

AFTERLIFE

written by

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WGAE # I11414-00
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FADE IN:

001-A INT. FOSTER'S BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

SOFT OPERA MUSIC is playing as ANGELIQUE FOSTER lies relaxing in a hot bath. Her hair is tied up in a towel like a turban, and she has cucumber slices over her eyes. The bathroom is very luxurious.

ANGELIQUE lies quietly for several moments, humming softly with the music, which is coming from the bedroom adjacent to the bathroom.

001-B INT. FOSTER'S DOWNSTAIRS LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

As the camera moves about a semi-darkened foyer and entryway, we can hear the opera music faintly, coming from upstairs. We see the trappings of a very nice house. The furnishings are expensive, the decor impeccable. The house is immaculate.

We begin to realize that the camera view is actually the POV of a MAN as he moves quietly, stealthily, through the house.

The MAN goes to the living room. He moves quietly about the room, looking at various things.

We see a large WEDDING PHOTO that shows ANGELIQUE and her husband LOGAN FOSTER, both beaming happily. The MAN pauses at that picture for a moment, and looks at others arranged on a table nearby. Many are photos of ANGELIQUE and LOGAN, taken during their years together. They are always smiling and happy.

001-C INT. FOSTER'S BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

The music continues.

ANGELIQUE removes the cucumber slices from her eyes and picks up a LOOFAH. She coats it with an expensive BATH GEL and begins washing her arms.

001-D INT. FOSTER'S DOWNSTAIRS LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

POV of the MAN as he continues to move quietly about the house.

001-E INT. ANGELIQUE'S STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

POV of the MAN as he enters a room that contains all kinds of artist supplies. Canvases and paintings are leaning against the walls.

In the middle of the room stands an easel on which is a large canvas. On the canvas, someone has started a painting -- of flowers in a crystal vase. On a table near the canvas stands a similar vase of flowers.

On the wall is a FRAMED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. It includes a photograph of ANGELIQUE and LOGAN with an UNIDENTIFIED MAN. All are smiling. The HEADLINE reads "LOCAL ARTIST DONATES PAINTINGS TO CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL".

The MAN looks at this clipping for a long moment.

He hears a NOISE which comes from upstairs.

001-F INT. FOSTER'S BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

ANGELIQUE is standing, wrapped in a towel, letting the water out of the bathtub. She turns and leaves the room.

001-G INT. FOSTER'S HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

POV of the MAN. Quietly, he moves towards the staircase and ascends the stairs. We continue to see his POV, with more photos on the wall of ANGELIQUE and LOGAN together.

The MAN reaches the second floor landing and creeps stealthily towards the bedroom door, which is open halfway. Light streams into the hallway from the bedroom.

The MAN peeks in the door and sees ANGELIQUE, still wearing a towel around her, standing before a FULL LENGTH MIRROR as she takes her hair down from the turbaned towel. She fluffs her hair and begins combing through it, oblivious to the presence of the MAN.

ANGELIQUE finishes combing her hair, un-knots the towel, and slips it off as we CUT to a tight shot of the MAN'S eyes watching her.

The MAN continues to stare at her intently.

001-H INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

When we see ANGELIQUE again, she is wearing a black full slip. She rummages through a dresser drawer, her back to the MAN.

The MAN sneaks into the room, creeping ever closer to ANGELIQUE, who continues to rummage through the drawer. As the MAN gets very close, he steps on a board which CREAKS under his foot.

ANGELIQUE spins around! She has pulled a pair of black STOCKINGS out of the dresser drawer, and holds them in her hands.

She sees the MAN! She GASPS!

ANGELIQUE
(demanding)
What are you doing here!???
(beat)
My husband will be home any
minute!

ANGELIQUE looks about quickly, then seems to relax slightly. The MAN says nothing.

After a moment, ANGELIQUE smiles. She takes a quick step towards the MAN, a look of mischievous excitement in her eyes.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)
We'll have to be quick!

She takes the STOCKINGS and loops them around the MAN's neck, using them to pull him along with her as she backs towards the BED. The MAN follows.

The OPERA MUSIC continues, swelling.

ANGELIQUE walks backwards, with the MAN in tow, until she reaches the bed. She falls slowly backwards onto the bed, pulling the MAN with her.

As the MAN slowly falls on top of ANGELIQUE, the camera angle changes -- and we see that the MAN is LOGAN FOSTER, ANGELIQUE's husband. He is smiling as he joins her on the bed.

They kiss passionately. Then LOGAN comes up for air.

LOGAN
Angelique, I'm sorry I didn't make
it for lunch, but something
important...

ANGELIQUE chimes in.

ANGELIQUE
(finishing his sentence)
...important came up at the office.

ANGELIQUE smiles. LOGAN chuckles.

ANGELIQUE
You know, if I had a dime for
every time I've heard that...

LOGAN finishes her sentence.

LOGAN
...you'd have enough money to buy
me a really great anniversary
present.

ANGELIQUE
(laughs)
Yeah, right!

ANGELIQUE wraps LOGAN in an embrace and kisses him passionately.
LOGAN is enraptured, yet still mindful of prior commitments.

LOGAN
Angelique?

ANGELIQUE
Um-hummm?

LOGAN
We're going to be late for the
party.

ANGELIQUE smiles and gives LOGAN a longer, deeper kiss, moaning
and wrapping her arms around his neck.

LOGAN gives in.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Eh, they'll wait.

ANGELIQUE chuckles happily as LOGAN takes her in his arms in a passionate embrace.

The OPERA MUSIC rises to a CRESCENDO.

002 INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

The room is decorated festively for the anniversary party. Guests are mingling or in groups having drinks and conversation. A MAN is playing the PIANO in a corner of the room.

There is a LARGE CAKE, and a BANNER reads "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY LOGAN AND ANGELIQUE!"

A businessman, RAN HARRISON, nursing a drink, stares at the banner. He is joined by LOGAN's partner, DOUG "DIGGER" GRAVES, and TRACY WILSON, LOGAN'S executive assistant.

The men smile and size each other up.

DIGGER
Ten years! Pretty amazing, isn't it?

RAN HARRISON murmurs in agreement.

HARRISON
You know, I've been married for ten years myself.

DIGGER
Really?

HARRISON
Yep. Not in a ROW, of course.

DIGGER LAUGHS. The two men shake hands very firmly.

DIGGER
You must be Ran Harrison.

HARRISON
Right. And you are....?

DIGGER
Doug Graves. Just call me Digger.

HARRISON
DIGGER Graves! I like that.
(beat)
So you're an associate of Logan
Foster's?

DIGGER
(correcting him)
I'm Mr. Foster's business partner.

HARRISON
(chuckles)
The way the press treats Mr.
Foster like a deity, you wouldn't
think he would NEED a partner.

DIGGER
Well.... even God has his angels,
Mr. Harrison.

HARRISON gets a chuckle out of this.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
(indicating TRACY)
And this is Tracy Wilson, Mr.
Foster's executive assistant.

HARRISON
(to TRACY)
Ms. Wilson.

TRACY shakes hands with HARRISON.

TRACY
I hope you're enjoying the party.

HARRISON
Of course!
(to DIGGER)
You know, Foster and I have been
lumped together in so many Wall
Street Journal articles, I feel
like we're family.

DIGGER
(chuckles)
I know what you mean.

(beat)
But of course, you're NOT family.
Which means you're here because we
have some shop talk to do.

HARRISON's eyes narrow slightly at the mention of business.

HARRISON
Ahhh! The Covington merger. My
intuition tells me that I'm in a
unique position to be of some help
to Mr. Foster in that regard.

DIGGER is impressed by HARRISON's insight.

DIGGER
Newsweek was right... you ARE
sharp.

HARRISON
I'm a billion dollar thumbtack, my
friend.

They share a slight CHUCKLE. HARRISON takes a drink.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
So where IS Mr. Foster?

DIGGER
Fashionably late, it seems.
(looks at watch, then
points to the door)
But if I know Logan Foster, he'll
be walking through that door
riiiight.... now!

003 INT. FOSTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGELIQUE and LOGAN are scrambling around the room, pulling on
their clothes, finding shoes, earrings, etc.

As they pass each other at one point, LOGAN grabs ANGELIQUE and
the frenzied activity stops. They hold each other a moment.

LOGAN gives ANGELIQUE a long, loving kiss.

LOGAN
Happy anniversary, sweetheart.

ANGELIQUE smiles warmly.

And suddenly, the frenzied rush of activity resumes again.

004 INT. COUNTRY CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

LILITH FOSTER, LOGAN's sister-in-law, is standing at the window looking out. She has a drink in her hand, but she isn't drinking it. She seems lonely and detached from the party going on behind her.

Her husband ROY FOSTER comes up to her.

ROY
Lilith?
(beat)
What are you doing?

LILITH doesn't answer.

ROY (CONT'D)
C'mon Lil. You're missing a great party!

LILITH sighs.

LILITH
I'm really not in the mood, Roy.

ROY's head drops a bit.

ROY
Yeah well, I was just hoping that the happy vibes for Logan and Angelique might be contagious.

LILITH continues to look out the window.

LILITH
Roy, I'm not gonna fight with you here.

ROY
(irritated)
I didn't come to fight.

(beat)

I came to ask you to dance.

LILITH looks at ROY, almost responds, but then turns back toward the window. ROY stares at her, his frustration growing. He then turns and walks away.

ROY and LILITH's teenage daughter, DENISE, enters holding an empty martini glass. As two WAITERS, both with trays, pass by going in opposite directions, she places the empty glass on one tray and grabs an hors d'oeuvre.

ROY storms past his daughter in a huff.

LILITH, still standing at the window, is joined by DENISE, who nibbles at her food throughout the conversation.

DENISE

Why don't you and Dad just go on
Springer, beat the crap outta each
other?

LILITH

Give me a break, Denise...

(beat)

What's the matter? Aren't you
having a good time?

DENISE

(sarcastically)

Oh of course, Mother! I just met
an eighty-seven year old tax
auditor.

(feigns excitement)

We're getting married!

LILITH turns and glares at DENISE, almost sneering, gritting her teeth.

LILITH

Lovely.

Long uncomfortable pause as mother and daughter stare out the window.

DENISE

Mother, why do I have to be here
if Uncle Logan and Aunt Angelique
didn't even bother to come?

LILITH
They'll be here soon, Denise...

DENISE finishes up her food and brushes her hands together to clear the crumbs.

DENISE
Fine! Guess I'll go start a conga line. THAT'LL set Grandpa's pacemaker off...

LILITH
(rolls eyes)
Oh, I just LOVE your sarcasm!

DENISE turns and starts walking away. She calls over her shoulder.

DENISE
It's a GIFT!

LILITH calls after the departing DENISE.

LILITH
(sarcastically)
Well I hope you kept the receipt!
(beat)
And stay away from the alcohol!

DENISE rolls her eyes, without looking back, as she walks away.

LILITH SIGHS and continues staring out the window.

005-A INT. FOSTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN and ANGELIQUE scramble around the room, hurriedly pulling on their NICE PARTY CLOTHES.

ANGELIQUE is struggling to pull on her SHOE while walking.

LOGAN zips his pants and grabs his jacket.

ANGELIQUE grabs her PURSE.

As they start to leave the room, LOGAN stops ANGELIQUE.

LOGAN
Angelique? Aren't you forgetting something?

ANGELIQUE looks at him quizzically.

LOGAN takes her left hand in his and caresses her ring finger -- which has no ring on it. He raises an eyebrow.

ANGELIQUE

OH!

She drops her purse on a chair and runs into the bathroom.

005-B INT. FOSTER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

ANGELIQUE rushes to the VANITY and retrieves her WEDDING RINGS from where they are lying beside the SINK.

ANGELIQUE puts the rings on her finger, quickly checks her hair in the MIRROR, and exits.

005-C INT. FOSTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGELIQUE returns from the bathroom, grabs her purse and heads for the door, with LOGAN trailing.

When she reaches the door, she stops and turns to face LOGAN, a sly smile on her face.

ANGELIQUE

Oh, one more thing.

(straightening his
jacket)

Later? I have a big surprise for
you.

LOGAN

I love surprises!

She grabs him by his collar, pulls him toward her and gives him a quick kiss. She puts her LEFT HAND up to his cheek affectionately.

ANGELIQUE

Well you'd better love THIS one!

She then rushes out the door. LOGAN follows, amused.

006 EXT. FOSTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LOGAN and ANGELIQUE run from the house. ANGELIQUE is LAUGHING gaily as they jump into their PORSCHE.

The car roars to life, headlights come on, and tires squeal as the car, with LOGAN at the wheel, tears out of the driveway towards the party.

007 INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

LOGAN's mother, CAROL, leaves a group of conversationalists and walks over to where LOGAN's father, JACK, is standing. She gives him a stern look.

CAROL
Forty minutes late, Jack.
(beat)
Like father, like son.

JACK looks at his WRISTWATCH and LAUGHS.

JACK
C'mon Carol... Give the kids a
break. It's their anniversary.

CAROL
Don't make excuses for them! Roy
and Lilith went to a lot of
trouble to put this party together
-- the least they can do is show
up on time.

JACK
(sighs)
They'll be here. Just be patient.

CAROL gives JACK a small scowl as he walks away. Then she turns all smiles as a group of friends approaches and speaks to her.

JACK walks over to the bar and signals the bartender for another drink.

DENISE, smuggling a bottle of wine, sneaks behind her grandfather and out of frame in an almost cartoon-like tiptoe. JACK takes no notice.

