I mean, I hardly know you. What am I even doing here?

They look at each other for a long moment. Will takes her hand.

WILL

Come on.

EXT. WILL'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Will is bouncing on a trampoline. It's the largest of several arranged in size order like a staircase. Will does a FLIP.

ANGELA

Oh, you have like a Peter Pan thing? Now I get it. You're one of those guys, aren't you.

WILL

C'mon!

Angela approaches the trampolines, kicks off her shoes.

ANGELA

This looks like the beginning of a story about my ankle.

Angela bounces her way up to the big trampoline. She and Will bounce and laugh with child-like joy. In Slo-Mo they float together in front of the starry night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILL'S ROOF - MORNING

Angela and Will lay side by side on the roof. The sun rises.

ANGELA

I have a confession to make. The first time I saw you at Coffee Coffee, I had you figured out in two seconds - and I never gave you a second thought. You were just "some guy". Isn't that terrible?

WILL

But I am just some guy.

ANGELA

No. There's something else about you. This is going to sound cheesy, but you make me see differently. When I'm with you I feel like a kid again, like the girl who used to chase boys at the bus stop--

WILL

You used to chase boys?

ANGELA

Oh yeah. I stopped a long time ago.
-- At least, I thought I did...

Will looks into Angela's eyes for a long moment. They kiss.

EXT./INT. WORLD ORDER DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A storm cloud erupts in the sky. A technician sits in front of some elaborate computers and plays some sort of 3D Sudoku game. Suddenly, a red light switches on. He looks at it. Then another light, then another. The lights exceed the "Safe Zone". Alarms begin to go off.

TECHNICIAN

Uh oh.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Tracy lies on the couch, talking to her therapist.

THERAPIST

So, you feel misplaced?

TRACY

Yes. I keep feeling like I should be saying something that doesn't go with the situation I'm in.

THERAPIST

Really?

TRACY

Like, right now... I know I'm talking to you, but I feel like I should be in a different conversation. I have the urge to say, "Can I get the rest of this hummus wrapped to go? Thanks."

THERAPIST

Hmm.

TRACY

Lately, I've been wondering why I do anything that I do.

THERAPIST

So, you're depressed?

TRACY

No, not depressed. More like lost.
Like, why am I even lying down right now? I could be sitting or standing, or jumping around.

Tracy gets up and begins jumping up and down on a chair.

THERAPIST

And how does that make you feel?

TRACY

Confused.

THERAPIST

Maybe you should lie down.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Angela and Paul talk over a candle-lit dinner.

PAUL

And hey, I realize you're scared,
but news flash: So am I. And I know
we don't have a lot of history, but
I think we could have a lot of...
(getting lost)
Future.

Angela listens.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Angela, Come away with me. I know a
place, in the mountains. We could
play hooky together. Let's throw
some stuff in a suitcase and just
go. What do you say?

ANGELA

(confused)
I... I...

Paul waits, eagerly, hopefully.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I... can't. I'm sorry.

Paul responds to what he was supposed to hear. He's saying
the words even though his feelings don't match them.

PAUL

Great! Let's get out of here.

He stops for a moment. This wasn't supposed to go this way.

PAUL (CONT'D)

But, I don't understand.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Several production assistants are standing around a giant
hologram of the Earth. Lights blink on various spots on it.

PA 1

We're registering dangerous levels
of disorder in the Midwest.

PA 2
Of America?

PA 3
(sarcastic)
No. The Midwest of the Mideast.

PA 1
It doesn't make sense. Middle
America is the most predictable
place on earth.

PA 2 looks the printout.

PA 2
This is not good. Call an associate
producer.

Moments later... The three PAs are standing with an associate
producer, who looks at the printout.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
This is bad. Call a producer.

Moments later... A producer now stands with them and reads
the printout.

PRODUCER
This is very bad. Call a
supervising producer.

Moments later... A supervising producer now stands with them
and reads the printout.

SUPERVISING PRODUCER
This is terrible. Call a senior
producer.

INT. LECTURE HALL — MOMENTS LATER

Aimsley is standing at the front of a room packed with life
writers. He is presenting his pitch for a masterpiece.
Everyone listens attentively, including Max.

AIMSLEY
... Now, if he's going to be the
first man to walk on Mars, there's
the travel issue. That obviously
presents certain structural
challenges with respect to time...

Suddenly, a messenger floats down through the ceiling. He goes directly to Max and whispers something to him. Max stands up. He looks worried. Something is very wrong.

MAX

Everyone, back to work. Aimsley,
we'll pick this up later.

Max and the messenger rush off, exiting through the wall. Silence. No one says anything. Then...

AIMSLEY

You've got to be fucking kidding
me!

Frustrated, Aimsley punches the wall.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY

Angela is lecturing to her class. The room is packed.

ANGELA

And so, we arrive at the inevitable
question of causation - and the
famous Butterfly Effect: the idea
that the flapping of a butterfly's
wings in say, South America, can
trigger a tornado on the other side
of the world in China.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF ORDER MAINTENANCE - CONTINUOUS

Max is standing with a large group of people (from PAs all the way up to executive producers). Everyone is tense. An order technician stands in front of the group.

ORDER TECHNICIAN

-- We found this in Osaka.

He rolls footage of a very old Japanese woman in a rural village. She is juggling a soccer ball like Pele. A few villagers stare in amazement.

ORDER TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Tracing the causal chain
backwards...

The footage REWINDS to a clip of a businessman in France. In the middle of a corporate presentation, using dry-erase markers he undertakes an amazing drawing of female nude. His colleagues are stunned.

ORDER TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

These are just a few of the anomalies we've found so far. I'll spare you the details and skip back to the highest concentration of disorder at the apparent source.

He rewinds quickly past images of changes involving animals and weather, slowing down finally when he comes to...

ORDER TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

The source seems to be in this town.

Paco at Coffee Coffee. He is juggling five coffee cups in front of awestruck customers. THEN...

REWIND TO: The chubby boy who was on the scooter frees all of the small animals he's caught THEN...

BACK TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Angela lectures.

ANGELA

If something so seemingly insignificant as a butterfly...

Angela releases a butterfly into the classroom.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

...can trigger a chain of events that changes the world --

The students watch it fly around the room as she continues her lecture. THEN...

BACK TO:

INT. MALL - NIGHT

REWIND TO: Jason arm wrestles with the kid from the arcade in front of Amy. She roots for him, THEN...

ANGELA'S (O.S.)

-- then what does this mean for us?
Are our choices, our actions,
really that different from the
butterfly's? After all, we're made
of the same stuff as a butterfly.

