

ETERNITY

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EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY

We move along a row of cars that snail about a wintry road. No snow, but the leafless trees and visible exhaust tell us it's January. Horns beep. A man leans out of his car window.

MAN
(shouts)
Hurry the hell up!

We continue to move up the queue of cars to rest on a red Chevy Malibu that is holding them up. An old couple are in the front.

A car revs and overtakes them.

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - MORNING

LARRY, 82, is driving while seemingly choking. JOAN, 87, sits in the passenger seat. She is scanning a holiday brochure. She doesn't seem concerned by his choking.

JOAN
Well, where should we go?

She looks up, slaps his back nonchalantly. He swallows. Then, surveying the bland landscape.

LARRY
Anywhere but here.

She gives him a look like "come on..."

LARRY (CONT'D)
OK, Hawaii is the obvious choice.
You honestly want to trade bitter cold for more bitter cold?

Larry grabs another hard pretzel from a bag on the dash and throws it into his mouth.

JOAN
Larry, you don't get it at all.
Beaver Creek is cozy. The cold isn't bitter there. It's... warm.

LARRY
Snow is just cold, Joan.

JOAN
You have to experience it.

LARRY

You've never experienced it.

JOAN

It's the kind of place you could spend forever.

LARRY

The kind of place you could spend forever.

JOAN

Exactly. And I won't get another opportunity.

LARRY

Is that really the memory you want for our last holiday?

A beat of silence. Larry grabs another pretzel.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Sun, sea, sand. There's a reason people convalesce at the beach. It's good for you.

JOAN

You'll be burnt in minutes and whine about how the sand gets everywhere.

LARRY

I'll be happy.

JOAN

(gently mocking)
And that's what's most important.
(re: pretzels)
Slow down with those.

In the rear-view we again spot an endless line of cars. Up ahead, open road. Larry's still driving well below the limit.

LARRY

(mouth full)
It's eighty-four degrees in Naples today.

JOAN

(perks up)
Italy?

LARRY

Florida.

JOAN

We're not Florida people, Larry.

LARRY

It's a cheap flight, nice weather.

JOAN

We're not Florida people!

Another car screeches by. They ignore it.

LARRY

My God, Joan. That's so snobby. You sound like Karen.

JOAN

Karen is my friend. And she is not well.

LARRY

So. We don't have to turn people into saints just because they are dying.

JOAN

Jesus Larry.

He mouths, fuck, clearly regretting that. She scans the brochure for Winter Wonderland. She changes tact.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Look, it's got mountains, ice, snow. So many things for you to complain about. You'll love it.

LARRY

I don't love to complain. That's not something people love.

This is clearly an argument they've had many times.

JOAN

I don't want to fight. It's a big day...

A beat, Larry moving on to his next grievance.

LARRY

You know people die at these things. I saw it on the internet.

JOAN

It's a gender reveal party.

LARRY
They are lethal, and stupid.

JOAN
Oh just let them make a fuss.

LARRY
I get eliminating the surprise but
it's not party worthy.

JOAN
(on a different tract)
One of the great joys of my life
has been allowing for surprises.
Remember you were convinced Zach
would be a girl.

Larry rolls right past a STOP SIGN oblivious to the cars that
screech to a halt through the side window.

LARRY	JOAN (CONT'D)
Everything has to be a party nowadays. Everything's an event. Kids have preschool graduations now. You haven't achieved anything yet, you're	You just hate parties. No actually, you hate having fun. That's it, you're only happy when you're miserable...

5--

JOAN (CONT'D)
(cuts him off)
Can we just enjoy it, OK!

Larry is visibly upset. Clears his throat.

LARRY
I do not hate fun. That's not a
thing people hate either.

Larry starts coughing on a pretzel again. She takes the bag,
eyes him, then pops a pretzel into her mouth.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - LATER

Larry parks his Malibu in front of a modest family home. OK,
"parks" is generous: he's at least seven feet from the curb.

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - CONTINUOUS

As Larry pulls on a puffy red jacket, he clocks Joan pulling
her sleeve down to cover a bruise on her hand; the result of
a cannula.

LARRY

Joan, we have to tell them.

Joan buttons up her jacket, trying to ignore the gravity in Larry's voice.

JOAN

I know. But not today. Just give me today.

Larry hides his concern with a smile.

INT. SAM AND GIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Larry has made himself comfortable in a reclining chair, a bit removed from the happy commotion coursing through the home. GIA (25, pregnant) approaches.

GIA

Thanks for coming Pop-pop. I know how you hate fun.

LARRY

You have to stop listening to your grandmother. Character assassination is what it is--

Gia smiles, stops him - kisses him on the forehead. A little piece of Larry melts in that moment. Joan winks to Gia who sits as a few others filter in including ZACH (50s).

SAM (25) herds black balloons into the room.

SAM

So coming up on fifty-five years of marriage... I can't imagine.

He trips and squeezes a balloon, nearly bursting it.

GIA

You burst one of those balloons and you'll never find out!

Larry and Joan share a warm smile, recognizing the bickering. Zach hands Larry a bowl of pretzels.

ZACH

How are you going to celebrate?

Larry throws pretzels in his mouth.

JOAN

Vacation. If we can agree on a location.

LARRY

(trying to get support)
Doesn't Hawaii sound amazing?

Joan throws her eyes in the air as Sam is still herding the black balloons into the room. He nearly bursts another.

GIA

Are you kidding me right now!?

SAM

(to Larry)
Any tips?

Larry is compulsively eating pretzels. He is distracted, worried. Joan sees this and chimes in.

JOAN

Some days are bad.

LARRY

Others are worse.

Joan laughs. Larry meets her eyes, he lights up a little in seeing her happiness.

JOAN

But then you add it all up and...
(she's nearly overcome)
The years count less than the moments.

A collective "awe" emerges from the room. Larry grins, eyes fixed on Joan.

LARRY

Sounds like an endurance test.

She surveys the room, the multiple generations.

Larry swallows, blinks. He tries to hide it, but - looking out on the family he and Joan have built - this is a moment for him, too. After a beat, Gia pipes up.

GIA

Nana, we found a bunch of your old pictures when we were cleaning out the nursery.

Charlotte (7) runs to Larry as he pops another pretzel into his mouth. She's holding an old photo of Joan, radiant on her wedding day.

LITTLE GIRL

Pop-pop, you had a beard?!

Larry's startled by the image. He suddenly splutters, choking on the pretzel. No one notices as they gather around the photo of a beautiful young Joan with an insanely attractive, bearded man.

GIA

Oh no sweetie, that's Nana's stupidly attractive first husband.

JOAN

I always wanted him to shave that damn thing.

Joan looks at the photo, she smiles and suddenly looks younger. Larry, unnoticed, struggles to breathe.

Sam stops placing the balloons on the ground. He passes Larry, tapping him on the shoulder but not realizing he is choking. He leans in to see the photo, turns to Gia:

SAM

Funny, you only ever call me--

GIA

Don't be stupid.

LITTLE GIRL

Why would you leave him for pop-pop?

JOAN

That's not... Luke was a soldier and he died at war.

Joan is still looking at the photo. Wistful.

SAM

Jesus, Lar, you really got lucky. Lar.. Jesus, Larry.

Larry's POV of the photo. His view swings to the ceiling.

JOAN (O.S.)

(shouting)

Larry!

We move with Larry as he falls backwards into the mass of black balloons. They explode into a pink confetti around him.

SLAM CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

Music is playing but low and distant. Errant bits of pink confetti begin to fall through the darkness.

The unmistakable sound of a trammeling steam locomotive rises.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The blackness turns into a POV as blurred vision creeps open to the reflection of a thirty-something year old man leaning against a train window.

Through the window we see darkness. Then a red door whizzes by.

Note: The camera seems to have flicked from digital to film.

Larry, now 35 years old, groggily leans up. He's still wearing his puffy red coat. It's tighter now. He has regained the height and heft that age stole. Some pink confetti is in his hair.

Blearily, he looks around the mostly-empty train cabin. He then sees a ten year old boy, swimming in a man's suit, sitting opposite him.

THE BOY

(to Larry)

I guess you weren't expecting it,
huh?

He looks through the window again. Another red door blurs by. Train pistons release as they begin to slow.

LARRY

What the hell is going on? Where's
Joan?

But when he turns back the boy is awkwardly scuttling for the door in his oversized suit. He looks around as the spread out people follow the boy. Some are in hospital gowns.

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Larry is jostled in a crowd of, mostly, confused faces. They are an array of ages. Quite a few are ten year old boys.

They are making their way to an escalator in a 60s styled, brutalist platform.

INT. JUNCTION PORT - DAY

All one shot:

We're at the top of an escalator. Waiting. Larry becomes visible - head first - bit by bit as the escalator ticks up.

We pull away to find we're in what can best be described as a train station turned tourism expo that reeks of the 1960s. Strewn throughout the large room are stalls, manned by aggressive VENDORS hawking pamphlets.

VENDOR

All the fun of the middle ages with
none of the Leprosy!

Another Vendor bops with glow sticks.

ANOTHER VENDOR

(German accent)

Hi, you want to party. Party all
night, party for all time?

A bland-looking twenty-something wearing khakis and a sweater pulls a dazed traveller away from the second vendor.

We find an old-timey clickety-clacking flip board. "Gates" has numbers below it. "Status" is marked below by "departed" or "boarding" or "arrived." In the "From" section, we see the names of cities and towns across the world. Finally, we find the "Names" section and spot:

"Larry Cutler" as his status ticks with a DING to "Arrived." The camera floats back to find Larry overwhelmed in the center of it all. Vendors begin to surround him. "You like yachts?" "Ever want to see outer-space?" It's a dizzying frenzy. Larry wakes from his daze and grabs a vendor by the shirt:

LARRY

What's going on, where am I?

The VENDOR's face drops.

VENDOR
(to the other Vendors)
He hasn't made contact yet.

The vendors disappointedly retreat. Larry surveys the huge space. Above the retro expo he sees a vast circular brutalist building. It is layered with floors that have concrete balconies and walkways. Painterly sunlight pours in from a glass paneled dome above that.

Larry then spots a MAN in khakis and a v-neck sweater who approaches a young woman.

MAN IN KHAKIS
Jessica?

LARRY
(to khaki man)
What's going on? What is this?

MAN IN KHAKIS
Your AC will be with you shortly.

Larry is panicking. A woman, wearing the same khakis and v-neck, approaches another nearby man. He goes to them.

WOMAN IN KHAKIS
Welcome, Samuel. Follow me.

LARRY
(getting angry)
Wait, somebody's got to tell me--

WOMAN IN KHAKIS
Your AC will be with you shortly.

LARRY
Are you an AC?

WOMAN IN KHAKIS
Yes, but I'm not YOUR AC.

She leaves. Larry is frantic. He approaches a flip board OPERATOR (nine years old, but seen it all).

LARRY
Um, do you work here?

OPERATOR
(dripping in sarcasm)
No, I'm here for my health.

LARRY

(whispers)

I think I've been abducted. And I can't find my phone--

OPERATOR

(no time for this)

You haven't been abducted.

LARRY

Where's my family? Where's Joan?
Where am I?!

OPERATOR

You're in the Junction.

(off Larry's confusion)

Your AC will--

LARRY

Be with me shortly. *Right.*

Larry slumps onto a bench.

INT. JUNCTION PORT - LATER

Larry sits, disoriented, on the bench as the crowd of newcomers has dwindled. He is leaning his chin in his hand, almost dozing off.

ANNA, looks 28, wearing the uniform but a bit of a mess, wanders in reading a manilla folder.

Nearby another AC, RYAN (26) wears his uniform perfectly. He notices Anna with a look, and walks by her.

RYAN

Late again?

ANNA

Didn't you just get assigned yesterday?

RYAN

In and out in five hours. Personal record.

He goes to one of the remaining newcomers in fire charred clothing. He puts his arm around her and begins to guide them away.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh Jill. This is all noise. I know you Jill. You just want a box of chardonnay and a pool....

JILL

(very confused)
I do like chardonnay.

RYAN

Well I have the eternity for you.

He gives Anna the finger. Anna gives him the finger back. She looks back at her folder.

ANNA

(loud)
Larry? Is there a Larry Cutler here?

Larry wakes and jumps up at the sound of his voice. He raises his hand like a child in class.

LARRY

Present. I mean here.

He rushes over to Anna.

ANNA

Larry! Sorry man, they had me at a whole 'nother gate.

LARRY

Who are you?

ANNA

I'm Anna. Your AC.

LARRY

Which stands for?

ANNA

Afterlife Coordinator.

LARRY

That's not a job.

ANNA

You're dead, Larry.

LARRY

Nope.

ANNA
You've passed away.

LARRY
I've hit my head.

He ruffles his new head of hair. He picks out some confetti.

LARRY (CONT'D)
(a smile)
It's a girl.

ANNA
Walk with me.

She leaves. He follows, confused.

LARRY
I was sitting with my family and I--

ANNA
Died.

LARRY
I swear to god, Anna... whatever
you're trying to pull--
(noticing)
And how am I walking like this, so
sprightly?

ANNA
Larry, look to your left.

Larry stops. Dead in his tracks. As he comes face to face with himself, his younger self, in a gigantic mirror. He touches his face, astonished. He smiles, rubs his teeth.

We pull back to find dozens more men and women looking similarly astounded into the mirror, which lines a long corridor that takes us away from the Junction Port great room. Back on Larry: He feels his chest, subtly flexes.

LARRY
I've got muscles.

ANNA
(looks at him)
Do you? Really?

LARRY
How is this happening?

ANNA

This is you at your happiest.
(off his confusion)
When you arrive, your form reverts
to its shape at your happiest
moment. For many, it's their
twenties or thirties. But you'll
see some are in their seventies or
later. And a TON of ten year old
boys. In the history of the
universe, we've never had a
teenager though...
(she ponders that; then:)
I can look up your precise age if
you--

LARRY

Shit... Joan. I need to wake up. My
wife is sick, she needs me. I need
to go back.

Anna pats his shoulder, reassuringly.

ANNA

Oh, Lar. Look on the bright side.
Your penis works again.

LARRY

(unconvincing)
My penis always worked!

ANNA

Hey, you don't need to feel shame
here. We've seen it all!

LARRY

Uh uh. No way. If I were dead, I
wouldn't care about... about the
functionality of my...