008-A INT. LOGAN'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

LOGAN and ANGELIQUE race through the night, heading to their anniversary party.

LOGAN turns on the CAR RADIO, and a business report is heard.

ANNOUNCER (O/S)

In the futures pits, the June S&P
500 contract surrendered 5.20
points, or 0.5 percent, while the
NASDAQ 100 contract declined 6.50
points, or 0.5 percent.

ANGELIQUE scowls. She switches the station to OPERA MUSIC.

LOGAN

Hey!

He switches the station back to the business report.

ANNOUNCER (O/S)

On the business front, well known
corporate dynamo Logan Foster is
in the news again, as his plans
for...

ANGELIQUE immediately switches it back to the OPERA MUSIC.

LOGAN

Cut it out!

ANGELIQUE

(points menacing finger)
Don't you dare touch it! It's our
anniversary and you are going to
forget about work for just one
night.

LOGAN

(sigh in resignation)
Fine.

ANGELIQUE

Good.

ANGELIQUE unbuckles her SEAT BELT and snuggles on LOGAN's shoulder, toying with his TIE.

ANGELIQUE seductively nibbles at LOGAN's ear. He likes this just a little too much.

ANGELIQUE nuzzles into LOGAN's shoulder and WHINES.

ANGELIQUE
Logaaan?

LOGAN
Whaaat?

ANGELIQUE
Do we REALLY have to go to this party?

LOGAN
You're kidding, right? We no-show this thing, Mother eviscerates the both of us. She lives for this stuff.

ANGELIQUE
(resignedly)
Okay...
(beat)
But I want you to promise me... NO business talk!

LOGAN opens his mouth to answer but suddenly his CELL PHONE RINGS. He eyes it, almost afraid to answer it because he knows it's a business call. ANGELIQUE grabs it and looks at the name on the Caller ID. She rolls her eyes.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)
It's Digger.

ANGELIQUE slaps the phone -- not so gingerly -- against LOGAN's chest. She pouts as he grasps the phone in his hand.

LOGAN
This'll just take a minute.

ANGELIQUE
(irked)
Yeah.

ANGELIQUE, feeling neglected, looks out the passenger side window. LOGAN wants to reassure her but takes the call instead.

LOGAN
(into phone)
Yo Digger, what's up?

(beat)
Calm down. We're on our way.
Just tell Harrison to have another
drink or something...

We focus on ANGELIQUE. We hear birds CHIRPING as LOGAN's voice fades.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I have the papers with me...
yeah...

ANGELIQUE's mind is wandering. She thinks of a picnic she had recently with LOGAN.

ANGELIQUE (V/O)
When is enough enough?

008-B EXT. FIELD - DAY - FLASHBACK

LOGAN and ANGELIQUE are having a picnic. The meal is finished, and LOGAN lies contentedly with his head in ANGELIQUE's lap.

LOGAN
(sighs)
I've had enough. I won't eat
again for a week!

ANGELIQUE
No silly. I mean... when do you
think you'll have enough STUFF?

LOGAN
What???

ANGELIQUE
What's it going to take? A second
yacht? Another beach house on
another beach? Are you waiting
until you can finally buy an
ISLAND of your very own???

LOGAN sits up. He picks up a jar of olives and opens it, never taking his eyes off his wife.

LOGAN
Where is this coming from?

ANGELIQUE lies down on the ground and SIGHS.

ANGELIQUE

Logan, I want you to forget the Covington merger.

LOGAN

(flabbergasted)

What?!

ANGELIQUE

It's just... I hardly get to see you as it is, and I know that if this thing goes through you're gonna be away from home even more.

(beat)

Logan, I miss you.

They stare deeply into each other's eyes.

LOGAN

Angelique, I'm right here.

ANGELIQUE

Yeah... 'Here today...'

The unfinished thought being "...gone tomorrow."

Suddenly the contents of the olive jar drip onto her dress. She SHRIEKS, immediately snapping her (and us) back into the present moment.

008-C INT. LOGAN'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

LOGAN is focused on driving and talking to DIGGER on the phone, while ANGELIQUE is deep in thought.

LOGAN

(into phone)

Okay. Tell him to have his lawyers look at it. If they sign off, we can transfer the funds in forty-eight hours.

(beat)

Right...

ANGELIQUE edges toward LOGAN once again.

ANGELIQUE

Logan, put down the phone.

LOGAN

(into phone)

Do what it takes, man. If we don't get this ball rolling, the whole thing's dead in the water.

ANGELIQUE starts kissing LOGAN's neck.

ANGELIQUE

NOW!

LOGAN

(into phone)

I KNOW that, Digger. You don't have to remind me.

ANGELIQUE continues to kiss LOGAN's neck.

ANGELIQUE

Put down the phone.

ANGELIQUE starts to wrestle the phone away from LOGAN's hand.

LOGAN

Angelique!

She tosses the phone aside and fixes LOGAN with an annoyed look.

ANGELIQUE

I can't believe you're going to do BUSINESS at our anniversary party!

LOGAN

Five minutes, hun. Ran Harrison is coming by. He's going to look over the Covington contracts. That's it. Five minutes -- I promise!

ANGELIQUE

And it couldn't wait until tomorrow?

LOGAN

Harrison's on a plane to Zurich tomorrow. If we don't hook him now, it's a billion dollar deal down the drain.

ANGELIQUE sighs and turns to look out the side window, pouting. For awhile they drive in silence.

At length, ANGELIQUE moves back towards LOGAN again. She puts her head on his shoulder, her hand on his arm affectionately.

ANGELIQUE
Logan?

LOGAN
Hmmm?

ANGELIQUE
Happy anniversary.

LOGAN smiles. He turns to kiss ANGELIQUE -- a kiss that lasts a bit too long considering he's driving.

The car drifts towards the side of the road.

LOGAN suddenly GASPS and snaps his head back forward again. He wrenches the steering wheel just in time to avoid hitting a TREE.

LOGAN jerks the car back onto the road at the last possible moment.

Slamming on the brakes, LOGAN brings the car to a SCREECHING stop.

They sit there for a moment, hearts pounding as they regain their composure.

ANGELIQUE moves back into her seat and puts her seat belt on with a sheepish 'Oh...did I do that?' look on her face.

LOGAN looks at ANGELIQUE.

LOGAN
YOU... are going to be the death
of me yet.

PAUSE, followed by LAUGHTER from both. LOGAN puts the car into gear and tears off down the road again.

We see HARRISON looking over a contract in a corner of the room. Standing around him are LOGAN, DIGGER, and LOGAN's assistant TRACY -- all smiles.

HARRISON

The terms look good, Mr. Foster.
I think we're gonna make this
happen.

LOGAN

(raises glass)
Well, I've got a great team.
Everybody worked very hard on this
project! The credit belongs to
them.

LOGAN winks at DIGGER and TRACY as he pats HARRISON on the shoulder and takes a drink. DIGGER and TRACY beam.

CUT TO:

LILITH is across the room at the BAR nursing a SCOTCH on the rocks. ANGELIQUE approaches her.

LILITH

Nice outfit.

ANGELIQUE

Thanks. It's Nottevera.

LILITH

(teasing)
Oooo la lah!

ANGELIQUE chuckles and gives LILITH a greeting peck on the cheek.

ANGELIQUE

(to BARTENDER)
Perrier with a twist.

The BARTENDER nods and exits. LILITH SNICKERS at ANGELIQUE's order.

LILITH

Designated driver?

ANGELIQUE

Shyeah. Like Logan's gonna let me
behind the wheel of his precious
Porsche.

ANGELIQUE turns to watch LOGAN across the room conducting his business. LOGAN is oblivious to her gaze.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Just look at him. He's having a BUSINESS MEETING right in the middle of our anniversary party.

The BARTENDER returns and gives ANGELIQUE her DRINK.

LILITH

At least your husband HAS a job.

ANGELIQUE

Oh would you stop. Roy has a job.

LILITH

Oh sure. If you call mowing people's lawns for a living a JOB.

ANGELIQUE

He doesn't 'mow people's lawns' -- he has a very successful landscaping business. You should be proud of him!

LILITH snorts at this.

LILITH

Well at least Logan has ambition. He's doing something with his life besides...

ANGELIQUE covers LILITH's mouth with her hand.

ANGELIQUE

Lilith... you and Roy have GOT to get into marriage counseling. You can't go on doing this to yourselves.

LILITH

If only it were that easy.

ANGELIQUE

It IS that easy, Lilith. If you'd only DO it.

LILITH gives her a sour look.

They walk to a more secluded corner of the room.

LILITH

Maybe we can just take Logan to a lab and have him cloned.

ANGELIQUE

Funny!

LILITH

No, really! We could clone one for every woman in the world. Make a fortune.

ANGELIQUE LAUGHS and takes a sip. LILITH gives her a melancholy-soaked look.

LILITH (CONT'D)

You have no idea how lucky you are.

We see DENISE standing behind a PLANT with her BOTTLE. LILITH's comment cuts her, since it's just another dig at her Daddy. She takes a swig and moves on.

ANGELIQUE

I think I do.

(beat)

I just hope Logan feels the same way.

LILITH

What are you talking about? Logan loves you. He worships the ground you walk on.

ANGELIQUE

He also worships his yacht... and his sports cars... and his Fortune 500 standing.

(beat)

I worry about the things he worships.

(beat)

Sometimes I feel like just another item in his collection.

LILITH

That is such bull and you know it.

ANGELIQUE

It had better be. Especially now.

LILITH

What are you talking about?

But before she can press ANGELIQUE for any more details, the sound of a SILVER SPOON PINGING against a CRYSTAL WINEGLASS is heard coming from another corner of the room.

JACK FOSTER is standing with his wife CAROL beside him.

JACK

(loudly)

Can I have your attention please?

He PINGS the glass again as the guests begin to quiet.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank everyone for coming tonight to help us honor our son Logan and his beautiful wife Angelique!

JACK motions for LOGAN and ANGELIQUE to come over and join him.

LOGAN excuses himself from RAN HARRISON and crosses the room. He takes ANGELIQUE by the hand. Everyone starts to APPLAUD.

Together they walk over to stand beside JACK and CAROL, all smiles.

Two ODD LOOKING GUESTS -- a man and a woman -- are watching LOGAN and ANGELIQUE with great interest.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ten years ago today, my son became the luckiest man on earth. He's one of those rare and fortunate men who found the perfect woman and married her.

JACK turns and puts his arm around CAROL, smiling.

JACK (CONT'D)

It runs in the family!

LAUGHTER from the guests. A faint smile from ROY, though that comment digs into him. LILITH looks away sadly.

CAROL swats JACK playfully.

She turns to LOGAN and ANGELIQUE.

CAROL

Logan... Angelique... I want to tell you both how proud we are of you! Since the day you vowed to love each other for better or worse, that commitment and the love you share has been an inspiration and a source of great strength to all of us. We couldn't be happier!

(feigns disappointment)

Although we ARE still waiting for that grandchild you promised us!

LAUGHTER from the guests, and also from LOGAN and ANGELIQUE.

DENISE scowls in a corner, taking another swig from her BOTTLE.

JACK takes this moment to regain the floor.

JACK

Anyway, we're so happy for you both. Our prayer for you is for a long life together, filled with all the joys of the world.

(beat)

(to LOGAN)

And the only advice I can give to you, son, is don't ever let ANYTHING take this girl away from you!

Smatterings of "Hear hear!" from the audience. MUSIC starts. Everyone drinks, then there is applause as LOGAN and ANGELIQUE look lovingly into each other's eyes. They share a kiss, link arms, and toast.

CUT TO:

GUESTS swirling around the dance floor as the piano plays.

ANGELIQUE dances with LOGAN.

CAROL dances with ROY.

JACK dances with LILITH, who is constantly looking at LOGAN and ANGELIQUE.

DIGGER is dancing with TRACY.

The two ODD GUESTS are dancing together, watching LOGAN and ANGELIQUE.

DENISE watches from a corner, hiding behind the LARGE PLANT as she sneaks sips from a GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

Everyone is smiling, having a good time.

ANGELIQUE and LOGAN gaze lovingly into each other's eyes.

The MUSIC ends and everyone stops dancing. ANGELIQUE and LOGAN melt into each other's arms and LAUGH.

010 INT. LOGAN'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

LOGAN and ANGELIQUE ride through the night. ANGELIQUE is laying back in her seat, looking out at the night sky.

INSERT: LOGAN's HEADLIGHTS flash across a HANDMADE SIGN nailed to a tree by the side of the road that reads 'READ JOHN 3:16'.

ANGELIQUE

Well? Did you get your precious merger done?

LOGAN

We just have to dot some i's and it's a done deal.

ANGELIQUE

(without enthusiasm)
Wonderful.

LOGAN

Look, this isn't going to change anything.

ANGELIQUE

You say that, but I wonder.

LOGAN does not respond. They are silent for a moment.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Logan, if you had to decide...
between the money and the power...
or your family... Which would you
choose?

LOGAN

My family??? Hmpf! Seeing the
way Roy and Lilith are always at
each other's throats...

ANGELIQUE

I don't mean your brother... or
your parents.

(beat)

I mean... YOUR family... OUR
family.

LOGAN looks at ANGELIQUE.

LOGAN

Well Angelique... That's just you
and me... Unless...

LOGAN notices that ANGELIQUE is rubbing her tummy, indicating
that there's a baby inside. It hits him. He is speechless. Just
a GASP.

