

LIMINAL

PILOT - "Into the Light"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A modest, steamy bathroom. Soft morning light filters through the blinds. A long mirror fogged with condensation reflects the intimate scene.

LESLIE TOBIN (30s), naturally beautiful with an understated sexiness, applies her makeup. Her reflection shows a woman balancing confidence with vulnerability.

JOSH TOBIN (30s), kind, attentive, wraps his arms around Leslie from behind.

LESLIE

You think she'll be okay? It's a lot of pressure for a ten-year-old.

JOSH

Tasha's a rock star. She's got this.

He kisses her neck gently.

LESLIE

She seems a bit nervous.

JOSH

Just stage fright. Remember your first recital? You almost wet your pants.

Leslie laughs softly.

LESLIE

Very funny.

Josh's hands wander lower, igniting a spark in Leslie's eyes.

LESLIE

Josh, there's no time for that.

She turns to face him, their reflections intertwined in the mirror.

JOSH

There's always time.

LESLIE

Tasha could walk in any second.

Leslie's gaze softens.

LESLIE
Store credit?

Josh grins, his eyes full of promise. They share a passionate kiss, their bodies pressed close.

KNOCK KNOCK

TASHA (O.S.)
Mom? Dad? Have you seen my pink socks?

Leslie and Josh exchange amused glances.

LESLIE
Coming, sweetie!

They pull apart, breaths labored. Leslie's eyes sparkle with mischief. Josh smirks, his desire undiminished.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

TASHA TOBIN (10), slender with wide, innocent eyes, sits hunched over at a grand piano. Her fingers hover just above the keys, trembling slightly.

Josh quietly takes a seat beside her. He watches her for a moment before speaking.

JOSH
(softly)
Nervous?

Tasha hesitates, then gives a small, reluctant nod. Her shoulders sag further.

JOSH
You've been practicing for months, Tasha. You're ready. You'll be great.

She doesn't react, her gaze still fixed on the piano, worry etched across her young face.

JOSH
Want to know a secret?

Tasha finally looks up at him, curiosity mixed with doubt.

JOSH

(smiling)

When I'm nervous, I close my eyes... and let the music take over.

(slight beat)

Why don't you give it a try?

Tasha glances back at the piano keys, then at Josh. The tension in her small frame seems to soften. Slowly, she closes her eyes.

Her fingers begin to move. The first notes tentative, almost shy, but they quickly give way to a cascade of music. The melody unfolds with unexpected depth, filling the room with a rich, haunting beauty.

Josh leans back, a smile spreading across his face. The sound of the DIVINE PIECE reverberates through the house, as if the walls themselves are holding their breath.

Tasha's fingers glide over the keys with a newfound confidence, her face serene, lost in the music.

I/E. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

The DIVINE PIECE dissipates, leaving a shimmering trail in its wake.

Tasha gazes out the window, a proud smile tugs at her lips.

TASHA

(softly, almost to herself)

Thanks, Daddy.

Josh catches her reflection in the rearview mirror, a warmth in his eyes.

JOSH

I told you. You've always been brilliant.

Leslie, in the passenger seat, turns just enough to see her daughter.

LESLIE

You were incredible, sweetheart.

The traffic light ahead flickers from red to green, casting a momentary wash of light over their faces.

LESLIE
We're so proud of you.

The car glides through the intersection.

SMASH!

A deafening crash. A TRUCK slams into the passenger side. The force folds the car's frame like a tin can. Shards of glass explode inward.

Josh's grip tightens on the wheel, knuckles white. Blood streaks down from a cut above his eyebrow, dripping onto the steering wheel.

JOSH'S POV

The world slows, his vision tunneling. Blinking feels like lifting weights. He fights to stay conscious. His eyes finally close.

OVER BLACK:

WHISPERS fill the darkness, unintelligible, random, sublime. They come from all directions. JOSH finds himself in a --

DARK TUNNEL

A tunnel of endless black, his form barely visible against the void. In the distance, a BLINDING WHITENESS grows larger with each passing second. It pulsates with life, beckoning him forward like a siren's call.

Josh walks towards the light. The darkness around him begins to shift, reveals fleeting glimpses of other souls – shadowy figures trapped between life and death. They reach out to him, their faces twisted with sorrow, eyes pleading for release.

The tunnel seems to stretch infinitely, the light never quite within reach. Whispers grow louder, more urgent, as if the tunnel itself is alive, breathing, pulling him deeper into its depths.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

The suffocating darkness presses in, broken only by faint, ghostly WHISPERS echoing through the void.

A soft, otherworldly glow pierces the blackness, revealing the silhouette of a YOUNG GIRL at the edge of the light.

Josh approaches, squinting against the eerie brightness, his breath hitching. As the light sharpens, the figure clarifies - it's Tasha.

TASHA

(softly, almost pleading)

Hurry up, Daddy. Mommy is waiting.

Her small hand extends, fingers curling in a beckoning gesture. Josh hesitates, his gaze locked on the ethereal whiteness that envelops her.

She grips his hand firmly. They step into the light. The tunnel dissolves into a blinding radiance, swallowing them whole.

MOMENTS LATER

Josh stumbles back into the --

TUNNEL

The darkness slams into him like a wave. His breathing is ragged. Distant RED AMBULANCE LIGHTS pulse faintly, their glow a muted beacon in the night. SIRENS wail, distorted, as if echoing from another realm.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

EMERGENCY STROBE LIGHTS flicker, cast erratic shadows, paint the chaos in flashes of red and blue.

Josh's eyes flutter open. His vision swims, the world around him moving in a sluggish haze. He gasps, chest heaving with each breath.

A determined EMT looms above him, sweat beading on her brow as she hovers with charged DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES.

EMT

(stern, urgent)

Clear!

She presses down. Josh's body convulses as electricity jolts through him.

His groan faint, eyes blink rapidly as the scene sharpens – onlookers, first responders, the aftermath of destruction.

His gaze drifts upward. Through the gaps between towering buildings, faint stars shimmer. Tasha's voice echoes in his memory.

Another EMT kneels beside him, checks his pulse, shines a penlight into his eyes.

SECOND EMT
(relieved)
Heartbeat's stabilizing. He's
coming back.

Josh's lips part, a weak croak escapes. He raises a trembling hand, grasping at the air.

JOSH
(hoarse, confused)
Tasha... where is she?

The first EMT exchanges a concerned look with her colleague.

EMT
(softly)
Easy now. Try not to move.

Josh turns his head slowly, taking in the wreckage – the twisted metal of a car, shattered glass glittering under the strobe lights, bystanders held back by police tape.

Amid the chaos, a delicate WHITE FEATHER flutters down, lands softly on his chest. Josh stares at it, a fragile calm washes over him.

The EMTs move swiftly, lifting him onto a gurney, strapping him in. The ambulance doors swing open. As they wheel him inside, Josh clutches the white feather, his grip firm.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Josh lies motionless in the sterile bed, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, blank and distant. Bruises darken his face, his bandaged arm heavy by his side. The soft BLEEP of monitors provides the only rhythm in the stillness.

DR. ELI WEISS (50s), a distinguished man with a gentle demeanor, stands beside him, clipboard in hand, concern etched in his eyes.

DR. WEISS
(softly)
Mr. Tobin, how are you feeling?

Josh slowly shifts his gaze to Dr. Weiss, his expression unfocused, distant.

JOSH
(raspy)
I'm... I'm not sure.

He blinks, as if trying to clear the fog from his mind.

JOSH
(echoing, disconnected)
Everything's...

Dr. Weiss hesitates, carefully chooses his words.

DR. WEISS
It was touch-and-go there for a while.

Josh's face tightens, dread rises like bile in his throat.

JOSH
(barely a whisper)
How's my wife and daughter?

Dr. Weiss's expression shifts, sorrow tightens his features. He looks down, struggles to meet Josh's eyes.

DR. WEISS
(heavy-hearted)
We did everything we could. I'm...
I'm so sorry.

