

FROM BEGINNING TO NOW

Written by
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OVER BLACK:

DR. WEST (V.O.)
I'm confused.

FRANK (V.O.)
About what exactly?

DR. WEST (V.O.)
Well... everything.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Mahogany, literature-rich bookshelves occupy two walls. A soothing landscape painting hangs on another. Oak desk rests under a large double window. Leather furniture in the middle.

DR. WEST (46), distinguished, handsome sits in his chair. FRANK (27) average in every sense is on the couch.

DR. WEST
Confused is not the right word.

FRANK
Why say it then?

DR. WEST
Guess I'm confused about what to make of this. Perplexed seems more suited.

FRANK
I think I've been pretty straight forward.

DR. WEST
You have. First sessions usually don't start off like this. It's just... odd.

FRANK
I understand. That's a reasonable feeling to have. It is an odd situation. I'm not shying away from admitting it.

DR. WEST
Yet, you seem pretty comfortable.

FRANK
I've... done this before.

DR. WEST

The tone suggests more than once.
(Frank nods)

So, your days consist of you going around telling people you don't know that they'll die?

FRANK

No. I also draw. Comics. But, we all die. Not much of a party trick if you sprung that on someone.

DR. WEST

You were very specific as to when.

FRANK

I was, but I didn't necessarily state it was definite.

DR. WEST

Forgive me, but now I have to ask, how did you come upon this remarkable ability?

FRANK

(smiles)

Practice has proven that explaining is not going to accomplish anything but waste time.

DR. WEST

Humor me. You paid for an hour. Time, we have.

FRANK

(goes to stand)

I was planning on leaving early --

DR. WEST

And going out on a cliffhanger like this? Not fair. The whole reason I have a job is because humans have an innate desire to share. Whether it is desires, experiences, plans, we want to relate what's inside. We feel if the information doesn't leave us, it might not seem real.

The fact that you implied that I might not believe you was to make me more curious and leave me with the possibility that... I might.

FRANK

So?

DR. WEST

Indulge me. Out of plain courtesy. I deserve as much.

FRANK

(sits back down)

Even if it makes less believable what I just said? You won't take it as seriously as needed.

DR. WEST

Currently I don't have a reason to take it at all. Plus, Frank, let's be frank. You want to.

FRANK

(looks at his wrist watch)

Cliffs. Got a lot ahead today.

DR. WEST

More people to visit, I'm sure.

FRANK

(smiles)

Always difficult to start off not sounding corny but such are my limits. Because you see, I could always see people. Not regular ones, the kind you see. Ones others couldn't, among us. They'd be dressed funny and walk in plain sight, not speaking, usually focused on a specific individual. Sometimes two on one. They'd follow, walk with --

DR. WEST

Ghosts?

(Frank gives him a look)

That is what you're talking about?

FRANK

(smirks)

This, is, what I was talking about.

(short beat)

When you're four and you begin to notice "abnormalities", you don't have the cognitive ability nor the information necessary to contextualize them, put two and two. But in time... Yes. Ghosts.

DR. WEST

So, an apparition from the beyond told you I have early stages of bone cancer?

FRANK

No. Ghosts can't talk, doctor.

DR. WEST

(slight sarcasm)

Of course. But, you see, now I find myself... confused.

FRANK

(checks his watch again)

Like I alluded to before. It's futile. Even if there's a hint of a honest desire there.

(stands)

But, to indulge you further. No, it was an angel that told me.

(Dr. West holds back a chuckle)

I was sure you'd find it amusing, but if you visit your physician you'll also find it true.

Frank walks to the office door. As he passes Dr. West...

DR. WEST

Hope not.

FRANK

(opens the door)

I hope so too. If I'm right, I'll still be hoping.

(exits the room)

Bye, doc.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE/ LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Frank steps out to the reception area. Closes the door behind him.

A SECRETARY (23) sits at a desk. She looks up from her computer at Frank. Who gives the room a quick once-over.

FRANK
 (to the Secretary)
 Love the color balance between
 wallpaper and carpet. A warm
 blend, a palate of secondary
 colors. Exquisite.
 (she smiles)
 Bye bye now.