ANGELIQUE

I told you I had a surprise for
you.

They stare at each other. Their whole world just changed. A
million emotions rush over them at once.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

You're gonna be a daddy!

The shock subsides and becomes strictly joy. They smile when
suddenly... LOGAN's CELL PHONE rings.

Moment killer.

Instinctively, LOGAN pulls the phone from his jacket pocket and
answers it.

LOGAN

Foster.

(beat)

Yeah Digger...

LOGAN is instantly back in 'business mode'. ANGELIQUE sighs in frustration and pulls away again.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Oh MAN!

(beat)

Yeah, I've got the figures here somewhere. Grab a pencil while I find them.

ANGELIQUE turns to gaze out the side window, a tear coming to her eyes.

LOGAN grabs his PORTFOLIO CASE from the back and begins rummaging in it for the papers, trying to keep his eye on the road.

Suddenly, we hear a TRUCK'S BLARING HORN. Headlights flash on the windshield. LOGAN and ANGELIQUE look up quickly.

ANGELIQUE

(screams)

LOGAN!! LOOK OUT!!!

POV of LOGAN's car as a truck hits it head on.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

011 INT. HELL

LOGAN's lifeless body falls from above and lands on an THICK WOODEN TABLE. All around the table is blackness. The sounds of anguish can be heard faintly in the distance.

A sexy SHE-DEVIL enters. She is the same person who was the female ODD GUEST at the anniversary party.

She climbs onto the table and straps LOGAN down. She looks at him for a long moment, then leans in and gives him a kiss.

LOGAN comes back to life with a start and is shocked to see the SHE-DEVIL.

SHE-DEVIL

Welcome, Mr. Foster.

LOGAN
Where am I?

SHE-DEVIL
Are you... comfortable?

LOGAN gives a small nod.

In a very sudden manner, the SHE-DEVIL pulls out a large, ORNATE KNIFE, holds it above her head with both hands, and then plunges it deep into LOGAN's heart. He SCREAMS in agony.

SHE-DEVIL (CONT'D)
How 'bout now?

The SHE-DEVIL LAUGHS as she pulls the knife from LOGAN and wipes his blood off on his shirt.

LOGAN GASPS and MOANS in pain.

LOGAN
Oh GOD!!!

SHE-DEVIL
(evilly)
It's a little late to be calling
on God, don't you think?

The SHE-DEVIL LAUGHS in wicked delight.

Then she suddenly jerks upright, raising the knife, preparing to stab it into LOGAN again.

LOGAN SCREAMS!

An ominous-looking MALE DEVIL suddenly grabs the SHE-DEVIL by the back of her hair and forces her off of the table and onto her knees. He is the same person who was the male ODD GUEST from the party.

DEVIL
Is that any way to treat our
guest?

The DEVIL pushes the SHE-DEVIL away. She howls as if in pain and retreats to cower in a corner.

The DEVIL approaches LOGAN and looks at him with evil interest.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

You'll have to forgive my pet, Mr. Foster. Sometimes her etiquette skills are... lacking.

The DEVIL yanks a CHAIN and pulls the now LEATHER COLLAR-clad SHE-DEVIL close to him. She GIGGLES insanely.

LOGAN

(sucking air)

Why are you doing this?

DEVIL

Why are YOU doing this?

LOGAN

What do you mean? I don't want to be here.

DEVIL

Is that right?

The DEVIL smiles at the SHE-DEVIL, who WHIMPERS like a puppy.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

It's my experience that people wind up EXACTLY where they CHOOSE to be.

LOGAN

Please.... don't kill me!

DEVIL

How can we kill you when you're already dead?

(beat)

Look around you. You're in HELL, Mr. Foster. Death is no longer an option.

SHE-DEVIL

(whispers psychotically)

You're dead. You're DEEEAD!!!

DEVIL

You made your choices in life, Mr. Foster. Now it's time to live with the consequences.

LOGAN
Where's my wife?

The DEVIL doesn't answer.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
WHERE'S MY WIFE!!!

DEVIL
(disgusted with LOGAN)
Oh, PLEASE Mr. Foster! Wake up!
She is exactly where she BELONGS!

The room begins SPINNING dizzily.

The SHE-DEVIL drops to her knees beside the table. Her eyes roll back in her head. She starts HUMMING and SHAKING like a snake-handling Holy Roller, and SPEAKING in UNKNOWN TONGUES.

SHE-DEVIL
(maniacally)
Wake up, Mr. Foster.

The room spins faster and faster.

SHE-DEVIL (CONT'D)
(whispers, more urgently)
Wake up, Mr. Foster!

FADE INTO:

012 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #1 - DAY

POV of LOGAN. He sees a NURSE bending over him. She is the same person who was the SHE-DEVIL in hell.

NURSE
Wake up Mr. Foster.

LOGAN snaps awake.

He is lying in a hospital bed. The NURSE is tending to him.

From behind the nurse, a DOCTOR approaches -- and he is the same person who was the DEVIL.

The DOCTOR takes a TINY FLASHLIGHT and looks into LOGAN's eyes.

DOCTOR
(cheerfully)
Welcome back, Mr. Foster. Glad
you could join us.

The DOCTOR smiles and LOGAN relaxes a bit.

LOGAN
(groggy)
I... I was in hell. These
people... they were torturing me.

The NURSE is giving LOGAN an injection. He WINCES as the NEEDLE enters his arm.

NURSE
Torture??! Nonsense! You're
going to be fine.

The NURSE checks the level of LOGAN's IV BAG as the DOCTOR continues to check him out.

DOCTOR
You've been in a coma, Mr. Foster.
Do you remember the accident?

LOGAN nods slowly.

LOGAN
How... how long?

DOCTOR
Nearly two months.
(beat)
You're very fortunate. Patients
who are comatose as long as you
were rarely regain consciousness.

LOGAN ponders this as the DOCTOR finishes his exam.

LOGAN
Where's my wife?

The DOCTOR and the NURSE glance at one another with looks of concern. LOGAN looks to one, then the other.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(becoming agitated)
I want to see my wife.

The DOCTOR places his hand on LOGAN's shoulder.

DOCTOR
Mr. Foster, I'm... so sorry.

LOGAN looks at the DOCTOR in disbelief.

The NURSE turns away. The DOCTOR looks toward the ground.

LOGAN knows. ANGELIQUE is dead.

013 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

LOGAN
(cries)
NOOOOO!!!!

CUT TO:

015 EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

LOGAN, ROY, LILITH, DENISE, JACK, CAROL, DIGGER and TRACY are at the grave site.

LOGAN walks to the grave, supported by LILITH. He places a single LONG STEMMED RED ROSE on the grave.

LOGAN cannot hold back the tears. LILITH leans her head on his shoulder supportively. DIGGER comes forward and places his arm around LOGAN.

CUT TO:

The family walks away from the grave. LILITH holds on tightly to LOGAN.

016-A INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

LOGAN returns home for the first time since the accident.

He walks into the house slowly, reverently. He is followed by friends and family members.

In a moment reminiscent of the opening scene, LOGAN takes a long, slow walk around the house.

Downstairs, he looks at all the same photos he saw before.

When he reaches the closed door of ANGELIQUE's studio, he stops. He stands for a long moment with his hand on the doorknob, but he cannot bring himself to open the door. Eventually, LILITH takes his arm and gently pulls him away.

016-B INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE UPSTAIRS - LATE AFTERNOON

LOGAN reaches the top of the stairs and slowly steps onto the landing.

With LILITH and ROY following behind, LOGAN slowly makes his way into the bedroom.

016-C INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The room still looks exactly as it did when LOGAN and ANGELIQUE left it for their anniversary party.

LOGAN wanders about the room, looking at the things that belonged to ANGELIQUE.

016-D INT. LOGAN'S BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

He goes into the bathroom. TOWELS still lie where ANGELIQUE dropped them.

LOGAN bends to pick up one of the towels, but LILITH quickly steps in and gathers all of the TOWELS and WASHCLOTHS. She hastily stuffs them into a HAMPER out of sight.

016-E INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

LOGAN goes to ANGELIQUE's closet.

He gently caresses her CLOTHES which are hanging there.

He takes one of ANGELIQUE's DRESSES from the closet and carries it slowly into the bedroom.

LOGAN sits on the edge of the bed, clutching the dress tightly to him. He smells ANGELIQUE's scent on the fabric.

LOGAN dissolves into heavy sobs.

LILITH sits beside him on the bed, her head on his shoulder, sobbing along with him.

016-F INT. LOGAN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

LOGAN is sitting on the sofa.

The camera never moves (nor does LOGAN) as various friends and family members stir about in CROSS FADES in the background, making coffee, bringing food, leaning in to comfort LOGAN, etc.

The numbers start to dwindle (in CROSS FADES) as people leave.

LOGAN, in the same position on the sofa throughout, is finally all alone.

017 INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN enters the bedroom wearing his pajamas. He stares for a long time at the bed, as if realizing for the first time that ANGELIQUE won't be joining him.

LOGAN crawls into the bed. He takes ANGELIQUE's PILLOW and curls himself into a ball around it.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

DREAM SEQUENCE:

018 EXT. FIELD - DAY

POV of LOGAN as ANGELIQUE pulls him by the hand through the field.

ANGELIQUE

(smiling)

Come on, Mr. Businessman. Today
you're on a holiday!

LOGAN

(happily)

Where are we going?

ANGELIQUE

You'll see.

LOGAN
This had better be good.

ANGELIQUE
Close your eyes.

LOGAN
What?

ANGELIQUE
Close your eyes.

LOGAN
Alright.

FADE TO BLACK to indicate that LOGAN's eyes are closed.

ANGELIQUE (V/O)
Are they closed?

LOGAN (V/O)
Yes.

ANGELIQUE (V/O)
Can you see anything?

LOGAN (V/O)
Just the inside of my eyelids!

ANGELIQUE (V/O)
(giggles)
Okay, open them.

FADE IN to indicate that LOGAN is opening his eyes.

There is a PICNIC CLOTH on the ground with a PICNIC BASKET and various FOOD ITEMS, including a JAR OF OLIVES, sitting around it.

LOGAN
You didn't.

ANGELIQUE
I did.

LOGAN
Olives?

ANGELIQUE
Olives!

LOGAN's hand reaches for the olives. ANGELIQUE stops it.

ANGELIQUE
Wait, wait. There's more! Close
your eyes again.

LOGAN
Again?

ANGELIQUE
Yes. Just trust me.

FADE TO BLACK. LOGAN's eyes are closed once again.

LONG PAUSE.

LOGAN (V/O)
Can I open them now?

No response.

LOGAN (V/O - CONT'D)
Angelique?
(beat)
Angelique???

FADE IN:

ANGELIQUE is not there.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Angelique!!!

019-A INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN sits bolt upright in bed.

He is DRENCHED with sweat and BREATHING HEAVILY.

A look of IMMENSE SADNESS comes over his face as LOGAN slowly realizes where he is.

He turns and looks at the CLOCK on the bedside TABLE. It reads "3:16".

He lies back down, and suddenly sees ANGELIQUE lying beside him, looking directly at him!

ANGELIQUE
Come to me, Logan!

He jumps to a sitting position again -- awakening, for real this time, from the dream.

He looks back at the bed and no one is there. LOGAN puts his head in his hands with a heavy SIGH.

After a few moments, he tosses the covers back and gets out of bed. He walks to the bathroom.

019-B INT. LOGAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN flips on the light.

He shuffles over to the sink and looks at himself in the mirror. He looks haggard.

He turns on the faucet, lets the water run for a moment.

He bends down to splash water on his face.

He raises back up and dries his face with a HAND TOWEL hanging nearby.

He fills a GLASS with water.

LOGAN leaves the bathroom, leaving the light on.

019-C INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN staggers across the room bleary eyed, carrying the glass of water.

When he reaches the bed, he sees something in the glow coming from the bathroom light that shocks him to full alertness. He DROPS the glass of water, which SPLASHES on the floor.

LOGAN stares at the bed in disbelief.

THE BED IS MADE UP!

Frightened, LOGAN looks WILDLY around the room -- but no one is there. He is confused. He doesn't know what's going on. A look of SHOCK and DISBELIEF comes across his face.

LOGAN slowly collapses to a sitting position on the foot of the bed, dazed and confused.

He sits in the darkened, empty room -- all alone atop the freshly made bed.

020-A INT. OFFICE WORK AREA - DAY

LOGAN's assistant, TRACY, is walking with a NOTEPAD and looking at some PAPERS.

An office worker, CHERYL, approaches her carrying a FILE FOLDER with PAPERS.

CHERYL
Miss Wilson?

TRACY
Hi Cheryl.

CHERYL
Here are the sales projections you asked for.

She hands TRACY the FILE FOLDER.

TRACY
Great. Thanks.

TRACY stops walking and takes a moment to look over the papers in the folder.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Not good. We've got work to do.

She closes the FOLDER and resumes walking, handing the FOLDER back to CHERYL.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Take these down to Bryan in marketing.

CHERYL
Will do. While I'm down there, do you want me to pick up the weekly stats?

TRACY

Yeah, that'd be a big help. Also,
see if you can find Carlene and
ask her why she...

TRACY stops in her tracks, and CHERYL stops with her. TRACY is staring at something as if surprised. CHERYL turns to see what she's looking at.

They are outside LOGAN's office. LOGAN is inside, sitting at his desk with his back to them, staring out the window.

CHERYL

(confused)

What's he doing here?

TRACY

I don't know.

