



## **DEEP SIX**

by

Shane Kuhn & Brendan Cowles

**CONTACT: BRAD MENDELSON**  
**CIRCLE OF CONFUSION**  
**Los Angeles**  
8548 Washington Boulevard  
Culver City, CA 90232  
(310) 253-7777

**BLACK SCREEN--**

SCREEN FLICKERS and TURNS ON. IT'S A CAMCORDER. LENS focuses:

**INT. DARK APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

GRIFFIN BLACK (20's) sits on the edge of a thrift store futon. Black mop of hair. Youthful face. The piercing eyes of an old soul, and a slightly manic disposition from thoughts moving much faster than words can be formed.

And he is a hot mess.

Shirtless and sweating like a rockstar on a coke bender. His body is covered with ELECTRODES hooked to wires.

He checks the CAMCORDER to make sure it's recording. Tries to breath. Tries to relax --

GRIFFIN

(twitchy)

Uh, Hi.

(rolls his eyes)

Hi? What the hell is that? Jesus.

Starting over...

(composes himself)

My name is Griffin Black. It is...

(looks at watch)

April 11. 12:25 am. I am at my apartment. Lower East Side. Manhattan.

He hits some keys on his LAPTOP. A strange looking MACHINE next to his bed LIGHTS UP. It has THREE LONG TUBES full of colored LIQUID. He looks back into the camera lens.

GRIFFIN

Tonight. I'm going to die.

He raises the camcorder up on the tripod and points it down at the bed. Lies down. Takes a long deep breath.

GRIFFIN

And I'm going to get it all on tape.

Typing laptop keys. More MACHINES fire up. One is a HEART MONITOR, sounding out his fast RABBIT BEATS.

GRIFFIN

When my heart stops, my brain can survive for six minutes without oxygen. Then it will begin to die.

Takes a beat. Heart rate slows down a bit. Composes himself.

GRIFFIN

Doctors call this the deep six.

(punches some keys)

In that time, my laptop will record everything. Video, vital functions, brainwave activity.

Stops for a moment. Takes in the gravity of what he's saying.

GRIFFIN

Time to say goodbye.

Presses a KEY. The strange MACHINE hisses and the first tube  
EMPTIES --

GRIFFIN

I have just activated my drug  
delivery mechanism.

He starts to shiver uncontrollably. His lips turn blue.

GRIFFIN

It's... starting. First drug  
induces hypo...thermia. To stop  
my...

His eyes roll back in his head. He starts convulsing. His arm  
hits the laptop. Knocks it to the floor. THE LAPTOP SHATTERS.

His jerking foot kicks the camera tripod. Camera falls on its  
side and picture GLITCHES, going in and out of STATIC.

As it captures a few blurry seconds of his feet dangling over  
the edge of the bed, the heart monitor --

FLATLINES.

His feet go limp. Picture turns to STATIC and we --

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

**EXT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - MORNING**

Ugly gray day. Threatening sky. The sound of another HEART  
MONITOR FLATLINING is heard.

OVER PICTURE: "48 HOURS EARLIER"

**INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

Griffin, dressed in his ORDERLY UNIFORM, watches from the doorway as DOCTORS and NURSES surround an ELDERLY WOMAN coding in her last moments of life.

Doctors eventually give up and she is finally still. The doctor SWITCHES OFF the heart monitor.

Griffin looks up at the ceiling above the woman for a long beat, then steps out.

**INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPICE CENTER/PATIENT ROOM - DAY**

RAYMOND TODD (73) is staring at a CHESS BOARD. Griffin walks in and sits across from him.

RAYMOND  
Morning dummy.

GRIFFIN  
What's up Ray?

RAYMOND  
Not my pecker, I can tell you that.  
Who croaked? Wilson?

GRIFFIN  
Nah. He's getting a haircut.

RAYMOND  
That uppity bitch from Queens?

GRIFFIN  
Her name is Katherine.

Raymond looks out the window. His anger softens to despair.

RAYMOND  
Lucky girl.

He lights a joint and takes a monster hit.

GRIFFIN  
There's no smoking in here. You  
know that Ray.

RAYMOND  
What do I care? I'm a dead man  
anyway.

Griffin opens the window.

GRIFFIN  
The other patients don't like it.

                  RAYMOND  
To hell with 'em.

                  GRIFFIN  
Plus, your oxygen line could  
explode and blow your face off.

                  RAYMOND  
          (smiles)  
Now we're talking. Have to go with  
a closed casket but screw it,  
right?

Griffin allows him to take one more hit, which he holds until  
he's blue in the face, then Griffin puts the joint out.  
Raymond blows the smoke in Griffin's face.

                  GRIFFIN  
Bishop to King 7. Check mate.

Raymond looks at the chess board in disbelief. Sees that it's  
legit. Picks up his queen and throws it against the wall.

                  RAYMOND  
You're a real bastard kid!  
Most people would let the feeble  
old man dying of terminal brain  
cancer win. Not YOU.

Griffin smiles.

                  RAYMOND  
Guess that's why I like you dummy.

Griffin sees a few TEARS running down Raymond's face.

                  GRIFFIN  
Bad day?

                  RAYMOND  
The worst. Feels like the devil  
stuck a red hot poker up my ass and  
shoved it into my skull.

                  GRIFFIN  
Brought you something.

Griffin pulls out a sandwich baggy full of cookies.

RAYMOND  
What are you Betty friggin'  
Crocker?

GRIFFIN  
Betty Crocker never baked with THC  
clarified butter and Demerol laced  
chocolate chips.

Raymond smiles. His eyes brighten in appreciation.

RAYMOND  
When I see Jesus, I'm gonna tell  
him he's got some serious  
competition.

They laugh. Griffin hands him a cookie and he eats it quickly. Griffin pockets the baggy and hangs out. Ray starts to relax as the drugs do their work.

RAYMOND  
I'm scared man.

GRIFFIN  
I know.

RAYMOND  
What the hell's gonna happen to me?  
When I bite the big one...

GRIFFIN  
Good things. You'll see.

RAYMOND  
How the hell would you know? You've  
never even been laid.

Griffin laughs.

GRIFFIN  
Trust me. Think you can do that?

Ray takes a deep breath and smiles as the buzz kicks in.

RAYMOND  
Sure. Why not?  
(he takes Griffin's hand)  
Thanks kid. You're the only one  
around here... gives a shit...

He starts to drift off. Griffin gets up to leave. Ray grabs his hand harder.

RAYMOND  
Don't leave me kid. Don't...

He's out. Griffin makes sure his vitals are good, then covers him with more blankets and puts Raymond's Queen back where it was on the chess board when he first came in.

CUT TO:

**INT. BURNING HOUSE - NIGHT**

FIRE EVERYWHERE. CHOKING SMOKE. SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)  
(blood curdling)  
HELP! SOMEONE HELP ME!

She is COUGHING violently.

UNKNOWN POV--

Crawling on the floor, desperately trying to get to the girl. There is an EXPLOSION. She SCREAMS, this time IN PAIN. A MAN SCREAMS with her.

CUT TO:

**GRIFFIN--**

The SCREAMS are his. He is IN BED, having a NIGHTMARE. He wakes up, his face still filled with panic.

He looks at the clock on his night stand. 1:35 AM. Next to the clock is a FRAMED PHOTO of GRIFFIN'S FAMILY.

YOUNG GRIFFIN (10) stands with them, smiling in front of their big, beautiful Cape Cod style HOME.

Griffin rubs his eyes, shakes out the cobwebs. Sits up on the edge of the bed --

His BACK is covered with BURN SCARS.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

Griffin is eating a SANDWICH on a stool while SAL GARCIA (40's) removes the BRAIN from the open skull of a corpse. Griffin takes a closer look at the brain on the scale.

SAL

I been doing this 20 years and I can't even think of eating in here. How the hell do you do it, Griff?

GRIFFIN

The smell of formaldehyde really brings out the flavor of cold cuts.

SAL

You're loco. Most people who can't sleep take an Ambien or something.

GRIFFIN

Sleep is overrated. Never was a fan. Too much to do.

SAL

Like watching autopsies?

GRIFFIN

I told you, medicine fascinates me.

SAL

So go to medical school.

GRIFFIN

Already did.

SAL

Reading the entire Harvard syllabus doesn't count.

GRIFFIN

Actually, it was Pathophysiology and Clinical Diagnostics for Dummies.

Griffin throws on a pair of gloves. Picks up the brain.

SAL

Yo, don't be messing with that.

GRIFFIN

Want to know your cause of death?

SAL

I'd love it. I can get home in time for morning sex.

GRIFFIN

Thanks. That visual will be stuck in my head for days.



Griffin gently pulls back one of the lobes, revealing a small black spot that looks like a blood blister.

GRIFFIN

Intracerebral hemorrhage. Distended vessel pushed into the brainstem. Click. Out like a light. Most 3rd year residents wouldn't have caught that.

SAL

Son, you need to rotate out of this shit orderly gig and use that brain of yours for something better than mopping up piss and blood.

GRIFFIN

What's the point?

SAL

Here we go again.  
(quoting Griffin)  
"Everything is meaningless anyway."

GRIFFIN

Right. Besides, there aren't enough people willing to mop.

SAL

Better get yours because the bullshit's starting to pile up.

They laugh.

SAL

You need to get off this bummer trip, kid. Life is beautiful.

Sal goes back to his office. Griffin's smile disappears and he stares at the corpse for a long beat.

GRIFFIN

Then you die.

SAL'S OFFICE--

Sal is doing some paperwork. Yells out to Griffin --

SAL

Go out with my cousin Theresa!  
She's your age. Pretty hot. But you best mind your manners or I'll kick your ass. You want her number?

Griffin examines the corpse's HEART. Looks at Sal, smiles cynically. He hasn't even considered dating FOR A LONG TIME.

GRIFFIN

Oh... No thanks. Not really into dating. Usually something that complicated comes with a manual.

SAL

Then how are you ever going to find the one?

Griffins thinks about it.

GRIFFIN

Divine intervention. Either that or we'll be the last two on earth after the zombie apocalypse.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAWN**

We see the outside for the first time-- Run down brownstone in a very sketchy neighborhood.

**INT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Looks like Griffin is MOVING. FURNITURE is stacked and lined up along the wall. And the FURNITURE seems out of place. Too expensive and conservative for such a bohemian apartment.

Griffin is ASLEEP in front of his laptop, his head resting on his huge, ornately carved DESK.

MEDICAL BOOKS -- pages flagged and marked up -- are spread out everywhere.

Griffin's door buzzer BUZZES. He startles. BUZZER goes again.

GRIFFIN

Shit. OK! Who is it for Chrissakes?

Pissed, he whips the front door open.

BEATRICE CONRAD(20's) is standing in the doorway. Gorgeous in a hipster way. Big smile.

BEATRICE

I'm here for the sale.  
(she looks down at his...)  
Uh... bad time?

Griffin just now remembers that he is NAKED.

GRIFFIN

Clothes!

Runs back inside. Beatrice waits, peeks in, then steps inside. She looks around with the expert eye of a junk hunter, drooling at Griffin's stuff. Picks up a vase.

GRIFFIN

Excuse me. Please don't touch that.  
What are you doing in my apartment?

BEATRICE

You left the door open so...

GRIFFIN

So you just came in?

BEATRICE

I know. Weird right? It was kind of an impulsive move. Actually, I'm pretty surprised by it myself.

(beat)

I sound like a moron. Shouldn't have done that. Let's start over.  
Beatrice. Nice to meet you.

She holds out her hand. Griffin reluctantly shakes it and only now realizes just how beautiful she is. They hold the handshake a beat too long. Beatrice gives him the "and your name is...?" look.

GRIFFIN

Sorry. My name's Griffin. And the yard sale isn't until tomorrow.

BEATRICE

I know. I like to get a jump on the sales. You know what they say, the early bird gets the Roseville vase.

(Griffin doesn't get it)

Antique geek humor. I work at a vintage furniture shop.

GRIFFIN

You know, I'm actually kind of busy.

BEATRICE

(smiling)

Oh, are you always naked when you're busy?

GRIFFIN

When I need to think. Clothes can be a distraction. Like your perfume. It's making me nauseous.

BEATRICE

I don't wear perfume.

GRIFFIN

Must be on your handbag. Probably vintage right? Some old lady's bag, from the 50's or something... Very flowery scent with a half life of 100 years, give or take.

BEATRICE

That's right. Oddly impressive.

She puts her bag down by the window. Looks at the furniture.

BEATRICE

Wow. Amazing stuff. Are you a millionaire recluse or closet Martha Stewart?

GRIFFIN

Neither. It's all from my parents' vacation home in Cape Cod.

BEATRICE

(snooty caricature)

Fabulous darling. Make me a Bloody Mary and some cucumber sandwiches.

(off his look--)

Sorry, my impressions suck. I always sound like a leprechaun or a drunk smurf.

They laugh. He likes her. Again he stares a beat too long. She shifts uncomfortably. He snaps out of it.

GRIFFIN

So do you see anything you like?

BEATRICE

Um, yeah. Definitely. Your parents have excellent taste.

GRIFFIN

Had.

BEATRICE

Excuse me?

GRIFFIN  
They're dead.

                  BEATRICE  
Oh. I'm sorry.

                  GRIFFIN  
Me too.

Griffin drifts off for a beat.

                  BEATRICE  
Are you... okay?

                  GRIFFIN  
Yeah. I mean, it's just weird  
finally getting rid of all of this  
stuff. Lots of memories.

He walks over to a leather chair.

                  GRIFFIN  
Said my first word when my dad was  
reading to me in this chair.  
"Pancreas," apparently.

                  BEATRICE  
That's the best first word ever.

Griffin smiles. NO GIRL ever thought that was cool.

                  GRIFFIN  
He was a doctor. I used to love  
looking at his medical books, so  
he'd read them to me. Most kids ask  
for Green Eggs and Ham. I asked for  
Gray's Anatomy.

She raises an eyebrow. Smiles. He shows her a curio case.

                  GRIFFIN  
My mom used to fill this with me  
and my sister's artwork instead of  
fancy ceramic crap. She loved to  
see her society friends wrinkle  
their noses at it.

                  BEATRICE  
That's sweet. Where does sis live?

                  GRIFFIN  
Um, she died too.

She looks at him. Realizes now there was some tragedy.

BEATRICE  
 Sorry. Sorry I keep saying sorry.

GRIFFIN  
 It's okay. It's hard to know what  
 to say when someone tells you their  
 whole family was wiped out.

He notices she's a bit choked up, and wipes a TEAR off her  
 cheek. She smiles. Awkward moment. After a beat --

BEATRICE  
 So, why give all this stuff away  
 then? If it has so much meaning?

GRIFFIN  
 I'm going away. For awhile.

BEATRICE  
 Cool. Where are you going?

GRIFFIN  
 (thinks about it)  
 Not exactly sure yet. You want some  
 coffee?

BEATRICE  
 Love some.

While Griffin makes coffee, Beatrice walks around, then noses  
 up to his bedroom door and peaks inside --

On a table next to his bed, she sees the strange DEEP SIX  
 MACHINE from the opening scene --

Suddenly, Beatrice's playful demeanor changes. She stands  
 there, stock still, turning pale.

Griffin comes up behind her, closes his bedroom door.

GRIFFIN  
 There's nothing in there for sale.  
 (sees her face)  
 Are you all right?

BEATRICE  
 (she's not all right)  
 Was that a... Kevorkian machine?

GRIFFIN  
 (nervous laugh)  
 No. But now I'm impressed. How  
 would you know what...

BEATRICE

I saw that movie about him. With Al Pacino. Freaked me out.

GRIFFIN

Yeah, I love Al Pacino. It's actually a... water purification prototype. I'm kind of an amateur inventor in my spare time.

BEATRICE

(not buying it)  
No shit. Can I see it?