He clutches Dr. Weiss's white coat in desperation.

JOSH
(voice cracking)
No... No, that can't be true.

His face crumbles as tears spill over, cascade down his cheeks.

JOSH
(sobs, more forceful)
No...

He turns his head away, as if trying to escape the unbearable truth.

After a moment, Josh's expression shifts, confusion flickers through the grief. He looks back at Dr. Weiss, eyes wide and desperate.

JOSH
(bewildered)
But I saw them... They talked to me.

Dr. Weiss leans in, his voice gentle but firm.

DR. WEISS
The mind can play tricks during trauma, especially after something as severe as what you went through.

He places a reassuring hand on Josh's shoulder.

DR. WEISS
Why don't you rest for a while?
I'll be back after my rounds. There are a few more things we need to discuss.

Dr. Weiss turns to leave, his white coat flutters softly as he exits the room.

Left alone, Josh's eyes drift to the window, tears still welling.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Tasha's LAUGH rings out as she spots a grand PIANO in the living room, a huge Christmas bow adorning it. Josh stands beside it, beaming with pride.

-- Leslie, Josh, and Tasha jostle and laugh in bumper cars, their joy infectious, pure.

-- Leslie and Josh stand together, arms wrapped around each other, gazing at a stunning SUNSET. The sky explodes with colors - burnt oranges, deep blues, soft greys, all blending together like a watercolor painting.

BACK TO SCENE

Josh's chest heaves with a sob as the memories flood him. He clutches the blanket, tears now flowing freely.

His cries echo in the quiet room, mingling with the steady, indifferent BLEEP of the monitors.

INT. WEDDING PLANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

A chic, stylish office bathed in soft, natural light. Photos of opulent weddings adorn the walls. Swatches of luxurious fabrics, intricate wedding renderings, samples of fine china cover a large glass table.

BEVERLY CARLSON (40s), a striking woman with a touch of time's grace, sits with poise. She runs her fingers over the swatches. Her eyes reflect both the excitement and the weight of the decisions she's making.

Across from her sits the WEDDING PLANNER (30s), an embodiment of professionalism and grace, exuding a confident yet warm demeanor. She observes Beverly closely.

WEDDING PLANNER
 (leaning in slightly,
 eager but composed)
 So, what do you think, Ms. Carlson?
 Do these capture your vision?

BEVERLY
 (savoring the moment)
 They're beautiful. Exactly what I
 was hoping for. You've really
 listened... Thank you.

WEDDING PLANNER
 (sincerely, with a hint of
 pride)
 I'm glad you think so.

Beverly continues to run her fingers over a piece of silk, lost in thought. The fabric slips through her fingers like a memory.

WEDDING PLANNER
 Will your fiancé want to take a
 look at these, too?

Beverly glances up with a small, wistful smile.

BEVERLY
 Dave's out of town, as usual. He
 trusts me.

WEDDING PLANNER
 (softly, probing)
 Do you think that's for the best?

BEVERLY
 (after a pause, a chuckle
 escaping her lips)
 (MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Honestly? This isn't really his thing. He'd be more lost than anything – probably wondering when the game's on.

WEDDING PLANNER
(grinning, playfully)
Maybe we should've held the meeting at a sports bar. A fabric swatch in one hand, a pint in the other?

Beverly laughs. Tension eases from her shoulders. The wedding planner joins in.

EXT. WEDDING PLANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

The sun shines brightly as Beverly steps out, a folder of samples clutched in her hand. A smile lingers, as if still in the clouds of wedding plans.

Her cellphone RINGS, cuts through her thoughts. She glances at the screen and answers.

BEVERLY
(into cellphone)
Hey.

DAVE (V.O.)
(apologetic but
distracted)
I'm sorry I couldn't be there. This client's a nightmare – no one's catching a break. But enough about that. How did it go?

BEVERLY
It was perfect, Dave. Everything's falling into place.

She crosses the street, weaves through the crowd. Her voice trails off as she continues the conversation. The city bustles around her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Josh lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, his eyes distant. The silence in the room feels heavy, almost suffocating.

A NURSE (40s) quietly enters, pushes a lunch tray on a cart.

NURSE
(softly)
Hi, Josh.

Josh doesn't respond. His gaze remains fixed on the ceiling, as if trying to escape into it.

NURSE
I know you might not feel like eating, but I brought you something just in case.

She gently places the tray on the table beside him. Josh's hand twitches, but he still doesn't look at her.

JOSH
(voice barely above a whisper)
Can I see them?

The nurse freezes, her professional calm faltering. She bites her lip, searching for the right words.

NURSE
(hesitant)
Maybe now isn't the best time.

Josh slowly turns his head towards her, his eyes sharp with a mix of pain and anger.

JOSH
I have a right to see them. They're my wife and daughter.

Nurse's eyes flit to the door, then back to Josh.

NURSE
(softly, almost pleading)
I'm not the one to make that call, Josh.

Josh struggles to sit up, his face contorts with effort. His legs refuse to obey, panic starts to seep into his expression.

JOSH
Why can't I move my legs?

Nurse quickly presses a button on the wall. Her voice trembles slightly as she speaks into the intercom.

NURSE
(into intercom)
Dr. Weiss, Room 214. Stat.

Josh's breathing quickens, fear taking hold.

JOSH
(urgent, almost desperate)
Why won't you tell me?

The door swings open. DR. WEISS enters, his face a mask of professional calm but with a trace of underlying sorrow.

JOSH
(pleading, to Dr. Weiss)
What's wrong with my legs?

Dr. Weiss meets his eyes, and for a long beat, the room is heavy with the unsaid.

DR. WEISS
(softly, with gravitas)
The accident... it damaged your spine. I'm afraid...

Josh's eyes widen, a mix of disbelief and dread washes over him.

JOSH
(voice cracking)
I'm a...?

Dr. Weiss gives a slow, solemn nod. Josh's face crumples. His eyes fill with tears, spill over onto the pillow.

LATER

The room is dimmer now. Josh lies in silence. He clutches a photo of Leslie and Tasha to his chest.

FATHER KEN TIMMONS (30s), a mixture of rough edges and hidden warmth, enters quietly.

FATHER TIMMONS
Josh. I'm Father Timmons.

Josh glances at him, his voice laced with bitterness.

JOSH
(cynical)
Here to preach at me?

FATHER TIMMONS
(with a wry smile)
Nope. Not here to sprinkle holy water on your problems.

The unexpected remark catches Josh off guard. He turns his head, his curiosity piqued.

FATHER TIMMONS
You got dealt a bad hand. No denying that.

Josh's lips twitch, caught between a frown and a smile.

FATHER TIMMONS
Call it fate, bad luck, divine neglect... doesn't really change much, does it?

Father Timmons pulls up a chair, sits down beside the bed. His posture relaxed, yet attentive.

FATHER TIMMONS
Most people waste their lives asking "why me?"... As if the answer would change anything.

He leans in slightly, his tone both stern and kind.

FATHER TIMMONS
Don't you become one of those people, Josh.

Josh studies him, searching his face for sincerity.

JOSH
Who did you lose?

Father Timmons stiffens for a moment.

FATHER TIMMONS
(deflecting)
Does it matter?

JOSH
(insistent)
Yeah, it does. Otherwise, you're just some guy in a black suit, talking to hear himself talk.

Father Timmons raises an eyebrow. A small, sad smile tugs at his lips.

FATHER TIMMONS
Want me to get a red nose to complete the look?

Josh lets out a weak chuckle, the first sign of life in his eyes since the accident.

JOSH
(barely smiling)
Might not hurt.

They share a moment of silence, the air between them eases slightly.

JOSH
(voice trembling)
What the hell am I supposed to do
now?

Father Timmons leans back, his gaze thoughtful.

FATHER TIMMONS
That's a question only you can
answer.

JOSH
(frustrated)
Then what good are you?

Father Timmons shrugs, almost playfully.

FATHER TIMMONS
(with a half-smile)
I'm still trying to figure that one
out myself.

