

Afterthought - Episode One: The Office Guy

SCENE ONE

INT. BUSY OFFICE

The office is decorated for a birthday.

Brian walks down the hallway of the office with a white file box of his belongings, looking simultaneously disappointed, frustrated, and angry. He is obviously leaving his job. No one wants to make eye contact with him. He's upset. His tie is loose, he's disheveled.

He calls the elevator, pushing the button several times impatiently.

BRIAN

Come on, damn it! There's never an elevator when you want to make a quick exit. Come on!

INT. ELEVATOR

The elevator doors open. Brian gets in and sets his box down. He pushes the parking garage button, turns to the office, and takes one sullen look around, shaking his head in disappointment. The doors close.

Brian slams his hand against the wall and curses. He looks at his reflection in the elevator wall and gets even more upset. He yells.

BRIAN

Ah!!!!!!

Facing forward, Brian sees the elevator doors open. As the doors are opening, he sees a white van with a faded bakery paint job and a claw stenciled on the side of the van. A distinct sound is coming from the muffler. As Brian gets out of the elevator, the van stops, and he hears three men speaking.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

ANARCHIST 1

People, throw off your addictions!

ANARCHIST 2

Free yourselves from corporate caffeinization!

ANARCHIST 3

The proof is at the plantations!  
Fair trade now!

ANARCHIST 1

Victory to the Cultural Liberation  
Army of Workers...

As they are speaking, each anarchist bolts from the van. They quickly run away, out of the parking garage.

Brian watches them run off, turns his attention back to the van, and watches as it explodes.

SCENE TWO

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT

Suddenly Brian wakes up, sweating and gasping. Confused, he looks around and sees his familiar furnishings, and calms down a little.

BRIAN

What the f...That was one hell of a dream.

DEATH'S FRIEND

It is a rather violent way to go.

BRIAN

Who the...? What the...?I must still be dreaming.

DEATH'S FRIEND

No...I'm not a dream.

Brian gets up and goes to the bathroom, splashes some water on his face, muttering to himself in disbelief.

BRIAN

I've been working way too hard...dreaming about...exploding vans...guys in my bedroom...it was just a dream.

DEATH'S FRIEND

No, I'm afraid it wasn't!

BRIAN

You're still here! What are you doing in my house? How did you get in here?

Brian eyes a baseball bat a few feet away, then jumps for the bat, grabs it and swings. The bat goes through Death's Friend.

DEATH'S FRIEND

Oh, come now! That's not going to get you anywhere. Violence never solves anything.

Brian grabs a heavy trophy and throws it at Death's Friend.

BRIAN

Get the hell out of here! You picked the wrong guy to mess with and when I get my hands on you, I'm going to...

DEATH'S FRIEND

Hey, don't shoot the messenger!

BRIAN

Messenger? Messenger of what? You're a bad dream...a hallucination.

DEATH'S FRIEND

Not exactly.

BRIAN

Well, what exactly are you doing here, and what exactly do you want, and why exactly shouldn't I beat the crap out of you right now?

DEATH'S FRIEND

Think of me as your Transitional Counselor.

BRIAN

What? My Transitional Counselor?

DEATH'S FRIEND

Okay, let me put it this way. I'm sort of like Charon, the ferryman who conveyed souls of the dead across the Styx.

BRIAN

Who? You're a fairy who likes Styx? I'm more a Rush fan myself. Didn't Styx sing that song Don't Pay The Ferryman?

DEATH'S FRIEND

What? No, forget that. I've got it...Have you ever been to New York?

BRIAN

Yeah. Sure.

DEATH'S FRIEND

You know when you take a cab...you wait and wait in the cold, and finally a cab pulls up, you get in, and before you go anywhere, you hear a recorded announcement to fasten your seat belt. Well, if it helps, you can just think of me as that recording.

BRIAN

Huh? I Don't need a recording. I don't need a counselor. I'm not in New York. And, I'm not in a cab.

DEATH'S FRIEND

Okay, maybe that wasn't the best way of putting it.

BRIAN

I need a sleeping pill. I need to get back to sleep and make you go away. Now POOF - be gone!

Brian reaches for a bottle of sleeping pills.

DEATH'S FRIEND

You won't need those anymore. There are no pills in the afterlife. Just sunshine, and rainbows, and happy endings.

BRIAN

What are you gay too?

DEATH'S FRIEND

Like I said, I'm here to familiarize you with your new status.

BRIAN

My new status? What kind of status? Have I been upgraded?

DEATH'S FRIEND

No your new status to...Um, I never know what to call you people anymore.

BRIAN

Ah, Brian would be fine.

DEATH'S FRIEND

Yes well, it's tricky, you see you have been given this vision of your death as a way to help you make the transition.

BRIAN

Transition? Death? Slow down there. I'm not dying!

DEATH'S FRIEND

You don't understand. You have a chance to tie up loose ends...End your life at peace...Clean up all those dirty little messes you've created in your life. You should know, not everybody gets this opportunity. You're very lucky!

BRIAN

Oh yeah, that's some real luck there. Wait a minute - what messes? I don't have any messes in my life! My life is very clean.

DEATH'S FRIEND

Don't be so defensive. Everyone has dirty laundry, it's nothing to be ashamed of. The point is...it's going to happen. Just like you saw it in your dream. The van, the elevator, the explosion, you getting fired, the whole...

BRIAN

Whoa, whoa. Hold it right there, fired? I'm not getting fired. My job is extremely secure. I'm up for a promotion in a couple of weeks.

DEATH'S FRIEND

Oops, I, uh, didn't mean to let that one slip. No, you're right, you're not getting fired.

BRIAN

You're damn right I'm not...hey wait a minute. I know, you must have the wrong guy! You probably have your paperwork mixed up.

DEATH'S FRIEND

Nice try Brian but no - it's your turn sport.

BRIAN

I don't believe it, this can't be happening. If I did see my own death, then I could stop it before it happened right?

