

BLACK SCREEN

DEREK (V.O.)

A change took place that should never have taken place. When you know everything, there is no need for alteration. In your plans, in your life, in your ideas...

GREY SCREEN

DEREK (V.O.)

When you know everything, you have to get used to never having to say "I don't know." You can also throw out the word, "maybe." Chance is not real. Luck is fantasy. Knowing everything means never guessing. It means precisely what it says.

SCREEN BRIGHTENS

DEREK (V.O.)

I know everything. That is not a boast, nor is it a joke. The senselessness of lies becomes clear and the need for them, irrelevant.

BLURRED IMAGE of face

DEREK (V.O.)

I know everything. But I changed my mind about something. Something as seemingly insignificant as revealing that I knew everything. And it changed the world...

SHARP FOCUS ON DEREK'S expressionless face.

FIRST QUESTIONER (O.S.)

What is the square root of two hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and eighty-nine?

DEREK

(without hesitation)

Four hundred and eighty-three.

SECOND QUESTIONER (O.S.)

What is the exact latitude and longitude of Reykjavik, Iceland?

DEREK
From which landmark?

SECOND QUESTIONER (O.S.)
Don't you know?

FIRST QUESTIONER (O.S.)
There's no need to be rude!

SECOND QUESTIONER (O.S.)
I was just kidding. C'mon!

INT. ROOM - DAY

The argument is revealed to belong to a panel of SCIENTISTS in lab coats seated three across with clipboards in their laps. Behind them is a tiny audience of six SPECTATORS who are writing upon pads of paper. The group as a whole peer quizzically at their guest across the bare room as he suddenly speaks again.

DEREK
The south end of runway one at
Reykjavikurflugvollur.

The Second Questioner looks flabbergasted.

SECOND QUESTIONER
(timidly)
That's right.

DEREK
Sixty-four-point-one-two-two-six-
eight degrees north latitude and
twenty-one-point-nine-three-six-
three-five degrees west longitude.

SECOND QUESTIONER
(checking clipboard)
Yeah...um, right.

THIRD QUESTIONER
Is it my turn now?

FIRST QUESTIONER
Go ahead.

THIRD QUESTIONER
(clears throat)
Who killed JFK?

There is general laughter that passes through the air as we CLOSE on Derek's face, serious and unflinching.

DEREK
Directly or indirectly?

Silence suddenly grips the room.

DEREK (CONT'D)
How about I just give you the names
of the actual triggermen? John
Harold Pierson, Kenneth Martin
Hendricks, and Charles Pelleter.

The room is still silent except for an uncomfortable COUGH by one of the spectators who is handing the third questioner a note from behind. Derek's face remains expressionless, eyes intent on the group.

FIRST QUESTIONER
We've been at this for about four
and a half -
(peeking at watch)
...no, five hours, now. Let's take
a break -

THIRD QUESTIONER
I have one more question, though.

FIRST QUESTIONER
Please, we need to take a break.
Derek's answered every question -

SECOND QUESTIONER
So let him have one more question.

THIRD QUESTIONER
Yeah, c'mon.

FIRST QUESTIONER
We're done here!

ON DEREK

DEREK
Gentlemen?

Derek's POV on crowd as they turn their heads to face him.
Crowd's POV.

FIRST QUESTIONER (O.S.)
Yes, Derek?

DEREK
I'm going to be alive for another
thirteen months.
(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)
There's plenty of time for more
questions. I'm sleepy right now.

THIRD QUESTIONER
Thirteen months?

Derek yawns loudly as he points to his mouth.

DEREK
(whispering)
Sleepy.

FIRST QUESTIONER
All right, Derek. Sorry.
(looking back toward woman
behind him)
Ellen, can you please drive Derek
home?

DEREK
I can get home on my own, thanks.

FIRST QUESTIONER
Yes, but -

DEREK
I'm fine. I don't need a ride.

Derek rises tiredly from his chair and walks past the
questioners and their audience.

THIRD QUESTIONER
We'll see you tomorrow?