Josh stares at him for a long moment. Slowly, a real, albeit faint, smile spreads across his face.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY

Beverly steps onto the sun-drenched patio. She spots her friend NATALIE PRICE (30s), radiant and effortlessly stylish, lounging at a corner table.

BEVERLY
(slightly breathless, with
a sheepish smile)
Sorry I'm late.

Natalie grins, raises her nearly empty glass.

NATALIE
Nothing a couple of mimosas can't
fix.

Beverly leans in, brushes a kiss on Natalie's cheek. As she straightens, Natalie's eyes catch a thick wedding lookbook with fabric swatches peeking out from the edges. Her eyes sparkle with excitement, holding out her hands.

NATALIE

Gimme, gimme. I need to see this.

Beverly hesitates, then hands over the lookbook. Natalie dives into it eagerly, flips through the pages with the enthusiasm of a kid on Christmas morning.

NATALIE

(awed)

Oh my God. These are stunning. The flowers, the colors – everything's perfect.

Natalie continues flipping, her fingers trail over a page as if she could feel the softness of the petals.

NATALIE

(suddenly playful)

Okay, not to be totally selfish, but where's my outfit?

Beverly gestures to the back of the book.

BEVERLY

Bridesmaids' dresses are towards the end.

Natalie quickly flips to the section, her fingertips brush the swatches. She pinches a delicate fabric between her fingers.

NATALIE

Love, love, love.

As Natalie continues to admire the designs, a WAITER (20s) approaches their table. He's fresh-faced, carrying a practiced smile. Beverly doesn't notice him until he speaks.

WAITER

(to Beverly, politely)

Can I get you something to drink?

Beverly finally looks up, ready to order, but her voice falters as her eyes land on his --

NAME TAG

"Mark Dresser"

Her smile fades, replaced by a flicker of pain that she quickly tries to hide.

BEVERLY
(recovering, though her
voice is quieter)
A mimosa would be great.

The waiter nods, walks away.

Natalie, who's been watching Beverly closely, sets the lookbook down. There's a moment of charged silence between them.

NATALIE
(softly, with concern)
You saw it too, huh?

Beverly's eyes remain fixed on the table, her thoughts a million miles away.

NATALIE
(tentatively)
Did you ever find out why he --?

BEVERLY
(interrupting, her voice
strained)
I don't want to talk about him.

The tension between them thickens, like a glass on the verge of breaking. Natalie hesitates, sensing the fragility of the moment.

NATALIE
(gently, backing off)
Okay.

Beverly forces a tight smile. Natalie reaches across the table, lightly squeezes Beverly's hand. The weight of unspoken words lingers in the air.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A quiet room. The medical equipment softly hums. Josh sits up in bed, picks at his tray of food with little appetite. His eyes are hollow, distant.

Father Timmons enters, pulls out a tin of chewing tobacco, stuffs a generous pinch into his cheek. Josh glances up, catches the priest in the act.

JOSH
(smiling weakly)
You sure that's not breaking some
commandment?

Father Timmons smirks, unfazed.

FATHER TIMMONS
(chewing deliberately)
The Big Guy gives me a pass. Perks
of the job.

He taps the tin and tucks it away, moves closer to Josh's bedside. His expression softens as he leans in slightly.

FATHER TIMMONS
Dr. Weiss mentioned you're asking
to see your wife and daughter.

Josh nods.

JOSH
Yeah... I need to see them.

Father Timmons watches him for a moment, then nods in understanding.

FATHER TIMMONS
I'll talk to him. We'll make it
happen.

A silence settles between them. Josh looks down, fiddles with a plastic fork.

FATHER TIMMONS
And, uh... if you need help with any
funeral arrangements, I'm here.
Just say the word.

Josh doesn't look up.

JOSH
(voice strained)
Thanks.

Father Timmons stands. He hesitates before taking a step toward the door.

FATHER TIMMONS
You going to be alright?

Josh finally meets his gaze, a weary determination in his eyes.

JOSH
I'll manage.

Father Timmons gives a small nod, turns to leave. Just as he reaches the door, Josh speaks up, voice laced with something almost like humor.

JOSH
(smiling faintly)
You know... you're not as useless
as I thought.

Father Timmons stops, glances back over his shoulder. A smirk tugs at his lips.

FATHER TIMMONS
Don't tell anyone. I've got a
reputation to uphold.

With that, he exits, leaving Josh alone with his thoughts. The door closes softly behind him. The room returns to its quiet hum.

INT. BEVERLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A softly lit room. A sanctuary of modest, tasteful furnishings. A warm glow emanates from the nightstand lamp.

Beverly sits on the edge of the bed, her posture slumped. Her eyes distant, unfocused, lost in a memory only she can see.

Her gaze drifts toward the walk-in closet, her expression tightens as her eyes lock onto a shoebox perched on the top shelf.

As if guided by an invisible force, she rises from the bed. Each step toward the closet hesitant. She reaches up, grabs the box, pulls it down.

She sits on the floor, the box rests on her knees. The lid comes off, revealing the remnants of a life she's tucked away. Her fingers move delicately, almost reverently, through the contents until they pause on a --

PHOTO

The image is of her younger self, eyes shining with joy, arm linked with MARK DRESSER - a man in his 40s, effortlessly handsome with a refined, European air.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A dim light casts long shadows across the room. The clock on the wall ticks softly, its hands frozen at 12:15 AM.

Josh's eyelids droop, each blink slower than the last. Finally, his eyes close.

A faint murmur fills the room. A chorus of ethereal WHISPERS surround him. One voice cuts through the others – a MAN's voice, urgent.

MAN (V.O.)
(desperate)
Josh... Josh.

Josh shifts uneasily, his brow furrowing.

MAN (V.O.)
Josh, I need you.

A flicker of discomfort crosses Josh's face. His hand twitches.

MAN (V.O.)
I'm right here. Ask for me... Mark
Dresser.

Josh's eyes snap open, wide with confusion and fear.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Josh sits up in bed, eyes locked on the untouched breakfast tray. His fingers drum nervously on the sheet..

The door creaks open. Dr. Weiss enters, clipboard in hand, his professional facade tinged with concern.

DR. WEISS
(noticing the untouched
breakfast)
The nurse said you asked to see me.

Josh hesitates, his voice barely above a whisper.

JOSH
I heard something last night...
voices.

DR. WEISS
(frowns, her curiosity
piqued)
Voices? From the hallway?

JOSH
(slowly shakes his head)
No... different. One voice. He...
he told me his name - Mark Dresser.

Dr. Weiss freezes, a flicker of disbelief.

DR. WEISS
(cautiously)
Mark Dresser? How do you know that
name?

JOSH
(meets his gaze, voice
steady)
I don't.

A heavy silence lingers. Dr. Weiss looks away, his knuckles whitening around the clipboard.

JOSH
(noticing her unease)
What's going on?

DR. WEISS
 (hesitant)
 Mark Dresser has been in a coma for
 over a week.

JOSH
 (hoarsely)
 He's here? In this hospital?

Dr. Weiss nods, his expression clouded with concern.

JOSH
 (urgently)
 Can I see him?

Dr. Weiss hesitates, nods slowly, almost reluctantly.

INT. MARK DRESSER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Mark Dresser lies motionless, his face a ghostly reflection of the man in Beverly's photo. Monitors beep rhythmically, charting the slow dance of his vitals.

Dr. Weiss wheels Josh into the room, stops beside the bed. Josh's eyes widen in disbelief.

JOSH
 (softly)
 How... how is this possible?

DR. WEISS
 (voice low, troubled)
 I don't know. None of this makes
 sense.

JOSH
 He called me by name.

Before Dr. Weiss can respond, the door swings open. The nurse enters, urgency in her movements.

NURSE
 Dr. Weiss, the patient in 213 needs
 you.

Dr. Weiss turns to her, a flicker of frustration crossing his face.

DR. WEISS
 (to Nurse)
 I'll be there shortly.