GRIFFIN

Not just yet. Trade secrets and all. I could show you, but then I'd have to kill you...

He laughs. Courtesy laugh from her. Another awkward moment, broken by -- The SMOKE ALARM going off in the kitchen.

GRIFFIN

Shit. Coffee.

He runs to the kitchen. Comes back with coffee.

GRIFFIN

So, how much?

BEATRICE

How much for what?

GRIFFIN

All my dusty old memories.

BEATRICE

Oh, I'd have to talk to my boss.

GRIFFIN

Just tell him to take it and he can pay me whatever he wants.

BEATRICE

You're kidding right? There has to be \$15-\$20 grand in furniture alone. You need to have a proper estate sale or...

GRIFFIN

I want you to take it. Really. I'd feel better if it was you. I'm not worried about the money.

Dual emotions for her. She's touched by the sentiment but her anxiety is back. She looks at the door to his room, like she's about to say something. He quickly checks his watch.

GRIFFIN

Damn, I have to go. So sorry. Can you just send a truck over later. I can meet the driver this afternoon.

He scribbles down his number. Hands it to her.

BEATRICE

Are you sure?

GRIFFIN

Absolutely.

He gently shuffles her out the door while she still holds his coffee cup. He sees the cup and blushes a bit.

GRIFFIN

I'm being rude, huh?

BEATRICE

It's okay, I understand. Here.

She hands him the coffee mug.

GRIFFIN

No. Keep it. Finish your coffee.

She looks at him strangely as they exit the apartment.

**EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

They walk out of the building. Neither one of them really wants to leave or knows what to say. He offers his hand.

GRIFFIN

Well, it was nice to...

Out of nowhere, she KISSES him on the cheek. This catches him by surprise. They look at each other for a beat. He smiles.

GRIFFIN

Nice to meet you Beatrice.

He starts to walk away.

BEATRICE

Hey.

He turns. She wants to say something so bad but can't.



BEATRICE  
Um, nice to meet you too.

He smiles and jogs to the Subway entrance.

BEATRICE  
(to herself, pissed)  
Nice to meet you too? Really?

She watches Griffin disappear down the steps.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

A MOVING TRUCK is double parked. Griffin watches a couple guys load in the last of the furniture. He hands them a healthy tip. As they drive away his cell phone rings.

GRIFFIN  
(answers)  
It's Griffin.  
(listens for a long beat)  
Okay. Can you just wait until I get there? Thanks Joyce.

**EXT. WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN - EVENING**

Hipster paradise. The MOVING TRUCK pulls up to a VINTAGE FURNITURE STORE called "PAST TENSE."

**INT. PAST TENSE - CONTINUOUS**

Beatrice is working behind the counter. She watches, worried, as they unload Griffin's things. Bea's CO-WORKER, walks up --

SABINE (late 20's). Everything about her is JET BLACK-- short hair, clothes, boots. She has a tattoo of a hand wrapped around her NECK, nails digging into the skin drawing blood.

SABINE  
Heard you hit the jackpot this morning on that Craigslist sale. Boss man hasn't been this happy since that model got beat up on TV.

BEATRICE  
Yeah, it's weird though. The guy was really nice, but something was off. Felt like he's out on the ledge you know?

SABINE

Why, because he gave you a good deal?

BEATRICE

A good deal? Terry wrote him a check for \$750...

SABINE

Bullshit! Seriously?! There's gotta be 20K in that haul.

BEATRICE

Maybe I should go over there. Take the check myself. I don't feel right about this. I think this guy might be thinking about...

SABINE

What? Offing himself? He probably needs the money for drugs. Was he all gloom and doom depressed?

BEATRICE

No. Actually he was pretty amped.

SABINE

Gack freak. Those dudes would sell their mother for the next bump.

Beatrice shakes her head. She isn't convinced. Sabine switches gears --

SABINE

Hey, I have a show at Burial Friday night. You should come for once.

Sabine is into Beatrice. Her tough facade melts as she tries to gently persuade Bea to come see her show.

BEATRICE

Yeah, maybe. Sounds cool.

Sabine rolls her eyes at this stock answer. Bea is still pre-occupied, watching the guys bringing in Griffin's stuff.

SABINE

Holy shit. You're actually into this guy aren't you?

BEATRICE

Who?

SABINE

Who do you think? The jumper.

BEATRICE

Don't say that.

SABINE

You ARE.

Beatrice watches the men rolling Griffin's FATHER'S CHAIR into the shop.

BEATRICE

I don't know what you're talking about.

CUT TO:

**INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Griffin is sitting with Raymond. Raymond's eyes are closed. Griffin is staring out the window while he talks.

GRIFFIN

I met this pretty girl today. You would have liked her. Sort of a nerdy hipster. Wearing grandma's goodwill sweater, but you can tell she's... you know? Hot and all.

He looks at Raymond then back at the window.

GRIFFIN

Thought you would approve. Since you're always calling me a nancy-boy and a pofter, whatever the hell that is. She's... she's the real thing, brother.

Griffin smiles. A nurse walks in.

NURSE 1

Hey Griff, I got to...

GRIFFIN

I know. Thanks Joyce.

He touches Raymond on the shoulder.

GRIFFIN

I'll see you Ray.

After Griffin leaves, we realize that Raymond has died. The nurse gently pulls the sheet over his face.

**INT. PAST TENSE - NIGHT**

Beatrice turns out the lights and locks up the shop. She stares at Griffin's FATHER'S CHAIR for a long beat. Sits in it and thinks. Then she grabs her coat and leaves quickly.

**INT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

BACK TO THE SCENE FROM THE BEGINNING--

Griffin is shirtless, glistening in sweat. He starts getting wired up. Tapes ELECTRODES and METAL DEFIB DISCS to his chest. Everything is connected to his laptop.

He rips open a STERILE PACK with a MULTI PORT IV CATHETER. Inserts the needle in his arm and turns on the VIDEO CAMERA.

GRIFFIN

(twitchy)

Uh, Hi.

(rolls his eyes)

Hi? What the hell is that? Jesus.

Starting over...

(composes himself)

My name is Griffin Black...

CUT TO:

**INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT**

Beatrice is jammed in with other commuters. When she reaches her STOP, she shoves her way through, in a hurry to get out.

BACK TO:

**GRIFFIN--**

Final tube empties. He fights it. Knocks over the Laptop and the camera. Heart rate monitor FLATLINES.

He goes limp on the bed -- DEAD.

GRIFFIN'S POV--

Blurry distorted view. Griffin is looking at his ceiling. The image blurs, darkens, then --

BLACK SCREEN. ALL SOUND CEASES.

**NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE POV--**

In the blackness, the sound of the flatline heart monitor FADES UP. PICTURE FADES IN. We are FLOATING on the ceiling, looking down at Griffin.

Then a loud BUZZING sound FADES UP. Camera starts to move ERRATICALLY. The room turns to a BLUR and we begin MOVING FORWARD at high speed through a --

**TUNNEL--**

Images pass by like bullet train landscapes. The BUZZING sound becomes a symphony of VOICES.

A pinhole of LIGHT breaks through the darkness in the distance. It gets brighter and brighter until we are in the middle of a SPHERE OF LIGHT.

A beautiful technicolor dream image maps itself to the entire sphere until we are fully immersed in a 3-DIMENSIONAL MOVING IMAGE ENVIRONMENT.

The images are THE STORY OF GRIFFIN'S LIFE--

We experience his BIRTH. See the love from his new parents. Then as he grows older, we see rapid FLASHES from his past-- Christmases, baseball games, birthday parties, girlfriends...

We see his FAMILY -- His little sister OLIVIA and how he adores her.

Then we see the FIRE -- and the horrific deaths of Olivia and Griffin's parents. After that, Griffin's life becomes dark and lonely -- foster homes, dead end jobs. He immerses himself in studying NDE and building his DEEP SIX equipment.

Then the images SLOW DOWN and we see Griffin's DEATH as he flatlines in his apartment. Finally, the entire image sphere EVAPORATES, and we DISSOLVE TO --

**EXT. CAPE COD BEACH - DAY**

CLOSE ON GRIFFIN-- His eyes are closed. A small rush of water splashes into his face and he opens his eyes.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL-- He is lying on a BEACH right on the edge of the water. The surf is moving in and out around him. He stands and looks around, shielding his eyes from the sun.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Beatrice buzzes Griffin's apartment. No answer. An ELDERLY LADY walks up and opens the door. Beatrice follows her in.

**INT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT/COMMON HALLWAY - SAME**

Beatrice walks up to Griffin's door and KNOCKS. No answer.

BEATRICE  
(smiling)  
Griffin! You in there? It's  
Beatrice! I brought your check.

Still no reply. The window to the FIRE ESCAPE is open. She sticks her head out, trying to see if the lights are on in Griffin's apartment. One window is LIT UP.

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS**

Beatrice climbs out and walks carefully along the fire escape. She gets to Griffin's window and KNOCKS GENTLY.

BEATRICE  
(to herself)  
This is stupid. You're obsessing.

Still no reply. The sustained TONE of the heart monitor is droning from inside.

BEATRICE  
What the hell is that?

She peaks into Griffin's bedroom window through a small opening in the drapes and freezes, momentarily paralyzed by the horrific image --

THROUGH GRIFFIN'S WINDOW--

Griffin is DEAD on the bed. HEART MONITOR is on FLATLINE. The DEEP SIX MACHINE is empty, except for the last tube.

BEATRICE  
Oh my God! Help! Someone help!

She starts KICKING the window until it finally SHATTERS.

BACK TO:

**GRIFFIN'S NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE--**

Griffin walks along the empty beach. He sees a GIRL playing in the sand off in the distance. As he gets closer, he sees that the girl is OLIVIA, his deceased sister. She smiles, jumps to her feet and runs to him.

OLIVIA

Griffin!

She JUMPS into his arms. He let's out years of buried emotion as he hugs her. Crying. Laughing. Pure joy.

OLIVIA

I missed you!

He looks at her, but he's crying too hard to get any words out. He kisses her cheek. Composes himself.

GRIFFIN

I missed you too, Liv. Mom and dad.  
Are they here?

OLIVIA

Of course silly. They're at the house.

GRIFFIN

Where?

She points to a wooden walkway between grass covered dunes.

OLIVIA

That way, duh. We've only come here every summer since forever.

He takes her hand, but she doesn't move.

OLIVIA

I didn't think you'd be here yet.  
Did you come early?

He squeezes her hand.

GRIFFIN

No. I'm right on time.

OLIVIA

Yay!

As they walk, they see Griffin's old SUMMER HOME. His PARENTS are outside. Olivia runs to them. Griffin is overwhelmed.

He runs to his parents and they embrace. His mother kisses him, then looks at him with concern.

GRIFFIN'S MOTHER

You shouldn't be here.

GRIFFIN

I can't believe this is happening.  
There's so much I want to tell you.  
I'm so sorry...

All of a sudden, he JERKS VIOLENTLY. Grabs his chest. Drops to his knees and lets out a LONG, HISSING lung full of air.

CUT TO:

**INT. GRIFFIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Beatrice is straddling Griffin, giving him CPR.

BEATRICE

You CANNOT die! Come on!

Finally his chest arcs up. He takes a huge breath and OPENS HIS EYES.

BEATRICE

Griffin!?

He starts coughing. She slides off him and collapses on the floor in exhaustion. Griffin sits up, totally disoriented.

GRIFFIN

What happened?

BEATRICE

You tried to kill yourself you  
coward!

GRIFFIN

What?! No I...

She picks up Griffin's DEEP SIX MACHINE and throws it.

GRIFFIN

What are you doing!?

He jumps out of bed to stop her, but his weak legs buckle. He collapses and splits his brow. Blood gushes out.



GRIFFIN

Ah Jesus!

Beatrice's anger turns to fear when she sees the blood. She pulls him up off the floor, back onto the bed.

BEATRICE

Don't move.

She runs to the bathroom, brings him a towel. Props him up on pillows and jams the towel into his cut. He winces in pain. Uncertain what to do, Beatrice HUGS him and cries.

BEATRICE

How could you?

GRIFFIN

I wasn't trying to kill myself. I mean, I was but not... permanently.

She angrily slides off her leather wristbands and bracelets. Shows him the LONG SCARS on her WRISTS.

BEATRICE

Look at this and throw me that line of bullshit again.

GRIFFIN

Oh my God.

BEATRICE

You going to be real with me now?

GRIFFIN

Yes. I'm just not sure how to explain this...

BEATRICE

Try. I think I can relate.

GRIFFIN

I did this to see my family again.  
(she looks confused)  
Okay, when you tried to...

BEATRICE

Kill myself. You can say it.

GRIFFIN

What happened?

BEATRICE

I passed out and woke up in the ER.

GRIFFIN

Is that all you remember? I mean,  
after you passed out. What did you  
see?

She pauses and tries to hold back tears from coming again.

BEATRICE

I saw myself, like I was on the  
ceiling looking down. It was...  
bizarre.

FLASHBACK-- Beatrice's LIFELESS BODY (late teens) is in a  
bathtub full of RED WATER.

GRIFFIN

Then what happened?

BEATRICE

I was in a tunnel moving fast.  
Toward a white light. It Felt...

GRIFFIN

...like you were falling but you  
weren't going down.

BEATRICE

(shocked)  
Yes.

GRIFFIN

And you could hear a million voices  
in your head, like a buzzing sound.

BEATRICE

How did you...

He grabs her hands.

GRIFFIN

Because I was just there! I was in  
the Near Death Experience.

BEATRICE

Oh my God.

GRIFFIN

Didn't see Him. Probably a good  
thing. I doubt He'd appreciate me  
gaming the system.

BEATRICE

Did you see... your family?

He nods, tears streaming down his smiling face. She puts her hand on his arm, caught up in this moment. Then she remembers why she was pissed off to begin with --

BEATRICE

That's moving. It is. But you seemed to skip past the part where your death somehow wasn't going to be "permanent." It was looking pretty permanent when I found you.

GRIFFIN

At the six minute mark, my system was timed to deliver enough adrenaline and defib juice to bring back Seabiscuit. Added too much hypothermic solution when I first went under and had a seizure.

(nods to the broken laptop)

Lost my parachute so to speak.

BEATRICE

So you're saying if I hadn't shown up, you really would be...

He kisses her unexpectedly then pulls away and grins.

GRIFFIN

Dead.

He walks over to the fridge. Pulls out a BOTTLE OF CRISTAL.

GRIFFIN

Celebrate with me.

**EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Griffin and Beatrice are on a rooftop with a spectacular view of the CHRYSLER BUILDING. He pops the champagne, pours it.

GRIFFIN

To new beginnings.

BEATRICE

New beginnings.

They clink glasses. He downs his. She's DOESN'T drink hers. Smiles apologetically --

BEATRICE

I'm sorry, I don't really drink.

GRIFFIN

Oh. Why?

This question makes her slightly uncomfortable.

BEATRICE

It doesn't really... agree with me.

GRIFFIN

Me neither.

He throws her glass over his shoulder. She laughs. They look out across the city. Griffin is lost in thought, euphoric. She watches him for a long beat, studies his face, until --

GRIFFIN

Do you know how long I've been waiting for this moment? I have literally put my life on hold to find a way to see my family again. I figured my chances of survival were about 50% at best.

BEATRICE

What you did... I can't believe I'm saying this. What you did was incredibly brave. Outrageously stupid, but damn... You're kind of like an astronaut or something.

GRIFFIN

It's like I pulled back the curtain and I've seen something that... that changes EVERYTHING.

BEATRICE

How do you feel?

He considers this.

GRIFFIN

Fearless. Seeing my family, that they're okay... it's like a weight has been lifted. And just knowing that there is SOMETHING after we die is such a relief.

He sips champagne and they gaze at the city.

BEATRICE

Do you mind if I ask how they died?