ANNA

(too loud)
Penis.

LARRY

(hushed)
And I wouldn't be embarrassed about
you saying that. And I wouldn't be
annoyed. You're not supposed to be
annoyed in heaven.

ANNA

Man, they teach some funny things down there. What do you think your soul is?

LARRY

I don't know... I suppose it's the perfect version of yourself.

ANNA

Nah, man. It's just... you.

LARRY

That can't be right.

ANNA

If you were annoyed a lot in life, you might be annoyed a lot in death. Were you annoyed a lot in life, Larry?

Off Larry, annoyed. She continues to walk. They pass a wall of pamphlets advertising what look like various resorts from around the world. Anna picks out a bunch hastily.

LARRY

Look, you don't understand. I need to see my wife. She really needs me right now.

ANNA

That's really not how it works. All will be explained.

He stops, clenches his eyes closed.

LARRY

I'm dreaming. Wake up, Larry. Wake up!

Anna turns back. SLAPS him across the face. Larry grimaces.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ouch. What the hell?

ANNA

If this were a dream, you wouldn't be able to feel pain.

Larry is not budging. Anna scratches her face, thinks.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Usually the old fellas really chirp up about the penis thing. Do you want to go try it out?

Larry is clearly considering this for a moment. Then sobers.

LARRY

No. What I want is to speak with the big guy. I want to meet God.

ANNA

Oh you're one of those? Well why didn't you say. I have so many eternity options.

She begins to hand him pamphlets.

LARRY

What are you talking about?

ANNA

You an old or new testament guy. Buddha, hindu. What's your poison?

He looks at the pamphlet covers with varying, retro ads for 'heavens', and deities.

LARRY

Is God not real?

ANNA

(shrugs)

I don't know but, honestly, after a couple of hundred years in one of these you won't know the difference.

LARRY

Then who do you work for?

She starts to walk. He follows.

ANNA

Frank.

LARRY

And who does Frank work for?

ANNA

Frank works for Tom. Listen, I have other clients, Larry.

LARRY

Forgive me for assuming Paradise
would look a little less like...
(looks around)
Life.

ANNA

This isn't Paradise. This is a
brief transitional stage between
life and your eternity. You've
lived a life worthy of an eternity!

LARRY

I have?

ANNA

It's just something we say.
Everyone gets an eternity. The
good, the bad and the ugly.

LARRY

So all that live a good life stuff
is crap?

ANNA

Afraid so.

An alarm begins to whirl. A kind sounding female voice emerges
from an unseen intercom.

INTERCOM VOICE

Code seven four. Code seven four.

A man shoves through them, running towards the train
escalator. Then two security (dressed as 1960s British
police) chase him down, brutally knocking him to the ground,
cuffing him, and tossing him into the back of a van, which
speeds off.

Larry looks to Anna for an explanation:

ANNA

It's nothing for you to worry
about. Just... never walk through a
red door.

Larry's confused, but Anna - finished explaining - walks off.

EXT. LEVEL 6, THE JUNCTION - DAY

Larry follows Anna along a walkway. A wine colored carpet is
under his feet. Numbered doors line the left.

He peers over the formed concrete railing to his right. The curved walkway circles the vast Eternities expo below. It's a dizzying site.

A beat as Larry takes in the environment: The sunbeams that pour in from the panelled dome above look unreal, painted.

He turns back to the sound of a door opening.

INT. LARRY'S ROOM, THE JUNCTION HOTEL - DAY

Larry walks into a large and very 60s room. A sunken seated area lies in front of a super king size bed. There's a jacuzzi in the corner.

LARRY

This is where I'm staying?

ANNA

Well until you choose the right eternity for you. I'll explain everything in good time.

LARRY

Well I'm dead so now feels like a good time.

ANNA

Ah there you go. Acceptance.

Larry gravitates to the large window that looks out at pure clouds, like a painted sunset from a classic Powell and Pressburger film.

The door slams. He turns back to see he is alone.

LARRY

Anna?

He exhales and the button of his trousers pop.

INT. LARRY'S ROOM, JUNCTION CITY - LATER

Larry is dressed in the clothes of his youth. Plaid shirt, corduroy blazer with patches and denims. He checks himself admiringly for a minute.

LARRY

I missed this jacket.

He sits on the bed and clicks on the TV to a QVC type channel. A man roams through a lush Irish countryside in 1800s clothing.

PRESENTER 1

... now I know what you're thinking. Didn't 1840s Ireland have a devastating famine caused by a potato blight and the Brits exporting all their other food?

He stops beside a British Lord holding out a basket of food.

PRESENTER 1 (CONT'D)

Well not here.

The Lord gives a thumbs up. The channel changes. A sci-fi intro with sexy alien ladies.

ACTION VOICE OVER

Ever wanted to be the captain on a star-

He clicks again and a naked man holding a briefcase walks down a street filled with other naked people.

NUDIST MAN

(talks to camera)

Do you hate clothes but need them to stay warm. Well here in Natural State 454, it's always a balmy--

He keeps clicking: A SKIER dashes down a mountain; a SURFER glides over a gently breaking wave; a MAN and WOMAN in scrubs make sexy eye contact like a scene from Grey's Anatomy. The banner reads, "Medical experience not required."

The TV goes dark. Larry slumps. It's sinking in. He's dead.

INT. EXPO HALL, THE JUNCTION - EVENING

Larry wanders through the expo hall of desperate vendors.

He walks around a large fountain. He then sees a bar.

INT. BAR, THE JUNCTION - EVENING

Larry enters a classy bar, sits. A beautiful woman, MARGE (20s) takes note of him.

MARGE

Hey there.

LARRY

Hi.

MARGE

Confusing time, huh?

LARRY

Yes, actually.

Marge puts her hand on his knee. Larry becomes very uncomfortable.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, em, I'm married--

MARGE

What if I told you I could secure
you a spot in the hottest eternity
this side of--

As a clean-shaven, handsome BARTENDER (26) approaches. A towel over his shoulder.

BARTENDER

Marge, c'mon. You know the policy.
No selling in the bar.

MARGE

(mimicking him)
No selling in the bar.

Marge slinks away as Larry turns to the Bartender.

LARRY

Something strong please.

BARTENDER

(starts pouring a scotch)
First day?

Larry swigs back the drink. He winces, clearly not used to liquor. He gestures for another. The bartender pours as Larry looks out at the painterly sun which is still setting.

LARRY

So what are you like an angel or
something?

The bartender slides him the drink.

BARTENDER

No I'm just like you.

LARRY

Wait, do I have to get a job?

BARTENDER

Only if you want to stay here.

LARRY

Why do you want to stay here?

BARTENDER

I'm waiting.

LARRY

I can see that, I just don't know why someone would wait tables and pour drinks when you could--

BARTENDER

No, I mean I'm waiting to move on.
(before Larry can ask why)
So what are you thinking about? For where you want to go from here?

LARRY

Somewhere sunny. Hawaii, Florida. But my wife won't like that so I probably won't be able to stay for long.

BARTENDER

Did your AC go over the rules yet?

LARRY

Do I look informed?

BARTENDER

The big thing is there's no switching eternities after you've chosen. No visiting other eternities. No nothing. Eternity is eternity. It's forever.

LARRY

And what if I just didn't go along with the rules? Are they going to kill me again?

BARTENDER

Wow, they really didn't explain things.

(beat)

They technically can't kill you. If they could we wouldn't have this place.

(MORE)

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

But you break a rule, overstay your welcome here or try to switch eternities... well, you'll be put in the void.

LARRY

Is that like hell?

BARTENDER

As close as there is. It's just blackness for eternity.

LARRY

That's kind of what I thought the afterlife might be in the first place. Nothing. You just cease.

BARTENDER

No, you're still there. Suspended in blackness. Cognizant, but unable to experience anything.

Larry gulps another drink, winces like he is drinking fire.

LARRY

My wife was diagnosed with severe cancer. Terminal.

BARTENDER

I'm sorry man. The worst part of this place is the guilt you feel for the ones you left behind.

LARRY

I told her I'd take care of her. She is sick and dealing with all this and I'm...

He gestures to his glass, already losing his coordination.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Could I have a mixer with that? It is absolutely disgusting.

The bartender sprays a cola into his glass.

EXT. LARRY'S ROOM, THE JUNCTION - MORNING

Close on Larry's face flattened on the bed. He is still wearing his corduroy jacket. He groans with the agonizing pain of a bad hangover.

He cleaves open his eyes. Anna is lying on her side next to him. They are nose to nose.

ANNA
Morning sleepy head.

Larry leaps to his feet.

LARRY
How did you get in...
(terror)
Did we..?

He makes a sex symbol with his fingers. She makes a guilty face.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Oh shit, oh shit...

She laughs.

ANNA
Relax, Lar. I'm joking. I have a key.

LARRY
Why do you have a key?

She leans up in the bed.

ANNA
Not important. So somebody had fun last night.

Larry slumps into the sunken seating area, sits. Grabs his head.

LARRY
I'm dead. You wouldn't think hangovers would be a thing.

ANNA
Common misconception. So what ya do? You use that new, fully functional penis yet?

LARRY
I was trying to figure this all out. The barman was telling me about the rules... between drinks.

ANNA
Really kinda my job to explain the rules, Lar.

LARRY

Well you weren't here.

ANNA

I was giving you space. I have a process, OK?

LARRY

He said he was waiting.

ANNA

Sounds like you covered a lot with the bartender, almost like he wants to be your AC or something, like maybe you wish he was your AC--

LARRY

Anna!

ANNA

People wait for all kinds of reasons. Some haven't accepted death. Some choose to wait for their significant others.

That gets Larry's attention.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Some are afraid. Forever can be... intimidating. Others just like it here. You know, it's pretty cool--

LARRY

I'd like to see Joan, see how... close she is.

ANNA

Sorry, amigo. Not how it works.

LARRY

So all that "looking down on us from above" was what? Bullshit?

Anna steps into the sunken area and sits, making herself at home. She picks at a croissant, dips it in butter.

ANNA

You're annoyed.

LARRY

I'm not annoyed. I'm... at a loss. This isn't the way it's supposed to be. We're supposed to be...

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

in the clouds. You're supposed to be wearing a white robe or a cloak.

She drops a glob of butter on her shirt.

ANNA

(eating)

White's not really my color.

LARRY

Where's everybody who died before me. My parents? How do I see them?

ANNA

You're more than welcome to go visit them, but then you'd be--

LARRY

With my parents for eternity.

Larry's head is spinning.

ANNA

See, this is why we often recommend that... you do you. And know that everyone's existing pretty damn good. You know what I mean?

LARRY

It's all just chaos.

ANNA

Organized chaos. Think about it. Roughly a hundred billion humans have lived and died. And that's just on Earth! That's a lot of souls. One eternity would get crowded pretty quick, so a network of multiple eternities developed. Millions of opportunities for eternal happiness. It's really quite brilliant.

Larry turns a bit serious.

LARRY

Joan thought of death as one more adventure. Another surprise waiting around the corner.

(beat)

She loved surprises...

Anna smiles at Larry confiding in her.

ANNA

Listen, Larry, she's eighty seven years old with stage four pancreatic cancer. She's close.

Larry takes it in: oddly good news, his wife on death's door.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I have connections. I can get a heads up when it's imminent.
(trying to be cool)
I'll give you the high sign.

LARRY

And if I wanted to... wait. I guess I'd have to be a bartender or something like that up here?

Anna laughs uncontrollably.

ANNA

Oh, no, no, no. You'd start out with cleaning work. Some light manual labor. How are you with sewage?

Larry considers that, catches his reflection in the window to his suite. He strokes his chin, notices he has stubble.

LARRY

At least the room's nice.

ANNA

About that...

INT. BASEMENT, THE JUNCTION - DAY

Larry walks through the basement level, a far cry from Level 6 living. Anna walks behind him.

LARRY

So if I don't make up my mind in seven days, I move down here?

ANNA

Yessiree.

He looks on as a series of workers filter in from a day of work. Most wear janitorial uniforms. A few carry lunch pails. Larry focuses in on one of the lunch pails.

INT. JUNCTION CITY - EVENING

Close: A series of beach eternity brochures being spread out.

Anna lays the brochures out. She looks up to see Larry sitting opposite. He fixates on a worker emptying a bin, considers his fate.

LARRY

Sure it could be tomorrow. But she could also hang on for what, six, seven months?

Anna looks passed Larry as another AC waves their satisfied client off to the train terminal. The AC catches her stare and gives her the finger.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I worked as a dishwasher when I was a student.

(more to convince himself)

It was.. fine.

Anna turns her attention to Larry.

ANNA

Or you could wait for her from the comfort of a sun-lounger. One of those drinks in a coconut.

LARRY

They do look nice.

ANNA

They're so classy.

LARRY

(sobering from the thought)

No. There is no eternity without Joan.

ANNA

Larry, if your marriage was half as good as you say, I'm sure she'll be on the first train to meet you when she arrives. Do you think she wants you bussing tables for six months?

LARRY

(doubt)

I guess if I leave now I could get everything set up for her. You know, really make it a home.

Anna slaps the table.

ANNA

Shut up! How romantic is that?

LARRY

(blush)

It is pretty romantic, I guess. And you will make sure she knows where I am?

ANNA

Larry. I promise. I got you.

She begins to slide the brochures over the table towards him.

INT. LARRY'S ROOM, JUNCTION HOTEL - LARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Larry struggles to sleep. He tosses and turns until finally he gets up in the middle of the night and goes to a small desk. He eyes the brochures... and then starts to write a note, beginning with: "Dear Joanie..."

INT. HOSPITAL, BACK IN THE WORLD - NIGHT

Joan lies in a bed. She is wearing a hospital gown. A respirator whirs. Her family are all gathered around her.

No one speaks. They hold her hand.

Close on Joan. Her eyelids are heavy. A faint smile rises on her face.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Joan, now 28, rests her head against the train window. Her hair is now in a bob, like it was in her first marriage photo. She groggily opens her eyes, confused.

INT. JUNCTION PORT - MORNING

A hammock sits empty on a quiet beach at dusk. The purples of the sky mix with the soft light glowing from a bungalow surrounded by darkened palm trees.

We pull back to reveal it's a brochure. Larry hands it to Anna who flips through paperwork, initialing sections.

LARRY

Would you do me a favor?