The nurse nods, exits. Dr. Weiss lingers, his gaze returning to Josh and Mark.

DR. WEISS
 (softly, to Josh)
 I'll be back soon.

With a final glance at Mark, Dr. Weiss exits. The door closes with a soft click, leaving the room steeped in silence.

Josh stares at Mark, unmoving, the hum of the machines the only sound. After a beat, he reaches out, places his hand on Mark's cold, still one.

Suddenly, the room is engulfed in a searing WHITENESS, overwhelming and absolute.

The whiteness subsides. Josh finds himself standing in a --
 HALLWAY

It resembles a hospital corridor but feels abandoned, hauntingly empty. The air is thick with an oppressive silence. His wheelchair is gone.

Just a few feet away, Mark stands - tall, imposing, yet with a kindness in his eyes. His voice echoes, familiar and unsettling.

MARK
 I knew you'd come.

JOSH
 (almost whispering)
 What... what is this place? Am I dreaming?

MARK
 (soft, patient)
 You've been somewhere like this before... The tunnel. Remember?

Mark gestures down the corridor. The walls stretch into infinity, dark, foreboding.

MARK
 This is my tunnel.

Josh takes a step back, fear flickers in his eyes.

JOSH
 How do you know about that?

Mark's gaze softens, almost pleading.

MARK

I need your help, Josh. Before it's too late. I need to see her. My Beverly.

Josh's mind reels, the words sound distant, unreal.

JOSH

This... this isn't real...

His thoughts whirl.

JOSH

Why me? Why not someone else?

Mark's voice is steady, calm amidst the chaos.

MARK

Because, Josh... you're the only one who can.

Josh stands frozen, torn between fear and a desperate need for answers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARK DRESSER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The room sharpens into focus. Josh, visibly shaken, slowly releases Mark's hand, his gaze lingering on Mark's lifeless form. The cold grip of reality tightens as Dr. Weiss gently presses a hand on his shoulder.

DR. WEISS

(softly)

Josh, is everything okay?

Josh, now back in his wheelchair, turns to Dr. Weiss. His expression is distant, the question barely registering.

JOSH

(whispering, lost in thought)

I... I'm not sure.

His eyes drift back to Mark, searching for any sign that what he experienced was real. But Mark remains still, the steady BEEP of the monitors the only indication of life.

DR. WEISS

What happened?

Josh hesitates, struggles to articulate the inexplicable.

JOSH
 (quietly, almost to
 himself)
 It was like... I was somewhere
 else. With him.

Dr. Weiss frowns, concern and curiosity clouding his gaze.

DR. WEISS
 Somewhere else?

Josh nods, the memory vivid.

JOSH
 One moment I was here, and then...
 I was in a hallway. He was there,
 standing, talking to me. He said he
 needed my help.

Dr. Weiss's brow furrows, skeptical but intrigued.

DR. WEISS
 You've been through a lot, Josh.
 Sometimes the mind can play tricks--

JOSH
 (interrupting, more
 resolute)
 It wasn't a trick. It felt real,
 more real than anything.

A silence falls between them. Dr. Weiss glances at Mark, then
 back at Josh, the lines of logic and the unknown blurring.

DR. WEISS
 (softly, reassuring)
 Maybe it's your way of processing
 everything. But for now, rest.
 We'll figure this out.

Josh nods, but the uncertainty lingers in his eyes.

Dr. Weiss gently guides Josh's wheelchair away from the bed.
 They exit the room, leaving Mark motionless, the monitors
 beeping steadily.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A softly lit room, warm and inviting, with earthy tones.
 THERAPIST (40s), a woman with wise eyes and a calming
 presence, sits back in her plush chair, fingers steepled
 thoughtfully.

Beverly, tense and conflicted, paces the room, her footsteps muffled by the carpet.

THERAPIST
(calm, inviting)
So, what's on your mind? You seemed eager to talk today.

BEVERLY
(sighs, nodding)
Yeah... thanks for fitting me in.

The therapist tilts her head slightly, sensing Beverly's restless energy.

THERAPIST
Is it the wedding? It's normal to feel nervous as it gets closer.

BEVERLY
(shakes her head,
distracted)
No... it's not that.

Beverly stops mid-pace, presses her fingers to her temples, as if trying to massage the thoughts into clarity.

THERAPIST
(gently probing)
Then what is it?

BEVERLY
(exhales, frustrated)
I don't know... I just... don't.

The therapist remains silent, letting the weight of Beverly's words settle.

THERAPIST
(soft, knowing smile)
I think you do.

Beverly glances up, meets the therapist's eyes. She hesitates, then sinks into a nearby armchair, her posture crumbling.

BEVERLY
(after a beat, voice
faltering)
Dave's a good man. Kind.
Considerate. Loving.

The therapist leans forward slightly, her gaze steady.

THERAPIST

But this isn't really about Dave,
is it?

Beverly fidgets with her engagement ring, twisting it around her finger. Her eyes dart away. The therapist's words pull her back.

BEVERLY

(barely above a whisper)
After all this time... Why am I
still thinking about him?

Her voice catches, swallows hard, tries to steady herself.

BEVERLY

He's the one who left. Not me.

The therapist's expression softens, empathy in her eyes.

THERAPIST

You never got closure.

Beverly freezes, the truth of the statement hanging in the air like a revelation. She slowly looks up at the therapist, her rigid exterior begins to crack.

THERAPIST

(supportive)
It's okay to feel that way. It's
okay to still hurt.

Beverly's eyes well up, but she doesn't turn away this time.

BEVERLY

(voice trembling)
How do I let go?

The therapist offers a small, reassuring smile.

THERAPIST

We'll work on it. Together.

Beverly nods, a small but significant gesture of acceptance.

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL - DAY

A dim chapel. Sunlight streams through a stained-glass window, painting worn pews in fractured hues. The exit door, slightly ajar, allows a faint breeze to stir the air.

Father Timmons leans against the altar, a cigarette smolders between his fingers, its smoke twisting in the light.

Josh rolls in, his wheelchair creaks slightly.

FATHER TIMMONS
 (smiling wryly)
 Well, if it isn't the prodigal son.
 Spreading your wings, are we?

JOSH
 What vices haven't you picked up?

Father Timmons takes a final drag, stubs out the cigarette on the altar's edge. The ember dies with a soft sizzle.

FATHER TIMMONS
 I'm maxed out, kid. Can't afford
 any more.

He flicks the butt into a nearby trash can with practiced ease. He turns to Josh.

FATHER TIMMONS
 (sincerely)
 Didn't think I'd see you here.

JOSH
 (quietly)
 Yeah, well... I need to know if I'm
 losing it.

LATER

Father Timmons pulls a dusty, leather-bound book from a hidden compartment. He hands it to Josh, who takes it hesitantly.

JOSH
 What's this?

Josh looks down at the cover. The title, "Into the Light," embossed in faded gold lettering.

FATHER TIMMONS
 A guide. Written by a man...
 paralyzed... but claimed he could
 walk... between life and death.

Josh flips through it, stops at an illustration of a figure stepping into a bright light.

JOSH
 (breathing shakily)
 I saw this... during the accident.

Father Timmons leans closer, voice intense.

FATHER TIMMONS
And again, didn't you?

Josh nods, his face tightens.

JOSH
Yeah. A hospital corridor... a man
waiting for me. Said his name was
Mark Dresser.

Father Timmons stiffens, his eyes widens.

FATHER TIMMONS
Mark... the coma patient?

Josh nods again, slowly.

FATHER TIMMONS
(whispering)
Holy Mary, Mother of God...

JOSH
(sarcastic)
What kind of priest are you?

FATHER TIMMONS
Don't you see? This is a gift.

Josh's expression darkens.

JOSH
A gift? My family was my gift.

Father Timmons moves closer, his voice urgent.

FATHER TIMMONS
Maybe this is your purpose – to
help others find peace... before
it's too late.

