

THE TEST

by
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FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

STEAMING COFFEE dispenses from a commercial automatic coffee machine, filling A CUP. PEOPLE CONVERSING. INDIE ROCK MUSIC PLAYS. HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS hang from the walls.

A CASHIER, wearing an ELF COSUME BARKS OUT ORDERS to the BARISTA. The Barista is wearing a GRIM REAPER COSTUME.

In line at the counter, a BUSINESSMAN(40'S) negotiates with a client over his cell phone loud enough for everyone to hear.

Behind the Business Man, a cute COLLEGE GIRL(20) texts, oblivious to her surroundings.

A HUSBAND(30's) and WIFE(30's) clear their table, kiss, and see one another off to work.

MICHAEL POTTER(42) with salt and pepper hair and dark circles under his eyes sits alone at a corner table. He enviously watches the kissing couple.

Michael's nervously spins a small coffee stirring stick. His eye's gaze at the stick, then the TWO CUPS OF COFFEE, then focus on the GOLD WEDDING BAND he wears.

His attention drifts to the parking lot outside of the large window he sits in front of.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late. Wanted to pick up the dry cleaning since it's on the way. Didn't know everyone else would decide to pick up their dry cleaning the same day.

She leans in and kisses him, then sits. The Woman is his wife, SUSAN POTTER(40) Attractive, classy, worried.

SUSAN

You doing okay, baby?

Michael's jaw clenches. He KNOCKS on the table three times.

MICHAEL

Yeah. I guess.

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SUSAN

So, how many cups of coffee have you had?

Michael's foot taps rapidly. He appears slightly angered by the question.

MICHAEL

Three, four. I don't know? Why? What's it matter anyway?

Susan tilts her head.

SUSAN

Honey, it's not going to help the situation.

Michael exhales loudly.

MICHAEL

Oh for Christ's sake, it's fucking coffee! Can't I have one vice?

Embarrassed, Susan looks around to the other patrons. Forces a smile to show everything's okay.

SUSAN

Michael... Michael stop it.

MICHAEL

Well what? I don't smoke anymore. Quit doing blow years ago.

SUSAN

Michael please. Stop.

MICHAEL

Why! Fuck these people. I don't know them. They don't know me. I don't give a shit.

Susan looks down, covers her mouth with her hand and closes her eye's. Michael looks off in disgust.

MICHAEL

What? Am I embarrassing you? How the fuck do you think I feel?

SUSAN

Michael, I know you're upset. I get it.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Oh! You know I'm upset, huh? Do you know how fucking upset I am? Do you have any idea, how upset I am?

SUSAN

Honey, getting angry isn't going to help the situation.

MICHAEL

So this is all because of MY anger?

With her big doe eye's, Susan pleads with him.

SUSAN

Honey, you just... You just need to learn to let go. Stop trying to control everything. Some things are out of our control. Just let the universe do what it's going to do. Let go. Okay?

Trying to hold back a grin, Michael snickers.

MICHAEL

You and that hippie shit. The universe.

Michael exhales again. Sporadically nods in agreement.

Susan reaches across the table to grasp Michael's hand's. Her eye's well up with tears.

SUSAN

I love you so much. You know that.

Tongue in cheek, Michael squints. Looks away.

MICHAEL

I know.

Susan gently places her hand on the side of Michael's face to guide his attention to her.

SUSAN

We will get through this.

Michael pulls his head back. Sighs.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Michael... We will get through
this.

Susan reaches into her rear jean pocket and pulls out a neatly folded piece of white paper. The NOTE resembles one from jr. High that friends secretly passed under their desk's. She places the note in Michael's hand, but doesn't let go of it.

MICHAEL

What's this?

SUSAN

Something you should have.

MICHAEL

What? What is it?

SUSAN

Promise me that you won't open it
until after.

MICHAEL

What? Are you serious?

SUSAN

Yes. Promise?

MICHAEL

Yeah, yeah, whatever. I promise.

SUSAN

Michael... This won't be our last
coffee together.

Sadness washes over Michael's face.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

HEAT VAPORS rise from the asphalt. The BLAZING SUN shines bright over Los Angeles. CAR HORNS HONK. MUSIC BLASTS from a car's stereo. A WHITE SEDAN makes it's way through heavy traffic.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Michael cranks up the AIR CONDITIONER. Music plays quietly over his stereo.

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MICHAEL

Fucking heatwave.

Michaels looks out the front windshield, to the sky.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Thousands of feet above, a jet leaves a massive geoengineering trail behind.

INT. CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL

Bastards...

Impatiently, his left hand taps the steering wheel. He tries to see what the hold up is.

MICHAEL

Come on! What the fuck. Too many God damned people on this planet.

A SONG he recognizes plays on the radio. He lets out an exaggerated sigh. Glances at the radio. It's him and Susan's song. A slight smile grows as his facial muscle's relax. He turns up the volume.

The song temporarily takes the pain away. Then his brows furrow again and he's back into deep thought.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The white sedan slowly pulls into a half full parking lot. When an open space under the shade of a large tree appears, the car stops. Park? Or leave? After a moment, the car takes the space.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael scans the parking lot. Reaches for the key in the ignition. Hesitates. Then reaches again and turns the car off. Sighs.

MICHAEL

Let the universe do what it's going to do. (Smirks and shakes his head)

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He looks at the ST. CHRISTOPHER NECKLACE that hangs from the rearview mirror.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Dragging his feet, Michael crosses the parking lot and heads to the entrance. He stops and looks up at the multi-story hospital building. The anger in his eye's turns to fear. He continues.

A HAPPY HALLOWEEN SIGN hangs from the glass entrance doors.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Michael stops to read the Hospital Directory. His eye's lock onto ONCOLOGY DEPARTMENT...

Flexing his face and neck muscle's, his eye's drift to RADIOLOGY DEPARTMENT.

INT. RADIOLOGIST WAITING ROOM - DAY

Cold, sterile, white walls, white linoleum, bright fluorescent lights. Typical hospital waiting room. A cheap, fake plant posts up in one corner. An ELDERLY LADY reads a cliché' doctor's office magazine. A REDBOOK.

Uneasy, Michael fills out the hospital forms. He taps the writing pen on the plastic clipboard. He glances at the door, one more chance to leave. Runs his finger's through his hair. He glances at the breast pocket of his shirt at THE NOTE Susan gave him. Goes back to filling out the form.

A FEMALE NURSE(30) wearing a ZOMBIE COSTUME enters the room. Michael spots her from across the room, then goes back to his paper work.

MICHAEL

(Under his breath) Jesus, does everyone have to wear a costume related to death today?

The nurse approaches him. Smiles.

NURSE

Michael Potter?

Startled, Michael looks up.

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MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm Michael... Michael
Potter.

NURSE

We're ready for you Mr. Potter, if
you'd follow me please?

Trying to buy time, he fumbles with the clipboard.

MICHAEL

Uh, I'm sorry, I haven't
finished... I'm still filling this
out.

NURSE

No problem Mr. Potter, you can
bring it with you. You can finish
it back here.

MICHAEL

Oh... okay.

He reluctantly follows the nurse through the doors.

INT. DOCTORS CONSULTATION OFFICE - DAY

Much warmer and more human than the waiting room, one
entire wall of the office is made of a floor to ceiling
bookshelf. Beige indoor/outdoor carpet instead of the
cold tile. Real Plants. A wall with several DEGREES and
AWARDS.

Michael FOCUSES on a life sized FAKE SKULL that sits on
the desk. The Skull rests on a small BLACK and Orange
HAPPY HALLOWEEN felt blanket.

Sitting across from Michael is DR. NORMAN(60's)
Distinguished yet gentle, he looks over Michael's files.

DR. NORMAN

I just you would've come in sooner
Michael. Never, ever hold off.
It's always better to be safe than
sorry.

MICHAEL

Easy for you to say Doc. You're
not the one on the other side of
the desk waiting for his death
sentence.

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Dr. Norman removes his glasses and sets them on the desk. He clasps his hands and rests them next to the glasses. Nods.

DR. NORMAN

Look Michael, I understand. A lump in the throat is just cause for concern. However, there are a thousand possibilities. You haven't smoked in years. You've cut back dramatically on your drinking... Right?

MICHAEL

Yeah Doc, I told you, I'll have a glass of wine at dinner twice a year. Susan's birthday and my birthday. That's it. It's been like that for what? Six, seven years?

DR. NORMAN

That's great Michael. Cutting out those nasty habits can all contribute to your longevity. With the MRI, we're just going to be taking a better look at what's going on with your throat. It could be as simple as nodules on the thyroid, possibly even thyroiditis. And I realize the "C" word is terrifying to hear, but if it is by chance thyroid cancer, it's the best cancer that you can have. Meaning the treatment success rate is extremely high.

MICHAEL

Eh, I don't know Doc? What's extremely high? Like fifty percent?

Dr. Norman chuckles.

DR. NORMAN

No Michael, upwards of eighty percent. Possibly even higher.

MICHAEL

Uh, yeah, but what about the other twenty percent?

(CONTINUED)

DR. NORMAN

Michael, lets not put the horse before the cart. Lets run the tests first. You did your labs this morning, correct?

MICHAEL

Yeah, that was the first place they sent me.

DR. NORMAN

Excellent. We should be clear by this afternoon. We'll monitor your TSH, T3 and T4 levels. Any unusual White blood cell levels. And the MRI will show any abnormalities in the throat and thorax.

MICHAEL

If it's not the thyroid, what else can it be?

DR. NORMAN

Well Michael, with the symptoms you're explaining, as I mentioned before, it could be a thousand things.

We've seen a dramatic rise in different types of throat cancers. It's usually in heavy smokers and heavy drinkers, but the last few years human papilloma Virus has been a major culprit.

MICHAEL

You mean like HPV? Isn't that a sexually transmitted disease?

DR. NORMAN

It is. In the last decade or so, we've seen a spike in cases amongst men. Generally in the 30 to 60 year age group. I like to refer to it as the cunilingus conundrum.

Michael lightens up. Grins, raises his eyebrows.

MICHAEL

Well, I mean if something's got to kill you... Hey Dr. Norman, regardless of what happens...

(MORE)

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MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I want to thank you for doing all of this for Susan and I. It means a lot.

DR. NORMAN

Of course Michael. If Susan's dad was here, he'd of done it for my children. Of course he probably would have kicked your ass for not coming in sooner.

Both smile.

DR. NORMAN

The procedure will last roughly forty-five minutes. Have you ever had an MRI before?

MICHAEL

No. X-rays, but not an MRI.

DR. NORMAN

Are you familiar with an MRI machine?

MICHAEL

Well, yeah, I guess? I mean from like TV. The hospital shows. It's the big tube thing, right? You slide into the tube?

DR. NORMAN

Precisely. The 'big tube thing' is a perfect description of it.

MICHAEL

You know what I mean doc.

DR. NORMAN

Of course. It is state of the art technology. Magnetic Resonance Imaging combines a powerful magnetic field with an advanced computer system and radio waves to produce accurate, detailed pictures of organs, soft tissues, bone and other internal body structures. Differences between normal and abnormal tissue is often more clear with an MRI than a CT. There is no radiation exposure with MRI machines either.