Griffin looks at her and is silent for a long beat.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK-- Griffin is fighting his way down the BURNING hallway. He can hear his sister SCREAMING. Right before he gets to her the ceiling COLLAPSES on him, and we CUT TO --

FLOATING POV-- looking down on the smoldering house while BODIES are being wheeled out on GURNEYS.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

They died in a house fire. We all did. I was dead for forty seven minutes.

Griffin is on the final gurney. The EMT's are trying to revive him. As we float over his body we realize this was the POV from his actual OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE.

GRIFFIN

I became fascinated with the Near Death Experience.

While he looks away, she stares at him for a long beat. The attraction between them is palpable. When he turns back, she quickly turns away, pretending she wasn't looking.

BEATRICE

Do you feel a sense of closure now?

GRIFFIN

Closure doesn't seem like the right word. I mean... I feel like I just opened up something. I know now that my family is still out there, and they're okay.

He starts breaking up. Beatrice takes his hand.

BEATRICE

I know we just met but do you think you could do me a favor?

GRIFFIN

What's that?

BEATRICE

Please don't do it again.

He looks at the SCARS on her wrist, then smiles and casually holds her hand.



BEATRICE

After everything I've told you,  
that's all you have to say?

SABINE

Just watching your back, sister.  
You're in recovery. Sex with  
strangers is ill-advised, even  
under... extreme circumstances.

BEATRICE

He's not a stranger. More like a  
sexy genius.

She desperately wants Sabine to be "one of the girls" right  
now but Sabine won't play along.

BEATRICE

I mean I brought him back to life.  
And then we talked until the sun  
came up. Honestly, I think it was  
the most intimate night of my life.  
That has to be good, right?

Sabine grimaces and blows out a lung full of smoke.

SABINE

When you asked me to sponsor you I  
told you my deal. I don't have a  
sugarcoat setting. I tell it like  
it is. And this isn't the time for  
you to be jumping into anything  
serious with anyone. Especially not  
some whack job.

BEATRICE

He's not a...

SABINE

Did he or did he not off himself  
just to see if he could have a  
little chat with his dead family?

Bea looks away. Sabine has a point.

SABINE

I'm looking out for you, girl.  
That's my job. You know this.

BEATRICE

I haven't felt this way in a long  
time. Maybe ever. And he's a good  
person. I know it. I don't care if  
the timing isn't right.

(MORE)

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
(sarcastic smile)  
Life's too short.

Sabine takes her last sip of coffee, goes in for the kill --

SABINE  
You tell him you're a recovering  
junkie yet?

Stake in the heart. Bea starts welling up. Looks away.

SABINE  
That's what I thought. Tell him. He  
sticks around after that I'll bake  
him some cookies and we can be  
BFF's.

She gets up, puts on her coat. Drops a flyer on the table.

SABINE  
I go on at 11 if you give a shit.

Bea sits in silence as Sabine walks away.

**INT. MORGUE - DAY**

Sal and Griffin are drinking scotch in the exam room.

SAL  
You are one crazy son of a bitch.  
And of course you gotta kill  
yourself to meet a girl.

GRIFFIN  
(smiling)  
Can't wait for our kids to ask  
about our first date.

Griffin starts thinking about Bea, drifts off.

SAL  
Wow. Hook line and sinker, huh?

GRIFFIN  
Honestly man, I've never believed  
in fate. Until now.

SAL  
You must have friends in high  
places.



GRIFFIN

All I know is I've never felt this way about anyone before. Like it could be... permanent.

SAL

That mean you're done playing chicken with the Grim Reaper?

GRIFFIN

Probably. But I got to do something with my data. I just confirmed my theory about Omega waves. This is huge man. Game changing.

Griffin pulls the sheet off a corpse. Young woman.

GRIFFIN

Conventional science treats the brain like it's a car battery. As soon as it can't power the vehicle we consider it "dead" but there's still electricity. Not much, but it's there. Omega brainwaves can cycle for days postmortem. I'm thinking the Omega is the near death experience.

Griffin has an idea.

GRIFFIN

Maybe it's even part of your soul.

Griffin gets up and heads for the door.

SAL

Where you going?

GRIFFIN

Be right back...

**INT. MORGUE - LATER**

There is now an ELECTRODE NET on the dead woman's head, connected to an EEG-- the screen is showing a FLATLINE. Griffin has the back panel open, exposing the CIRCUITRY.

GRIFFIN

These things are blunt instruments. They're only calibrated to register life sustaining brain waves. But if you just...

He's clipping and twisting wires.

                  GRIFFIN  
                   ...hot wire it a little. Expand  
                   it's range just enough...

He looks at the EEG SCREEN-- The flatline now has a very slight ARC cycling across the screen. Griffin taps it.

                  GRIFFIN  
                   Hello...  
                   (looks at the TOE TAG)  
                   Mrs. Walker.

Griffin prints the EEG and the very subtle waves are there. It's unmistakable.

Sal's mind just got blown --

                  SAL  
                   And I thought my job was creepy  
                   before...

Griffin studies the Omega waves.

                  GRIFFIN  
                   They're so odd looking, though. I  
                   mean, check this out.

Griffin puts the electrodes on his own head and takes a reading. Pulls the paper full of brainwave scribbles.

                  GRIFFIN  
                   See how normal brainwaves are  
                   shaped? They're sharper, and they  
                   spike. But the Omegas are smooth  
                   and perfectly consistent. Reminds  
                   me of FM and AM radio waves. FM  
                   waves are a bunch of small choppy  
                   lines. AM are like smooth rolling  
                   hills... like one edge of infinity.

He draws a second wave intersecting the first, making a perfectly repeating INFINITY SYMBOL across the page.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Eclectic and cool. Griffin and Bea are on the living room floor eating pizza and drinking red wine out of nice glasses.

GRIFFIN  
Compliments to the chef.

                  BEATRICE  
Thanks.

                  GRIFFIN  
I was joking. Is this from that  
bodega down the street?

                  BEATRICE  
Not everyone lives out of a take  
out box. I actually made this with  
my own hands. Crazy, right?

                  GRIFFIN  
Wow. It's really good.

                  BEATRICE  
Damn right. You should try playing  
with something other than a  
soldering iron once in awhile.

                  GRIFFIN  
Let's not get carried away. Thank  
you for this. I can taste the love.

                  BEATRICE  
Bea's Pizza. "You can taste the  
love." Not bad.

                  GRIFFIN  
I'm not a complete nerd.

                  BEATRICE  
No. More like a mad scientist.

                  GRIFFIN  
And you're a renaissance girl with  
a dark past.

Her smile fades a bit.

                  GRIFFIN  
Sorry. Shouldn't joke about that.

                  BEATRICE  
It's okay. My past is what it is. I  
just wish I could forget it.

                  GRIFFIN  
I know. Me too. What sucks is you  
never know when you're going to get  
blind-sided by it, you know.

BEATRICE

One minute you're on top of the world, the next it's on top of you.

GRIFFIN

I'm just glad it didn't crush you.

She gives him a long, intimate look.

GRIFFIN

What?

BEATRICE

Thank you for not asking the question I know you want to ask.

GRIFFIN

I didn't ask because it wouldn't change anything between us.

BEATRICE

Sure about that? You don't even know the answer.

GRIFFIN

I think I do.

BEATRICE

Okay, you tell me why such a nice girl would try to do such ugly things to herself.

GRIFFIN

The scars on your wrists aren't the only ones I saw.

She is gut punched but also amazed.

BEATRICE

You ARE perceptive.

GRIFFIN

And you aren't the only one trying to kill the pain. I know what it's like to want to just check out.

She kisses him.

BEATRICE

But you planned to come back. I didn't. That's what bothers me the most, you know? Not my horrible family life or even the drugs.

(MORE)

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Those were things that I couldn't control. The decision to die. That I could control. And I made an awful, awful choice.

She fights the tears. He squeezes her hand.

GRIFFIN

Yeah, but the choice you made the other night blows all of that away.

He kisses her.

BEATRICE

I chose you.

They start passionately kissing. Stumble towards the --

BEDROOM DOOR--

Things start to move quickly but then, out of nowhere --  
BEATRICE STOPS.

GRIFFIN

What's the matter?

BEATRICE

Nothing. I, um...

GRIFFIN

Hey, if you don't want to do this yet, that's okay.

BEATRICE

Wait here.

She walks into her bedroom and shuts the door. After a beat, she comes back out.

BEATRICE

Shut your eyes.

GRIFFIN

What?

BEATRICE

Just... shut them.

He does and she leads him into the

BEDROOM--

GRIFFIN

I don't care if your room is a mess.

BEATRICE

Okay, open.

He opens his eyes.

HIS FATHER'S CHAIR IS SITTING IN HER ROOM WITH A BOW ON IT.

Griffin is stunned. He looks at her, his eyes welling.

GRIFFIN

You... my dad's chair.

BEATRICE

It was such a big part of your past, I want it to be a part of our future. Sorry, that's kind of corny...

He kisses her deeply and within minutes they are in bed making love. It's physical and passionate and both of them are completely taken in by the moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

**BEDROOM - 1AM**

Beatrice is asleep. Griffin is gone. Beatrice wakes up, looking for him. She sees one of her vintage dolls sitting in Griffin's chair. There is a note on it. She grabs it.

NOTE: "Night shift at the hospital. See you for breakfast. This doll is creepy."

She folds up the note and smiles. Tries to go back to sleep, but can't stop thinking about Griffin. Get's up, turns on a lamp. Walks into the --

BATHROOM--

She starts the water for a bath, lights candles, then --

SOMEONE KNOCKS SOFTLY ON THE FRONT DOOR.

BEATRICE

(smiles)

Hopefully somebody called in sick...

She checks herself in the MIRROR as she passes it.

FRONT DOOR--

BEATRICE  
(seductive)  
Forget something big boy?

CLOSE ON BEATRICE-- She opens the door and GASPS.

HER EXPRESSION TURNS TO ONE OF PURE FEAR.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL LOCKER ROOM - MORNING**

Griffin is asleep on a cot. He wakes up with a start and looks at his watch. 10am.

GRIFFIN  
Shit.

He gets up and gets his phone out of his locker. TWO missed calls and two texts from Beatrice. Plays the voicemail. She sounds VERY WEIRD - like she's talking in her sleep.

BEATRICE (VOICEMAIL)  
(barely audible)  
Griff... Griffin. It's BB. I'm...  
(coughing)  
Sorry. Just want to hear your. You  
left. Where... where are...

Line goes dead. Griffin looks at the two texts:

"Call in sick." -- "Sleep. It's warm. XX."

He calls her. No answer. Leaves a message.

GRIFFIN  
Hey, it's me. Sorry about missing  
your calls and texts. So wiped out  
I crashed at work. Left my phone in  
my locker. Are you okay? You  
sounded funny. Anyway, call me.

He sends her a text. Paces around, waiting. Then throws on some clothes. Out the door.

**EXT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING**

Griffin walks down the street with a box of doughnuts and two giant coffees. Goes into her building.

**INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Griffin steps off the elevator and knocks on Bea's door. It opens on it's own.

                          GRIFFIN  
                          Oh, that's real safe!

He steps in. The apartment is dark. He sees light coming from the door frame of the bathroom.

                          GRIFFIN  
                          Please tell me you're in the tub!  
                          I'm feeling pretty dirty.

He walks up to the bathroom door, gently knocks.

                          GRIFFIN  
                          Can I come in?  
                          (nothing)  
                          Bea?

He tentatively pushes the door open and his smile turns immediately to fear and panic.

                          GRIFFIN  
                          No! Beatrice!

ON TUB--

Beatrice is in the tub, naked. The water is red from her blood. Her skin is more pale than the porcelain. Her face, eyes open, is eerily peaceful, almost smiling.

Griffin pulls her out of the water and checks her pulse. Nothing. He frantically wraps towels around her wrists, pulls out his phone, dials 911 and sets it on the floor, starts CPR. The voice of the 911 operator can barely be heard.

                          GRIFFIN  
                          Help! I need help!

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - LATER**

PATROL OFFICERS tape off the entry. A crime scene TECH is standing in the doorway of the BATHROOM, photographing the scene. A MEDICAL EXAMINER is examining the body.

Griffin sits in stunned silence on the couch. Total wreck. He watches blankly as a TECH carries some EVIDENCE BAGS past him toward the --



FRONT DOOR--

DETECTIVE MICHAEL CHARON (38) walks in. He's wiry with a quiet intensity. And the kind of respect he's given says this guy is known for something major. But we'll never know what.

Charon stops the tech and takes a quick look at the evidence bags. No reaction. Tech continues out.

Charon's partner, DETECTIVE GIBBS (29) steps in. African American. Built like a brick shit-house. Wears a tight suit in case there's any doubt. Nobody fucks with Gibbs.

Charon nods to the couch.

CHARON

He the one that found her?

GIBBS

Yep. The boyfriend. Usual drill.  
Refuses to accept the obvious.

They walk over to Griffin. He stands up.

GRIFFIN

You're detectives right? Does that mean this is a probable homicide? Cause there's no way she killed herself. I was just with her last night...

CHARON

Take it easy. What's your name?

GRIFFIN

Griffin. Black, sir.

CHARON

Okay, Griffin. Here's how this works. Your only job right now is to go down to the station and give a statement, okay? This needs to happen right away.

GRIFFIN

Can't I just give you my...

Gibbs calmly holds up his hand. Griffin stops talking.

CHARON

My job is to look at what we have here. I've already spoken to the Medical Examiner, and it appears to be suicide. Cut and dry.

(MORE)

CHARON (CONT'D)  
(Griffin starts to  
interrupt)

But. All sudden deaths are treated  
as suspicious until cleared, so no  
assumptions are being made.

GRIFFIN  
I hope not. Because she would never  
do this. No way.

Gibbs hands Charon his NOTE PAD. Charon reads the notes.

CHARON  
She's had a previous suicide  
attempt?

GIBBS  
And she's a former addict.

GRIFFIN  
It was a couple years ago. But  
she's not the same person.

GIBBS  
Statistically speaking, this is not  
uncommon given the history.

GRIFFIN  
She didn't do this!

CHARON  
Listen, it's a hard truth to  
accept. But right now there is not  
a shred of evidence to suggest this  
is anything other than a suicide.

GRIFFIN  
(breaking up)  
She didn't leave a note. People  
leave a note. They don't just...  
(looks toward the door)  
She didn't...

CHARON  
I'm sorry, kid. I am. I just need  
to get your statement and you can  
go home.

Griffin looks back at the bathroom as Gibbs leads him away.

**EXT. MIDTOWN NORTH PRECINCT - DAWN**

Four story stone building in the middle of the block. Huge American Flag dangling over the sidewalk.

                  GRIFFIN (O.S.)  
                   ...once I started CPR I didn't stop  
                   until the medics arrived. How many  
                   times do we have to go over this?

**INT. SQUAD ROOM - SAME**

Griffin sits at a desk in the busy squad room, across from Detective Gibbs, who's typing on his computer.

                  GIBBS  
                   Three. So we're done.

His printer spits out a page. He puts it down in front of Griffin. Hands him a pen. He signs. Looks up pissed --

                  GRIFFIN  
                   If you guys are just going to  
                   rubber stamp this a suicide, then  
                   why does it take a week to clear?

Gibbs gives him a hard look, then eases off --

                  GIBBS  
                   Gotta do an autopsy.

This gets Griffin's attention. He's thinking about something. Has that look when his brain is on overdrive.

                  GIBBS  
                   Yo, man. You okay?

Griffin, still deep in thought, stands and walks away.

                  GRIFFIN  
                   (barely audible)  
                   Thank you.

**INT. MORGUE/HALLWAY - MORNING - LATER**

Griffin is asleep in a chair by the elevator. The elevator doors open and Sal walks out, sees Griffin.