JOSH
(angry)
You want me to be their guide? And
then what? Go home to this?

He gestures at his legs, bitterness overflowing. In one swift motion, Josh turns his wheelchair towards the exit.

FATHER TIMMONS
(calling after him)
Josh, what do you want?

Josh pauses in the door.

JOSH
How the hell should I know?

He wheels out, the door swinging shut behind him. Father Timmons stands alone, smoke still lingering in the air.

INT. BAR - DAY

A relaxed, early evening ambiance fills the bar. A small but lively happy hour crowd. Soft jazz plays in the background. Beverly and Natalie sit at a high-top table.

NATALIE
(half-joking, trying to
lighten the mood)
Maybe he's going through some
midlife crisis. You know, flashy
car, a busty twenty-year-old.

BEVERLY
That's not Mark.

NATALIE
(gently, but with a touch
of firmness)
It doesn't matter anyway. You have
a great guy now. And you're
marrying him. Whatever Mark's up
to... it's his deal, not yours.

Beverly swirls her wine glass, watches the liquid catch the light.

BEVERLY
(softly, almost convincing
herself)
You're right.

Natalie raises her glass.

NATALIE
To the future.

Beverly hesitates for a split second, then clinks her glass against Natalie's.

BEVERLY
(with a touch more
conviction)
To the future.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The steady patter of rain taps against the window, its rhythm a quiet lullaby.

Josh sits slumped in his wheelchair, his gaze fixed on the gray world outside. The raindrops blur the cityscape into a smudged watercolor painting.

His hand slips from the armrest, brushes against a book on his lap, "Into the Light." He hesitates, fingers lingering on the worn cover. He gently opens it.

CLOSE ON:

The book as Josh begins to read. The words on the page bleed into his thoughts.

AUTHOR (V.O.)

(soft, introspective)

I watch the world unfold. Streets teem with life - cars weaving through lanes, people hurrying beneath umbrellas. Lights flicker on in the towering buildings. The sun struggles to break through the clouds, casting fleeting glimmers on the skyline. Everything is in motion, a dance of existence. Yet, here I sit... a silent spectator. Trapped. The world rushes past, indifferent to my stillness.

The door creaks open. The nurse enters, her footsteps soft, cautious. She approaches.

NURSE

Is everything okay?

JOSH

(murmuring)

Yeah.

NURSE

Let me know if need anything.

Josh nods. The nurse lingers for a heartbeat longer, studies his face, then quietly exits.

He returns to the book, the rain outside a constant companion.

AUTHOR(V.O.)

(quiet, yearning)

But when I close my eyes, the world loosens its grip on me. I drift, unshackled, into a place beyond comprehension. A place of unfathomable beauty. There, I am not bound by this broken shell. I am more than what I seem. I am whole.

INT. BEVERLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The soft, rhythmic patter of rain dances on the windowpane. A half-empty mug of coffee steams gently in Beverly's hand as she sinks deeper into the plush sofa. Her eyes linger on the rain.

DAVE (V.O.)

(lighthearted, coaxing)

Why don't you come to New York? We could catch a Broadway play, take that carriage ride in Central Park you've always dreamed of.

Beverly's lips curve into a faint smile.

BEVERLY

(softly, with a touch of reluctance)

It sounds lovely, but aren't you supposed to be working?

DAVE (V.O.)

(teasing)

I'll make time. For you, always.

Beverly runs her thumb along the rim of the mug, her gaze distant. A subtle sigh escapes her lips.

BEVERLY

I thought the client was throwing a temper tantrum.

DAVE (V.O.)

(chuckling)

He's sucking on a pacifier right now. We gave him the deliverable - all two hundred pages. It'll keep him busy for a while.

Beverly's smile grows, warming her face.

DAVE (V.O.)
 (gently)
 What do you say?

She closes her eyes, the sound of rain mingling with the echo of Dave's voice in her mind. A moment of stillness, then...

BEVERLY
 (soft, but decisive)
 Okay.

Her eyes open, a glimmer of anticipation shining through.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Josh sits by the window, bathed in soft daylight. He holds a worn, creased photo between his fingers - Leslie and Tasha, captured in a moment of pure joy. His thumb grazes over their faces as he gets lost in the memory...

EXT. MEADOW - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An expansive meadow stretches out under a sky so blue it almost looks painted. Wildflowers of every color dot the landscape. Towering oak trees with sprawling canopies line distant hills, their shadows dance in the gentle breeze.

Josh walks hand in hand with Leslie and Tasha. The wind tousles their hair.

TASHA
 Dad?

JOSH
 Yes, sweetheart?

TASHA
 Can we be together forever?

JOSH
 (grinning)
 Does that include your mom?

TASHA
 (laughs)
 Of course, silly.

JOSH
 Then forever it is.

Leslie smiles, her eyes crinkle at the corners. She points ahead, where the distant shimmer of the beach peeks through the tall mustard grass swaying rhythmically in the breeze.

LESLIE
I think that's it.

JOSH
We couldn't have picked a more perfect day.

Leslie nestles into Josh's side.

LESLIE
I love coming here. It always reminds me of our first date.

The sun casts a golden hue over everything. Josh pauses, pulls out his cellphone.

JOSH
Why don't you two stand over there?
Let me get a picture.

Leslie and Tasha huddle together, their faces radiant in the sunlight as they smile. Josh snaps the picture. The exact same photo he now clings to in the hospital.

JOSH
Perfect.

Suddenly, Tasha bolts towards the beach, her laughter rings out like a bell.

TASHA
Last one's a rotten egg!

Leslie laughs and takes off after her, the two of them weave through the tall mustard grass. She glances back at Josh, her smile lingers.

LESLIE
Come on, slowpoke!

Josh stands still for a moment, watches them disappear into the golden field.

Leslie turns one last time, their eyes meet. Her smile, soft, full of love. It's the last thing he sees before the memory fades.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Josh gazes at the photo in his hand. His grip on the photo tightens, the edges of the worn picture crinkling under his fingertips.

CLOSE ON PHOTO:

A candid shot of Leslie, her radiant smile frozen in time.

JOSH
(softly, almost to
himself)
Leslie...

He closes his eyes, swallows hard as Mark's words echo in his mind.

MARK (V.O.)
(choked with emotion)
I need to see her... My Beverly.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Josh grips the handles of the wheelchair, pushes it steadily down the dimly lit corridor. His breath uneven. His heart pounding.

AUTHOR (V.O.)
I don't look back to see what I've
left behind. The past is a shadow,
fading in the light of what's to
come.

He passes room after room.

AUTHOR (V.O.)
I walk into the unknown willingly,
fear and anticipation coursing
through me, as the light ahead
pulls me forward.

Josh's pace slows. He turns into --

MARK DRESSER'S ROOM

Mark lies motionless, his skin pale against the hospital sheets, his arms lifeless at his sides.

Josh rolls the wheelchair close to the bedside. Faint slivers of sunlight cast fragmented patterns on Mark's face.

AUTHOR (V.O.)
I don't know what I will find. But
I know it will be of this earth and
the divine.

Josh clasps Mark's cold, limp hand. The room's colors begin to drain, fade into muted greys. A BRIGHT LIGHT slowly engulfs the space, erases the harsh lines of reality.

The light dissipates. The room reshapes itself into a --

HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Josh stands alone in silence, then Mark appears a few feet away, his expression serene, almost ethereal. The weight of the world seems lifted from his shoulders.

JOSH
Where does Beverly live?

Mark's lips curl into a gentle smile.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BEVERLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Beverly stands inside her closet, thumbing through an array of neatly arranged clothes, her hand lingering on each hanger as if weighing a decision.

BEVERLY
(half to herself)
Do you think it'll be cold?

Natalie, perched on the edge of the bed, absently fiddles with a lacy piece of lingerie she's just pulled from Beverly's half-packed suitcase.

NATALIE
(slight smirk)
It's almost summer. I'd bet on warm nights.

Natalie dangles the lingerie.