ANNA

Sure, can do.

LARRY

Would you give this letter to Joan?

ANNA

No can do. Against the rules.

(off his concern:)

Larry you don't need a letter. You have me.

ANNOUNCER

Beachland 239 is leaving from Gate 12.

ANNA

It was a pleasure working with you.

She gives him a very awkward hug. Off Larry, uneasy...

INT. PLATFORM, JUNCTION PORT - DAY

Close on Joan's bare feet tiptoe'ing on the cold tiles skipping to avoid the crowding shoes around them.

JOAN

Ouch, shit, sorry.

Close on young hands trying to hold the back of a hospital gown shut as they are shoved about by the surrounding people.

Joan is jostled in a crowd, awkwardly trying to hold the back of her hospital gown closed. She looks up to see the 60s styled escalator.

INT. JUNCTION PORT - ESCALATORS - MOMENTS LATER

Larry descends an escalator. The people around him are wearing Hawaiian shirts and sun hats. The ten year old boy behind him, wearing floaters on his arms catches his eyes.

BOY

Hey buddy, lighten up will ya. Sun, sea, sand awaits. What more do you want?

Larry takes a deep breath as if pumping himself up for whatever awaits. He exhales. Contented for the first time since his arrival.

He looks left to an adjacent escalator, ascending. He sees a young Joan on it, her back against the rail.

He smiles and looks forward, not recognizing her. Slowly his eyes widen as it clicks.

LARRY

Joan?

He turns back.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Joan!

We spot her looking around confused as if she heard it but not knowing where from. She is nearing the top of the escalator.

Larry tries to run back up the descending escalator, but he's body-blocked by countless dead folks happily preparing to enter their eternities. "Oiy." "What the fuck!"

LARRY (CONT'D)

Joan!

Close with Joan.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Joan! Joan!

She looks around again confused. Then looks to where the shouts are coming from but all she sees are the angry crowds enveloping Larry.

Joan turns back as she hits the top. The junction is coming into view.

With Larry: He stops, then pushes down the escalator to the platform, turning, racing to an up-escalator, which has a line to board. He bursts through to the front of the line.

INT. JUNCTION PORT - MOMENTS LATER

Joan emerges from the escalator. She looks around, dazed. She walks forward, her hands still clasping the back of her gown shut. She bumps into Anna.

JOAN

Excuse me, where am I--

ANNA

Your AC will explain everything.

JOAN
OK, sure, it's just--

ANNA
Babe. Your AC will explain
everything.

Anna walks away, without even looking at her. She hears Larry's faint shouting and then stops, looking around confused.

Joan wanders forward, taking in the vibrant stalls of the junction. She stops in front of a cardboard display. A Bond type, tuxedoed figure stands holding a pistol as two bikini clad women cling to his legs. Instead of a face there is a mirror. A sign says, "This could be you."

Joan stands on her tiptoes and sees her reflection. She touches her newly short hair cut. A wistful smile.

LARRY (O.S.)
(shouting)
Joan! Joan!

She turns back to see a massive kerfuffle arise from the escalator. "Slow down." "Prick." Larry pushes through and emerges from it. He looks around frantically.

LARRY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Joan!

Joan looks at the young'ish man and then realizes

JOAN
Larry?

We move through the crowd to a panicking Larry. He then spots Joan as we near. He is stunned for a moment. A smile rises on his face. The camera moves out as the two rush towards each other. They hug, clasping each other tight.

JOAN (CONT'D)
I was in the hospital and then--

LARRY
You look... I mean, wow.

He touches her short hair. Joan's face then turns angry. She whacks him on the chest.

JOAN
Every time, every damn time.

LARRY

Ouch.

JOAN

I told you to slow down with the pretzels!

LARRY

I know I know--

JOAN

You never listen...

Larry is beaming. She taps him again. Anna walks into shot between them.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Stop smiling.

LARRY

Joanie.

(takes a sombre tone)

I have some shocking news...

LARRY (CONT'D)

You're dead.

I'm dead.

JOAN

LARRY (CONT'D)

How'd you know?

JOAN

(looking around)

I mean.

Anna confidently interjects:

ANNA

It took him FOREVER to figure it out.

LARRY

Not forever...

ANNA

So you're the famous Joan. Good for you Lar, punching up.

JOAN

(to Larry)

So what now?

Larry smiles. He gestures for her to wait and runs off leaving Joan and Anna alone, confused.

ANNA

Was it the cancer in the end?

JOAN

Who are you?

Larry returns with a handful of pamphlets. He excitedly fans them out in his hands. A big smile.

LARRY

Now we get to have that holiday.

Joan doesn't respond. She is in a slight daze. She sees a commotion over Larry's shoulder.

LARRY (CONT'D)

So basically we can go anywhere we want, but that's it..

Joan sees the crowds quieten with smiles and coos. They begin to part like the red sea.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(muffled)

If you REALLY want to go skiing, we can discuss it. I mean, the cold can't kill you now.

Joan's eyes are still fixed on the commotion as Ryan emerges from the crowd.

RYAN

Anna, get away from my client. I've been waiting for this golden goose for fifty goddamn years.

Larry turns to see Ryan who goes straight to shake hands with Joan, guiding her away from Larry.

LARRY

Em, excuse me..

RYAN

I apologize for...
(looks to Anna)
Her.

LARRY

(to Anna)
Who's he?

RYAN

(to Joan)
I'm Ryan.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

Your Afterlife Coordinator. I know this is a lot to absorb. Let's all take a breath.

Ryan has a game show host surprise energy.

And just like that, Joan's breath is taken away as she notices. A broad shoulder steps into frame, emerging from the crowd.

It's the dashing bartender. He is standing a few paces from Joan. He stares at her like a mirage.

Larry walks in behind Joan.

LARRY

Oh, hey there. Joan, this is... my bartender. Why are you here? Did I not pay the bill? I didn't know there'd be a bill--

ANNA

So this is the famous bartender...
(a beat, then:)
Oooooohhh. You're THAT Joan.

LARRY

What?

The bartender doesn't take his eyes off Joan. Joan is transfixed. Larry looks to the bartender:

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I never asked your name.

BARTENDER

I'm Luke.

LARRY

This is my bartender, Luke.

Joan's overcome. Her eyes well. A smile graces her face.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Joan, why aren't you looking at Luke like he's my bartender? Do you need a drink?

She rushes to Luke. They embrace. They hold each other's exuberant faces, examining them after 57 years apart.

JOAN

I've never dreamt you this clearly.

LUKE

You're exactly how I dreamt you.

Anna turns to an ashen Larry.

ANNA

Ah, hard luck buddy.

Larry, slack-jawed, can't respond. Then the rushing realization.

LARRY

Hold on. No. Luke had a beard.

LUKE

I knew Joanie hated it so ... Joanie?
I've shaved every morning.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ryan puts his hand to his heart, moved. Luke keeps going.

LUKE (CONT'D)

In case it was the day we'd meet
again.

ANNA

(sotto, to Larry)
So romantic.

Larry throws her a whose side are you on look. Joan puts her hand on Luke's clean-shaven cheek as Larry feels his own stubble. Larry gently takes Joan's arm.

LARRY

Ok, sweetie, let's go..

RYAN

(to Anna)
Who's this guy?

ANNA

The second husband.

LARRY

I prefer current husband.

Joan and Luke are quiet, transfixed by each other.

RYAN

Okay. I have to insist that I
explain exactly what's going on to
my client.

(trickling with sarcasm)
She clearly has a big decision to
make.

Anna laughs. Larry throws her another look. Ryan takes her by the hand and leads her away.

With Joan: She looks back at her two husbands. She tries to speak but can't.

With Larry, Luke, and Anna looking at her being led away.

LARRY

So when you said you were waiting--

LUKE

For fifty-seven years, I conjured her image in my mind every day. Thought I'd done a good job, but now I realize... she's more stunning than I remembered.

ANNA

OK. That was a line.

LARRY

(betrayed)

You were my bartender.

INT. JOAN'S ROOM, JUNCTION HOTEL - EARLY EVENING

Joan sits on the side of her bed, stunned. Ryan is rifling through a wardrobe, throwing out outfits onto a bed: jeans, jumpers, shirts. He then holds up the most feminine thing he can find. A Mary Quant styled knee length dress.

RYAN

(to himself)

This will have to do.

JOAN

This is a nightmare.

RYAN

It's a lot to take in. The love of your life waiting fifty-seven years... and Larry.

JOAN

Larry is my husband.

RYAN

One of two.

He grabs her, hands her the dress and shoves her to the bathroom.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You'll feel better once you've
gotten out of that morbid ensemble.

She reemerges a moment later, still dazed, with the dress haphazardly thrown on. Ryan tugs at it and zips her up.

JOAN

I mean, what am I supposed to do?

She turns to Ryan.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(pleading)

Tell me what to do?

Ryan is on a mission. He immediately starts to apply make up to her. He pouts as an instruction for her. She does and he starts to apply lipstick.

RYAN

Oh, honey. I read your file. You're
smart, passionate, decisive.

JOAN

(through puckered lips)

I am?

RYAN

I have complete confidence that you
will choose the right eternity, and
the right person to spend it with.

He takes a step back to look at her.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You'll do.

JOAN

Do for what?

There's a knock. Ryan fakes surprise.

RYAN

Were you expecting someone?

Ryan pushes her to the door.

JOAN

Were you?

Joan opens the door to Luke.

RYAN
(loud and unconvincing)
Oh, Luke, what a surprise.

Joan slams the door shut. Panicked.

JOAN
(whispers)
What the hell, Ryan?

RYAN
You look amazing.

She checks herself in the mirror, spruces her hair.

JOAN
(whisper)
I'm married.

RYAN
To him.

JOAN
To Larry.

RYAN
And he seems... nice.
(genuine)
Joan, I mean you must have thought
or hoped this might happen.

JOAN
Well I mean yeah of course I
imagined it but--

RYAN
Great.

Before she can say anything else Ryan opens the door.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Well, I'll leave you kids to it.

He winks to Joan and leaves the two standing opposite each other.

INT. LARRY'S ROOM, JUNCTION HOTEL - DAY

Larry is pacing. Anna is on the bed, flipping through Larry's folder.

ANNA
So your Joan is the famous Joan.

LARRY

Did you even read my file?!

ANNA

I prefer to connect with my clients on a personal level. You're more than words on a page to me, Larry. And you didn't say--

LARRY

Oh, right! How could I forget to mention that my wife's ex would be hanging around! It's not like I had a lot on my mind - just having died and all!

ANNA

Technically, I'm not sure we'd call him her "ex." Probably "first husband."

LARRY

Anna!

Larry stops, facing her.

ANNA

I'm just anticipating what Ryan might say. We have... history.

Larry slumps into a chair.

LARRY

Of course you do.

ANNA

I mean we all wanted that account. The man who has waited for over half a century.

LARRY

Kind of sad, if you think about it.

ANNA

Is that what you think Joan will think about it?

LARRY

Anna!

ANNA

Nevermind. Not the first time this has happened. I mean, for me it is.
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)
(searching through papers)
But there must be a process.

Larry sits, head in his hands - his panic turning to gloom.

LARRY
He looks like Burt Lancaster.

ANNA
Who was that? A pop star? Was he hot? He must be hot? Luke is very, very hot.

LARRY
You're not helping.

ANNA
Look Lar. Yes, Luke is handsome. Yes his eyes are bluer than the ocean. Yes he has a better narrative...

LARRY
I spent fifty-five years with Joan. I gave her children.

ANNA
Exactly, use that. Nothing is more powerful than emotional blackmail.

She holds up crossed fingers. The situation is sinking in.

LARRY
(panic)
Where's Joan?

EXT. SCENIC BLUFFS - MOMENTS LATER

Luke and Joan walk along a path overlooking a lake. Beyond this there is vast painted scenery background of rolling hills and a setting sun.

They are silent, awkward.

JOAN
So... how have you been?

LUKE
Good. Well, I mean, dead. But good, all things considered.

JOAN

You look good. I mean you always looked good.

LUKE

You too.

She snorts, like a teenager and then turns away embarrassed. He stares at her lovingly. A flush of arousal between them.

JOAN

I didn't think I'd ever see you again. I don't know what to say.

LUKE

Fifty-seven years was a long time to think about what I'd say first.
(long beat; smiles)
And yet evidently not long enough.

JOAN

You were always so damn cheesy.

He stops her. They face each other. Then suddenly someone, covered in mud and dirt, runs by shoving Joan into Luke's arms. Two 1960s dressed British police chase him with an animal trap, one RADIOS:

POLICE OFFICER

Code seven four. Code seven four.
Eyes on the bogey.

JOAN

What the hell?

Joan and Luke watch from a distance as the officers catch up with the man, who is covered in soot and scrapes.

MAN

(screaming)
No, please. I can't look at another goddamn painting.

The police grapple him to the ground and drag him away.

MAN (CONT'D)

All I see is paint and it's so boring!

He disappears, dragged around a corner. He grabs the corner and pulls his head into shot. His demented eyes meet Joan's.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(to Joan)
Museum-world is the worst!

He is yanked back out of shot.

JOAN
What did he do?

LUKE
He tried to escape his eternity.
Once you choose, that's it. There's
no going back. You have to get it
right.

Joan is still looking where the man was dragged away. The gravity of the decision facing her now laid bare.

JOAN
Shit.

She turns from the commotion to meet Luke's eyes, which are fixed on her. Her breath quivers.

LUKE
I know this is hard for you but I
missed you. I've thought about you
every day since I've been here.

She looks at him. Really looks at him. Her eyes well.

JOAN
I never forgot. There wasn't a day
that went by that I didn't think of
you.

She catches herself. They rest their heads close.

JOAN (CONT'D)
God, you're so young. We were so
young.

LUKE
We still are, technically.

They are so close to kissing but then Joan lurches back.

JOAN
Shit. Sorry. Larry. I have a
husband. I mean I have another
husband.

Luke scratches his head. Clears his throat.

LUKE

Yeah. He seems nice. Not who I would have expected but..

JOAN

(a little defensive)
He is nice.

LUKE

Look, Joanie, I resigned myself long ago to the fact that this would happen. I mean I wanted you to have a life. But I waited because I wanted us to have a chance to have one too.

Joan doubles over.

JOAN

I think I'm going to be sick. Why can you get sick here?