                  SAL  
                   Oh man.  
                   (gently nudges Griffin)  
                   Hey buddy.  
                   (MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)  
 (Griffin wakes up)  
 I got your message. I don't know  
 what to say, man. How you doing?

GRIFFIN  
 Is she here?

Sal looks extremely uncomfortable.

SAL  
 I don't know yet. Come on, I'll  
 make some coffee.

MORGUE--

They walk in. Sal grabs a CLIPBOARD, reads it, looks at  
 Griffin. Griffin immediately turns to the MORGUE DRAWERS.

GRIFFIN  
 Which one is it?!

Sal quickly walks over, gets between Griffin and the drawers.

SAL  
 Buddy. I feel for you. I really do.  
 But there is NO WAY I am letting  
 you anywhere near that body. This  
 is still technically an open  
 investigation until the autopsy  
 clears it as suicide.

GRIFFIN  
 I need to see her Sal.

SAL  
 That's what funerals are for  
 brother. Now get in my office.

**SAL'S OFFICE--**

They sit and Sal pours them some coffee.

GRIFFIN  
 She's still in there you know.

SAL  
 Maybe so. But there is some shit  
 you do not come back from. And  
 Beatrice is not coming back, okay?

GRIFFIN  
 I don't think she's coming back.  
 I think she hasn't left yet.  
 (MORE)

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

(Sal gives him a look)

I already proved to you that Omegas are still firing. That's electricity... a data signal.

SAL

So what? It's HER brain. You can't see what she's seeing.

GRIFFIN

It's theoretically possible. Our brains would just have to be on the exact same wavelength.

(thinking - to himself)

Which means I'd have to be dead too. So no problem there.

SAL

No problem there!? You're seriously losing it, man.

GRIFFIN

I just need to create some kind of switching device -- like a router, that syncs us once I hit flatline.

SAL

Did I mention I'm not letting you anywhere near the body.

Griffin snaps back to reality.

GRIFFIN

The cops don't give a shit about her. They're going to rule it a suicide. And I won't harm the body.

SAL

I have mouths to feed, Griff. I cannot lose this job. And you just might lose your life. So forget it.

Griffin looks defeated.

GRIFFIN

When's the autopsy?

SAL

Things are a little backed up.

Sal turns to look at the clipboard again. Griffin snags his KEY CARD while he's turned away.

SAL

At least 48 hours, which puts us into Sunday. Looks like first thing Monday morning.

(turns back)

Why?

GRIFFIN

(lying)

I want to make the funeral arrangements. She doesn't have anyone else.

SAL

Now you're talking like a real person. I'll help any way I can.

Griffin tears up, tries to shake an image from his head.

GRIFFIN

Every time I close my eyes, I see her Sal... She was the one.

Sal opens a drawer, pulls out a bottle of Scotch and pours some in both of their coffee cups.

SAL

Try and relax. There's no easy way through this. You know that better than anyone.

GRIFFIN

I just. If I could just... see her. Talk to her one more time. I guess what I really want is to say goodbye.

(takes a drink)

But that's what funerals are for, right, Sal?

(puts the glass down)

Thanks for the drink.

SAL

No problem, kid.

Griffin leaves. It's painful for Sal to see him like this.

MORGUE--

As Griffin walks out, Sal comes out of his office.

SAL

Hey, Griff. Come here for a minute.

Griffin turns. Sal grabs EXAM GLOVES and a SURGICAL GOWN.

SAL  
Put these on.

GRIFFIN  
What are we doing?

SAL  
You wanted to say goodbye, right?  
(Griffin nods)  
Let's do this before my better  
judgement takes over.

They suit up and walk to the BODY DRAWERS. Sal unlocks one of the drawers, slides it out. Black body bag. Griffin tenses.

SAL  
You sure you can handle this?

GRIFFIN  
Yeah. I'm sure.

Sal unzips the body bag and slowly reveals Beatrice's FACE. Her eyes are closed and her skin is ghostly pale. Seeing her lifeless, nearly frozen corpse takes Griffin's breath away.

SAL  
This is a bad idea.

GRIFFIN  
No! No. I need this.  
(stares at her)  
Can I be alone with her?

SAL  
Five minutes. DO NOT touch her,  
even with the gloves. Understood?

Griffin nods. Sal pats him on the back and walks away.

Griffin stares at Bea for a long time and his face changes from crippling grief to RESOLVE.

GRIFFIN  
I know you didn't do this. And I'm  
going to prove it.  
(touches her hand)  
But I need you to wait for me.

He takes a small AEROSOL CAN out of his pocket, sprays it into the LOCK of the body drawer and waits, watching for Sal.

RED FOAM bubbles out of the lock and HARDENS. After a beat he carefully pulls out a perfect KEY FORM from the lock. Quickly pockets it. Sal walks back.

GRIFFIN

Thank you. This really helped.

SAL

No problem brother.

Sal carefully closes the zipper on the body bag and slides Beatrice back into the drawer.

CUT TO:

**INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY**

Griffin sits in the crowded car. Oblivious to the world around him. Furiously taking notes in a JOURNAL.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Griffin walks down the street with a purpose. Enters a building with a sign-- EAST SIDE MINI-STORAGE.

**INT. EAST SIDE MINI-STORAGE - CONTINUOUS**

We follow him as he walks through the maze of locker corridors. He stops at unit 2623 and OPENS IT.

The light inside turns on automatically. The locker is filled with all sorts of MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, OLD MACHINES, PARTS that have been stripped. Wires and cables are sorted and stacked.

He starts sifting through everything. Picking out specific stuff, setting it aside.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

SUPPLY CLOSET door cracks open. Griffin peeks out. All clear. He wheels out a GURNEY with what looks like a body under the sheet. He rounds the corner.

The JANITOR, CARL (50's), is buffing the floor down the hall. Griffin starts to turn around but the guy sees him and waves.

CARL

Griff! You on graveyard man?



Griffin looks down at the gurney. Some WIRES are falling out from under the sheet. Carl's interest is a bit too peaked.

                  GRIFFIN  
 Hey Carl. No, just doing Sal a favor. He's slammed.  
                   (nods to the gurney)  
 Homeless intake.

Carl's morbid curiosity kicks in. He reaches for the sheet.

                  CARL  
 Can I take a peak?

                  GRIFFIN  
 Suit yourself. But the guy is crawling with something.

                  CARL  
                   (yanks his hand back)  
 Oh. Better not. Wife thinks I smell bad enough as it is.

They have a laugh.

                  GRIFFIN  
 Better get him to the deep freeze.

                  CARL  
                   (serious)  
 You know, I haven't forgotten. Still owe you. Big time.

                  GRIFFIN  
 It's okay. You would have done the same for me.

Carl nods, goes back to his floor buffing. Griffin, now sweating bullets, wheels the gurney away.

CUT TO:

**CAMCORDER VIDEO STATIC--**

A red "**REC**" appears in the lower right hand corner along with a TIME STAMP: **2:45 AM**. The static cuts to a clear image and we are in the --

**MORGUE--**

Griffin's face fills the screen as he adjusts the CAMERA. He steadies the frame and steps back.

GRIFFIN

My name is Griffin Black. I am at the county morgue in Manhattan. I have created a technology that, if successful, will allow me to contact and communicate with the dead. In this case, Beatrice Conrad.

(beat - gathers himself)

She died twenty-two hours ago.

He PANS the camera to show BEATRICE on the GURNEY. After a beat he pans over to an odd looking HOMEMADE DEVICE about the size of a CAR BATTERY. LCD monitors have been hard wired to the guts and fastened to the base unit with zip ties.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

I've taken hardware from a stock Electroencephalogram and integrated it with a double stage amplifier. I'm calling it B.A.S.I.L. -- **B**rainwave **A**mplifier and **S**ignal **L**ocator.

(he looks at Bea, touches her hair)

I know you're still in there, and I'm going to find you.

He picks up one of two EEG RECORDING NETS, a helmet-shaped web of electrodes attached to the unit by a braided cable.

GRIFFIN

My theory is based on my discovery of deep-brain electrical activity that continues for several days postmortem. It will be phasing in the rare Omega frequency.

Looks at Beatrice for a long beat.

GRIFFIN

Once BASIL identifies the signal, it will be synchronized with a secondary signal -- a sort of passenger signal... Mine.

(looks into the camera)

Put simply, I am going to attempt to joyride on someone else's death experience.

Griffin gently puts the ELECTRODE NET on Bea's head and we CUT OUT of the CAMCORDER POV --

**INT. MORGUE - SAME**

ON GRIFFIN--

He puts on the other electrode net. Takes his shirt off and tapes various wires to his chest.

He inserts the multi-port IV coming from the DEEP SIX MACHINE in his arm. Starts typing.

ON LAPTOP--

TWO EEG SIGNALS appear. Griffin's brainwaves are strong and active. Bea's are flatlined except for a line labelled OMEGA-- It has a small, but very distinct PATTERN repeating.

GRIFFIN

I see you.

Opens a new window -- "REVIVE TIMER." Keys in "6 MINUTES." Lays down on the table. Takes a deep breath.

GRIFFIN

One small step for man...

Hits ENTER. Syringes plunge. Liquid snakes into the IV tubing quickly. Griffin starts to shiver uncontrollably.

GRIFFIN

One giant leap... for...

His eyes go wide and the sound of FLATLINE on the heart monitor fills the room.

ON LAPTOP-- "BINDING TO DOMINANT DATA STREAM" appears with a progress bar. Then-- "SYNCHRONIZATION COMPLETE" and their individual signals becoming ONE DATA STREAM.

GRIFFIN'S POV-- Everything darkens and goes to BLACK. All SOUND CEASES.

**GRIFFIN'S DEEP SIX--**

We are FLOATING on the ceiling, looking down at Griffin and Beatrice.

The room dims. We see SMALL DARK FIGURES in silhouette, surrounding the periphery. They are swaying in an odd rhythm just at the edge of the light. They look like CHILDREN.

We hear their VOICES, but can't hear what they are saying. Their voices are child-like and SOOTHING --

"Come with us." "Don't be afraid." Then we hear --

BEATRICE  
(faint, distant)  
Griffin? Griffin?

The figures move and we move with them, their small hands and voices beckoning. We move further into DARKNESS.

Strange lights flash sporadically, temporarily illuminating the LANDSCAPE, which appears to be a CITY with no lights.

Dark pools of water are everywhere. We see FLASHES of PEOPLE in the street. It looks like skid row, with gaunt, hollow eyed JUNKIES and VAGRANTS twitching with psychosis.

The child-like figures keep beckoning and reassuring --

"Come with us." "Don't be afraid."

We slow down, reluctant and they slow down, surrounding us again - beckoning - this time more INSISTENT.

They move and we follow, but we ARE AFRAID. The junkies and vagrants are now ROTTING CORPSES teeming with maggots.

We slow down, but the dark figures come closer. Their demeanor becomes AGGRESSIVE.

"Don't stop." "You'll die here." "You need us."

Then the light flashes reveal their FACES. They are small, like children, but have empty eye sockets and sinister GRINS.

They come after us. Grabbing and scratching. We hear distant SCREAMS. Our screams. We can't get away. More are coming.

Then we hear Beatrice's voice.

BEATRICE  
Griffin!

We blast through the attackers and move quickly through the darkness leaving our attackers behind. We see --

BEATRICE at the end of the street.

She is looking for us, can't find us. She disappears down a street, searching.

We run after her. Round the corner and see her APARTMENT BUILDING. The light in her apartment is the only light we see. We sprint into the building.

**INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

The darkness is inky and impenetrable. Our senses are incredibly ACUTE. Every sound is an EXPLOSION. Every flash of light BLINDING.

Images are FRAGMENTED and DISJOINTED. We are in her apartment when --

Beatrice gets out of bed, turns on a lamp. The light is like the flash of a nuclear bomb, blinding and dizzying.

CAMERA SPINS AROUND--

No longer Griffin's POV. We are now --

ON GRIFFIN-- seeing Bea, face to face, for the first time since she died. He can barely speak. Finally --

GRIFFIN

Bea?

She doesn't react. He steps toward her, reaches for her and then he is hit by another FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT.

His eyes adjust and he watches Bea walk into the bathroom. He follows her in.

BATHROOM--

GRIFFIN

Beatrice?

No response. She starts a bath. The water sounds like a huge wave crashing. He finally understands --

GRIFFIN

It's a memory.

Realizes that he is watching the FINAL MOMENTS OF HER LIFE.

She lights candles. This simple action is now LOUD and MESMERIZING -- a crackling inferno. Then we hear --

THE SOFT KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

BEATRICE

Hopefully somebody called in sick...

She checks herself in the MIRROR, but now the IMAGE GLITCHES, switching from her face to GRIFFIN'S, and back again. She smiles, walks out. We follow her and notice a --

DARK FIGURE

A woman maybe, standing in the shadows of the bedroom, watching. Waiting. Griffin walks toward the bedroom, curious, but stops when Bea gets to the --

FRONT DOOR--

She doesn't check the peephole. Thinks it's Griffin.

BEATRICE  
Forget something big boy?

She UNLOCKS the door and everything SLOWS DOWN. She turns the knob. The door cracks open and we're in SUPER SLOW-MOTION --

We see a strange MAN. Eyes filled with RAGE. And we --

SPEEDRAMP TO FULL SPEED--

HE RUSHES into the apartment. Bea STUMBLES BACKWARD onto a chair. She is TERRIFIED.

This is TRAVIS DARROW (30). SHAVED HEAD, sharp beard and NECK TATS. Gaunt but muscular and powerful. His hands are covered with JAILHOUSE INK. He just stands there, smiling at her.

TRAVIS  
Did you miss me BB?

BEATRICE  
Travis? What are you...

He gets right into her face and we SEE HIM FROM HER POV.

TRAVIS  
(mocking)  
*Travis. I'm so happy to see you. I missed you SO... MUCH...*

SMASH CUT TO:

KITCHEN--

FAST CUT MONTAGE:

LIGHTER - SPOON - POWDER TURNS TO LIQUID - SYRINGE

SMASH CUT TO:

BEA'S FACE--

She is staring at the SYRINGE between Travis' gray TEETH. He sits next to her and ties the surgical tubing around her arm.

She is shaking with fear, paralyzed.

GRIFFIN

RUN! RUN!

But his voice is distant and trails off to nothing.

Travis puts the SYRINGE in Bea's hand, closes her fingers around it, holds his hand over hers. The tattoo on the back of his hand is some kind of DEMON that moves on his hand.

TRAVIS

*I love you Travis. I can never love  
anyone else but you. Without you, I  
would die...*

He starts KISSING her hard, almost violently. Helps her move the needle to her arm while he sticks his tongue down her throat. Starts to unbutton her blouse as he presses the needle against her skin.

When she hesitates, he slides his hand down her cheek in a caress and then circles her throat with it. He doesn't choke her, but his hand on her windpipe is message enough.

ON BEA-- Her eyes well up. All hope is gone, and --

SHE DEPRESSES THE PLUNGER ON THE SYRINGE.

GRIFFIN

NO!

BEA CLOSES HER EYES as the heroin hits her blood, SLOWS EVERYTHING DOWN. The whole world feels like it is UNDERWATER and then BLACKNESS...

DISSOLVE TO:

BATHROOM--

Bea is sitting on the floor, her back against the tub. She is in a drug induced daze, her eyes fluttering. Travis wakes her up by splashing water on her face.

TRAVIS

I'm going to enjoy killing your new  
boyfriend. Maybe you can watch?

He moves her mouth and speaks for her.

TRAVIS

*Yes... Please... My Love...*

He laughs at this and lights a cigarette. She closes her eyes and the memory becomes increasingly FRAGMENTED and GLITCHY.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

GRIFFIN!