DEATH'S FRIEND

Well, not exactly. You can change some things leading up to your death, but the final outcome is almost always the same...I mean always the same.

BRIAN

Aha, so there is a chance...

DEATH'S FRIEND

I didn't say that...

BRIAN

You just said almost always...

DEATH'S FRIEND

No I didn't.

BRIAN

Yes you did!

DEATH'S FRIEND

Look I can't explain everything ...even if I knew, which I don't. What's important here...the point you need to see is that you have been given an opportunity to make your life right before it's too late.

BRIAN

But what if...

DEATH'S FRIEND

No, there are no what if's...

BRIAN

But you said almost...and I could be an almost...I'm going to find a way out, a loophole in your nutty plan to transcend me into...

DEATH'S FRIEND

That's transition...not transcend. Not my department, although our offices are right next to each other.

BRIAN

I'd really like to get some sleep now. I have a big day tomorrow, so if you could float on out of here or blink your nose or something...

DEATH'S FRIEND

I'm only trying to help.

BRIAN

Then leave me alone, you crazy whacked-out hallucination.

DEATH'S FRIEND

Okay, suit yourself. But could you sign here to decline transitional coverage?

Death's Friend suddenly produces a clip board and a pen out of thin air.

DEATH'S FRIEND (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

Clip board and pen pointedly vanish.

BRIAN

Go away!

DEATH'S FRIEND

Alright. If you need your space...I understand...some people are like that...I'm out of here. But if you need me...call me!

BRIAN

Call you? Call you!? How 'bout I text you! I'll have my secretary pencil you in for...oh, lets see, never! Now, how about you get back into your little genie bottle and find someone else to bother!

Death's Friend folds his arms horizontally and nods like a genie.

Brian looks around the room and realizes he is alone. He sits down into a wing back chair and contemplates what has just happened

Fade to black with music leading into Opening Title.

SCENE THREE

INT. CROWDED BAR

Music from Opening Title continues as we fade into the bar scene where the same music is playing on the jukebox. Brian and Haji are playing pool.

Brian is strutting around the pool table like he owns it, pool cue in one hand, beer in the other.

As he passes a booth next to the pool table he sets his beer down and locks eyes with Clare, his assistant.

BRIAN

Be right back.

CLARE

I'll be here. Waiting. Watching.  
Drinking. Don't miss.

Brian walks around pool table to the opposite side where he lines up the shot, looks above the shot to make eye contact with Clare, winks, then takes the shot.

Clare comes into focus. Her smile slowly fades to a pout, and we see her watch Brian walk back to their booth.

BRIAN

Damn it!

CLARE

That's okay sport, you'll get him  
next time.

Brian shakes his head in frustration and anger.

BRIAN

I don't need to get him next time  
Clare, I need to get him right now.

Clare offers Brian her drink, then playfully pulls it back to take another sip.

CLARE

Come on Brian, what are you worried about? You always win. You haven't lost a game since college. You're golden.

BRIAN

I'm not talking about the game.

CLARE

Oh Brian - are you still worried about work? You know you're a shoe-in for that promotion.

BRIAN

Clare, you can't take anything for granted! Sometimes life doesn't do what you...I mean sometimes you don't get a chance to...oh, never mind, just forget it.

Clare takes her drink and uses it to gesture to Brian.

CLARE

Sweetie...have you been doing a bit of soul searching? Did you find one? I didn't know you actually possessed a soul!

BRIAN

Ha, ha very funny. But look at this guy!

Brian points to Haji.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

He's coming up on me really fast. I mean he's dating the boss' daughter! And, that means a direct line to TJ. Look at where that got me!

CLARE

Yes, it certainly didn't do you any harm. A senior position in the company, and TJ still thinks of you as the son he never had, long after your misguided love affair with little miss sunshine over there. Haji's not even in your league. You're the company's top producer. You bring in the most business. Clients love you. Copy boys want to be you. You're a star here.

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

Now stop your whining and get over yourself.

Clare straightens Brian's tie.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Oh god I need another drink, here she comes now...

Clare finishes her drink and abruptly puts it down.

Cory comes over to the booth where Brian and Clare are sitting. Cory gives Brian the once-over, and then looks at Clare with thinly veiled jealousy.

CORY

Looks like you're slipping a little bit. You're not sweating the game are you Brian? Competition too much for you?

BRIAN

Competition? What competition...oh you mean your boyfriend over there? He's no threat! You know you only got him a job with the company to screw with me. Well, it's not going to work.

Clare turns her attention back to Cory.

CLARE

Sweetie...tell me...how are you darling? You look fabulous! Have you lost weight? Done something different with your hair? Had an injection or a lift? Bought something expensive? No, it's the new man isn't it?

Brian interrupts.

BRIAN

Yeah Cory, how are things with Kashi?

CORY

Brian, I keep telling you it's Haji, not Kashi. He's not a cereal. He's Egyptian. Like the cotton.

BRIAN

Really Cory? That's fascinating.  
What's his thread count? Zero? Oh,  
here comes The Amazing Cotton Boy  
now Cleopatra.

Haji walks up to the booth holding a pool cue. He wraps his arms around Cory and gives her a kiss which she returns, flaunting it in Brian's face.

HAJI

Is everything alright? It's your shot? And a shot missed is a shot lost!

CORY

What?

BRIAN

I know whose shot it is.

Brian downs his beer, leans into Cory, and looks at the pool table.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I know you have high hopes for junior here, but he'll never replace me in your daddy's eyes.

Brian turns to Haji

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Pay attention, Thread Count. Let me show you how it's done.

Brian quickly clears the table with a few deft shots.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You see grasshopper, when the game is over and all the shots have been played, it is I standing on top, taking your money...

Brian grabs a \$100 bill from Haji's hand.

HAJI

Defeat is the seed of my future success!

CORY

No Haji, success is the seed of your future success.