Luke leans in to help but she backs away.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Luke, please. I need some time.

She walks away. Luke is left alone, silhouetted by the painted sunset.

INT. WALKWAY, JUNCTION HOTEL - NIGHT

Joan walks towards her room. Her head is swimming. The bustling noise of the expo hall is like a cacophony.

INT. JOAN'S ROOM, JUNCTION HOTEL - NIGHT

Joan closes the door and leans against it. She closes her eyes. Taking solace in the quiet.

The door knocks. She opens her eyes.

JOAN

(exhausted)
What now?

She opens it to find Larry barreling in with a handful of brochures.

LARRY

So I know this is a lot but don't worry I've been doing the research.

He starts to lay them out on the bed: various Beach-lands, a Winter-land.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Here are some good options.

JOAN
Options?

LARRY
For our eternity.
(he takes her in)
Wow you look amazing. That hair
really suits you.

He moves in to kiss her.

LARRY (CONT'D)
You know, everything works here, if
you know what I mean.

He leans to kiss her again. She takes a step back.

JOAN
Ugh, Larry.

LARRY
What do you mean, ugh?

Joan begins to pace. Her head is a scramble.

JOAN
It's complicated.

LARRY
We were together a week ago.

JOAN
(angry)
Well I'm sorry but a lot has
happened in a week. You died, Karen
died. I died. I've been reunited
with both of my dead husbands, and
learned that I have a week to pick
where to spend eternity.

LARRY
Karen finally kicked it. Big week
for Oakdale.

He picks from a bowl of pretzels and begins to stress eat,
throwing them into his mouth. He coughs on one.

JOAN

Are you kidding me right now?

She grabs the bowl from him.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Larry, I need time. I need to clear my head.

LARRY

Sorry love. You're right. I'm being insensitive.

Larry goes to the bed. Undoes the top cover and removes a few of the decorative pillows, haphazardly tossing them to the floor, which does not go unnoticed.

JOAN

What are you doing?

LARRY

Going to bed. We can talk in the morning.

Off Larry, reminded by a look from Joan: This isn't his room.

EXT. JOAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Close on Larry's face as the door slams in front of him.

INT. JOAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joan leans against the door. She slides down to rest on her haunches. The impossible choice before her.

INT. LARRY'S ROOM, JUNCTION HOTEL - LATER

Larry tries to enter, but his key fob doesn't work.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Larry blows in, looking for some sort of front desk (there is no front desk). But Anna, getting up from a chair, spots him.

ANNA

There ya are, bud. You ready?

LARRY

My key doesn't work.

ANNA

'Course not. Remember, I told you.
After seven days, you get moved.
(off Larry's look)
Don't worry. It's not that bad.

EXT. BASEMENT LEVEL - LATER

Larry follows Anna down the narrow corridor. The light above hisses and blinks. The retro charm of the hotel is missing.

He passes a notice board to see a flyer of DEAN MARTIN smirking with 'in concert' written below. Larry rips it off.

LARRY

Holy shit...

ANNA

(mimicing Larry)
Holy shit, for God's sake, Fucking hell.. You sure you're not religious?

Larry hands her the flyer.

LARRY

Is he waiting too?

ANNA

Oh him? Yeah, it's sad actually..

LARRY

He is my Jo's favorite.

ANNA

Him? Really?

LARRY

Of course him. Do you know him?
(an idea)
Could you get him to do me a favour?

ANNA

Well, duh, obviously, it's me.
(looking at the flyer)
...but are you sure?

She stops at a door.

INT. LARRY'S NEW ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open as Larry and Anna crowd the doorway. They look in at the dingy, windowless room. There is a single bed and tiny kitchenette.

ANNA
A single. Nice!

Larry isn't responding. Anna walks in.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Little kitchenette.

Larry takes a breath. Looks down at the flyer. Anna checks the fridge.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Ooooooh. I hope you like hummus.

Larry takes a deep breath, tries to exhales out his fury.

LARRY
You know what, it's fine.
(holds the flyer up)
You sort this out and I'll be out
of here in no time.

Anna has a mouthful of hummus. She gives a thumbs up.

INT. JOAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Close on Joan. Her eyes slowly open. She rolls over. The bed is empty but for her. She stares out at a new painted scenic backdrop of beaming rays of sun over the rolling hills.

Joan leans up, groggy. Her hair is standing up. She grabs the old TV remote and clicks it on.

Close on the TV screen: Enya-esque music plays. A shot of a knight astride a horse. Cross-fade to a woman in a tower as her medieval gown billows. The sound of a wind machine.

Close on the Medieval lady against a stone wall. She looks at the camera as it slowly begins to zoom out.

MEDIEVAL LADY
Now I know what you're thinking?
Modern plumbing was a 19th century
thing. Will I have to shit in a
ditch and always be surrounded by
the smell of shit?

The camera is continuing to zoom out.

MEDIEVAL LADY (CONT'D)

(fake laugh)

Don't worry. This is 14th century living with very 21st century plumbing.

The zoom out now reveals the lady is sitting on a modern toilet. She pulls a lever. She smiles, artificially, as a flush sound is heard. The TV clicks off.

Close on a very confused Joan.

The door knocks.

JOAN

(sotto)

Please be coffee.

Joan crawls out of bed and opens the door. Larry is standing there, wearing a chord suit. The nicest thing he owned in his youth.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Larry. Oh my god, I need more time.

LARRY

I know, I know but I just, I have a surprise for you.

JOAN

I actually need less surprises. Like zero surprises.

LARRY

Joan, I promise you will like this. You trust me, right...

INT. AISLE, EXPO HALL - DAY

Larry is leading Joan, pulling her by the hand like an enthusiastic child. Joan trails, still tired. She catches Larry's puppyish enthusiasm as he glances back. She smiles to herself.

They near the large fountain.

LARRY

You ready?

JOAN
(grins)
Sure.

Larry stands back and waves his arm with a ta-da gesture. A keyboard begins to play the tune of, Everybody Loves Somebody. Anna is at a tiny Casio keyboard in front of the fountain. Joan sees this.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Oh... that's sweet?

LARRY
Wait for it.

A voice begins to sing the lyrics. A tuxedo'd Dean Martin slowly emerges from behind the fountain and swaggers towards them. Joan suddenly turns into a schoolgirl.

JOAN
Is that? Wait--

LARRY
See, what'd I tell ya?

JOAN
Oh my god, oh my god.

DEAN MARTIN
(breaking from the song)
This is for Joan ...

Dean begins to sing again. Joan, thrilled, hugs Larry.

JOAN
Oh Larry.

LARRY
Did I do good or what?

JOAN
You did.

Larry and Anna share a satisfied look. For a few beats, Joan enjoys Dean's romantic crooning. But then he starts to slur.

LARRY
I guess he still likes a drink.

A nervous chuckle. Dean begins to move closer. Joan's excitement dulls as we see his fly is down and a pot belly peers through strained shirt buttons.

JOAN

Well, everyone ages so...

He misses a note. He stops singing and starts to look at her lecherously.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Oh, ok...

We see now it's clearly not Dean Martin but a Dean Martin look-a-like.

LARRY

Oh shit.

Larry rushes over to Anna.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Anna?

Dean is now very close to an extremely uncomfortable Anna.

FAKE DEAN MARTIN

(slurring)

Hey baby, you want to go find a room?

He moves in to touch her breast. She slaps him. The drunk look-a-like continues to pester her.

FAKE DEAN MARTIN (CONT'D)

Come on, baby, help old Blue Eyes with his blue balls.

He's yanked away. Joan turns to see Luke there. Dean puts up his fists. Luke punches him and Dean falls to the floor.

LUKE

Blue Eyes was Sinatra.

With Larry as Anna continues to play the Casio.

LARRY

That's not the real Dean Martin.

ANNA

Of course not. It's Richard. Richard Johnson. Celebrity impersonators die too, Larry.

LARRY

Why didn't you tell me?

ANNA

I assumed you knew. You were all like he's my Jo's favorite, and I was all like, really? Richard Johnson? Actually it makes more sense now.

She stops playing. Dean slurs on the ground, struggling to open his belt.

FAKE DEAN MARTIN

Want something done right, do it yourself.

ANNA

I should have mentioned that Richard has a crippling alcohol problem. That's my bad.

LARRY

I cannot fathom a scenario in which this could have gone worse.

He then sees Luke comforting Joan.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I stand corrected.

With Luke comforting a shook Joan.

LUKE

Are you OK?

JOAN

Yes, thanks. Lucky you were passing.

LUKE

Actually I was coming to..

Joan spots a bouquet of flowers in his hands.

JOAN

No.

She leans back as Larry nears too. Then Ryan emerges.

RYAN

You OK sweetie?

(to Luke)

Luke bring her back to her room. Maybe a hot bath?

ANNA

(shouting)

Larry, did you eat that hummus?
Offer her some of your hummus.
Joan, do you like hummus?

Joan's POV: The fake Dean struggles to pull down his trousers. Larry, Luke and their ACs begin to swarm her.

Joan lets out an almighty scream. Everyone stops in their tracks. She glowers at Ryan and Anna.

JOAN

You two come with me.

She leaves. Luke and Larry go to follow, but she turns back:

JOAN (CONT'D)

No. No! You two wait here.

The men are left behind as the three march back in the direction of her room. The Dean look-a-like staggers to his feet and begins to wander in the background.

LARRY

I could have taken care of it.

LUKE

Sure.

The look-a-like begins to urinate in the fountain. Luke walks away. Larry follows.

EXT. JUNCTION BUILDING - DAY

We move through the wooden, layers of the scenic background, which are plane chipboard from behind. We see the little hidden speakers that are playing birdsong.

We close in on the domed, brutalist building with primary colored balconies. It's like a vision of heaven, if designed by Le Corbusier.

We continue to move in on Joan's room. She is shouting at Anna and Ryan who sit on the bed. Her hands are gesticulating wildly. We hear nothing but the birdsong.

INT. JOAN'S ROOM, JUNCTION HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Joan is standing over the two ACs.

JOAN

What kind of place is this? Is this hell? Is this hell?

She swigs from a miniature vodka bottle.

RYAN

Technically hell doesn't--

JOAN

I didn't say speak!

INT. WALKWAY, JUNCTION HOTEL - DAY

Larry and Luke are leaning against the concrete walkway outside Joan's room. Her shouting reverberates through the door.

Larry glances at Luke. He raises on his feet to match his height.

Luke turns, looks over the railing to the expo hall below. All the eternities, the confused faces, the vulturous vendors. Larry turns too and leans against the wall.

LARRY

Do you ever work this place out?

LUKE

It just gets more and more confusing.

Joan's shouting stops. Silence. The men look back, then at each other. They turn as we track in over their shoulders to the door.

INT. JOAN'S ROOM, JUNCTION HOTEL - DAY

Joan is lying on the bed staring up at the rotating ceiling fan. A woman in turmoil. Ryan and Anna are huddled over the phone.

RYAN

(into the phone)

So we are saying, one each...

Joan's POV: Ryan is drowned out by the whooshing blades of the fan.

INT. WALKWAY, JUNCTION HOTEL - EVENING

Larry and Luke are sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall. They're staring at the door. They're both nodding off.

The door swings open and they jolt awake. Luke stands to attention. Larry fumbles up after him.

Joan is standing in the door. She looks at the men. She says nothing. She walks in, leaving the door open. The men look at each other and then follow her.

INT. JOAN'S ROOM, JUNCTION HOTEL - DAY

Larry and Luke stand in the room. Joan walks to the window just behind Anna and Ryan. She looks outside.

LUKE

So?

ANNA

Good news! I talked to Frank.

RYAN

Actually, I talked to Frank.

ANNA

Point is, Frank was talked to and he spoke to Tom who kicked it all the way to the big guy.

RYAN

Kevin.

ANNA

And we got approval on the plan.

LARRY

What plan?

ANNA

The plan!

LARRY

Anna, I swear to--

ANNA

Typically, you choose your eternity and that's it. But, given the unique circumstances here, we got a special visa--

RYAN

Joan will be allowed two visits.
One each with her former husbands.

Larry looks at Joan who is unable to look at them.

LARRY

And then?

RYAN

Well, and then she'll decide.

LUKE

Seems like kind of a high pressure
scenario.

LARRY

Seems like an episode of that
reality show Gia watches.

RYAN

Well, you could all pick the same
eternity and work it out there.

ANNA

But then you'd be in the same place
for... forever.

Joan perks up for the first time.

JOAN

I mean, that could --

LARRY

No!

LUKE

No!

LARRY (CONT'D)

I've dealt with fifty years of this
guy creeping in the shadows.

LUKE

Creeping?

LARRY

Lurking.

LUKE

Lurking?

LARRY

Lurking from beyond, waiting to
spoil a half-century of marriage!

A beat. Then Luke, more measured...

LUKE

Well, I'm sorry I died defending our country.

LARRY

It was Korea buddy, relax.

LUKE

Excuse me?

LARRY

You didn't exactly storm the beaches of Normandy.

LUKE

Fuck you.

LARRY

Fuck you.

Larry shoves Luke. Luke shoves him back.

JOAN

Stop it. Stop! This is what we are doing. So just flip a coin and decide who's going first.

LARRY

This is ridiculous, I won't stand for some other man dating my wife--

LUKE

Maybe you should have thought of that before you married another man's wife.

RYAN

Who wants to go first?

Larry rummages in his pockets and takes out a quarter.

LARRY

(to Luke)

Heads or tails?

LUKE

Heads?

Larry flicks the coin in the air.

Close: the coin hits the back of his hand and he covers it instantly.

INT. BAR, JUNCTION CITY - DAY

Larry is slumped over the bar. Anna sits beside him.

ANNA

Come on, Lar, if you were going first you'd find something to complain about too.

Larry leans up.

LARRY

You sound like my wife.

Anna tries to buck him up.

ANNA

If I were you I'd *rather* go second! You get to leave the lasting image.

LARRY

I don't like how Luke's been going around telling people he died in *the war*.

ANNA

He did...

LARRY

Right, no, I mean the way he says it. *The war*. Like it was one of the cool ones.

ANNA

I really don't think squabbling with his obvious heroism is your best angle of attack, bud.

Larry knows Anna is right. He considers a beat, tipsy enough to open up a bit.

LARRY

Trouble is, Luke was always a memory. I don't know how you compete with a memory.

