

TOMORROW WAITS FOR NO ONE
S01E01, "WHO AM I?"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SILICON VALLEY FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

It's a warm moonlit night.

SUPERIMPOSE: LABOR DAY 2002

EXT. ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

A flashy-yet-beat-up '70s MUSCLE CAR winds down the desolate highway.

SUPERIMPOSE: SANTA LORENA, CALIFORNIA

Distant suburban lights glimmer. The car ROARS past a SIGN:

CLOSE ON: JENSEN HILL/SANTA LORENA NEXT EXIT

INT. FRANK'S CAR, DRIVING ON ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Early-20s FRANK CAIN, lean but muscular, douche. Tee-shirt, baggy cargo shorts. A hard-working man, Frank is. He'll do just about anything to find the easy way out. Always scheming and plotting. If he'd spent half as much energy actually working to get ahead than trying to shirk his responsibilities, Frank might actually have made something of himself by now.

He bobs his head to a HEAVY METAL SONG.

In the passenger seat sits MARBLEHEAD, a taxidermed skunk.

Steering with his knee, Frank slurps a MILKSHAKE.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

MARCUS LAZANO, slim, early-20s, olive-skinned, boy-next-door good looks, khakis and button shirt, dashes through the woods and darts into a clearing. He glances over his shoulder, and continues running.

Barreling through the brush, slim 30ish LEO CORELLI and thickset 40ish AL SLEZAK, wearing dark silk suits and imported wingtips, pursue Marcus. Leo's GOLD WRISTWATCH gleams in the moonlight.

INT. FRANK'S CAR, DRIVING ON ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Frank bops his head and sings along unintelligibly.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Marcus trips over a fallen tree limb and falls to the ground. He looks back as Leo and Al narrow the gap.

Leo draws a GUN from his jacket. Marcus scrambles to his feet and flees. Leo aims and fires TWO SHOTS.

INT. FRANK'S CAR, DRIVING ON ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Frank fiddles with the stereo's equalizer settings.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Fatigued, Marcus runs toward an embankment. Beyond is the highway. Leo and Al close in.

INT. FRANK'S CAR, DRIVING ON ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Frank reaches forward to ratchet up the stereo's volume. The lid POPS off and the shake splatters him.

FRANK

Crap!

Frank grapples with the wheel and struggles to mop up with the hem of his shirt.

EXT. ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Marcus emerges from the woods and lurches onto the roadway.

INT. FRANK'S CAR, DRIVING ON ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

FRANK

Could this day possibly get any worse?

Frank looks up to see Marcus stumble into his path. Frank slams on the brakes: SCREECH.

EXT. ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Headlights bear down on Marcus as he turns to face the car about to plow into him. He freezes.

Time slows. Frank's car strikes Marcus.

Propelled backward, he lands in the middle of the road, hitting his head on the pavement with a brutal THUD.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

INT. FRANK'S CAR, PARKED ON ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Dazed, Frank lifts his head from the steering wheel. There's a gash on his right brow.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - NIGHT

Leo and Al stop at the road's edge and observe the scene.

INT. FRANK'S CAR, PARKED ON ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Frank sits back, stunned. He adjusts the rearview mirror and gazes at his reflection. Blood trickles down his temple. He wipes it away and winces.

He looks forward and gasps at the sight in front of his car.

EXT. ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Frank throws the door open, steps out, and staggers forward.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - NIGHT

Leo aims his gun at Frank. Al grabs his arm.

AL
No. Too messy.

Leo glares at Al.

AL (cont'd)
Boss made it clear. He wants him alive.

Leo returns his attention to the men in the road. He pauses then lowers the weapon. Leo and Al monitor the situation.

EXT. ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Frank kneels and leans over Marcus, listening for a breath. He sits back.

FRANK
Oh God. Hang in there, man. Don't die on me.

Marcus's eyes pop open. Frank shrieks and punches him in the face. Marcus loses consciousness.

FRANK (cont'd)
Crap!

Frank retrieves his CELLPHONE from his pocket and dials 911.

FRANK (cont'd)
Dammit. Don't you die.

Frank places his fingertips on pulse point of Marcus's neck.

FRANK (cont'd)
I need an ambulance, quick. Yeah, I
just-- Uh, somebody was just hit by
a car. Yeah, he's still breathing.
I'm on Route 7...

He looks around and spies the exit sign.

FRANK (cont'd)
...just before the Jensen Hill
exit.

He visually inspects Marcus whose nose begins to bleed.

FRANK (cont'd)
Yeah, he's bleeding... a little.
Just a... a nosebleed.

A pool of blood spreads from beneath Marcus's head.

FRANK (cont'd)
Oh, God. No, he's bleeding bad.
He's bleeding real bad. Uh uh, I
didn't moved him. No, I won't.
Look, you gotta send someone. Just
hurry.

He pockets his phone.

FRANK (cont'd)
What the hell were you doing, man?
Jesus. What, you got a death wish?

He checks pulse again, leans in and hears LABORED BREATH.

FRANK (cont'd)
If you die, I'm not responsible.
Okay? You hear me? You came outta
nowhere. Ran right in front of my
car. There was no way I coulda
stopped in time. No way, dude.

In the distance, a SIREN blares.

FRANK (cont'd)
You can't die, okay.

He stands and paces but fails to notice Leo and Al.

He returns to his car, adjusts side-view mirror and examines his injuries. Retrieving a handkerchief from his pocket, he dabs the BLOOD dripping down his cheek.

The siren grows louder.

Frank looks over each shoulder, pauses, then enters his car.

INT. FRANK'S CAR, PARKED ON ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

Frank starts the engine and puts it in gear. He pauses.

Hesitation. Frustration.

He turns the engine off and sits glassy eyed.

Returning his attention to the roadway, he focuses.

EXT. ROUTE 7 - NIGHT

A WALLET hangs from Marcus's pocket. Bills dangle.

Frank exits car, ambles forward, bends over and snatches it. He turns away, looks over shoulder at Marcus, and opens it.

A RAINBOW FLAG STICKER adorns the center interior. Frank leafs through the billfold, thick with hundreds.

FRANK
What the...?

He returns to Marcus and searches his pockets, discovering an envelope filled with thousands of dollars in cash.

FRANK (cont'd)
Whoa.

The ambulance arrives.

Frank turns toward the vehicle, face illuminated by FLASHING LIGHTS.

He pauses, ponders... and plunges the wallet and envelope into his shorts' side pocket.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - NIGHT

Leo and Al retreat into woods.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

ANTONIO MARTINEZ, D.O., early-40s, bearish Latino with chiseled good looks, joins two EMTs.