BRIAN

Whatever! Thank you Doctor Tupac Chocolate for your words of inspiration and your hundred dollars!

HAJI

Care to make it double or nothing?

BRIAN

Come on Clare, this game's over...I'll walk you home.

HAJI

You can run, but you can't hide! Remember, wherever you go...there you are!

CORY

Haji, nobody's listening!

Brian grabs Clare by the wrist and pulls her out of the booth and the two abruptly leave.

HAJI

I have to go and get ready for my meeting. We're exploring the Pyramid of Potential. You have a very wide Pyramid!

CORY

Excuse me? Don't use the word wide to describe any part of me - ever!

HAJI

No, dear, I didn't mean it that way...

CORY

I don't want to hear any of your seminar slogans right now. I understand...My World Doesn't Work Unless You Do.

HAJI

No, that's The World Doesn't Work Unless I Do.

CORY

My world works just fine, thank you! Your world needs help. Just take me home, I have a headache.

HAJI

Of course, darling. But you'll see:  
this training is going to be very  
important. I'm going places with  
this group.

SCENE FOUR

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF BAR

CLARE

Hey slow down, sport! I wasn't  
finished with my drink. What's  
your hurry?

BRIAN

I needed to get some air. I've got  
a lot on my mind right now.

CLARE

Yes, you do! Normally a little  
twerp like Haji wouldn't even be on  
your radar, and yet you're going in  
for the kill like he really means  
something.

BRIAN

Yeah...

Clare hits Brian in the arm.

CLARE

Now lighten up before I have to  
knock some sense into you.

Brian grabs her free hand with his free hand and pulls her  
close. Their faces are mere inches apart.

BRIAN

Really? Will you?

Brian closes his eyes and leans in to kiss her. Clare pulls  
away and breaks free.

CLARE

Brian, come on - stop clowning  
around!

BRIAN

What makes you think I'm clowning  
around?

CLARE

Brian, you're a dear friend. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. But you're my boss...I've got a son...and, you're not the settling down type.

BRIAN

Yeah, but I've been thinking. I think that part of my life is over.

CLARE

You know we decided a long time ago not to do this. You've been acting strange all night - all week, in fact!

BRIAN

I don't know what it is.

CLARE

Well get a grip on yourself. Some of us are counting on you to make this promotion. Some of us might need a raise if we get promoted.

BRIAN

Who said I'm taking you with me when I get promoted? I might just leave you behind and get a new secretary. Trade you in for a new model.

CLARE

A new model? There's nothing wrong with this model. As if you could get any better!

BRIAN

That's my girl, I must be rubbing off on you. Of course you're coming with me. We're a winning team, you and me.

Brian puts his arm around Clare as they walk down the street.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Clare, there's something I need to tell you...the other night, I saw this...dream...I don't know what it was, but I died...and it made me...well, I just saw some things.

CLARE  
It's OK, it was just a dream -  
you're here with me now...

She grabs his arm, gives him a little pat, pulls herself  
closer to him.

BRIAN  
But, it was so real! And  
afterwards, there was this...man!

CLARE  
Afterwards? You mean after  
something in your dream?

BRIAN  
No, after the dream. There was a  
man in my apartment.

Clare laughs.

CLARE  
Come on...get serious.

BRIAN  
I am.

CLARE  
Well, wait, go back - what happened  
in your dream? How did you die?

BRIAN  
I was in the elevator at work, and  
there was this van, and an  
explosion...

Suddenly, in the distance, Brian hears a loud muffler.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
...like that!

CLARE  
Like what?

BRIAN  
Did you hear that?

CLARE  
Hear what?

BRIAN  
That noise. Like a van with a  
broken muffler.

The muffler sound gets closer. Brian looks around and sees the white van from his dream pass by.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

There it is! There's the van in my dream! Hey wait stop...slow down...

Brian chases the van down the street, leaving Clare.

CLARE

Where are you going? This isn't funny - now come back here and walk me home! If you make me walk home alone, I'm not bringing you donuts tomorrow! No maple with sprinkles. Brian! It's only a van!

BRIAN

Sorry Clare, I'll see you at the office tomorrow!

CLARE

I thought you were going to walk me home. It's only a van.

SCENE FIVE

EXT. BRIAN IS RUNNING DOWN THE STREET

Brian yells as he chases the familiar van.

BRIAN

Hey stop...wait up...slow down...

Brian continues to run as the van stops ahead. Brian runs up to passenger window and knocks on the van. We see a little old lady in the driver's seat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me... sorry to bother you. Good evening, my name is Brian, and I was wondering...are you selling this van?

OLD LADY

Yes I am. It was my late husband's work van...It still runs great...I really don't have a use for it anymore. You're the second offer I've had today. Some students inquired this morning. Said they'd contact me after they went to the bank or something of the sort.

Brian looks panicked at this news.

BRIAN

Ma'am, you can't sell this van to them! They're going to use it as a weapon!

Old Lady grows concerned and upset with Brian's demand.

OLD LADY

Young man, you're scaring me!

BRIAN

Ma'am, I know this is going to sound crazy, but I had this dream. I saw your van, and these three guys were driving it, and they blew it up.

Old Lady grows frightened at Brian's story.

OLD LADY

Well, that's very interesting young man, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to move away from my van now.

BRIAN

But you don't understand...

OLD LADY

Good night now...

BRIAN

Wait, I'll buy it from you. How much are you asking?

Brian pulls out his wallet.

Old Lady puts the van in gear.

OLD LADY

I'm sorry. It's getting late.

Brian reaches for the van door handle.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Get away from my van, you madman!

BRIAN

Please wait. Really - I'll double whatever they offered you.

OLD LADY  
I'm going to call the police you  
lunatic!

The Old Lady drives away.

SCENE SIX

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT

Brian walks in and turns on lights and TV. He starts to fix himself a drink.