INT. BUILDING/ HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank steps out to the empty hallway.

He takes out a notepad and pen from his jacket. Flips the pad open and crosses off a name. Turns a page.

FRANK
 (to himself)
 Hmm, McDonald's. Could eat.

CUT TO:

START MONTAGE (WITH MUSIC):

- EXT. MCDONALD'S - LATER (DAY)

Frank stands, back leaned against a McDonald's window. A burger in his hand, ketchup on his lip. His stare distant, aimed at the street ahead. Cars drive by, people walk past him.

THROUGH THE MCDONALD'S WINDOW

A YOUNG WOMAN (23) in a red and yellow uniform cries over a table. A pair of employees try to comfort her.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Frank bites into his meal.

His eyes re-focus on a WOMAN (61) wearing a blue, latex-like hospital gown that sticks to her body a little too close for anyone's liking.

She passes Frank. Not paying him any mind as she shuffles after a gentleman in a dark suit.

- INT. BUS - LATER

Frank sits in the back of the full bus, which rocks up and down as it rushes through traffic.

KSHHHH - it breaks. A stop. Bus doors open. A heap of people get off, another heap get on.

Frank spots an elderly, hunched-over woman as she enters. She carries a pair of plastic bags.

He waves to the woman, signals her to come over. She does. He gives up his seat as she nears. He smiles at her. She smiles back, grateful.

- INT. CAR GARAGE - LATER

Frank walks in the large, windowless, dirty space occupied by cars that don't work. Properly at least. Some mechanics are hard at work, while others argue with unsatisfied customers.

Frank walks over to a MECHANIC (33), asks him something. The Mechanic points to a blue buick in the corner.

He thankfully nods and walks over to the vehicle.

Frank eyes TONY (29) upper-half under the hood of the car. Taps him on the shoulder.

Tony turns, face smudged with oil. He looks up at Frank, bewildered.

- INT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER

A fierce children's game is in full swing. Two teams of eleven-year olds gallop around the large patch of grass.

Parents stand by the sidelines. They YELL and CHEER.

A FATHER (36) in a trance-like state aggressively HOLLERS at his son on the pitch. Frank stands next to him.

The Father notices Frank's presence on his left. He shoots Frank a look, who warmly smiles back.

- INT. FLOWERSHOP - LATER

DING. A little bell jingles as the front door opens.

A GIRL (22) enters the colorful shop.

At the front desk, THE SALESWOMAN (31) hands over a bouquet of roses to Frank, who takes them. In return he slides an envelope across to the woman labeled - *FOR SARAH*.

She looks up at him surprised and confused. He winks and walks out of the shop.

END OF MONTAGE (MUSIC COMES TO AN END)

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

Frank strolls the busy corridor, the flowers up close to his chest.

He nods and smiles at each employee and some patients he comes across. A look of recognition on all their faces. It is like they all know him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank enters the one-bed, tidy, white and blue room. Sunlight pierces through the single window.

A nurse, PATTY (55), a bit on the heavy side, sets the bed.

She sees Frank a few feet past the doorway, roses in hand.

PATTY
(touches her chest)
But, Frank, I'm... married.

FRANK
Come on, live a little.

Patty chuckles. So does Frank. They're messing about.

Patty gets back to making the bed.

PATTY
She's in therapy. Should be back soon. Nice choice. Didn't know you had that much style.

FRANK
The flowers?

PATTY
Who told you girls are suckers for roses?

FRANK

It's so wide known, it traveled
over mountains and streams and
reached me. How was she, today?

PATTY

I only saw her briefly, in the
hall. Seemed in good spirit.
But, don't she always?
(finishes setting the bed)
She's a strong one, a fighter.

FRANK

Something we should all aspire to
become.
(looks out the window)
What about yourself? How are you
today?

PATTY

Sans the everyday back aches, good.

Frank rests the roses on the dresser next to the bed.

FRANK

Maybe you should get some therapy
for that. I'm sure there's some
laying around somewhere, if you
look hard enough. We're in a
hospital.

PATTY

Probably. Don't have the time to
get around to it. But, it's fine.