They wheel Marcus on a gurney.

EMT 1

Unidentified white male was unconscious when we arrived. B.P. is 70 over 45. Pupils are unresponsive, breathing is labored, and his abdomen is distended. He's hypotensive and mildly hypoxic. Pulse ox is 89. He's lost at least two liters of blood. We administered oxygen and two liters saline en route.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM - NIGHT

They burst through the doors and are joined by the TRAUMA TEAM. All wear scrubs covered by disposable smocks.

SUSAN, 20s, helps Antonio into a smock.

Antonio's demeanor is calm, stoic.

ANTONIO

Okay, on three.

EMTs grab the edges of the gurney.

ANTONIO (cont'd)

One, two, three.

They lift gurney and transfer Marcus to exam table.

ANTONIO (cont'd)

Let's get a cross-table C-spine and head C.T.

EMTs grab their equipment and exit. TUBES and WIRES are attached to Marcus.

ANTONIO (cont'd)

Get him four liters O neg.

Susan rushes into action. Electronic monitors BEEP and CLICK.

INT. NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

The chaotic emergency room BUSTLES.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

A stern-looking FEMALE INTERN stands in front of Frank and visually checks his injuries.

INTERN

I have to go get a suture kit. I'll
be right back.

Frank nods as she exits.

He takes from his cargo pocket the envelope and thumbs through the wad of hundred-dollar bills. He returns envelope to his pocket and retrieves Marcus's wallet.

Frank thoroughly examines the contents of each segment and pulls out a VIRGINIA DRIVER'S LICENSE for "Marcus A. Lazano" of "Twin Creeks."

Intern returns. A startled Frank drops the I.D. onto the exam table's step.

He covers it with his foot to keep her from seeing it.

She pulls up a SMALL ROLLING TABLE, stands in front of Frank, and assembles SUNDRY MEDICAL ITEMS.

INTERN (cont'd)

Here, lie back. Let me take that.

She points to the wallet in Frank's hand.

FRANK

Uh...

She snatches it, lays it on the counter, and nudges Frank to recline. She dons rubber gloves and sutures Frank's eyebrow.

He jerks his head away.

FRANK (cont'd)

Ow! Think you can be a little
rougher on me?

INTERN

Yes. I can.

Frank gulps.

She resumes stitching.

FRANK

You know anything about the other guy they brought in here?

INTERN

They rushed him to Trauma Room One to assess his condition. That's all I know.

FRANK

Was he still breathing? Did he look like he was gonna make it?

INTERN

I really can't say. They're doing everything they can for him.

She dabs the wound with gauze.

INTERN (cont'd)

Friend of yours?

FRANK

Huh? No. No, I don't have a clue. Never seen him before.

She finishes stitching, bandages wound, removes her gloves.

INTERN

The good news is, your injuries are only superficial. As soon as we finish your paperwork, you can be on your way.

She turns her back to him and cleans up.

Frank jumps off the table and quickly retrieves the I.D. from under his foot.

She turns to face him. Frank conceals I.D. and tries to act nonchalant.

INTERN (cont'd)

Don't forget your wallet.

FRANK

Yeah.

Frank picks it up keeping the I.D. hidden. He starts toward the door.

INTERN
You'll want to change that dressing
in the morning.

FRANK
I'll change the dressing.

He struggles to open the door.

INTERN
Make sure to thoroughly but gently
clean it with hydrogen peroxide.

He continues to fiddle with the knob.

FRANK
I'll clean it.

INTERN
Keep it dry.

FRANK
I'll keep it dry.

She sighs, rolls her eyes.

INTERN
Pull the door open.

FRANK
I'll pull the door open.

He does and steps into hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank curses under his breath, places the I.D. into Marcus's wallet and returns it to his front-right pocket.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM - NIGHT

GAIL RENWICK, RN, late-20s, wholesome looking, athletically full figured redhead, takes Marcus's vitals.

GAIL
B.P. has dropped to 65 over 40.
Pulse is still weak and thready.

She listens to his chest with a STETHOSCOPE.

GAIL (cont'd)
Poor respiratory effort. Sats are falling. He's now at 83.

ANTONIO
Get him intubated.

GAIL
I'm on it.

She grabs LARYNGOSCOPE and inserts a TUBE down Marcus's throat. Antonio analyzes the MONITOR.

ANTONIO
He's tachy at 120.

GAIL
Lost a lot of blood.

ANTONIO
Type and cross match. He's going to need type-specific.

GAIL
(to Susan)
Page the blood bank.

Susan rushes to the wall phone and dials. Antonio listens to Marcus's belly with a stethoscope.

ANTONIO
He's got a subdural hematoma and is bleeding internally. Page Dr. Tyler, and prep the O.R. He needs immediate surgery.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The medical team wheels Marcus on a gurney to the elevator.

Frank stands in front of exam room door, numbed.

Frank turns, startled by uniformed Santa Lorena Police Officer LEE BOLLINGER, tall, stocky, who stands inches away.

Bollinger conducts himself like Dragnet's Sgt. Friday.

BOLLINGER
Mr. Cain, I'm Officer Bollinger of the Santa Lorena P.D. I'd like to have a few moments with you to go over the details of the incident.

Frank takes a large step back.

FRANK
I wasn't speeding, I swear.

Bollinger leads Frank to a quieter corner.

BOLLINGER
I'll need to see your license
please.

Frank gets Marcus's wallet halfway out of his front-right pocket. Oops! He pauses. Slides the wallet back into his pocket and takes his own from his back pocket. He fishes out his license and presents it.

Bollinger takes the I.D. and scribbles on a report pad.

BOLLINGER (cont'd)
This your current address?

FRANK
Uh, yeah.

BOLLINGER
Phone number?

FRANK
Huh?

BOLLINGER
I need your phone number please.

FRANK
Oh. Yeah. 650-555-0132.

Bollinger jots it down.

BOLLINGER
It doesn't appear the victim had
any identification on him at the
time of the crash. Have you ever
seen him before?

FRANK
No.

Squirms.

FRANK (cont'd)
No I.D., huh?

BOLLINGER

None whatsoever. Can you tell me what you recall happening immediately before your vehicle struck the victim?

FRANK

I was driving down Route 7, near Jensen Hill, and this guy just runs right into the road. I slammed on my brakes, but it all happened so quick.

BOLLINGER

Do you recall how fast you were going at the time?

FRANK

Do you know how fast you were going on your way over here?

Bollinger glares. Frank shrinks.

FRANK (cont'd)

I know I wasn't speeding. I know it.

Frank puffs out his chest.

FRANK (cont'd)

In fact, I looked at the speedometer right before dude-face ran out in front of me. I was going 32 miles an hour. Exactly.