REWIND TO: A euphoric Karen lectures from atop her podium.
She leaps off it as she makes a point. THEN...

ANGELA'S (O.S.)

Perhaps our whole world is
connected this way. Maybe the
things we did yesterday and the
choices we make today truly affect
the course of the Universe
tomorrow. Perhaps that is destiny
itself.

REWIND TO: Paul finishing up his speech at dinner. As he and
Angela speak, their script pages FADE UP on screen...

PAUL

Let's do it. We'll throw some
stuff in a suitcase and just
go. What do you say?

[SCRIPT PAGE]

Let's do it. We'll throw some
stuff in a suitcase and just
go. What do you say?

ANGELA

I... I... can't. I'm sorry.

[SCRIPT PAGE]

I think... Yes. Yeah let's do
it.

PAUL

Great. Let's get out of here.
(beat)
I don't understand.

[SCRIPT PAGE]

Great. Let's get out of here.
We can be there in three
hours.

MAX

So someone is triggering greater
levels of freedom? But we don't
have any major lives in that
region.

ORDER TECHNICIAN

We think it's coming from this guy.

REWIND TO: footage of Will with Angela. Will is twirling her
around in a store. They're both bursting with joy.

Nervous murmurs fill the room.

MAX
You don't think-- But that would
mean...
(realizing)
Oh God.

Max gets up and starts to run off.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'll contact you as soon as I know.

INT. LIFE WRITING LOUNGE - DAY

Aimsley sits with other Terrence, Eric and Brian.

BRIAN
When I worked in causation we had a
couple of mishaps, but nothing that
affected the continuum this much.

The sky is now full of strangely colored clouds.

AIMSLEY
Unbelievable timing! Right when I'm
in the middle of pitching one of
the best people ever--

ERIC
That's the spirit. The Universe is
cracking and you're worried about
your freaking astronaut guy, who
for some reason has a lisp!

AIMSLEY
It's a dramatic device, Asshole!

ERIC
Maybe in 1756!

AIMSLEY
Oh, you mean, the last year you
wrote an interesting person?

ERIC
You want to go, Wonderboy?

AIMSLEY
Bring it!

Aimsley lunges at Eric. Terrence steps between them just as
Max enters.

MAX
Aimsley! My office. Now!

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Aimsley sits across from an irate Max. Eric stands to the side.

AIMSLEY
(shaking his head)
Why wouldn't I finish a script?

MAX
I don't know. You were rushing? You got lazy? You're an idiot?

AIMSLEY
I think you're being emotional.

MAX
You're God damn right I'm being emotional! We have a situation here! Now, are you sure there are no other pages for this guy?

AIMSLEY
I don't know. I guess not. They would be there if I wrote them. Can't we just rewrite him?

MAX
(mocking)
"Can't we just rewrite him?"
(then)
Of course we're going to rewrite him- along with who knows how many other scripts he's affected.

ERIC
Probably a shitload.

AIMSLEY
How could an ordinary person have such an impact?

MAX
I don't know. We've never had anyone this free for so long.

AIMSLEY
I can fix this--

MAX

Oh no. You're not fixing anything.
You're off this life and everything
other one too.

AIMSLEY

What?

MAX

And you can forget about your
stuttering spaceman. Your writing
privileges are suspended.

AIMSLEY

What?

MAX

You know... I took a chance hiring
someone so young. Now I see that I
made a mistake. You are demoted to
junior writers' assistant,
effective immediately.

AIMSLEY

Max--

MAX

If you don't like it, you can find
another place to work. Now get out
of here before I just fire you
altogether.

Aimsley begins to storm out. He heads for the wall and
crashes into it.

MAX (CONT'D)

That wall's broken.

Aimsley leaves through a different wall. Max picks up the
phone.

MAX (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Get me the following writers,
immediately...

EXT. CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Will sits with Angela on a bench. Will has a poster for his
upcoming improvisational theater show.

ANGELA

Hopefully, I'll get out of my departmental meeting in time to see the show.

WILL

Come late and just sneak in the back. It should be a fun show.

ANGELA

Alright. Hey, I wanted to show you something.

Angela takes Will's hand.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Over here.

They walk behind some bushes. She looks around and then pulls Will in and kisses him.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - LATER

Max is standing before a room packed with writers.

MAX

... And now, believe it or not, we have an ordinary schmo down there who is completely without pages.

Everyone is stunned. Nervous murmurs. Then...

ERIC

Can we kill him?

MAX

No. That's too complicated. He's affected too many people already. Plus, we'd have to deal with Moral and their whole bureaucracy over there.

BRIAN

They're such tight asses.

ERIC

Maybe we could have some sort of accident kill him?

MAX

Forget about killing. Nobody's killing anybody.

OLDER WRITER

Why do you always want to kill things, Eric?

ERIC

Shut up, Toby!

MAX

Everyone relax. We are going to write this guy back into his destiny and clean up this mess. Okay. We'll start with his basic composition over at Traits. Aimsley! Let's pray we nip this before it goes too far up. Someone get Aimsley in here.

Aimsley enters. Humbled, he tries to avoid any eye contact.

MAX (CONT'D)

Call Traits. Tell them we're coming over there.

Aimsley nods and starts to leave.

ERIC

And, hey, get us some more coffee.

Aimsley glares at Eric and scurries off.

INT. TRAITS LABORATORY - NIGHT

Several Traits engineers work with chemicals and computers. In front of a screen displaying: "**Personality**", a hologram of a generic person morphs as engineers adjust trait levels. They increase **Self-Doubt** and the hologram slouches. They add some **Curiosity** and the hologram's head tilts slightly to the side. They add **Sneakiness** - the hologram's shoulders arch a bit and the head moves forward a touch. Max, Terrence and other writers enter. The engineers look up.

Moments later... The writers project Will's Traits report onto a large, floating screen. A detailed diagram of Will is surrounded by short, looping clips from his life, each from a different pivot year.

MAX

Okay. So, he's a pretty standard mix. Nothing too interesting.

ERIC

Looks like he was originally quite fearful and anxious. Low confidence. That's good. There's definitely a manageable mix of tendencies here.

BRIAN

So, we can just re-activate this guy's tendencies and that will snap him back into his old self?

ERIC

Theoretically.

LUCY

Anything specific?

ERIC

A bunch of stuff... Fear of uncertainty, Afraid of intimacy... Ooh. Big fear of public speaking

MAX

Okay. Great. Let's crank all of them up.

INT. UNIVERSITY THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Will is on stage in the middle of a scene with two other actors. He looks confident and focused. The auditorium is packed. Will stands at the front of the stage.