(walks to Frank)

You're my therapy. I see you in
here everyday and it brings a
spark to my eye. My needed daily
dosage. I swear, you're here more
than the rest combined. You take
after her persistence and I'll try
to take after your loyalty and
dedication.

(stops before Frank)

You help me with my days. Thanks for
the therapy, Frank.

Patty grazes Frank's cheek with her palm and leaves the room.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Frank steps out. Sees Patty go down the hall, a bit teary-eyed.

He goes to a water fountain in middle of the corridor. Leans in for a drink. As he swallows water shooting up, he catches a glimpse of a YOUNG MAN (19) in a blue latex gown, few feet down.

The Young Man wears a sad expression as he saunters the reflective floor and disappears as he turns a corner.

BOY (O.S.)

Done?

Frank looks to his left. A BOY (5) stands next to him. Curly brown hair, freckles.

BOY

I wanna a drink.

Frank gestures - "go on right ahead."

BOY

I can't reach it.

Frank lifts the Boy up, so he can take a drink. He does and lowers him back down.

BOY

Thank you. What were you looking at? Just now.

FRANK

The world. Sometimes you need a moment to take it in. It's a magical place.

BOY

I don't know anything about that. I'm five.

FRANK

You'll learn. You've barely started.

The Boy runs off.

Wheelchair wheels SQUEAK behind Frank. He looks over his shoulder and sees TERRY (41), a large, husky man wheeling ANGELA (23) a most appropriate representative of female beauty inside the room Frank previously exited.

Angela wears a bandana over her head.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Terry lifts Angela from her wheelchair and lays her down on the clean sheets of her bed.

ANGELA
(she gets comfy)
Thank you, Terry.

Frank peeks in from the doorway, careful not to be seen.

TERRY
(stands over the bed)
We've been over this. You say
thanks the first time, then on
it's understood. No need wasting
words.

ANGELA
I don't feel right if I don't say
it. Don't want you to feel
unappreciated.

TERRY
I feel just fine. It's you I'm
worried about.

ANGELA
Well, don't worry.
(looks at the roses)
We missed Frank.

TERRY
Boy has taste, I'll give him
that. First you, now these.

ANGELA
(blushing)
Oh, you.

TERRY
You wanna hold'em. Give'em a
whiff.

ANGELA
No, I just feel like looking at
them.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Terry and Angela look to the doorway.

Frank stands in it.

TERRY
We were just talking about you.

FRANK
About my good-looks or my charming
personality?

ANGELA

Both.

FRANK

It's good that I wasn't around to hear it. My ego can only grow so much. I wouldn't be able to come through this door any more.

TERRY

If we get to that, I'll give you a kick in the rear-end to help you in.
(looks at Angela)
But now, I'll leave you two alone.

Terry passes Frank on his way out.

TERRY

Nice touch.

FRANK

Thanks.

Terry exits. Frank walks to the edge of the bed.

FRANK

I know you're probably sick of hearing and answering this question, but I have to ask it.
(short beat)

How much fuel does a jet propulsion engine of a standard seven four seven need for a transatlantic flight from New York to London?

ANGELA

I thought you were going to ask how I was feeling.

FRANK

No, but since we're on that subject, how did the therapy go?

ANGELA

Same as yesterday and probably similar to tomorrow. They want to put me on some new pills.

FRANK

You have to stay strong.

ANGELA

That implies that I already am.

FRANK
Is there any doubt?

ANGELA
(looks down)
In me, there is. And even if just
a speck shows, it means it's there
and I'm not.

FRANK
(takes her hand)
Well, I'm gonna squeeze your hand
and whatever strength there is in
me will transfer into you. I may
be barely half as strong as you,
if that, but let's hope it's
enough to plug up those tiny holes
of self-doubt.

Frank squeezes her hand. She looks at it, then at him.

Beat.

FRANK
Was it enough?

ANGELA
(looks up at Frank)
More than.

FRANK
You can't quit, cause I won't quit
on you.

ANGELA
I won't.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY BUS - LATER

Frank sits in the back of the bus. He looks out. Lost in thought.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Frank paces the near-empty sidewalk.