DEREK
Eleven o'clock.

Derek leaves the room.

INT. HALL - DAY

Derek walks toward an elevator and presses the button. The
doors open and he enters, pushing the first floor button.
The elevator doors close slowly.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Derek stands silently inside the elevator, waiting for the
car to halt. The doors open and he steps out.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Derek exits the building out onto the street. He walks away, down the sidewalk, fading into the crowd.

INT. ROOM - DAY

The second and third questioners and Ellen are standing at the window, watching Derek as he walks away.

THIRD QUESTIONER

What do you think's going through his mind right now?

SECOND QUESTIONER

Everything.

The third questioner and Ellen chuckle in response.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Derek sits upon a grassy hill in the sunshine, looking up toward the sky. His attire, a suit and tie, looks out of place as people all around frolic and picnic upon the rolling fields. A sparkling lake, far below, glitters in the sun. A dog fetches a Frisbee as little children run around chasing each other, their high-pitched LAUGHTER permeating the summer air.

ON DEREK'S back as WOMAN steps into frame.

CYNTHIA

I knew you'd be here.

DEREK

(without looking behind)
Hello, Cynthia.

A pretty girl walks around to his front and faces him. He looks up at her from his sitting position, squinting slightly from the sunlight.

CYNTHIA

You're a bit overdressed for the park, aren't you?

DEREK

Define, "overdressed."

CYNTHIA

Well, since when is a shirt and tie considered recreational sportswear?

DEREK

Didn't we agree not to do this anymore?

CYNTHIA

No. You agreed. I didn't! Why can't you talk to me? At least tell me why we can't see each other anymore!

DEREK

I already told you, Cyn.

CYNTHIA

All of a sudden, out of nowhere, you just walk away from our relationship like I don't even matter to you!

DEREK

You know that's not what happened, Cyn.

CYNTHIA

That's exactly what happened! You woke up one morning and decided that I wasn't important to you anymore!

DEREK

I will always love you, Cynthia, but -

CYNTHIA

(feigning happiness)

Oh, that's so awesome, Derek! You still love me! Wow! I feel so complete now!

DEREK

I already explained that it has nothing to do with us.

CYNTHIA

(beginning to well up)

That doesn't even make any sense. I love you, Derek! Why is it so hard for you to love me back?

DEREK

Cynthia. I'll be dead in thirteen months.

CYNTHIA
 Stop it! Stop it!

People in the park look briefly in their direction.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 I'm sick of that shit! Nobody
 knows when they're going to die!
 Not you, not me, nobody!

DEREK
 I do know and I want you out of my
 life.

Cynthia stares down at Derek for a long moment, tears
 streaming down her cheeks.

CYNTHIA
 Fine. You want me out of your
 life? Fine! You got it, Derek!
 I'm gone!

She continues staring down at him, breathing heavily, tears
 still falling, as if waiting for him to change his mind.

DEREK
 Please. Just leave.

Cynthia breaks into a loud bout of weeping and rushes off,
 covering her face. CLOSE ON Derek's anguished, pained face.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Derek is climbing the stairs of an old apartment building
 when a VOICE calls to him from above.

MARVIN (O.S.)
 Derek! Hey, man!

Derek continues to climb the stairs as he looks up to see an
 OLDER MAN leaning over the railing at the top of the
 stairwell, looking down.

DEREK
 Hey, Marvin.

MARVIN
 Hey, Derek! How much time, man?

DEREK

Twelve months, twenty-six days,
three hours, thirty-eight minutes,
fifty-two seconds. Do you want the
fractions of seconds, too?

The man begins to cackle with laughter as Derek continues to climb.

MARVIN

Derek! Where's my lighter?

DEREK

The black one or the one with the
nude woman on it?

MARVIN

Both!

The man begins laughing again.

DEREK

The black one's in your pant's
pocket and the nude lady one is in
your friend's car.

MARVIN

Which friend?

DEREK

Your only friend, Marvin.

