

BEST LAID PLANS

Written by

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Story by

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(yes, they are two different people)

EXT. VEHICLE - DAY

PAUL is sitting in his vehicle. He's holding on to the steering wheel at 10 and 2. He's not moving. Just staring ahead.

In a seemingly sudden burst of energy he starts flipping out. He's slamming his hands on the wheel. Shaking himself back and forth.

PAUL  
Come on! Will you people drive! The  
gas is on the right you stupid. . .

SND FX: Horn beeping out Paul's expletive filled tirade.

After Paul has expended his energies he let's out a deep breath and sits back.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Good thing it's the last time I'll  
have to do this.

Paul suddenly seems calm.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V/O)  
There's been a three car rollover  
at the junction of one and sixty  
blocking traffic back to, if I'd  
have to guess, Kittery. Seek  
alternate routes if you can. I'm  
Harvey Wharfield so let's get back  
to hits of tomorrow today on WBNG.

Paul leans his head back as the announcement progresses. By the end his head is all the way back and his eyes are shut. He reaches out and shuts off the radio. It becomes eerily quiet.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Paul is sitting at his desk doing nothing. He's looking up at BOB.

BOB  
So then I says to him, 'Hey, jerk  
off, ya think I can feed my kids by  
selling it to you below cost?'

Bob leans back and spreads his arms. Then he looks at Paul, brings his hands closer and nods at Paul.

BOB (CONT'D)  
I mean, come on. Am I right or am I  
right, Paul?

Paul spins his chair back to face his desk and begins typing.  
He shakes his head slightly and rolls his eyes.

PAUL  
As always, Bob, you're right. So,  
did you make the sale?

Bob takes a step back.

BOB  
No. As a matter of fact he called  
Mahoney and busted my ass for  
calling him a jerk off.

Paul shakes his head sympathetically.

PAUL  
What a jerk off.

BOB  
I know. Can you believe it?

PAUL  
The nerve of some people.

BOB  
I know. Can you believe it?

Bob stands there waiting for a response that doesn't come.  
Paul starts typing as if what he's doing is important. It  
takes Bob a few seconds to see that the conversation is over.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Well, I see you're busy.

Bob takes a step back holds his hands in front of him about a  
foot or so apart.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Yeah, and I'm pretty busy too.  
Gotta kiss some ass.

He air kisses between his hands then mimes rotating the body  
around.

BOB (CONT'D)  
And start sucking up to 'em.

He bobs his head up and down a few times before slapping his  
palms on the desk or wall.

BOB (CONT'D)  
You going to McGinty's after work?

PAUL  
I don't know.

Paul never looks up nor stops typing.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Maybe for one. I have some appointments after work. And I have some meetings downtown in about an hour.

BOB  
Make it. I heard Mandy from AR's going to be there. You gotta like the cut of her jib.

Bob exits. Paul looks up and watches him exit.

PAUL  
What the hell does that mean?

Paul ponders the imponderable before going back to work. We finally see what he's working on. It's his last will and testament.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Paul is standing at a printer as the last couple of pages arrive. He takes them and puts them in his briefcase.

Paul walks down the hall and sticks his head into an office.

PAUL  
I have some meetings so will be gone the rest of the day.

Paul stands up and begins to exit.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'll have my cell on if anyone needs me.

EXT. VEHIVLE - LATER

Paul takes out his cell phone and shuts it off. He tosses it on the passenger seat. He turns on the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Route one is still closed at the  
route sixty exit and will be for  
the foreseeable future. A three car  
pile-up with fatalities is the  
cause. So avoid route one at all  
costs. I'm Harvey Whar. . .

Paul shuts the radio off.

PAUL  
Not my problem anymore.

Paul drives away.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Paul parks his vehicle. Exits and walks into a building. We  
see it's a law office.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Paul exits the building and heads to his vehicle.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Paul parks his vehicle in front of a dry cleaner and exits  
his vehicle.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Paul exits the building and heads to his vehicle.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Paul parks his vehicle and sits in the car in front of tennis  
courts. He exits his car and sits on the hood. It doesn't  
matter if people are playing or not (obviously it would be  
best if people were). Paul sits there and looks over the  
courts.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Paul is sitting at a table eating.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Paul pulls his vehicle into the parking lot of a storage facility. He exits the vehicle and enters the building.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

Paul enters the storage facility and stops at the counter. DEREK arrives at the counter a few moments later.