He passes a HOMELESS MAN (66) panhandling with his shaggy dog.
Doubles back and throws some spare change into his can.

HOMELESS MAN
Appreciated.

Frank goes up a few building steps into his residential home. A brick building. One like many others around it.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Door opens. Frank enters his modest dwelling. Thrown together furniture. Dirty rugs. Movie posters. Framed lithography.

He clumsily takes off his shoes. Throws his keys on a near by coffee table. Hangs his jacket on a hook on the wall.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stove's on. A pot fills with water. Stove and pot meet.

Frank opens the cupboard. Snatches out a mug. A tea bag drops inside.

BARRY (O.S.)

Tea?

(Frank's startled)

Again?

He turns, sees BARRY (43) standing in the doorway. Bald, short. Looking much like George Costanza's slimmer brother.

FRANK

Barry, this... is a surprise.

BARRY

A welcomed one, I hope.

FRANK

Always. It's just that, you startled me.

BARRY

Am I that unattractive, that I borderline scary?

FRANK

No, usually a night guest. Come to think of it, this is, I think only the second time you've paid me a visit during daytime.

BARRY

(enters the kitchen)

Yeah, it was a holiday that one time.

FRANK

It was a what?

BARRY

Nothing.

Frank turns the stove off. Pours the hot water in his mug.

FRANK

What do you have against it anyway?
 (lifts up the cup)
 Tea.

BARRY

Nothing, except historically it's
 a drink favored by old women and
 the British. Of which you are
 neither.

FRANK

(takes a sip)
 I like it.

BARRY

I've noticed. Were you a busy boy
 today?

FRANK

All except, Rick Shaffer. Called
 in sick. I'll get him tomorrow.

BARRY

Ahh, no need. Forget about it.

FRANK

We have four days until he gets
 run over by that truck --

BARRY

He should've looked twice before
 crossing. It's his own fault.
 People need to be held
 accountable. That's what life is,
 chain of events, twisted together,
 actions, repercussions.

FRANK

So, we let him die just because
 he didn't look this one time?

BARRY

Lack of discipline. Should have
 paid attention in kindergarten!
Look before you cross!

(beat)

I'm sorry. I apologize, Frank.
 I'm a bit hot today.

Listen, I have something important I have to say and during our time together I've come under the impression that you are a sensitive, caring individual that takes things to heart.

FRANK

Hopefully that amounts to a decent human being. Isn't that why you chose me?

BARRY

(slight sarcasm)

Oh, yeah, absolutely. It was that singular quality that nailed it. You'd better sit.

FRANK

Okay. How bout the living room? Hate these hard chairs.

BARRY

It... is your abode.

Frank exits, holding his mug. Barry follows.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank sits on the couch. Takes a sip. Barry stands before him.

FRANK

It's been a rough day. They all are beginning to get rough. You'd think in time it'd be easier, yet, somehow it grows more difficult. But, this is what I signed up for, right? No point in complaining, what is it that you need to say?

BARRY

(paces around the room)

I, I won't be coming around anymore, Frank. This --

FRANK

Wait, what?

BARRY

Please, don't interrupt me. I have to get this out. I don't have much time. Our arrangement, it's over --

FRANK

Why is it over? Is it because of Angela?

(stands up, upset)

She's got four more months, I know I lied, didn't follow protocol but I don't see how it would make a --

BARRY

Who?

FRANK

Angela Baker. It's the only case in two years I haven't done what you said, and it wouldn't --

BARRY

I don't know who that is. Probably a name I gave you. Who cares. Listen, it's over --

FRANK

Haven't I done good? I mean, I've never felt more fulfilled in my life.

BARRY

(looks at Frank)

I love hearing that, Frank. I love the passion. Which is why it doesn't pain me at all to tell you what I'm about to. It actually makes me further eager and barely able to contain myself. So, I'm just gonna.

(beat)

I... am... no angel. Metaphorically, literally or... otherwise.

FRANK

What?

BARRY

I'm actually a factotum.

FRANK

A fuck --

BARRY

Factotum! Pretty good one. It's about as far as a "regular" can go.