NATALIE
Besides, it looks like it's going to be pretty hot anyway

Beverly glances back at Natalie, her eyebrows shooting up in mock scandal.

BEVERLY
Natalie!

Natalie laughs, slipping the lingerie back into the suitcase with exaggerated innocence.

NATALIE
Okay, so I'm a little jealous.

Beverly turns back to the closet, pulls out a dress and holds it up to the light.

NATALIE
So, how long will you be gone?

BEVERLY
Three days. We're catching a Broadway show the first night.

NATALIE
(slightly wistful)
Nice.

Beverly carefully places the dress in the suitcase, as if arranging pieces of a puzzle.

BEVERLY
He's got meetings during the day,
so it's not exactly a vacation.

Natalie's gaze drifts to a framed photo on the nightstand – Beverly and Mark, grinning under the sun, Beverly radiant in a green sweater.

She picks it up, turns it over in her hands.

NATALIE
(softly, almost to
herself)
Mark was really something, wasn't
he?

Beverly stiffens at the mention, her back still to Natalie. She pauses but doesn't turn around.

BEVERLY
(slightly curt)
Yeah, he was.

Natalie notices the green sweater hanging in the closet. She points, her voice gentle but probing.

NATALIE
Is that the same sweater from the
photo?

Beverly hesitates, a brief, almost imperceptible moment of vulnerability crossing her face.

BEVERLY
(beat)
Yeah, Mark gave it to me.

Natalie looks at Beverly, then back at the sweater.

NATALIE
And you've kept it all this time.

Beverly finally turns to face Natalie, a mixture of frustration and resignation in her eyes.

BEVERLY
Don't ask me why. I couldn't even
tell you.

Natalie extends the photo towards Beverly, her tone softening.

NATALIE
 Maybe... it's time to put this
 away.

Beverly takes the photo.

BEVERLY
 Yeah.

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL - DAY

The dimly lit chapel is silent, save for the faint hum of the hospital beyond. Dust motes float in the beams of sunlight streaming through the stained-glass windows.

Josh shakes Father Timmons, asleep on a pew.

JOSH
 Wake up.

Father Timmons stirs, groggily opening his eyes. He rubs his face with a rough hand. His graying hair sticks up at odd angles.

JOSH
 Do you ever work?

Father Timmons slowly sits up.

FATHER TIMMONS
 (glancing around, bleary-
 eyed)
 I'm here, aren't I?

JOSH
 (pressing)
 Aren't you worried about getting
 promoted?

A wry smile tugs at the corners of Father Timmons' mouth as he rubs the back of his neck.

FATHER TIMMONS
 Promoted? To what - Pope?

JOSH
 I need your help. I've got to go
 see someone.

Father Timmons stiffens slightly, the seriousness of Josh's tone cutting through his fatigue. He leans forward, eyes narrowing.

FATHER TIMMONS
Is Dr. Weiss okay with this? Did he
release you?

Josh looks away, guilt across his face.

JOSH
He... doesn't know.

Father Timmons exhales sharply.

FATHER TIMMONS
Josh, I could get fired for this.

Josh shoots him a pointed look.

JOSH
Since when do you care about your
job?

FATHER TIMMONS
If I'm going to end up at a parish
even smaller than this one, I need
to know why.

Josh steps closer, his voice urgent, almost pleading.

JOSH
I'm doing this for Mark Dresser.

Father Timmons freezes, his expression softening. A slow, knowing smile spreads across Father Timmons' face.

FATHER TIMMONS
I've been meaning to downsize
anyway.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Father Timmons, dressed in his clerical collar, with a firm grip the wheelchair, approaches the nurses' station.

A stern-faced NURSE (30s), hair tied back in a no-nonsense bun, looks up from her paperwork, her eyes narrow as they meet Father Timmons'.

NURSE
(eyes scanning Josh, voice
curt)
Where are you taking him?

FATHER TIMMONS
(steady, but with a hint
of gentle defiance)
I'm taking him for a stroll in the
atrium. He needs some fresh air.

The Nurse's lips press into a thin line. Before she can reply, the shrill BEEP of an alarm pierces the air. The Nurse's attention snaps to the monitoring screen beside her.

Her brow furrows, she glances back at Father Timmons, then quickly turns to a second nurse, NURSE #2, who is organizing charts nearby.

NURSE
(to Nurse #2, urgent)
Can you check on room 215?

NURSE #2
(nods briskly, already
moving)
On it.

As Nurse #2 hurries off, the first Nurse takes a deep breath, her sternness softening.

NURSE
(sighs, then with
reluctant approval)
Alright. But not too long.

She watches them for a moment longer, her gaze lingers on Josh, before turning back to the monitoring screen. Father Timmons gently pushes the wheelchair forward.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Josh, now in regular clothes, uses his arms to move from the wheelchair into Father Timmons' car.

FATHER TIMMONS
You sure you don't need help?

JOSH
I'm fine.

I/E. FATHER TIMMONS' CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

A battered, old sedan lumbers down the road, its engine wheezing with every bump. Seat covers frayed at the seams, springs poking through like skeleton fingers. The back seat is a graveyard of fast food wrappers and empty coffee cups.

Josh sits in the passenger seat, eyebrows raised as he surveys the mess. He glances back, a mix of disbelief and amusement on his face.

JOSH
(half-joking)
This is how you live? If anyone
needed a prayer...

FATHER TIMMONS
(defensive, but
lighthearted)
Hey, who's the one doing you the
favor here?

Father Timmons grabs a couple of wrappers from the dashboard, tosses them into the back, only adding to the chaos.

FATHER TIMMONS
So, what's the address again?

JOSH
Twenty-third Street.

The car jolts as they hit a patch of heavy traffic. Horns blare around them, a symphony of frustration.

JOSH
(slightly anxious)
Is that far?

FATHER TIMMONS
(with a sigh, eyeing the
traffic)
In this mess? Who knows. Thirty
minutes, give or take.

JOSH
I gotta ask... why a priest? You
don't exactly fit the bill.

Father Timmons smirks.

FATHER TIMMONS
(flippant, but with a
glimmer of sincerity)
Wasn't great at math.

Josh snorts, unable to suppress a chuckle.

JOSH
(chuckling)
Well, that explains everything.

Father Timmons allows himself a small grin.

INT. BEVERLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Beverly methodically places the last item in her suitcase before closing it with a soft, resigned sigh.

BEVERLY
I think that's everything.

Natalie jingles her car keys. She's lingering in the doorway, her eyes darting between Beverly and the clock.

NATALIE
(mildly impatient)
Do you think we'll have time for Starbucks?

Beverly's gaze shifts to the clock on the nightstand. The hands show 10:30 AM.

BEVERLY
Depends on the traffic.

She grabs the handle of her suitcase.

INT. NATALIE'S CAR - DAY

Natalie adjusts the rearview mirror before turning the key in the ignition. The engine hums to life.

NATALIE
Checked the weather. New York's getting drenched right now.

Natalie shifts into drive.

BEVERLY
Perfect. And I didn't even pack an umbrella.

The car rolls down the driveway, tires crunch on the gravel.

NATALIE
Don't stress. The rain should clear up before you land.

Beverly's cellphone BUZZES, interrupts her thoughts. She pulls it out.

INSERT - CELLPHONE SCREEN

"FLIGHT 316 DELAYED. NOW DEPARTING AT 3:15 PM."

BEVERLY
(distracted, frustrated)
Wait, stop the car.

Natalie eases her foot off the gas. The car halts at the end of the driveway.

Beverly stares at her phone, lets out a heavy sigh.

BEVERLY
(flat, resigned)
Flight's delayed. Almost five hours.

NATALIE
Do you want me to stay? I can call in, no big deal.

BEVERLY
(pushing a smile)
No, don't worry about it. I'll just grab a cab. You've got enough to deal with.

Natalie hesitates, studying her friend's face.

NATALIE
You sure? I can wait with you.

BEVERLY
Yeah. I'm fine. Really.

NATALIE
Alright. Text me when you board, okay?