DEREK

Hi.

PAUL

Hi. I'd like to pay for a unit a year in advance. Can I do that?

DEREK

Not a problem. Do you know the unit number?

PAUL

I only come here every blue moon so I don't remember.

Derek steps over to the computer.

DEREK

Not a problem. What's the last name?

PAUL

Mosccone.

Derek types in Moscone.

DEREK

Ann?

PAUL

Yes.

DEREK

814.

PAUL

Excuse me?

DEREK

Unit 814.

PAUL

Oh. Yeah, that's it. I only come here when there's something she needs moved.

DEREK

Happens all the time. You said you'd like to pay a year in advance?

PAUL

Yes.

DEREK

Going away?

PAUL

You could say that.

DEREK

Great.

PAUL

Not really.

DEREK

Oh. Sorry.

Paul tries to understand why Derek's sorry. Something dawns on him and he laughs.

PAUL

No, no, it's not that. I'm not going to prison.

DEREK

Well that's good to hear.

PAUL

I'm going to kill myself.

DEREK

And now that's not so good.

They stand there silent for a few awkward seconds. Finally Paul relaxes. He looks at Derek for a few extra seconds.

PAUL

That's the first time I've said that to someone.

Paul nods his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
It actually felt good.

Derek is nervous.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I mean, I'm sorry it was you but I  
hope you can understand how much of  
a relief it was to actually say it.

Paul steps away from the counter and makes a dramatic  
statement.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'm going to kill myself.

Paul smiles stepping back to the counter with a larger smile  
on his face.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I gotta say, that felt good.

DEREK  
Glad I could help.

Paul realizes that, although his burden has lifted, he's not  
handed it to Derek.

PAUL  
Man, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to  
throw this on you like that.

Derek waves in off uneasily.

DEREK  
Not a problem. You should hear some  
of the stuff I hear.

Derek types into the computer.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
A years rent on unit 814 is eight  
hundred and twenty eight dollars.

They stand there in silence for a few beats. Paul starts to  
feel bad about what he's done to Derek.

PAUL  
Yeah, sorry, man. Ah, how much is  
two years?

Derek types.

DEREK  
One thousand six hundred and fifty  
six dollars.

Derek looks at Paul pretty expressionless.

PAUL  
Why don't we do that.

Paul pulls cash from his pocket, counts two thousand dollars  
out on the counter. Derek picks it up.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Keep the change.

DEREK  
You don't have to do that?

PAUL  
What am I going to do with it?

DEREK  
Good point.

It takes a beat but they both laugh.

PAUL  
I'm Paul, by the way.

DEREK  
Derek.

They shake hands then Derek takes the money off the counter  
and puts it away.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Do you need a receipt?

PAUL  
Nah, I want it to be a surprise.

DEREK  
You're full of them, aren't you?

Paul smiles.

PAUL  
Just trying to tie up loose ends.

Derek and Paul stand there for an awkward few seconds.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Do you want to know why?

DEREK  
Not really. No offense.

PAUL  
None taken.

DEREK  
No, it's just that doing my job you see all kinds of things.

PAUL  
I bet you don't see a suicide standing in front of you every day.

DEREK  
No, not every day but I've seen my share. I had a guy walk in here about a month ago asking to buy rope. I sell him the rope then he asks me if it's strong enough. I asked him what he was using it for and he said he was going to hang himself.

PAUL  
What happened?

DEREK  
I watched him for awhile while he tied a noose around his neck. I couldn't have some guy dangling from my fence so I called in a wellness call.

PAUL  
Did they ever show up?

DEREK  
I don't know. It was closing time so I left.

PAUL  
Do you think the guy killed himself.

DEREK  
Nah. I saw him the next day coming to work standing in front of a bar.

PAUL  
So it's not the same.

DEREK

That's just the tip of the iceberg, Paul. A few years ago, a few days before Christmas this guy came in and laid a few bottles of booze on me. He was usually a pain in the ass so I figured he was trying to make up for it.