CHERYL

I didn't think he was coming in
today.

TRACY

He wasn't. I didn't expect him
until next week.

(beat)

Okay, go. Marketing needs those
figures.

CHERYL stares at LOGAN for another moment, then hustles off.

020-B INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

LOGAN sits in his BIG LEATHER DESK CHAIR, his back to the room, staring distractedly out the window at the city skyline. He looks just a bit disheveled, as if he hasn't slept well.

We hear the sounds of the city below. See the listlessness in LOGAN's eyes. We linger on his face, showing his reaction to the sad, empty world he's returned to.

TRACY (O/S)

Mr. Foster? Can I get you anything?

TRACY is now in the office.

LOGAN continues to stare out the window. He does not respond to TRACY.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Mr. Foster?

Still no response.

She takes a step closer to him, concerned.

TRACY (CONT'D)
(worried)
Logan??

LOGAN
(still looking out the
window, distant)
I used to love this, Tracy.

TRACY
(beat, confused)
What?

LOGAN
(still looking out the
window)
All of this. The company. The
office. The view.
(beat)
All of it.

TRACY nods sadly, figuring that being a good listener is the best thing she can do at this point.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Now I can't think for the life of
me what it was I loved about it.

LOGAN seems as if he is a million miles away.

TRACY doesn't know what to make of this. She looks at her notepad, where she normally finds the answers to all questions relating to LOGAN FOSTER -- but there is no comfort there.

TRACY
Is there anything I can...

But LOGAN isn't listening to her.

DIGGER enters the office. TRACY looks at him, relieved. She gives him a worried look and indicates LOGAN.

DIGGER gently closes the office door. Then he slowly approaches LOGAN's desk.

DIGGER
(softly)
Hey man.

Slowly, LOGAN rotates his chair around to face them. But he still seems preoccupied.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
(softly)
You feeling alright, Loge?

As if partially rousing from his daze, LOGAN nods.

LOGAN
(weakly)
Yeah. I, uh... I'm fine.

DIGGER looks at TRACY, who shakes her head slightly.

TRACY approaches the desk. She shuffles a couple of PAPERS slightly and moves some PENS.

TRACY
Logan... maybe it's... too soon
for you to be here.
(beat)
Maybe...

LOGAN rouses a bit more.

LOGAN
No. Really... I'm fine.
(beat)
Besides... we've got the Covington
merger. We need to get that
squared away, so, uh...
(straightens folders)
...Tracy, see if you can get Ran
Harrison on the phone.

TRACY cuts DIGGER a worried look. She seems on the verge of tears.

DIGGER
(quietly)
Umm... Loge... we lost the
Covington merger over a month ago.

LOGAN looks at DIGGER in bewilderment.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
(quietly)
You weren't here. We couldn't sign
the paperwork.
DIGGER (CONT'D)
(beat)
Harrison didn't wanta wait.
(beat)
I'm sorry, man.

LOGAN looks sad, defeated, as he processes what DIGGER has said. He slowly turns his chair to look out the window again.

DIGGER tries to put a happy face on the situation but his voice cracks. He feels his friend's pain.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
Not the end of the world, man.
(knows his words ring
hallow)
Other fish in the sea.

But LOGAN is a million miles away again. We focus again on the city and his face and eyes.

Someone knocks on the office door. TRACY sees them through the glass beside the door and shoos them away.

LOGAN
"...suddenly there was a knock at
the door."

DIGGER
(confused)
What?

LOGAN
"A man sat alone in his room, the
last living person on earth.
(beat)
Suddenly there was a knock at the
door."

DIGGER looks at TRACY, who shrugs.

DIGGER
I don't get it.

LOGAN continues to stare out the window.

LOGAN
It's the world's shortest ghost
story.

DIGGER glances at TRACY, concerned. He puts a hand on LOGAN's
shoulder.

DIGGER
Why don't you take the day off,
Logan? Get some rest.

LOGAN looks at DIGGER. Grief and exhaustion are etched on
LOGAN's face.

LOGAN
Yeah... maybe you're right.

LOGAN stands and gathers his BRIEFCASE and JACKET.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(to TRACY)
I'll see you Monday.

TRACY
You got it, boss.

LOGAN exits the office.

DIGGER and TRACY look at each other sadly. TRACY starts to tear
up a bit. DIGGER puts his hand on her shoulder.

021 INT. LOGAN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

LOGAN is driving home. He is listening to the STOCK REPORT on
the RADIO.

ANNOUNCER
The indices started the day in
negative territory and spent the
rest of the session drifting
upward in a steady recovery
effort. There were no earnings
reports this morning and the
negative bias was rooted in a
batch of uninspiring economic
reports...

Suddenly, the radio changes stations by itself, and begins to play OPERA MUSIC.

LOGAN is startled, but assumes something is wrong with the radio. He punches a button and the STOCK REPORT resumes.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

The Consumer Price Index report came in at minus zero point three percent with the core CPI, excluding food and energy, unchanged. The report once again highlighted inflation concerns, which were first evoked...

The radio switches again to OPERA MUSIC -- all by itself.

LOGAN

(irritated)

What the hell??!

He switches back to the STOCK REPORT.

ANNOUNCER

As a result, all of the major indices finished the week with gains to show for it. Limiting buyers' efforts were losses in influential sectors such as biotech, retail, homebuilding, semiconductor, and computer...

And again the radio switches itself to OPERA.

LOGAN gives up and turns the radio off.

022 EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LOGAN walks out of the grocery store carrying a small GROCERY BAG.

He carries the bag to his car. Opening the trunk, he places the bag of groceries inside.

When he closes the trunk, LOGAN is startled to see a PREACHER standing beside the car, glaring at him intently.

LOGAN
SHIT!
(hyperventilating)
You scared the crap out of me.

The PREACHER continues to stare.

PREACHER
You're looking for the key.

LOGAN is confused.

LOGAN
The key???

He holds up his car keys.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Right here.

PREACHER
The key to life...
(beat)
...and death.

LOGAN looks earnestly at the PREACHER, but says nothing.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
Behold, I set before you the way
of life, and the way of death.

LOGAN
What???

PREACHER
Go to Luke.

LOGAN
(confused)
Who's LUKE??

The PREACHER points to LOGAN's chest, to his heart.

PREACHER
The answer is THERE!

LOGAN looks at his shirt and is shocked to see blood -- as though he has begun to bleed from his heart, the bright red staining his white shirt.

He hears the VOICE of the SHE-DEVIL echoing in his mind.

SHE-DEVIL (V/O)
(echoes)
Are you comfortable Mr. Foster???
(maniacal laughter)
Hee heeee hee heeeee!!!

He GASPS and grabs his chest, trying to stem the bleeding. He staggers backward a step or two.

DEVIL (V/O)
(echoes)
You made your choices in life, Mr.
Foster. Now it's time to live
with the consequences.

LOGAN raises his hands in front of him. They are covered with his blood.

PREACHER (O/S)
GO TO LUKE!

LOGAN looks back up at the PREACHER -- but the PREACHER has VANISHED!

Terrified, LOGAN looks at his hands, which now have no blood on them. He looks again at his shirt -- which is now white and unstained. The blood is gone.

A look of total confusion and panic on his face, LOGAN examines his shirt thoroughly. He can find no evidence of the blood.

LOGAN collapses to a sitting position beside his car, in a daze and breathing heavily with fear.

022-A INT. RODI BAR - NIGHT

The bar and restaurant are crowded with patrons -- a typical Friday night.

LOGAN is sitting at the bar with DIGGER.

DIGGER is turned facing LOGAN, half leaning on the bar, but LOGAN is facing straight ahead, staring, lost in thought.

DIGGER has a drink in front of him, but LOGAN does not.

LOGAN

Digger... I don't know what's going on anymore.

DIGGER

What do you mean?

LOGAN

Everything... Everything's just so... different. I don't know. I just don't... FEEL... anymore. It's just like... like everything inside of me is gone. I'm not happy, I'm not sad -- I'm not anything. I'm just an empty shell going through the motions.

A young WOMAN BARTENDER approaches them and places a drink in front of LOGAN. He takes a swallow.

DIGGER

Listen, Loge... You just got out of the hospital. I think you're just trying to move too fast.

LOGAN stares at his reflection in the mirror behind the bar.

LOGAN

That's what Angelique used to say. "Slow down. You're going too fast." But you know me, Dig -- 'fast' is the only speed I have.

DIGGER nods.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(sadly)

That's what killed her... Going too fast.

DIGGER

C'mon Loge... The cops said you were doing the speed limit.

LOGAN shakes his head.

LOGAN

I mean my life. My lifestyle.

(beat)

If I hadn't been on the phone with you -- getting the papers -- trying to get that damned merger through... And for what? The money? I didn't need the money. So what was it for, Dig? You tell me. What was so damned important that I gave up my wife for???

DIGGER

Logan. It's not your fault.

LOGAN

The hell it's not! It's totally my fault!

(begins to get emotional)

Angelique is dead, and it's my fault.

DIGGER looks around nervously to see if LOGAN is attracting attention. He tries to calm his friend.

DIGGER

Logan... Chill, man.

LOGAN composes himself.

DIGGER (CONT'D)

Look Loge, I understand how you feel...

LOGAN

No you don't. Don't even try! You don't understand, Dig. You can't. You don't know how it feels. You've never loved anybody...

DIGGER winces at this, and LOGAN realizes he's said the wrong thing.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

C'mon, man. You know what I mean. You just haven't found your Angelique yet.

(beat)

That's the hell of it. I found mine. I found the one woman in the world who was right for me. I was the luckiest man on earth, and I knew it -- I really did.

(beat)

I just thought it would last forever.

DIGGER nods sympathetically.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It never even crossed my mind that I could ever lose Angelique. Ever! It never occurred to me that I could ever lose anything so important to me. I never had.

(beat)

If I hadn't been so stupid... If I had known... had realized that one day Angelique could be... could be...

(emotional pause)

Things would have been different.

DIGGER

Look man, you can't blame yourself. Nobody can see the future.

(beat)

It was an accident. I know... I can imagine how hard it must be for you, losing somebody as special as Angelique. You aren't alone. We ALL loved her.

LOGAN shakes his head.

LOGAN

It's more than that... It... It wasn't just Angelique...

DIGGER

What do you mean?

LOGAN sighs heavily. He looks DIGGER in the eye.

LOGAN

She was pregnant.

DIGGER is shocked, speechless. He releases a long sigh. He has a look of immense sadness in his eyes. He places a hand on LOGAN's shoulder comfortingly.

DIGGER

Man... I'm sorry... I didn't know...

LOGAN

Nobody did. Not even her folks. She had just told me when... when...

LOGAN is unable to finish the sentence.

They sit together for a long moment, neither speaking.

DIGGER

Logan, listen to me. I'm your best friend -- you know that.

LOGAN nods.

DIGGER (CONT'D)

Then believe me when I tell you that what happened wasn't your fault. Nobody blames you. And you can't blame yourself. That's not what Angelique would want.

(beat)

Logan, you need to get away. You need to take some time and... and heal.

LOGAN turns to DIGGER.

LOGAN

(hopelessly)

Heal? How can I heal? How does a man heal when he's been stabbed in the heart?

As if recalling how the She-Devil stabbed him, LOGAN gingerly touches his chest as he says this.

Something occurs to him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(wondering)
Maybe that's what he meant...

DIGGER
Who?

LOGAN
The street preacher.

DIGGER
Street preacher??? What are you...

LOGAN
He pointed to my chest and said
"the answer is there".
(looks at his chest)
Maybe he meant my heart -- the
answer's in my heart...

DIGGER
What??? That doesn't make any
sense. What does that mean anyway?

LOGAN shrugs and sighs.

LOGAN
I don't know.
(beat)
What does any of it mean? What
does "go to Luke" mean?

DIGGER
This street preacher said "Go to
Luke"?

LOGAN
Yeah... Like who the heck is
Luke? And where do I find him?

The BARTENDER has approached them again and has overheard these
last comments.

BARTENDER
The Bible.

LOGAN notices her.

LOGAN
What? What did you say?

BARTENDER

If a preacher is talking about Luke, you can bet he means the book of Luke in the Bible.

DIGGER

(to BARTENDER)

Don't get him started...

BARTENDER

(shrugs)

Just tryin' to help. Sounds like your friend needs some direction.

DIGGER

What he needs is another drink.

LOGAN

No. No, maybe she's right...

BARTENDER

The bartender's always right, honey.

She holds up her TIP JAR and shakes it. DIGGER drops a BILL into the jar. She sets the jar back down on the bar.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Can I get y'all anything?

DIGGER holds up his empty glass and the BARTENDER nods. She goes off to get his drink.

DIGGER

Look man, I don't know anything about Luke. But I DO know that you need to get a grip.

LOGAN is lost in thought.

DIGGER (CONT'D)

(gently)

Loge... Angelique is gone. And I'm sorry about that. I'd give my right arm to bring her back -- you know that. But I can't. Nobody can.

(beat)

What you have to do now is start getting your life back together again. You've got to move on -- you've got to get back among the living.

LOGAN nods.

LOGAN

You're right. You're right.

(beat)

Thanks man.

They drink in silence for a moment.

DIGGER

How'd you find me here anyway?

LOGAN

Are you kidding? You talk about this place so much, people think you live here.

DIGGER chuckles.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Listen... I'm heading home. You gonna be okay here?

DIGGER

(nods)

Yeah.

(looks around room)

Maybe I'll let one of these lovely ladies enjoy the pleasure of my company.