TV ANNOUNCER  
...and now, here's exclusive  
Channel 3 video sent in by CLAW, a  
group claiming to be responsible  
for another protest bombing outside  
of a Blandings Coffee Shop.

Brian has his back turned to the TV. He's at the refrigerator, bending down getting ice out of the bottom freezer while the newscast is showing footage from the recent bombing. Three anarchists are standing in front of a banner that has an image of a claw and the letters CLAW underneath it.

ANARCHIST 1  
People! Throw off your addiction!

ANARCHIST 2  
Free yourself from corporate  
caffeinization!

ANARCHIST 3  
Every sip of Blandings coffee helps  
keep indigenous people in chains!!!

ANARCHIST 1  
Victory to the Cultural Liberation  
Army of Workers!

Brian recognizes the voices from his dream and turns his head towards the TV. He hits his head on the refrigerator door as the phone rings.

BRIAN  
Ouch! Hello?

CLARE  
Brian it's me. Are you okay? Did  
you make it home alright?

BRIAN

Yeah. I'm sorry, Clare. I didn't mean to run off and leave you like that. I should've stayed and walked you home.

CLARE

Yes, that would have been nice...since that's usually what happens after one offers to walk another home...well anyway, did you catch your van?

BRIAN

Yeah, but that didn't pan out. What about you? Did you make it home okay?

CLARE

I did...but, Charlie isn't home yet. I'm a little concerned.

BRIAN

How old is Charlie? What is he about 17 now?

CLARE

Yeah, he's right at that age where he thinks he knows everything about everything...and, there's no telling him differently. He thinks he's invulnerable. His therapist says he's testing his limits...testing my nerves is more like it.

BRIAN

Relax, he's a good kid. Look at his mother. He just needs some more positive role models in his life. I was no angel at that age, and look how I turned out. He could learn a thing or two from me.

CLARE

That's exactly why I'm worried... Hey what's gotten into you?

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

In the past ten years you and I might have talked about Charlie a handful of times...I was beginning to think you forgot I was a mother at all...which is flattering in its own way, but come on...what's this really about?

Brian picks up a framed photo of Clare and himself.

BRIAN

Clare would you ever consider settling down with someone again?

CLARE

Slim chance of that happening right now. My radar is pretty bleak at the moment.

SCENE SEVEN

Clare picks up a framed photo of her and Brian. It's signed "You're the best Clare, keep up the good work, Brian!"

Clare hears the front door close.

CLARE

Brian, I've gotta go. Charlie just got home...what was it you were saying?

BRIAN

Never mind. It was nothing. I'll see you in the morning...alright?

CLARE

Okay, good night sweetie...And do dream about something nice tonight - if you come in cranky tomorrow morning - I'll kill you myself!

BRIAN

Good night, Clare.

Brian hangs up the phone.

CLARE

Charlie, is that you?

CHARLIE

Yeah mom.

CLARE  
It's kind of late for a school  
night don't you think?

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry. I was at Scott's  
studying. I have to go to sleep.  
Got an early morning. Goodnight.

CLARE  
See you in the morning.

SCENE EIGHT

Charlie goes into his room and changes into urban dark camouflage then sneaks out his window. He gets picked up by a car that takes him to a warehouse where an anarchist meeting is in progress.

SCENE NINE

Brian turns off the TV, takes a pill and washes it down with his drink. He sits down and falls asleep. He dreams.

Sound of explosion.

ANARCHIST 1  
People, throw off your addictions!

CLARE  
Well, what happened in your dream?  
How did you die?

OLD LADY  
Get away from my van, you madman!

ANARCHIST 1  
People, throw off your addictions!

CLARE  
Brian, what's gotten into you?

Sound of explosion.

OLD LADY  
I'm going to call the police you  
lunatic...the police...the police.

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT

Brian wakes up from his dream. He's in his chair.

BRIAN  
The police.

## SCENE TEN

## INT. ANARCHIST WAREHOUSE

About 20 youths and young adults in ragged anarchist clothing are standing in a circle listening to Anarchist 1.

ANARCHIST 1

Okay listen up. We have another art lesson planned for the city. You over there, what's your name?

CHARLIE

Charlie.

ANARCHIST 1

You're up. Go with those two and acquire this vehicle.

Anarchist 1 points to Anarchist 2 and Anarchist 3 then hands a picture of Old Lady's van to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Where are we going to demonstrate this time?

ANARCHIST 2

You don't need to know. You'll find out when the time comes.

ANARCHIST 3

Your lucky to even be here.

## SCENE ELEVEN

## EXT. BRIAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Brian walks down the street to the police station.

## SCENE TWELVE

## INT. POLICE STATION

Brian walks in, and goes to the counter.

POLICE OFFICER

Yes? What do you need?

BRIAN

I'd like to talk to someone about a crime.

POLICE OFFICER

What type of crime and when did it occur?

BRIAN

Well I'm not really sure. You see, it hasn't really happened yet.

POLICE OFFICER

Sir, it's been a really crazy night here. I don't have time for...

BRIAN

No, you don't understand. I had this dream, and there was this van, and three men...

POLICE OFFICER

Sir, I have real work to do here. Do you really expect me to take a report on your dream?

BRIAN

But these guys in a van, they blew up - I mean they're going to blow up - my building. Where I work, downtown.

POLICE OFFICER

And you know so much about this why?

BRIAN

Uh, well, I saw it.

POLICE OFFICER

In your dream?

BRIAN

Well it wasn't so much a dream, as it was a vision.

POLICE OFFICER

Oh, so now it's a vision, huh? You know they have medication for that...could it be that you're off yours now, sir?

BRIAN

No...I don't need any medication. What I need is someone to take me seriously..if you can't help me maybe one of your...

We hear Old Lady coming out of Police Sergeant's office.

OLD LADY

Why thank you, officer. I do hope you can recover my late husband's van...

POLICE SERGEANT

Yes ma'am. We'll do our best. But like I said, we've had an increase in the number of vans stolen recently.