Bollinger returns Frank's I.D. and includes a business card.

BOLLINGER

Here's my card. You're free to go. We'll be in touch with you. If you have any questions or think of anything that may be of importance, please give me a call.

FRANK

Yeah. Sure.

Bollinger exits. Another obscenity escapes Frank's breath.

Needs a cliffhanger.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Marcus lies in bed, head bandaged. An I.V., TUBES AND WIRES attached connecting him to various MONITORS. But he looks quite different than hours before.

NARRATOR
And now playing the role of Marcus
is {actor's name}.

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

Gail is busy with FILE FOLDERS.

Frank approaches. She barely makes eye contact.

GAIL
May I help you?

FRANK
I'm here to see the guy who got run over last night.

She moves to a computer terminal.

GAIL
Name please?

FRANK
Uh, he didn't have one.

She looks up, surprised.

FRANK (cont'd)
I mean, he didn't have any I.D.

GAIL
Oh right. Him. He hasn't regained consciousness yet. I'm afraid he's not allowed visitors. Do you know who he is?

FRANK
No, I'm just... an interested party. How's he doing?

GAIL
I'm sorry. I can only give that information to family members. And, since we don't know who he is...

FRANK
Yeah, I get it. Thanks.

He turns around and walks away.

FRANK (cont'd)
For nothing.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Marcus regains consciousness. He notices a REMOTE CONTROL and clicks the call button.

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

A TONE alerts the nurses.

Gail reacts.

GAIL
(to Susan)
Looks like 712 has regained consciousness. I'll take him.

Gail picks up a CHART and leaves.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Gail enters.

GAIL
You're awake.

Moves to bedside.

GAIL (cont'd)
I'm Nurse Renwick. You're at Santa Lorena Community College Hospital.

She straps a SPHYGMOMETER around his bicep and pumps.

GAIL (cont'd)
You had a nasty scuffle with a speeding car last night.

She jots down the readings and removes the cuff.

GAIL (cont'd)
The car won, by the way.

Marcus stares at her.

GAIL (cont'd)
Can you tell me your name?

He ponders, shakes his head.

GAIL (cont'd)
You've been through a lot since
last night. You just rest. I'll get
the doctor.

She steps to night stand, picks up phone handset, and dials.

Marcus fades in and out of consciousness.

GAIL (cont'd)
Yes, please page Dr. Martinez, and
let him know that John Doe has
regained consciousness. Thank you.

She hangs up. Marcus awakens.

GAIL (cont'd)
The doctor will be here in just a
moment. You're probably a little
thirsty. Let me get you some water.

Grabs a PLASTIC PITCHER and hangs the chart on the footboard
then leaves.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Antonio enters.

ANTONIO
It's good to see you awake this
morning. I'm Dr. Martinez.

He grabs the chart from the footboard and reviews it.

ANTONIO (cont'd)
I was the physician on duty when
they brought you in last night
after the accident. You had surgery
to stop some internal bleeding.

No verbal response. He flashes penlight into Marcus's eyes.

ANTONIO (cont'd)
Do you remember getting hit by Mr.
Cain's car?

Marcus shakes his head.

ANTONIO (cont'd)
What is your name, son? Rescue
workers didn't find a wallet or
I.D. at the scene of the accident.

MARCUS
I... can't remember anything.

ANTONIO
Let's just start with the basics.
How about your name?

MARCUS
I can't... I'm not sure.

He loses consciousness. Antonio grabs Marcus's hand and checks his pulse, then picks up phone handset and dials.

ANTONIO
This is Dr. Martinez. Our John Doe
has regained consciousness, but I'm
concerned about possible brain
damage. I need a neuro consult.

Gail enters with pitcher.

ANTONIO (cont'd)
Yes, room 712.

He hangs up.

GAIL
Dr. Martinez, Officer Bollinger
would like to question the patient.

She eyes Marcus.

GAIL (cont'd)
But I guess he won't get very far
now.

ANTONIO
No, it doesn't look like it. I just
ordered a neuro consult. Do me a
favor, and keep an eye on him till
the neurologist arrives.

GAIL
Yes, Doctor.

She pours water into plastic cup. Antonio exits.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Antonio emerges from room, startled to find Bollinger immediately outside. They stand face to face.

ANTONIO
Oh... good morning.

Antonio takes one large step away. They shake hands.

Both speak dryly, like actors in a film noir movie.

BOLLINGER
How's the patient doing?

ANTONIO
I'm afraid not so good. He's suffered a severe trauma. He has no recollection of the events that brought him here.

BOLLINGER
Are you telling me he has amnesia?

ANTONIO
Yes. He doesn't seem to remember a thing. Not even his name.

BOLLINGER
What's his prognosis?

Antonio walks toward nurses' station. Bollinger follows.

ANTONIO
Amnesia rarely lasts more than a few hours. I'd expect his memory to return in time.

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

Antonio hands the chart to a nurse.

ANTONIO
But I'm afraid the events of last night could be lost forever.

BOLLINGER
You're saying he won't be able to tell me anything about what happened? Why he was in the middle of the road last night?

ANTONIO

It's too early to even go there.
The fact is, he's not awake at the
moment. During the brief period he
was lucid this morning, he was
confused. He could barely speak.

BOLLINGER

How long do you estimate it will be
before he can make a statement?

ANTONIO

I can't say. I've called in a
neurologist to rule out any nerve
damage. We'll have a better sense
of the situation once the patient
is awake and communicative.

BOLLINGER

Alright. I'll check back with you
tomorrow.

He hands Antonio his card.

BOLLINGER (cont'd)

Call me if he comes to before then?

ANTONIO

I'll keep you posted.

Bollinger exits, as Gail returns.

GAIL

Dr. Tyler is with the patient now,
Dr. Martinez.

ANTONIO

Good. Thank you. I'll be in my
office.

Antonio walks away, and Gail goes to a computer terminal.

District Attorney PHILIP BENTON, late-30s, man from old
money, distinguished, graying at temples, conservative
tailored suit, approaches. Gail looks up at him and smiles.

GAIL

Mr. Benton.

PHILIP

Gail, we're about to become family.
I think you can start calling me
Philip.

GAIL

Of course... Philip. I'll have to
get used to having the District
Attorney as my cousin-in-law.

PHILIP

Oh, I'm sure you'll adjust.

GAIL

What brings you here this morning?

PHILIP

I'm actually here to see you.

GAIL

Really?

PHILIP

Yes. I wanted to talk to you about
the wedding.

Gail's eyes glaze.