The woman sitting on the opposite side of DIGGER jostles him slightly.

LOGAN chuckles.

LOGAN

Okay Dig. See ya later.

The two friends embrace warmly, then LOGAN leaves the bar.

During their conversation, a woman has been sitting on the other side of DIGGER, with her back turned to him. Now she turns around to face him -- it's TRACY.

TRACY

Oh man! That was close! I thought for sure he was gonna see me.

DIGGER

(teasing)

So what if he did? Come on, Tracy -- you're not ashamed to be seen with me, are you???

TRACY slaps his arm playfully.

TRACY

(teasing)

I SHOULD be! Guess I just don't shame easily!

(beat)

C'mon Digger. I like my job. I don't wanna take any chances.

DIGGER

I know baby. Don't sweat it.

TRACY gives DIGGER a kiss on the cheek. She puts her head on his shoulder.

TRACY

(concerned)

Do you think he's gonna be okay?

DIGGER

(concerned)

I wish I knew...

023-A INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

LOGAN enters the room carrying some BOXES.

He goes to ANGELIQUE'S closet and begins taking her CLOTHES and putting them into the boxes.

He sees ANGELIQUE'S BIBLE sitting on the bedside table. He picks the Bible up and holds it for a moment. Then he sits on the bed and opens the Bible to the book of Luke.

He reads for a few moments. Then through the open bedroom window he suddenly hears a SPLASH from the back yard. He rushes to the window and looks out.

In the POOL below, LOGAN sees the body of ANGELIQUE floating face up, just under the surface of the water, in an eerie manner.

Panicked, he tosses the Bible on the bed and rushes out of the room.

023-B INT. LOGAN'S STAIRWAY - DAY

LOGAN rushes down the stairs at breakneck speed.

023-C EXT. LOGAN'S BACKYARD - DAY

LOGAN crashes out the back door and rushes across to the pool. He looks into the water frantically, but sees nothing.

He continues to stare at the water, catching his breath.

Suddenly, ANGELIQUE comes up out of the water with a HUGE SPLASH!

Surprised, LOGAN staggers backwards a step or two.

ANGELIQUE is now standing beside the pool, water dripping off her body. She looks directly at LOGAN.

ANGELIQUE

Come to me, Logan. I need you!

LOGAN is terrified and stumbles backwards, tripping over his feet.

When he catches himself and looks back at the pool, the water is calm, the pavement is dry, and there is no one there.

LOGAN (V/O)

I think I'm losing my mind.

024 INT. DR. SELPH'S OFFICE - DAY

LOGAN is in the office of a PSYCHIATRIST, DR. AMANDA SELPH. The office looks like a typical psychiatrist's office, with a wooden

desk and books on shelves. On the desk is a NAMEPLATE that reads "Dr. Amanda Selph".

DR. SELPH is an attractive but very anal-looking woman in a business suit. She is wearing conservative glasses and has her hair in a tight bun.

She sits in a chair, her legs crossed, taking notes on a notepad.

LOGAN is lying on a couch near her.

DR. SELPH

Such feelings aren't unusual during times of bereavement.

LOGAN

This goes beyond bereavement, Doctor. I'm seeing her. Hearing her.

(beat)

I feel like she's coming back for me.

DR. SELPH

What do you mean?

LOGAN

She told me she wants me to come to her. She said she needs me...

(beat)

That's not rational -- not SANE -- is it?

DR. SELPH

Logan, you're dealing with a traumatic situation. You're grieving for someone you love who was taken away from you suddenly, tragically, without giving you the opportunity for closure. You've been given a tremendous shock, and your mind is having a hard time coping with it.

LOGAN

So you're saying it's all in my head?

DR. SELPH
(smiles)
Something like that.
(beat)
Think about it. What you're
talking about here is ghosts --
plain and simple. Do you believe
in ghosts, Logan?

LOGAN
Well..... I never used to.

DR. SELPH
Most rational people don't. And
with good reason.
(beat)
Has anyone else seen or heard
Angelique? Did anyone else see
her at the pool?

LOGAN doesn't respond.

DR. SELPH (CONT'D)
Did anyone else see the street
preacher? Or the blood?

LOGAN
(reluctantly)
No... but-- But it all seemed so
REAL.

DR. SELPH
Hallucinations usually do.

LOGAN ponders this for a long moment.

DR. SELPH (CONT'D)
I believe there's a reason that
you're here... A reason for the
things you're going through.

LOGAN
What do you mean? What reason?

DR. SELPH shrugs.

DR. SELPH
I don't know. That's something
you'll have to find out for
yourself.

LOGAN

(sighs)

So what am I supposed to do?

DR. SELPH

You're supposed to grieve. It's perfectly normal -- even healthy.

(writes on pad with pencil)

But at the same time, you have to keep reminding yourself of what's real and what isn't.

LOGAN

That's the hard part.

DR. SELPH

I know.

(beat)

Logan... Right now your mind is creating a fantasy to help you deal with what has happened to you. But there's going to come a time when you're going to have to choose between what's real and what isn't. Just be sure you make the right choice.

025-A INT. LOGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN and LILITH are standing in the living room. Each has a glass of wine.

A bored DENISE, forever the captive, watches TV, wishing she could be anywhere else.

LILITH

So how ya doin'?

LOGAN

I'm okay.

LILITH

I talked to Digger today. He said you were...

LOGAN

Losin' it?

LILITH

No...

(grabs his hand)

...of course not.

DENISE eyes the physical contact between LOGAN and LILITH and isn't pleased.

LOGAN

(faint smile)

Yeah, well...

LILITH

He's just worried about you. We all are.

LILITH gently touches LOGAN's face. DENISE seethes.

LILITH (CONT'D)

(touching his face and forehead)

Are you feeling okay? You feel hot.

LOGAN

I'm not hot. Your hands are cold.

LILITH rubs her hands together.

LILITH

Yeah. I always have that problem. Poor circulation. You know what they say -- 'Cold hands, warm heart.'

LOGAN and LILITH stare at one another for a long moment before LILITH steps back, more or less composing herself.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Okay... I'd better see about supper. You sit down. I'll take care of everything.

LILITH exits the living room.

LOGAN collapses into a chair in the living room.

DENISE

You know she's in love with you.

LOGAN

What?

DENISE sarcastically describes who LILITH is as if LOGAN doesn't know.

DENISE

My mother. Your sister-in-law. The best friend of your late wife.

LOGAN

That's crazy talk.

DENISE

As opposed to all the other things we discuss around the family dinner table these days?

They stare at one another. There's an odd understanding between the two, obviously born out of emotional chaos. LOGAN snaps out of the moment by trying to say the right thing.

LOGAN

Your mother and I are just friends.

DENISE

Riiight.

DENISE turns up the TV volume with the remote.

ANNOUNCER

(on TV)

For matters of the supernatural, contact the area's most respected psychic... a woman who has assisted police investigations for over two decades... the amazing Thelma Lashley.

THELMA

(on TV)

If you have a loved one who has passed on, but who still has unfinished business in this world, then I can help you...

LOGAN sits up and stares intently at the screen.

THELMA (CONT'D)

(on TV)

...and if that loved one is contacting you and you can't decipher their message, then I can be your conduit.

LOGAN looks over at DENISE.

LOGAN

You believe in this stuff?

DENISE never takes her eyes from the TV screen.

DENISE

I don't have a credit card. I can't afford to believe in psychics.

LOGAN smiles.

LOGAN

Yeah, probably just a scam.

THELMA

(on TV)

I received a letter from a viewer who tells me that her husband has been visiting her from beyond. He passed over just a few short months ago, and now he visits her regularly. She says he is bathed in a white glowing light...

LOGAN seems intrigued by what THELMA is saying. DENISE keeps staring at the TV, never looking at LOGAN.

DENISE

Uncle Logan? I don't think you need a psychic to talk to Aunt Angelique.

LOGAN is surprised by this.

LOGAN

What?

DENISE looks straight at LOGAN with an eerie expression.

DENISE
(cold, spooky)
Why don't you just talk to her the
next time you see her?

LOGAN's blood runs cold. He blinks, and DENISE is looking at the TV again as if nothing happened. LOGAN's not sure that it DID happen.

Suddenly, he is snapped out of the moment by the RINGING of LILITH's CELL PHONE. LILITH returns in time to retrieve the cell phone from her purse. She looks at the Caller ID.

LILITH
It's Roy. Sorry.

LOGAN
That's okay.

LILITH answers the phone as she walks into the other room.

LILITH
What now?
(listens)
WHAT?! What is your problem???
(beat)
That's ridiculous. Besides,
Denise is here with me...

Her voice trails off.

LOGAN gets up, takes his drink and wanders into the hallway.

025-B INT. LOGAN'S DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

LOGAN wanders about the downstairs of the house until he comes to the door of ANGELIQUE's art studio.

He stands at the door for a moment, as if trying to muster the courage to open it.

At last, he pushes the door open.

025-C INT. ANGELIQUE'S ART STUDIO - NIGHT

LOGAN stands in the doorway looking into the studio. It is dark inside, the only light is the moon streaming through the window.

LOGAN sees the EASEL with the JUST-STARTED PAINTING of the flowers in the vase. He sees the DEAD FLOWERS still in the VASE on the TABLE beside the easel.

As LOGAN looks at this room, he begins to remember the last time he saw ANGELIQUE here. In the HAZE of LOGAN's memory, the room TRANSFORMS to being brightly lit by daylight coming through the window.

025-D INT. ANGELIQUE'S ART STUDIO - DAY

The flowers in the vase on the table are FRESH and ALIVE. And ANGELIQUE sits at the easel, daubing PAINT onto the canvas as she hums a cheerful, infectious TUNE.

After a few moments, ANGELIQUE begins to slowly turn as if to look at LOGAN. But before she can turn enough to actually see him...

LILITH (O/S)
Your brother is an idiot!

025-E INT. ANGELIQUE'S ART STUDIO - NIGHT

LILITH steps up behind LOGAN in the DOORWAY.

The spell is broken. LOGAN snaps out of his reverie. The image of ANGELIQUE in the room disappears and the room is dark again, the flowers dead, and the freshly-started painting stands neglected once more.

It is as if all the life in the room is gone.

LILITH (CONT'D)
(more softly)
Sorry.

LOGAN continues to look at the room.

LOGAN
She used to love this room. It
was her favorite room in the house.
(beat)
She was always the happiest when
she was starting a new project.

LILITH puts a comforting hand on LOGAN's shoulder.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I'd find her in here, setting up a fresh canvas, getting her paints ready... and she'd always be humming this same, silly little tune.

LOGAN sighs deeply.

He turns to face LILITH.

LILITH steps close to him.

LILITH

(softly)

I miss her too, Logan.

LILITH looks deep into LOGAN's eyes for a moment. They drift nearer to each other.

LILITH puts a hand up to LOGAN's face, gently touching his cheek.

DENISE (O/S)

Are we ever gonna EAT around here??? I'm STARVING!

DENISE walks up behind LOGAN and LILITH, breaking the mood.

They move apart quickly, looking sheepish as if they've been caught doing something they shouldn't.

LILITH grabs DENISE by the arm and turns her towards the kitchen.

LILITH

(jokingly)

Okay Denise! Why can't you be anorexic like all the other kids???

LOGAN follows, CLOSING the studio door behind him. Once the door is closed, we hear again the HUMMING of ANGELIQUE's little tune.

026-A INT. LOGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN has fallen asleep in a sitting position on the sofa.

After a few moments, he is awakened by a sound coming from elsewhere in the house.

Curious, he stands and follows the sound.

026-B INT. LOGAN'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

He soon finds himself standing at the door of ANGELIQUE'S ART STUDIO.

Through the door he can hear the sounds of a BABY COOING AND GURGLING. He also hears the sound of a woman HUMMING the same TUNE that ANGELIQUE hummed when painting.

LOGAN places his hand on the DOORKNOB. The instant he touches the knob, the sounds STOP.

026-C INT. ANGELIQUE'S ART STUDIO - NIGHT

LOGAN opens the door. At first he sees nothing amiss in the room. But then his eye falls upon the EASEL with the CANVAS on it.

THE PAINTING IS FINISHED!

LOGAN walks quickly to the canvas. He touches the paint with his finger, and some of the blue color comes off.

The paint is FRESH!

He wipes the paint on his shirttail.

LOGAN stands STARING at the painting. Then he hears a DOOR CLOSE upstairs.

He rushes out the door of the studio.

026-D INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN rushes into the room, looking all about.

He hears a faint SOUND, but he can't quite make out what it is.

LOGAN looks around for a moment trying to locate the source of the sound.

He finally isolates the sound -- it is coming from the bathroom.

He goes towards the bathroom.

As he walks past the bed, we see that the CLOCK on the bedside table reads "3:16".

026-E INT. LOGAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The sound is louder now. It's the sound of DRAINING WATER. LOGAN flips on the LIGHT and is shocked by what he sees.

WATER is DRAINING out of the BATHTUB as if someone has just taken a bath!

He steps closer to the bathtub.

The last of the water GURGLES down the drain as LOGAN watches in amazement.

Frightened, LOGAN stumbles backwards away from the bathtub until his back strikes the edge of the VANITY.

He SPINS around and finds himself looking at his own reflection in the MIRROR.

Then his attention is drawn down to something shiny near the SINK. He looks down.

There, lying beside the sink, are ANGELIQUE's WEDDING RINGS!

LOGAN's jaw drops open in disbelief!