STUDENT ACTRESS

Can you see anything out there?

Will looks over the crowd through a pantomimed telescope. In the crowd: Jason sits with Amy, Karen sits with her colleagues, Elanna sits with an older man. All are rapt. Will is a star.

WILL

I see only the ocean, the dark,
silent sea. And while I see no one
I feel like hundreds of eyes are
staring back at me, silently.

The crowd chuckles at this. SUDDENLY, a loud cell phone goes off. The ring tone is "Sweet Child Of Mine" by Guns and Roses.

WILL (CONT'D)
Wait. A ship!

The crowd laughs.

WILL (CONT'D)
(looking through
"telescope")
Yes. And it looks it's carrying
Guns and Roses?

More laughter. The audience is loving this.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAITS LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

MAX
Alright. We have to break him down
before we can build him back up.
This isn't going to be pretty.

They crank up the levels on "Fear", "Anxiety", "Self-
consciousness"...

BACK TO:

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Suddenly, Will is overcome with fear. His posture changes.

STUDENT ACTOR
But we're trapped on this iceberg.
What can we do?

WILL
We-- Uh... Uh...

He starts to crumble for a long, tense moment. He is
sweating. The crowd waits.

WILL (CONT'D)
Uh... Um...

The other actors look worried. Will struggles some more. This
is the conference room all over again.

INT. TRAITS LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

The writers watch Will on screen.

crushing him

INUOUS

room is tense.

nce.

AUDIENCE

look worried for him.

oks terrified.

CTRESS

himself and suddenly seems to
s back, and...

onfidence)
"be" We will

CTOR
too cold?

to find out.

or a moment. He backs up, then
off the front of the stage and
d goes wild.

a large table. A screen is
y watch Will triumph.

TERRENCE
Holy Christ!

MAX
I don't believe what I'm seeing.

LUCY
Did he just override the system?

ERIC
How did he do that?

Max's phone goes off. He looks at it.

MAX
(re: phone)
Oh God, it's the head of
Production. I have to take this.
Keep working!
(into phone)
Hello, Theodore...

Max walks off. Aimsley enters with some scripts.

AIMSLEY
Here are those scripts you--

Aimsley looks at Will crowd surfing on the screen.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)
What's happening?

TERRENCE
Will just overrode--

ERIC
Don't worry about it!

Eric takes the scripts Aimsley is delivering.

ERIC (CONT'D)
This doesn't concern you.

AIMSLEY
But--

ERIC
If you ever want to write again, I
suggest you turn around and get
back to work immediately.

Max enters, hanging up his phone.

MAX

Is there a problem?

AIMSLEY

No.

Aimsley leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Aimsley angrily knocks over a file cabinet. It spills onto the floor. He takes a deep breath and starts to clean up the mess he's just made.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - LATER

The writers work in a group. The table is covered with scripts. A projection of Tracy floats in front of them.

MAX

Will and Tracy were together for a long time. Let's exploit that. If we can't directly write Will, maybe we can motivate him.

ERIC

That makes sense.

BRIAN

Tracy. Okay. Let's see...

(looking at documents)

History...average intelligence, average vocabulary, average foot size...all average. Lousy sex life. It looks like she was more passionate about crafts than her relationship...

LUCY

Ouch.

BRIAN

(still reading)

-borderline co-dependent. Greatest force keeping them together was fear of being alone...And, they were never actually in love--

TERRENCE

Can't we just make them fall in love?

They all stop for a moment and look at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. LOVE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The Love Czar, female, 45, beautiful, tough, sits behind a gorgeous desk. Her office is red and pink and totally lovely. This place feels enchanted - in stark contrast to her abrupt personality. On one wall there are words: "**The Birds & The Bees & The Bison**" animation looping below each title. "**Birds**": animation of two birds kissing; "**Bees**" animation of a bee landing on a flower; "**Bison**": two bison humping. The Czar talks to the writers who are crammed in her office.

LOVE CZAR

(impatient)

How many times do I have to have this conversation. You can not write Love! Period. It is a force of its own. Love follows no logic. It happens or it doesn't. Damn it Max, you know this already.

MAX

But what about arranging things so that--

LOVE CZAR

Get out!

BACK TO:

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - LATER

The writers are back in their room working intensely.

-- MAX

How workable is Tracy?

Brian looks at some data.

BRIAN

She's off her script, but not quite free. I think we can puppet her. Is anyone good at writing sexy?

ERIC

I'm pretty good. Give me a keypad.

Lucy throws Eric a keypad. He plugs it in and begins to frantically type into it. They wait. He hits Return.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Okay. Done.

They all look at a screen.

INT. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A knock on Will's dressing room door. He puts on his shirt.

WILL

Angela?

(calling)

Come in.

The door opens. It's Tracy. She looks very made up, sexy.

WILL (CONT'D)

Tracy?

TRACY

(flirty)

Hey, stranger.

WILL

What are you doing here? And what are you wearing?

TRACY

I caught the end of your show.

Amazing! I just had to see you.

(approaching)

I've been thinking about you, Baby Cakes.

WILL

Are you okay?

She walks up to Will. He backs up, afraid.

WILL

Look, I'm sorry, but--

TRACY

Remember when we did it in the fieldhouse, after homecoming? I do. I want you!

She does a strange, not-sexy dance move.

TRACY
(approaching like a cat)
Meow...

CUT TO:

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy looks at Eric: Meow? Really?... Eric shrugs.

BACK TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE / CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tracy leaps on to Will.

TRACY
Take me right now!

WILL
Tracy!

Will wriggles free. Tracy rolls to the floor. He grabs his shirt and runs out into the corridor.

WILL
(calling back as he runs)
We'll talk later.

He takes out his phone and calls Angela.

WILL (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey.

ANGELA'S VOICE
Hey. Am I too late? I was just heading over there.

WILL
No. I mean Yes. I mean, stay there.
I'm coming to you.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They bring up Angela's file.

MAX
Damn it!
(looking at Angela's file)
Do we have anything on Angela from Love?

ERIC

We requested a breakdown when we were over there. We should have it by now. But, you know Love--

MAX

Love sucks. That whole department is insane!

INT. THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Will rushes down the hall. People have spilled out from the show. Jason and Amy spot him.

JASON

Will!

WILL

Hey. Hi Amy.
(then, to Jason)
Nice.

AMY

Great show.

JASON

That was awesome! You're a maniac!

WILL

Thanks. Gotta run. I'll call you.

Will holds up his phone as he runs off.

JASON

(calling)

Try to keep that out of the lake.

Will nods and picks up the pace. Suddenly, Elanna pops out in front of him. Her date, JEREMY, 35, skinny, is stands nearby.