BEVERLY
Will do. Thanks, Nat.

Beverly opens the door, steps out.

INT. FATHER TIMMONS' CAR - DAY

Father Timmons stops the car in front of Beverly's house.

FATHER TIMMONS
Are you sure you don't want me to
go with you?

JOSH
It's better if I just go.

FATHER TIMMONS
You're the captain of your
wheelchair.

INT. BEVERLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A KNOCK echoes from the front door, startling the quiet. Beverly hesitates before she approaches the door. She opens it cautiously.

EXT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE - DAY

From his wheelchair, Josh looks up at her with determined eyes.

JOSH
(tentative, but polite)
Ms. Carlson?

BEVERLY
(curt, eyes narrowing)
Who's asking?

JOSH
(offering a faint, hopeful
smile)
I'm Josh Tobin.

Beverly's eyes harden. She begins to close the door, her face unreadable.

BEVERLY
Whatever you're selling, I'm not
interested.

The door creaks as she almost shuts it in his face.

JOSH
(urgent, voice steady)
Mark Dresser sent me.

The door halts. Beverly's hand lingers on the handle, her grip tightens. A flicker of emotion crosses her face.

INT. BEVERLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cozy room but cluttered, remnants of a life interrupted – old books stacked haphazardly, an untouched cup of coffee on the side table, a wedding dress hanging in the corner.

A series of framed photos line the fireplace mantel, showing Beverly and DAVE NEWMAN (40s), a decent-looking man with a warm smile.

JOSH
(softly, yet with a hint
of urgency)
He wants you to see him.

Beverly stands motionless for a moment, eyes fixed on the photos, as if trying to draw strength from them. Then, her composure cracks.

BEVERLY
He can't do this to me. Not now.

Her hand trembles as she points to the photos on the mantel, her voice tinged with both anger and desperation.

BEVERLY
I'm getting married, for Christ's
sake.

She begins to pace, her movements restless, her thoughts racing.

BEVERLY
Do you even know what he did?

JOSH
Yes.

She stops in her tracks, her breath catching.

BEVERLY
He... he just left.

Her voice breaks, tears well up in her eyes.

BEVERLY
No explanation. No phone call.
Just... gone.

She lowers her head, her hands grip the cushion beside her as if it could anchor her to the present.

BEVERLY
Everything we had, everything we
were... just vanished.

JOSH
All the answers you're looking
for... they're with him.

Beverly looks up at him.

BEVERLY
No. I've moved on. I have a new
life. I can't go back.

JOSH
(gently)
He doesn't have long. He's... in a
coma.

The room falls into a heavy silence. Beverly's gaze drifts
back to the wedding dress in the corner. Then, she turns back
to Josh, her voice barely a whisper.

BEVERLY
Wait... how do you know he wants to
see me?

JOSH
(slowly, with a deep
breath)
Since my accident, I've been able
to... communicate with people who
are... in between.

Beverly's eyes widen in disbelief.

JOSH
He mentioned the green sweater...
the one that made your eyes
sparkle.

Her breath hitches, the memory flooding back – unexpected,
intimate.

JOSH
He said you hated it at first, but
couldn't stop wearing it after he
told you how beautiful you looked
in it.

Beverly's mouth falls open. She struggles to collect herself.

BEVERLY
(her voice shaky,
incredulous)
What am I supposed to think? A
complete stranger shows up at my
door and tells me he can talk to
people in comas?

Josh meets her gaze, his expression earnest, almost pleading.

JOSH
I'm not asking you to believe me.
I'm just asking you to listen to
what your heart already knows.

INT. FATHER TIMMONS' CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Josh sits in the passenger seat, his posture slumped, disappointment etched across his face. Father Timmons glances over, a soft frown of concern on his face.

FATHER TIMMONS
Don't beat yourself up, Josh. You
did what you could.

JOSH
I really thought she'd
understand...

FATHER TIMMONS
What exactly did she say?

JOSH
(sighs deeply, staring out
the window, eyes
unfocused)
She didn't believe me. Not a word.

The trees and houses blur by outside as Josh clenches his fists.

JOSH
What do I tell Mark?

FATHER TIMMONS
Tell him you tried, Josh. That's
all anyone can ask. Mark will
understand.

I/E. TAXI CAB - TRAVELING - DAY

The taxi cab glides through the city streets, tall buildings stretching toward the sky on either side. CAB DRIVER (50s), focused, expressionless, keeps his eyes on the road.

In the back seat, Beverly sits quietly, her posture slightly slumped. Her gaze drifts out the window, wistful.

Suddenly, a SONG crackles to life on the radio - soulful, rich, achingly beautiful. Beverly's eyes flicker. She looks up, her attention caught by the music.

I/E. TAXI CAB - TRAVELING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The same SONG fills the cab. The world outside blurs as they drive through the city.

Mark glances at Beverly beside him. He reaches over, gently taking her hand in his. The warmth of his touch catches her attention.

MARK
(softly, almost a whisper)
Remember this song?

Beverly's eyes meet his, filled with affection. The song takes her back, nostalgia glowing in her smile.

BEVERLY
How could I forget?

Mark squeezes her hand slightly, his gaze never leaving her.

MARK
You were stunning then...
(beat)
But today, you take my breath away.

Beverly's smile widens, her eyes sparkling with both joy and love.

The taxi slows down, pulls over to the curb. Beverly glances out the window, puzzled.

BEVERLY
(to cab driver)
Is something wrong? Why are we stopping?

MARK
(with a playful grin)
I asked him to.

Beverly's curiosity deepens. Before she can say more, Mark's door swings open, letting in a breeze and the sound of the bustling street.

She looks out, finally notices where they are. TIFFANY'S JEWELRY STORE gleams under the afternoon sun, the iconic blue decor instantly recognizable.

A MAN in a tuxedo appears, leans into the cab. In his white-gloved hand, he presents a small, elegant jewelry box atop a black velvet pillow. The moment feels surreal.

Mark takes the box with a steady hand, turns back to Beverly. His usual confidence wavers, replaced by a raw, vulnerable sincerity.

MARK

I couldn't let another moment
pass... without asking you
something important.

He opens the box slowly, revealing a stunning diamond ring that catches the light. A cascade of reflections dance across the cab's interior.

Beverly's breath hitches. Her hand flies to her mouth. Tears well up in her eyes.

MARK

(softly, almost pleading)
Will you marry me?

For a moment, time seems to stand still. Beverly's world narrows to this one perfect moment. She nods, the tears spill over, unable to form words.

BEVERLY

(whispering)
Yes... yes!

Mark's face breaks into a relieved, joyous smile. He slips the ring onto her finger with trembling hands.

MARK

(murmuring as he kisses
her hand)
I wouldn't know what to do without
you.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TAXI CAB - TRAVELING - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Beverly looks at her left hand, which has a different engagement ring. She stares at it.

After a long moment, she looks out the window, at the surroundings.

INT. MARK DRESSER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Josh pauses at the doorway, his eyes heavy with unspoken grief. He takes a breath before rolling his wheelchair forward.

Mark lies motionless on the bed, his face pale, almost ethereal. The steady rhythm of the ventilator fills the silence, each mechanical breath a stark reminder of his fragility.

Josh hesitates for a moment. He moves closer, his gaze fixed on Mark's frail form.

JOSH

I already know what you're going to say.

A faint shuffle is heard from the doorway. Josh's eyes flicker up, catching the reflection of movement in the window's glass.

BEVERLY (O.S.)

Are you sure about that?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. MARK DRESSER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Josh, in his wheelchair, turns as Beverly enters. She freezes, her breath catching. Her face softens, tears welling up. Her lips tremble.

She crosses to Mark, her hand gently brushes his cheek.

BEVERLY

Mark...

Josh places his hands over theirs, creating a fragile connection between the three of them.

A BRIGHT LIGHT gradually engulfs the room. As the light fades, they find themselves in a --

HOSPITAL HALLWAY

The corridor stretches before them, sterile and unending. At the far end, Mark stands alone, waiting.