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MICHAEL

Cool, so if I don't have cancer,
the machine won't give it to me?

Dr. Norman laughs.

DR. NORMAN

No Michael, you will not get
cancer from having an MRI.

With false confidence, Michael forces a smile.

MICHAEL

Alright Doc. Lets get on with it.

DR. NORMAN

Is Susan in the waiting room?

MICHAEL

No. She'll be here later. I told
her to go ahead and go to
Cassidy's school Halloween party.
I knew I'd be here for the tests
half the day. No sense in her
waiting around bored.

DR. NORMAN

You mean worrying?

MICHAEL

Well, you know Susan.

DR. NORMAN

We'll know Soon enough. I'll have
Emily take you back. She's our
radiographer.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Now in a hospital gown, Michael takes in his
surroundings. A MASSIVE BORE SCANNER MRI MACHINE takes up
the majority of the entire room. It looks like something
straight out of sci-fi movie.

EMILY YOO(30) petite, very calm, with a warm smile, is
the radiographer. She guides Michael to the machine.

MICHAEL

No costume today, huh?

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EMILY

No, going to a Halloween party later tonight though.

MICHAEL

Gotcha.

EMILY

Okay Mr. Potter...

MICHAEL

Michael, please, call me Michael.

EMILY

Okay Michael, did Dr. Norman go over the procedure with you?

MICHAEL

Uh yeah, kind of.

EMILY

Did he explain the process takes approximately forty-five minutes?

MICHAEL

Yes. He did.

EMILY

Are you, or have you ever been claustrophobic?

MICHAEL

Only in elevators, airplanes, and maybe closets?

Michael cracks a grin. Emily's not quite sure how to take it.

MICHAEL

Put it this way, I'm not a big fan of small spaces.

EMILY

Okay Michael, you will be enclosed in the tube. But, if for any reason, you do become claustrophobic, we have open communication with you the entire time. Give us the word, and we'll have you out immediately. We can clearly hear everything you say.

(MORE)

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EMILY (CONT'D)

So don't hesitate if you feel uncomfortable at any time, to let us know.

MICHAEL

Uhhhhhh, well now I kind of feel uncomfortable. Is it that bad in there? Do a lot of people freak out?

EMILY

No Mr. Potter, it rarely ever... I mean occasionally.

MICHAEL

Michael.

EMILY

I'm sorry, I mean Michael.

Clearly uncomfortable, Michael studies the machine.

MICHAEL

Has anyone ever died in one of these things?

Again, Emily's not quite sure how to take Michael.

EMILY

Umm, not that I know of? Did Dr. Norman recommend taking a sedative? We can offer you something to calm your nerves?

Michael stares blankly.

MICHAEL

No... No, that's okay.

EMILY

The internal portion of the magnet will make repetitive tapping and thumping sounds. You're headphones will block most of it out. Are you sound sensitive?

MICHAEL

No. Not that I know of? I mean as a teenager I went to numerous rock concerts. Never bothered me. In fact I quite enjoyed them. Pearl Jam! They were my favorite.

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Emily smiles and hands Michael headphones.

MICHAEL

I mean, I doubt this will be any louder than a concert. And they never bothered me.

EMILY

Oh no, it won't be that loud. Nowhere near that loud. Just some thumping, tapping, and other sounds. Is that what you opted to listen to? Pearl Jam? My older brother loves them. Go ahead and lay on the table.

She assists Michael onto the motorized bed. His shoulder's nearly hang off the sides.

EMILY

Okay Michael, you're going to want to remain as still as you possibly can. Any fidgeting or moving will delay the process. Even moving your fingers.

MICHAEL

Wow. Even my finger's, huh?

EMILY

Yeah, any movements.

Michael shrugs. He's unsure.

MICHAEL

Kind of like being in a coffin. Buried alive.

EMILY

You'll be okay Mr. Potter. It'll be over with before you know it.

She smiles and pushes the button. The motorized bed begins to move, Michael starts to enter the machine.

MICHAEL

Michael.

EMILY

I'm so sorry, yes. I mean Michael... See you in a little while.

(CONTINUED)

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Michael nervously waves and forces a smile.

MICHAEL

See ya.

Michael's head disappears first. Then his chest, arms, and legs, all slowly enter the cylinder.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

The SOUND OF THE MOTORIZED BED is all Michael hears.

Like being in an extremely tight quartered tanning bed, Michael's nose is a mere inches from the cylinder. He squeezes his eye's closed. His Adam's Apple gulps. He exhales loudly. With deep breaths, his chest expands and his abdomen touches the cylinder, causing him to jolt, realizing just exactly how small the space really is.

MICHAEL

Jesus, there's more room in a damn coffin.

His eye's open. Without moving his head a fraction, Michael scans his surroundings as far as his eye's will move. Up... Down... To the left... To the right... Center... Then closes them again. Sighs...

The bed stops moving. Michael is fully immersed into the tube.

EMILY (O.S.)

Hi Michael, can you hear me okay?

His eye's dart around...

EMILY (O.S.)

Michael?

MICHAEL

Uh, yeah. Yeah, I can hear you.

EMILY (O.S.)

Okay, Great. Doing Okay so far?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine.

EMILY

Okay, great.

Michael's brow's furrow.

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MICHAEL (V.O.)

She sure does say "okay great" a lot.

EMILY

Okay Michael, do you have any other questions before we start the process?

MICHAEL

No. No, I'm good, thanks.

EMILY

Okay, great...

Michael smirks.

EMILY

I'm right here if you need me. Just speak up, okay?

MICHAEL

Okay.

EMILY

I'll turn your music on and we'll begin.

PEARL JAM'S SONG 'BLACK' begins to play.

For the first time, the tension in Michael's face seems to go away as he gets lost in the music. This continues for a moment.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

Michael's eye's pop open! The machine has started.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! ZOOM! ZOOM! ZOOM! ZOOM!

Gradually, Michael relaxes again. His eye's close. The muscles in his face relax.

The sounds continue, but the music works as a tranquilizer.

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A COMPUTER SCREEN SHOWS IMAGES OF MICHAEL'S HEAD AND THORAX. Emily pays close attention to the screen, at times glancing through the control room window at the actual MRI machine.

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EMILY

Everything looks good so far.

Emily pushes the intercom button.

EMILY

Still doing okay in there Michael?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Yes Emily, I'm fine.

EMILY

Okay, great.

MICHAEL

How much longer?

Emily laughs under her breath.

EMILY

It's only been five minutes, but you're doing great.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

ANOTHER PEARL JAM SONG plays. Beads of perspiration form on Michael's forehead. He takes a deep breath. His eye's dart around.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Just be cool Michael. It'll be over with soon enough. Just hang tight. You can handle this. Breathe. Only forty more minutes. You got this...

I don't know what's worse? Being in this tomb or waiting to find out the results. Definitely the results. Yeah, the results... Of course, if the results are positive, I'll end up in a tomb just like this... Well, maybe not JUST like this, but a tomb none the less.

Tension leaves Michael's face as his thought's drift.

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - DAY

All smiles, Emily texts away. Dr. Norman enters the room and startles her.

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DR. NORMAN

How's our boy?

Dr. Norman studies the MRI MACHINE through the control room window.

EMILY

He seems fine Dr. Norman. I think he may have a little anxiety, but he'll be fine.

DR. NORMAN

Good. And how's your boy?

EMILY

Excuse me?

DR. NORMAN

Your boyfriend?... Weren't you just texting your boyfriend?

Embarrassed, Emily slips her phone into her purse.

EMILY

Sorry Dr, Norman.

Dr. Norman pats her on shoulder.

DR. NORMAN

Oh, don't be. How is... Dillon, is it?

Emily's face lights up.

EMILY

He's great, thank you Dr. Norman.

She raises her hand to proudly show off her new DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING.

Dr. Norman's impressed, eye's wide.

DR. NORMAN

Emily... Congratulations. I'm so happy for you. What, are you? 25? 26?

EMILY

Thank you Dr. Norman. Close. I'm 27.

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DR. NORMAN

Ahhhh, to be twenty-seven again.
You're practically a baby. You two
are just starting your lives.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Congratulations Emily.

Emily's startled. She forgot to turn off the intercom.

EMILY

Thank you Mr. Potter.

DR. NORMAN

Michael, Dr. Norman here. How are
you doing in there?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Hey Doc. Eh, been better. How much
longer.

Dr. Norman looks at the clock.

INSERT: CLOCK that reads 10:20

DR. NORMAN

You still have approximately
twenty-five minutes to go Michael.
You're doing fine. Just relax the
best that you can. I realize it's
a long time to sit still.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

I can't feel my butt.

Emily and Dr. Norman laugh.

EMILY

You're past the half way point Mr.
Potter. You're doing great.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Emily...

EMILY

I'm sorry... Michael.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

That's better.

DR. NORMAN

Michael, I need to step out for a
moment.

(MORE)

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DR. NORMAN (CONT'D)

I should be back before you're finished. If not, I'll consult with you after.

MICHAEL

Okay Doc. Thanks.

Dr. Norman gestures for Emily to cut the intercom.

DR. NORMAN

Is it off?

EMILY

Yes. Sorry about that. I forgot that I left it on two way.

Dr. Norman leans down to take a closer look at the SCREEN.

DR. NORMAN

Anything? Tumors? Growths? Nodules?

Emily points to the screen.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael exhales. CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! The machine continues to make strange noises.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Twenty-seven... Just starting your life... Sweet girl. God, I can remember twenty-seven. Good times.

He closes his eye's. Drifts off.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Susan and I were hot and heavy. We couldn't keep our hands off of each other... My God she was beautiful. Absolutely gorgeous. Still is. I love her so much.

His eye's pop back open.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Please God, I'm not ready to leave her yet. I mean, I know, she's a strong human being. But, she doesn't deserve that. And Cassidy. Please. I can't leave them yet.

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CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I know, I've done some dumb shit. I'm sorry, not sure if I'm supposed to say shit to you? Shit! Did it again. See. That's the point I'm trying to make. I do dumb stuff. Always have. Smoking... Drinking... The blow. I was stupid. Not thinking about anything at the time. Please. I swear, I'll watch my actions from now on. I'm sorry. I know I fucked up. Sorry, I probably shouldn't of just said fuck. But you know what I mean...

I know that I've never been really religious or anything. As far as going to church, only a couple times. My parents weren't religious, so I... What I'm trying to say is, I know I only pray when I need something. I'm sorry about that. I tell you what, you give me a break this time around, and you have my word, I'll pray every single day. Hell, I'll even start going to church. Sorry, I probably shouldn't of said hell and church in the same sentence. But I will! I'll get Susan and Cassidy into it too. Tell me which denomination and I'm there. I'm dead serious. Shit, I probably shouldn't say DEAD serious. Sorry about that... Again!

INT. DOCTOR'S CONSULTATION OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Norman eyes his COMPUTER SCREEN, scanning Michael's test results. He removes his glasses and places the arm of the frame in his mouth.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Each noise drilled in why Michael was there. Inhale... Exhale... Inhale... Exhale...

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EMILY (O.S.)
 Michael, I need you to hold still
 just a liiiiiiittle bit longer.
 We're almost done. About twelve
 more minutes.