ELANNA

Will, You were fantastic! I can't believe how good you were. I cried--

WILL

Elanna- Hey, Thanks.

JEREMY

Bravo.

ELANNA

Will, this is Jeremy--

WILL
I can't talk right now, sorry.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The writers continue working. Now almost frantically.

MAX
Okay, everyone, listen up. Anyone
in the area is fair game. Find the
people near Will with the least
emotional investment. We can
rewrite them. We can puppet them.

BRIAN
Puppetting? I thought we're not
supposed to--

ERIC
We have no choice!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy jumps on Will's back. They struggle. Will throws him
off. Then looks back. Tracy is coming. Will starts to run.

ELANNA
(aggressively)
Wait, God damn it!
(then, surprised, freaked
out)
Sorry! I don't know why I said
that.

Tracy sprints by towards Will.

TRACY
(in-the distance)
Will!

Will runs off. He passes a group of students.

STUDENT 1
There he is.

STUDENTS
(chanting)
Will, Will, Will, Will!

They descend upon him. Will wrestles free, then turns a corner. He runs past Karen, who is dry humping some guy under a stairwell. Karen looks up as he passes.

EXT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Will heads out to the parking lot where he finds Javier.

JAVIER
(in a jealous rage)
You son of a bitch! Where is she?

He swings at Will. Will ducks and keeps running.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The writers are sitting around a large table.

TERRENCE
I've got information on Angela. Bad news: She's at a high degree of freedom. Almost as high as Will.

ERIC
Let's kill him.

MAX
(re: Eric)
Get him out of here.

ERIC
Max, come on.

Max gives Eric a look.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm going.

Eric heads for the door.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Aimsley sorts a pile of scripts. He looks up to find Eric.

AIMSLEY
What now?

ERIC
Watch your tone with me.

Aimsley holds his tongue and returns to his work. Eric grabs a bottle of water and takes a sip.

ERIC (CONT'D)

None of us would be in this mess if you hadn't been in such a hurry to show off. You couldn't just write like everyone else. You had to push it. Max should have fired you. I know I would have.

Aimsley stands up and gets in Eric's face.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What? What are you going to do? You want to take a swing? Go ahead. You'll be out of here before I finish my drink.

Aimsley backs down and returns to his work. Eric drops his water next to Aimsley. It makes a mess.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Oops.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - LATER

Max and the writers continue working.

MAX

We have to keep him away from Angela. They're both way too free. The ripple effects they're causing will grow exponentially.

TERRENCE

Should I call physics?

MAX

Yes! Great idea. Let's get Physics, Animals, Freak Accidents, Weather, Matter...all of them on the phone. And get any writers who are still in the building. We need everything we can get. And somebody call Love for Christ's sake! We need to get a work-up on Will and Angela. If they're in love, we're screwed.

EXT. THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Will gets into his car. He starts it. He begins to pull out. Suddenly a bird flies down and crashes into his tire. He stops and gets out of the car. He looks down at his tire. The bird's beak has slashed the tire.

WILL
(baffled)
What the hell?

Will looks around. He spots some kids with bikes in the parking lot. One of them is the chubby who had the scooter.

Moments later... Will pedals out of the parking lot on one of their bikes. The chubby boy is suddenly seized with aggression. He hops on his bike and starts to ride vigorously after Will. He catches up with Will and seems possessed as he tries to run Will off the road. Will speeds up.

WILL (CONT'D)
(shouting at him)
What are you doing? He said I could borrow his bike.

He pulls up beside Will and growls, determined to stop him. Will has no choice. He kicks the boy away, sending him swerving out of control and crashing into some bushes. Will rides on and turns a corner. Random objects fly at his head: a kickball, a purse, a small dog. He ducks and dodges them.

Will turns another corner and a gust of wind almost blows him off the bike. He fights his way through it, turns another corner and arrives at his destination. Will parks the bike. He stops to catch his breath. It's over. He begins to walk, WHEN... An old lady tackles him.

OLD LADY
Oh. Excuse me.

Will tries to wrestle free. The old lady clings to his leg.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
Sorry. I'm not quite sure what's happening.

Will drags her a few steps and then wriggles free. He keeps walking.

INT. WRITING ROOM - DAY

The room is now packed with the writers and specialists from Animals, Weather, Physics, Matter, etc.

MAX

Okay. Everybody, we need to work together here. Do we have anything from Love?

ERIC

(frantic)

Where the hell is Love!?

TERRENCE

We're working on it.

MAX

Even if he makes it to her, we can still make this a bad night for both of them. Let's get creative.

Max starts typing frantically.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - MOMENTS LATER

Will spots Angela in a crowd of academics. She waves to him. They start to walk toward each other. He walks by an old man.

OLD MAN

You have bad breath.

Will finally reaches Angela. They hug.

ANGELA

Hey you.

WILL

Sorry I'm late. You'll never believe--

Angela looks at Will's face. He looks at her.

WILL (CONT'D)

What?

ANGELA

You have a little something.

A large booger is hanging out of Will's nose. He wipes it off.

WILL
Thanks.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max is sitting and typing. He is intensely focused. Everyone is crowded around him.

MAX
(to Will on screen)
Okay. You want to play?

EXT. UNIVERSITY - MOMENTS LATER

Some fraternity guys walk by.

FRAT GUY
Hey, "Juggling guy". Juggle this.

The frat guy throws his large cup of soda at Will. It splashes all over him and Angela. His buddies laugh.

WILL
Very funny!
They take off.

WILL (CONT'D)
(to Angela)
Let's get out of here.

SUDDENLY, some guys from Campus Magic approach.

STUDENT MAGICIAN 1
There you are, Will! Let's do some magic!

WILL
Sorry, guys, not right now.

STUDENT MAGICIAN 2
What's your problem? Ashamed of your passion for manual wizardry?

WILL
Piss off.

Will and Angela walk away.

STUDENT MAGICIAN 2
Seize him!

The student magicians start to chase them. It starts raining. Hard. A pack of wolves appears out of nowhere. The student magicians freak out and peel off.

Will and Angela get up and sprint through the rain. They get to Angela's car and shut the doors just in time. Rain and wolves descend upon the car.

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Angela and Will are both soaked. She is lying on top of him.

ANGELA
(catching her breath)
Quite an evening.

WILL
This might not be the most romantic moment to tell you this, but... I think I'm in love with you.

ANGELA
No, it's the perfect moment.

They kiss.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
We need to have sex immediately.

WILL
Here?

ANGELA
No. My place.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max pounds his fist into the table.