ANNA

The Arc protein is what makes memory possible. Funny thing, it actually started four hundred million years ago... as a virus.

LARRY

Your point?

ANNA

You are a memory. We are all memories. We are forever. What do you think this place is? The whole of the afterlife is just the side effect of a virus.

LARRY

(wry)

That makes sense.

ANNA

Look you just need to remind her why she fell in love with you in the first place.

Larry looks at her, taken aback by this insight.

LARRY

Honestly... I-- I don't know why she fell in love with me.

ANNA

Well you should figure it out, and fast.

Larry's eyes widen, an idea.

LARRY

I need to find someone here.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Joan and Luke sit opposite each other on a train. They are wearing warm wools and tweeds. Old school ski gear rests beside them.

They are awkward. Silent. Joan looks out at the blackness. A red door zips by. Joan looks at Luke. She looks away. She laughs to herself.

LUKE

Tweed not my look?

JOAN

No. I just forgot how ridiculously handsome you are.

He blushes.

LUKE

We were an attractive couple.

JOAN

Oh come on. Everyone assumed you got me pregnant and had to marry me. My Mom was so upset when I told her I wasn't. She wanted hot grandkids so badly.

LUKE

Yes. We never got to that stage of our life.

Joan sees his regret. The darkness outside is replaced by a vast Winter Wonderland. People ski down the mountains. A chair lift cuts through the sunny sky to a kitsch ski resort.

Joan stares at it, lost for words.

JOAN

It looks just like...

LUKE

I can't believe you never made it there. Is it how you imagined it?

JOAN

It's perfect.

She turns to him. She smiles.

EXT. WINTER WONDERLAND - DUSK

We find Joan and Luke in a chair lift with a view of the landscape, descending from the mountain into town. She shivers. He places his arm around her. She leans into it.

EXT. SNOWY TERRACE - EVENING

Joan and Luke sit together by a fire, drinks set on a table nearby, but in this moment they're not terribly interested in anything but each other.

She looks down to see a bunch of children making a snowman.

JOAN

My great granddaughter, Charlotte, would love this place. She's obsessed with snow. She is just like her mother. A real troublemaker.

Joan glances up to see Luke, slightly gritting his teeth.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Sorry.

LUKE

It's fine. I'm sure she misses you.

JOAN

Is that OK? Talking about--

Luke sinks back a whiskey but makes an OK symbol with his hand.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You're not angry with me?

LUKE

For what? No, nope, no siree bob.
Why would I be angry?

JOAN

For marrying another man. Starting
over... I guess I just feel guilty.

LUKE

It's fine. It's not like I expected
you to wear black for the rest of
your life.

There is the vague implication in his voice that he would
have liked that.

JOAN

I just... fifty-seven years. I
remarried in two years and you
waited fifty-seven years.

Clearly her guilt outweighs his jealousy. He takes her hand.
He kisses it gently.

LUKE

Joan, when eternity is on the line,
one lifetime of waiting seems like
nothing.

JOAN

Jesus, you're so perfect.

This is niggling him.

LUKE

I'm not.

JOAN

You are pretty perfect.

LUKE
(a little abrupt)
I'm not perfect.

Luke composes himself.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Hearing about your kids and grand
kids... it kills me that I didn't
get to have all that with you. But
I'm glad you had it. I'm glad you
had a happy life. I can't imagine
the wreckage I left behind when I
didn't come back from the war.

Joan, remembering the moment he didn't come home, begins to
well up.

JOAN
I kept going back to the docks,
waiting for you to return, watching
all of the soldiers stream on to
shore. I convinced myself they got
it wrong. That you'd be among them.
And I'd sit there and wait and
watch.
(her voice breaks)
I did wait for you Luke.

He can feel her emotion. A thought:

LUKE
Come with me.

EXT. WINTER WONDERLAND - SIDE STREET - EVENING

Joan follows Luke, trudging through a snowy forest. The sun
is setting over the mountains behind them.

JOAN
If I wasn't already dead, I'd be
worried you're about to kill me.

They near a clearing to see a large museum like building in
the middle of the trees.

LUKE
This must be it.
(to Joan)
Do you trust me?

She takes his hand.

EXT. ARCHIVE TUNNEL - EVENING

As they near, Joan sees a girl, 10, leave the building. Tears stream down her face. A bored man, FENWICK (24), mans a booth. Luke and Joan walk up.

LUKE
Hey so we haven't..

FENWICK
(without making eye
contact)
Individual or shared?

LUKE
Shared, please.

FENWICK
(rote)
Don't touch the exhibits, remember
the exhibits aren't real. We take
no responsibility for emotional
trauma.

He rips off a stub and hands it to Luke.

FENWICK (CONT'D)
Happy reliving.

Luke turns to a very confused Joan.

LUKE
Ready?

JOAN
For what?

INT. ARCHIVE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Luke and Joan slowly come out of the dark and stop. A long maroon colored carpet spreads out along a vast hall in front of them. Velvet ropes cordon off indented exhibit spaces that line each side. They are both nervous.

LUKE
Every eternity has one. They're
called archive tunnels.

JOAN
Which means?

LUKE

I've never been to an eternity
before. We'll find out together.

He takes her hand and they begin to walk.

An exhibit to their right lights up as they pass. Joan and Luke appear in the space like actors surrounded by other people. The background is painted like a bar set. Music plays. It's a re-creation of when they first saw each other across a dance hall.

Joan watches, breathless. Her eyes fill with tears as the lights become spots above their exhibit selves in the crowd. Luke looks like a movie star, quaffed and beautiful, his eyes glistening, preternaturally blue.

JOAN

(whispered)

Oh Luke. My Luke.

Joan's eyes well. He gestures to the other. It's the same memory but this time she is far more polished and stunning, like a technicolor film star. This is his memory of the same event.

LUKE

I told you we made an attractive
couple.

They continue to walk as memories light up beside them like little plays. Joan notices a small red door built into the back of each exhibit. The only unifying feature.

Their memories flash by; their first date. First kiss. They then pass her memory of their first time having sex. It's all billowing curtains like a living Mills and Boon cover. She blushes and grabs him forward.

JOAN

Nope nope.

LUKE

I don't remember it being that
windy but...

JOAN

(laugh)

Stop.

Her cheeks are flushed red. He smiles at her. He takes her hand. They continue to walk. We see Luke's nervous proposal. She grips his hand.

They stand under a spotlight at a painted alter, exchanging vows. Then another scene of sex.

They stop at an exhibit. A navel dock is painted onto the background. A smoke machine begins to release a low fog. Joan looks at it. Her eyes fill with tears.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(quiet)

I don't want to see this one.

She buries her face into Luke's chest.

The Luke and Joan memories walk into the exhibit. He is in full uniform. They are holding each other tight. She is crying. She touches his beard. A kiss. And then he leaves.

Luke watches. He holds her tight. Joan glances to see his memory of it. The Luke memory watches from behind a boat barrier as cardboard waves separate him from Joan. The light over her dims till she is no longer there.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I never imagined it from your perspective.

LUKE

The worst day of my life.

He looks down at Joan in his arms. He kisses her gently. She kisses him back.

She stops it. She leans back into his chest. Her face lights up as the exhibit lights up again. It's not something either of them expected.

JOAN

We should go.

Luke notices her worry and turns to see the exhibit.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Please Luke.

In the exhibit, Joan is standing alone at the dock. Her hair is longer now. The backdrop is painted like a beautiful sunset. It seems sorrowful but then the Joan memory smiles.

LUKE

I don't remember this.

JOAN

Luke...

A spotlight illuminates a man in distance, approaching. Joan grabs Luke's hand and tries to pull him back.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You don't need to see this.

The man approaching is clear now: It's Larry and we see, along with Luke, that the Larry memory is nervous, fidgeting. In his right hand, hidden from the Joan memory is a RING BOX.

LUKE

Is that? What's he doing here? What is happening?

JOAN

It's nothing, let's go.

Off Luke, his face aghast...

LARRY (PRE-LAP)

It's presumptuous!

EXT. JUNCTION - DAY

A door swings open as Larry and Anna walk together. Larry's in the middle of a diatribe.

LARRY

It's presumptuous. He made her death about him. *Waiting* like that. It's selfish is what it is.

Anna leads the way, looking back and forth from a piece of paper to the numbers on a series of hotel doors.

ANNA

So who's Karen?

LARRY

She was a neighbor and Joan's cousin. Longest-serving member of the Oakdale Avenue HOA...
(with disdain)
And she wouldn't let you forget it.

ANNA

I take it you weren't close.

LARRY

She would write the most passive aggressive notes on the community board. I repainted my door three different shades of taupe for that--

ANNA

Here we are.

They hit a hotel door. Anna (still confused) follows, way too close to Larry who notices, looks her up and down.

LARRY

Did you have trouble with social cues when you were alive?

Anna thinks on that, then realizing:

ANNA

Wait, was that a cue right there?

Larry knocks. Anna steps back a bit. The door swings open revealing KAREN (72), wearing a kaftan and holding a martini.

KAREN

Larry? I heard about the pretzels.

LARRY

Karen? You're still old.

She faux smacks his shoulder and walks back into her room.

INT. KAREN'S ROOM, THE JUNCTION - DAY

Larry steps in.

KAREN

I'm 72 now, thank you very much.

Karen walks to a cocktail trolley. Pours a drink. Larry looks around the room filled with hampers and brochures. Swag from several eternities.

LARRY

Yeah, no, sorry, just a weird age to be your happiest.

Karen turns to him.

KAREN

Remember when Jim died?

LARRY

That was your happiest? When your husband died?

KAREN

Jim was a dear. But anyway that summer when I went on that pottery retreat with my friend, Barb?

LARRY

(faking recollection)
Em, sure.

KAREN

Well, Barb and I were lovers.

LARRY

Oh... I didn't--

KAREN

I went full lesbian for three months and it was fabulous. But then I came back and I had the kids and grandkids and the church group and I just went back into that miserable old closet.

Karen lays out on a chaise-long and gestures to the bed.
Larry sits.

LARRY

That must be why you were so mean to me.

KAREN

Oh no, I just didn't like you.

LARRY

Right.

KAREN

I'm sorry, that was rude. Death has, well, I feel liberated in every sense of the word, free to tell the unvarnished truth.

LARRY

That you detested me.

KAREN

I came around eventually. You wear people down, Larry.

She starts leafing a brochure.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Have you decided? I just can't make up my mind. I'm thinking Parisland.
(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's basically Paris in the 60s but they speak English with an accent. And they have civil rights.

Anna is now fixing herself a drink.

LARRY

Well that's why I'm here--

KAREN

Oh! You know when Ralphy went missing?

LARRY

Jesus, Karen, you killed my dog!?

KAREN

Don't be crazy... but after a week or so, I went around the neighborhood and took down all the missing dog fliers. They weren't in accordance with the HOA. And, Larry... it had been a week.

Karen picks up another brochure with a Star Trek like spaceship on it.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I take it you're waiting on Joan?

LARRY

She's already here.

KAREN

(excited)
Joanie, really?
(realization)
Oh, shit week for Oakdale. So where you guys going?

LARRY

It's complicated.

KAREN

Oh, are you gay too?

LARRY

Honestly, that would be easier.

Karen starts picking at grapes from a hamper.

KAREN

Look at you. You seem so... uncomfortable.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

Think about it, the worst thing in the world has already happened to you.

Anna lies down and picks at a fruit basket too.

ANNA

Larry wishes.

KAREN

Do tell.

ANNA

Ok, so...

They're about to gossip.

LARRY

I came here to ask you a question. And, goddamnit, I'm going to ask.

(beat)

Did Joan ever mention... why do you think Joan fell in love with me?

Karen thinks a beat. A long beat. Anna makes a wincing face.

KAREN

Well.

LARRY

Oh my God, anything?

ANNA

(low to Karen)

Just give him something.

KAREN

I don't know. She just did. You worked. I never thought she would be happy after Luke died but, well, you made her happy. You made your life about making her happy. Isn't that enough?

ANNA

(loudly whispers)

Luke is here.

Karen bolts upright.

KAREN

Luke? Joan's Luke?

Anna nods.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh he was so dreamy. I used to pretend I fancied him. Of course I didn't.

ANNA

Cause you were a big secret lesbian?

KAREN

Exactly, but wow. Oh I'm so happy for her. He was perfect.

LARRY

No one is perfect. No one is perfect.

He storms out.

KAREN

Oh Larry, don't be like that. Have you even tried being gay?

The door slams. Anna slowly gets off the bed.

ANNA

I better go after him.

EXT. WINTER WONDERLAND - NIGHT

Luke is trudging through the snow. Joan is trying to catch up, but keeps stumbling.

JOAN

Luke, calm down, if you think about it... it was his way of saying he knew you'd always be a part of me.

LUKE

And was I?

JOAN

Of course!

Luke takes that in a beat. But he can't shake the anger:

LUKE

He finagled his way in. Manipulated you by using your grief. He is such a leech.

JOAN

That's not how it was. You left.

Luke stops and turns to her.

LUKE

(shouts)

I didn't leave. I waited. I was here, waiting for you. All this time I was waiting and you were there with him.

She is silent, struggling to respond, to say anything that makes it better. Luke tries to compose himself.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Joan. Would you have said yes if he it wasn't so soon and you weren't still grieving?

JOAN

I never stopped grieving.

LUKE

Joan. Would you have said yes?

And we sense in her hesitancy, she's not sure...

EXT. JUNCTION CITY - SIDE STREET - EVENING

Larry marches to the door of an apartment. Anna follows a few paces behind.

LARRY

(muttering)

No one is perfect. No one is perfect.

ANNA

I'm not sure about this.

Larry stops by a door.

LARRY

I know what everyone thinks. I've been kidding myself. But if I can find something, anything. No one is perfect and I'm going to prove it.

He goes to the window and tries to jimmy it open. Won't budge. He takes off his jacket, wraps it around his fist like he's going to have to smash the window.

Anna then calmly checks the front door. *Click*. It's unlocked.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What kind of creep leaves their door unlocked?

Luke enters

INT. LUKE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Larry stands in the apartment, holding his jacket in his hand. Anna follows him, nervous.

ANNA

Maybe he doesn't have anything to hide?

LARRY

Everyone has something to hide.