BEGIN DREAM
SEQUENCE

EXT. WEDDING CHAPEL YARD - DAY

A MINISTER stands between Gail and Philip. All wear formal wedding attire. Her gown is over-the-top, something out of a 1980s primetime soap. Decor is lavish.

MINISTER

I now pronounce you husband and wife.

Phillip and Gail turn toward each other, smile. He lifts her veil. She shoves him back, clasps the back of his neck, grinds herself against him, plants a huge kiss on his mouth.

He steps back and stares at her in disbelief. She lunges at him, knocks him into a pillar, and humps him.

END DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

She stands, eyes closed, lewdly caressing her body and gyrating. Philip's brow is askew.

PHILIP

The wedding? Annie and Roger. My
sister? Your cousin?

Gail freezes, eyes snap open.

GAIL

Uh, yes. Yes, of course. The
wedding. What about it?

PHILIP

Roger mentioned that you were
coordinating the reception at the
Valley Towers Hotel, and I'd like
to get in touch with your caterer.
I just got roped into sitting on
the planning committee for a
fundraiser, and I agreed to find
someone to handle the affair.

GAIL

Oh, sure. I have her card right
here.

She crouches down, her face out of his view, pulls her PURSE
from underneath the counter, and sifts through the pockets.

GAIL (cont'd)

How are things going with you and
Ms. Lin?

PHILIP

Ronda? You know her?

GAIL

I know of her.

PHILIP

Uh, you know. We're doing just
fine. She's... a lovely lady.

Gail grits her teeth.

GAIL

Yes. She is, isn't she.

She retrieves card, forces a smile, stands, hands it to him.

GAIL (cont'd)

Here it is.

PHILIP

Thank you.

GAIL

I guess you and Ms. Lin will be coming to the wedding together?

PHILIP

Actually, I don't believe Ronda will be joining me. She's made other plans that she can't get out of.

GAIL

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that... Philip.

PHILIP

Well I got what I came for. Thank you, Gail. Back to the office.

He exits. Gail beams.

INT. SANTA LORENA CREDIT UNION LOBBY - DAY

Frank enters and gets into the teller's line.

A woman leaves one window and Frank steps forward. Behind the counter is MARTIN NGUYEN, late-20s, slim, Asian-American, business-casual wear with hipster flair.

MARTIN

Welcome back to work.

Frank completes a deposit slip and shoves it forward.

FRANK

Don't rush it kid. Not back for a couple of days yet.

Martin types on the keyboard.

MARTIN

How was your trip? Reno, right?

FRANK

Yeah, it was great.

MARTIN

You get into a fight or something?

Frank dabs at the bandaged bruise above his eye.

FRANK

Nah. Just a little accident. I'm fine.

He takes the envelope he stole from Marcus out of his pocket and empties a mound of 100s onto the counter.

MARTIN

Whoa. Looks like the 'Biggest Little City' treated you real well.

FRANK

Yeah. You know what they say,
"unlucky in love..."

MARTIN

Man, if this is a typical score,
your love life must totally suck.

Frank reacts.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Sorry. Uh, didn't know you gambled.

Martin counts the bills.

FRANK

I like taking risks sometimes. If I keep playing my cards right, there might be a lot more money where that came from.

MARTIN

Keep depositing wads like this, and you'll be retiring from this place any day now.

FRANK

Not just yet. But yeah. One of these days, it won't be me upstairs pushing paperwork around. I'll have someone else keeping tabs on my money.

A crooked grin.

FRANK (cont'd)

If I just play my cards right.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Antonio enters. Marcus, in bed, sits up.

ANTONIO

Good morning. You seem more alert today.

MARCUS

Yes. I'm feeling a little better.

Antonio flashes a penlight into each of Marcus's eyes.

ANTONIO

But you still have no recollection of who you are?

Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS

No.

Antonio scrutinizes the chart.

ANTONIO

Your CT scan and MRI show no abnormalities, your brain function is fine, and your blood work came back normal. The neurologist believes that the amnesia is psychological in nature and not the result of physical injury. I'm going to call for a psychiatric consult.

MARCUS

You think I'm crazy?

Antonio sets chart down on the bed.

ANTONIO

I didn't say that. But you've endured a serious shock, both physically and emotionally.

MARCUS

That's for sure. I feel... discombobulated.

ANTONIO

It's no wonder. You've been through quite an ordeal. You just had major surgery. It'll take time for you to heal.

MARCUS

I just wish I could remember something. Anything.

Antonio picks up the chart.

ANTONIO

Don't worry. We'll get to the bottom of your memory loss.

He crosses to the door.

ANTONIO (cont'd)

Now rest up, and I'll check in with you after the psychiatrist is finished questioning you.

He exits.

MARCUS

We'll see what we come up with.
Won't we, Doctor.

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

Using his desk phone, Antonio makes a call.

INT. S.L.P.D. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

RING. Bollinger, seated at his workstation, answers.

BOLLINGER

Bollinger.

INTERCUT: INT. NURSES' STATION / INT. S.L.P.D. SQUAD ROOM

ANTONIO

This is Dr. Martinez.

BOLLINGER

What have you got for me?

ANTONIO

We've run a battery of tests on John Doe. All results are normal.

BOLLINGER

Sounds good so far. Is he conscious?

ANTONIO

Yes. He's able to communicate today.

BOLLINGER

Good. I'd like to question him.

ANTONIO

You're welcome to. However, you should know, the patient has experienced a complete loss of memory.

BOLLINGER

Come again?

ANTONIO

He still can't recall any details of his past.

BOLLINGER

Of anything? Even his name?

ANTONIO

I'm sorry to say, no.

BOLLINGER

I guess this has gone from a simple traffic incident to a... a missing persons investigation. Only in reverse.

ANTONIO

I suppose you could say that, yes.

BOLLINGER

Question is, where do we go from here?

ANTONIO

I've summoned a psychiatric specialist to further assess the situation. In the meantime, the patient is awake and alert. You're free to question him at this time, if you feel it will do any good. I don't imagine he'll be able to tell you much, though.

BOLLINGER

We'll see. But I'm afraid this case
is out of my league now. I'll
arrange for a detective to stop by
soon.

They each hang up and process paperwork.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Gail enters with Detectives COLE WASHINGTON, African-American, mid-30s, and GINNY RILEY, tall blonde, early-30s. Her long hair pulled into a pony tail, simple dark suit, makeup understated. Washington wears a fashionable dark suit, accentuated by bright dress shirt, tie, and handkerchief.

Marcus, in bed, reads a MAGAZINE.

GAIL

John? This is Detective Washington
and Detective Riley. They're
investigating the accident that
brought you here and would like to
ask you a few questions.