MAX
Damn it to hell!
(refocusing)
Alright.
(then, to Will)
This is not over, yet, you little bastard.

The writers watch Max. This is serious.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will and Angela burst through the door. They are kissing passionately. They land on the couch. The phone rings.

WILL

Do you need to get that?

ANGELA

No.

The answering machine picks up.

ANGELA'S MOM'S VOICE

Angela. It's mom. Just calling to say hi, and see if the laxative--

Angela picks up the phone and hangs it up. They keep kissing. The phone rings again.

ANGELA

God!

She answers it.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hello!

(listens, then surprised)

Oh. Um. Yes he is. Hold on.

(to Will)

It's your mom.

WILL

My mom?

Will takes the phone.

WILL (CONT'D)

-- Mom? --

WILL'S MOM'S VOICE

Will.

WILL

How did you get this number?

WILL'S MOM'S VOICE

I don't know.

(beat)

Anyway, how are things?

WILL
I gotta go.

Will hangs up. Angela rips the phone from the wall.

ANGELA
There.

More kissing. The doorbell rings. They stop kissing.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Sorry.

She answers the door. There is a guy delivering a pizza.

PIZZA GUY
Hi. Did you order a pizza?

ANGELA
No.

PIZZA GUY
Oh.
(beat)
You want a pizza?

ANGELA
No.

PIZZA GUY
Can I use your bathroom?

ANGELA
No.

She starts to close the door. He looks in at Will.

PIZZA GUY
Don't sleep with that guy.

ANGELA
Excuse me?

PIZZA GUY
Sorry. I don't know why I said
that.

He runs away. Angela shuts the door and walks back to Will.

WILL
Everything okay?

ANGELA

Come with me.

They walk to the bedroom. A bat flies into a closed window.

WILL

Jesus.

ANGELA

Christ.

They enter the bedroom. Angela turns on some soft music. They embrace. The disc skips on a lyric "No No No". Angela turns off the music. They finally make it to the bed and start to kiss again. They get under the covers. Their clothes come off. The passion builds.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Do you have protection?

WILL

No.

ANGELA

(then)

Wait. I think I do.

Angela reaches to her bedside table. The drawer is stuck. Angela struggles to open it. It won't budge.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

WILL.

Let me try.

Will reaches over and tries to open it. It won't move.

ANGELA

That's weird.

WILL

"I've been taking Karate. May I?"

ANGELA

Go for it.

Will does some karate breathing, raises his hand and karate chops the desk. Nope.

WILL

Aaahhoowwww! God!

Moments later... Angela smashes open the night table with a small hatchet. Will watches with a bag of ice on his hand.

Angela takes a condom out of the smashed desk. She holds it up. They both laugh, then kiss.

Later... They make passionate love. It's amazing.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is defeated.

WRITERS
(collectively) Damn it. MAX
No!

Terrence enters holding a report.

TERRENCE
I've got the report from Love here.

Well! MAX

Terrence reads it aloud.

TERRENCE
(reading)
They're in love.

Noooo!

ERIC

Everyone looks at Eric's over-reaction.

TERRENCE

And it looks pretty serious. These values indicate that they are at "**Passionate**" and approaching "**True**"

According to this:

(reading)

He would follow her across the country, ~~he'd~~ have no problem listening to her talk about her cat... she would leave a job to be with him, she'd climb a mountain... Wow. He'd even dress up like--

MAX
We get it!

Silence. Everyone's exhausted.

MAX (CONT'D)
Alright. There's nothing else we
can do tonight.
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Everyone get some sleep. Let's meet early tomorrow. We're going to have to kill this guy. I want to hear pitches for that tomorrow. I'll call Moral in the morning.

ERIC

Yes!

EXT. BEYOND - NIGHT

Terrence sits across from Aimsley.

TERRENCE

What you're asking me to do is impossible!

AIMSLEY

Why? You worked in skies. You can do this.

TERRENCE

You're insane! We can't just send someone from The Beyond down to the planet!

AIMSLEY

But Eric is going to kill him! Don't you get it! Come on, man. I know if I could just talk to Will I could fix this. What do you say?

EXT. A FIELD ON EARTH - MORNING

Aimsley falls out of the sky. He lands hard on the ground. An old man watches all of this. Aimsley gets up and looks at the old man.

AIMSLEY

I'm okay.

The old man stares at him.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)

(to old man)

How's it going?

Aimsley walks away.

INT. ANGELA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Angela places the dishes from breakfast in the kitchen sink. Will sits at her kitchen counter. She's wearing a long t-shirt. Will's wearing her pink robe. They are both beaming.

WILL

That was so delicious.

Angela washes off the dishes.

ANGELA

I'm glad you liked it.

WILL

(rubs his head)

What a crazy night... I mean, the last part of it was good crazy.

ANGELA

Yes. Very good crazy.

She pinches Will's ass. He kisses Angela on the cheek. She continues cleaning up, tying up the garbage bag. Will rubs his head again. He sees her with the full garbage bag.

WILL

Here, let me take that out. I think I could use a bit of fresh air for a sec anyway.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Will places the garbage bag down. He notices a flyer on a telephone pole. He reads it.

Are you 35? Have you recently quit a job and then fallen in love? Are you experiencing fear? Obstacles? Does it seem like strangers are turning against you?

Will keeps reading. This is unbelievable.

Clingy old ladies? Problems with birds?

A bird shits on Will. He keeps reading.

We can help. The Institute for Mental Well-Being. Dr. Aimsley A. Person. Call 555-4321" Will takes the flyer. Then...

AIMSLEY (O.S.)

Oh, hello there.

Will looks up. He finds Aimsley standing nearby with a stack of flyers. Aimsley approaches.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)

I see you have one of my flyers there. I'm Dr. Person.

WILL

I just read it. Is this a joke?

AIMSLEY

Of course not. I'm a certified specialist.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Aimsley and Will sit in an office. Will stares at Aimsley, amazed at what he's just heard.

WILL

But I don't feel manic?

AIMSLEY

Of course you don't.

WILL

Everything you've described is like exactly what I'm going through. I mean exactly. Do you know me?

AIMSLEY

In a sense, yes. Look, you're not an artist or a dancer or a singer or a scholar. You're a computer programmer - a good one. But your unnatural, manic participation in these pursuits is now starting to catch up with you.

Will listens.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max and the writers are discussing options. A technician enters.

TECHNICIAN

Sorry to interrupt, but I thought you might want to see this.

The technician takes a piece of paper from his pocket and unfolds it. It becomes a screen showing footage of earth. They watch the screen.

ANGLE ON: The screen. It shows Aimsley talking to Will.