As they turn a corner to find a wall with TALLY MARKS, fifty-seven years' worth. It's overwhelming, but as Larry takes in the sight, he tries to play it off...

LARRY (CONT'D)

A little dramatic.

ANNA

It can actually be very hard to keep track of time here.

Larry goes to a desk, clocks a bunch of AB WORKOUT MACHINES and some beer mats with hotel extensions numbers written on them. He lifts the mattress to find a stack of porn magazines.

LARRY

Does a perfect person look at porn?

ANNA

You've never looked at porn?

Larry struggles to answer. He continues searching and finds a journal.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Come on, Larry - is this really how you want to prepare for your date, digging up dirt on someone you already know she loves? That's not what this is about.

Larry stops on a page in the journal, like he found something big. A beat.

He exhales, a "what am I doing here?" kind of look as we see what he does: DRAWINGS of Joan, dozens of them, Luke trying to keep her image alive...

LARRY

OK. Let's go.

As Larry goes, he swings his jacket back on and, unbeknownst to him, a letter falls out of his jacket pocket.

As he turns he sees the silhouette of Luke in the doorway.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's not what it looks like.

LUKE

You goddamn snake. I can't believe--

LARRY

Well, clearly the date didn't go too well.

Luke rushes in and grabs Larry by the lapels.

LUKE

You took advantage of her.

LARRY

What? What are you talking about?

LUKE

You made your engagement about me. You used my death to worm your way in.

LARRY

(squirming away)

That's not how it happened and I don't have to listen to this.

But Luke grabs him tighter.

LUKE

I felt awful leaving Joan alone. I genuinely hoped she'd find someone.

LARRY

Yeah right--

LUKE

But she would have been better off alone than with you.

Now Larry grabs Luke right back, ready to punch him. He then pats him. He grins.

LARRY

Are you wearing a girdle?

Luke shoves him off. Larry shoves back. Luke grabs him in a headlock but Larry shoves his fingers in his nostrils and yanks. They circle like this for a minute. A pathetic spectacle. They then fall on the ground.

Anna is sitting in the corner. She looks disappointed. Wanted more.

Close on Larry and Luke lying head to head on the ground. They catch their breaths.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I didn't betray you, Luke. I never knew you.

LUKE

So why did you have to propose there?

They are silent.

INT. DISUSED TRACKS, THE JUNCTION - NIGHT

A downcast Joan walks with Ryan. It's quiet, away from the bustle of the junction. Behind them, workers board up old tunnels. A man hammers in a sign, "Discontinued"

JOAN

What's wrong with those eternities?

RYAN

Nothing. Just out of fashion. You'd be surprised the eternities that used to be all the rage.

(whispers)

Quite a few of them weren't very PC by today's standards.

He makes a gruesome face and fake hangs himself.

JOAN

So what happens to the people inside?

RYAN

They are still in there, living their after lives.

Joan sits on the steps of a disused tunnel.

JOAN

I don't know what to do?

RYAN

You spent your entire life worrying about other people's feelings. Now you need to decide what's best for you.

JOAN

What if I don't know what's best for me?

RYAN

Well, you need to figure it out.

He leaves her alone.

INT. TRAIN - NEXT DAY

Joan peers through the window of a train as we reveal Larry beside her. Larry and Joan are both quiet. Both their minds are preoccupied. He eyes her hand, considers whether to take it in his. He turns to look at her as she peers out the window.

The darkness outside disappears as an ocean comes into view.

EXT. BEACH PARADISE - DAY

Establishing shots of a tropical oasis resort. Think of it like the best Four Seasons Hawaii has to offer. But as we get closer, it's a little less... perfect:

EXT. BEACH PARADISE - BEACH - LATER

We move amongst the crowded beach of burned white people. It could be Florida. Larry is winding through them, holding a cooler. Joan follows.

LARRY

(annoyed)

Clearly a popular eternity.

They find a small spot. He throws down a blanket. Takes off his shoes and tips them over. Sand spills out. He is clearly irritated. Joan grins.

JOAN

(amused)

I told you. It never made sense to me. You hate the sand.

LARRY

It's fine, it's fine. I love it.

He sits beside her.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Look at the view.

A banana boat cuts through the ocean's horizon.

She stands, removes her cover-up to reveal a 60s styled one piece. She sees him noticing. She smiles to him.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You were so beautiful, I mean you are beautiful. I mean you were always beautiful, you never stopped being beautiful...

JOAN

I get what you mean, Larry.

She smiles, raises her face to the sun.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You are right, this would have been a nice vacation.

LARRY

It doesn't have to be here. I mean you want another eternity. We can go to space for all I care. So long as Luke's not floating around.

He chuckles and then instantly regrets raising Luke.

LARRY (CONT'D)

But I'm not going to lie, the one-piece is an added benefit to here.

She motions for him to take his shirt off. He does, a little self-conscious.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Shame I couldn't have come back like that summer I did the half-marathon.

Joan looks around at the bathing bodies. Not a six pack in sight.

JOAN

I guess this is proof. People who exercise are not happy.

She turns back to him.

JOAN (CONT'D)

And I think you look pretty damn good.

She leans in to kiss. He hesitates, looks around to see if anybody's watching. A habit. She steps back, rolls her eyes.

LARRY

Sorry, I--

She's used to this. Heads for the water.

JOAN

Come on.

TIME JUMP: They're in the water now, up to their chests, the blue waves gently lapping against their bodies as pleasant music drifts from shore.

SECOND TIME JUMP: The calm water. We move in on a seemingly empty pedal bought. As we near we see two pair of feet dangling over the sides. Larry and Joan are lying in it, as best they can. They are staring at the crowded beach.

LARRY

How was my funeral? Decent turnout?

JOAN

You would have liked it.

LARRY

Really?

JOAN

Well, you would have pretended to hate it. But it was nice. Zach did the eulogy.

LARRY

Did he try to be funny?

JOAN

He did try to be funny, but it was sweet.

(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)

I was so proud of him for getting through it. The kids were devastated.

LARRY

They better have been.

A beat.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I wasn't there when you, you know... I promised I'd look after you and I didn't. I wasn't there when you needed me the most.

JOAN

You were waiting for me when I arrived.

LARRY

They'll be happy we're together, the kids.

Which strikes Joan. His implication clear... She leans up in the seat, dragging her legs into the boat.

JOAN

Larry, you have to understand I'm in an impossible situation.

He drags himself up too.

LARRY

No, I don't understand.
(off her annoyance)
I know you loved, Luke. I loved Sally Daniels in the ninth grade, but you and I... we built a life together. Now you want to throw that away?!

JOAN

I never got the chance to start a life with Luke. He waited fifty--

LARRY

Fifty seven years. I get it. I would have done the same.

JOAN

You knew I was close.

LARRY

I was ready to wait for as long as
it took!

JOAN

It's getting late, we should go
back.

Larry curses to himself. He knows he ruined the mood. Joan
dives back into the water and begins to swim to shore.

LARRY

You're an idiot, Larry.

He begins to pedal the boat, furiously.

INT. LUKE'S HOME - EVENING

Luke, shirtless, does crunches, and we sense this is a
routine. A fruitless one. He gets up, looks himself in the
mirror. The tiniest of love handles. He tenses his abs. Then
exhales, releases his gut, shaking his head.

But something catches his eye by his desk where Larry was
snooping around. He goes to his open journal, eyes the
pictures he drew of Joan.

After a beat he goes to the wall, marks another "tally," and
notices something on the floor in the corner: The note Larry
dropped. He opens it, begins reading: "Dear Joanie," and we
go OFF Luke, eyes wide...

EXT. BEACH PARADISE - EVENING

Joan leads the way as Larry looks around. And we see an
Archive Tunnel, built into a hillside.

LARRY

I'm not sure we should.

JOAN

Come on, I want to see the kids.

LARRY

You know this place started as a
virus. All of this. Consciousness.
Souls.

JOAN

A virus?

LARRY

The virus created a protein that helps the memories travel. Their movement fuels everything. They power the eternities--

JOAN

So?

LARRY

You take a wrong turn in one of those and you could be stuck in your worst nightmare.

JOAN

Forget it, I just thought it could be fun...

LARRY

(a little snide)

I don't need to be reminded of what we had.

JOAN

And I do?

LARRY

I'm hoping not.

Joan, frustrated, exhales, and takes a seat on a bench.

JOAN

Larry, do you remember our first date?

LARRY

(scoffs)

The flat.

JOAN

When we pulled over, remember what you said?

(he doesn't)

You said this is the perfect place to get a flat tire. Wide shoulder, beautiful day. Quiet road.

LARRY

Less perfect once I popped the trunk and realized I didn't have a spare.

JOAN

You never let me know it.

JOAN
What's going on?

RYAN
It's important you hear what Luke
has to say.

Luke steps to Joan. He's got a confidence about him, like
he's holding pocket aces.

LUKE
After Larry broke in to my place--

JOAN
After he what?

LARRY
The door was open.

JOAN
Jesus, Larry.

Luke holds up Larry's NOTE, hands it to Ryan. Larry
recognizes it, turns ashen-faced.

JOAN (CONT'D)
What is that?

LARRY
Joan, I can explain..

RYAN
Turns out, Larry here wasn't
willing to wait quite as long as he
says.

Ryan hands the note to Joan. She reads it.

LUKE
I'm sorry Joanie, but you needed to
know.

LARRY
Just let me--

JOAN
You said you were prepared to wait
for as long as it took and you
couldn't even last a measly week?

LARRY
I was going to set up--

JOAN

And you just assumed I'd come find you.

LARRY

Well yeah, cause you're my wife!

LUKE

Our wife!

JOAN

You were really willing to trick me into an eternity?

LARRY

That's bullshit, Joan.

JOAN

To think I was so conflicted. God, I was killing myself over this. But you're so... selfish.

LARRY

Selfish? I'm being selfish? You're here trying to decide from your man buffet of..

(trying to think of something clever)

..men. I bet you've already slept with mister perfect over here.

LUKE

(low)

I'm not perfect.

JOAN

As a matter of fact, I haven't! But you know what. Yeah, I've thought about it, of course. Who wouldn't want that *firey*, sparky fun?

RYAN

Hell yeah.

LARRY

I guess everybody's been right. You never loved me like you did him.

JOAN

(verge of tears)

I don't know, Larry. But I do know he wouldn't lie to me like that.

Larry scoffs.

LARRY

Oh really? Did you know he wears a girdle and he has a worryingly large porn collection?

JOAN

Larry, please. I know about the Playboys in the garage.

LARRY

(struggling)

And there were some beer mats with numbers on them.

JOAN

(to Luke)

What's he talking about?

LUKE

He's talking about breaking and entering--

LARRY

See, he's slippery, purposely vague. Like the way he talks about the war.

RYAN

Ignore him, Luke, you're perfect.

Luke screams. Everyone becomes silent.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Em, you OK there babe?

LUKE

Fine. Yes, I wear a girdle. I put on a bit of weight when we dated. And yeah I slept with a few women over the past fifty years.

JOAN

Oh, I mean, OK. That's understandable--

LUKE

And one guy, just to see. And I went through a BDSM phase about thirty years ago.

JOAN

Well. I didn't expect you to be a priest for--

Luke's not done confessing. He leans over, holding open his hair parting.

LUKE

And I think I was beginning to bald when I died. I comb it over.

It's awkward.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You keep saying I'm fucking perfect. And I'm not perfect. No one is perfect.

LARRY

Finally!! Thank you!

LUKE

But I did wait. I waited for you Joanie.

This is sincere and it lands.

LARRY

He has to at least lose some points for all the sex, right?

JOAN

This isn't some competition.

LARRY

Yes it is!

LUKE

Yes it is!

RYAN

To be fair, it is 100% a competition.

LARRY

Enough games Joan, you need to decide. Him or me.

LUKE

Who's it going to be?

Joan is silent as the two broken men stare at her a long beat before Anna BURSTS IN:

ANNA

What'd I miss?

INT. JOAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Joan flops onto her bed, face first. Then the door knocks and she screams, which is muffled by the pillow.

Joan opens the door. Karen is there, holding a bottle of champagne.

KAREN

I heard you kicked it too.

Joan suddenly wells up seeing her friend and rushes into her arms. Karen hugs her back as Joan cries.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh sweetie.

INT. BAR, JUNCTION CITY - NIGHT

Larry and Luke sit at the bar.

LARRY

Well I guess there's nothing more we can do. It's up to her.

He raises his glass. A peace offering. Luke does likewise. They gulp back the drinks.

INT. EXPO HALL, THE JUNCTION - DAY

Joan and Karen are on the bow of a ship, sipping champagne. Two men are giving them pedicures.

JOAN

I'm sorry I couldn't make your funeral.

KAREN

You were dying so you get a pass.

JOAN

Thanks.

KAREN

Just relax and get your mind off those boys. We deserve this.

A moment of tranquility.

JOAN

Know what's funny about you here.
You actually knew me with both of
them.

KAREN

Oh for Christ's sake Joan. Drink.

Karen pushes the glass, making

Joan down it. We move out to reveal the boat is just the bow
in a display for Yachtworld No. 1178.

INT. BAR, JUNCTION CITY - NIGHT

Luke and Larry are now tipsy. They clink drinks again.

LARRY

And this one is for Korea. Doesn't
get enough films about it. Well
MASH.

LUKE

What was MASH?

LARRY

Ah man, you gotta watch MASH.

They swig back shots.

INT. STAR SHIP DISPLAY, EXPO HALL - NIGHT

A grown man is messing in the pilots chair, making 'pew pew'
noises. Karen and Joan are sitting in the command chairs
still drinking. Karen looks up at the fake stars through the
skylight.

JOAN

Just if you were me--

KAREN

I'm not you. I'm not making this
decision for you.

JOAN

But I'm asking you to. Please,
please decide for me.

KAREN

Joan, I spent most of my life
living a lie.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

I really wasn't that concerned
about your several husbands.

JOAN

Fine, I choose Luke.

KAREN

OK.

JOAN

No, Larry.

KAREN

OK.

Joan screams.

JOAN

Shitting shit.

Another after-lifer in an ill-fitting space suit turns to a
vendor.

MAN

So I'm definitely interested...
(leans in, whispers)
But can I get like a different
starship from them?

The vendor eyes Joan and Karen then looks to the man, nods.

INT. BAR, JUNCTION CITY

Larry is inspecting Luke's head. They're very drunk and
slurring now.