Old Lady sees Brian and points at him.

OLD LADY

Officer, officer, There's that madman I told you about earlier, the one who wanted my van so badly!

Old Lady jabs Brian.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

What have you done with my van? You've stolen it, haven't you? Lock him up, officer! Put him in the slammer and throw away the key!

BRIAN

Stolen it? I offered you double for that piece of junk...and now look, you've let someone else take it! I warned you about those guys...don't you see, this is all coming true...detective, you've got to find that van and stop those men!

The Police Sergeant silently mouths "hold him" to the Police Officer, who turns his attention back to Brian with new interest.

POLICE OFFICER

I'm sorry sir, what did you say your name was?

BRIAN

Brian.

POLICE OFFICER

Well Brian, I think you're right...we should take a closer look at this situation.

BRIAN  
Yes, that's what I've been saying.

POLICE OFFICER  
Can I see your ID please?

BRIAN  
Certainly. Here you go.

Brian hands the Police Officer his driver's license.

POLICE OFFICER  
Why don't you come with me. Right  
this way.

Police Officer leads Brian to a door.

BRIAN  
Thank you. Now we're getting  
somewhere. I can explain about  
that lady...I was trying to buy her  
van...

POLICE OFFICER  
Wait in here. I'll be right back.

Police Officer closes the door, locks it and walks away.  
Brian tries the doorknob.

SCENE THIRTEEN

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM

BRIAN  
Hey! Let me out of here!

The door opens. In walks Agent McCarthy.

AGENT MCCARTHY  
Good evening. Can I get you a cup  
of coffee, Brian?

BRIAN  
I don't need any coffee - I need  
someone to talk to about this  
bombing...I saw it...and I think  
it's coming true...and you guys are  
treating me like I'm the criminal.

AGENT MCCARTHY  
I'm Agent McCarthy with Homeland  
Security.

BRIAN

Homeland Security. Finally...now we're getting somewhere. Alright, you see I had this dream, well really it was more like a...

AGENT MCCARTHY

That's nice Brian, we all have dreams. What we're more interested in is how exactly are you connected with the recent bombings?

BRIAN

Connected? I'm not connected. I saw an explosion in my dream. These three men were running away from a van.

AGENT MCCARTHY

Three men? You mean The Cultural Liberation Army of Workers? How are you affiliated with Claw?

BRIAN

Who? Claw? Those three men? I don't know them!

AGENT MCCARTHY

Well, I'm afraid we have a statement from someone who says you tried to steal her van this evening, a van that very much matches the type used in recent attacks around the city.

BRIAN

If I were going to steal a van, why would I come to a police station? I know - maybe I drove here in the van! Why don't you go check the parking lot, Sherlock?

AGENT MCCARTHY

Brian, are you under any stress in your life? Do you ever feel like maybe it's too much? Like you're going to...

BRIAN

Look, I know my story sounds completely ridiculous...like little green men talking to me on my shoulder crazy...but you have to believe me! Just check it out - it's the Flood Building down on Front Street. You pull into the garage, and there's a Blandings Coffee Shop on the right, near the elevators.

AGENT MCCARTHY

What a minute. Blandings Coffee Shop?

BRIAN

Yeah, you know; \$5 cup of coffee, one on every corner?

AGENT MCCARTHY

How do you know so much about these men and the Blandings Coffee Shop connection?

BRIAN

I don't. Look, it was like being there...this doesn't happen to me all the time. But, if there's any chance it could be true, you need to investigate this and find those guys in my dream.

AGENT MCCARTHY

Yes - you know, Brian, I think you're right. We do need to check this out further. Why don't you come with me while we investigate?

SCENE FOURTEEN

INT. POLICE STATION HOLDING CELL

We see a jail cell door closing with Brian on the inside.

BRIAN

Hey, you can't do this! I have rights! Where's my phone call?

AGENT MCCARTHY

Yeah, we'll get right on that.

## SCENE FIFTEEN

INT. POLICE STATION. - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

CLARE

I'm here to pick up Brian  
Connor...?

POLICE OFFICER

Just one minute, I'll check...

Police Officer picks up a telephone.

CLARE

He's alright, isn't he? You haven't  
hurt him, have you?

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am?

Clare laughs nervously.

CLARE

I'm just nervous, I've never been  
in a police station before...I feel  
like I've done something wrong. Do  
you know how much longer it's going  
to be? I'm already late for work.

POLICE OFFICER

Your boyfriend will be out in a few  
minutes.

CLARE

Oh, he's not my boyfriend! He's my  
boss! I mean, he wanted to get  
serious, and he is kind of cute,  
just my type, actually.

Clare leans in to whisper to the Police Officer.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Have you ever slept with someone  
you worked with? I mean, it never  
works out, right? And he's such a  
good friend, I don't want to ruin  
that, do you know what I mean?

POLICE OFFICER

Look lady, whoever he is, he'll be  
out in a few minutes. Please have a  
seat so I can help someone else...

CLARE

Oh, I see...

The door buzzes and out walks Brian.

POLICE OFFICER

Ah, here's your boyfriend now!

Clare and Brian speak in unison.

CLARE

No, he's not my...

BRIAN

No, I'm not her...

POLICE OFFICER

Yeah, whatever.

Clare looks Brian up and down.

CLARE

Come on, you're a mess. I'll take you home. You've got to get cleaned up and in to work!

SCENE SIXTEEN

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT

Clare and Brian enter.

BRIAN

What a night. You try to be a good citizen and look what happens!

Brian kicks his shoes off.

CLARE

Go take a shower, I'll make you some coffee. Look at the time! We're really late - and today of all days! Hurry up!

Clare picks up Brian's shoes.

Brian takes his shirt off.

BRIAN

Thanks again, Clare. I really appreciate you always being there for me.

Brian leans to kiss her.

Clare shoos Brian away.