MICHAEL
 Sorry Emily. Won't happen again.
 Think of me as a statue.

EMILY
 Okay, great.

Michael cracks a grin.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 Okay greeeeeeaaaat. Michael we're
 finished. Okay, greeeeeeaaaat.
 Michael, you're good to go. Okay,
 greeeeaaaat. Michael your test
 results are in. Okay greeeeaaaat.
 Michael, I'm sorry. Okay,
 fuuuuuuucccccck.

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Emily's smiling at her phone.

INSERT EMILY'S CELL PHONE TEXT: "I CAN'T WAIT FOR
 TONIGHT! :) :) :) I LOVE YOU BABY!"

She bites her bottom lip.

EMILY
 I love you too, baby.

She looks back to the MRI IMAGE on the SCREEN.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael squints his eye's. Tension builds in his face.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 Cancer... Fucking caner? I'm not
 even that old yet. Of course I
 guess cancer doesn't discriminate
 against age. What about Bobby
 O'coolly? What? Wasn't he like
 thirty? Thirty-one? It got him. He
 was a good guy too.
 (MORE)

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MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What's to think I'm anyone special enough to dodge the bullet... What the fuck did I do wrong! I mean, I eat fairly healthy. Most of the time. Well, I mean I don't eat fast food. Guess I could've ate more organic vegetables?... I quit smoking years ago. I know I smoked for ten... eleven years, but that was ages ago... I guess I could've cut down on the booze more. Hell, I should've stopped drinking completely when Cassidy was born. That's probably what did it. God damn booze. What an idiot. That's it, if the results come back negative, I'm done. I'm done with drinking forever. I swear, not another drop ever again. I don't need it. My wife, my kid... My life... is so much more important.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Norman flips through Michael's charts as he makes his way back to the MRI lab. He checks his wristwatch, it reads:

INSERT WATCH: Time reads: "10:39AM"

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

A single tear runs down Michael's cheek.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Please God, not cancer. I can't leave them now. I have to see Cassidy grow up. Susan... we belong together. I want to grow old with her. Please.

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The door swings open, Dr. Norman's moving with a bounce in his step. Emily turns to him, smiling as well.

DR. NORMAN

Anything?

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CONTINUED:

EMILY

Nothing whatsoever. Dr. Norman, I haven't found any indicators of a mass or even a blockage of any sort.

Dr. Norman smiles.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

More tears have streamed down Michael's face. His lip quivers.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

God please. Just not cancer. Throw the worst thing possible at me, anything. Just not cancer. I swear, I will be good. I won't fu... mess up anymore. You can test me. I swear. I will move mountains. Please, not cancer.

The MRI machine goes quiet.

DR. NORMAN (V.O.)

Michael? Are you still with us?

MICHAEL

Yeah Doc. Am I finished?

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - DAY

All smiles, Dr. Norman and Emily look through the glass at the MRI machine.

DR. NORMAN

Maybe not in the way you're worried about.

Dr. Norman smiles and winks at Emily. She playfully claps.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael turns his head side to side.

MICHAEL

Are you shitting me Doc? What? Did I move around to much? We gotta do this again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael mouths "fuck!"

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Dr. Norman takes a seat next to Emily.

DR. NORMAN

No, no, Michael. It's not that at all.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

I don't understand Doc?

DR. NORMAN

Michael, we have your test results...

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael closes his eye's and clinches his fists. His jaw muscles clinch. He exhales deeply.

MICHAEL

Okay...(Whispers) great... Is Susan here yet?

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Dr. Norman points out something to Emily on Michael's chart.

DR. NORMAN

No... No Michael, she's not... Michael... Can I ask you something?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Yeah, of course Doc. What is it?

DR. NORMAN

Do you remember us talking about your caffeine habit?

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael's brows furrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Uh, yeah. And no, I haven't cut down. I know, I know, I always do everything in excess. Susan tells me all the time. Is that what caused it? Coffee?

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Dr. Norman taps the chart.

DR. NORMAN

Caused what?

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael's face grimaces.

MICHAEL

You know... the cancer.

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

No... No, but it very well may be the cause of your cricopharyngeal spasm.

Confusion washes over Michael's face.

MICHAEL

My crico what?

DR. NORMAN

Your cricopharyngeal spasm Michael. There is no cancer. You're as clean as a whistle. Cricopharyngeal spasms can occur in excessive coffee drinkers. It's a harmless condition that will subside on its own. After you cut back on the caffeine, of course.

Michael takes several deep breaths. A tear runs down his cheek.

MICHAEL

Doc... are you saying what I think you're saying?

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

Yes Michael. You're completely healthy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. NORMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You can go back to your family and hopefully live a long, fulfilling life.

Tears of joy stream down Michael's face. He begins to laugh.

MICHAEL

Oh Doc. Fuck Doc. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say fuck. Thank you... Thank you, thank you, thank you!

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

What do you say we get you out of there. Susan should be here any minute. I believe you two might have some celebrating to do.

MICHAEL

Yes... yes we do. And yes! Please get me out of this damn contraption.

Michael looks to the Heavens and gives a nod of appreciation.

MICHAEL

(under his breath) Thank you God. I swear, I will hold up my end of the bargain. Thank you. I can handle anything now. I mean anything.

The MRI's motorized bed starts.

BAM! THE BED IS JOLTED! Everything stops. The LIGHTS DIM.

MICHAEL

What the?

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Just as the doctor is leaving, THE WHOLE BUILDING IS JOLTED! THE LIGHTS DIM.

Dr. Norman loses his balance and stumbles against the desk. Emily immediately jumps to his assistance.

DR. NORMAN

Whoa! That was a big one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Doctor! Are you okay?

Both look at the ceiling.

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Startled, Michael raises his head as far as he can before coming in contact with the top of the machine. He can just see a portion of his FEET. The tube is too narrow to see any further.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Okay God, I know I said anything, but you know how claustrophobic I am. Please don't let this machine break down after I just got the good news.

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

Michael? Are you okay in there?

MICHAEL

Yeah Doc, I'm fine. Might have to double wash my gown here, but I'm okay. What was that? A little technical difficulty?

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

No Michael, we just had an earthquake. A pretty big jolt.

Michael's eye's open wide.

MICHAEL

Why don't you tell me about it after I'm out.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The doctor tries to work the interior control module several times, but nothing happens.

DR. NORMAN

We'll get you right out Mike.

Dr. Norman turns off the intercom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. NORMAN

It's not working. Emily see if the controller on the machine is working, will you?

EMILY

Certainly doctor. Are you sure you're okay?

DR. NORMAN

Yes, darling, I'm perfectly fine. Just lost my balance. Lets get Michael out of there.

Emily goes to try the machine.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael moves his hands as far as he can. His feet nervously tap together.

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

I'm sorry about this Michael. It seems the interior control panel isn't responding. Perhaps an I.T. Issue. Emily will be right there to get you out.

MICHAEL

That was a pretty good sized tremor, huh Doc?

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

I haven't felt one with that much magnitude since '94.

MICHAEL

Who could forget the old Northridge quake?

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

We'll get more information on it. One that size, I'm sure has done some infrastructure damage somewhere around the South land.

EMILY (O.S.)

Are you hanging in there Michael? I'll get you right out. Did you feel the earthquake?

Michael smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Yes Emily, I felt it. I thought it was the machine going haywire.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRR. The MRI machine starts to move the bed.

Relief washes over Michael's face. His feet make it out of the tube. He strains with his head pressed against the top of the machine and can vaguely see the room through the foot end of the tube.

Then, CHHHKKKKK! CHHHKKKKK! CHHHHHKKKKK! The motorized bed stops. CHHHKKK! CHHHKKK! CHHHKKKKK!

EMILY (O.S.)

Uh, Dr. Norman, you might want to take a look at this. I think the earthquake may have damaged the MRI machine?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The doctor watches Emily through the control room window. She fumbles with the MRI machine, but it's not budging. She places her hands on her hips and turns to look back at the doctor.

PHONE RINGS

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Emily? Doc? What's up? Is there a glitch? It's starting to get a little warm in here.

PHONE CONTINUES TO RING

DR. NORMAN

Hold on Michael, I have a call coming in. Probably I.T. There.

He answers.

DR. NORMAN

Yes, radiology lab, this is Dr. Norman... Yes, down here as well...

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Emily continues to push buttons on the MRI machine. Nothing's happening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

I'm sorry Mr. Potter. This has never happened. It must have been damaged by the quake. We'll get you out of there as soon as possible.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Emily?

EMILY

Yes?

MICHAEL

It's Miiiiiiichael.

She laughs.

EMILY

I'm sorry, Michael. I won't do it again. I promise.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael fidgets nervously. He begins to sweat.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

This is not cool. Not cool, not cool, not cool.

He inhales deeply. Holds it. Exhales.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Okay, you made it this far, there's no reason to freak out now. Be cool. Just beeeee cool. Cool as a cucumber.

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

Michael, that was admissions, apparently, there's been significant damage to the hospitals' structure. The city as well. Maintenance is spread thin, however, they will be here as soon as possible.

MICHAEL

Fuck... Sorry, sorry. (Talking to God). Um, did they have any idea how long Doc?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(Gulp) It's starting to get a little warm in here. I'm not feeling too good.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Dr. Norman searches for a bottled water. Spots one.

DR. NORMAN

Just try and remain calm Michael. They'll be here as fast as they can.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Now sweating profusely and breathing heavy, Michael's eye's dart side to side.

MICHAEL

Doc? Still no word from Susan? She's hasn't shown up yet?

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

Not yet Michael. Admissions said there was damage throughout the city. I'm not clear if they were referring to traffic lights or freeways? She might possibly be delayed.

Concern grows on Michael's face.

MICHAEL

Shit.

DR. NORMAN

Michael, Emily, I'm going upstairs to see if I can get more information on what happened. I'll put a rush order into maintenance as well. Hold tight Michael.

MICHAEL

(Under his breath) Hold tight Michael. Yeah right. Easy for him to say.

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

I'm sorry Michael, did you say something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

No Doc, just mumbling to myself.
It was nothing.

DR. NORMAN

Very well. I'll be back shortly.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM

Peeping into the foot end of the tube, Emily checks on Michael.

EMILY

Your wife is going to be so
happy, after she hears the good
news.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael tries his best to look where the voice is coming from. He can see Emily's eye's.

MICHAEL

Oh, hey. There you are. Good thing
I was allowed to keep my pants on
under the gown. Or you'd be
getting a free peep show.

Emily laughs.

MICHAEL

Yeah... Yeah, she's going to be
happy. (Under his breath) Both of
us are going to be happy. This may
very well be the scariest event
that her and I have ever been
through.

EMILY (O.S.)

I can imagine. Thank God
everything turned out okay.

Michael completely relaxes. Smiles.

MICHAEL

Yeah... Thank God. I guess the
universe is going to do what it's
going to do. Sometimes we just
have to let go and let it happen.

Michael closes his eye's. Smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE!

CCCCCCCCRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!

THE LIGHTS FLICKER. The MRI machine is violently jerked around! Michael's eye's bulge!

MICHAEL

Oh my God!

Emily SCREAMS!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!

MICHAEL

EMILY!