LARRY

You know, I don't think you're
going bald.

LUKE

No I am.

LARRY

You can easily pass that off as a
double crown.

LUKE

Thanks man, that means a lot. And
you know what, you're pretty
handsome.

LARRY

Ah no, you don't have to say...

LUKE

No, you're a catch. You have that mysterious, I'm thinking deep stuff, kind of look about you. Women, ladies, women ladies dig that.

LARRY

Really? Wow, cause I'm not. I mean I'm dead and I haven't once thought about the meaning of life. Like they're all like, this is it and I'm like yup, makes sense to me. Like the entire afterlife is actually a fucking virus and I'm like okey-fucking-dokey, and is there room service?

LUKE

Nah you're smart. Don't overthink it. You know who you are, you know what you want. Start thinking about all the infinite possibilities and you never move. You just get stuck.

LARRY

Know what Luke? Screw her, she doesn't deserve you. You are smart, you are handsome, you are a war hero.

LUKE

No, she doesn't deserve you. You give, gave, gaven her kids. And bet you looked after them well.

LARRY

I did.

LUKE

You're a beautiful, shining beacon of a man.

They cheers and swig.

INT. GALLERY WORLD DISPLAY, EXPO - DAY

Karen and Joan are lying, drunkenly underneath a Jackson Pollack. They sip from fancy flutes.

JOAN

No matter what I do I feel like I'm betraying someone.

KAREN

Why don't you just come with me?

A vendor hears this and walks over.

VENDOR

Em, are you considering this eternity or--

JOAN

(ignoring the vendor)

I can't do that. Just abandon both of them.

KAREN

Joan. You are dead. You lived your life and now you are dead. You have no obligations to anyone. Maybe it's best you all have a clean slate. Maybe that's what this is all for?

Joan is stewing on this.

VENDOR

It's just we have other interested...

A gurning Karen leans her head sideways and looks at him.

KAREN

A little less of this.
(gestures yapping with her left hand)
And a little more of this.

She shakes her empty wine glass in his face. He takes it.

INT. BAR, JUNCTION CITY - NIGHT

Luke and Larry are balling their eyes out.

LARRY

It's just... she's...

LUKE

A perfect person.

LARRY

Agreed.

We move out on the crying men in the empty bar.

INT. JOAN'S ROOM, JUNCTION HOTEL - MORNING

Close: Joan's drooling face is smushed into the carpet. We move out to see her legs are splayed against the wall.

The door knock is heard. Joan's eyes open. She groans in pain. She flops her legs down and crawls towards the door. She winces as it knocks again.

JOAN

I'm coming.

She reaches up and opens the door. And then flops back down to lean against the wall after this mammoth task. Ryan walks in. He looks down.

RYAN

(patronizing)

Do we have a little headache this morning?

She looks up at him with daggers. She takes another second.

JOAN

I've made my decision.

RYAN

OK. I'll gather the men.

JOAN

I just need to shower.

A groan is heard. Ryan steps forward and peers into the bathroom. Karen is in the bath with a sailor's hat on. She recoils from the light like a vampire.

KAREN

Be a dear and close the door.

He closes it. Joan works to her feet, sliding up the wall.

EXT. FOUNTAIN, JUNCTION - DAY

Larry is walking, clearly hungover and very nervous. He stops. Luke walks into the frame. They face each other. A silent, hungover nod. Anna walks in to stand between them.

ANNA

Aghgh I'm so nervous. Are you nervous?

(to Larry)

You should be nervous.

(then to Luke)

You too.

(back to Larry)

I'm not saying you should be more nervous.

LUKE

Anna.

ANNA

You should both be shitting yourselves.

They turn to see Joan and Ryan approach.

Close on Joan. She stops. She takes a breath and continues.

They stand near. It is a little like a hungover Bachelor rose ceremony and Ryan plays it like so.

RYAN

My client has made her decision.

Ryan raises his chin.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(this is prepared)

Love is a bond greater than death.
But some bonds are bonded better--

Anna is nodding along, digging the speech. No one else is.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You have your Ionic bonds. You have your Covalent bonds--

Joan steps forward.

JOAN

Okay, that's enough.

(deep breath)

Larry...

LARRY

(sotto, to Anna)

Shit, she's starting with me.

JOAN

Larry, my first morning without you... I hoped it was a bad dream. I could smell your famous bacon and eggs downstairs. I heard the rattle of the back door. I convinced myself-- I threw your pillows on the ground the way you always did. I was pretending. And a week later, when I couldn't pretend any longer... My heart just gave out.

LARRY

Joanie--

She wipes her tears, turns to...

JOAN

Luke. We never got a chance to explore where our love would take us. What together might mean.

(beat)

You gave me everything I needed in the time we had. How lucky am I? To have known two loves. Two different kinds of love. And, maybe things worked out the way they were meant to work out.

LUKE

What are you saying, Joan?

JOAN

I'm saying... I'm saying I choose neither of you.

LUKE

What?!

Excuse me?

RYAN

LARRY

Joan, you're kidding right?

Anna looks to Ryan, sotto:

ANNA

This some Judgment of Solomon shit?

He shakes his head, none the wiser.

LUKE

So, you're going to hurt three people instead of one?

JOAN

It was never going to be one! Don't you get it? I was going to be crushed either way.

LARRY

Joan, we built a life together.

JOAN

If my life is a testament to anything, it's to the fact that there isn't just one person for everybody.

Larry and Luke look at each other.

JOAN (CONT'D)

And maybe the beauty of life is that things end.

Off Joan, trying to be strong.

JOAN (CONT'D)

So I choose neither of you.

She turns and walks away. As soon as her back is to them, she allows the tears to stream down her face...

INT. EXPO HALL, THE JUNCTION - NEXT MORNING

The painterly sun streams into the station. Vendors set up their booths. The newly-dead come and go.

EXT. EXPO HALL, THE JUNCTION - DAY

Joan walks through the expo hall, holding a suitcase. She meets Karen who has bags by her feet.

KAREN

You sure about this?

Joan nods, steadying her breath.

JOAN

I'm sure.

Karen rubs her arm, comfortingly.

KAREN

Well, let's go.

She pick up her bags. They walk towards the train gates.

EXT. FOUNTAIN, JUNCTION - DAY

Larry and Luke are sitting by the fountain. Both heartbroken. Then Larry breaks the silence.

LARRY

You were right, by the way. Even my proposal was about you. You were the perfect ghost I could never compete with.

LUKE

Don't you have any idea how jealous I am of you? You had a life with her.

LARRY

More to miss.

(beat)

Seriously, you were the last thing I saw before I died.

LUKE

What?

LARRY

I was eating a pretzel and my granddaughter--

LUKE

Charlotte?

LARRY

(nods)

She shows me this old picture of you and Joan on your wedding day. And then I start choking and--

Luke LAUGHS hysterically. Larry wants to push back, but can't help it, LAUGHS too.

LUKE

I gotta admit you weren't who I was expecting.

LARRY

You're exactly what I expected.

A wistful smile appears on Luke's face as he remembers.

LUKE

About six months before I died. I was a little out of shape.

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)

Hadn't started training for deployment yet and Joan and I had just had a conversation about starting a family. Everything was laid out in front of us. That was my happiest moment.

Larry takes that in.

LARRY

I'm thirty five. Joan was pregnant with our second. We went out to dinner. The doctor had told us about some new studies that suggested not drinking when pregnant. Joan took a little sip of my wine and she had this smile. It was as if, well I don't really know. But it was like... we were a team.

Off Larry, a realization cutting through his sadness.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

LUKE

Shit indeed.

Larry looks at Luke for a second. He stands.

LARRY

I have to go.

Larry begins to run.

EXT. JUNCTION - DAY

Larry runs through the junction. A panicked man grabs him.

PANICKED MAN

What's going on?

LARRY

Your AC will explain everything.

Larry continues running. He stops, scanning the various escalators to the Eternity Gates.

He spots Joan with Karen as their heads dip down an escalator and out of site.

LARRY (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Joan!

She doesn't hear him. He continues to run and tries to push into the queue. "Oh, this guy again."

INT. TRAIN, THE JUNCTION - DAY

Joan follows Karen down the aisle. They take a seat.

Suddenly Larry runs by. He doubles back and sees them. He looks at Joan for moment. She hasn't seen him. He then walks up and taps the window.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM, THE JUNCTION - DAY

Joan steps off the train as Larry catches his breath, leaning against the train.

JOAN
Larry. Please, I've made up my
mind. This is best.

Larry stands upright, still a little breathless.

LARRY
Your hair. It's short.

JOAN
(confused)
OK, thanks?

LARRY
You never had that when we were
together.

JOAN
I let it grow out after...

She goes quiet. She realizes what he is getting at. He smiles, composing himself.

LARRY
It suits you.

He wells up, staring at her.

JOAN
(whisper)
Larry--

LARRY

You should go with Luke.
(before she can speak)
You deserve a shot at that kind of
love. That *firey*, sparky kind.

Her words. It almost hurts her. She holds back the tears.

JOAN

I was so, so happy with you.

LARRY

But you were happiest with him.

He gently touches her hair.

JOAN

But what about you?

LARRY

Don't worry about me. I'll be in
the sun. Knowing you're happy will
make me happy.
(re: her sadness)
But it doesn't work unless you're
happy.

Joan can't speak. She just hugs him.

JOAN

Larry...

LARRY

You better go break the news to
Karen.

He smiles. She steps back on the train. The smile drops from
Larry's face.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Joan steps into the train. She hovers for a moment. She looks
back to outside the door. A moment of hesitancy.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Larry looks through the window to see Joan and Karen hug. He
takes one last look and then walks away.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

Close on the blackness through a train window. A red door flits by.

Move out to reveal Joan seated next to Luke. The darkness gives way to a view of their Winter Wonderland. Luke smiles. He places his arm around her. Joan then smiles too.

INT. LARRY'S BEDSIT, THE JUNCTION - DAY

Larry is packing up his bedsit. A knock on the open door. He turns as Anna and Ryan step in. They're holding hands.

ANNA
(overly gentle)
Hey, Lar, how are you holding up?

Larry doesn't say anything. Anna nudges Ryan.

RYAN
(also overly gentle)
Hey no hard feelings Larry. If it helps, I actually thought you had it there for a moment.

LARRY
You two together now?

Anna holds their held hands up.

ANNA
Oh yeah this. Yeah we're giving it another go. You really showed us that living without someone is a hollow, wasted mess.

LARRY
I mean, I don't think that--

RYAN
(to Anna)
Babe, we shouldn't flaunt our sexy hot love in his face. He has no one.

Larry throws his eyes. Anna holds up a beach-scape brochure.

ANNA
So you ready for Eternity?

Larry takes a breath, clearly unsure of what to do now.

ESTABLISHING SHOTS: JOAN'S WINTER ETERNITY - DAY

From above we fall gently into a charming, snowy village. Happy after-lifers mill about, drinking hot chocolate, lugging ski gear. Through an idyllic winter cottage, we find:

INT. JOAN'S ETERNAL HOME - EVENING

Luke opens the door, grabs Joan and lifts her up... carrying her across the threshold.

Montage:

- They ski unsteadily, still learning, and fall into each other.
- They start to meet other people at the resort.
- They watch a stunning sunset over the mountains. Joan nestles into his arms.

INT. JOAN'S WINTER ETERNITY - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Luke and Joan make love. He leans his head into her neck.

LUKE

I love you so much.

She grips his back. They continue having sex.

INT. JOAN'S WINTER ETERNITY - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Later that night. Joan lies awake beside a sleeping Luke. It is deathly quiet. She stares at the photo-less walls, looks to the night stand. A framed photo of a mountain, no people.

INT. ARCHIVE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Out of the darkness, Joan enters the tunnel. She looks to the right as an exhibit comes to life with a memory.

A very young and awkward Larry approaches a young Joan, who is putting books from a library cart to a shelf.

LARRY

(nervous)

Oh hey, em, you you, em, so you like books?

JOAN
I am a librarian so..

LARRY
Right.

The real Joan laughs at the memory.

EXT. SKI SLOPE - DAY

Joan is slowly skiing down the slope on wobbly legs, clearly unsure of herself. Luke is moving beside her but in command of his skis.

LUKE
That's it, slow and steady. You got it.

A bunch of kids whizz by on snowboards. Someone shouts from the ski chair above them.

PERSON
Looking good Joan.

LUKE
See.

Joan grits her teeth.

INT. ARCHIVE HALL - SIDE ENTRANCE

Joan sits watching a young Larry and young Joan struggling to feed two children under five. He sniffs and lifts the baby smelling the diaper.

LARRY
How do you need to shit again?

He turns to an exhausted but laughing Joan.

LARRY (CONT'D)
He is tiny, how much poo can he contain?

Joan laughs to herself as she watches the memory.

INT. PUB - DAY

Joan is jostled in a busy pub. Luke nears with a couple.

LUKE

Joan, this is Janet and Conor. They died in a..

CONOR

...gender reveal party.

The voices muffle in Joan's head. She nods robotically as Luke laughs with their new friends. She is more and more removed.

INT. ARCHIVE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Joan watches another exhibit.

A 70 year old Larry and Joan are waltzing together in their living room to Dean Martin.

EXT. SKI SLOPE - DAY

Joan sits alone as Luke and another man go up the ski chair. Janet and Conor are in the gondola in front of them.

LUKE

(shouting back)

You sure you don't want to come?

MAN

The powder is fresh J-bae.

JOAN

I'm good. Got plenty of 'powder' yesterday. Powdered out. Enjoy.

She waves them off.

INT. ARCHIVE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Joan sits on the floor of the archive. The background of the exhibition moves like a revolving painted set. A Chevy Malibu is in front. An elderly Larry and elderly Joan sit in it. It's the opening scene replaying as a memory.

LARRY

The cold is warm?

JOAN

I can't explain it. You have to experience it.

LARRY

You've never experienced it.

JOAN

It's the kind of place you could spend forever.

LARRY

The kind of place you could spend forever.

Old Joan smiles at him.

Our Joan is lit by the exhibit. We move down the vast dark tunnel until she is just a dot on the ground.

EXT. JOAN'S WINTER ETERNITY - ARCHIVE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Joan leaves the Archive tunnel. She stops by the kiosk and closes her coat. A chill in the air. The man, Fenwick, in the kiosk stares at her. Joan nods to him.