MAX

Aimsley? He's on location?!... That crazy little shit.

TECHNICIAN

Our intelligence tells us that he's trying to "fix things".

ERIC

I could kill him.

Max shoots Eric a look.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Kidding.

TECHNICIAN

The data suggests that his presence is helping.

MAX

(to technician)

Let's just watch him. God knows we need any help we can get right now.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Will and Aimsley's conversation continues.

AIMSLEY

So, it really comes down to a few behavioral adjustments. First, you have to stop this manic behavior.

WILL

But--

AIMSLEY

I know it's been fun. But this vacation from reality is extremely dangerous. You saw the chaos it created last night. That's only going to get worse if you don't get back into your old routine.

WILL

But I really don't feel manic.

AIMSLEY

Of course you don't. That's part of the condition. Part of the over-extension.

Will looks suspicious. Aimsley continues.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)

Are you a doctor? No. I'm the doctor. You're a computer programmer. It's time to start acting like one - and time to get back together with Tracy.

WILL

Tracy? How do you know about Tracy? I never said anything about her.

AIMSLEY

(a long pause)

Yes you did.

WILL

No I didn't.

AIMSLEY

Yes you did.

WILL

No. I definitely didn't.

AIMSLEY

You must stop seeing Angela!

WILL

Okay. I don't know what the hell's going on here, but let me tell you something. Things may be messed up right now, and maybe I'm feeling a little crazy, but one thing I do know is that I'm in love with her.

AIMSLEY

Sometimes what we think is love is really just a mutual deficiency between two people. It's called, uh, Mutual... deficiency... effect syndrome.

WILL

Bullshit! This is all bullshit.
You're not a doctor! Who are you?

Will stands up.

AIMSLEY

Will, you're not thinking straight.
You're paranoid, please--

WILL

Shut up!

He starts to leave.

AIMSLEY

Wait! They're going to kill you!

Will stops and turns around.

WILL

What did you say?

AIMSLEY

They're going to kill you.

WILL

Who? What is this?

Will runs up to Aimsley, grabs him by the shirt and lifts him out of his chair.

WILL (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?!

AIMSLEY

(scared)

You're right. I'm not a doctor! I'm
not even a person. I'm--

WILL

God damn it, stop playing games
with me!

Aimsley suddenly disappears from Will's hands, leaving a tiny puff of smoke. He reappears on the other side of the room.

WILL (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I'm hallucinating.

AIMSLEY

(losing his cool)

Will you just shut up and sit down!

(MORE)

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)

If you would just shut up I can explain everything! Alright! Sit down!

Will sits down.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Now.

(deep breath)

Let's start over. My name is Aimsley. I wrote you.

WILL

Excuse me?

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Terrence, Max and other life writers stand around a screen with a Technician.

ERIC

I think we should pull him.

The technician looks to Max for the go-ahead.

TERRENCE

No! Give him more time. He knows Will. He can do this.

The technician waits for the command. Max thinks...

MAX

Leave him.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Aimsley is standing in front of Will. He's reading him pages from his life script. As a projection of Will from his childhood floats in front of him.

AIMSLEY

And in fifth grade, when Lisa didn't accept your valentine, she stuck her tongue out at you and you said, "No thanks, I use..."

Will can't believe what he's hearing. He finishes the sentence with Aimsley.

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)

...toilet paper."

WILL

...toilet paper."

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)
And then you said,

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)
"Lisa, I love you."

WILL
"Lisa, I love you."

Aimsley let's go of the giant script for a moment. It floats in front of Will.

WILL
I don't understand what's happening. How you can possibly know all of this stuff about me? Where did you get that hologram-video thing?

AIMSLEY
Why don't we get a cup of coffee.

INT. LIFE WRITING BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Max, and the writers continue watching Aimsley and Will.

MAX
It's working. He's a persuasive little bastard, isn't he.

INT. DINER - DAY

Aimsley sits at a table across from Will in a crowded diner. They drink coffee and talk as projections float nearby that no one else can see.

WILL
--I don't know what to say. I, um--

AIMSLEY
I know it's hard to comprehend. And I'm so sorry that everything's come to this. You must believe me when I tell you that I came here to help you. I wish you and Angela could be together. If I could make that happen I would, but it's not meant to be.

WILL
Why not?

AIMSLEY
It's not your destiny, Will.

WILL

But why can't Angela be my destiny?
Why, when I know, in my heart, that
she is my future.

Aimsley looks at Will. Will is getting to him.

AIMSLEY

That's just the way the Universe
works.

(beat)

I wish things were different, but
the Universe isn't that simple.
Please. I want you to live. And I
don't want anything to happen to
Angela--

WILL

To Angela?! This is crazy! They
can't touch Angela!

AIMSLEY

Unfortunately, if you two defy your
destinies, things will get bad.

The floating projections show a dire chain reaction of
possible future events. Chaos, disaster, danger...

WILL

(horrified, incredulous)
My God.

AIMSLEY

I'm sorry, Will. I'm not trying to
scare you. I'm only trying to help
you understand. This is beyond us.

WILL

Jesus. I don't want to hurt her and
or be responsible for the end of
the world. I mean, shit.

(thinking)

Okay. I'll do whatever I'm supposed
to do. But, under one condition--

AIMSLEY

What's that?

WILL

Promise me that Angela will be
okay.

AIMSLEY

Don't worry. The sooner you set things straight, the sooner she can return to her destiny and safety.

WILL

And me?

AIMSLEY

Once you both get back into your old lives, it will be easier for us to help you. A linear structure will be easier for us to guide. And then I can make sure that neither of you remember any of this... if that's what you want.

Will stares out the window.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Will and Angela are walking on campus.

ANGELA

I couldn't get in touch with you.

WILL

Sorry about that. I've been busy.

ANGELA

You've been "busy"?

WILL

Listen, um... I think it would be better for both of us if we didn't see each other any more.

ANGELA

-- "I knew it." God damn it. I knew it. I knew it was all too good to be true. God, I'm such a fool.

WILL

Angela, I'm all mixed up--

ANGELA

You're mixed up? We sleep together. You don't call me. Then I wonder what happened: Was I too needy? Did I do something?

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I come out of the Ivory Tower and
give you my heart and you
then...surprise! You step on it.

WILL

Ivory Tower?

ANGELA

Forget it.

WILL

The guy you know isn't the real me--

ANGELA

Please spare me the bullshit, okay.
(tears welling up)
How did I let this happen? You
bastard.