PAUL

Did it?

DEREK

It was crap so I left it by the bus stop.

PAUL

Again, not to say that's not a story but. . .

DEREK

. . .let me finish. The guy goes in and comes out with a large package. Nothing unusual about that around here. I forget all about it until a week or so later when a friend of his comes in and tells me the guy went home that night, sat in his mother's favorite chair and blew his brains out.

PAUL

Wow.

DEREK

Yeah, that's some anger.

Derek looks at Paul.

DEREK (CONT'D)

So you're not the first guy I've been the last they've talk to.

PAUL

I'm not saying you haven't had experiences.

DEREK

I know.

PAUL

It's just becoming more and more real to me, do you see that?

DEREK  
Absolutely.

PAUL  
Up until I said it to you, even  
with all the planning I've been  
doing, it's all be a theory. Just a  
thought.

DEREK  
Why don't you keep it just a  
thought?

PAUL  
No, it's time.

DEREK  
I don't see why? I mean, I don't  
know you so it would be rude of me  
to make assumptions but you don't  
look in too bad a shape. And you  
sure peeled off a couple of grand  
like it was nothing.

PAUL  
It's complicated.

DEREK  
Soap operas are complicated. Stupid  
but complicated. But life doesn't  
have to be. Man, it's all in what  
you make it.

PAUL  
Or what it makes you. And I'm not  
liking what I've been seeing.

DEREK  
Hey, sorry. It's none of my  
business.  
(pause)  
But you did bring it up.

PAUL  
That I did.

There's another moment of awkwardness.

DEREK  
So, how ya going to do it?

Paul starts laughing.

PAUL  
That's the question I've been  
asking myself for months. It's that  
question that's probably kept me  
alive this long.

Paul and Derek chuckle.

DEREK  
Then why don't you keep thinking  
about it?

PAUL  
I see what you're trying to do  
here.

Derek feigns innocence.

DEREK  
What? Me? What am I trying to do?

PAUL  
I appreciate it but I've made up my  
mind.

DEREK  
So, are you going to tell me?

PAUL  
What?

DEREK  
Are you killing yourself because  
you're losing your mind? I asked  
you how you were going to do it.

PAUL  
Oh yeah. I'd rather not say.

DEREK  
Making me find out in the paper,  
eh?

PAUL  
Just like everyone else.

DEREK  
Except your daughter.

Paul is stunned.

PAUL  
What?

DEREK

Oh, sorry, I didn't mean anything.  
It's just that I've seen your wife  
with the kids here all the time.  
They're cute. How old are they?

PAUL

Thanks. Ah, six and eight.

DEREK

So let me get this straight. You  
went through the terrible twos, the  
toxic threes, the fussy fours and  
you're going to check out when they  
actually start having human brains?

PAUL

I see it more like checking out  
before they start dating.

DEREK

Good point.

PAUL

I know it's going to mess them up.

DEREK

Then why do it?

PAUL

It's. . .

DEREK

. . .don't say complicated.

Paul chuckles.

PAUL

It's a long story.

Derek leans on the counter.

DEREK

I wasn't doing anything else.

Paul ponders this for a moment.

PAUL

It's the economy. Everyone would be  
better off, financially, without  
me.

DEREK  
What about emotionally,  
spiritually?

PAUL  
I doubt Ann will care. Sure, she'll  
grieve but she'll do it in the arms  
of some other guy.

DEREK  
She cheating on you?

Paul shrugs.

PAUL  
For awhile.

DEREK  
How'd you find out?

PAUL  
Kids sure love to talk about the  
people they see. And, to be best of  
my knowledge, they don't have an  
Uncle Ron.

DEREK  
But that's not a reason to check  
out.

PAUL  
No, that's not even a factor. This  
is for me. I know the kids will  
have a tough time of it but,  
especially at this age, they  
rebound quickly. Hell, in a few  
years they'll be calling Ron dad.

DEREK  
They won't forget you.

PAUL  
My mother killed herself when I was  
seven. I barely have a memory of  
her.

DEREK  
Well, you do have the data.

PAUL  
I just can't wait any longer. This  
isn't new but after my tennis club  
went under I couldn't get out of  
the hole.

DEREK  
Have you been diagnosed?