CLARE

Go, go, go, go! Hurry up, we're late!

Brian walks into bathroom, leaves the door open, and turns on the shower. Clare picks up Brian's shirt and looks towards the bathroom.

BRIAN

Late? For what?

CLARE

Work! The Hughes presentation, remember? You do have the Hughes presentation ready, don't you?

Clare goes to kitchen to make coffee.

BRIAN

What time is the presentation?

CLARE

1:30, Brian - come on, get your head on straight!

BRIAN

Sorry, but with all the dreams, people popping by, getting arrested, getting fired...

CLARE

What are you talking about, fired? You haven't been fired, at least not yet.

BRIAN

Right before the explosion...I was walking out of the office with a box of my things, and the guy after my dream told me I was going to get fired. He kind of let it slip...he wasn't supposed to tell me that.

CLARE

Oh, Brian, here we go with the dream again. Hasn't it gotten you into enough trouble? I don't have time for dream analysis today. Do you even know what today is? Oh, never mind. The point is, there's no one else here - no little man!

Clare closes the refrigerator and Brian is standing there.

BRIAN

Clare it was real, I know it was! I don't know how.

CLARE

Well then - let's see this little man! Maybe I can...rub a lamp! Or...call him: earth to little man, come in little man! Should we have a seance, Brian? Ooooooooooooo

BRIAN

No, Clare, we don't need a seance.

CLARE

Yes, Brian, you're right! We don't need a seance! You're being ridiculous. Where are you? Wake up, Brian - this is real life, not a dream. Now come on! Let's go, before we both get fired!

Clare hands Brian his coffee and both exit the apartment.

SCENE SEVENTEEN

INT. OFFICE

Elevator doors open and Brian and Clare step out. They look around office and see birthday decorations up all over the office.

CLARE

Oh, my...

BRIAN

Oh Clare...your birthday! I'm so sorry...I forgot...I guess I was so wrapped up with everything else...I forgot...I didn't even get you anything!

CLARE

Yes you did, sweetie. One of the few perks of being your assistant.

Brian smiles.

BRIAN

What did I get you? Did I spend more than fifty?

CLARE

Much more...!

Clare pulls at her scarf as she smiles to Brian.

Brian sees Agent McCarthy walk out of TJ's office.

BRIAN

You've got to be kidding me! TJ -  
what are they asking you? You  
don't have to tell them anything!  
What did you talk to them about?

TJ

Brian, they just asked me a few  
questions about you. I told them  
the truth, that's all.

Brian looks at Homeland Security.

BRIAN

What do you want from me? I told  
you everything already. I don't  
know these men, these crow people  
or whatever you call them. I'm not  
a terrorist!

Suddenly a gaggle of secretaries comes towards Clare with a  
flaming birthday cake.

SECRETARIES

Happy Birthday to You

BRIAN

Great!

SECRETARIES

Happy Birthday to You.

CLARE

Shh. Please guys. Not now!

SECRETARIES

Happy Birthday dear Clare.

LONE SECRETARY

Clare.

SECRETARIES

Happy Birthday to you.

CLARE

Guys really. You shouldn't have.  
I mean, not right now.

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

Really, take it away...lets do it again later.

Secretaries walk away with the cake.

Well...don't eat it all. Save me a slice with a rose on it...oh, and my name - save my name too! I can bring it home to Charlie.

Clare walks over to Brian as Brian turns to TJ.

BRIAN

Not now, Clare. I'll be with you in a minute. I need the Hughes files on my desk five minutes ago. TJ, can I speak with you in your office?

TJ

Sure Brian. Come on in.

TJ and Brian walk into TJ's Office.

SCENE EIGHTEEN

INT. TJ'S OFFICE

BRIAN

TJ look, whatever these men told you - you know me. I would never get involved with any organization or do anything to hurt anyone.

TJ

I know that. You've been like a son to me Brian, and you worked here long after you stopped dating my daughter. Do you know why I kept you on?

BRIAN

I have a feeling you're going to tell me.

SCENE NINETEEN

INT. OFFICE

Clare brings a white file box from her desk to Brian's desk. She sets it down and starts putting files on Brian's desk.

LOUISE

Clare, did you hear? It's all over the office! Poor Brian. Cory had her mother talk to TJ, and now he's given Haji a promotion!

CLARE

Oh, stop it Louise. You know you're just making that up. You shouldn't gossip - it only cultivates pettiness...and wrinkles...and grey hair.

LOUISE

It's true. Really. Haji's over there celebrating!

Clare looks across office to Haji and Cory hugging and opening a bottle of champagne. Cory smiles and waves to Clare.

SCENE TWENTY

INT. TJ'S OFFICE

TJ

Brian, you're my top producer. You bring in plenty of new business, you're full of great ideas, and you're this company's superstar. But you've been under a lot of stress lately. Maybe you need a break. We all have to take some time off sometime in our career. I think you need a long vacation. It will help. You'll see.

BRIAN

I can't go on vacation, I have a ton of work on my desk. We're really turning the corner with the Hughes account. We came up with some brilliant product placements for their new line.

TJ

Haji can take care of that for you.

BRIAN

Haji! What can he do? He has no experience...oh, but I see...He's dating Cory. That's ironic. I guess I should have expected that. Look at where it got me.

TJ

Your good work got you where you are, not dating my daughter! Brian, sometimes life is more than work. You have to know when to take a break if you really want to keep yourself healthy and happy.

BRIAN

TJ, are you giving me a leave or letting me go? I thought you were going to promote me.

TJ

No, I'm not letting you go, I'm just not letting you stay for a while. It's for your own good. Just think of this as a paid vacation. A bit of time to relax. Rest. Find yourself.

BRIAN

Find myself. I don't believe this. Find myself?

TJ

After a few months, you'll see this was all for the best, and the company will still be here when you return. My door is always open to you.

BRIAN

After all I've done for you and this company! After all we've been through, you're just going to let me go. Just like that.