THE LIGHTS FLICKER! SOUNDS OF DEBRIS FALLING on the outside of the MRI machine.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

CHAOS ERUPTS! SCREAMING AND YELLING.

A CEMENT PYLON falls and crushes a MAN in a wheelchair.

A NURSE takes an ELDERLY PAITIENT by the hand and tries to guide her out of the building.

The WHOLE ROOF COMES DOWN, crushing and trapping PEOPLE.

LIGHTS FLICKER.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Norman reaches for the handrail, but is unable to grab it before he loses his balance and falls. Terror washes over him.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lights flicker. A MALE SURGEON and his ASSISTANTS are in the middle of a surgery. The PATIENT'S ABDOMEN is opened up.

SURGEON

Aftershock!

(CONTINUED)

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Darkness. Silence... COUGH. MOANING.

MICHAEL

What the fuck?

Reality sets in. He's upside down, trapped, in a small space.

MICHAEL

No... NOOOOOOOO! HELP!
HEEEEEELLLLLLLLLPPPPPP!

He continues to cough.

MICHAEL

SOMEBODY PLEASE! I'M STUCK! GET ME
THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

The hospital generator lights partially kick on. Inside the machine lights up like a tanning bed.

Michael's face is smushed up against the top of the machine. He coughs, causing a plume of cement dust. He strains to see out of the foot end of the machine. He can vaguely make out where the floor gave way. Rebar and chunks of cement dangle from above.

MICHAEL

Emily? Emily?... EMILY! Emily,
where are you? Can you hear me? I
need help. I need help bad. Emily
please. Please get help. I'm
trapped. I can't breath. I can't
fucking breath. I CAN'T FUCKING
BREATH!

Michael pants heavily. The lights flicker off and on. He trembles in terror. The lights go out.

MICHAEL

No... NOOOOOOOOOOO!

He begins to weep.

MICHAEL

Please... Please no. Please God.
Please no.

The lights FLICKER, then stay on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Thank you. Please. Please let the lights stay on. They'll never find me. Please. Please, the lights.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Rubble fills the hallway. Portions of drywall, cement, and rebar lay in piles. Unconscious, Dr. Norman is partially covered from part of a fallen wall. A trickle of blood streams from his nose and lip. SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

RACING HEART BEAT. HEAVY BREATHING. Hopelessly stuck, Michael trembles.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Okay, keep cool Michael. We can get out of this. We just got a cancer free pass, we can sure as hell get out of this.

He flexes his neck and strains to look through the foot end of the cylinder.

MICHAEL

Think Michael, think. If I can manage to get my arms over my head, I can push myself up and out. Hopefully that gym membership will pay off.

He struggles to move his arms up over his abdomen and chest, then brings his hands along side his torqued neck and head.

His elbows are bent to forty-five degrees. He pushes.

MICHAEL

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

He pushes again and again, but the angle of his elbows are hindering his mobility.

MICHAEL

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAA! COME ON!

He continues to struggle until exhaustion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL
 FUCKING HELP ME! Somebody
 please... Please help me.

Now winded, he starts to cry.

MICHAEL
 EMILY! EMMMMIIIIILLLLLLYYY!

He pounds on the machine the best he can for his range of motion.

MICHAEL
 God please... Please. I know what
 I said. I know what I said
 earlier. Thank you for my health.
 Thank you, thank you, thank you.
 But please. Not like this. Please.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Fire trucks and ambulances everywhere. FIRST RESPONDERS frantically make their way into the hospital entrance.

Susan and CASSIDY(5) still dressed in their Halloween attire. Susan's dressed as BAT GIRL and Cassidy is dressed as The Little Mermaid. Both are terrified at the destruction of the building.

SUSAN
 Dear God.

CASSIDY
 Mommy, where's daddy?

Susan doesn't reply, her expression says enough.

CASSIDY
 Mommy, I'm scared.

SUSAN
 It's okay honey, mommy's scared too.

Susan reaches down to pick her up.

SUSAN
 But we're going to be fine.

CASSIDY
 What about daddy?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Hanging from a half destroyed wall, A CLOCK SHOWS 12:30, just before it crashes to the ground and shatters into pieces amongst the other debris.

FIRST RESPONDER'S VOICE'S and WALKIE TALKIES'S can be heard in the distance.

Covered in dust, Dr. Norman stirs. Coughs. Moans. In a weak, gravely voice, he calls out.

DR. NORMAN

Help... I'm over here. Help me...

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael points and stretches his left foot as far as it will go. The tip of his shoe is just short of the cylinder entrance. He pushes with his hands again. His foot inches closer, almost enough to hook it to the edge for leverage. His exhaustion takes over. He falls back and loses the few inches of progress that he made.

MICHAEL

FUUUUUCCCCCKKKK! ... EMILY!
EMILY, ARE YOU UP THERE?
EMMMMMIIIIILLLLYYYY!

He punches the machine with limited power.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

This is it, huh? This is how I'm going to go?... Upside down in a damn MRI machine. Just got the best news of my life. Now it's going to be the worst day of my life... Someone's gotta find me. They have to be searching. I wonder how bad this was? Susan... Cassidy.

He pushes again.

MICHAEL

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAA!

His foot is almost there. He pushes again.

MICHAEL

RRRRRAAAAAAAAA! FUCK! COME ON!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He falls back, breathing heavy.

MICHAEL

Fuck, it's no use. I'm not getting out of this fucking thing. This is it. This is how I'm going to die, huh? Well fuck this! This is bullshit...

Michael closes his eye's and sighs.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

How did I get myself into this situation?... By coming to the see the doctor and having this fucking test done... This test to see if I had cancer. Which now I know, I don't... Fucking lump. Now, because of some stupid spasm in my throat, that made me feel like something was caught when I swallowed, caused this. Now I get to die in a fucking space age tomb.... What was I thinking? Having an MRI?... Well, I mean, they always tell you, you know your body. If something feels off, get it checked out... So, wasn't I doing the right thing? Being diligent? I have a wife and child. I was being responsible by seeing Dr. Norman. Right?... Then why did this happen?... Maybe because I thought I might actually have cancer. I did smoke for twelve years... I drank heavily for nineteen... I'm stressed out ninety percent of the time. I guess I eat a half shit diet too. And coffee... I should've listened to Doc a long time ago and cut back... Most of my life, I've never really thought about dying. We know it's coming for us. Why don't we really think about it until it's upon us?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

APPROACHING VOICES GROW LOUDER. Dr. Norman uses all his strength to push debris off of his trapped legs. In a parched, raspy voice he calls out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. NORMAN

Help! Over here! Help!

Luck's on his side as a FIREMAN comes to his rescue.

FIREMAN 1

Hey! We got one over here!

The Fireman climbs through piles of rubble.

FIREMAN 1

Sir are you hurt? (Turns around to other firemen.) I NEED SOME HELP!
HE'S ALIVE!

DR. NORMAN

I think so?

TWO FIREMEN join in to help free Dr. Norman. He winces as they pull him from the wreckage.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael's anger has turned into acceptance. He relaxes into the uncomfortable position.

MICHAEL

God, to go back. I'd change a lot.
Why is that when we're young,
we're so reckless? Living like we
have forever... Never thinking,
everything that we do, will
someday put us in a place that
we'd do anything to get out of.
One way or another, it's all
linked... If I didn't work all the
time, I would've never drank as
much coffee as I did. I would've
never had this spasm thing. I
would have never came to see the
doctor. I wouldn't be dying in
this machine.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

INJURED AND THE DEAD are being hauled from the half destroyed building. Susan turns Cassidy away from the carnage.

An ELDERLY LADY on a stretcher is wheeled by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A NURSE comforts a CRYING CHILD that's draped in a dirty blood stained sheet.

TWO FIREMEN lay a DEAD BODY on the pavement and cover it with a sheet.

Susan takes in the horror, while sheltering Cassidy. A stunned MAN (30'S) dressed in dust covered scrubs passes.

SUSAN

Excuse me. EXCUSE ME! My husband, he's inside. He was having an MRI. It was scheduled for 10 AM. Do you know where radiology is located? He should of been out. I can't reach him.

MAN IN SCRUBS

Radiology's on the first floor.

Both look to the half destroyed building.

MAN IN SCRUBS

I'm sorry. It's a disaster in there ma'am.

He continues walking.

SUSAN

But wait! My husband? Please!

The disorientated Man never turns back.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Unrecognizable, room is now filled with broken concrete slabs. Twisted rebar protrudes from large chunks of cement. All computer equipment is in pieces. Lights flicker.

Emily's finger's twitch. She's still unconscious with a large gash in her forehead. Her facial muscles contract. She winces.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

The lights flicker in the MRI machine. Michael seems unfazed at this point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

This is nothing what I thought it'd be like... I figured I'd be an old man. A grandpa... A great grandpa... Happily married, work hard, have a family, and grow old. The cliché' life... It's not such a bad thing. Follow the rules. Stay on the path. And live a long, happy life... I took so much for granted...

He wipes dust from his face.

MICHAEL

Took it all for granted. I should of told Susan I loved her more often. Never should of got mad about stupid things. I should of spent more time with Cassidy. Fucking worked all the time. All that over time. Look what it got me... I should of told my parents I loved them more often. Should've been a better son... Mom and Dad, I love you both so much...

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

EXPOSED WIRES OF A COMPUTER "SPARK." A WALL CLOCK shows 1:23 PM. Eyes closed, Emily painfully lifts her head. She reaches for the cut on her forehead.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

The two Firemen are doing a two person army carry with Dr. Norman.

DR. NORMAN

Gentlemen, I'm all right. I believe I'm able to walk on my own.

FIREMAN 1

You sure Doc?

DR. NORMAN

Yes, yes, I'll be fine.

They slide out from under his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIREMAN 2

Watch your step their doctor.

DR. NORMAN

Has anyone been down the hall from where you found me?

FIREMAN 1

Nah Doc, just past where you were located, the entire building collapsed. Not sure about the other side?

DR. NORMAN

Oh dear, I have a patient and a radiologist in one of the MRI rooms. Is there anyway to get through to them?

FIREMAN 1

We're short handed right now Doc. All three shifts of every fire department in Los Angeles have their hands full in their own districts.

DR. NORMAN

Was the quake that severe?

Both firemen look at each other and sneer.

FIREMAN 1

A 7.5.

DR. NORMAN

Dear God.

FIREMAN 2

City wide damage doctor. And we don't know about the rest of the state yet.

FIREMAN 1

How far down the hall were they from you?

DR. NORMAN

I would say, roughly, fifty, maybe sixty feet, in a room to the left. Not far at all.

Puffing his cheeks, then blowing out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIREMAN 1

We'll see what we can do Doc. That side of the building came down.

DR. NORMAN

The building... collapsed?

Fireman two nods.

FIREMAN 1

Come on.

Both firemen head back to the rubble. Dr. Norman covers his mouth with concern.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael stares blankly. Lights continue to flicker.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I should of been a better friend. Gabe would probably still be alive today if I would've intervened. We were so close, our whole lives. Then, I got married. Started slowly drifting apart. We swore we'd never let a girl come between our friendship... We were seventeen when we made that promise. Ah Gabe, what happened man? I'm sorry. I'm so fucking sorry. I seen it coming. I knew your drinking and partying was out of control. I knew it and I didn't do a damn thing about it.