JOSH

He's waiting for you.

Beverly's heart pounds. She hesitates, then starts walking toward Mark. His face breaks into a smile, eyes shining with the joy of seeing her.

MARK

Beverly.

Her steps quicken, then she breaks into a run, her emotions overwhelming her. She crashes into Mark, wrapping her arms around him.

They cling to each other, time suspended.

MOMENTS LATER

Mark, holding Beverly's hand tightly, leads her down the hallway. Their pace slows as they approach a door marked "DOCTOR'S OFFICE."

Mark stops, turns to Beverly, his eyes searching hers.

MARK

I know you have questions.

He pushes the door open, reveals the sterile interior of a --

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Inside, Mark sits across from his DOCTOR (50s), who wears an expression of subdued gravity.

DOCTOR
I wish I had better news, Mark.

MARK
How long?

The doctor hesitates, then leans forward, his voice gentle but direct.

DOCTOR
With ALS, it's typically three to five years... but given how rapidly your symptoms have progressed... Two years, maybe three, at most.

Mark's face crumbles. He swallows hard, fighting to maintain his composure.

MARK
We were supposed to get married.

The doctor's silence is heavy, filled with unspoken sympathy.

MARK
What happens to me?

DOCTOR
Your muscles will gradually weaken until movement becomes impossible.

Mark's voice barely escapes his throat.

MARK
An invalid.

DOCTOR
You'll need round-the-clock care.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Mark sits alone at the bar, a shot of scotch in front of him, untouched. His shoulders sag under the weight of the future.

In his hand, he clutches a PHOTO of himself and Beverly, captured in a moment of happiness.

Across the bar, a young couple in their 30s play with their BABY, the air filled with the baby's giggles. Mark watches them, his eyes betraying a deep, unspoken longing.

He glances back at the photo, tracing Beverly's smile with his thumb, the weight of his fate sinking in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEVERLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beverly lies asleep, peaceful, unaware. Mark sits beside her, his hand gently combs through her hair. His eyes glisten with unshed tears. He leans in close, his voice a hushed whisper, filled with unspoken regret.

MARK

(sotto)

I wish I could tell you
everything... but I know you. You'd
never let go. It's better this way.

A single tear slips down his cheek. He wipes it away quickly, as if denying himself the right to mourn. He swallows hard, his breath shaky.

MARK

(sotto)

Goodbye, Beverly... my love.

Mark hesitates for a moment, as if frozen in time, before he carefully pulls himself away from her. He rises from the bed.

He moves quietly, a shadow in the dim room. His eyes linger on Beverly, drinking in the sight of her, knowing it will be the last time.

His gaze shifts to the nightstand where a small, handwritten note rests.

CLOSE ON NOTE:

The words "I'm sorry" scrawled in Mark's familiar handwriting.

Mark's eyes glisten once more, but he forces himself to turn away.

EXT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark stands alone on the porch, the suitcase at his feet. He turns back one last time, his eyes tracing the contours of the house. He lifts the suitcase, walks down the steps, disappears into the night.

BACK TO SCENE

HALLWAY

Mark gently closes the door behind him, the soft click echoes in the silence. He turns, his eyes find Beverly. She stands there, fragile, tears brimming in her eyes but not yet falling.

BEVERLY

You should have told me.

MARK

I wanted to protect you. To give you a life... not burden you with watching me fade away.

BEVERLY

(heartbroken)

But you were my life.

Mark reaches out, his fingers brushing hers before he gently takes her hand. He notices the engagement ring on her finger, a symbol of a future without him.

MARK

Is he good to you?

Beverly nods, a tear finally escaping down her cheek.

A soft, ethereal GLOW begins to illuminate the end of the hallway, growing brighter, casting long shadows.

MARK

(smiling faintly)

Then that's all I need to know.

Mark glances at the brightening light.

MARK

It's time.

BEVERLY

(whispering, desperate)

Mark...

MARK

Shh... It's okay. We had our moment. That's what counts.

They hold each other for a beat longer, savoring the last trace of their connection. Then, with a deep breath, Mark steps back.

Mark walks towards the light, its brilliance swallowing his silhouette. Just before crossing the threshold, Mark glances back one last time. He locks eyes with Beverly, a soft, reassuring smile on his lips.

And then, he steps into the light.

The hallway grows dim again, leaving Beverly standing in the shadows, clutching the memory of their final moment.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Beverly waits for the elevator with Josh. She stares ahead, lost in her thoughts.

BEVERLY

I wish I had known.

JOSH

Do you really?

She looks at Josh, as if she gets the deeper meaning of the question. Josh points to her engagement ring.

JOSH

What's his name?

BEVERLY

Dave.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Beverly exits the terminal, sees Dave by his car holding a bouquet of flowers. She smiles.

BEVERLY (V.O.)

Dave Newman.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Josh, seated in his wheelchair, stares at a delicate feather resting on the nightstand. The feather, ethereal, fragile, seems out of place in the sterile room.

It had drifted down from the sky on the night of the accident - a small, inexplicable miracle in the midst of chaos.

Josh grabs the feather. The door creaks open, Father Timmons walks in.

FATHER TIMMONS

You ready?

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT - DAY

Father Timmons grips Josh's wheelchair, guides him down the hallway. They approach a STAFF PERSON standing rigidly by a large, imposing steel door.

The Staff Person unlocks the door. The door swings open with a creak, revealing the stark interior of the hospital morgue.

FATHER TIMMONS

Thanks.

He hesitates for a moment, his hand lingering on Josh's shoulder as they pause at the threshold.

FATHER TIMMONS

Are you sure you're going to be okay?

JOSH

Yeah.

With a deep breath, Josh turns the wheelchair. His eyes widen as he takes in the sight of two shrouded bodies lying on cold metal slabs.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

The bodies of Leslie and Tasha lie on steel tables, motionless beneath thin sheets, with only their serene faces and pale hands exposed.

AUTHOR (V.O.)

I wondered what lay beyond the light. Was it everything I dreamed of? Would I be frightened? Or filled with an unearthly joy? I asked the Almighty for a small glimpse. Then a feather floated down from the sky, as if an angel was sharing his wings.

Josh hesitates at the doorway, his breath catches as he gazes at the still forms of his wife and daughter. A single tear slips down his cheek. Slowly, almost reverently, he approaches the tables.

He reaches into his jacket, takes out the feather. He places it in Tasha's hand, curling her small fingers around. With a deep breath, he grasps both of their hands.

A faint breeze stirs in the room. Josh's hair ruffles. From the walls, a soft, sky-blue light begins to emanate. It grows in intensity, casting the room in a warm, ethereal glow.

The room slowly...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

...gives way to a vast, sun-drenched meadow, awash in golden hues. The sky is a flawless expanse of blue, wisps of clouds drifting lazily. Tall mustard grass sways gently, as if in tune with an unseen melody.

A gentle ocean breeze caresses Josh's face, drying his tears. He steps forward, drawn to a familiar sight.

On a gentle slope overlooking the endless ocean, Leslie and Tasha sit together, radiant and peaceful, their figures vibrant, full of life.

AUTHOR (V.O.)

Beyond the light is a beauty I
cannot fully comprehend.

Josh walks through the tall grass, each step lighter, the weight of his sorrows lifting with every stride.

AUTHOR (V.O.)

And what a wondrous place it is.
For when I stand before them, they
see me not as I am, but as I am
meant to be.

Leslie and Tasha turn toward him, their smiles bright, welcoming.

LESLIE

We saved you a seat.

TASHA

We've been waiting for you, Daddy.

Josh settles between them. Together, they gaze out over the vast, tranquil ocean. The horizon stretches endlessly before them. The world around them is perfect, eternal.

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT - DAY

Josh emerges from the morgue, the weight of loss no longer crushing him.

FATHER TIMMONS

You okay?

JOSH

(smiling)

Yeah.

END OF ACT FOUR