A MAN'S VOICE, distant but audible. When he calls Griffin's name, we are briefly RIPPED from the scene in Bea's apartment and into a --

SPHERE OF BLINDING LIGHT-- More VOICES are screaming.

UNKNOWN VOICES (O.S.)

GRIFFIN! COME ON! BREATH!!

IN RAPID FIRE CUTS--

We are IN AND OUT of Beatrice's bathroom. We see BITS AND PIECES of her with Travis. Despite her half conscious condition, he is holding her up against the wall, kissing and groping her. She tries to fight him, but is powerless.

On our FINAL CUT BACK to her from the BLINDING LIGHT, we see her laying DEAD in the tub, the water filled with her BLOOD.

Time has passed. Travis is GONE and the CANDLES HAVE BURNED DOWN TO POOLS OF WAX. Then from behind --

BEATRICE (O.S.)

Griffin?

ON GRIFFIN-- He turns around and Bea is standing there. She looks confused, scared.

BEATRICE

Thank god I found you. I was lost.  
I've been looking...

They embrace. She closes her eyes as she hugs him. Griffin's emotions come pouring out --

GRIFFIN

I love you.

BEATRICE

I love you too...  
What's wrong?

Then she sees HERSELF behind him in the tub. The image takes her breath away.



BEATRICE  
Oh my god. Griffin? What's...  
happening?

GRIFFIN  
Bea, you...

He realizes she has no idea where she is or what's going on.  
He turns her away from the image.

GRIFFIN  
Look at me. What's the last thing  
you remember?

She thinks. Shakes her head trying to remember. Then --

SAL (O.S.)  
GRIFFIN!!

Rapid FLASHES of THE MORGUE intercut with BEATRICE like a  
strobe light.

Sal's VOICE and the VOICES OF OTHERS can be heard shouting.  
Then the strobing STOPS and we are seeing --

GRIFFIN'S POV-- Back in the MORGUE. Sal and several EMT's  
hover over him.

SAL  
Griff! Stay with me!

BLACKNESS AGAIN.

Then Griffin is back with Beatrice. She knows now --

BEATRICE  
(breathless panic)  
Oh my God... Oh my God...

He tries to touch her but the entire scene is MOVING AWAY  
RAPIDLY.

BEATRICE  
Griffin?! Don't leave me.

He reaches for her but she's too far away now.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)  
Beatrice! Beatrice!

She reaches for him but the BLINDING LIGHT ENGULFS US.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS**

Sal and the EMT's stand over Griffin. They've given up.

SAL  
You idiot!

He grabs an EPI syringe and injects Griffin. Throws the empty on the floor with the others. The EMT touches his shoulder.

EMT  
He's gone. Better call the cops.

Sal nods, tries wiping away the tears that keep coming.

OVERHEAD SHOT--

Sal stands in shock between their bodies. Beatrice, lying in her half open drawer, is still connected by wires and electrodes to Griffin, dead on the gurney.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MORGUE - LATER**

Griffin is now lying in an open BODY BAG on the gurney. An ASSISTANT is filling out a TOE TAG while Detective Gibbs pokes around Griffin's gear, amazed.

GIBBS  
I've seen some crazy shit but this here is next level.

The assistant nods, zips the bag shut. Behind him we can see Charon interviewing Sal in the office.

**SAL'S OFFICE--**

Sal is behind his desk, looks like shit warmed over.

CHARON  
You say you knew him pretty well, yet you have no idea whatsoever what he was up to? Or that this was his girlfriend?

SAL  
(lying)  
No. Like I said, this is how I found him. That's all I know. You're the detective, you tell me what this is all about.

Charon looks out at the crime scene for a beat, then --

CHARON

Okay. Way I see it, Romeo over there finally came to terms with the fact that Juliet swallowed the hemlock of her own accord. Then decides he wants to check out too... Only Romeo happens to be a twisted geek genius so his version of dying with his lover is, let's just say... elaborate.

Gibbs walks in, points out to the BODY DRAWERS.

GIBBS

He had a key to that drawer, Doc. Any idea where he got it?

SAL

How would I know? He had access, so anything is possible.

(getting pissed)

He didn't get it from me if that's what your asking. And even implying as much could cost me my job.

CHARON

Your job is the least of your concerns right now. You better hope he didn't murder that girl first then come to play out the rest of his twisted jerk-off scenario here... on your watch.

GIBBS

Kind of hard to believe he could just get all that shit in here unnoticed.

SAL

Yeah, well, he did. And I don't set the security protocols at this...

CHARON

Relax. Right now the only crime is B&E and desecration. And the perp's dead, so... As long as the autopsy confirms the girl committed suicide it's clean. Bizarre as all hell, but clean. In the mean time, his stuff...

(points to Griffin's gear)

(MORE)

CHARON (CONT'D)  
 ...does not leave this ice box, or  
 my problem becomes your problem. We  
 clear?

SAL  
 Crystal.

Charon and Gibbs leave.

**INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS**

Sal walks out of his office, starts loading Griffin's  
 EQUIPMENT in an empty STORAGE LOCKER, locks it, and sits  
 down, exhausted. After a quiet beat...

BEHIND SAL--

A FINGER pokes through the top of the BODY BAG zipper and  
 slowly PULLS THE ZIPPER DOWN. Sal hears the sound of the  
 zipper opening and looks up, slowly turns around.

GRIFFIN SITS UP!

Sal JUMPS out of his chair, cracks his head on a cabinet and  
 crashes down on a metal tray. Tools go flying. Sal smacks  
 down on the linoleum, out cold.

CUT TO BLACK:

**FADE IN TO--**

Sal's POV: Griffin is sitting over him, slaps him lightly,  
 pours some water on him.

ON SAL-- Coming to. Groggy.

SAL  
 Am I dead?

GRIFFIN  
 No.

SAL  
 What about you?

GRIFFIN  
 Not anymore.

Sal sits up, disoriented. Griffin helps him into the chair,  
 which is when they both realize Griffin is still NAKED with a  
 TAG on his toe. Sal points to Griffin's clothes sealed in  
 oversized ZIPLOCK BAGS.

GRIFFIN

Oh. Right.

Griffin gets dressed. Sal punches his arm.

                  GRIFFIN

Ow! Shit!

                  SAL

Just making sure you're real. I don't get it man. We tried everything. I hit you with enough adrenaline to start a Mac truck.

Griffin starts getting dressed. Thinks about it --

                  GRIFFIN

Delayed response. Epi trapped in my fatty tissues leaked out when my cells started breaking down.

                  SAL

(considers this)

That would've taken a lot longer than six minutes buddy. You're brain should be oatmeal.

                  GRIFFIN

That's just the safe average. There are cases where people have come back hours after death was called. Some sort of genetic predisposition for survival is my theory. Rare, but it happens.

                  SAL

Well SOMETHING happened anyway. You remember anything?

                  GRIFFIN

EVERYTHING. She was murdered.

                  SAL

Wait, what?!

                  GRIFFIN

(excited)

I made contact.

                  SAL

Or... you experienced a hypoxic event and were dreaming about the woman you love.

GRIFFIN

When you perform the autopsy,  
you'll find heroin on the tox  
screen. He dosed her. Then killed  
her when she couldn't defend  
herself. Slit wrists are just good  
theater. Cops see those and stop  
looking.

Griffin holds his head in his hands, miserable with grief.

SAL

But the report said she was a  
former addict. How is the heroin  
going to...

GRIFFIN

(can barely say it)  
Test for DNA. He also...

Can't finish. Sal pats him on the back.

GRIFFIN

Just keep her brain intact as long  
as you can. Promise me.

SAL

I promise she won't get bumped up,  
but the autopsy is set for Monday  
9am. Nothing I can do about that.

Griffin nods, turns to leave.

SAL

Where are you going? You need to  
get checked out.

GRIFFIN

No, I need to find Beatrice's  
killer and make sure he pays for  
what he did.

SAL

You need to tell the cops. If  
you're right I'll find the  
evidence. Let them do their job.

GRIFFIN

There's no time. An investigation  
will take weeks. She's gone forever  
in two days.

(looks at her drawer)

I need to see her again.

He walks to the door, stops --

                  GRIFFIN

I'm sorry I dragged you into this.  
I wouldn't have done what I did if  
I wasn't sure.

                  SAL

Yeah. Okay. Just don't get yourself  
killed. Again.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Griffin walks up the street and into the alley. Climbs the fire escape to Beatrice's WINDOW. Looks inside. Police tape and evidence markers everywhere but no cops.

Slim Jims the window and crawls inside.

**INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Griffin stands there for a minute, staring at the bathroom. Walks over to the front door. Cracks it gently to check the hallway. When he does that --

TRAVIS RUSHES IN!

Griffin falls back onto the floor hard. When he gets up to fight --

TRAVIS IS GONE.

No one is there but him. Griffin looks around, completely bewildered. It was just a VIVID HALLUCINATION.

                  GRIFFIN

What the hell?!

He stands, shaky, and closes the front door. Looks around. Walks to the bathroom. Stops for a beat, waiting, gathering courage, staring at the POLICE TAPE across the door opening.

BATHROOM--

Griffin ducks the tape and walks in trying to keep it together. Looks at the tub. Too much. Too soon. Goes to the sink and splashes water on his face. Turns around and --

TRAVIS IS STANDING THERE!

He grabs Griffin and plunges a SYRINGE into his arm. Griffin screams, panicked. Then -- IT'S OVER IN AN INSTANT.

Griffin finds himself still standing at the sink. Again, a VIVID HALLUCINATION.

                  GRIFFIN  
                  (epiphany)  
                  I still have some of her memories.  
                  Being here is triggering them.

Griffin walks around, trying to trigger another memory. Nothing.

                  GRIFFIN  
                  Come on. Show me what happened.

Looks around some more. Nothing. Closes his eyes, frustrated. When he opens them --

TRAVIS APPEARS AGAIN.

Same memory. He grabs Griffin by the neck and slaps him. But Griffin is ready this time, lucid, and sees that Travis is holding onto the BATHTUB FAUCET with his free hand.

Griffin CLOSES HIS EYES and the HALLUCINATION ENDS.

He opens his eyes and looks at the BATHTUB FAUCET. Walks over and breaths on it. Fingerprints briefly appear on the chrome.

                  GRIFFIN  
                  Gotcha asshole.

He grabs BABY POWDER from the cabinet, along with a fat MAKEUP BRUSH. Gently dusts the faucet with the powder. PRINTS show up easily. Griffin PHOTOGRAPHS them with his phone.

FRONT DOOR--

Griffin opens it. TRAVIS IS THERE. Griffin closes his eyes. Opens the door all the way. Opens his eyes. Travis is gone. Griffin dusts the glass over the peephole with the powder. Another good PRINT shows up. Griffin photographs it.

CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Charon is at his desk. Gibbs walks up. Drops an envelope on his desk.



GIBBS  
 Messenger just dropped this off.

Charon opens the envelope-- Pulls out Griffin's FINGERPRINT PHOTOS with the word "KILLER" written on them.

CHARON  
 Run it.

GIBBS  
 Already being run.

CHARON  
 And find out who the hell sent these.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BUSY MANHATTAN STREET - AFTERNOON**

Cold blustery day. Sal walks briskly down the street. Steps into a neighborhood bar.

**INT. BAR - DAY**

Griffin is slumped over in a booth, breathing like he just ran a marathon. Sal walks in and sits down.

SAL  
 Jesus kid, you look like shit.

GRIFFIN  
 I think I'm in deep shit, Sal. I seemed to have downloaded some of Bea's memories. They're incredibly... vivid. Real. Almost as if they're my own. I see them and I feel them like she did. It's affecting me.

He drinks some water.

GRIFFIN  
 I mean, I know the difference between what's real and what isn't, but I can feel my sanity slipping.  
 (unbuttons his shirt)  
 And then there's this...

A spiderweb of BLUE VEINS snakes across his chest.

SAL  
Dios mio. You look like a corpse.

GRIFFIN  
Feel my skin.

Sal touches it.

SAL  
It's cold as ice.

GRIFFIN  
Might be a side effect of the  
hypothermic drug.

SAL  
Or your body is shutting down,  
releasing toxic proteins.

GRIFFIN  
(thinking)  
If my mind thinks I'm still dead,  
maybe my body will follow.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHARON'S CAR - DUSK**

Charon and Gibbs are hauling ass down a burned out street in Alphabet City. Gibbs is holding a MUG SHOT of TRAVIS stapled to his RAP SHEET JACKET.

GIBBS  
So Travis Darrow gets released from Attica last week but can't find his girl right off the bat because she changed her name. BB Shaye became Beatrice Conrad last year.

CHARON  
She should have left all together.

GIBBS  
They never learn. Here's a question. Darrow goes in to do a nickel for dealing, but walks after 11 months for "good behavior." What's wrong with this picture?

CHARON  
Something. Let's ask him.

Charon stops and parks. They both get out quietly.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

GHETTO. Stank of drugs and hookers. Charon and Gibbs creep up to one of the buildings. Front door lock is broken.

GIBBS  
Better call the H.O.A. Get that fixed.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

They creep in. Head up the dark stairwell and into a --

HALLWAY--

Lighting is dim. Floors filthy. Graffiti walls. A YOUNG ASIAN GUY rounds the corner, startles them. Charon flashes his badge and shows him a photo of Travis.

CHARON  
NYPD. You know this guy?

ASIAN GUY  
Never seen him before. Sorry.

Charon just nods and turns away, saying nothing. The guy heads down the steps while Charon and Gibbs walk up to one of the doors. Charon KNOCKS. No answer.

CHARON  
Police! Open up!

Still nothing. Charon nods to Gibbs. Gibbs kicks in the door. Both enter with their guns up.

**INT. TRAVIS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Squalor and filth but no signs of life. They search the place and find nothing, not even any permanent furniture except for a dirty mattress here and there.

CHARON  
Drug squat.

GIBBS  
Someone's been covering the rent in his name. I'll get in touch with the landlord.

They put their guns away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BUSY MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT**

We're following a NYC BIKE MESSENGER as he flies down the street, expertly weaving through the heavy traffic. He turns down a side street and hops off his bike.

ON MESSENGER-- It's the Asian guy Charon questioned.

He locks his bike and heads into what we now recognize as Griffin's apartment building.

**INT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Griffin is pacing in his living room when there is a KNOCK on the door. He opens it.

Bike messenger hands him a SLIP OF PAPER.

BIKE MESSENGER

Hey. Got an address for this Travis character.

GRIFFIN

Charon go by there?

BIKE MESSENGER

Yeah, led me right to it. Nobody home. Definitely his place though. Last name's Darrow.

Griffin pays the guy, watches him leave. Then grabs his coat.

**INT. BURIAL BAR - NIGHT**

Death metal and goth dungeon. Everyone has every inch of their body pierced, tattooed and branded.

Griffin walks through the bar, drawing stares as if HE'S the weird one. Passes a CORNER BOOTH.

BEATRICE MEMORY FLASH--

BEATRICE POV-- sitting in the booth across from TRAVIS. Travis kisses her on the lips.

BACK TO GRIFFIN-- His eyes are closed. He looks away from the booth in disgust and keeps walking.

GRIFFIN

Okay, that sucked.

Back of the bar, SABINE is playing her sad emo guitar and wailing some bullshit to five people.

Griffin looks at her for a LONG BEAT. Recognizes her even though they've never met.

After she finishes her song, she downs the SHOT OF WHISKEY on the stool next to her, sets down her guitar and walks toward the bar. She's off the wagon WASTED. As she passes Griffin --

                  GRIFFIN  
          You're Sabine.

She walks right past him.

                  GRIFFIN  
          I'm Griffin Black.

She stops. Turns around. Her eyes narrow.

                  GRIFFIN  
          I'm a... was a friend of...

                  SABINE  
          I know who you are.

                  GRIFFIN  
          Bea told me you played here.