PAUL  
Since I was a teenager. Severe  
depression and anxiety.

DEREK  
I liked it better when they called  
it melancholia and the jitters.

PAUL  
They never called it the jitters.

DEREK  
But it sounds more fun.

PAUL  
Stop being an idiot.

DEREK  
I hear that a lot. Sorry. It's an  
infantile response when I get  
nervous.

PAUL  
I'm making you nervous?

DEREK  
A little.

PAUL  
Sorry.

Paul thinks for a second.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Wait. What am I sorry for? See?  
That's what I do all the time.  
Whenever I'm trying to talk about  
something I get snubbed.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'm not snubbing you.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
But it's too much for you. What is  
it? A little too real for you?

DEREK  
Hey! I'm just the storage guy.  
You're the one who came in here and  
dumped your plans on me.

PAUL

But that's what happens every time in my life. When I'm having a problem or I need someone to listen it's always, "Grow up, Paul." Or "What troubles can you have? You own a tennis club." No one even tries to listen.

Paul pauses and looks at Derek.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And now here I'm giving it one last shot, trying to let at least someone know how I feel before I off myself and even that doesn't happen.

Paul nods at Derek and begins to exit.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Have a great life.

Paul only gets a couple of steps before Derek calls.

DEREK

Paul, hold on a second.

Paul stops but doesn't turn around.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I don't want you to kill yourself. I don't want to be the last person you speak to.

Paul spins around.

PAUL

Why? Because it'll haunt you?

DEREK

Not for a moment. Don't give yourself so much credit, pal. You're just one random person who a need to dump your core of crap all over me. Being here is like being a therapist. I hear things I'm sure their friends and family don't know. What makes you think you tossing a handful of pills down your gullet will even be remembered by me tomorrow?

Paul is speechless.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
You're just another person carrying  
a package of woe you can't wait to  
put somewhere. Anywhere. And today  
I'm the lucky one.

Derek leans on the counter.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
I'm not forcing you but I'll  
listen.

Paul begins to speak but doesn't get a sound out before Derek  
stands and holds one finger aloft.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
If I want to say something you've  
got to hear me out.

Paul debates the merits for a beat.

PAUL  
Fair enough.

Paul leans against the wall, Derek on the counter and they  
begin.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Like I said, melancholia and the  
jitters. I was going to be a great  
tennis player. Top twenty and  
above. But when I got to college  
the wins got tougher.

DEREK  
Well, the competition got better.

PAUL  
Not really. I'd played all these  
guys my entire life. It was me.  
Something was different with me. My  
emotions went haywire. My wins  
didn't stay with me. After a win I  
started to become fearful.

DEREK  
Anticipating the loss.

PAUL  
Exactly. So by the next match I'd  
already beat myself. Then I'd beat  
myself up over that loss so  
couldn't focus on the next match.

DEREK  
So you lost.

PAUL  
Exactly.

DEREK  
Which fed into your belief that you  
were going to lose.

PAUL  
Sounds like you've been around.

DEREK  
Like I said, this job gives you a  
lot of insight.

PAUL  
It didn't take long for me to lose  
my singles spot. I played well in  
doubles because, if we lost, I  
could blame it on my partner.

DEREK  
And if you won?

PAUL  
I worried when he was going to  
screw up again.

DEREK  
That's got to be tiring.

PAUL  
You don't know the half of it. My  
parents knew something was wrong  
so, to get my mind off tennis for a  
summer, they bought me an ice cream  
truck.

DEREK  
Sounds like a good job.

PAUL  
It was horrible. Those stupid  
songs. To this day I get filled  
with rage if one of those trucks  
drives down my street. It's why I  
moved to a cul-de-sac.

Paul points to his head as Derek nods.

DEREK  
Very good thinking.

PAUL

When I wasn't passing out ice cream  
I was driving around putting myself  
into a deeper and deeper funk.

DEREK

So you were like the bad humor man.

PAUL

Funny. Real funny.

DEREK

Sorry. It just happens.

Derek waves for him to continue.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Go on.

PAUL

By the time I got back to school I  
was engaged and didn't want to step  
on a tennis court. By the time I  
graduated I was married and went to  
try my luck on the tour.