COLE

Thank you, nurse.

Gail exits. Cole smiles: the "good cop."

COLE (cont'd)

John, eh?

MARCUS

Well, they had to refer to me
somehow. I guess I'm officially
John Doe.

Cole pulls up a chair and sits.

COLE

You really have no memories,
whatsoever?

MARCUS

It's... like... someone tried to
force an unmatched pair of ten-
sixty-six-megahertz two hundred-pin
DIMMS into an old four hundred-
megahertz one-sixty-eight-pin
memory slot.

Cole and Ginny look at him askance.

MARCUS (cont'd)
My memory is a blue screen of
death.

Cole and Ginny continue to stare at him, dumbfounded.

Marcus is embarrassed.

MARCUS (cont'd)
I mean... everything's a blank.

COLE
So, what is the first thing you
remember?

MARCUS
It was waking up here. In this bed,
yesterday morning.

Ginny takes on the "bad cop" role and grills Marcus.

GINNY
No memories of a car hitting you?
Nothing about why you may have been
in the middle of nowhere the other
night?

Marcus shrugs his shoulders.

COLE
I hear your tests show that you're
in good physical health. They think
your injuries aren't responsible
for the memory loss.

MARCUS
No. They think it's all in my head.

COLE
What do you think?

Marcus pauses.

MARCUS
I don't know. It's all I've been
able to think about for the past 24
hours. I can't come up with
anything.

GINNY

Nothing? No names, no places? No memory of being out in the middle of the road in the foothills without a car?

MARCUS

No. I can't remember a thing.

Marcus's eyes meet Cole's.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Do you think I'm lying, Detective?

COLE

We're just gathering facts now. I'm not thinking anything in particular.

Marcus stares at Cole for a moment, then looks away.

COLE (cont'd)

Alright John. We'll be on our way.

Cole gets up.

COLE (cont'd)

I can tell you one thing. Looks like this investigation will be a lot more interesting than your average traffic incident report.

He places a business card on night stand.

COLE (cont'd)

Thank you for talking to us. If you remember anything, you call me.

Cole and Ginny walk to the door, Ginny first. Cole stops short of the door and turns back to face Marcus.

COLE (cont'd)

Officially, your name is John Doe.
But you look Italian to me. Mind if I call you Gian?

Holds up one hand, gesticulates with fingers and thumb together pointing upward, the Italian "che vuoi" gesture.

Marcus is embarrassed again.

MARCUS

Sure.

INT. PHILIP'S OFFICE - DAY

Philip is standing, speaking on his desk phone.

PHILIP

I simply don't understand, Ronda.
It's a wedding. All women love
weddings.

An unintelligible SCREECH emanates from phone.

PHILIP (cont'd)

No, I know you're not all women. I
just don't get you, Ronda. You're
the one who thinks we should become
more committed, right? You support
me in my career as a public
official. Well, attending my
sister's wedding will go a long way
toward advancing both goals.

He sits.

PHILIP (cont'd)

Alright. I give up. I'll go stag to
my sister's nuptials. Goodbye,
Ronda.

He hangs up and scrutinizes documents, then makes a call.

PHILIP (cont'd)

Fahmoud, what's the latest on the
Santa Lorena Credit Union case? Is
the police investigation almost
complete? I see. No, never mind.
I'll talk to the detectives myself.

He slams the handset down.

PHILIP (cont'd)

If you want something done right...

RING. His lips purse as he yanks the handset to his ear.

PHILIP (cont'd)

What?

(softens)

Oh, I'm sorry, Gail. I didn't mean
to be rude.

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

GAIL

That's okay, Philip. I guess I called at a bad time?

INTERCUT: INT. PHILIP'S OFFICE / INT. NURSES' STATION

PHILIP

No. Not particularly. I mean, it's rarely a good time in the D.A.'s Office. What may I do for you this morning?

GAIL

I was wondering if you might like to have lunch with me today?

Philip rifles through paperwork.

PHILIP

Lunch...

GAIL

Uh, yes. I... have some ideas for the banquet that you're planning, and I thought maybe we could discuss them over a meal.

PHILIP

Banquet?

GAIL

The fundraiser you mentioned?

PHILIP

Oh, yes. That banquet. That's not for a few months now, and I'm rather busy today.

GAIL

I understand.

Philip loosens up. He stands and approaches potted plant.

PHILIP

Maybe we could discuss it at the wedding.

He picks up a spray bottle and mists the foliage.

GAIL

Yes. Well, since there's no hurry.

PHILIP

Right. I should go now. I have a
pile of work on my desk.

A bud is beginning to open.

GAIL

Of course, Philip. I'm sorry to
have bothered you.

PHILIP

No. It's been no bother at all. In
fact, you're like the first bloom
after the long, cold winter my
day's been so far.

He caresses the flower.

PHILIP (cont'd)

Goodbye, Gail.

GAIL

Goodbye, Philip.

Each hangs up. Gail sighs.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - DAY

Typical bachelor pad, mismatched secondhand furniture,
messy.

Frank, in boxer shorts and a snug tank-top tee, goes to the MICROWAVE and retrieves Marcus's wallet from inside.

He sits down at the dining table. On a chair next to him is Marblehead. He scrutinizes Marcus's I.D.

FRANK

Marblehead, let's see where Mr.
Moneybags lives.

He gets up and exits the room.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank goes to the coat closet and battles with the junk that tries to escape. He removes a cardboard box that has "maps" scrawled on on of the flaps.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - DAY

FRANK

I think Twin Creeks is close to
D.C.

Frank brushes aside CLUTTER and places the box on the table.
He fishes through dozens of maps and removes the one for the
GREATER WASHINGTON D.C AREA.

EXT. SILVER DOLLAR APARTMENTS - DAY

Leo, dressed in an over-the-top old-school golf outfit,
peers into the living room through the siding glass door.
His wristwatch shimmers as he shields his eyes to get a
view.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - DAY

FRANK

195 Colonial Drive.
(to Marblehead)
Hey, that rhymes.

CLOSE ON: MAP OF TWIN CREEKS.

FRANK (cont'd)
Twin Creeks, Virginia.

Frank studies it.

EXT. SILVER DOLLAR APARTMENTS - DAY

A MALE NEIGHBOR approaches Leo.

NEIGHBOR
What are you doing?

Leo jumps.

LEO
I'm, ah... looking for my... golf
ball.

NEIGHBOR
There's no golf course anywhere
near here.

Leo glares at him.

LEO
That's how powerful my stroke is.

The neighbor tenses.

LEO (cont'd)
Scram.

The man backs down and walks away.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - DAY

FRANK
Hoo. Nice 'hood. Country club a
block away. Oh yeah, this guy's
loaded. Looks like I found me a new
best friend.

