

MARMALADE SUNRISE

Written by

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I/E CAR - DAY

PETER MOORE, late 30s, drives along a suburban street in silence for 30 seconds or so, taking a couple turns here and there. His eyes are half open and he looks exhausted.

Eventually, he pulls up to a house with one car in the driveway. He perks up but appears confused when he sees it there.

He pulls into the driveway and turns off the engine.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter's wife, as we soon find out, EMILY, 30s, is pulling items of clothing out of a bureau and stuffing them into a suitcase.

Peter walks into the room, her back still turned.

PETER

What are you doing?

She stands straight up, her back still turned.

EMILY

(quietly)

Shit.

She turns around and looks at him without speaking for a moment. Her eyes say it all.

PETER

Are you really doing this?

EMILY

Pete... I don't know what to even say. I wanted to be gone by the time you got home.

He stares at her like he's about to break down, at a complete loss for words.

PETER

You... don't have to do this.

She takes a deep breath, also fighting back tears.

EMILY

Something needs to change. I don't know what else to do.

PETER

Em, please.

He swallows and continues to look at her.

EMILY

Until I'm a priority for you,  
things aren't going to get better.  
Every night it's the same thing.  
You come how, barely say anything,  
and you put more effort into making  
yourself a drink than you do into  
making me feel important. I've been  
saying that for months and I can't  
do it anymore because you never  
listen.

She zips up her suitcase and pulls it off the bed.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm staying at Beth's for a little  
bit until I can clear my head, but  
right now I need to be out of this  
house... and away from you.

He shrugs slightly and looks to the side. There's nothing  
left to say.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'll call you in a few days.

She hurries past him out of the room. He remains standing for  
a few seconds, just thinking, before placing one hand on his  
head and sighing.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A sign on the door reads "Music Matters."

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Peter sits in a small cubicle staring at his computer screen.  
Throughout the office there are a few of his COWORKERS  
walking around, doing whatever people do at the office.

After a few moments, the phone on his desk rings and he picks  
it up.

PETER

Hello? Yeah, I'll be right in.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LENNY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter walks into the door way and knocks on the frame.

LENNY, 50s, sits behind a desk typing on a laptop. Lenny looks like an aged rock star - long hair, unkept beard and moustache, faded jeans, and a vest.

LENNY

Peter, my man, come on in.

Peter walks in and sits down in a chair.

PETER

What's up Lenny?

LENNY

How's things, any good plans for the weekend?

Peter shrugs.

PETER

Not really. Emily left me last night so I'm pretty free this weekend.

Lenny bites his lip and nods, caught off guard.

LENNY

Alright, well, this just got a whole lot more awkward.

PETER

Sorry.

Lenny shrugs and scoffs.

LENNY

I mean, I've been married six times so I know the feeling. It's like getting kicked in the balls by a Clydesdale. But, hey, life goes on, right?

Peter shrugs.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Well, now that we cleared that up, what are you working on?

PETER

Not a lot at the moment.

LENNY  
No real pieces right now?

PETER  
Not really.

Lenny smiles.

LENNY  
Perfect, because I have your next  
story.

He types a few keys into his laptop and turns it around to Peter to show a poorly made website with the headline "The Beatles Are Still Together."

PETER  
What's this?

LENNY  
You're gonna love this, it's this  
guy in upstate New York who runs  
this site called The-Beatles-Are-  
Still-Together-dot-com. It's  
incredible.

Peter stares at the website.

PETER  
I don't get it, this guy thinks the  
Beatles never broke up?

Lenny turns the laptop back around to himself.

LENNY  
Not quite. This nutjob claims the  
Beatles never broke up in a  
parallel dimension that he visited  
once.

Lenny smirks but Peter looks more confused than ever.

PETER  
What the hell does that mean?

LENNY

You have to read this story, this guy claims that a little while back he fell and hit his head or something, and when he came to, he was in an alternate dimension, and in this dimension the Beatles didn't break up in nineteen seventy, but in fact still play together to this very day. No Yoko, no arguing over who was the Walrus, just four guys who still make music together.

Peter shakes his head as he tries to understand.

PETER

I don't get it, so you want me to write a story on this? What's the story? Batshit crazy Beatles fan can't let go?

LENNY

Look, obviously the story isn't real, but I still want to hear this from the horses mouth. This is interesting as hell even if it's completely made up.

PETER

Why don't you just copy it from the website if it's all there?

LENNY

Glad you asked. The guy claims to have a cassette tape of an album the Beatles made in nineteen eighty one called Marmalade Sunrise that he'll play for you if you interview him.

PETER

Wait, what do you mean? Did you already talk to the guy?

LENNY

Of course I did! I wouldn't be sending you out on a wild goose chase.

Peter shakes his head.

PETER

Come on, I have better things to do than waste time listening to a fake Beatles album on the phone, this...

LENNY

(interrupts)

No, no, no, I want you to meet this guy in person.

Peter's face drops.

PETER

What?