TJ

No. It's not like that. You need some rest. Why when I was your age, I took a year off and...

BRIAN

I'm not going to take a year off TJ!

TJ

Look now. They said you've been hallucinating, and Clare had to pick you up from the police station of all places! You missed an important meeting today, and that reflects poorly on the company.

(MORE)

TJ (CONT'D)

I just think you need some time away from here to deal with whatever's going on in your life. Get some help. Go see a doctor...I don't know what kind, just go see one!

BRIAN

It's all coming true I don't believe it.

TJ

What's coming true?

BRIAN

You wouldn't believe me...Don't even ask.

TJ pulls a check book out of his drawer and writes a check.

TJ

Here's some money. Just think of it as an advance for when you come back to work.

Brian takes the check, turns and walks out.

BRIAN

Thanks for the confidence.

TJ

I meant what I said. Get some help.

SCENE TWENTY ONE

INT. OFFICE

Brian looks around the office. He sees Clare talking with Louise. Clare looks over at Brian and then abruptly stops the conversation and goes back to her desk.

Brian walks to his desk and sees the white file box with one of the Hughes file folders inside. He takes the folder out and stares at the empty box for a while. He walks to his doorway and throws the folder across the entire office. He screams in frustration.

BRIAN

AH!!!!

Brian walks out of his office with his belongings in the white file box. He passes Haji and Cory, who are celebrating.

CORY

Brian, come help us celebrate!  
Daddy just gave Haji a promotion.

BRIAN

Good luck, Thread Count. I'm sure you and Cory will have a wonderful life together. You two really deserve each other. If I were you though, I'd start building a doghouse in the backyard. Believe me, I've been there. It's cold. Brrr!

Brian continues walking toward elevator. Clare follows him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

CLARE

I can't stay here and let them do this to you, Brian.

BRIAN

Clare. This is your job. You need it. I'll be fine. But you have a son to think about.

CLARE

We're a team. If you go, I go.

Brian and Clare reach the elevator. Brian pushes the button, looks around the office, then pushes the button several more times.

BRIAN

Come on, damn it! There's never an elevator when you want to make a quick exit. Come on!

SCENE TWENTY TWO

INT. ELEVATOR

The elevator doors open. Brian and Clare get in and Brian sets his box down. He pushes the parking garage button, turns to the office, and takes one sullen look around, shaking his head in disappointment. The doors close.

Brian slams his hand against the wall and curses. He looks at his reflection in the elevator wall and gets even more upset. He yells.

BRIAN

Ah!!!!

CLARE

Brian! You're scaring people.

Brian turns around and sees one passenger in the corner of elevator.

BRIAN

Sorry. Bad day. Just got fired  
for a dream I had.

The passenger scrambles to get off the elevator at the next floor, nervously pressing buttons 5, 3, 1.

Elevator doors open at Floor 5. The passenger hurries out.

The doors close. Brian and Clare look deeply at each other.

The elevator doors open at Floor 3. A crowd of people stand shocked seeing Brian and Clare kissing passionately. No one gets on. The doors close.

Brian pushes Emergency Stop.

CLARE

What?

BRIAN

You kissed me!

CLARE

Yes I did. Well, we don't work  
together anymore. And I've always  
had this thing for you.

BRIAN

I knew it!

CLARE

Oh, don't get all sure of yourself.  
It was just a kiss...Not  
bad...maybe with some practice.

BRIAN

Thanks for that great review.

CLARE

Oh, I left my keys upstairs.

BRIAN

I'll go with you.

CLARE

After all that drama? You don't want to go back up there again. Go down to Blandings and get us a couple of coffees. I'll meet you there in a few minutes.

BRIAN

Okay, but I'm not going to take this elevator. I'm taking the stairs.

CLARE

Get me a piece of cake or a brownie.

SCENE TWENTY THREE

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY

Brian and Clair exit elevator.

Clare waits for elevator going up.

INT. OFFICE STAIRWELL

Brian goes down the stairwell to the garage.

SCENE TWENTY FOUR

INT. PARKING GARAGE

The elevator door opens as Brian passes it. He sees his white file box in the corner of the elevator.

BRIAN

Oh, my stuff.

SCENE TWENTY FIVE

INT. ELEVATOR

Brian steps into elevator to pick up his box. The doors start to close as Brian puts his foot out to stop them. He looks up and sees a white van pulling into the garage. The van pulls in front of Blandings Coffee Shop and three men rush from the van shouting their slogans. Brian suddenly notices that the youngest one looks familiar.

BRIAN

Charlie!?

Camera fades to black with the sound of an explosion.

## SCENE TWENTY SIX

## EXT. CEMETERY

Death's friend and Brian sit high up in a tree overlooking Brian's funeral.

BRIAN

Whoa! Where am I? What just happened? The explosion. I'm dead! I'm dead?!

DEATH'S FRIEND

Bingo!

BRIAN

But I didn't take the elevator.

DEATH'S FRIEND

No one says you did.

BRIAN

But in my dream I got off the elevator and saw the explosion.

DEATH'S FRIEND

And that's exactly what happened, sport.

BRIAN

Now what? Where am I?

DEATH'S FRIEND

Well, you know what you are. You're a ghost. Boo.

BRIAN

What does that mean? Where do I go now? Do I just hang around here and haunt people?

DEATH'S FRIEND

I'm afraid we don't do that.

BRIAN

What are we doing here then?

DEATH'S FRIEND

I don't know. You must have something you needed to see here.

Brian looks down at the funeral. Haji stands up and walks past Clare to give a speech to the crowd.

BRIAN

Hey look, there's Clare! Wait, why is Haji getting up to say anything? He doesn't know me. What does he have to say?

HAJI

Today, we mourn the loss of not just a friend, not just a coworker, not just any person. Today, we mourn the loss of Brian...through dedication and hard work, he showed us that anything can be done. Brian you will be missed, but your spirit will live on forever.