Frank looks over to Marblehead.

FRANK (cont'd)
I mean... nobody'll ever take your
place, Marbs. You're my BFF.

Returns focus to the map.

FRANK (cont'd)
But you can't pay my bills.

Leo peers through window.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. S.L.P.D. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

COMMOTION. Bollinger escorts an ELDERLY PROSTITUTE across the room, her arm firmly grasped. She struggles.

PROSTITUTE
That soldier's a liar! I know every big-shot in town!

Another officer aids Bollinger. They lead her away.

PROSTITUTE (O.S.)
I know Benton! I'll have you kicked off the force!

Cole approaches Ginny. He places a chair next to her desk and straddles it.

COLE
You know, Ginny, I got a knack for identifying liars, and I think our John Doe may be sincere.

GINNY
You think his amnesia is on the up-and-up?

COLE
Yeah. My gut's telling me this kid is for real.

GINNY
I don't think so.

COLE
Why not?

GINNY
Kid was looking up and to the right. That means he was making it up.

COLE
No, that's when someone looks up and to the left.

GINNY
Wrong.

COLE
Am not.

GINNY
Are too.

COLE
No, you are.

GINNY
Am not.

COLE
Are too.

GINNY
You're wrong, and I'll prove it.

She types and points to the screen.

GINNY (cont'd)
There. Told you.

COLE
Heh. You're right.

She sits back, triumphant, arrogant.

COLE (cont'd)
But he was looking up and to the left.

She rolls her eyes.

GINNY
Just look for a match on his prints.

COLE
That's next on my list.

Philip approaches.

PHILIP
Washington. Do you have the file for the Santa Lorena Credit Union embezzlement case?

Cole rises. Tension fills the air.

COLE

Not to be difficult or anything, but A, it remains to be seen whether or not it is a case of embezzlement or just a bookkeeping mistake and B, our investigation is ongoing, so our files are incomplete.

PHILIP

I understand. I'm not trying to do your job, Detective. But this case will be coming my way soon enough. I just want my office to be prepared.

Cole walks to his desk, picks up a manila folder, and hands it to Philip.

COLE

Get this back to me by the end of the day.

The two men glower at each other.

COLE (cont'd)

Please.

PHILIP

Sure thing.

They continue to scowl at one another.

PHILIP (cont'd)

Detective.

Philip takes file and exits.

GINNY

You don't like him much, do you.

COLE

Let's just say I'm looking forward to next year's election. Could be an opportunity for some needed changes around here.

INT. RONDA'S OFFICE - DAY

In an immaculate office sits RONDA LIN, mid-30s, Chinese-American, stern. No-nonsense business suit.

Her severe appearance is made all the more stark because her hair is pulled back into a taut bun -- a suitable style for this tightly wound woman.

CLASSICAL MUSIC plays. Her desk is carpeted with neat stacks of files. She busies herself at her desktop computer.

RONDA
(to herself)
This is intolerable!

She types furiously.

RONDA (cont'd)
I shouldn't have to involve myself
with this menial--

She presses the intercom button on her desk phone.

RONDA (cont'd)
Jennifer?

No response.

RONDA (cont'd)
Jennifer?!

Silence. She hangs up.

RONDA (cont'd)
Oh, this is absolutely absurd! How
can I possibly get any of my work
done when I'm surrounded by
incompetent peons!

The phone's intercom sounds. Ronda inhales deeply and slowly releases. She picks up the handset.

RONDA (cont'd)
Jennifer? This is ridiculous. We
must fill this clerical position
immediately.

She listens.

RONDA (cont'd)
Yes, I know you're doing the best
you can, but the candidates we've
seen so far have been... worthless.

Listening.

RONDA (cont'd)
Alright. Clear my schedule for the
next round of interviews next week.

Dismayed.

RONDA (cont'd)
Yes, of course I remember that I
have an appointment with Dr. Riley
tomorrow, though I can't imagine
how I'll find the time to leave my
desk.

She slams the handset down.

RONDA (cont'd)
Blast!

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)
That was Vivaldi's The Four
Seasons, performed by the Boston
Symphony Orchestra.

KNOCK KNOCK. Philip appears in the doorway. Ronda regains her composure.

RONDA
Philip...

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)
You're listening to KSMO. I'm Paige
Turner.

Philip enters and shuts the door.

PHILIP
Did I catch you at a good time?

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)
In the national headlines...

Ronda rises and walks toward Philip.

PAIGE TURNER
President Bush addressed the United
Nations yesterday, calling for a
regime change in Iraq.

RONDA
Of course, darling. Any time is a
good time for you.

A cursory kiss to his lips. She pulls away. He grabs her waist, pulls her into him, kisses her. She yields to him.

BEGIN DREAM
SEQUENCE

EXT. WEST FRONT, U.S. CAPITOL - DAY

Philip and Ronda stand behind a podium, He to the left, she to the right. She wears a Jackie O style two-piece dress, complete with pillbox hat. He wears a conservative suit.

A WOMAN wearing the Chief Justice of the United States' robe stands facing them, only the back of her head is visible.

Ronda holds the book on which Philip's left hand rests. His right hand held up, palm forward.

PHILIP

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

She shoves him back, clasps the back of his neck, grinds herself against him, plants a huge kiss on his mouth.

Philip steps back and stares at her in disbelief. Ronda lunges at him, knocking him backward, and humps him.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF begins, then slowly fades.

END DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. RONDA'S OFFICE - DAY

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)

In other news, the priceless Van der Griff jewels are still missing more than two weeks after the brazen burglary at the Van der Griff museum in Twin Creeks, Virginia.

Ronda grinds on Philip, her eyes closed.

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.) (cont'd)

Arguably one of the most significant in the United States, the Van der Griff collection includes the Earl of Lancashire Sapphire, the Centurion Dream, and the 156-carat Magenta Fire, which dates back to the Ottoman Empire.

Philip's grip releases. Ronda steps back.

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.) (cont'd)

Twin Creeks law enforcement officials are baffled by the break-in and, as of yet, have no leads.

Philip, perplexed and slightly aroused, hesitates.

PHILIP

I wanted to apologize--

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)

In local news, police continue to search for evidence pertaining to irregularities at the Santa Lorena Credit Union.

He glances at the radio.

PHILIP

I wanted to apologize for pressuring you about my sister's wedding.

PAIGE TURNER

Credit union representatives have not concluded whether funds have been misappropriated or if accounting errors are to blame...

Ronda looks at radio and with subtle apprehension.

News continues in the background. She turns back to Philip.