The man hesitates, but then breaks out into a renewed bout of hilarity. Derek reaches his floor and approaches his apartment door where a bunch of different notes are stuck to the wood. Some are written on napkins, some are on matchbooks, some are pinned, some are taped, and one is even tacked up with pink bubble gum.

Derek carefully collects all the notes and takes them. As he opens the door, more notes litter the floor near the door where people have been pushing their missives beneath the portal. He closes the door.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

There is an incessant blinking on the answering machine near the door as Derek begins picking up the many notes upon the floor. After collecting all the various communications and cards, Derek walks across the room and tosses all of them into a box that is full and overflowing with notes of all varieties. Taping the box with a roll of packing tape nearby, he carries the awkward box into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derek carries the box over to a stack of neatly piled boxes, all sealed the same way. Pacing over to the bed, he sits heavily and notices another note upon the floor.

Reaching down, he retrieves it and reads as if he had read it before. Close on the note reads: "Derek, where is my pair of diamond earrings? Carly." Putting the note down, he lays back in the bed and closes his eyes, sighing heavily.

INT. ROOM - DAY

SECOND QUESTIONER

Are you comfortable, Derek?

DEREK

Yes.

SECOND QUESTIONER

How was the coffee?

DEREK

Over-brewed.

Jovial laughter occurs as the Second Questioner smiles reservedly.

SECOND QUESTIONER

Well, my secretary's out of town.
Sorry, Derek.

DEREK

No worries.

SECOND QUESTIONER

Well, are we ready to go?

Derek nods.

SECOND QUESTIONER (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm going to start.

(refers to sheet of paper)

All right. In quantum physics,
what is the relationship between
the red giant and...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

THIRD QUESTIONER (O.S.)
In industrial chemistry, what does
E.P.S. stand for?

DEREK
Expandable Polystyrene.

FIRST QUESTIONER (O.S.)
In heraldry, what are the left and
the right sides of the shield
referred to as?

DEREK
Wearer or spectator?

FIRST QUESTIONER
(smiling approvingly)
Wearer.

DEREK
For the wearer, the right side of
the shield is referred to as the
dexter and the left side is
referred to as the sinister.

SECOND QUESTIONER (O.S.)
How many people accused of being
witches were burned at the stake in
the United States?

DEREK
None.

THIRD QUESTIONER
How am I going to die?

Derek looks directly at the Third Questioner.

DEREK
We discussed the guidelines bef -

FIRST QUESTIONER
Yes, that's true.
(toward colleague)
Please, let's abide by the
guidelines.

THIRD QUESTIONER
Why can't I know the answer? He
knows his day!

DEREK

I already told you. I am not permitted to -

THIRD QUESTIONER

To discuss life-altering questions! I know! But who says -

FIRST QUESTIONER

That's enough, Frank!

THIRD QUESTIONER

No, that's not enough! What difference does it make? Why is it that you can know your time, but I'm not allowed to know mine? What super-cosmic rules would you be breaking, Derek? Please, enlighten me.

DEREK

Let's pretend that I did tell you what you want to know. Would you alter your life to avoid certain situations or consequences?

THIRD QUESTIONER

I don't know, maybe.

DEREK

Of course you would, Frank. If I were to tell you, for instance, that you were going to be hit by a truck on Main Street in the center of a crosswalk at four-oh-three p.m. on the eighteenth of May, two thousand and thirteen, you would make every effort to avoid that crosswalk on that day, wouldn't you?

The Third Questioner is silent.

DEREK (CONT'D)

That's why I can know and you cannot, Frank. I am going to be in that crosswalk at that appointed time.

SECOND QUESTIONER

But why? It makes no sense!

DEREK

It makes perfect sense, John.
Everything makes sense. You just
have to be able to understand it.

THIRD QUESTIONER

Then why not explain it?

DEREK

Because, you can't appreciate the
myriad subtleties of fate. You
can't understand the explanation,
no matter how long I take to
explain it.

THIRD QUESTIONER

Why not try me?

Derek stares at the Third Questioner with incredulity, but
says nothing.