                  SABINE  
          Amazing, considering she never came  
          to one show.

                  GRIFFIN  
          She said she wanted to bring me to  
          one, show me her former wild side.

                  SABINE  
          Isn't that sweet?

                  GRIFFIN  
          You know where I can find Travis?

Sabine's face changes. Fear or anger, hard to tell. She looks around, registers something, then --

                  SABINE  
          Let's grab a cigarette outside.

**EXT. BURIAL BAR/BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

They walk outside. Sabine KISSES Griffin full on the lips, starts grinding on him. He pushes her away.

GRIFFIN

What are you doing?!

SABINE

Let's see what all the fuss was about.

She kisses him again and grabs his crotch. Griffin pulls her arms away and pins them against the wall.

GRIFFIN

What is wrong with you?

SABINE

Everything! Isn't it obvious?

He lets her go.

GRIFFIN

There was a woman in her apartment the night she died. Was it you?

SABINE

I wish. If I was with her... if she was my girl... she wouldn't have checked out. Looks like you can't say the same.

GRIFFIN

It wasn't suicide. He killed her, Sabine.

SABINE

(laughs)  
Denial.  
(starts to walk away)  
You'll get over it.

GRIFFIN

I loved her!

She spins around. Gets in his face. Her eyes go dark and fill with inky, mascara tears.

SABINE

I loved her first.

GRIFFIN

Then tell me where I can find him!

She takes a long, unsteady drag on her cigarette. Blows the smoke off to the side.

SABINE

We walked right past him inside.

He tenses up.

GRIFFIN

Are you kidding me?

She shakes her head. Smiles. Griffin storms back inside.

**INT. BURIAL BAR - NIGHT**

Griffin scans the bar. Sees Travis having a drink in the corner with some girls. Griffin grabs an EMPTY BOTTLE.

ON TRAVIS-- Chatting up the girls.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

Hey buddy!

Travis turns just in time to have Griffin smash the beer bottle upside his head. He falls out of his chair, bleeding. Griffin jumps on top of him and starts wailing.

It looks like Griffin caught him by surprise enough to actually win the fight. But when Travis' eyes meet his, Griffin is cold cocked by a --

BEATRICE MEMORY FLASH--

We are back in her apartment, seeing things from her POV. Travis grabs us and holds us against the wall. His red, sneering face is inches from ours. We hear Bea SCREAM and Travis SLAPS us.

Griffin SNAPS OUT OF IT--

Just in time to see Travis' FOOT kick him in the face. Griffin flies across the bar floor and slams into a table.

He looks up. Travis is huge and he is fucking pissed. A bouncer tries to grab him but Travis punches the guy in the neck and drops him.

Then he pulls a BLADE and comes for Griffin. Griffin makes a break for the front door and Travis is right on his ass.

**EXT. BURIAL BAR/ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

The door explodes open and Griffin runs out. Travis is right on him, chasing Griffin into the --

PARKING LOT--

There is a high wall at the end of the lot. Griffin is trapped and Travis almost has him, until --

A CAR COMES OUT OF NOWHERE AND NAILS TRAVIS!

Travis rolls off the hood and hits the pavement. Loses his knife. Griffin grabs the knife and jumps on him. Holds the knife to his THROAT.

GRIFFIN

You killed her and now I'm gonna kill you! How does it feel?! Huh?! To be utterly terrorized in your last moments of life.

The driver of the car gets out. It's Sabine.

SABINE

Do him Griffin! DO HIM!

TRAVIS

Killed WHO asshole!?

GRIFFIN

Beatrice! Say her name you piece of shit before I cut your throat!

TRAVIS

(gut punched)  
What?! BB's dead!?

He looks at Sabine. Sabine spits on him.

GRIFFIN

Don't play with me! You were there the night she died!

TRAVIS

I didn't kill her you asshole! I slapped that bitch up, yeah, cause she's been steppin' behind my back, yo!

SABINE

She's not your woman anymore goon!

TRAVIS

Shut your hole, skank!

He looks at Griffin.



TRAVIS

Go ahead little bitch! Kill me if you want. But I didn't kill BB. She was my world! Go ahead! Man up!

SIRENS. The cops come flying into the parking lot. Griffin puts the knife away. Sabine gives him a hard look --

SABINE

Pussy.

Cops jump out of their cars. Griffin rolls off Travis and they take off running in different directions.

Sabine gets into her car and PUNCHES IT but another cop car blocks the parking lot entrance and they ARREST her.

**INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Sabine is smoking a cigarette, hung over. Charon puts a PHOTO of Griffin from his hospital ID badge in front of her.

CHARON

You're telling me this is the man who was fighting with Travis Darrow at the bar tonight?

SABINE

Yes. Am I stuttering? Griffin. Turn up your hearing aid.

CHARON

That's it, I'm running a tox screen on you.

SABINE

Let me save you the trouble -- Positive. Positive. Positive!

He nods, like "that's what I thought..."

SABINE

Got my two year chip last month and Bea died. I slipped. Whoa... an addict relapsed. Alert the media. What's your problem!?

CHARON

My problem is that this asshole...  
(taps the photo)  
...is DEAD! So who are you trying to protect?

SABINE

(laughing)

Dead? I think you're the one that needs the tox screen!

CHARON

Let's try something else. Where is Travis?

SABINE

No idea. I only know him from the bar. That's where we used to buy from him.

(takes a long drag)

And I'm not protecting anyone. In fact, I'm pissed they didn't kill each other last night. Neither one of them deserved her.

Gibbs comes in.

GIBBS

Need you for a minute.

CHARON

Not now.

GIBBS

Partner.

Charon looks at him. Something's up. Stubs out Sabine's cigarette and leaves with Gibbs.

HALLWAY--

GIBBS

Just got the bar security footage...

Shakes his head, like he still can't believe it.

CHARON

And?

GIBBS

Griffin Black is all over it.

CHARON

Not you too.

GIBBS

It's him. Hundred percent. No idea how, but it's him alright. He came there to kill Travis.

(MORE)

GIBBS (CONT'D)  
 (Charon processes this)  
 Pushing the limit on strange here  
 Mike.

CHARON  
 This is New York. There IS no limit  
 on strange. Find him and bring him  
 in. And bring that M.E. - Garcia -  
 back for questioning. I'll get  
 surveillance set up at Travis' flop  
 in case he crawls back home.

**EXT. TRAVIS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Griffin hustles up the street and slips into the front door.

**INT. TRAVIS' APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

We follow Griffin as he heads up the stairs to Travis' apartment. He has Travis' knife in his hand.

Sees that the door has been kicked down. Waits outside for a minute, hesitant and fearful. Then enters --

TRAVIS' APARTMENT--

Creeps in quietly, knife white knuckled in his hand. Looks at the KITCHEN as he passes it.

BEATRICE MEMORY FLASHBACK--

Beatrice is passed out on the kitchen table, a NEEDLE still stuck in her arm. Travis and his buddies pay her no mind while they drink and smoke weed.

We stare at her. Somehow her beauty still manages to transcend this appalling state. Then we HEAR SOMETHING and --

GRIFFIN SNAPS OUT OF IT--

Opens his eyes. Stops and waits silently. Hears it again. A strange SHUFFLING SOUND. He follows it and enters a --

BEDROOM--

And stops short, horrified.

TRAVIS IS SITTING AGAINST THE WALL, DEAD.

There is a small BULLET WOUND in his forehead. The shuffling sound is coming from his TWITCHING FEET.

Griffin starts to gag and runs out of there.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SIDEWALK - DAWN**

All is quiet. We're following a HOMELESS MAN walking down the empty street. He turns into an ALLEY between apartment buildings and freezes --

A DOZEN COPS are quietly lining up for a raid. Gibbs is going from man to man, whispering instructions.

**INT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Griffin's in the shower trying to scrub off the night's filth. He hears a LOUD KNOCK on the door.

GIBBS (OUTSIDE DOOR)  
Griffin Black! NYPD! Open up!

Griffin kills the shower. Jumps out. Throws on a shirt and pants.

Looks out the window-- Sees the COP CARS in the street below.

Another KNOCK. LOUDER.

GIBBS (OUTSIDE DOOR)  
POLICE! WE'RE COMING IN!

Griffin starts tiptoeing across the room, heading for the fire escape. Just as he is halfway across the room --

WHAM! COPS RAM THE DOOR.

Door SPLINTERS. Griffin bolts for the FIRE ESCAPE. Opens the window, crawls out just as COPS POUR INTO HIS APARTMENT.

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - SAME**

COPS are climbing up the FIRE ESCAPE.

COP  
Freeze asshole!

Surging with adrenalin, Griffin climbs like a monkey up the ladder. POLICE RADIOS EXPLODE WITH CHATTER. Other COPS come out of the apartment window and pursue.

ROOFTOPS--

Griffin pulls himself up on the roof. His bare feet are already BLEEDING as he sprints across the gravelly roof.

COPS PURSUE. Griffin is faster though, despite his feet. He leaps from his roof to another, tumbles, keeps running.

CHARON climbs out onto the roof griffin just landed on.

CHARON  
STOP GRIFFIN! WE WILL SHOOT YOU!

GRIFFIN  
I'm already dead!

He runs to the edge of the building. Impossible jump. Slows down and stands on the edge, teetering.

CHARON  
Don't do it!

GRIFFIN  
Overzealous cop drives young, grief stricken man to suicide! Nice headline, don't you think!

Griffin JUMPS!

Charon sprints to the edge. Looks over. Griffin isn't there. No falling body. No splat.

**INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Griffin falls into the fire escape window of a housing project apartment. Runs past some kids, out to the --

FRONT ROOM--

A MAN is PASSED OUT in a recliner holding a BONG. Griffin takes the SNEAKERS and HOODIE next to him and slips out.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Griffin comes out the back near the trash cans. Puts his hood up and walks across a graffiti covered PARK. COPS scramble behind him in the distance, still on the hunt.

**INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - LATER**

Griffin is on a payphone.

GRIFFIN

Sal?

**INT. SAL'S HOUSE - SAME**

Sal is drinking a beer and watching soccer, talking to Griffin on his cell phone.

SAL

Give me the good news...

GRIFFIN (ON PHONE)

Okay. Cops are at my apartment.  
They tried to bring me in.

SAL

I said good news.

(realization)

So now they're gonna be coming for  
me, wondering how the hell a corpse  
walked out of my morgue.

He gets up and looks out the window. Nobody yet. Grabs his jacket and keys.

SAL

Hon, going out for beer!

SAL'S WIFE

What?!

He takes off out the back door, phone still to his ear.

**INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - SAME**

GRIFFIN

That's why I'm calling.

SAL (ON PHONE)

Where are you?

GRIFFIN

Parking structure at the hospital.

SAL

Don't move. I'm on my way.

Griffin hangs up, looks around, all clear. Pulls out a small PRY BAR and cracks the locked valet box. One set of keys inside. Takes them and starts hitting the door remote.

RESERVED PARKING SPACE-- A sleek, black 7 SERIES BMW lights up with a chirp. It's parked in a VIP spot by the elevator.

**INT. GRIFFIN'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Charon and his men are snooping all over the place, tagging evidence-- Griffin's equipment, notebooks, diagrams of his deep six machine, etc.

Charon sees the photo of Griffin's FAMILY on the night stand. Opens some drawers. Throws his clothes out of the closet.

Finds a MILITARY FOOTLOCKER. Picks the lock. Opens it. Griffin's JOURNALS are stacked neatly inside.

Gibbs walks over.

GIBBS

Just got a call from patrol at Darrow's apartment. He's dead. GSW to the head.

CHARON

So Black must have gotten to him. Simple revenge if he thought Darrow killed the girl.

(thinks for a beat)

Doesn't explain the morgue though. Or Black's resurrection. Where are we with Sal Garcia?

GIBBS

Wife said he was at a sports bar. Sent a car. He's in the wind.

CHARON

He's in this with Black. Whatever this is.

GIBBS

Let's just get'em and we'll sort it out under the hot lights.

(beat - frustrated)

Can we just talk about the elephant for a second... I mean, Black was dead. As a doornail. We saw it with our own eyes. You can't fake that shit. Then he shows up. How?

CHARON

I don't know. Something we're not seeing.

(MORE)

CHARON (CONT'D)  
 (holds up the Journals)  
 Maybe these'll shed some light.

**INT. BMW - LATER**

Griffin and Sal are sitting in the PARKING GARAGE. Sal looks like he's going to throw up. Griffin looks half dead.

SAL  
 We should turn ourselves in.

GRIFFIN  
 We will. After I find her killer.  
 She's gone in one day, Sal. One  
 more day. That's all I ask.

SAL  
 No. Absolutely not. This is your  
 obsession. Not mine. This ends now.

GRIFFIN  
 Then we go to jail. Both of us. The  
 cops will pin Travis on me for  
 sure. Maybe even Bea. And you're in  
 it almost as deep. I have to catch  
 her killer. That is the only sure  
 way out of this. Am I right?

Sal's eyes dart around as he runs through the options. Then he starts POUNDING the steering wheel in a mini-rage. Barking out OBSCENITIES in Spanish-- "Puta" this and "Chinga" that.

Finally stops. Breaths. Calms down a little.

GRIFFIN  
 I'll take that as a yes.

While Griffin thinks, Sal broods. Then his PHONE RINGS.

GRIFFIN  
 Do not answer that.

Sal lets it go to voicemail. Then checks it on speaker --

SAL'S WIFE (VOICEMAIL)  
 (crying)  
 Salvador. You need to come home  
 right now. The police are here.  
 Please come home.

Sal hangs up, looks at Griffin. The rage is back.



SAL

Tell me you have a plan!

GRIFFIN

I do. Hear me out... Travis is murdered an hour after fifty people witnessed me almost kill him. Hardly a coincidence. I'm being set up. But why? Who would do that?

Sal considers this.

SAL

Someone who wants you to stop what your doing. Someone that thinks you're a threat.

GRIFFIN

Exactly. Beatrice's killer. They convince the cops it's suicide, but not me. I start pulling at that thread, so I need to be dealt with. Whoever killed Bea, killed Travis.

(gives him a look)

And, Sal, only one person knows for sure who killed Travis... and that's Travis.

At first Sal isn't sure what Griffin means, then --

SAL

No way! ENOUGH with the Dr. Frankenstein shit. First off, I can't get to Travis' body. Second, that cracker was shot in the head.

GRIFFIN

It was small caliber and there was no exit wound. Good chance his brain it's still viable. Only one way to find out.

SAL

Back to the first point. I can't get to the body.

Griffin starts the car and backs out.

GRIFFIN

I think I can...

Takes out a new pre-paid CELL. Opens the package, dials.

**EXT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - LATER**

Charon walks toward the entrance, past a couple unmarked CROWN VICS double parked. Shakes his head, pissed. Gibbs is out front, waiting for him.

CHARON

DEA. Have they taken the body yet?

GIBBS

Not yet. But they're about to. It checks out too. Darrow is definitely theirs. They sprung him early to snitch some big case.

CHARON

So he's their snitch. Big deal. Dime a dozen. He's about to become a center piece in a double murder investigation. We need that body.

**INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS**

AGENTS wearing DEA jackets watch while an attendant preps Travis' corpse. Charon and Gibbs walk in. Charon addresses AGENT PHILLIPS (40's).

CHARON

You Phillips?

(Phillips nods)

So your boys let loose a violent offender in my town without informing me, and inside of a week he ends up the victim of one homicide and a suspect in another. A heads up would have been nice, agent.

AGENT PHILLIPS

Sorry detective, but my hands were tied until he bought it last night. Travis Darrow is no ordinary C.I. -- He happens to be a cog in a very important wheel. Afraid the body has to come with us.

Charon thinks for a beat, then --

CHARON

Alright. Then I'm going to accompany the body to D.C. -- I'm not waiting three weeks for the autopsy results to be released.