Exhales.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

When I got the call, early that morning... I... I've never been the same. I'm sorry man. I love you. You're the best friend I've ever had... Hopefully, if it's anything like we thought it was when we were kids... I'll see you on the other side.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

Looking through the injured, Susan tries to find Michael, while carrying Cassidy and doing her best to keep her face covered from the atrocity. Spotting a POLICE OFFICER, Susan maneuvers between stretchers and makeshift pallets.

SUSAN

Officer, excuse me? I'm afraid my husband is still inside, he had an MRI done at...

POLICE OFFICER

I'm sorry ma'am, we're doing everything we can do. I'm needed out here. Just hold tight. More help's coming now. National guard and FEMA people are all on the way.

SUSAN

Thank you. Thank you officer.

DR. NORMAN (O.S.)

Susan?

She turns to see Dr. Norman.

DR. NORMAN

It is you. Thank God you two are safe.

They embrace.

SUSAN

Dr. Norman. You're alive. Michael? Where is Michael?

DR. NORMAN

Calm down. I explained to two of the firemen exactly where they're located. They're on it as we speak. They're doing their best.

SUSAN

Where is Bethany? Has she contacted you?

DR. NORMAN

No. I haven't spoken with her. I've lost my cell phone in all the melee. Can you please call her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Susan starts digging in her pockets before he could finish his sentence.

SUSAN

Of course.

She dials... voice mail.

SUSAN

Bethany, hi, Susan Potter. I'm standing here with Dr. Norman.

Dr. Norman smiles.

DR. NORMAN

Howard.

SUSAN

I mean Howard. He's fine, he lost his phone in the quake. But he's safe. He wanted me to check in with you. Make sure things are okay on your end. Please give me a call as soon as you can.

He leans into the conversation.

DR. NORMAN

I'M FINE BETHANY.

SUSAN

As I said, he's okay. My number is, 213-555-5677

DR. NORMAN

She has your number.

SUSAN

Thanks.

Susan hangs up.

SUSAN

I'm sure we'll hear from her soon.

DR. NORMAN

I hope so.

Dr. Norman looks down, lips pursed.

DR. NORMAN

The big one has finally hit.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Pretty much given up, Michael tries to make himself as comfortable as he can. He's stopped fighting.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I wonder what she's going to be like? She has her mom's smarts... and looks. She'll be anything she sets her heart to. I wonder if she'll be a cheerleader when she gets into high school? Honor's society? I hope her first love is going to be a good guy... A great guy. Because I won't be here to kill the little son-of-a-bitch if he breaks her heart!... Okay, lets not think about that... College? I wonder if she'll be a Trojan or a Bruin? Or, maybe an ivy school back East. That'd be cool too. More than likely marry a doctor. A surgeon... No, they work toomuch. She doesn't need to be with anyone like her old man... Just a G.P. One that works in a small town. Get out of the damn city. Raise their kids in a good, safe place. Wow... I'll never see my grandkids.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The SPARKING COMPUTER WIRES IGNITE, catching a monitor on fire. Thick black smoke begins to fill the top half of the room.

Emily checks the blood on her hands. Winces.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael forces a smile. Eye's filled with tears.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

She's going to be beautiful. God, please watch over her and protect her... And Susan... I am really going to miss her... I miss her right now... We should of had that second baby. She's the greatest mother on earth...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I never thought I'd say this...
 Never thought I'd have to even
 think about this... But I hope she
 goes on with her life. She
 deserves to be happy. And loved.
 She's too wonderful of a person to
 grow old alone... God, if there's
 any way you can give her a sign.
 We never talked about it before.
 We never thought we'd have to. But
 if there's some how, some way,
 something to show her... I want
 her to go on, and find someone to
 share her life with... When we
 were young, we used to spend all
 our free time at the beach. We
 both love the ocean so much. I'd
 surf, she'd swim and lay out.
 Maybe you can relay the message to
 her the next time she's at a
 beach. Give her a sign. Anything.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The SMOKE has become thick. Emily's nose twitches as she catches the scent. A trickle of the black smoke reaches the room's SMOKE DETECTOR.

THE FIRE ALARM SOUNDS! THE EMERGENCY SPRINKLER SYSTEM KICKS ON. Water instantly douses the computer fire. Emily gets soaked. It sparks her back to full consciousness. Water begins to spray into the open foot end of the MRI MACHINE.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

At first a few drops hit Michael's feet. Curiosity washes over his face.

MICHAEL

Really?

MORE WATER BEGINS TO SEEP IN. It splashes his eye's. Then begins to puddle around his head.

MICHAEL

NO! NOOOOOOOOOOOO! HELP!
 HEEEELLLLLLPPPPPPP!

He ingests water through his nose, causing him to choke erratically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV His vision is blurred underwater. Panic sets in!

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The room is drenched. The HEAVY WATER FLOW continues.
Emily pulls her self up.

EMILY
Michael... MICHAEL!

She makes her way through the debris to the MRI machine.
She looks down into it.

EMILY
Michael! Hold on! I'm here!

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Now, with his head fully submerged, Michael fights for his life! He pushes and pushes, but can't lift himself up far enough to catch a breath.

He feels Emily's hand's grasp his ankles and pull with all her might. With her pulling and him pushing, it gives him just the boost he needs. His head breaks the water level. Coughing and choking, Michael sucks in air.

EMILY (O.S.)
MICHAEL! I GOT YOU! PUSH!

MICHAEL
EMILY! HELP!

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Michael's feet, ankles, and shins are now exposed, sticking out of the MRI machine. Emily grunts as she pulls with everything she's got. The two struggle to get him free, but she's not strong enough to lift his two-hundred pound frame.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

With arms extended as far as he can reach, Michael's as far as he can make it. The WATER is QUICKLY RISING! He bends his neck as far as he can, trying to stay above water.

The water level begins to touch his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL
EMILY! PULL HARDER!

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The SPRINKLERS ARE FLOODING THE ROOM. Emily pulls and pulls, but Michael's not going any further. GURGLING can be heard over the chaos.

EMILY
MICHAEL! NOOOOO!

MORE GURGLING. His legs begin to kick, forcing Emily to let go. Michael slips back into deeper water.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

UNDER WATER SCREAMS. Michael frantically tries to escape to no avail. He becomes calm and stops the fight. His eye's blink. Peace sets in.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The sprinkler's stop. Emily pries at the MRI cylinder with a broom handle. She pulls and pulls. The broom handle snaps, sending her falling backwards. She spots THE FIRE AXE in its case and makes a mad dash for it. With a desk chair, she SHATTERS THE GLASS and removes the axe.

She reaches the MRI machine and leverages the axe in the machine. She cranks it as hard as she can. CRACK! A portion of the machine opens just wide enough for the water to escape.

Michael comes to. As soon as the water subsides, he chokes. Fighting to catch a breath he WHEEZES VIOLENTLY. The wheezing causes him to choke more, causing him to choke up a full lung sized capacity of water.

EMILY (O.S.)
BREATH MICHAEL! BREATH!

Slowly, Michael gains control of his deep breaths. He's completely gassed out.

MICHAEL
Oh, Emily. It's good to hear your voice. So good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY (O.S.)
Michael, are you okay?

A smile of relief grows on his face.

MICHAEL
Yeah, I'm okay... You? Are you injured Emily?

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Exhausted, Emily leans over the MRI machine.

EMILY
I'm fine. I have a small cut on my head and some bruises but I'll be okay... My God, what happened?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
We had a big fu.... F'ing earthquake. Where is Dr. Norman?

For the first time, Emily takes in what actually just happened. She scans what's left of the room.

EMILY
Michael... Michael the building must have gave way. It's completely destroyed. Michael, we're trapped.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What do you mean?

Fear sets in. Emily climbs over some wreckage to check the other side.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Emily?... Emily? EMILY! Don't leave me! Please Emily, don't leave me down here.

From atop of the heap of debris, Emily tosses cement chunks. A few at first, then she kicks it into high gear and starts hucking everything between her and the way out.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
EMILY! DON'T LEAVE ME! PLEASE!

She digs like a gopher on steroids. There's too much. It's impossible for her to get through all of the debris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some pieces are entirely too heavy for her to move. She begins to cry. She gives up.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Emily? Emily? What is it? Are you
all right? What's going on up
there?

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael pauses to listen.

MICHAEL
Emily?

She's makes her way back over to the MRI machine and looks down inside.

EMILY
Michael, we're trapped. The
entrance is blocked. Walls, the
ceiling, and it looks like part of
the floor have crumbled. What are
we going to do?

MICHAEL
Emily, stay calm. Someone has to
be on their way. They have to be
looking for us.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

SOUNDS OF DIGGING. Emily perks up, turns to the blocked entrance. MORE DIGGING SOUNDS. VOICES.

EMILY
Wait... Michael, do you hear that?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
HELP! HEEEEELLLLLLLLPPPP! WE'RE DOWN
HERE!

EMILY
HEEEEEELLLLLLLLPPPPPP! Please! We're
in here. The radiology lab.
HEEELLLLLOOOOOO! HELP!

She sprints to the heap and frantically starts digging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY
PLEASE! HELP US! WE'RE IN HERE!
PLEASE!

With adrenaline kicked in, Emily tosses large pieces of cement like they're nothing.

A breakthrough at the top of the pile! A POOF OF DUST. a SHOVEL HEAD BREAKS THROUGH. Like the lamp of a lighthouse, FLASH LIGHT RAYS penetrate the dusty haze.

EMILY
MICHAEL! THEY FOUND US! WE MADE
IT!

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

Michael sighs in relief.

MICHAEL
We're saved... Thank you. I'm
getting out of here. I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE! WHOO HOO! (Talking to
God) Thank you, thank you, thank
you. I owe you big time. Wow, ask
and you shall receive, huh? Thank
you.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Light seeps through the hole at the top of the heap. A FIREMAN struggles squeeze through the tiny opening. Then another FIREMAN.

EMILY
Please, we have to help my
patient. He's stuck.

FIREMAN 1
Where?

EMILY
Here, over here, in the MRI
machine.

FIREMAN 2
In the MRI? How long have you two
been down here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

I don't know? I think we started
at ten, the earthquake hit, and I,
I don't know?

They surround the MRI machine.

FIREMAN 2

How's your head? You have a pretty
good sized open wound. We need to
get that cleaned up.

EMILY

I'm fine, we need to get him out
first.

FIREMAN 1

What's his name?

EMILY

Michael

FIREMAN 1

Michael, hey buddy, we're going to
pull you out by your ankles. Are
you okay with that? No broken
bones? Hip, knee replacements?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

No, no injuries. Just get me the
hell out of here. Please.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

SUSAN'S CELL PHONE RINGS. She answers.

SUSAN

Bethany, are you okay?... Yes,
we're safe... He's fine. He just
stepped back into the hospital to
help out...

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Dr. Norman turns to look back at Susan from inside.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Susan gestures to her phone, smiles, showing that his
wife is on the line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

Yes, apparently most of Southern California.

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Dr. Norman shows a sign of relief, knowing his wife is safe. Smiles.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Both Firemen grasp Michael's legs and begin to pull. He's being lifted... Then the EARTH BEGINS TO GROWL!