Slowly he reaches down and picks up the rings, as if he is afraid they aren't real. But they are quite solid. He turns them over in his hands.

LOGAN can't believe what he's seeing.

After a few moments he looks back at his reflection in the mirror, and behind him he sees something that shocks him to his very core!

It's the GHOSTLY IMAGE of ANGELIQUE!

Her skin is a pale white, and she is dressed in a billowy white flowing gown.

She has a luminous GLOW about her.

LOGAN is terrified. He DROPS the RINGS, which CLATTER against the sink.

FROZEN in shock, he stares at ANGELIQUE's reflection in the mirror!

She looks at LOGAN longingly, with great sadness in her eyes.

Then she SPEAKS.

ANGELIQUE

Logan... come to me. I need you.
COME TO ME!

Terrified, LOGAN spins around and faces the apparition, which is mere feet away.

He reaches a hand towards her face.

LOGAN

Angelique?

ANGELIQUE reaches for him.

ANGELIQUE

Come to me, Logan. I need you.

LOGAN is mesmerized. His fear is gone now. He yearns for her, tears starting to roll down his cheeks.

LOGAN

Angelique... How?

LOGAN takes a step towards her, and she moves closer to him.

ANGELIQUE

I need you. WE need you.

Filled with longing for her, LOGAN reaches out to embrace the ghost of ANGELIQUE. But when he touches her, he pulls back sharply in severe pain, as if burned.

YELLING, LOGAN turns quickly to the sink and runs water on his burning hands.

ANGELIQUE (O/S)

LOGAN!

When he turns back, ANGELIQUE is GONE. He looks around frantically for her, but she is no longer there.

All is quiet in the empty bathroom except for the DRIP DRIP DRIP of the last drops of water draining from the bathtub.

027 INT. DIGGER'S FOYER - NIGHT

The house is dark.

There is a LOUD "BANG BANG BANG" on the front door. After a few moments, the BANGING is repeated.

A LIGHT goes on in the foyer. DIGGER comes staggering to the door, pulling on his bathrobe.

The BANGING is heard again.

DIGGER
(irritated)
ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! JEEZ!

He walks to the door and unlocks the deadbolt.

LOGAN bursts through the door in a rush. He is panicked.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
Logan! What the hell???

LOGAN
(excited)
I saw her!!!

DIGGER is confused.

DIGGER
What?

LOGAN
I SAW HER!!!

DIGGER
Who?

LOGAN
Angelique! She's back!

DIGGER collapses a bit against the wall, obviously thinking that his friend has completely gone off his rocker.

TRACY pokes her head sheepishly from around the corner. She is wearing a bathrobe. DIGGER nods at her to go back, but she shakes her head.

DIGGER
Logan... have you been... drinking
or something?

LOGAN grabs DIGGER by the collar of his pajamas and pushes him
harder against the wall.

LOGAN
No! Listen to me. I SAW HER!
She SPOKE to me!

DIGGER takes LOGAN's hands and gently removes them from his
collar.

DIGGER
(calmly)
Okay... just take a breath,
alright? Calm down. Everything's
fine.

LOGAN tries to relax a bit. DIGGER takes him by the arm and
leads him into the house. As they walk past TRACY, LOGAN speaks
to her as if he's not surprised to see her.

LOGAN
Hey Trace...

TRACY and DIGGER exchange looks over this comment. Then TRACY
shrugs and follows them down the hall.

FADE INTO:

028 INT. DIGGER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DIGGER and LOGAN are sitting on the COUCH as TRACY pours them
CUPS of COFFEE. LOGAN is calmer now.

DIGGER
Is it possible you were
sleepwalking?

LOGAN
C'mon Digger! We've been on
enough business trips together.
Do you ever remember me
sleepwalking?

DIGGER ponders this.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Look, she was THERE... right in front of me.

TRACY

Logan... think about how this sounds. It's crazy.

LOGAN

Crazy?!

DIGGER

We're not sayin' YOU'RE crazy. But c'mon man..... it IS a little out there.

To LOGAN, that's exactly what it sounds like he's saying.

LOGAN

(sarcastically)

Yeah, right.

DIGGER

It's just... crying babies? Disappearing street preachers? GHOSTS? Logan... I'm sorry, man.

(beat)

You gotta get a grip on REALITY.

LOGAN

(becoming agitated)

Reality??? You want REALITY???

He reaches into his pocket, takes something out, and slams it on the coffee table in front of DIGGER.

It's ANGELIQUE's WEDDING RINGS.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

How's THAT for reality???

DIGGER looks at the rings. TRACY recognizes them instantly and is shocked.

TRACY

(slowly)

Oh no.... What did you do???

LOGAN
(surprised)
Whatta you mean, what did I do???

TRACY
Those are her RINGS! She was...
BURIED with them.
(beat)
Wasn't she???

LOGAN
How the hell do I know? I was in a
coma!

LOGAN jumps to his feet and begins pacing around the room.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Listen to me. I found those
tonight on the bathroom sink --
right where Angelique used to
leave 'em when she took a bath.

DIGGER
Okay then... that's it. She
must've left 'em there the night
she...
(beat)
...you know, the night of the
accident.

LOGAN
(becoming more excited)
NO! She didn't! I KNOW she
didn't! She forgot to put them on
the night of the party and I
reminded her.

TRACY
But did you SEE her put 'em on?

LOGAN tries to answer but can't make his mouth say what his
heart is feeling.

DIGGER
Did you physically SEE her put
them on and wear them to the party?

LOGAN
(racks brain, beat)
No! But... But... she HAD to!

TRACY

Logan...

LOGAN looks confused, desperate. He puts his hands on his head and slides down onto the couch.

LOGAN

It was our anniversary. She wouldn't go to that party without them.

DIGGER

Look Logan...

DIGGER sits down beside LOGAN.

DIGGER (CONT'D)

...you were late that night. You were both in a hurry. I KNOW because I was on the phone with you, remember? The fact is, Angelique simply rushed out of the house without picking them up.

LOGAN

(shakes head)

No.

TRACY

That has to be it, Logan.

LOGAN buries his face in his hands.

DIGGER

Look, you're just confused. When you're under the kind of stress you've been under... sometimes the mind paints a pretty messed-up picture.

LOGAN raises up.

LOGAN

What'd you say?

DIGGER

I said you're under a lot of stress...

LOGAN

No!

Suddenly LOGAN is wildly animated.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
THE PAINTING!!! OH MAN -- THE
PAINTING!!!

LOGAN jumps up and runs for the door. Confused, DIGGER calls after him.

DIGGER
What painting??

029 EXT. LOGAN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

LOGAN's CAR pulls up and SCREECHES to a halt. LOGAN jumps out.

Another CAR pulls up right behind. DIGGER and TRACY get out of it, still in their pajamas and robes.

A third CAR is already in the driveway. ROY, LILITH and DENISE are there. They rush up to LOGAN, DIGGER and TRACY.

LILITH
(panicked)
Logan, what's going on???

LOGAN
What are you guys doing here?

DIGGER
I called 'em.

LOGAN
Good. They should see this too.

LOGAN then rushes to the front door. The others quickly follow.

030-A INT. LOGAN'S FOYER - NIGHT

LOGAN bursts through the door and rushes down the hallway. The others are behind him.

030-B INT. ANGELIQUE'S ART STUDIO - NIGHT

LOGAN flings the door to the studio open and turns on the light. Without looking inside, he turns to the others.

LOGAN
(excited)
THERE! SEE??? The PAINTING!!!

LILITH, DENISE, ROY, TRACY and DIGGER look in the door at the easel.

ROY
(confused)
What about it???

LOGAN turns and looks at the painting on the easel.

It is no longer FINISHED -- it has returned to its original state as ANGELIQUE had left it -- just started, with a few patches of color on an otherwise empty white canvas.

LOGAN cannot believe what he's seeing.

He begins to laugh in a psychotic, almost lunatic way.

LOGAN slowly collapses to the floor, continuing to laugh -- a laughter that turns into tears.

031 INT. LOGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LILITH, TRACY, and ROY sit in various other chairs around the room. DENISE wanders aimlessly around the room, detached.

DIGGER enters the room.

DIGGER
He's just sitting in there,
staring at that canvas

Everyone looks very sad.

DIGGER takes a seat with TRACY.

ROY
(to LILITH)
Were you even gonna bother to tell
me what was going on?

LILITH
I didn't realize it was this bad.

ROY
'This bad'???
(shakes head)
My brother is a drooling mental
case, and my own WIFE can't take
five minutes out of her busy
schedule to leave me a note about
it on the damned refrigerator!

LILITH
(to ROY)
What difference would it have
made? It's not like you ever
listen to what anybody's trying to
tell you anyway, Roy!

DENISE starts to seethe.

ROY
(to LILITH, angry)
How would you know??! You never
TALK to me anymore!

LILITH bristles as ROY stands and points his finger in LILITH's
face.

ROY (CONT'D)
You shut me out a long time ago,
Lilith, and using my brother
against me like this is just
another example...

LILITH
DON'T YOU DARE!!! Do NOT flatter
yourself thinking that my feelings
for Logan have ANYTHING to do with
punishing YOU...

TRACY puts her head in her hands, realizing the huge mistake
LILITH has just made.

ROY
(shocked)
'FEELINGS FOR LOGAN?!' What the
hell is THAT supposed to mean??!!

DENISE

(screams)

SHUT UP!!! I AM SO SICK OF THIS!!!
I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!!!

(to ROY)

YOU... it's all about you feeling
sorry for yourself. Thinking that
you were never good enough. That
you couldn't live up to your
brother's reputation. Well that's
just SAD. You're supposed to be
an adult. You're supposed to be
MY FATHER... but I can't even TALK
to you anymore because I'm afraid
I'll say something that's gonna
hurt your PRECIOUS FEELINGS!!!

LILITH

See, Roy...

DENISE

And YOU, MOTHER...

(to LILITH)

...don't think for a minute that I
don't feel it. The way you shut me
out... the way you shut EVERYONE
out... You're so cold, so
detached. And I KNOW WHY!! It's
because this family was never what
you wanted.

LILITH

(sternly)

Denise!

DENISE

Dad and I are just a CONSOLATION
PRIZE, aren't we?!

LILITH

Shut up!

DENISE

You're in love with Uncle Logan
and you always have been!

LILITH slaps DENISE across the face. DENISE returns the favor.
They stare coldly at one another before DENISE turns and runs
out the door.

ROY is shocked.

ROY
(to LILITH)
It's true isn't it?

LILITH turns away from ROY.

ROY (CONT'D)
Everything makes sense now...
(long pause, SIGH)
Jeez Lilith... What did you do?

ROY leaves, SLAMMING the door.

LILITH begins to CRY, finally collapsing into a nearby chair.

DIGGER is silent for a long while, not believing the scene he just witnessed.

DIGGER
Well THAT was interesting.

LILITH
Shut up, DOUG!

DIGGER winces at the use of his given name, and dutifully shuts up. TRACY puts her arm around him comfortingly.

After a few moments, DIGGER stands.

DIGGER
(to LILITH)
Look, I'll call you a cab. Then
I'll hang out here to make sure
Logan's okay.

LILITH
No. Logan needs you at the office
now more than ever. You should go
home and get some sleep. I'll
sleep here.

DIGGER cuts her a questioning look.

LILITH (CONT'D)
In the guest room, Dig.
(beat)
It's not the first time. I've
even got some clothes here.

LILITH (CONT'D)

(sadly)

It's not like I have anywhere else
to go.

TRACY steps forward.

TRACY

I can stay.

DIGGER

No. The last thing we need is
some rumor going around work about
you sleeping over at the boss's
house.

TRACY realizes that DIGGER is right.

TRACY

(to LILITH)

Do you need any help getting him
upstairs?

LILITH

No, I'll manage. I'll get the
guest room made up first and then
I'll get Logan up to his room.

DIGGER

Okay. Call me if you need anything.

LILITH nods.

LILITH

Thanks.

DIGGER and TRACY leave.

031-A INT. ANGELIQUE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

LOGAN is still sitting on the floor, staring at his hand.

On the index finger of his right hand is a smudge of BLUE PAINT
-- from where LOGAN touched the newly finished painting and
found it was still wet.

LOGAN looks at the paint smudge and smiles to himself. He HUMS
the little TUNE that ANGELIQUE used to hum when she was painting.

032-A INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark and quiet.

LOGAN lies on his back in bed, the covers pulled to his chest. His hands are folded on top of the covers. His eyes are closed, and he still has that smile on his face.

He begins to dream...

032-B INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

LOGAN is dreaming about the last time he and ANGELIQUE were together -- the night of their anniversary party.

He watches her through the partly opened bedroom door as she stands before the full length mirror.

He approaches her. Surprises her.

She draws him to the bed. She begins to fall backward, with him following her.

Suddenly, it is no longer ANGELIQUE on the bed with him -- it's LILITH!

LILITH
I love you Logan!

032-C INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN sits bolt upright in the bed, awakening from the dream. In the moment of waking, he calls out.

LOGAN
LILITH!

He is drenched in sweat, breathing heavily. Then he realizes he was just dreaming.

LILITH appears in the doorway, wearing a nightgown -- looking very attractive.

LILITH
Logan?
(beat)
Are you alright?

She approaches the bed slowly.

LOGAN
Yeah. I'm fine.

She continues to come closer, until she is standing right beside the bed.

LILITH
Are you sure? Can I get you anything?

LOGAN stares at her face, her body. LILITH puts one knee up on the bed.