DEREK

Do you think that was a wise  
decision?

PAUL

Not at all. But my parents kept  
reminding me how much money they'd  
spent on my game.

DEREK

Great. More pressure.

PAUL

Right. So I had that and a wife.

DEREK

Was she pregnant?

PAUL

It's the only reason I married her.  
I think she did it on purpose. The  
day after she saw my parents house  
she turned into a nympho.

DEREK

I've heard of worse things.

PAUL

But I never loved her. I couldn't get past the fact that my life was a failure at twenty three. I didn't want to teach tennis but tennis was all I knew. So my parents bought a tennis club and I became the boss.

DEREK

Who had to answer to his parents.

PAUL

Exactly. I mean, I liked being around tennis without the pressure of having to play, but listening to every move I made nitpicked made going into the club every day a horror. I used to lock myself in my office for hours at a time. I couldn't face anyone.

DEREK

Were you in therapy?

PAUL

Three times a week.

DEREK

So you had someone to talk to.

PAUL

Who was chosen by and friends of my parents. Do you know how awkward that is? So what could I do? I didn't say a damn thing. What am I going to do? Tell him my father has a gay lover living in the guest house and my mother is drunk by noon? And growing up they used me as a leverage against each other?

Paul shakes his head no. Derek nods his head understanding.

DEREK

So what did you talk about?

PAUL

Wife, kids, pressures of the job. Then when the economy took a dive all these high rollers that were my bread and butter started vanishing. One day they didn't show up for court time. The next day I hear they sold their house and moved.

DEREK

And it was all your fault.

PAUL

Exactly. But now, with my parents telling me how much of a loser I am, I've now got a wife and kids.

Paul stops talking and takes a few deep breaths.

DEREK

Take your time.

PAUL

Thanks. Then one day I snapped. I could feel it. I knew nothing was ever going to get me out of this one. This one was different. This one was laughing at me.

DEREK

As if it knew it finally beat you.

PAUL

Yeah. Like we've been playing a death match and I've finally tapped out to their never ending glee.

Paul seems to shrink. He's ready to go. The end is near.

DEREK

It's not glee. Death is never frivolous. It doesn't feel a moment of joy in what it does. It is dour in it's chores.

Paul looks at Derek as if it's the first time he's seen him.

PAUL

Watch a lot of scary movies?

DEREK

No, I guess I'm just interested in it.

PAUL

So what'd you learn from me?

DEREK

That you're quitting too early.

Paul begins to object but freezes when Derek raises his hand.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I know you feel bleak and lost. As if there is no hope. There is no one out there looking out for you.

Derek reaches out and touches Paul for the first time.

DEREK (CONT'D)

But there is always someone looking out for you. Someone is always on your side.

PAUL

Easy for you to say. You're not in my head. You didn't grow up in a home of hate. You don't live in a house where you're made to feel less than human.

Derek pulls his hand from Paul and holds a finger aloft.

DEREK

You don't know anything about me.

Paul accepts that.

PAUL

Fair enough.

DEREK

I don't know how dark your moments have been just as how you have no idea how dark mine have been.

Paul nods.

DEREK (CONT'D)

At the end of my day I often don't think I'll make it to the next one. Just like you, I've asked myself why I bother. I'm taken for granted, often overlooked.

Derek shrugs his shoulders.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Hey, we've all got ego. We all want people to, even if they don't appreciate it, acknowledge our efforts.

PAUL

That's how I feel.

DEREK

So we're not so different. We each  
have felt the darkness.

Derek leans in tot Paul.

DEREK (CONT'D)

But unlike you, I've never going to  
give in.

PAUL

I don't think of it as giving in.

DEREK

Then what would you call it? Giving  
up?

Paul gets agitated.

PAUL

What are you getting at? You listen  
to me and now you can judge me?

DEREK

I'm not judging you. I'm telling  
you you're  
(pause looking for the  
correct word)  
Not ready to go yet.

Paul and Derek silently contemplate what's next.

PAUL

How can you be so certain?

DEREK

Because I'm not you. I just know  
where you've been. I've felt it  
drag me to the pits. So I know you  
can't beg it to take you. Because  
that's what they do. They breath in  
shadows and drain light from your  
eyes.