FIREMAN 1

What the?

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE! Everything sways. It sounds like a freight train is coming.

FIREMAN 2

AFTERSHOCK!

Pieces of ceiling crumble. A LARGE CHUNK OF CEMENT crushes one of the firemen. The other scrambles to the exit, grabbing Emily's hand. She pulls her hand back.

EMILY

No! We can't leave him!

FIREMAN 2

Ma'am! We gotta go! This whole thing is going to come down!

EMILY

No!

He climbs to the opening and begins to squeeze through.

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

The ground RUMBLES. The walls sway. Dr. Norman calmly observes the shaking building. He looks back to Susan in the parking lot. THEY MAKE EYE CONTACT... JOLT! THE BUILDING COLLAPSES ON TOP OF HIM.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Susan watches in horror. Trying to keep her balance as the ground torques and twists. Her phone slips from her hand and shatters on the asphalt. She loses her balance, falls to her hands and knees, while quickly scooping up Cassidy and cradling her tight.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

A MASSIVE JOLT STRIKES! The opening at the top of the heap collapses on top of the Fireman, smashing him. The ceiling is giving way. Emily looks for cover. Nothing. The walls give way. She dives head first into the MRI machine with Michael. EVERYTHING CRASHES DOWN!

BLACK SCREEN

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

PITCH BLACK. Silence... Small pieces of cement clods roll down the hill of debris... COUGHING. POP! An electrical outlet explodes. COUGHING... EMILY MOANING... COUGHING.

MICHAEL

Emily?

He coughs hard.

MICHAEL

Emily? Are you okay?

She moans.

MICHAEL

Emily? (Coughs)

EMILY

I can't see. (Coughs)

Her moans turn to sobbing.

EMILY

What happened?

MICHAEL

There was an aftershock.

EMILY

I can't breath... I can't breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Emily, it's okay. Stay calm. We're alive.

Lights flicker off and on several times. Emily is pressed face to face up against Michael. Her face is cradled over his shoulder, as if they were in the missionary position.

EMILY

OH MY GOD! I CAN'T BREATHE! I CAN'T MOVE!

MICHAEL

Emily, it's okay. It's okay. We're in the MRI machine. We're safe in here. Calm down. Breath... Breath.

She cries harder. SCREAMS!

EMILY

NOOOOOO! I CAN'T FUCKING BREATHE!
HELP ME! HEEEEELLLLLLPPPP!

MICHAEL

Emily! Emily! Calm down. Breath. I need you to stay clam. Please. Just breath.

EMILY

We're going to die.

MICHAEL

No we're not.

EMILY

Michael, we're going to die.

She weeps.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Dust and rubble lay where the hospital once was. A water main in the buckled street shoots thousands of gallons of water high into the air. CAR, BUILDING, and SMOKE ALARMS ring out across the entire city. Susan slowly raises from the ground. Still holding Cassidy tight.

SUSAN

It's okay baby. Mommy's right here. I'm right here honey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stunned, Susan's eye's scour what looks like a war zone. Several buildings in the area have fallen. Cars smashed under debris. All in the parking lot are dismayed. Susan looks to what's left of the hospital. A tear runs down her cheek.

INT. MRI MACHINE - DAY

MICHAEL

It's okay. Emily, we're safe. The generators are still working. We have light. They'll come for us. They came once, they'll come again.

EMILY

They're dead.

MICHAEL

Not everyone.

EMILY

Yes, the firemen. He was crushed. I seen it. They're dead. Michael they're dead. Now we're going to die.

MICHAEL

No, no, Emily. They'll send more. Someone will come.

EMILY

We're buried alive. They'll never find us.

MICHAEL

Yes they will. I can see the light. We're not buried, we're only stuck. Light is shining through the opening. I can see it.

Emily begins to sob.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

An Army National Guard bus pulls into the parking lot. Troops unload from the bus. A POLICE OFFICER approaches Susan and Cassidy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am, we're going to have to ask you and your daughter to please stand clear of the parking lot. We have more assistance on the way.

SUSAN

Officer, my husband's inside. He had an MRI done this...

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am there's a lot of people still inside. We're doing our best to get to them. For now, I need you to please stand clear of the parking lot.

Two more busses pull in.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

BREATHING. Emily turns her head as far as she can, to see out of the foot end of the machine.

MICHAEL

See the light? Can you see it?

EMILY

Yeah.

MICHAEL

That means we're not completely buried. Someone will come soon. We're going to be okay Emily.

EMILY

What if they don't?

MICHAEL

They will. Just relax for the time being. That's all we can do. Tell me about Danny.

EMILY

Danny?

MICHAEL

Yeah, Danny, Your fiance'?

EMILY

Dillon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, Dillon. I knew it started with a "d". Tell about Dillon.

EMILY

What about him?

MICHAEL

I don't know? What's he like? Where's he from? What's he do for a living? Where did he go to school? You know? Life stuff.

Michael's trick works, as he feels Emily's body relax.

EMILY

Well, he's great. He makes me very happy.

MICHAEL

Okay, he's great. Good, good. What else? Where's he from? Does he like sports?

EMILY

He was born in Phoenix. He moved to Huntington Beach when he was eighteen.

MICHAEL

Okay. Phoenix is a nice city. Huntington Beach is nice. What else?

EMILY

We met in school, at Long Beach State. That's where I did my radiology program. He was doing his undergrad in biology.

MICHAEL

So he's a biologist?

EMILY

No, he's in chiropractic college right now. He has a year left.

MICHAEL

Oh, a chiropractor, huh? That's a great field. We could use more good chiropractors. I know I could sure use one right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Emily giggles.

MICHAEL

Sports? Does he like sports?

EMILY

He's into MMA. He trains in Brazilian jiu-jitsu.

MICHAEL

Uh oh, jiu jitsu? You have to explain to him that none of this was planned. Us being so cozy and all. I don't want him to kick my butt. Do some jiu jitsu on me.

She laughs again.

MICHAEL

Any other sports besides MMA? Is he a Laker fan?

EMILY

No. He hates the Lakers. He likes the Suns.

MICHAEL

And just when I was beginning to like him. Yuck, the Suns?

EMILY

He's from Arizona.

MICHAEL

Still. He's been here long enough to have converted.

Emily giggles again, then becomes serious.

EMILY

Michael?

MICHAEL

Yes?

EMILY

I have to tell you something. I don't know what I should do?

MICHAEL

No, no, don't get serious on me.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

No. I mean, I really don't know what to do?

MICHAEL

What? Are you getting cold feet?

EMILY

No, nothing like that.

MICHAEL

Then what?

EMILY

I... I really have to pee.

MICHAEL

Ohhhhhh. Gotcha. Well Emily, in that case, there's really only one thing to do.

EMILY

What?

MICHAEL

Go. Let it flow.

EMILY

Michael, that's gross. I can't pee my pants. It might get on you too.

MICHAEL

A little pee never hurt anything. My daughter's five. I've had more than enough of my fair share of pee on me in my day. Don't worry about me. Just go.

EMILY

Are you sure?

MICHAEL

Absolutely. No need to be embarrassed, peeing is a completely natural bodily function. Let it rain.

She pees.

EMILY

I'm so sorry. This is so embarrassing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHAEL
Don't be. No big deal. Ah, there
it is. Nice and warm.

She giggles.

EMILY
Gross! I am so sorry.

MICHAEL
Stop Emily. Don't worry about it.
Not in the slightest. Wow, you
must have drank an entire pot of
coffee before work today.

EMILY
Michael! Stop! You're embarrassing
me.

MICHAEL
Hey, I have a name for the MRI
machine.

EMILY
What?

MICHAEL
Lake Emily.

Both laugh.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

EXPLOSION! A portion of the street in front of the
hospital blows up. FLAMES SHOOT UP from the hole. DEBRIS
falls from the sky.

FIREMAN

GAS MAIN! TAKE COVER!

Susan covers Cassidy as she makes a run for shelter.

INT. MRI MACHINE - AFTERNOON

RUMBLE. The MRI machine shakes from the explosion. Dust
and debris fall into the tube. COUGHING.

EMILY
OH MY GOD! WHAT WAS THAT?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

It could've been an oxygen tank.
Maybe a generator.

EMILY

I'm scared.

MICHAEL

It's okay Emily. I'm sure they're
searching for us as we speak. Tell
me more about Dillon.

She begins to weep again.

MICHAEL

Shhhhhhh. Emily, we're going to
get out of this. I assure you,
they're on it. Now, back to
Dillon. So, he lives in Huntington
Beach, right? Is he a surfer?

EMILY

Yes.

MICHAEL

Like a real surfer? Does he surf
every day? Or only on occasion?

EMILY

Every day.

MICHAEL

Short board or long board?

EMILY

Short.

MICHAEL

Okay, okay. Does he rip?

EMILY

How do you know about ripping?

MICHAEL

Believe it or not, I'm a surfer
too. Or, used to be anyway.

EMILY

Really?

MICHAEL

Yep. I grew up in Ocean Beach, San
Diego.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

I would of never took you for a surfer.

MICHAEL

Oh, and why is that?

EMILY

No offense, it's just that you came across kind of up tight, when I first met you. Don't get me wrong, you're a cool guy, Michael. Very nice too, now that I've talked to you. You just seem like a business man. Most surfer type's are pretty laid back.

Raised eyebrows, Michael pauses for a moment.

MICHAEL

I guess I have become a little stuffy over the years.

EMILY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it in a bad way...

MICHAEL

No, you're absolutely right Emily. Somewhere, somehow, I lost my old ways. All I really do anymore is work all the time.

EMILY

That's how my dad was. When he was young, he loved painting. He was a good artist too. But as he got older, he spent more and more time working in his store. I don't think he touched a canvas for the last ten years of his life.

MICHAEL

What happened to him?

EMILY

Heart attack. He died two years ago.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry Emily.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Thanks. I really wish he was here to give me away at my wedding. He was only sixty-two.

MICHAEL

That's too young. I'm really sorry Emily.

EMILY

Maybe you should think about going back.

MICHAEL

Back? To where?

EMILY

To surfing. You're not that old Michael. You should consider it.

MICHAEL

It was the most important thing in my life at one time. The ocean dictated my schedule. I used to plan school and work around it. Some of the best memories of my life are in the water. Then, I don't know what happened... I guess I got away from it.

EMILY

Michael, take it up again.

MICHAEL

You know? Emily, I think you might be right. I'm going to get back into it. I can even teach Cassidy.

EMILY

Your daughter?

MICHAEL

Yeah. She would love it. She's a little fish. She absolutely loves the water.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

House sized pieces of concrete lay stacked like giant dominoes. FIREMEN dig through the debris. SMOKE BILLOWS from different areas of the rubble. A FIRE CHIEF scans a BLUE PRINT to the hospital building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIREMAN

FIRE! WE GOT FIRE! LETS GO! WATCH
THE GAS LINES.

FIRE CHIEF

Smith, Tillerman, Rodriquez. I
need you to swing around back,
there are a dozen H beam columns
supporting the basement entrance.
Solid steel girders. Tran and
McKee are missing. Last radio
transaction, they were in the
radiology lab. That's when the
first big aftershock hit...(Looks
up).. Still heard from them.