WILL

(fighting back tears)
You don't understand-- I'm not-- I
mean, I was pretending to be
something more than I actually am.
I can't sing or dance or do
philosophy or any of that stuff--

ANGELA

(crying)
I get it. Just stop, please.
Goodbye, Will.

Angela runs off crying.

WILL

Angela!
(screams)
Angela!

Will kicks the bench he's standing next to. It breaks. He
hurts his foot. Will falls to ground in pain and tears.

INT. KEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Will sits across from Ken.

KEN

Apology accepted. Your desk is
waiting for you. Of course, we'll
have to dock you for missed time.
You exceeded your vacation time by
a fair amount.

WILL

Right.

KEN

But, I did have Marie put all of
your stuff back the way it was.
Welcome back.

He shakes Will's hand. Will starts to leave.

KEN (CONT'D)

Oh. I'm going to need the
information architecture for the
client's sub-server by tomorrow.

WILL

Sure.

MONTAGE: "Order Restored."

- 1) Angela is curled up on her couch. She is weeping.
- 2) Will takes down his trampoline.
- 3) Will and Tracy hug.
- 4) The movers load boxes from his home into their truck.
- 5) The two neighbors are back to mowing their lawns the way they used to.
- 6) Will sits in traffic on his way to work.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY

Aimsley sits across from Max. Eric sits off to the side.

MAX

(to Aimsley)

Thanks to your efforts, Will and
Angela have both been successfully
rewritten. The entire region is
stable again. And, as far as the
people whose scripts were affected
are concerned, this whole anomaly
never happened.

AIMSLEY

(feigning happiness)

Great.

MAX

Great work. Since you did such a good job, I'm not only reinstating your writing privileges, I want your first major life to go in the next cycle. Congratulations, hot shot.

Max shakes Aimsley's hand.

AIMSLEY

Thank you, Max.

MAX

One last thing.

AIMSLEY

Yeah.

MAX

I think you two need to shake hands.

Aimsley and Eric look at each other.

MAX (CONT'D)

I need my best writers to work together not against each other.

ERIC

Welcome back.

Eric and Aimsley shake hands.

AIMSLEY

Thank you.

ERIC

You really proved yourself down there. Nice work. It's too bad we all had to deal with it in the first place, but you did a good job of fixing your mistake. And, just so you know, I was only trying to kill Will because I thought it was the right thing to do... as a life writer. Nothing personal.

AIMSLEY

Sure.

INT. AIMSLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Aimsley is sitting in front of his computer. A hologram of his astronaut person floats lifelessly in front of him. Aimsley stares off sadly.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela and Paul eat dinner with another couple. They seem very grown up and stuffy. Paul is telling a boring story...

PAUL

... So I finally get on the scooter
and wouldn't you know it, I don't
have the keys!

He laughs. Everyone laughs. Angela tries her best to laugh as well. The couple's 10-year-old daughter comes to the table in her pajamas. She's holding a notebook.

LITTLE GIRL

Mom, can you help me with my
homework?

MOM

(quietly)

What are you working on, sweetie...

Angela stares at the girl's notebook. It looks just like Will's. She smiles sadly to herself. We PULL OUT TO:

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela and Paul on a viewing screen. Aimsley is watching them. He turns to another screen and watches a scene of Will trapped at his desk, looking listless. Aimsley begins to cry.

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE / EXT. TRACY'S STREET - DAY

Tracy washes the dishes, Will dries using one of their new towels.

TRACY

I've been thinking. We could
probably scale back our cable plan.

WILL

Uh huh.

As they talk, script pages FADE UP on screen.

TRACY

I mean. We don't really need all of those channels. We could save a bunch of money.

[SCRIPT PAGE]

I mean. We don't really need all of those channels. We could save a bunch of money.

Will looks out the window. He sees the chubby boy, Lawrence running and laughing. Behind Lawrence: a girl. She is cute, innocent, wearing a backpack with giant butterfly on it. In Slo-Mo Will watches the two of them running and laughing. He is lost in thought, then...

He drops the dish. It breaks.

WILL (CONT'D)

(bursting)

Tracy. I can't do this anymore - we can't do this... When I was free, I-- I was juggling because-- Things just made sense. I think you're great, but we're not in love--

[SCRIPT PAGE]

Okay. Honey

TRACY

And I think if we eat out a little bit less, we could save even more.

[SCRIPT PAGE]

And I think if we eat out a little bit less, we could save even more.

WILL (CONT'D)

And I didn't want to hurt you -- or Angela... They messed up my script and, and-- Let's not waste our lives like this. There's something more out there. Can you feel it?

[SCRIPT PAGE]

Uh huh. Right, Honey.

TRACY

Then we can spend that money on more fun things, like maybe an RV. I mean, eventually.

[SCRIPT PAGE]

Then we can spend that money on more fun things, like maybe an RV. I mean, eventually.

WILL (CONT'D)

I have to go. I have to go right now. Even if they try to kill me--

[SCRIPT PAGE]

Um. Maybe. You mean like with a camper and everything?

TRACY

Yeah. Like a Winnebago.

[SCRIPT PAGE]

Yeah. Like a Winnebago.

WILL (CONT'D) [SCRIPT PAGE]
If the world collapses or the Universe...melts, I'm sorry. Oh, right. A Winnebego.
I have to take that chance.

Will looks at Tracy. He hugs her and then runs out. Tracy finishes washing another dish. She passes it to no one. It falls and breaks.

INT. LIFE WRITING BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A big alarm goes off.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

All of the writers are jammed into a room. They are standing in front of a screen that's tracking Will. The screen shows Will pulling out of the driveway. Max and Eric rush in. Max looks at the screen.

MAX
Okay. This time we're going to end it fast. Eric, do it.

ERIC
You mean--

MAX
Yeah.

ERIC
(pleased)
Finally.

Eric picks up a keypad. Aimsley realizes what's happening. Eric plugs in the keypad and it starts to boot up. Aimsley looks around the room for something... He grabs a pitcher of water-runs, and spills it on Eric's keypad.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What the hell!

Commotion. Aimsley heads for the wall.

MAX
Aimsley!

Aimsley disappears through the wall. Max picks up a phone.

MAX (CONT'D)
Get me Security.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Angela and Paul are loading bags into the trunk of Paul's car.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Will pulls up to an intersection. Traffic is at a standstill.

WILL
(out his window, up at the
sky)
I don't care! I'm not stopping!

Will gets out of his car.

WILL (CONT'D)
(shouting at the sky)
Kill me, if that's what you have to
do!