RONDA

Philip, I'd really love to go, you understand. I simply can't. I must be there for my grandmother's gender reassignment surgery.

PHILIP

I do understand. I won't mention another word about it.

PAIGE TURNER
And now, it's time for "Love In The Afternoon," on KSMO.

MARVIN GAYE'S LET'S GET IT ON begins. Philip leers at her.

PHILIP
It's almost lunchtime and I'm rather ravenous. How about you?

She smiles.

RONDA
Let me get my purse.

She grabs her handbag, and they exit together.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Antonio enters with MARGARET PACA, D.O., late-30s, Filipina with a thick accent. Her oversized white coat covers her suit.

ANTONIO
Gian--

Makes the same "che vuoi" gesture Cole did earlier, calling attention to pronunciation of "Gian."

ANTONIO (cont'd)
I'd like you to meet Dr. Paca.
She's a psychiatrist who specializes in amnesia.

Margaret approaches the bedside and shakes Marcus's hand.

MARCUS
Hi.

Silent, a blank smile appears on her face. She continues to shake his hand. Awkward moments pass until he pulls his hand away.

ANTONIO
I'll leave you two alone.

Antonio exits. She sits on a chair next to the bed. They both smile. Neither says a word.

They continue to look at each other and smile. Marcus nods. She grins and dips her head.

Marcus fidgets. She nods and renews her smile.

MARCUS
So... you're a psychiatrist.

MARGARET
Yes.

Silence.

MARCUS
I guess that's an interesting profession?

MARGARET
Oh, it keeps me very busy.

More silence.

MARCUS
And... why are you here?

MARGARET
To see you.

MARCUS
Dr. Martinez says you specialize in amnesia?

MARGARET
Yes. It's a fascinating field.

MARCUS
I imagine. Hey, what a coincidence, I have amnesia.

MARGARET
Yes, Dr. Martinez mentioned that.

Silence.

MARCUS
Do you think you could help me?

MARGARET
Oh, yes.

MARCUS
Do you have any ideas how to proceed?

MARGARET
I'd like to begin working with you to help you recover your memories.

MARCUS

That's a good idea. What will you do?

She stands and wanders.

MARGARET

Since there appears to be no physical neurological trauma, and your toxicology report came back negative, I want to work with you to find possible psychological triggers for your amnesia.

She fusses around the room.

MARCUS

That would be good. Everyone seems to think I'm crazy.

MARGARET

Crazy is not a medical concept,
Gian.

She makes "che vuoi" gesture. He's stunned. She continues to meander.

MARGARET (cont'd)

For whatever reasons, I believe that you are suffering from global post-traumatic retrograde amnesia, the inability to remember all events before a traumatic incident.

MARCUS

Do you mean, I've lost everything?
All my memories from before the accident?

She appears to explore the room.

MARGARET

Not lost exactly. Just...
misplaced.

Marcus relaxes. She sits, takes a TO-GO MENU from her pocket.

MARGARET (cont'd)

I must point out though, recollections of events that occurred around the time of the accident may never be recovered.

MARCUS

I just want to know who I am.

MARGARET

I'm sure this is frustrating for you. Just have patience.

She scans the menu.

MARCUS

I'll try. How long should it take before I begin to remember my past?

MARGARET

That's hard to say.

She looks up. Marcus stares at her.

Silence.

MARCUS

Okay. What next?

MARGARET

I think I'll try the falafel.

MARCUS

I mean, how will you help me get my memories back?

MARGARET

We'll start with traditional psychotherapy. If need be, I may try hypnosis to help you unlock whatever it is you are suppressing. And, only if all else fails, pharmaceuticals.

MARCUS

Drugs.

MARGARET

Only as a last resort. I'm not a typical psychiatrist, prescribe first and ask questions later.

MARCUS

I appreciate that you're not typical. At all. But I'm willing to try anything.

She checks the wall clock, stands, and pockets the menu.

MARGARET
No time for lunch. I have to go.
I'll be back soon.

MARCUS
Uh, thank you?

She steps toward the door.

MARGARET
I look forward to working with you.

She opens the door, startled to find Cole about to knock.
With him is Ginny.

MARGARET (cont'd)
Oh, excuse me.

COLE
Pardon me.

Margaret exits as detectives enter. Ginny stands in doorway.

COLE (cont'd)
We're back.

MARCUS
Hi.

GINNY
(to Cole)
I'm gonna go get a snack. Want
anything?

COLE
No, I'm good.
(to Marcus)
Would you like anything?

MARCUS
What? No. Thank you.

Ginny exits.

COLE
I'm here to take your fingerprints.

Marcus tenses.

COLE (cont'd)
Oh, don't worry. You're not under
arrest or anything. I'll use your
prints to see if there's a match in
IAFIS.

Marcus appears confused.

COLE (cont'd)
The national fingerprint database.

MARCUS
Oh. Sure.

COLE
It's worth a shot, right?

Cole places a case on the bed table, then removes an ink pad and fingerprint card.

He takes Marcus's hand. Marcus gazes up at him. Their eyes meet.

BEGIN DREAM
SEQUENCE

EXT. WEDDING CHAPEL YARD - DAY

A minister stands between Marcus and Cole, both in tuxes.

MINISTER
I now pronounce you husband and husband.

Marcus and Cole turn toward each other, smile. Marcus shoves Cole back a few feet, clasps the back of his neck, grinds himself against him, and plants a huge kiss on his mouth.

Cole steps back and stares at Marcus in disbelief then leans forward for another kiss. They close their eyes.

END DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

They avoid eye contact. Cole fidgets with his tools.

MARVIN GAYE'S LET'S GET IT ON begins in the background.

Cole takes Marcus's hand.

Cole dabs a fingertip into the ink and onto the page.

Electricity fills the air. Another fingertip into the ink, onto the page.

They each become flushed. The next fingertip is printed.

Marcus looks away as Cole glimpses Marcus.

Another fingertip.

Marcus peers up at Cole who shies away.

Cole takes the last fingerprint. He fumbles with the implements and stows them in the case.

COLE

Well, there we go. Almost finished.

He retrieves a spray bottle and cloth from the case and sprays Marcus's hand. The mist wafts, seemingly in slow motion. He cleans the ink from Marcus's palm... and lingers.

Marcus looks up. Cole looks away. He swabs a fingertip. The next one, next, next. Cole looks back . Marcus looks away. Cole strokes Marcus's thumb. They seem to hold their breaths.

The door is thrown open. Ginny, holding a to-go cup and a mass of vending machine snacks enters. Cole shoves everything into his case and slams it shut.

COLE (cont'd)

Um, okay. I'll run these through, and I'll let you know if I come up with anything.