JOAN

See you tomorrow.

FENWICK

Look, lady, it's not too healthy to be coming back here all the time. It's important to move on.

She nods. She knows he's right. She leaves.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP VERANDA - CONTINUOUS

Joan nears a crowded veranda. It's filled with happy, smiling faces. They all greet her as she enters.

She spots Luke amidst a growing group of friends. He sees her and walks over. He goes to meet her in the middle. She stumbles, nearly falls, but she catches herself in his arm.

LUKE

All good?

JOAN

They need to de-ice.

He wraps his arms around her and surveys the view, the sun setting below them.

LUKE

This is perfect.

JOAN
I thought perfect doesn't exist.

LUKE
Joanie, are you OK?

JOAN
Just a bit cold.

He holds her tighter, concerned. Their new friends laughing in the background.

INT. JOAN'S WINTER ETERNITY - BUNGALOW - MORNING

Joan, dazed, stares into the middle distance as Luke eats cereal opposite.

LUKE
I booked us on a couple of excursions for this afternoon.

Joan visibly slumps, fed up of 'excursions.'

LUKE (CONT'D)
Oh and, there's a new couple in unit nine... I think they could be great doubles partners. The hot air balloon leaves at three.

JOAN
If I meet more new people I'm going to explode.

He grins.

LUKE
And then what would you complain about?

JOAN
What?

LUKE
Come on, you love to complain.

She smiles to herself, remembering something.

JOAN
That's not a thing people love.

He stops and looks at her staring into the distance.

LUKE
Joanie, you OK?

The smile drops from her face as it becomes clear. She meets his eyes.

JOAN
I made a mistake.

LUKE
Did you lose the skis again?

JOAN
No. I made a mistake coming here,
with you.

Luke throws his spoon down a little fed up.

LUKE
OK, what did I do wrong now?

JOAN
Nothing. You're perfect. I know you
say you're not but you are. You're
handsome and kind and brave and
smart. That's how I know.

Luke shoves the bowl away. He lets out a massive exhale that he has clearly been holding in for a long time.

LUKE
I waited all these years for this,
why can't you just enjoy it? We're
in a literal paradise.

JOAN
I'm sorry I didn't realize sooner.
I got so swept up in everything...
Maybe it would have lasted between
us in life, maybe not - but I can't
pretend my world didn't continue
without you.

LUKE
I'm not asking you to. I've never
asked that. Unlike you, I don't
hide anything from you!

JOAN
What's that supposed to mean?

LUKE
Come on, I grit my teeth every day
so you can go to that damn tunnel.

She's caught off guard. They are silent, both struggling to talk. He softens his voice.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Joan, we were happiest together.

JOAN

Of course we were. It was young love. Love without the burden of a mortgage, or a job, or kids. It was the kind of love you feel before knowing loss. It was everything. But love isn't one happy moment. It's a million. And it's... bickering in the car and supporting someone when they need it. It's growing together and looking after each other.

Luke stands, pacing as if moving will help him avoid the sting. She stands and takes a step to him.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I mean, Luke, honestly, am I living up to the memory?

He diverts his eyes. He knows she's right.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You waited so many years in that artificial place. But here, this is real and you're living. Finally. And I'm giving you permission. Go live. Without me.

Luke looks at her aghast.

LUKE

(very sarcastic)

Oh do I have your 'permission?' Well, that's OK then.

JOAN

OK, that sounded condescending but--

LUKE

(making a show)

Oh I have her permission to live. Oh thank you my highness!

Joan is quiet, letting him tire himself out. Luke stops, feeling more self-conscious than angry now. A moment's silence.

JOAN

I have to go back.

LUKE

Well you can't, it's not possible
so I guess you're stuck here.

JOAN

It is possible. It's just really,
really dangerous.

Luke looks at Joan. Her mind is made up.

LUKE

Are you out of your mind? The
moment you step through that red
door and fall back, they'll find
you and put you straight into the
void.

JOAN

I know that what I'm talking about
is... unlikely.

Luke grasps his head in his hands.

LUKE

Unlikely? It's insane. All my years
here, I've never heard about a
successful attempt.

(she's not swayed)

This is madness. So what's your
plan? Walk me through it?

Suddenly doubt creeps in.

JOAN

I'm still working it out.

LUKE

(sarcastic)

Oh, great, well that's fine then.

He grabs a coat and leaves.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Fuck this!

The door slams.

EXT. WINTER WONDERLAND - DAY

Luke walks through their snowy eternity. The sound of parties surround him. People wave at him. A community.

MAN (O.S.)

Yo, Luke!

His community. He goes to the edge of their village. He plops down on the snow. He stomps his feet.

LUKE

Shit shit shit.

He stops, composing himself. He looks out at the mountainous view. It's beautiful. He touches the snow. It's cold. It's real. It's the right place for him and he knows it.

He flops back in the snow.

EXT. WINTER WONDERLAND - DAY

Joan watches the archive tunnel from afar. Joan is holding scissors and role-playing a robbery.

JOAN

Hands up Fenwick..

(resets)

Give me the keys..

She paces. Twists again.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Listen up Fenwick...

She jumps on the spot and hits her head, psyching herself up. She twists again.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Alright Fenny, don't move--

Luke arrives to Joan's surprise. He takes the scissors away. Joan is suddenly self-conscious, realizing how unconvincing she was.

LUKE

You know that won't work.

She's not sure what to say, but he softens the moment, smiles. Their eyes meet.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I can't believe I'm doing this.
(shakes his head)
You'll need a distraction.

Joan realizes what he is proposing. She fiddles with the scissors. She takes his hand and grips it.

JOAN
Luke. I'm so sorry.

LUKE
Yeah. I know.

He grips back.

LUKE (CONT'D)
So you remember how I used to do
some local theatre?

EXT. JOAN'S WINTER ETERNITY - ARCHIVE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Luke walks up to the kiosk, dabbing snow under his eyes to moisten them.

FENWICK
(eyes down)
Do not touch the exhibits...

Luke then begins to dramatically cry. Fenwick looks up.

LUKE
She left me! Why?

FENWICK
Ah buddy.

Fenwick hops off his stool. He leaves the kiosk. He pats Luke on the back. Luke grips Fenwick's lapels.

LUKE
(through tears)
Why!!!!????

FENWICK
I know it's tough but trust me,
it'll get better.

A crying Luke then grabs Fenwick into a massive bear hug.

FENWICK (CONT'D)
Let it out big guy, let it out.

Joan then sneaks out from behind the side of the building and into the kiosk.

Luke is crying, while looking at Joan rifling through things.

FENWICK (CONT'D)

It's tough today, but there's
always tomorrow.

Joan then pops up in the kiosk, holding a set of keys. She ducks out and sneaks into the tunnel. Luke quickly composes himself. Exhales.

FENWICK (CONT'D)

Feeling better?

LUKE

Yeah, thanks..

(sniffs)

I think I just needed a good cry.

FENWICK

I get that. I remember when my old
lady dumped me--

LUKE

Anyway, I'm going to pop in for old
times sake.

Luke leaves him.

FENWICK

(to himself)

I need to stop being such a giver.

INT. ARCHIVE HALL - SIDE ENTRANCE

Luke joins Joan standing in front of the memory of their goodbye. They both watch it play out for a moment.

Then Joan lifts the velvet rope and they go into the exhibit. An alarm begins to whir. Joan goes to the red door.

LUKE

You better hurry.

She pauses. She turns back to Luke and rushes to hug him. She holds him tight. She opens her eyes to see their emotional goodbye from the past play out.

They let go of each other.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Goodbye Joan.

JOAN

Goodbye Luke.

She goes to the red door. She turns the lock and opens it. It's darkness inside. She looks back at Luke one more time. The sound of feet and security running down the tunnel. He gives a reassuring smile.

She walks through.

INT. ARCHIVE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A vast dark space. Spotlights adorn the sky but the boundaries and walls are not seen. Joan walks through it. A baby cries.

Joan sees a baby crying on the ground.

Then she realizes that she is moving backwards. Everything is moving backwards as if on a conveyer belt, drawing her back to the red door. She begins to run to escape.

She runs towards parents screaming at a young girl.

There is a door behind the girl. Joan runs through it and...

INT. HALLWAY, ARCHIVE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

She falls down a hallway that is steeply slanted downwards like a cliff. Joan smashes against a wall. She looks up to see her teenage self is crying in the corner.

Joan closes her eyes, blocking out the trauma. She struggles to her feet in the skewed hall. Memories begin to crowd her through open doors.

She stops at one. Through it she sees herself as two officers hold a folded flag. The memory of herself breaks down in tears.

Joan dwells on this for a moment, then shakes free of it. She opens the nearest door and falls through it.

INT. HOSPITAL BED, ARCHIVE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

An old woman on a ventilator reaches out to her.

JOAN

Mom?

She begins to move to her but then the sound of security rises. Joan hits the next door.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Joan walks by herself and Larry screaming at each other in the skewed, angular version of their first apartment.

JOAN

I'm not comparing you to him! I've never done that!

Joan opens the next door and runs into..

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Joan begins to climb up a slanted floor, grabbing the jutting furniture to help. She is surrounded by *tears, yelling, sadness. Sounds - soft and piercing - of distress.*

She reaches the red door at the very top. She opens it and manages to climb through..

INT. BLACKNESS - CONTINUOUS

Joan trips through the door and falls. She is falling through pure blackness for what feels like forever. She then hits the hard gravel ground. She screams in pain.

Her quivering hand bleeds against the coarse stones. She is shaking. She clenches her eyes closed. Her breath trembles.

A train is heard. She opens her eyes: She is on a train track. A light shimmers in the distance. She struggles to her feet as the light gets closer. A train barrelling towards her. She leaps onto the platform at the last moment - saved - but as she tries to catch her breath she spots POLICE suddenly filtering towards the platform.

INT. JUNCTION PORT STATION - DAY

An alarm is whirring. Joan emerges from the train tunnel and runs, sneaking away from two police men.

INTERCOM VOICE

Warning. Code seven four. Escapee on the Junction floor.

The port bustles: The newly dead meet ACs, vendors hawk eternities. After a moment, Joan ascends the escalators - she steps off trying to hide amongst the dazed faces around her.

She rushes to the nine-year-old operator at the flip board.

JOAN

I need to know which eternity Larry Cutler went to.

OPERATOR

Ma'am, there have been 412,775 Larry Cutlers. Can you be more specific?

But her attention is on a giant wall behind the operator where her image is PROJECTED. It's clearly her, but the image is lo-fi, like it's from a 80s era classroom projector.

She dashes away. We spot the police, scanning the crowd.

INT. EXPO HALL, JUNCTION - DAY

Joan hurries through the hall, aimlessly. She ducks down each aisle.

An aerial shot shows her being hemmed in by searching security.

Joan is beginning to panic. She has no plan beyond this.

INT. AISLE, EXPO HALL JUNCTION PORT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Anna and Ryan are walking, holding hands.

ANNA

I'm just saying we could try being poly...

RYAN

I dunno babe, I'm not much of a multi-tasker--

As they're almost run over by someone moving too fast to spot.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Jesus, these red door escapees, do they really think it'll ever work?

ANNA
(looking at something
behind Ryan)
Oh my god.

He turns to see what she does: The image of Joan projected on the wall. A police officer runs up, out of breath:

OFFICER
You see a woman running this way?

Ryan looks at Anna's pleading eyes. He hesitates.

RYAN
She went that way.

He points in the wrong direction. The security leave.

ANNA
Such a romantic.

The officer runs off. So do Anna and Ryan, the opposite way.

MOMENTS LATER: They catch up to a frantic Joan, who stops.

RYAN
Shit, Joan.

Anna looks Joan up and down as a smile overcomes Anna:

ANNA
I knew it.

Ryan shoves a swag jumper and cap into Joan's hands.

RYAN
You foolish, foolish girl.

JOAN
No fool like an old fool.

RYAN
Remember those decommissioned eternities? You should be safe in one of--

JOAN
No. I need to find Larry. Where's Larry?

Off Anna and Ryan...

INT. BAR, THE JUNCTION - NIGHT

Joan enters wearing a baseball hat and hoodie. She walks through the crowd, sits at the bar. She says nothing. Marge (sneaky vendor we met before) sidles over to sit next to her.

MARGE

It's a lot out there. Intense. I think I know somewhere you can really unwind--

MAN (O.S.)

Come on Marge, you know the rules.

As the camera rotates around Joan, we reveal Larry is the barman. His eyes down, scrubbing a glass. He then looks up to see Joan who's removed her hat. He stops frozen.

MARGE

I'm just trying to help a girl make the biggest decision of her existence--

The camera continues to move, resting in a two shot on the other side.

JOAN

I know what I want now.

Larry, still stunned, speaks to Marge but doesn't take his eyes off Joan:

LARRY

You heard the lady.

Marge picks up her bag and leaves Joan and Larry facing each other in profile.

MARGE (O.S.)

I preferred the last barman.

Larry takes her in, shocked. She is covered in soot. Her knuckles are scraped. He can barely speak.

LARRY

You look like you could use a drink.

He pours her a whiskey. Then pours one for himself. They both knock them back.

JOAN

You never left?

LARRY
Sand really does get everywhere.

JOAN
Turns out snow is just cold.

He tunes into the whirring alarm above.

LARRY
That for you?

JOAN
Kind of a fugitive.

LARRY
I know a place people might not
look.

JOAN
Could be dangerous.

Larry is silent. Joan is filled with nerves, not knowing what he is going to say or do.

Close on Larry: A warm smile rises on his face. He pops a bar pretzel in his mouth.

LARRY
When do we leave?

Joan smiles.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. DISCONTINUED ETERNITY - DAY

Darkness.

The camera is slowly tracking back as Joan and Larry emerge from the darkness. They are covered in soot. They continue walking, taking in whatever disused eternity they've ended up in. They stop.

Over their shoulders: A street very much like the one we first met them in as an old couple. But winter has given way to spring. A woman mowing her lawn in the distance stops and stares at them.

Mid shot on Larry and Joan.

LARRY
It's.. familiar.

JOAN

It's perfect.

They look at each other. Joan holds out her hand for him. He takes it. They smile.

The camera cranes up as Joan and Larry walk into their new home. We see a vast suburbia stretched out in front of them.

THE END