BRIAN

Oh Haji give me a break! Is that the best you could come up with? Sit down. Let Clare talk.

Brian grabs a hand full of leaves from the tree. Clare looks over at tree and sees a few leaves falling. Brian throws the leaves and they turn into wind briefly blowing people's clothes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Wow, cool! Did I do that?

Brian throws an acorn at Haji, hitting him in the foot. Haji stumbles briefly. Haji sees Cory and TJ hugging, walks over to join in and gets pushed away by Cory. Clare gets up and stands in front of the crowd.

CLARE

Many of you remember Brian as a bright ball of energy that could lighten up any room...brighten up any party...take on any challenge however great or small...and he'd always come out winning.

DEATH'S FRIEND

She definitely likes you!

BRIAN

Yeah, right? Shh. I want to hear this!

CLARE

Well, almost always...Some would say he was bossy, arrogant, aggressive, in-charge, and always in control. But what you don't know about him...

BRIAN

Clare! Don't say it. Stop with arrogant, aggressive, in-charge, in control.

CLARE

was that he was very caring. He always thought of others, he just didn't know how to show it...He wouldn't want anyone to know this but...he had a heart.

BRIAN

Oh, don't tell them that. Stick with arrogant, aggressive. She never knows when to stop talking.

CLARE

He would want you all to follow your dreams. Make your point! Sometimes he would say Clare, go for your dreams! Reach! They're yours! Brian, some might say you lived your dream. You'll always be in my dreams.

Brain throws some leaves at Clare. Clare lifts her face to feel the wind blow.

CLARE (CONT'D)

I love you Brian.

BRIAN

I love you too Clare.

DEATH'S FRIEND

Ah, that's sweet. I think I might need my hanky.

BRIAN

Wow, this is it? That's all I get? I wish I had more time with her. I could have helped her with Charlie, now more than ever. And there are, well were so many things I still wanted to do.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I guess I'm disappointed with some parts of my life. I wish that I had used my time better and accomplished more.

DEATH'S FRIEND

I know what you mean. And it's true, there are many lost opportunities, things we could've done better. But you know what? You have to get over that. Let those things go. Look back and realize you could've been a lot worse. You did some good things, and most people seem to like you.

BRIAN

But if I had more time.

DEATH'S FRIEND

You have the time that you have...no more, no less. Enjoy it! Cherish it! Celebrate it! But when it's over it's over. That's all folks!

BRIAN

Yeah, I guess you're right. But that doesn't make it easy to accept. Kind of frustrating don't you think?

DEATH'S FRIEND

I can tell you about frustrating. This is nothing compared to some people I have...shall we say...escorted to the other side. You've got it good kid.

BRIAN

Hey, by the way, just for the record: I was put on leave, not fired!

DEATH'S FRIEND

Of course, that's right - not fired at all.

BRIAN

You don't believe me. I was not fired!

DEATH'S FRIEND

You were so fired.

BRIAN  
I was put on extended leave.

DEATH'S FRIEND  
Fired!

BRIAN  
Vacation Leave!

DEATH'S FRIEND  
Bye bye.

BRIAN  
I needed some rest and relaxation!

DEATH'S FRIEND  
There's plenty of that where you're  
going. Come on, let's go.

BRIAN  
Where are we going?

DEATH'S FRIEND  
Just follow me.

Camera pans around Brian and Death's Friend and when it stops they are both at Brian's Office. Charlie and Clare are walking down the hallway.

SCENE TWENTY SEVEN

INT. OFFICE

BRIAN  
How did we do that? It's my old  
office. Why are we here?

DEATH'S FRIEND  
Look there's Clare and Charlie.  
He's a mess.

BRIAN  
Charlie! That was you wasn't it?

CLARE  
Thanks for coming with me to pick  
up the rest of my stuff. But  
remember, you're going back to  
school as soon as we get done here!

CHARLIE  
That's okay mom. I wasn't missing  
much.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You know school is just a tool of corporate assimilation anyway.

CLARE

Oh honestly Charlie who put all this nonsense into your head? Besides, corporate assimilation has kept you alive all these years.

BRIAN

That's telling him Clare!

Clare and Charlie stop outside TJ's Office.

CLARE

Now wait here and don't get into any trouble. I'll be right back.

Clare goes into TJ's Office. Brian and Death's Friend follow Clare. Charlie observes from the doorway. The TV is on and TJ and Cory are watching it.

SCENE TWENTY EIGHT

INT. TJ'S OFFICE

TJ

Hello Clare. How are you doing?

CLARE

I just stopped by for my last check.

TJ

Yes, well if you insist! You know we'd love you to stay.

CLARE

You know how I feel about that.

TJ takes out a checkbook and writes Clare a check. Brian is looking over TJ's shoulder.

BRIAN

That's all you're going to give her? After all those years of loyal service?

TJ

No, that's not right.

TJ rips up the check and writes another one.

BRIAN  
That's better!

TJ  
Here you go Clare.

Cory turns the volume of the TV up.

CORY  
Look at this!

TV ANNOUNCER  
In what police consider a break in  
the Blanding's Coffee Shop  
bombings, Channel 3 has learned  
that an unnamed man attempted to  
warn the police and homeland  
security with details of the  
bombing prior to it happening.

BRIAN  
Now they believe me!

DEATH'S FRIEND  
Ah...sweet vindication.

TV ANNOUNCER  
In an ironic twist of fate, this  
same person was one of the  
casualties of the bombing itself.

BRIAN  
Now they believe me!

Charlie sees news on the TV and uses his phone to text  
someone "I think they know who we are!"

DEATH'S FRIEND  
Come on, lets go.

BRIAN  
Now where?

DEATH'S FRIEND  
You'll see. Just follow me.

BRIAN  
Hey, what did you say your name was  
again?

CAMERA FADES TO BLACK.

END.