Suddenly LOGAN sees a movement behind LILITH in the dark. And then a glow.

IT'S ANGELIQUE!

Her ghostly form glows as it hovers behind LILITH. She has a troubled, hurt look upon her face.

ANGELIQUE's ghost moves closer.

ANGELIQUE
Logan... I need you. Please Logan! Come to me!

LILITH does not hear ANGELIQUE's voice.

LOGAN
Angelique!

LILITH is confused.

LOGAN reaches toward ANGELIQUE'S ghost.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Angelique!

Confused, LILITH turns to look behind her. In that very instant, ANGELIQUE disappears, and LILITH sees nothing.

She turns back to LOGAN.

LILITH
Logan, sweetie... it was just a dream.

But LOGAN is scrambling out of the bed. He grabs LILITH by the arm.

LILITH (CONT'D)
(shocked)
LOGAN!

032-D INT. LOGAN'S FOYER - NIGHT

LOGAN is dragging LILITH down the stairs and towards the front door. He has her coat and purse in his other hand.

LILITH is confused.

LILITH (CONT'D)
Logan, what are you doing?

LOGAN
You have to leave.

LILITH
What?

LOGAN flings the front door open. He grabs LILITH by the shoulders.

LOGAN
You can't be here. Not in her house. This is wrong.

LILITH
Logan, what are you talking about?
What's going on???

LOGAN
You have to LEAVE!

LOGAN pushes LILITH out of door and tosses her coat and purse after her.

032-E EXT. LOGAN'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

LILITH lands hard on the front step. Her coat and purse land beside her.

She scrambles to her feet as LOGAN slams the door behind her. She begins pounding on the door.

LILITH
(through the door)
LOGAN! What's going on???

No answer.

LILITH (CONT'D)
LOGAN!!!

There is no reply.

At length, she stops beating on the door and collapses into a heap on the stoop.

She reaches into her purse and retrieves her cell phone. She dials a few numbers, then listens while putting on her coat to cover her nightgown.

LILITH (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes... I need a cab at 14275
Autumn Lane.
(listens)
Okay... I'll be outside.

She hangs up the phone and leans back against the front door of the house.

She begins to cry.

032-F INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOGAN moves frantically about the room looking for ANGELIQUE.

LOGAN
Angelique??? ANGELIQUE???

But she is not there.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Angelique... come back. I need
you!

At length, LOGAN sits forlornly on the edge of the bed.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I need you...

Sadly, Logan realizes that he is all alone.

033-A EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

LOGAN is standing at ANGELIQUE's grave. For a long while he just stands looking down at the grave with a look of immense sadness in his eyes.

At length, he kneels down and places a single red rose on her grave. He remains kneeling, lost in his emotions.

LOGAN

Come back to me, Angelique.
Please. I need you.

We see POV of someone approaching LOGAN from behind.

A woman's hand suddenly falls on LOGAN's shoulder.

He is startled and jumps up, spinning around to face the person behind him.

It is a woman. Someone he does not know.

SHARON

Oh! I'm sorry, Logan. I didn't
mean to startle you.

Her voice is soft, comforting. LOGAN does not speak.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You don't remember me, do you?

She extends her hand.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I'm Sharon Henderson. I'm the
choir director at the church. We
met a couple of times when you
came to services with Angelique.
Christmas, I think...

LOGAN nods and shakes her hand.

LOGAN

Yeah... I remember you.
(beat)
Sorry. I was just...

SHARON

I know. Me too. I was visiting my husband. He's buried just over there.

Points to another grave some distance away.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I saw you here and I just wanted to speak to you and tell you how sorry I am about Angelique. We all miss her so much.

LOGAN

Thanks. I appreciate that.

SHARON

I know what you're going through. I lost Stan suddenly too -- a heart attack. Two years ago last month.

(beat)

There were times when I didn't think I was going to make it.

LOGAN

I know that feeling.

SHARON

If there's anything I can do to help you...

CUT TO:

033-B EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

LOGAN and SHARON walk among the gravestones, talking.

LOGAN

So you don't think I'm crazy?

SHARON

No, of course not.

LOGAN

My shrink still thinks that my mind is playing tricks on me.

SHARON

What do you think?

LOGAN

(sighs)

I don't know. I don't know what to think anymore.

SHARON

I know. Right after Stan died, I kept having these strange sensations that he was still around me. I felt like I could almost reach out and touch him. It was sort of spooky.... but somehow it was also very comforting.

(beat)

But I never actually SAW him...

They stop walking and LOGAN turns to face SHARON.

LOGAN

Sharon, do you believe in the afterlife?

SHARON is surprised by the question.

SHARON

Of course I do, Logan.

(beat)

Why do you ask?

LOGAN

I don't know.

(beat)

I guess it's just ironic. Angelique was always trying to drag me to church and get me to talk about where we go when we die. I always fought it...

(beat)

Now that she's gone, it's all I can think about.

SHARON

Logan, I know that Angelique was a good Christian. She's at peace now. She's with God and she's happy.

LOGAN

But see, that's just it. If what the Bible says is true, then someone like Angelique would be in Paradise, right?

SHARON

Of course.

LOGAN

No pain or fear... or loneliness.

SHARON

I don't understand. What's this about, Logan.

LOGAN

Why would she need to come back?

SHARON

Logan...

LOGAN

(becoming emotional)

I was listening to this radio show last night. They were talking about how when people die, their bodies are instantly transported to the end of time. That everyone who ever lived is right there with them -- all together -- facing the final judgment...

SHARON listens, nodding.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

If that's true... then Angelique and I are already together on the other side, right? So why would she need to come back for me?

SHARON

Logan... you've just been imagining things, okay? You have to realize that...

LOGAN

If I'm already there with her,
then what reason would she have to
bring me over to the other side?

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Unless.. Unless she's NOT in
Paradise... Or... or maybe I'm
not there with her....

SHARON

LOGAN! Don't!

(beat)

Look... I don't know what's going
on. But I do know this --
Angelique is in Heaven singing
with the angels.

(she leans closer to

Logan)

She's NOT visiting you. And she
isn't trying to take you with her.

(beat)

You're only being haunted by her
memory.

LOGAN sighs, but remains unconvinced.

SHARON puts a comforting hand on LOGAN's arm.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You can believe that what the
Bible says is true. You just have
to have faith.

(beat)

It's going to get better. I
promise. Just give it some time.

LOGAN sighs and shakes his head.

LOGAN

(upset)

I'm going crazy.

(beat)

My shrink says there's a reason
why all of this is happening.

(beat)

I've got to find out what that
reason is.

LOGAN turns away and walks off, leaving SHARON standing there looking after him sadly.

034-A EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THELMA'S HOUSE - DAY

LOGAN is sitting in his car, parked in front of a house. He looks at the house intently.

There is a sign out front which reads 'PSYCHIC READER THELMA LASHLEY.'

LOGAN gets out of the car and approaches the front door of the house. Before he can knock, THELMA opens the door, dressed in her TV psychic Gypsy garb.

THELMA
Come in. I've been expecting you.

LOGAN walks inside. THELMA shuts the door.

034-B INT. THELMA'S HOUSE - DAY

LOGAN is sitting across a table from THELMA, who is lighting some sticks of INCENSE and a CANDLE on the table.

THELMA (CONT'D)
So you lost someone... someone you still long for... and who still longs for you.

LOGAN
My wife. She's dead.

THELMA
There is no 'dead'. She is merely departed.
(she blows out the match)
She calls out to you, yes?

LOGAN nods.

THELMA takes up a pack of TAROT CARDS and begins dealing them face up on the table in front of her. She deals several before she speaks again.

THELMA (CONT'D)

She wants you to join her.

(reads and flips cards)

She is calling you to come to her.

She longs for you.

THELMA (CONT'D)

(reads more cards)

She wants to take you with her to the other side. But if you go with her, you will leave this life forever.

LOGAN

So what am I supposed to do?

THELMA eyes him curiously. She deals a few more cards.

THELMA

Decide. Which world do you wish to inhabit?

(beat)

Do you want to be with her?

LOGAN nods.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Then the choice is clear. There is only one door. Only you may pass through it.

LOGAN

But how? How do I pass through it?

(beat)

Suicide???

THELMA shakes her head.

THELMA

No. That kind of death is not the answer.

LOGAN

So what then?

THELMA

She will come to you again. You must be ready.

She fixes LOGAN with a hard look.

THELMA (CONT'D)

You must be certain that this is what you want.

THELMA resumes dealing the cards in front of her.

THELMA (CONT'D)

When she comes to you again, you must let her take you into her icy cold embrace... it is the only way.

LOGAN

'Icy embrace?' But she's not cold...

THELMA stops dealing the cards and looks at him, shocked.

THELMA

What?

LOGAN

I touched her and she felt hot to me. Very hot. It burned me.

THELMA is too shocked by this to speak for a moment.

THELMA

No!

(gathers her wits)

No no no -- that is not possible! The spirits -- they are always accompanied by the cold.

LOGAN

(confused)

But it's true. She felt hot.

A look of panic crosses THELMA's face. She quickly gathers the cards.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

What's wrong? What do you see?

THELMA

(dismayed, to herself)

She was hot....? Hot....?

A look of realization comes to her eyes, as if she has just had a shocking epiphany.

THELMA (CONT'D)
(stern, fearful)
You do not belong here.

LOGAN
But you said you were expecting me.

THELMA
You must leave now.

LOGAN does not understand.

LOGAN
Why? What is it? What's wrong?

THELMA
Get out!

LOGAN
But I don't--

THELMA gets to her feet and practically drags LOGAN to the front door. She flings the door open.

THELMA
GET OUT!!!!

THELMA pushes a confused LOGAN out of the house. The door SLAMS shut behind him.

035 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THELMA'S HOUSE - DAY

LOGAN stands on the sidewalk outside of THELMA's house, looking at the closed door in bewilderment.

He turns to cross the street and runs smack into the PREACHER.

PREACHER
You still have not found the answer.

LOGAN
(surprised)
What the hell???

PREACHER
Only Luke can give you the answer you seek.

LOGAN grabs the PREACHER by the collar.

LOGAN
(angry)
Look... If you know the answer,
then TELL me!

The PREACHER is not flustered.

PREACHER
Whosoever shall seek to save his
life shall lose it...

He leans closer to LOGAN's face.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
...and whosoever shall lose his
life shall preserve it.

LOGAN lets go of the PREACHER and takes a few steps back in
dismay.

LOGAN
I-- I don't understand!!! WHAT
DOES IT MEAN????

Suddenly a CAR HORN BLARES.

LOGAN spins around to see that he has stepped into the street
and a CAR is heading right for him. He JUMPS out of the way at
the last possible moment.

LOGAN lands on the sidewalk as the car speeds away. He picks
himself up, brushes himself off.

He looks around, but the PREACHER has vanished.

DR. SELPH (V/O)
Logan please... calm down.

036 INT. DR. SELPH'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. SELPH sits in her chair as before, her hair in a tight bun,
her glasses on, a notepad and pencil in her hand. LOGAN has
been pacing the office nervously, and now PLOPS down on the
couch, still quite agitated.

LOGAN

(agitated)

CALM??? How can I be CALM??? The ghost of my dead wife is haunting me. I've got an evangelist telling me I have to die to live. And some nut case TV psychic tells me I don't even BELONG in this world!

DR. SELPH

You're safe here, Logan.

LOGAN

Yeah, right. I got cars trying to run me down. Everyone I know's acting crazy. My WHOLE WORLD's coming unglued...

DR. SELPH says nothing, but is totally focused on LOGAN.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(calming a bit)

Look, Doc... I don't know what's going on anymore. I don't even know why I came here.

DR. SELPH

(calming)

Don't you?

LOGAN

No... I don't.

(beat)

It's just... I don't know. The way I see it, either I'm being haunted by a ghost and everybody in the world is starting to go crazy... or I'M the one who's crazy, and I REALLY need to be locked up!

LOGAN lies on the couch exhausted, staring up at the ceiling.

DR. SELPH

And which do you think is the more likely scenario?

LOGAN

(sighs)

At this point, I'm not sure.
Maybe you should tell me.

DR. SELPH

Is that what you'd like? Would
you like for me to declare once
and for all that you're insane?

She gives LOGAN time to chew on this.

DR. SELPH (CONT'D)

It would be so much easier for
you, wouldn't it? To simply be
locked away in a padded cell,
being treated and drugged and
diagnosed until someone finally
pronounced you 'cured'. To just
give responsibility for your
emotional health over to someone
else. But it's not that simple.

As DR. SELPH continues to talk, her demeanor begins to change.
She becomes softer, more feminine.

DR. SELPH (CONT'D)

Logan, you've suffered an
extremely traumatic loss in your
life -- two of them, in fact.
Your wife and your child.

DR. SELPH removes her GLASSES and sets them on the TABLE beside
her.

DR. SELPH (CONT'D)

To make matters worse, you've
suddenly found that everything
that once held value in your life
-- your career, your money, your
material possessions -- are now
meaningless to you.

DR. SELPH takes her hair down from its tight bun. Her voice
becomes softer, lower, richer. She unbuttons the top two
buttons of her blouse as she continues talking. LOGAN is
mesmerized.

DR. SELPH (CONT'D)

You've begun to become aware of the affections and attentions of some of the other women in your life.

DR. SELPH moves to sit on the edge of the couch, close beside LOGAN. As she talks, she places her hand on his thigh.