The three FIREMEN look at each other.

RODRIQUEZ

Shit, McKee and Tran?

FIRE CHIEF

Yeah. They're the only two from
our station that aren't accounted
for. I need you boys on this
immediately.

SMITH

Yes sir!

FIRE CHIEF

You are to keep radio contact at
all times. Understand?

ALL

Yes sir!

The Fire Chief points out the location on the blue print.

FIRE CHIEF

Okay, this should be the safest
route. Those girders aren't going
down.

The three Firemen study the layout.

INT. MRI MACHINE - AFTERNOON

DRIPPING WATER. An ELECTRICAL FIZZLE here and there.
Emily relaxes into Michael.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

How old's your daughter?

MICHAEL

Five. She's five years old. Damn, does it go fast.

EMILY

Did you plan on having anymore children.

MICHAEL

Yeah. I would've loved to. My wife is such an incredible mother.

EMILY

You sound like a pretty incredible father yourself.

Michael cracks a nostalgic grin.

MICHAEL

So how about you? Are you and Dillon planning on having any little ones?

EMILY

Well... If I ever get out of this situation. Yes.

MICHAEL

Yeah? Good for you. How many?

EMILY

I would love to have two. A boy and a girl.

MICHAEL

A boy and a girl would be nice. I'm sure you will be a great parent, Emily.

EMILY

Can I ask you something?

MICHAEL

Sure. I'm in no rush. Nowhere to be anytime soon.

EMILY

What would you do if Cassidy met a nice boy? A really great guy.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Well, there's little Tommy. I approve of him. Nice kid.

EMILY

No. You know what I mean? When she's old enough. After college.

MICHAEL

Okay. If Tommy's still in the picture, I'm sure he'll have become a good, responsible young man.

EMILY

Mr. Potter.

MICHAEL

Okay, okay, I'm sorry. So, she's graduated college and met a great guy.

EMILY

Yeah.

MICHAEL

And?

EMILY

And, say, they had dated for a long time. A couple years.

MICHAEL

Yeah?

EMILY

And your mom, I mean, you're wife really likes him.

MICHAEL

Yeah?

EMILY

And she knows that you're engaged to be married.

MICHAEL

Yes?

EMILY

And... Well, she knows, I mean you know, that Cassidy is planning on having children.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHAEL

Yes? Where are you going with this Emily?

EMILY

Would you be disappointed if... Things may not have gone as planned?

He smiles.

MICHAEL

Are you telling me what I think you're saying?

Silence...

MICHAEL

Emily?

EMILY

It just happened. We weren't planning it yet. But we were already engaged. Would you be angry at her?

MICHAEL

Angry? Of course not, Emily. Times have changed. I would be happy for them as long as they were happy.

EMILY

But you're not an old school Korean mother.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

No. That I am not. However, I'm sure your mother will be quite happy. You are talking about her future grandchild.

EMILY

I know. I just don't want to do anything to disappoint her.

MICHAEL

First of all, congratulations.

EMILY

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHAEL

Second and third of all, how far along are you? And when do you plan on getting married?

EMILY

I'm three months. Originally, we planned on next summer, but we moved it up to this December. Two months.

MICHAEL

Emily?

EMILY

Yes?

MICHAEL

At five months, you might still be able to pull it off. If I remember correctly, at five months, Susan wasn't showing a whole lot. She could've passed for having a beer belly.

Emily laughs.

EMILY

I hope she'll be okay with it.

MICHAEL

Believe me, she's going to love her new grandbaby no matter what.

EMILY

I wish my dad could've met his grandbaby.

Emily's words strike a nerve in Michael. Curiosity and worry wash over his face.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - EVENING

GENERATORS HUM. FLOOD LIGHTS illuminate the entire area. HEAVY EQUIPMENT moves piles of building debris. Susan and Cassidy sit wrapped in a wool blanket watching and waiting.

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT ENTRANCE - EVENING

HEADLAMPS AND FLASHLIGHTS beam through the dusty air. The basement entrance beams are still in tact. With shovels in hand, Smith, Tillerman, and Rodriguez scurry through the rubble. WALKIE TALKIE STATIC.

TILLERMAN

Chief was right, those beams really held up under the weight.

FIRE CHIEF (O.S.)

Smith, what's your twenty? Over.

SMITH

Sir, we're inside. We're approaching what looks like the perimeter wall to the radiation lab. Pretty messy down here. Copy? Over.

FIRE CHIEF (O.S.)

Time's not on our side right now. The gas lines are still active. They were only able to shut off two mains. That means walk on pens and needles. Over.

SMITH

Yes sir, will do. Over.

INT. MRI MACHINE - EVENING

Evening has set in. The MRI machine is growing dark inside. Emily's phone BEEPS from her pocket, creating a dim light.

MICHAEL

What was that?

EMILY

My phone.

MICHAEL

Emily, you've had a phone this whole time?

EMILY

It didn't work after the first quake. I couldn't get any reception. Besides, I can't reach it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Maybe the towers are back up.
Where is it located on your body?

EMILY

My pocket.

MICHAEL

I know you're pocket, which one?

EMILY

The rear.

MICHAEL

Where in the rear.

EMILY

My ass. On the right side.

MICHAEL

I might be able to reach it. Are
you okay with that?

EMILY

Of course. But how are you going
to get it up to where we can see
if it works? There's no room.

MICHAEL

We'll worry about that after I get
it.

He struggles to reach his hand around behind her. She
grunts.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, are you okay?

EMILY

I'm fine. Just a little further.

Michael pushes and pushes to no avail.

MICHAEL

Emily, can you slide up at all?

EMILY

How? I can't move my arms.

MICHAEL

Try using your feet. Here, push
off the top of mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He raises his feet as far as he can. Emily pushes her feet down with all her might.

EMILY

That's as far as I can go.

Now, face to face, she turns her cheek.

MICHAEL

I apologize for the coffee breath. That's all I've had to drink all morning.

EMILY

Don't worry about it, I love coffee breath.

Michael forces his hand into her pocket.

MICHAEL

Oh boy. I assure you, this is not any form of sexual harassment, I am merely trying to reach your phone.

EMILY

Can you get it out?

He continues to work in the limited space.

MICHAEL

I've got it!

EMILY

Now what?

MICHAEL

I don't know. If I can dial 911, maybe we can let someone know our location.

EMILY

But Michael, it's a touch screen. How are you going to see the numbers?

MICHAEL

Well, I can try to visually navigate where they are. I have the same phone, and it's not like we have anything better to do. Do you have a password?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She hesitates.

MICHAEL

Emily? A password.

EMILY

Yes... I have a password.

MICHAEL

And? The password is?... Emily?

EMILY

It's... It's just that it's kind of personal.

MICHAEL

Emily, a phone call might save our lives. I promise I won't laugh or tell anyone your password.

EMILY

It's just that... you know how you're not supposed to use typical pass words that can be hacked?

MICHAEL

Yes, your kids name, your dog, your birthday, of course.

EMILY

Well, I was trying to be original.

MICHAEL

Emily... I'm not going to post your secret password on Facebook, okay? If I can dial 911, I might be able to direct someone to where we are. That's all. I promise.

EMILY

It's just that it's embarrassing.

MICHAEL

Emily...

EMILY

It's about Dillon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHAEL

Emily, for God's sake, I don't care if it's about Dillon's handsome face or his private parts, just tell me the damn password.

EMILY

It's the second one.

MICHAEL

The second what?

EMILY

His private parts.

Michael bites his tongue trying to hold in laughter. But his pulsating chest gives him away.

EMILY

Michael! You said you wouldn't laugh!

He bursts into laughter.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself.

Emily begins to laugh too.

EMILY

Michael!

MICHAEL

Okay, I'm sorry. I apologize. Let me catch my breath. Okay, shoot.

The PHONE LIGHTS UP, as Michael feels out the buttons with his thumb.

MICHAEL

What is it?

EMILY

All lower case, no spaces...

MICHAEL

Okay?

EMILY

Okay... the password is... I love... Dillon's... giant monster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Silence... LAUGHTER!

EMILY
MICHAEL, STOP IT! You said you
wouldn't laugh!

MICHAEL
Dillon's giant monster!

EMILY
Stop! That's what he named it.

Catching his breath, Michael finishes his laughter.

His thumb fumbles on the phone's glass keypad.

MICHAEL
Okay, okay, I'm sorry. No more.
Let me see?

He can't get the right letters. The phones CHIMES, for
typing the wrong password.

EMILY
That means wrong password.

He continues to press on the keypad.

MICHAEL
Shit! Let me try again. Okay, I l-
o-v-e d-i-l-l-o-n-s...

Both laugh again.

MICHAEL
B-i-g...

EMILY
No, giant.

MICHAEL
Shit... hold on. G-i-a-n-t... m-o-
n-s-t-e-r.

The PHONE CHIMES again.

EMILY
It might of locked us out. You
know how they lock up if someone's
trying to get into them with the
wrong password?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MICHAEL

I know... Damn it.

CLACK! Michael dropped the phone.

MICHAEL

Shit! I dropped it.

EMILY

Try again.

MICHAEL

I can't. I can't reach it.

He struggles to maneuver down, but the phone fell just out of reach.

MICHAEL

Great.

EMILY

It was a long shot anyway. Finding the right keys to press on a touch screen wouldn't be very easy.

MICHAEL

I don't know, I'm usually a pretty darn good finagler.

EMILY

A regular MacGyver, huh?

MICHAEL

How do you know about MacGyver? Isn't that before your time? I loved that show.

EMILY

It was my dad's favorite. He watched the reruns all the time. Even had the DVD series.

MICHAEL

Your dad sounds like a good man. Any fan of MacGyver is all right with me.

EMILY

What's your all time favorite TV show?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MICHAEL

Hold that thought Emily. Do you smell that?

EMILY

Smell what?

MICHAEL

Does you smell gas?

EMILY

Nooooooo! That's not even funny. Did you fart? I can't plug my nose.

MICHAEL

No, I'm serious... Natural gas. Can you smell that?

EMILY

I smell something.

MICHAEL

HELP! SOMEBODY! HEEEEELLLP!

EMILY

HEEEEEELLLLPPPP!

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cassidy is fast asleep in Susan's arms. Exhausted herself, Susan fights to keep her eye's open. The Fire Chief approaches her.

FIRE CHIEF

Ma'am, three of my men are in the rear entrance to the radiology lab.

SUSAN

My husband, is he okay?

FIRE CHIEF

We don't know yet. There's a pile of rubble they're digging through now. I will let you know as soon as I hear anything back from them.

SUSAN

Thank you.

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Working away, the three Firemen move large pieces of cement debris from the entrance.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
HHHEEEELLLLPPPPP!

Michael's cry for help pierces the blockage. The Firemen stop to make out the yelling.

EMILY (O.S.)
PLEASE HELP US!

They begin to work frantically.

INT. MRI MACHINE - NIGHT

SHOOOOK! SHOOOOK! SHOOOOK! The SOUNDS of SHOVELS DIGGING.

MICHAEL
Wait... Hear that?

EMILY
What?

MICHAEL
Someone's out there. HEY! WE'RE IN
HERE!