INT. LIFE WRITING BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Aimsley sprints down the hall and stops at a stairway next to a sign that says: "**To The Upstairs**". The stairway is infinitely long. Aimsley looks over at an elevator. He runs to it and presses the button. At the end of the hall, two Security guards appear. Aimsley frantically presses the button. The elevator door opens, he gets in. It closes just in time.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Will begins to run down the street. An old lady is walking through the crosswalk. Will looks at her as she approaches.

WILL
I know what you're doing! You're
from the Universe!

Will body-checks the lady into some bushes and keeps running. He runs by two kids who are dribbling basketballs. As he passes, he puts up his hands to block incoming balls. They never come. Slightly confused, he keeps running.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric is just finishing typing something on a different keypad.

ERIC
(focused)
This is ready.

Brian holds out a phone to Eric.

BRIAN
I've got Physics on the line.

Eric takes the phone.

ERIC
(into phone)
Can you do it?
(listens)
Excellent. Thanks.

Eric hangs up and gives a thumbs up. Max is on another phone.

MAX
O.K. from Moral.

ERIC
Then it's done.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Will is running. A tree is on fire behind him. THEN, a bolt of lightning hits the ground a few yards from his feet.

WILL
Oh shit.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE / INT. PAUL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The engine is running. Paul puts the last bag into the trunk. SUDDENLY a loud crash in the distance. Paul looks up.

INT. DIVINE - CONTINUOUS

Aimsley is standing in the reception area at Divine. It's really nice. He is going through what looks like airport security.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Paul gets into the car, where Angela is waiting in the passenger's seat.

PAUL
Alrighty. Mountains, here we come.

Paul puts the car in gear and pulls out. He stops.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Shoot! I knew I'd forget something.
I forgot my sunglasses. Sorry,
babe. It'll just take a minute.

Paul backs up the car.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric keeps working. Everyone is huddled around the screen showing Will.

ERIC
This should do it.

EXT. ANGELA'S NEIGHBORHOOD / ANGELA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Will is running as fast as he can. Another lightning bolt strikes, this time even closer. Will is out of breath, but he presses on. He turns the corner and approaches Angela's driveway just after Paul goes into the house.

INT. DIVINE - CONTINUOUS

Aimsley arrives at an assistant's desk. He is out of breath.

AIMSLEY
(panting)
Hi. I need to--

UPSTAIRS ASSISTANT
(warm, soothing)
Aimsley. We've been expecting you.
I'll bring you in.

The assistant brings Aimsley to an impressive door. She stops him for a moment and pulls out a pair of very large sunglasses. She gives them to Aimsley.

UPSTAIRS ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
You'll need these. He's really
bright.

Aimsley puts on the sunglasses.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Aimsley stands across from God. Light is spilling all over him from God's side of the room. God is so bright that Aimsley can barely make out His figure.

GOD
Aimsley. Have a seat.

AIMSLEY
It's an honor to meet out. I'm
sorry to--

GOD
Don't worry. I know.

God is watching a real-time projection of Will and Angela.

GOD (CONT'D)
(re: the scene of Will and
Angela)
I'd like to hear your thoughts.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Will gets to the driveway. He almost collapses into the back of the car. He leans on the bumper for a moment, trying to catch his breath. Angela steps out of the car.

ANGELA
Will?

WILL
Angela!

ANGELA
What are you doing here?

WILL
I had to see you. I don't know how
much time I have, but...

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SUDDENLY, A special red phone rings. Everyone goes silent.
Holy Shit! Max picks up the line.

MAX

Hello. Yes, sir. I see.

(then, to Eric)

Abort. We have to stop immediately.

EXT. ANGELA'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Will walks up to Angela.

WILL

I wanted to let you know that I'm
sorry. Angela, I messed up. I gave
up. I'm sorry for disappearing. I'm
sorry for being weak. I was trying
to do the right thing--

ANGELA

You hurt me.

WILL

I was trying to protect you.

ANGELA

From what?

WILL

They told me you were in danger.
They said they were gonna kill me -
And I'm guessing they probably will
soon, but--

ANGELA

Who?

WILL

The life writers. The Universe. But
I don't care if they do--

ANGELA

Have you lost your mind?

WILL

No. I've only lost you.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The conversation with God continues.

AIMSLEY

I went to Earth to try and fix things - to put Will back into his life. But when I met him, the actual person, not the pages, I realized that that ordinary guy was so much more interesting than any "masterpiece" I could ever come up with: Because he was free to choose his destiny.

GOD

Hmm.

EXT. ANGELA'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Will continues...

WILL

We had something amazing, Angela, and I let it slip away. I was scared. I'm still scared. I'm terrified, but I'm here.

ANGELA

You're here, but how can I trust that this is you? I thought I knew you - even loved you, but you don't even know yourself.

WILL

But I do. I do now - more than I ever I have in my entire life. I love you, Angela. I don't care if I have to die for that.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE/EXT. ANGELA'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Aimsley and God are watching attentively.

AIMSLEY

That right there. Love. The messiness, the uncertainty...
(MORE)

AIMSLEY (CONT'D)
 it's so much more beautiful than
 anything any of us can write or
 produce, no matter how hard we
 work. That is the masterpiece.

They watch the screen.

GOD
 Love is what I'm all about. I love
 Love.
 (a long pause)
 Wow. I didn't realize things had
 gotten so bureaucratic.

Will takes Angela's hand.

WILL
 Angela, I'd rather be with you for
 just one moment- even if the
 Universe collapses- than live
 another day without you.

GOD
 He's good.

AIMSLEY
 He's good.

AIMSLEY
 (bursting)
 Let's trust Will - and Angela. They
 don't need us to figure out their
 destiny. Let's trust Love. Let's
 free Will. Let's not write him or
 anyone anymore. God, I think we
 might discover something amazing.

God thinks.

EXT. ANGELA'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Will looks into Angela's eyes.

ANGELA
 You are crazy. But... good crazy.

She smiles. They rush into each other's arms and kiss.

A long moment. Paul comes out of the house with his
 sunglasses. Then, suddenly, a lightning bolt shoots from the
 sky and knocks a branch off a large tree across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone glares at Eric.

ERIC

Oops.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Karen plays frisbee with some students. Jason and Amy make out behind a tree. Tracy and Javier are enjoying a picnic nearby.

AIMSLEY (V.O.)

God liked my pitch. He really loved
the idea of letting people find
their own destiny.

Angela chases Will across the grass. They look happy. Behind them, a girl chases the chubby boy. We PULL UP, THEN UP some more. We PULL BACK from Earth to a view of Earth from space.

AIMSLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So, we stop writing tonight. And,
if you can believe it, starting
tomorrow, everyone is free. And
every person's destiny is what they
choose. It's free Will.

THE END.

Fade to Black.