FRANK

A what? What are you talking about?

BARRY

A none "gene-o". Not genetically modified human. Not to brag but I was first in my class which had two G-Os in it! Or did you mean factotum? I read up on this. It's what society in this time referred to as a handyman.

FRANK

There are handymen in heaven?

BARRY

No! Don't you listen?! I'm a real life handyman, who sometimes slightly dabbles in janitorial duties. Even though I've complained about that for years, they keep telling me they're gonna bring someone if budget permits. Lying bastards! Heaven was also disproven to exist in 2163. Everyone was pretty sure by then anyway.

FRANK

I don't understand. So, you're not an angel? You're saying you've been lying to me all this time?
(not buying it)
Are you horsing around again?

BARRY

I would love to do some horsing, sadly I don't have time. Which is odd cause time is one thing I played around with for the past two years.

Now, Frank starts pacing the room. Angered, confused, fury building. Mug still gripped tight. Barry follows him around.

BARRY

Don't run from the truth, Frank. I'm from the future. Think about it. Why would an angel be a short, bald man named Barry with no wings?

FRANK

You told me real angels don't
have wings?

BARRY

And you believed me.

Frank throws the mug at Barry. It goes through him and shatters on the wall behind him.

BARRY

I actually work for a company
called "From beginning to now".
It's a time tourism venture.

FRANK

Time travel?

BARRY

Yes and no. It's kinda hard to
explain. But, yeah. Look at this.

Barry takes out a smartphone-like device. He presses a button and a holographic image of a futuristic city pops up, complete with flying cars.

Barry points to a building.

BARRY

We're here, a ways from now.

FRANK

It was more believable when you
were an angel. No, no, this is
some sort of game, trick, a
punishment for not telling
Angela.

Barry shuts off the device.

Frank sits on the floor. Head in his hands.

FRANK

You're getting back at me cause
I didn't listen, cause I didn't
tell her. Maybe, maybe the
pressure has gotten to me, maybe
I've gone insane? Or was, this
whole time?

BARRY

(kneels next to Frank)
No, no. But there must be
something wrong with you. Or, if
you're positive, right.

You've never been able to see ghosts, ghosts don't exist. What you see are people that pay money to see what past relatives, societies lived like. Rich G-Os. Shouldn't be able to see them, me, realistically we are not even here, but for some reason, who knows why, you do. You're the only one on record that's able to so far. Which on some level is an accomplishment in of itself. But, no one knows that except me.

FRANK

I thought you were a handyman?

BARRY

I am. I also go through the files at work occasionally and I noticed two complaints dating back from six and nine years ago from clients complaining that you tried to talk to them when you were three. No one took it seriously, so I followed up. There's no one at the offices at night. Turns out... unlike me, they were telling the truth.

FRANK

I don't believe you. I don't believe any of this. You're playing some game. You're a jokester. I know you.

BARRY

That's your choice, Frank. What to believe. But what I'm telling you is the truth.

FRANK

Why now, huh? What were the last two years of running your errands for then? All those people I told, the beatings I took, the money I spent. Why stop now? What was all this work for?

Barry looks Frank in the eye.

BARRY

They found out I was using company equipment. I'm probably fired. Probably even sent someone to retrieve me. Can't unplug me from the machine, not until I exit through one of those blue portals you see your ghosts disappear into. My body is in the machine but my consciousness is here, in the past, with you.

FRANK

(near tears)

What about all those people we saved?

BARRY

I was trying to mess with the timeline. Hopefully make the future a bit worse. Do you know how happy-go-lucky 2237 is? No diseases, no hunger. Everyone with a bit of money is beautiful. Makes me sick!

FRANK

It was all for your amusement? All those people?

BARRY

I was going by random records. We're not allowed to have files or visit high priority figures, its usually limited to insignificant people who have no control over what happens to major timelines. Just in case something were to happen. Hypothetically, highly unlikely. Which they now know can.

(stands up)

Come to think of it, company's probably gonna shut down. Whole industry, really. Hmm, didn't consider that until just now.

(jumps up)

YESSSSSSSSSS.

FRANK

That makes you overjoyed?