EMILY
HEEEELLLLPPPPP!

MICHAEL
We gotta get out of here now. The
gas is getting stronger.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

RAYS OF LIGHT penetrate the opening at the top of the rubble pile at the entrance. A mini rock slide occurs as the Firemen hack away at the wreckage.

SMITH (O.S.)
Hold tight! We're coming!

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Fire Chief explains the layout of the Hospital FLOOR PLAN to NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS... RADIO STATIC.

RODRIQUEZ (O.S.)
 Chief, we have verbal
 communication with survivors. A
 Michael Potter and an Emily Yoo.
 Over.

From across the parking lot, the Chief nods to Susan.

FIRE CHIEF
 No visual? Over.

RODRIQUEZ
 No sir, we're still on the other
 side. But we have confirmation
 that neither of the two are
 injured. Over.

FIRE CHIEF
 Get them and get yourselves out of
 there A.S.A.P. We have gas lines
 popping up here like it's the God
 damned Fourth of July. Rescue and
 retreat. I repeat rescue and
 retreat. Copy? Over.

RODRIQUEZ
 10-4. Over.

Susan and Cassidy made it for the last portion of the conversation. The Chief turns to them.

FIRE CHIEF
 Your husband's alive.

Relief washes over her face.

INT. MRI MACHINE - NIGHT

SHOOOOK! SHOOOOOOK! SHOOOOOK! The sound of shovels pawing away at the crumbled debris.

MICHAEL
 Oh, thank God. Thank you, thank
 you, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

We're getting out of here Michael!
We made it!

MICHAEL

I told you we didn't have anything
to worry about, now didn't I?

EMILY

I will never take anything for
granted in my life, ever again
after this.

MICHAEL

I concur. This has been the most
humbling day of my entire life.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Smith is the first of the Firemen to slide through the opening at the top of the pile. Next, he helps pull Rodriquez through. Tillerman stays on the other side.

As the two make their way through what's left of the room, they sift through debris searching for bodies while looking for the MRI machine.

SMITH

Hello?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Down here!

Rodriquez discovers the hole the machine fell through. Smith joins him.

RODRIQUEZ

We'll have you out of there in no
time. Just stay calm.

Rodriquez lowers himself down first to get a better look at what they're up against. He silently motions to Smith and mouths "gas!"

His flashlight beam lights up the inside of the MRI machine.

INT. MRI MACHINE - NIGHT

The flashlight beam provides relief for Michael and Emily. Emily exhales.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

We're going to make it Michael,
we're really going to make it.

MICHAEL

Well, I must say Emily, it's been
great getting to know you. I
probably would have preferred
different circumstances. However,
it's been nice.

Emily giggles.

RODRIQUEZ

Okay, it might get a little loud
in there for the time being. The
machine appears to be locked and
the hitch is smashed, so we're
going to have to pry you two out.

MICHAEL

That's quite all right, sir. We've
had our fair share of noise today.
Pry away.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rodriquez and Smith begin to pry at the MRI seam. Both
men struggle for several moments, putting all they've got
into breaking Michael and Emily free.

RUMBLING FROM THE EARTH!

SMITH

Come on! We gotta get 'em outta
here!

INT. MRI MACHINE - NIGHT

The flashlight beam shakes from the eruption.

MICHAEL

Not again.

EMILY

Another earthquake?

RODRIQUEZ (O.S.)

It's not a quake. It's a gas line.
Stay clam, we almost have it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The earth shakes. Gas lines can be heard EXPLODING throughout the hospital.

MICHAEL

Dear God, not again.

Emily starts to cry.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

SMOKE SEEPS IN through cracks, quickly filling the room. Rodriquez and Smith work tirelessly to save Michael and Emily.

SMITH

It's almost there.

Smith pushes against his shovel with all his might.

FIRE CHIEF (O.S.)

Update! Do you have a visual yet?
We've got lines blowing left and
right up here.

RODRIQUEZ

We're close sir, real close. We're
with them now. They're stuck
inside an MRI machine.

FIRE CHIEF (O.S.)

Rodriquez... you're going to have
to pull back. There's lines
running right underneath your
location.

RODRIQUEZ

That's a negative, sir. We've
almost got 'em. I ain't quittin'
now!

FIRE CHIEF (O.S.)

Damn it Rodriquez, we've lost
enough men today! Get out of there
now! That's an order.

Rodriquez looks at Smith for his approval. Smith nods.

RODRIQUEZ

Uh, sorry sir, you're breaking up.
I didn't copy that? Sir? Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRE CHIEF (O.S.)
Rodriquez? Rodriquez! Get your
asses out of there now! Copy?

Ignoring the command, Rodriquez strains, Smith pushes just as hard... POP! The MRI opens, exposing Michael and Emily wrapped tightly together.

SMITH
Come on! Come on! We need to get
the hell out of here. Gas lines
are blowing up all around us.

COUGHING. SMOKE has filled the entire room. Smith first helps Emily out of the MRI. Michael is stuck.

MICHAEL
My legs... My legs are numb. I've
been in here all day and night.

RODRIQUEZ
We got ya. Here, get his other
arm.

Smith climbs over the machine to help army carry Michael.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

FLAMES SHOOT HIGH INTO THE AIR from gas lines up and down the street. A smoke cloud covers all of Los Angeles. SIRENS ring out from every corner of the city. A HELICOPTER flies over, SPOTLIGHT shining down on the hospital.

The Fire Chief directs FIVE FIREMEN to search for the others.

BOOM! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE GROUND. FLAMES in the direction of the basement entrance.

FIRE CHIEF
Dear God.

Susan's face flushes with terror. Tears well up in her eye's.

SUSAN
Oh, Michael.

INT. MRI EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dust falls from the ceiling from the explosion. Visibility is null due to the smoke. COUGHING. Smith and Rodriquez army carry Michael to the pile blocking the entrance.

RODRIQUEZ

Okay, miss, you're going first.
Take Tillerman's hand there, he'll
pull you to the other side.

Emily hesitates at the tiny opening. Flashing back to the fireman she seen get crushed in a similar one.

SMITH

Miss, you need to go now. There's
a gas line directly underneath us.
If it goes, we go with it.

MICHAEL

Emily, it's are only chance. You
can do it.

She contemplates, then beelines for the opening. TILLERMAN'S HAND reaches through. She grasps it and starts to squeeze through.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! THE GROUND RUMBLES! Another portion of the ceiling caves in. FLAMES CAN BE SEEN from the next floor above them.

SMITH

GO! GO! GO!

Smith pushes Emily through the shrinking hole. She makes it. BOOM! A closer LOUD EXPLOSION rocks the room. FLAMES begin to seep up through the hole enveloping the MRI machine.

MICHAEL

Holy shit.

SMITH

I got you sir, come on.

Michael makes it to the opening. Tillerman's hand reaches through. Michael latches onto it.

EMILY (O.S.)

Come on Michael! You can do it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM! THE entire room from the floor above is engulfed in flames!

SMITH

GO!

Michael slips through. Smith refuses to go next, coaxing Rodriquez through first. He goes. He becomes stuck in the opening.

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Rodriquez's top portion of his body has made it through. Tillerman fights to get him all the way through.

TILLERMAN

I got you buddy, you're almost there.

RODRIQUEZ

PULL!

Rodriquez pops through the opening bringing debris along with him.

TILLERMAN

Smithy! Come on!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Another round of explosions. The opening starts to cave in. Smith peeps through the opening.

SMITH

Go! You got to get out of here!
It's going to blow!

TILLERMAN

There's no way I'm leaving without you! Lets go!

Rodriquez scales up the pile.

RODRIQUEZ

Smithy! Come on man! Come on!

Time freezes for a moment. Eye contact from Tillerman and Rodriquez with Smith on the other side. Knowing his time's near, Smith smiles.

SMITH

Go... We'll never make it. Go now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE EARTH SHAKES.

RODRIQUEZ

SMITH!

TILLERMAN

NOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOM! The entire MRI room is engulfed in flames. Smith disappears in the flames. A TORCH OF FIRE blows through the opening causing Tillerman and Rodriquez to tumble to the bottom of the pile.

RODRIQUEZ

SMITH! SMITHY!

TILLERMAN

Come on, we gotta get out while we can. He's gone. Smith's gone.

Tears well up in Rodriquez's eye's.

TILLERMAN

Johnny, come on!

Tillerman pulls Rodriquez up. They guide Michael and Emily to the basement entrance. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Explosions shake the ground. The building is giving way all around them. A HUGE EXPLOSION SHOOTS A HUGE BALL OF FIRE right at them! They run for their lives! Just as the flames are right behind them, they reach the STEEL GIRDERS. As soon as they're under cover of the metal beams, the ENTIRE BUILDING COLLAPSES...

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Watching in horror, tears streaming, Susan and Cassidy witness the atrocity. A combination of smoke, dust, fire, and rubble now lay where the hospital once was.

SUSAN

MICHAEL! NOOOOOOO!

Slack jawed, the Fire Chief sadly watches the chaos. As the dust finally settles, in the distance, there's one remaining structure standing... The STEEL GIRDERS... COUGHING... Slowly, FOUR PEOPLE STAND. Rodriquez, Tillerman, Emily, then Michael.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Michael embraces an emotional Susan and Cassidy.

They pause to look into each other's eye's.

SUSAN

Are you okay?

MICHAEL

I guess the universe didn't think
it was my time to go?

She hugs him tight.

SUSAN

Thank God.

Michael looks to the Heavens.

MICHAEL

You can say that again...

He hugs Cassidy.

CASSIDY

I love you daddy.

MICHAEL

I love you too, baby. (Kisses her
on the forehead)

He looks Susan deep in the eyes.

MICHAEL

And I love you... So much.

SUSAN

I love you... Michael... The note?

MICHAEL

I'm sorry honey, it was in the
breast pocket of my shirt. (Looks
to the hospital rubble). Probably
not going to find it anytime soon.
(Looks back to Susan) Why? What
was it that was so important in
that note?

A big smile grows across Susan's face.

EXT. PARK - DAY

SUPER: "THREE MONTHS LATER"

Rolling green hills over looking the ocean is the backdrop to a perfect WEDDING.

EXT. WEDDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Amongst the TWO-HUNDRED SEATED GUESTS, a PREGNANT SUSAN and Cassidy sit next EMILY'S MOTHER. Standing at the alter DILLON(27) awaits his bride. Rodriguez and his WIFE are amongst the guests, as well as Tillerman and his WIFE. WEDDING MUSIC STARTS.

After Emily's BRIDESMAID'S and DILLON'S GROOMSMEN make their way to the alter, Emily smiles. Michael returns the smile, and takes her arm and does the honor of walking her down the isle.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

THE SOUND OF SEAGULLS. THE SOUND OF CRASHING WAVES.

Catching rays, Susan and emily laugh at their TWO TODDLERS as they play in the sand.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

With surfboards in tow, Michael, Cassidy, and Dillon make their way into the surf.

Michael proudly watches Cassidy handle her little surfboard. He turns back to the beach, makes eye contact with Susan... Then Emily... Then the babies. A smile of true happiness washes across his face. He turns back to the sea. Looks to the Heavens.

MICHAEL

Thank you...

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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