FIRST QUESTIONER

Can we get back to the questioning?
What time is it?

DEREK

(without consulting watch)
Three forty-two.

FIRST QUESTIONER

Thanks, Derek. Let's begin again,
please.

(rustling papers in his
lap)
Uh, John?

SECOND QUESTIONER

Is there a god?

The First Questioner rolls his eyes in immediate protest, but
is startled when Derek promptly answers.

DEREK

Yes.

All eyes rise from their notebooks and clipboards and cell
phones to look upon Derek with newfound curiosity.

THIRD QUESTIONER

(setting down list in his
lap)
WHO is god?

DEREK
(sing-songy)
Guidelines.

SECOND QUESTIONER
Oh, bullshit!

FIRST QUESTIONER
John, c'mon! Stay on target!

SECOND QUESTIONER
No, Will! How can knowing God's
identity possibly alter my life?

DEREK
Even if I could make your miniscule
intellect actually conceptualize
the identity of God, which I
cannot, that would radically alter
your life and the lives of everyone
you and I know.

THIRD QUESTIONER
How so?

DEREK
Let's say, for the sake of
argument, that I revealed to you
that God was an old woman named
Elisabeth Palmiter who lived at One
Coveytown Road in Burlington,
Connecticut. Would you or would
you not go to that woman's house to
see for yourself if this woman
existed?

THIRD QUESTIONER
Of course. Who wouldn't?

DEREK
Would you tell others?

THIRD QUESTIONER
Probably.

DEREK
No, not probably, Frank. You
would.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

So, a sudden insurgence of visitors would converge upon Burlington, Connecticut, tying up traffic, disrupting the lives of God's neighbors, and making a general nuisance of themselves as they peer into windows, trespass on private property and fight with each other over a better view. Of course, there would be the souvenir hunters and the religious types and (a beat) there would also be that one morbidly obsessed person who wants nothing more than to disprove my affirmation that God does, in fact, exist, by attempting to put a bullet into lady Palmiter's head. When the police attempt to stop the gunman, innocent people would be hurt and killed, including a two-month-old baby, whose parents brought her to God's house, all the way from Italy because the infant has a terminal illness that they hoped would be cured by the hand of God.

Silence holds the room like a tomb. The Third Questioner looks guiltily around, as if ashamed. The Second Questioner also avoids Derek's stare.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I'm finished for the day, gentlemen. I'll see you tomorrow at eleven.

No one speaks as Derek rises and leaves the room. When the door closes, the crowd begins to clear their throats and cough gently.

THIRD QUESTIONER

You don't think he was serious about the old woman, do you?

The First Questioner gives him an annoyed look.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Derek sits at a small table, sipping a cup of coffee. Another MAN nearby with a newspaper crossword puzzle and pen in hand turns toward the GIRL behind the counter.

MAN

Nine-letter word, Jennie. Starts with "a" and ends with "u-s", meaning "a tile or stone used in a mosaic pavement."

JENNIE

Nine-letter -

DEREK

Abaciscus.

The man turns quickly to face Derek, peering at him in stunned silence.

DEREK (CONT'D)

A-B-A-C-I-S-C-U-S. Abaciscus.

The man opens his mouth, but no words come out. Looking down at the puzzle, he reads.

MAN

Five-letter word, ending in -

DEREK

Ending in "y", meaning "a geode".

The man looks up in shock again.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I did that puzzle this morning.

The man's face registers slow comprehension as he nods.

MAN

W-what's the answer?

DEREK

Drusy. D-R-U-S-Y. Drusy.

MAN

(as he writes)

How can you remember all that?

DEREK

I remember everything.

MAN

Really?

DEREK

Have you ever heard of someone with an eidetic memory.

MAN

No.

DEREK

Photographic memory?

MAN

Oh, yes.

DEREK

Well, I have one. In fact, I am graced with absolute time and lightning calculation as well.

MAN

Like a computer, huh?