They stare at each other for a long beat. Phillips gives in.

AGENT PHILLIPS  
Suit yourself. We're on the 3:45.  
American out of Laguardia.

They follow the agents wheeling the body out.

HALLWAY--

CARL, the janitor, is waiting patiently with his mop and bucket. The morgue doors open and the agents and detectives wheel the body onto the elevator. An agent nods to Carl --

AGENT  
Thanks. It's all yours.

MORGUE--

Carl walks in, looks around. Empty. He grabs the AUTOPSY MICROPHONE hanging down from the ceiling.

ON MIC-- The small red recording light is ON.

Carl switches it off and walks into --

SAL'S OFFICE--

He sits down and hits REWIND on the DIGITAL RECORDING DECK. Waits a beat. Presses play. We hear the last part of Charon and Phillip's conversation with the flight times.

**EXT. STORAGE UNIT/BACK ALLEY - DAY**

The BMW is parked in the alley, hazards on. Griffin and Sal hustle out, pushing a CART stacked with electronics. Griffin pops the trunk. They start loading in gear. His cell rings.

GRIFFIN  
It's him.

He pulls out the fresh BURNER CELL

GRIFFIN  
Griffin.  
(listens)  
Okay. Thanks Carl.  
(hangs up)  
Shit. DEA just confiscated Travis' body. They're flying it to D.C.

SAL  
Well that's that, I guess.

Griffin thinks for a long beat. Looks at Sal, eyes wide --

GRIFFIN

We're going do it on the plane.

Sal laughs. Sees Griffin isn't laughing.

SAL

You're out of your mind.

GRIFFIN

No. This is genius. First of all, they'll never expect it. And we have access... YOU... have access.

Sal looks confused for a split second, then --

SAL

What? My cousin Cesar? The guy's just a baggage handler.

GRIFFIN

Exactly. Cargo security is the weakest link in the chain. Times did a piece on it. Everyone's trying to stop a shoe bomb or exploding shampoo bottle when you could load 50 lbs of C4 into the cargo bay with a couple C-notes and a twelve pack.

Griffin shuts the trunk, tosses Sal the phone.

GRIFFIN

We need to meet him, man. Right away.

They get in the car. Sal dials.

**INT. BMW - LATER**

Griffin parks the car in a shady part of town.

GRIFFIN

Need a few more things. Gotta see my guy Sergei.

SAL

Black market Russian mobsters. This just gets better and better.

GRIFFIN

Just let me do the talking and  
we'll make it out of here in one  
piece... probably.

Sal looks at him, freaked out.

**INT. RADIO SHACK - MOMENTS LATER**

Old school shop. Looks like it's been here for a hundred  
years. Sal and Griffin walk in -- DING -- a BIG FAT GUY walks  
out of the back.

GRIFFIN

Sergei! My man.

Griffin looks back at Sal, smiles. Sal can't help but laugh.

SAL

You know what? Go fuck yourself. I  
was ready for trouble man.

GRIFFIN

Don't worry, we'll have plenty of  
that. Just not yet.

He hands Sergei a LIST.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY**

Two OFFICIAL HEARSEs accompanied by SUV's and local cops pull  
into a SECURE LOADING AREA.

AGENTS assist BAGGAGE HANDLERS as they load special COLD  
TRANSPORT CASKETS onto a FLATBED BAGGAGE VEHICLE.

TARMAC--

The BAGGAGE VEHICLE, guarded by agents and cops, rolls slowly  
out to the awaiting AMERICAN AIRLINES AIRCRAFT.

They load the caskets into the plane's CARGO HOLD and drive  
the baggage vehicle away.

Then the CARGO flatbed rolls up and starts loading some CARGO  
CRATES onto the plane.

ON TERMINAL OBSERVATION WINDOW-- Detective Charon, Agent  
Phillips, and a TSA OFFICIAL are watching from the terminal.

**INT. TERMINAL - SAME**

Charon watches them load the crates.

CHARON

What are those crates?

TSA OFFICIAL

Air Cargo.

(points at his clipboard)

DHL leases all unused space.

Charon looks back. The last crate disappears into the plane.

AGENT PHILLIPS

Let's go. Time to board.

**INT. AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON**

Charon is sitting in his seat next to Agent Phillips as the plane TAKES OFF.

**INT. CARGO HOLD - MOMENTS LATER**

The top of a CARGO CONTAINER opens and Griffin gets out. Sal gets out of another CONTAINER. They quickly unload the gear, trying to maintain their balance as the plane ascends.

While Griffin struggles to get everything set up, Sal is trying to pry the lock off TRAVIS' COLD TRANSPORT CASKET. Both of them are FREEZING COLD, their breath visible.

SAL

My hands are numb.

He finally gets it open. Griffin takes off his shirt and starts prepping himself.

GRIFFIN

(shivering)

At least it's already... cold in this... bitch.

Sal puts the ELECTRODE NET on Travis' head. Griffin fires up his laptop and plugs everything in.

And no deep six machine, only a ROW OF SYRINGES taped to the crate. Griffin points at the first one --

GRIFFIN

Left to right, just like a... fancy  
dinner... Ever been to a fancy  
dinner?

SAL

Of course not... I've only stared  
longingly... through the window  
while I was gg... gardening...

Griffin smiles, puts on his ELECTRODE NET and lies back.

GRIFFIN

Remember... six... minutes after I  
code. No longer.

SAL

Got it.

Sal taps his watch, pulls the first syringe from the board.

SAL

Hypothermic solution.

He injects Griffin, who almost immediately gets hypothermic.  
Lips turn blue, eyes stare into space as he loses  
consciousness. Sal pulls the second syringe.

SAL

Potassium Chloride.

He sets his watch timer to SIX MINUTES. Injects. Heart  
monitor immediately FLATLINES.

GRIFFIN'S POV-- Looking at Sal. Sal gets blurry as he pulls  
out a THIRD SYRINGE.

SAL

(SLO-MO DISTORTED)  
*Synthetic Dopamine...*

The scene darkens and goes to BLACK. All SOUND CEASES.

ON LAPTOP-- Windows open with BRAIN EEG signals and Griffin's  
HEART MONITOR. "BINDING TO DOMINANT DATA STREAM" appears with  
the progress bar. Then --

"SYNCHRONIZATION COMPLETE"

SMASH CUT TO:

**GRIFFIN'S DEEP SIX POV--**

In the blackness, the sound of the flatline heart monitor and AIRPLANE FADE UP. PICTURE FADES IN and we are FLOATING on the ceiling of the cargo hold.

Then THOUSANDS OF FILTHY, BLOODY HANDS emerge from the blackness, TEARING AT US, pulling us down into an OILY OCEAN OF THICK BLACK LIQUID, LIKE A TAR PIT.

Millions of ANGRY VOICES accompany the hands, furiously screaming venomous threats and curses. We FIGHT but they are overpowering and we sink into the PIT, gurgling and drowning.

Suddenly, we emerge and find ourselves moving down a --

**HOUSING PROJECT HALLWAY--**

The walls are covered with horrific graffiti and the carpet is soaked in blood. We walk fast through the hallway, stepping over EMACIATED, DYING JUNKIES.

The junkies have the same huge dark eyes that the demon children had in Bea's death experience. We can see TRAVIS' REFLECTION in their eyes as he -- WE -- push past.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS**

SEVERE TURBULENCE. Sal is trying to keep Griffin from getting tossed and tearing his WIRES. Sal gets THROWN into the side of the plane. Scrambles back to Griffin.

**INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS**

Agent Phillips is white knuckling his armrests.

Charon is reading GRIFFIN'S JOURNAL, examining the hand-drawn diagrams where Griffin is working out BRAIN SYNCHRONIZATION between himself and a corpse.

**INT. CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS**

Sal looks at the TIMER - TWO MINUTES. Looks at Griffin.

BACK TO:



**TRAVIS' DEATH EXPERIENCE--**

Griffin is back in the BURIAL BAR. It's pitch black. A constant RED STROBE flashes, revealing the scene --

Everyone is DANCING, but it's more of a MOSH PIT -- very violent with people smashing into walls and tables.

He walks through the bar, trying to take in as much as he can about this Travis memory. Find it's meaning.

Finally something gets his attention --

He's looking at a WOMAN, watching her DANCE. She is covered in TATTOOS that also seem to MOVE on her skin. One of the tattoos is a GUN and it SHIMMERS as if it's real.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS**

Sal is watching the timer, waiting for --

SIX MINUTES.

He pulls a huge EPI NEEDLE. Goes to stick it in Griffin's chest but TURBULENCE throws him. Needle goes flying.

Sal struggles to grab the needle. Crawls to Griffin. Jams it in his chest. Plunges it.

CUT BACK TO:

**TRAVIS' DEATH EXPERIENCE--**

GLITCHY, FRAGMENTED IMAGES of BURIAL BAR cut with images of Travis' apartment. We are back in --

TRAVIS' POV--

The woman is dancing at the bar, but Travis is having sex with her in his apartment. Her back is to him.

Both scenes become very violent. In the bar, the dancing woman is getting spattered with blood from all angles.

At the climax of both scenes, she whips her head around and looks at us. Looks at Travis --

IT'S SABINE.

She has the empty demon eyes, smiling and licking blood from her lips. We hear a guttural SCREAM as the reflection in her eyes changes between Travis and Griffin, screaming.

Then we only see the BARREL of the GUN and the BLAST explodes in our eyes and the scene is blown out WHITE.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS**

GRIFFIN'S POV-- CLOSE-UP OF SAL hovering with DEFIB PADDLES. He hears the HEART MONITOR chirping and throws the paddles aside. He looks like he almost had a coronary.

SAL  
Son of a...!

Griffin sits up and pukes. The sound of the plane's landing gear going down and air brakes engaging is deafening.

SAL  
We'll be on the ground in a few minutes!

They scramble to pack up and get Travis properly stowed.

**EXT. RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The PLANE TOUCHES DOWN, starts to TAXI.

**INT. AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER**

Detective Charon and Agent Phillips are standing by the door as the plane attaches to the jetway.

CHARON  
Your men here yet?

AGENT PHILLIPS  
Yeah. Are you going to tell me what this is all about?

**INT. CARGO CRATE - CONTINUOUS**

Griffin is stuffed into the crate in near total darkness. He can feel the CRATE BEING UNLOADED from the plane. It is loaded on the truck and moving for a few beats, then STOPS.

He can hear someone OPENING THE TOP. The top comes off and SUNLIGHT STREAMS IN. When Griffin's EYES ADJUST --

DETECTIVE CHARON COMES INTO FOCUS.

He POINTS A GUN AT GRIFFIN'S FACE. Other AGENTS point ASSAULT RIFLES at him as well.

CHARON  
How was your flight?

**INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT**

Griffin, handcuffed to a chair, sits across from Charon.

Griffin's skin is ASHEN GRAY. His face is drawn and he can barely keep his head up. There are small bloody cracks on his hands and hairline.

Charon has some of Griffin's journals open on the table.

CHARON  
I want to help you. But, none of what you're saying is admissable in court. The world of the dead might as well be the land of Oz. Or more likely, a figment of your imagination. You need to consider that.

Griffin lets out a long sigh of frustration.

GRIFFIN  
You've probably been doing this, what... Twenty years? People must lie to you all day long, right?!

CHARON  
Every time they open their mouths.

GRIFFIN  
So you're an expert on the subject.  
(leans forward)  
Look at me and tell me I'm lying.

Griffin is shivering. Charon pours him a cup of coffee. Slides it over.

CHARON  
It doesn't matter how much you believe the lies, kid, it still doesn't make them the truth.

GRIFFIN

Well the truth is all I have for you. Sabine murdered Bea. And when she realized I was going to be a large problem, she set me up. And I handed her the perfect opportunity.

He takes a drink.

GRIFFIN

And she knew it. I just about killed Travis, but I didn't, so she did it for me. You want evidence? DNA? She had sex with him right before she shot him. You need to bring her in detective.

Charon picks up one of the journals.

CHARON

And you know this because you saw it in Travis Darrow's...

(reading)

*Residual memory -- accessed via synchronization with the deceased's postmortem residual brain waves.*

GRIFFIN

That's exactly right.

Griffin perks up, feels a ray of hope. Charon looks at him for a long beat, closes the journal --

CHARON

You know what I think? I think if you could pull off half the shit in these journals, you'd be sitting in a chair across from Charlie Rose talking about the Nobel Prize you just won. But you're not in that chair, are you? You're cuffed to this one looking at a pair of murder ones.

GRIFFIN

You know what, I'm done. Get my lawyer please.

CHARON

Have you seen yourself in the mirror? You look like death warmed over. Fact is, I think you're probably a decent person, but your experiments have taken their toll.

(MORE)

CHARON (CONT'D)

Blurred reality. Could easily drive  
a man to kill. Maybe if you just  
get it off your chest...

GRIFFIN

Lawyer. NOW!

CHARON

Have it your way.

(stands up)

Oh yeah, about Sabine. We don't  
need to bring her in. She came in  
all by herself.

GRIFFIN

She's here? Now?

CHARON

Not really the move you make when  
you have something to hide, is it?

Charon walks out. Griffin closes his eyes briefly. When he  
does, he sees SABINE'S DEMONIC FACE laughing into his.  
Griffin opens his eyes, fights against the cuffs.

Gibbs comes in, finds Griffin on the floor, his chair turned  
over. Helps him back up.

GIBBS

Lawyer's going to be a while. Can I  
get you anything?

Griffin shakes his head. Gibbs leaves him alone.

OBSERVATION ROOM-- Charon is watching, quietly. Looks  
conflicted. His instinct says Griffin is being truthful. He  
just can't accept what that means --

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER**

Griffin sits across from his COURT APPOINTED DEFENSE  
ATTORNEY. A fresh legal pad and pencil sit untouched.

GRIFFIN

What about bail?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

You haven't been charged with  
anything yet. They're passing on  
the stowaway and evidence tampering  
charges for now because you'd make  
bail and they want you here.

(MORE)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)  
So they're holding you on suspicion  
of murder, which gives them 36  
hours to build a case. And as of  
now they don't have much of one. No  
murder weapon for Darrow, and  
unless the Conrad autopsy tomorrow  
morning contradicts...

Griffin slams his hand down on the desk.

GRIFFIN  
You need to get me out of here.  
Tonight! Right now. There has to be  
a way if they aren't charging me.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
There isn't. Look, we'll go in  
front of a judge on Tuesday and...

GRIFFIN  
Tuesday is too late!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
I'm sorry, but it is what it is.

Griffin sits back down, defeated. After a beat he starts  
writing in the LEGAL PAD on the desk.

GRIFFIN  
Sal Garcia. Has he been charged?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
Actually, Mr. Garcia has made a  
deal with the District Attorney.  
He's been released, all major  
charges dropped, in exchange for  
his testimony... against you.

GRIFFIN  
(keeps writing)  
Good. That's good. I'd like you to  
deliver this to him immediately.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
What is it?

GRIFFIN  
An apology.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
What? I strongly advise against  
this. It's my obligation to...

Griffin finishes the letter and hands it to him.

GRIFFIN

          It's your obligation, as my  
          attorney, to adhere to my requests  
          as long as they are reasonable and  
          fall within the law. Correct?

                  (attorney nods)

          Good. Thank you.

The attorney puts the letter in his briefcase.

**INT. PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER**

Griffin's attorney walks out of the interview room, followed by Griffin in cuffs, being escorted out by a uniform officer.

They turn the corner and Griffin sees --

SABINE.

She's sitting in the waiting area. They make eye contact and hold the stare for a long, tense beat.

ON SABINE-- She has a look of deep SATISFACTION on her face.

ON GRIFFIN-- As he is led away. His expression says it all. It's over. She's won.