Cole picks up the case. Marcus grabs his arm.

MARCUS

Do you have any idea how terrifying it is not to remember a single thing about your life? I feel like there's this dark cloud hanging over me, and any moment, all hell is going to come raining down.

Cole clasps Marcus's hand.

COLE

Hey, I don't mean to brag, but I'm a damned good detective. I'm going to find out who you are. Just give me some time.

Marcus lets go. Cole and Ginny exit.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

They emerge from Marcus's room.

GINNY

Here.

She offers him a package of chips.

COLE

I said I didn't want anything.

GINNY

You haven't eaten a bite all day.

COLE

I told you I was good.

GINNY

It's not healthy, you know.

COLE

I'm not hungry.

GINNY

You should still eat something.

COLE

No.

GINNY

I got nuts.

COLE

I don't want your damned nuts.

They continue to argue as they disappear down the hallway.

Leo, dressed as a janitor and wearing a ridiculous faux mustache, observes as he mops the busy corridor. His wristwatch gleams in the light.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

INT. NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

Gail and Susan sit at a counter.

SUSAN

I really need to stop working the night shift. I hate it. My existence is so boring. I have no social life whatsoever.

GAIL

You're taking classes during the day. It won't be long until you get into medical school.

SUSAN

Right. Then I'll have no life at all.

They chuckle.

SUSAN (cont'd)

I have tuition to worry about. That explains why I'm such a slave to this place. Why are you working all these doubles lately?

GAIL

I'm trying to save up to do something I've always wanted to do.

SUSAN

What's that?

GAIL

Oh, I don't really want to talk about it.

SUSAN

Oh, come on.

GAIL

It's personal.

SUSAN

Please. You have dirt on me.

GAIL

Alright. I'm saving money to hire a private detective.

Susan leans in.

SUSAN
For what?

GAIL
I want to find my biological parents.

INT. S.L.P.D. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Two uniformed officers walk by Cole's desk.

A file folder overflows. Cole types at the keyboard. He finishes, closes the file, and drops it into a large pile. Satisfaction.

A passing coworker drops off another tall stack of reports into the in-box. Dejection.

COLE
Thanks.

He rummages through the pile, pulls out a particular folder, and peruses it. Ginny is sitting in an adjacent cubicle.

COLE (cont'd)
Riley. According to CSI's report, the incident between Frank Cain and John Doe was ruled an accident.
Quote: skid marks at the scene indicate driver braked before impact, and measurements suggest vehicle was traveling within posted speed limit.

GINNY
I'm sure Mr. Cain will be relieved to hear that he's no longer a figure in the investigation.

COLE
Yeah. Now comes the hard part. Our vic doesn't have a police record. Poor kid. I feel for him.

GINNY
No, you're hot for him.

COLE
Am not.

GINNY

Are too.

COLE

I'm not doing this with you.

GINNY

Then start distributing his photo
to other police departments.

COLE

Yep. Next on my list.

GINNY

(under her breath)

Are too.

COLE

I'll get on it. Right after I
inform Mr. Cain.

Cole stands.

COLE (cont'd)

But first? I'm gonna grab a bite.
I'm in the mood for something
nutty.

Ginny does not approve. Cole is amused.

COLE (cont'd)

Want anything?

GINNY

No. I'm good.

COLE

You sure?

GINNY

Positive. Thanks.

COLE

It's getting late. You really
should eat something.

GINNY

I'm telling you, I don't want
anything.

COLE

It's not healthy.

Ginny becomes icy and Cole backs off.

He dials his cellphone as he exits.

FRANK (V.O.)
Hello?

INT. PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Leo, obscured by a BOUQUET OF BALLOONS, enters.

COLE (V.O.)
Mr. Cain, this is Det. Washington
of the Santa Lorena Police
Department.

FRANK (V.O.)
Who?

Leo scans the room.

COLE (V.O.)
Det. Washington. I'm calling about
the traffic incident you were
involved in. As this has now become
a missing person's investigation,
I've been assigned to the case.

FRANK (V.O.)
Yeah?

Leo proceeds to Marcus's bedside. Marcus lies asleep.

COLE (V.O.)
Sorry to call so late, Mr. Cain,
but I wanted to let you know that
investigators at the scene of the
incident have determined that you
were driving at a safe speed and
that you did brake appropriately.

Leo releases the balloons, making a racket. He grabs and swats at them.

FRANK (V.O.)
So, what does that mean for me?

COLE (V.O.)
It means that you're no longer a
figure in the investigation.

Leo untangles himself from the streamers and checks Marcus,
who's still motionless.

COLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I thought you'd want to know before
you retired for the evening.

Leo peers down at Marcus, snarls.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank, seated on his ratty old couch, holding his cellphone.

FRANK
Yeah. Yeah, thanks.

Frank hangs up. Marblehead gazes into Frank's eyes.

BEGIN DREAM
SEQUENCE

EXT. WEDDING CHAPEL YARD - DAY

A minister stands between Frank and Marblehead. Marblehead, wearing a tux, Frank in Gail's gown.

MINISTER
I now pronounce you skunk and wife.

Frank and Marblehead turn toward each other and smile. They lean into each other to kiss and close their eyes.

END DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marblehead stares forward.

Frank stares back at him.

FRANK
Why are you looking at me like
that?

Marblehead continues to gaze into Frank's eyes.

FRANK (cont'd)
Anyways...

He rises.

FRANK (cont'd)

That should keep the cops from poking into my business. Now I just have to figure out if this Marcus character has any more money I can get my hands on.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Leo looks over each shoulder then back at Marcus.

LEO

(bad Spanish accent)

My name is Leo Corelli. You keel my father.

His wristwatch sparkles as he dons surgical gloves.

Marcus stirs.

LEO (cont'd)

Prepare to die.

He retrieves a syringe from his coat pocket and injects the I.V.

Marcus's eyes flicker. He comes to and ponders Leo's face.

MARCUS

Leo...

The two men stare at each other. Marcus tries to sit up then loses consciousness. Leo exits.

INT. NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

SUSAN

Oh, this is why I can't stand working this shift. The silence is driving me crazy.

GAIL

Why don't you take a break and go study for your exam.

SUSAN

No way. If I try to cram one more factoid into my brain, my head will explode.

Gail giggles.

SUSAN (cont'd)
How about you? Why don't you do
some research on private
detectives.

GAIL
No, I can't leave you here alone.

SUSAN
Gail, nothing ever happens in this
place.

An ALARM sounds.

GAIL
Room 712!

They spring from their seats and dart off.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus fights to inhale, then... stops breathing.

THE END

FADE TO BLACK.