DEREK

You could say that. I read sixteen volumes of books a day and I remember everything everyone says and I never forget a syllable. Right now, I've even convinced a very reputable panel of scientists that I know everything. They believe that I'm revealing to them the secrets of the universe.

MAN

That's gotta be difficult, fooling them like that.

DEREK

Well, Lee, it's really not that difficult.

MAN

Wait a minute. I didn't tell you my name. A photographic memory doesn't make you telepathic, too.

DEREK

No, you're right. But you did tell me your name.

MAN

I don't think so.

DEREK

Sure you did, Lee. Don't you remember? It was sixty-three days ago. In the Endering Building?

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)
You were peddling perfume and
cologne knockoffs to the ladies at
the front desk?

The man opens his mouth again, but is silent.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Enigma.

MAN
Huh?

DEREK
The Contradiction knockoff. It was
called Enigma.

MAN
Oh, yeah.

The man suddenly rises and nervously gathers his belongings.

MAN (CONT'D)
Well, it was nice meeting you.

DEREK
Again.

MAN
(returning an insincere
smile)
Yeah.

The man leaves the diner.

JENNIE
So, have we met before?

Derek's eyes move from the door to the waitress.

DEREK
Just today.

JENNIE
Any words of wisdom?

Derek stares at the woman for an uncomfortably long time.
The girl slowly loses her smile.

DEREK
You've got two kids, right?

JENNIE
(frowning her brow)
Yeah. That's right.

Derek gazes down into his coffee.

DEREK

Don't, uh... Don't take the bus on Friday. Take a cab.

JENNIE

How did you know that I take the bus?

DEREK

Two-thirteen, right?

JENNIE

Yeah. Anyway, I can't afford a cab.

DEREK

You can't afford not to.

JENNIE

What does that mean?

DEREK

Sorry. I'm just babbling. Ignore me. What do I owe you for the coffee?

JENNIE

Dollar-ninety.

Derek rises from his seat and shuffles over to the counter where the waitress is polishing silverware. He reaches in his pocket and puts a one hundred dollar bill down on the counter. He turns and walks toward the door.

JENNIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Hey - hey, mister! You gave me a hundred!

She holds up the bill and waves it as Derek turns to look.

DEREK

Now you can afford a cab.

He turns to leave the diner, but then pauses, and without turning back to her, calls out her name.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Jennie? Make sure that your son, Evan, studies hard. He'll be an amazing doctor someday.

OFF JENNIE'S confused look, we follow her eyes to see:

Derek departs the diner, the door closing silently behind him.

END CREDITS*

*At intervals over credits are the following mock photographs (still images) depicting a series of events that intimate an incident that occurred months before in which the "power" that Derek holds was passed on to him from another.

STILL #1: Derek in a suit and tie, carrying a briefcase, entering the stairwell to a subway tunnel

STILL #2: Derek continues down the stairs with other people

STILLS #3-6: A continuation of the former image as he progresses toward the subway platform

STILL #7: An old man is sitting on a bench. He is disheveled and sports a long beard. He appears to be homeless

STILL #8: Old man stands

STILL #9: Derek from behind as he walks past old man

STILL #10: Old man reaching out as Derek passes him in foreground

STILL #11: Old man's fingers touching Derek's shoulder

STILL #12: Derek halting, his face becoming a blank stare

STILL #13: Old man walks past Derek toward subway platform edge

STILL #14: Derek in foreground, his face blank, his briefcase slipping from his fingertips and the old man approaching the edge

STILLS #15-18: Old man halts at edge, looks down at his feet, then looks up the tunnel toward the approaching train

STILL #19: The train's light in the distance

STILL #20: Derek standing as the crowd continues to bustle around him

STILL #21: Derek looking up toward the ceiling and stretching his arms outward

STILL #22: Close on old man's face as his eyes sparkle with the train's light, a smile crossing his lips

STILLS #23-24: From behind, old man leaps off platform and train speeding through the frame

STILL #25: From above on Derek, his face beaming with light, his arms fully outstretched and his eyes wide and inviting

THE END