DR. SELPH (CONT'D)

This awareness causes feelings of guilt -- feelings that are so strong that your mind begins to fabricate this ghost -- this spirit of Angelique -- to keep your emotions in check by making you feel as though you are being unfaithful to her.

She leans closer.

LOGAN

What are you doing?

DR. SELPH

Logan, you have to face the cold, hard truth.

(beat)

Angelique is gone. She died in the accident. She has left this world...

DR. SELPH leans forward, as if she intends to kiss LOGAN.

CUT TO a TIGHT SHOT of LOGAN's face. When DR. SELPH's face comes into the frame, we can see that it is no longer DR. SELPH -- it is ANGELIQUE!

ANGELIQUE

...and she's NOT coming back.

LOGAN totally FREAKS OUT!

With a cry of shock and fear, he LEAPS up from the couch to a standing position, WHIRLS around...

...and sees that DR. SELPH never left her chair. She is still sitting there, glasses on, buttons buttoned, hair in a tight bun -- and she is looking at LOGAN as if he's suddenly lost his mind.

DR. SELPH
Logan, what's wrong?

LOGAN
(extremely agitated)
I've gotta get outta here.

LOGAN rushes out of the office.

DR. SELPH
(calls out to LOGAN)
But you still have twenty minutes
left!

037 INT. DR. SELPH'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

LOGAN exits the office and heads out into the waiting room, where there are several WOMEN, all eyeing LOGAN longingly. They stand and begin to move toward LOGAN.

In a panic, LOGAN rushes out.

038 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DR. SELPH'S BUILDING - DAY

LOGAN leaves the building. More BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, all seemingly hot for him, look toward him and turn in his direction.

039 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

LOGAN gets into his car and pulls out of the parking area. Every woman in the area is eyeing him longingly.

040 EXT. STREET #2 - DAY

LOGAN drives slowly. WOMEN everywhere are fixated on him, drawn to him. He hears his PULSE pounding in his head. He is SWEATING. He steps on the gas.

Suddenly, with a loud WHOOSH, the SUN SETS in an unnaturally fast manner.

041 INT. LOGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

In the blink of an eye, LOGAN suddenly finds himself driving on the same road where the accident occurred.

His headlights illuminate a handmade sign attached to a telephone pole by the side of the road. The sign says "Read John 3:16".

He starts to hear VOICES in his head.

JACK (V/O)

Don't ever let ANYTHING take this girl away from you!

ANGELIQUE (V/O)

Logan, if you had to decide... between the money and the power... or your family... Which would you choose?

LOGAN speeds up.

Suddenly, a bright light fills up the car. Even though he's driving fast, it's as if the car, maybe even the world, is moving in slow motion.

ANGELIQUE (O/S)

Which would you choose?

LOGAN jumps at the nearness of ANGELIQUE's voice. He turns to the passenger seat, completely taking his eyes off the road. ANGELIQUE, bathed in the white light, is sitting next to him.

LOGAN

Angelique!

ANGELIQUE

Come with me, Logan.

LOGAN

Where?

CUTAWAY: FLASHBACK to dream sequence at picnic.

ANGELIQUE

Just trust me.

Return to inside of LOGAN's car.

LOGAN starts to reach for her.

POV of the car barreling down the road.

LOGAN reaching.

POV of the car.

Reaching.

Interior of the car. Suddenly ANGELIQUE is no longer there -- the passenger seat is occupied by LILITH. She grabs his hand.

LILITH
Logan, NO!

LOGAN
Lilith?!

LILITH
Don't do it! Don't give in to her!

LOGAN is confused. He looks around for ANGELIQUE.

LILITH (CONT'D)
She's DEAD, Logan! And she wants
YOU dead too! Can't you see
that??? You have to FIGHT her!
Don't give in! Stay here with me!

LILITH takes both of LOGAN's hands in hers, holding them tightly.

LOGAN looks down at her hands holding his, and something starts to click in his mind. He begins to remember things people have said.

THELMA (V/O)
The spirits -- they are always
accompanied by the cold.

LOGAN (V/O)
But she's not cold... She felt
hot to me.

THELMA (V/O)
(stern, fearful)
You do not belong here!

LILITH (V/O)
Are you feeling okay? You feel
hot.

LOGAN (V/O)
I'm not hot. Your hands are cold.

And suddenly everything makes sense.

LOGAN
Oh my God...

LILITH
(screaming)
OMIGOD!!!

LOGAN looks at LILITH, who is looking ahead of them in horror.

Suddenly, everything is moving at normal speed again. Dead ahead, a TRUCK is bearing down on the car, its HORN BLARING.

LOGAN throws his hands across his face as LILITH SCREAMS!

LILITH
(screams)
LOGAN!!!

QUICK FADE TO WHITE.

FADE IN:

042 INT. HELL

LOGAN is standing in the room in Hell that he was in before, but now it looks as if it has been unoccupied for a long, long time. The TABLE he was strapped to stands empty now. A thin MIST fills the air. All is quiet, like a tomb.

LOGAN hears the voice of the PREACHER echoing in his mind.

PREACHER (V/O)
(echoes)
Whosoever shall seek to save his
life shall lose it; and whosoever
shall lose his life shall preserve
it.

Then he remembers another voice, another conversation.

DEVIL (V/O)
(echoes)
It's my experience that people
wind up EXACTLY where they CHOOSE
to be.

LOGAN (V/O)
(echoes)
Where's my wife?

DEVIL (V/O)
(echoes)
(disgusted with LOGAN)
She is exactly where she BELONGS!

LOGAN slowly walks around the table which once held him. He touches the straps, remembering how they held him fast.

ANGELIQUE (V/O)
(echoes)
Come to me Logan!

LOGAN whirls around, but no one is there. Was it another memory? Or is ANGELIQUE near? He scans the room quickly, but he is all alone.

After a moment he hears a voice behind him.

LILITH (O/S)
It's alright, Logan. I'm here.

LOGAN turns and sees LILITH standing nearby. She is wearing the NIGHTGOWN she wore at his house. She looks very attractive.

She takes a step closer to him, reaching out her hand.

LILITH (CONT'D)
Come to me, Logan. Now we can
finally be together.

LOGAN takes a step backward in shock, shaking his head in dismay.

LILITH lowers her hand sadly and stands looking at LOGAN.

LOGAN hears another voice.

TRACY (O/S)
I'm ready, Logan...

Nearby, LOGAN's secretary sits in an office chair. She is skimpily dressed and holds her notepad in her hand.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I've always been ready. Just tell me what you want. I'm here.

LOGAN's mind reels. He staggers backward.

Suddenly the SHE-DEVIL appears, the ORNATE KNIFE in her hand, dripping BLOOD.

SHE-DEVIL

Are you comfortable Mr. Foster???

She LAUGHS MANIACALLY. LOGAN takes a step backwards.

Next to appear is THELMA LASHLEY.

THELMA

You can stay here, Logan. You can have it all.

(beat)

I will give it all to you.

And then DR. SELPH appears. But she looks completely different -- very loose and free, not so conservative.

DR. SELPH

It's all you ever wanted, Logan. All ANYONE ever wanted. All you have to do is reach out and take it.

LOGAN is extremely agitated. He takes several steps backwards away from the group of women, who are advancing slowly towards him.

Then SHARON HENDERSON appears, looking exactly the way she looked at the cemetery.

SHARON

You can believe that what the Bible says is true. You just have to have faith.

LOGAN stares at SHARON, unable to comprehend what is happening. Then he hears a voice behind him.

PREACHER

Do you have the rings?

LOGAN turns to find the PREACHER standing near him, a BIBLE in his hand.

Bewildered, LOGAN slowly reaches into his pocket and pulls out ANGELIQUE's WEDDING RINGS. He holds them in the palm of his hand.

The PREACHER opens his BIBLE in front of him, as if officiating at a ceremony.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Do you, Logan, take this woman,
Angelique, to be your lawfully
wedded wife, to have and to hold
from this day forward...

All the other women crowd close in on LOGAN, pressing themselves against him, caressing him.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

...to love her, honor her, and
cherish her for better or for
worse, for richer or for poorer,
in sickness and in health, and
forsaking all others, promise to
remain faithful only unto her for
as long as you both shall live?

The women are becoming more agitated now, making moaning sounds.

LOGAN looks at them, then back at the PREACHER, unsure of what to do.

He hears the voice of SHARON HENDERSON once again in his mind.

SHARON (V/O)

(echoes)

You just have to have faith.

LOGAN looks at the PREACHER. He takes a deep breath.

LOGAN

I do.

A great CRY OF ANGUISH arises from the women.

And then suddenly they are gone.

The PREACHER smiles at LOGAN.

PREACHER

Then by the power vested in me by
Almighty God, I now pronounce you
husband and wife.

LOGAN becomes aware of a BRILLIANT WHITE GLOW beside him. He
looks, and there stands ANGELIQUE. She is smiling.

ANGELIQUE

Come to me Logan. I need you!

LOGAN reaches out his hands to her, a look of utter peace upon
his face.

LOGAN takes the rings and places them on ANGELIQUE's finger.
She smiles.

PREACHER

(smiling, softly)
You may kiss the bride!

LOGAN takes ANGELIQUE in his arms. Again, she is very hot to
the touch, but he refuses to let her go. They embrace warmly,
and then he kisses her.

Everything FADES into a BRILLIANT WHITE.

FADE INTO:

043 INT. LOGAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM #2 - DAY

Slowly resolve on the face of ANGELIQUE.

ANGELIQUE

(whispers)
Come back to me, Logan.

The image becomes clearer.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

(whispers)
Come back to me, Logan. I need
you.

ANGELIQUE suddenly realizes that LOGAN has awakened. Her hand
flies to her mouth in amazement and joy.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Logan?!

LOGAN slowly awakens, as if from a long, long sleep.

ANGELIQUE is thrilled! TEARS come to her eyes.

She HUGS LOGAN and begins peppering his face with kisses.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Logan! You're back! I KNEW you'd
come back! I KNEW it.

(she looks heavenward)

Thank you! Oh God, Thank you!!

ANGELIQUE continues to kiss and hug LOGAN.

LOGAN is able to see that she is now very much pregnant.
Slowly, with great effort, LOGAN raises his hand to touch
ANGELIQUE's cheek, and then her swollen belly. He SMILES.

LOGAN then notices that the TV in the room is on. The PREACHER
who spoke to LOGAN is on the air, giving a sermon.

PREACHER

(on TV)

There is no greater truth that I
can share with you today than this
one simple passage... "For God so
loved the world, that he gave his
only begotten Son, that whosoever
believeth in him should not
perish, but have everlasting
life." YOU have been given that
everlasting life in order that you
might live it abundantly.

A tranquil expression comes over LOGAN's face. He is at peace.

044 INT. LOGAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM #2 - DAY

LOGAN is dressed sitting on the edge of the bed in his street
clothes and his BAG is packed. ANGELIQUE sits in a chair in the
corner of the room, sleeping. She is clutching a BIBLE.

DR. HUNTER is speaking to LOGAN. They talk softly so as not to
wake ANGELIQUE.

DR. HUNTER
So, are you ready to go home,
Logan?

LOGAN
(smiles)
You know it, Doc.

LOGAN looks at ANGELIQUE and smiles. DR. HUNTER looks at her as well.

DR. HUNTER
I see she finally got some shut-eye.

LOGAN
Yeah.

DR. HUNTER
We've all been pretty worried about her around here. A woman in her condition... as upset as she was...

LOGAN
I know.

DR. HUNTER
But she refused to go home. She just sat by your bed... holding that Bible. Praying night and day. And talking to you -- always talking to you.

LOGAN looks upon his wife with joy and devotion. Still sleeping, she stirs a bit but maintains her grip on her Bible.

DR. HUNTER (CONT'D)
As much as I'd like to take credit for this, Logan, we did about all we could to help you.
(points Heavenward with his thumb)
I think somebody up there wanted you to stick around.

LOGAN smiles and nods.

LOGAN
Yeah... I think you're right.

(beat)
Guess I'd better start paying more
attention to that 'somebody'.

DR. HUNTER
I'd recommend it.

DR. HUNTER extends his hand. LOGAN shakes it firmly.

DR. HUNTER (CONT'D)
Now go home and take care of your
family.

Both men smile warmly.

LOGAN
Thanks, Doctor Hunter. I will.

DR. HUNTER exits.

CUT TO:

045 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

LOGAN is being pushed in a wheelchair by an ORDERLY. ANGELIQUE is by his side, carrying his bag in one hand and holding LOGAN's hand with the other. They are heading for the exit. LOGAN has been discharged.

ANGELIQUE is HUMMING the same tune she hummed while painting -- the start of a 'new project'.

They pass a DOCTOR and NURSE who are walking the opposite direction. After they pass, the DOCTOR and NURSE turn and watch them go.

We see that they are the same DOCTOR and NURSE we saw when LOGAN 'awoke' the first time in a hospital room -- the same people who were the DEVIL and SHE-DEVIL. They were also the odd guests at the anniversary party.

We cut back to LOGAN and ANGELIQUE going down the hall, now in slow motion. The DOCTOR and NURSE watch them with great interest.

LOGAN and ANGELIQUE continue toward the exit.

We look again, and the DOCTOR and NURSE are now both wearing pure white, and are bathed in an brilliant white glow. They

appear angelic as they watch LOGAN and ANGELIQUE leave the hospital.

They smile benevolently. Then they turn and walk down the corridor into a BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT which engulfs them.

FADE TO WHITE.

THE END