Derek leans in toward Paul who is captivated.

DEREK (CONT'D)

They're doctors of death who feel  
the only disease is life. And only  
you have the cure.

Derek leans back.

DEREK (CONT'D)

When it holds you it's difficult to see anything bright. But it's there. Trust me. It's just that death is breathing shadows over it.

PAUL

How can you be so sure? This is not new to me. This is a life time of living with it.

DEREK

That's right. Living. And I can be so sure because of the one thing I know about you.

PAUL

What's that?

DEREK

You haven't left you.

Derek points at the door.

DEREK (CONT'D)

It's always been unlocked.

Paul smiles.

DEREK (CONT'D)

No ones holding you here. You're free to go. I just oiled that door today. It's swing open like a mother. . .

Paul laughs for the first time as he protests in good humor.

PAUL

. . .okay, okay. You've made your point.

DEREK

That's all it is, Paul, you just needed someone to air it out to.

Derek bows dramatically. Paul laughs.

PAUL

I do feel as if there's been a load pull off.

DEREK

Because your heart wasn't in it.  
Trust me, if you were truly serious  
I could have told you you were  
going to get a billion dollars  
tomorrow and it would have stopped  
you.

Paul reaches out his hand to shake Derek's.

PAUL

Thanks. It's hard to believe but  
you're right. My heart wasn't in  
it.

DEREK

That's right. You're heart is in  
those two little girls.

Derek looks at the clock.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And it's closing time here so why  
don't you get out and go home to  
see them. Trust me on this, they'll  
be trilled to see you.

PAUL

Thanks, Derek. Thanks for all  
you've done.

DEREK

Just doing my job. Speaking of  
that, do you still want to pay two  
years in advance?

Paul thinks for a second.

PAUL

No, you know what? Cancel that.

Derek walks over to the computer and types. When he finishes  
he reaches under the counter to get the money. He holds it  
out and Paul shakes his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

No, keep it.

DEREK

Paul! I can't. . .

PAUL  
. . .please. Compared to the money  
I've spent in therapy this is a  
bargin.

Paul turns and exits the building. Derek watches him go.

STEVE (O.C.)  
What was all that?

Derek turns toward the office. In a moment STEVE steps around.

DEREK  
What was all what?

Steve is dressed as Death.

STEVE  
All that crap you were saying?

DEREK  
What? That? I have no idea. I was  
on autopilot.

STEVE  
And why didn't you take him? He's  
on the list.

Steve points to the computer on the counter. On it isn't any storage ledger. It's 'Today's Gatherings' and we plainly see 'Derek Hardy - Suicide' as the only one without a check mark beside it.

DEREK  
The list isn't infallible, Steve.  
You'll learn that as you get more  
experience.

Derek points at the computer.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
And grab that so we can get out of  
here so someone can find him.

Derek points deeper into the office.

INT. BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Slumped in a chair at a computer is JOHN, the facilities manager.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Steve is packing up the computer. We now see Derek dressed in his work clothes jus the same as Steve.

STEVE

Isn't the boss going to be mad?

DEREK

Why? I may be death but I'm not heartless. I kinda like that guy Paul. And I hate leaving orphans.

STEVE

What about the quota?

Derek laughs and points toward the back office.

DEREK

With him and the untimely demise of Paul's wife in that accident a few hours ago, we're way over quota.

Derek opens the door.

STEVE

I don't know. I still think you should follow the list.

DEREK

Don't worry about the list, it'll always take care of itself. Think of it this way, everyone's going to be on the list so what's the difference between today and twenty years from now?

Steve thinks.

STEVE

Time doesn't mean anything to us so, I guess, nothing.

Derek pats Steve on the back as he walks from behind the counter.

DEREK

Exactly.

Derek starts following Steve who stops short.

STEVE

But what's going to happen when  
that guy comes back here and asks  
where that cool guy Derek is and  
they tell him no one by that names  
ever worked here?

Derek thinks for a moment before shrugging his shoulders.

DEREK

I don't know. Not my department.  
Maybe we can ask someone in creepy  
feelings to go easy on him.

Steve walks out of the building followed by Derek. The door  
closes and

FADE TO BLACK.