The officer waits with Griffin outside the SECURE LOCK-UP. They get buzzed in. He walks Griffin to the HOLDING CELLS.

**INT. GRIFFIN'S HOLDING CELL - LATER**

OVERHEAD SHOT--

Griffin is lying on his bunk. His neck and the sides of his face are now showing the blue veins. His eyes are blood shot and wet with tears. His breathing is LABORED.

He slides off the bunk, starts pacing. Looks truly scared.

                  GUARD (O.S.)

          Lights out in five.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE BRINK - NIGHT**

Cop watering hole. Charon is sitting at the end of the bar sipping whiskey, reading Griffin's journal.

BARTENDER  
I've seen that look plenty of  
times.  
(fills him up)  
Just never after the big collar.

CHARON  
This one stinks.

BARTENDER  
So, stop smelling it.

Gibbs walks in, sees Charon.

GIBBS  
I should have figured. I've been  
calling you for an hour.

CHARON  
Battery's dead.

GIBBS  
Right.

Gibbs lays a clear EVIDENCE BAG on the counter. Charon picks  
it up, sees the BERETTA BOBCAT .22 inside. Reads the label.

CHARON  
Where'd it turn up?

GIBBS  
Tweaker from Darrow's squat tried  
to sell it to an undercover cop  
this morning. Had some of Darrow's  
other stuff on him too.

Charon looks at him, knowingly.

CHARON  
And his swab came up negative for  
powder residue. Cause he didn't  
kill him.  
(Gibbs nods)  
Probably heard the shot. Found the  
gun with the body and scavenged it.  
So now we think Darrow off'd  
himself.

GIBBS  
Looks that way. Powder burns on his  
hand and skull are consistent. And  
the kid was right about him having  
sex just prior.  
(MORE)



GIBBS (CONT'D)

The girl even admitted it, says he was distraught when she left, but swears she didn't kill him.

CHARON

And now, it turns out, neither did Black. In fact, I don't think he was even there.

GIBBS

Then how would he know they had sex?

Charon throws a ten spot on the bar. Grabs Griffin's journal, holds it up.

CHARON

Because he saw it. Let's go.

Gibbs follows him out, confused.

**INT. CELL BLOCK WALKWAY - LATER**

The GUARD is making his "lights out" rounds. He peeks into each cell, flicking his FLASHLIGHT BEAM from side to side. Passes Griffin's cell, flicks the light and STOPS ON --

GRIFFIN--

He's tied his jumpsuit around his neck and anchored it to the top of the bunk. He's on his knees, leaning forward, all his weight against the homemade NOOSE.

GRIFFIN IS DEAD.

Guard snatches his radio, starts barking into it --

GUARD

I have a code red 10-56 on Delta Block. Open her up.

**INT. GRIFFIN'S PRISON CELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Griffin is now lying on the floor. A PARAMEDIC is kneeling over him, giving a final exam.

On the floor next to Griffin is a PORTABLE DEFIB unit and a RESCUE BREATHING.

PARAMEDIC

Time of death 21:17. Call the Coroner.

**EXT. MIDTOWN NORTH PRECINCT/BACK DOCK - NIGHT**

WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT--

A Mount Sinai Ambulance is parked by the rear dock. Hazard lights are on, but no emergency lights. This is just a transport.

A PARAMEDIC wheels out a gurney with a BODY BAG on it. A guard helps him load it into the ambulance.

**INT. MIDTOWN NORTH PRECINCT/LOCK UP - MOMENTS LATER**

The guard walks back in and finds Charon and Gibbs waiting for him at the main station.

CHARON

Need to see one of the intakes right away. Griffin Black.

The guard flashes the other guard a look.

GUARD

Afraid I have some bad news.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

We follow the ambulance as it drives several blocks away from the prison, then pulls into a quiet ALLEY.

**INT. AMBULANCE/ CARGO AREA - SAME**

Griffin's body bag rests on the gurney in the dark. The DOOR to the cab BUSTS OPEN and the PARAMEDIC hustles through and hits the lights --

IT'S SAL.

He is bathed in sweat. Looks at his watch.

SAL

Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

Frantically opens a MEDICAL CASE. Hits Griffin in the chest with two separate syringes, one after another. Then starts with the PADDLES.

JUICES HIM. His chest arcs up... nothing. Hits him again... nothing. Again...

GRIFFIN TAKES A HUGE BREATH. Heart monitor starts to CHIRP. Griffin is disoriented for a second, then focuses on Sal and SMILES.

SAL  
 You crazy son of a bitch!  
 (looks at his watch)  
 You've been gone 53 minutes!?  
 You're a zombie at this point. Look  
 like one too.

Then the heart monitor FLATLINES briefly.

Sal and Griffin look at each other. Sal hits the monitor like he's smacking an old Television. Nothing happens. Then all of a sudden it starts to CHIRP again.

Griffin smiles weakly. Sal gives him some water and another shot that wakes him up.

SAL  
 And your letter? You overestimate  
 my intelligence bro. I didn't  
 figure out your ramblings until it  
 was almost too late.

Griffin chugs the water. They climb into the main cab.

GRIFFIN  
 Let's go. Still might be too late.

Sal puts the ambulance in gear, punches it.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHARON'S CAR - LATER**

Charon's cell rings. Answers --

CHARON  
 Charon.

CUT TO:

**INT. MIDTOWN NORTH PRECINCT/LOCK UP - SAME**

SURVEILLANCE ROOM--

GUARDS sit in front of several banks of video screens that monitor the holding cells.

A corrections official, OFFICER SHARP, has a FREEZE FRAME IMAGE of GRIFFIN standing on his bunk. He's looking right into the CAMERA.

OFFICER SHARP

Detective, it's Darryl Sharpe here. I'm reviewing the Griffin Black suicide footage and, well... I think you need to come back and watch this.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

DEEP SIX SETUP--

They're using Griffin's original gear that Sal stored in the morgue locker. All the tubes in Griffin's DEEP SIX MACHINE are full.

Griffin lies next to Beatrice, his hand on hers. They are all wired up. Sal nervously stands by.

SAL

I'd like to talk you out of this. I don't think your body can handle it anymore.

Griffin smiles.

GRIFFIN

Remember what happened in the ambulance, with the heart monitor?

SAL

So? Glitchy ass prison ambulance gear. Like the dark ages.

GRIFFIN

It wasn't a glitch. I felt my heart stop at least 10 times on the way over here.

SAL

That's it. We're not doing this. Your heart is failing.

GRIFFIN

Not failing, Sal. Adapting. It's like those yogis who can slow their heart rate to a few beats a minute.

(MORE)

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

It sounds crazy, but I think death is becoming a part of my life.

SAL

It doesn't sound crazy. It sounds impossible. Life and death do not co-mingle. You're one or the other.

GRIFFIN

Not anymore.

SAL

How?!

GRIFFIN

I have a theory.

SAL

Here we go.

GRIFFIN

Are you going to help me or not?

Sal looks away.

GRIFFIN

Sal, I promised her I'd be back. I need to see her again.

(beat -- tears welling)

You love your wife?

SAL

More than anything.

GRIFFIN

If you had one last chance to be with her again, ever... would you take it?

SAL

(reluctant)

Yes.

GRIFFIN

Then let's do this. And trust me. I'm coming back.

SAL

If you don't, I'm coming in after you to kick your ass.

Griffin SYNCs his brainwaves with Bea's on the laptop. Then ACTIVATES his machine and the first plunger DROPS. He starts shivering --

GRIFFIN  
See you in six.

Next tube empties and he's OUT.

CUT TO:

**BLACK SCREEN--**

Faint sounds, faint flashes of light. Beatrice's weak signal is turning the volume way down on everything.

Griffin is drifting through the darkness with occasional signs of life. Then the darkness lifts like a fog and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The apartment is barely visible, as if the walls are fading into blackness. The lights are dim and flickering.

Griffin almost looks like a mirage. His image is glitchy and transparent. He turns --

Beatrice is sitting in the bath, crying. A SYRINGE is on the floor next to the tub, along with several BEER BOTTLES.

                  GRIFFIN  
Bea...

The heroin is still strong in her system. Her eyelids are heavy. She tries to sit up straighter and slips down.

She grabs her phone and tries to focus long enough to send a text. After struggling with it, she throws the phone against the wall, smashing it.

**MEMORY FLASHES--**

Griffin sees what she is seeing - FLASHES of Travis drinking, kissing her, and groping her while she is half paralyzed by the drugs. He is laughing. There is one flash of her POV with him directly over her, his face red and smiling sadistically.

**END FLASHES.**

She is covering her eyes and shaking her head, trying to shake the memories. Griffin can hear Travis' voice in her head.

TRAVIS (V.O.)  
 I'm going to enjoy killing your new  
 boyfriend. Maybe you can watch?

Without consideration, she grabs a beer bottle off the edge of the tub and smashes it against the porcelain. She takes one of the glass shards and angrily plunges it into her arm where the needle spike was.

Then her mind clicks in as to what she just did and she suddenly becomes very calm. Instead of pulling the glass out, she starts to SLICE down her arm toward her wrist.

ON GRIFFIN-- He looks gut punched. Devastated. His expression changes as he thinks back. Realizes he was WRONG.

About everything --

Travis.

Sabine.

EVERYTHING.

He COVERS HIS FACE, UNABLE TO WATCH ANYMORE.

Then from behind --

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
 I'm so sorry Griffin.

He turns around. She's standing there. She looks different. Like she did when he met her. Bright eyed. No longer afraid. He is torn with grief, fighting back violent sobs.

GRIFFIN  
 Beatrice. No. This isn't happening.  
 How could you... How? We had  
 something... So much promise. Our  
 future...

She is crying now too.

BEATRICE  
 I thought I was free. From him.  
 From my old life. But I was wrong.  
 I've never felt so much shame,  
 Griffin. Somehow, I allowed him to  
 destroy me. And I was terrified he  
 would do the same to you.

GRIFFIN  
 But we could have handled it  
 together.

BEATRICE

I tried to call you...

GRIFFIN

I know. I'm sorry. So sorry. I should never have left you that night. I should have stayed.

BEATRICE

You are not responsible for this. Only I am. And I wish I could take it back, but I can't.

GRIFFIN

It's just not... fair. For the first time in my life I wanted to live. Had a reason to live.

BEATRICE

And you still do. You have so much life left in you. I can feel it.

GRIFFIN

I want to be with you. I'm going to be with you. I don't care about anything else.

She touches his face. He touches her hand. For a brief moment, this touch brings him more into view, makes him less transparent and glitchy.

BEATRICE

You have to go back. You don't belong here. You have to go.

GRIFFIN

No.

BEATRICE

I'm always with you. Always. My love is in your heart. And not even death can take that away.

He squeezes her hand, won't let go. Then, from out of the darkness they see a figure approaching --

The DARK FIGURE that Griffin saw watching Beatrice. The female figure he thought was Sabine.

We see her face for the first time as she moves effortlessly into the light. A beautiful OLDER WOMAN.

BEATRICE

Mom?



BEATRICE'S MOTHER  
Sweetheart.

Beatrice weeps. Her mother moves closer but doesn't touch her. She waits patiently for her daughter.

BEATRICE'S MOTHER  
Come home with me.

She holds out her hand. Beatrice looks at Griffin.

GRIFFIN  
Wait.

BEATRICE  
Don't worry.  
(whispers in his ear)  
Every time you close your eyes,  
I'll be there.

He closes his eyes and she softly kisses him for the last time. She tries to pull away, but Griffin holds her tightly.

GRIFFIN  
I'm not letting you go. Never  
again.

Beatrice starts to speak but Griffin pulls her close and KISSES her with everything he has. This is the kiss to end all kisses --

All of his passion. All of his desire. Everything he's done in her name is focused into this one, amazing moment.

And it's so intense that their images start to MELD TOGETHER.

Beatrice's mother slowly recedes into the darkness, until she is gone completely. Then all of a sudden --

Griffin and Bea start to FALL into an ENDLESS ABYSS.

Griffin holds Bea tight. They are trying to speak to each other, yelling, but their voices are drowned out by a deafening roar of NOISE.

They fall so fast, they start to BLUR, their bodies and clothes becoming long vertical streaks of color.

They go FASTER and DEEPER until all image, light and sound are absorbed into BLACKNESS.

BACK TO:

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

Sal is trying to revive Griffin. He is working with the defib paddles and epi shots.

Everything is moving in SLOW MOTION. Sal is saying something to Griffin, but we can't hear him.

ON HEART MONITOR--

Still in FLATLINE. The sound of the flatline tone gets LOUDER.

Sal gives up.

Throws his chair against the wall. Punches the wall until his fists are bloody.

Grabs Griffin's collar. Holds his face. SCREAMS --

SAL  
WAKE UP!

Heart monitor CHIRPS. GRIFFIN OPENS HIS EYES.

Sal lets out a huge sigh of relief. Griffin gets his bearings.

SAL  
Son of a bitch! That's the last time! I can't take it anymore.

GRIFFIN  
(weak)  
Told you I'd be back. You're not going to get rid of me that easy.

SAL  
Yeah, well you might get rid of me if you keep...

Sal goes very pale all of the sudden.

GRIFFIN  
Sal? Are you okay?

Sal shakes his head NO. Then motions to something he's looking at next to Griffin. Griffin turns to see...

BEATRICE'S EYES ARE OPEN.

She is looking right at him.

Griffin flinches, startled out of his mind. He slowly waves his hand in front of her face --

HER EYES FOLLOW IT.

                  GRIFFIN

                  I was right. I... can't believe it.

Sal is in a state of shock. Griffin touches Bea's hand.

HER FINGERS CLOSE AROUND IT.

                                  FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

**INT. MIDTOWN NORTH PRECINCT/LOCK UP - MOMENTS LATER**

SURVEILLANCE ROOM--

CHARON and GIBBS step in. Officer Sharp shakes their hands. The screen is now frozen on the moment when the guard discovers Griffin dead.

                  OFFICER SHARP

                  (to guard)

                  Back it up please.

The Guard at the controls REWINDS the footage and you see Griffin's suicide IN REVERSE.

                  OFFICER SHARP

                  This is the suicide.

                  CHARON

                  (annoyed)

                  Okay. Pretty much what we thought happened.

                  OFFICER SHARP

                  That's not what I wanted you to see.

                  (to guard)

                  Run it back to my time code stamp.

Guard SPEED REWINDS and FREEZES on a spot where Griffin is sitting on his cot staring into space.

                  OFFICER SHARP

                  Right there. Okay run it.

ON VIDEO SCREEN-- It starts playing at normal speed. There is audio and we hear the "lights out in five" call. Griffin climbs up on the bunk --

AND LOOKS RIGHT INTO THE CAMERA.

He starts to speak evenly but not loud, his voice barely cutting through the sounds of the other prisoners.

                  GRIFFIN  
                  (voice shaking)  
                  Detective Charon. By now, you've  
                  read the rest of my journals and  
                  you know about the Omegas.

Loud TAUNTING from the other inmates on the block.

                  GRIFFIN  
                  QUIET!

His voice is so LOUD and MENACING that it actually does elicit some quiet from the other inmates.

He looks back at the camera --

                  GRIFFIN  
                  I want you to know that I was wrong  
                  about Omegas. They're not residual  
                  brainwaves. They are of... unknown  
                  origin. And very powerful -- like  
                  pure energy that can never be  
                  destroyed.  
                  (beat)  
                  And I believe we may be able to  
                  give them... to each other. Like  
                  sharing a breath.

He looks away. Thinks for a beat, then --

                  GRIFFIN  
                  This may be the last time you see  
                  me alive, so I'm entrusting my  
                  journals to you. You have no idea  
                  how important they are...  
                  (beat)  
                  But, I have a feeling you're about  
                  to find out.

Charon and Gibbs look at each other. Griffin steps off the bed. Back into the DARKNESS of his cell.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**