BARRY

You have no idea. I get no respect! I'm a miserable human being, Frankie, even for a "regular". You, right now are the first person I've seen this miserable since I last looked into a mirror. Be happy that you made me happy.

FRANK

(lowers his head in his lap)
Ohh, GET OFF!

BARRY (O.S.)

I am. Uhhhhhhhh.
(screams)
AAAAAAAAAAAAA.

FRANK

(lifts his head)
Die!

Frank's teary-eyes almost pop as he sees Barry on the floor tangled in a net, composed of glowing blue strings.

A HUGE MAN in a shiny, silver, suit-like uniform, complete with visor helmet stands in the corner. A huge rifle in his hand to which the net is attached. Frank's terrified and in awe.

FRANK

(to the man in uniform)
Who... who are you?

MAN IN UNIFORM

No one.

BARRY

Ahh, stop lying. Tell him who you are... GEORGE!
(to Frank)
George, works in security.

GEORGE/ MAN IN UNIFORM takes a few steps forward. An intimidating presence, towering over Frank, in front of him.

GEORGE/ MAN IN UNIFORM

(to Frank)
Don't... talk, tell anyone about this. Understood?

Frank nods.

BARRY

(to George)

Company is gonna go under,
George. We'll both be out of a
job. I can't wait to see you
without your visor, see what
you've got to smile about now,
you prick.

George takes out a remote. Clicks a button, and... a blue portal opens. He drags the net with Barry in it towards glowing shape.

GEORGE

Won't see much... from jail.

BARRY

I know what you're feeling and I
have a pretty vivid imagination.

(to Frank)

It was all worth it, Frankie boy --

They go through. WOOSHH - portal closes. Franks stares, dead-eyed.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

INSERT TITLE CARD: FOUR MONTHS LATER

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE #2 - DAY

A different, more modernly decorated office than the one we saw before. Abstract paintings hang on white walls. Fashionable, geometric furniture.

Franks stands next to a large, fluffy, pink chair.

DR. CHAMBERS (O.S.)

(female voice)

Please, have a seat.

Frank looks at the chair, then sits.

FRANK

Thank you. It's very comfy.

DR. CHAMBERS (O.S.)

It better be, considering how much
it cost.

(Frank forcefully chuckles)

Is it your first time in an office like this?

FRANK

No.

DR. CHAMBERS (O.S.)

Was it for a session?

(Frank nods)

How many?

FRANK

Just the one. The doctor... he, got sick.

DR. CHAMBERS (O.S.)

Did he get better?

FRANK

I dunno. Never bothered to follow up. Doubt it. They never got better. Not one.

DR. CHAMBERS (O.S.)

They?

FRANK

Yeah, they. We'll likely get to that. Soon.

DR. CHAMBERS (O.S.)

Alright. It's important to know that you set the pace here, Frank. We'll move at which ever speed you're comfortable with.

(Frank nods)

Why don't you start off with what you feel like starting with.

FRANK

I dunno what that is. Don't feel much of anything right now. It's like void. Nothing.

DR. CHAMBERS (O.S.)

You have to feel something. Otherwise, you wouldn't be alive, now would you? Why not start with what brought you here. What emotion, purpose, goal, need.

FRANK

I came here, cause I promised
someone I wouldn't give up to
adversity, that I'll fight..

DR. CHAMBERS (O.S.)

Could you be more specific.

FRANK

I can't roll up in a ball and
quit.

DR. CHAMBERS (O.S.)

What made you come through that
door? What's the problem or
plural? What's wrong, Frank?

Frank looks at Dr. CHAMBERS (38) who sits in her chair. Now
visible. An attractive brunette, sharply dressed, hair in a bun,
glasses, a soft red lipstick graces her full lips.

AN OLD MAN (77), wearing a blue, long gown leans over her
shoulder. He looks at the pin sticking out of her hair.

Dr. Chambers is oblivious to the old man. He's invisible to her. A
ghost.

Frank looks at the old man, then back at Dr. Chambers.

FRANK

Well.. everything.

The Old Man leans in, tries to smell Dr. Chamber's hair.

He takes a big whiff.

THE END.