LENNY

I've been dealing with basket cases my entire life, they don't translate well over the phone. To truly understand how unhinged these guys are you hafta be there to see it in person.

Lenny sits back.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Plus the guy doesn't own cell phone. Someone in the alternate dimension told him it gives people brain cancer or some shit.

PETER

Lenny, I'm not going to freaking upstate New York to listen to a fake Beatles album from a guy who probably wants to make a lampshade out of my skin. I don't have time for this crap.

LENNY

Sure you do. Your wife just left you, you have all the time in the world!

Peter gives him a sarcastic look.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Look... You need to do this. Truth is, you haven't written anything exciting in a month. I'm giving you a softball here.

(MORE)

LENNY (CONT'D)

This type of off the rails  
conspiracy theory bullcrap sells  
papers and gets people interested  
even if it IS completely made up.  
It's something nobody else will be  
writing on and you have to do it.  
I'll put you up in a hotel and pay  
for gas, but you're making the trip  
this weekend.

Peter sighs.

I/E. CAR - DAY

Peter drives through a rural, town, picturesque little farm  
houses on both sides on the street. The grass is green and  
just about every building looks about fifteen years in the  
past.

He looks at his phone which is mounted onto his dashboard  
with a suction cup. He has a map app open.

GPS

In five hundred feet, turn right  
onto Foster Street.

Peter makes the right.

GPS (CONT'D)

In half a mile...

The GPS beeps and a message flashes on screen saying "signal  
lost."

Peter looks over, annoyed. He taps the screen a few times.

PETER

Come on. Work.

He taps it again, harder.

PETER (CONT'D)

WORK!

He smacks it again and the suction cup mount falls off the  
windshield.

He swerves as he tries to catch it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

He pulls over to the side of the road and picks up the phone from the floor. He looks at the top and sees that he has no service.

He sets the phone down in his cupholder and looks out the window. A little ways down the road, he sees a small gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Peter pulls in and gets out. A GAS STATION ATTENDANT, 30s, walks up to the car.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
We're full service if you wanna get  
back in and let me do the work.

PETER  
I'm actually good on gas, I just  
need directions.

The attendant smiles at him.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
GPS shit the bed?

Peter chuckles and nods.

PETER  
That happen a lot around here?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
Cell service works okay depending  
on where in town you are, but good  
luck trying to get an internet  
connection around here without  
wifi. Damn near impossible.

Peter sighs.

PETER  
Awesome.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
Where you headed, bud? Town's  
small, I can probably point you in  
the right direction.

PETER  
I'm looking for...

He takes a folded up piece of paper out of his pocket.

PETER (CONT'D)

One oh seven Roderick Terrace. Guy named...

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

(interrupts)

Bennett Greene?

Peter nods.

PETER

A lot of people looking for him?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

One every couple months. Usually just someone from a close by town that read the story and wants to mess with him.

Peter returns the paper to his pocket.

PETER

So, you know where he lives?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

I do.

Peter waits for a moment.

PETER

You wanna TELL me where he lives?

The attendant sighs.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Look... the guy's delusional. Everyone around here knows it, and just about everyone who reads the story online knows it. But that doesn't mean he should be an easy target. He actually believes all that stuff, and he's a genuinely decent guy, so if you're here to make fun of him and...

Peter waves him off.

PETER

No, no, it's not like that. I'm not here to make fun of him, or mess with him, or make some sort of spectacle out of him. I'm a reporter, I'm just here to get his story, then leave, that's it.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

He doesn't need to be any more on people's radar than he already is. Writing about him ain't gonna do him no good.

Peter sighs.

PETER

Look, the guy knows I'm coming, alright? I don't want to be here any more than you want me here. My editor set the whole thing up at Bennett's request, so this isn't some scheme to bring the guy down, he wants his story told. I don't know anything about him, and to be honest, I'd rather keep it that way... but that's not what HE wants apparently.

The attendant nods.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

That sounds like Bennett... Just do me a favor, alright? Play along while you're here? Guy doesn't need to be brought down anymore.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Peter stands at the counter looking around. Nobody else is in sight.

After a few moments, he rings the bell on the counter.

Still, nobody appears.

He rings is again after a few seconds.

Nothing.

He starts to slam on the bell repeatedly.

From the back room, an ELDERLY MAN walks out clutching his ears.

ELDERLY MAN

Alright, alright!

Peter stops ringing the bell.

PETER

Hi there!

ELDERLY MAN

Cool your jets, you're gonna break my bell.

Peter rings it again, hard.

PETER

Looks like it still works.

The man puts his hand on it to stop it from ringing.

ELDERLY MAN

You checking in, or what?

PETER

You guessed it. Peter Moore, single room, should already be paid for.

The man looks through a ledger and comes to Peter's name. He nods.

ELDERLY MAN

Alright, hold on.

He turns and retrieves a key from a rack on the wall.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

Room one. It's the one with the big "one" on the front.

Peter puts the key in his pocket.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

They come by to change your sheets at ten, I usually put out some bagels and coffee at eight. Vending machine and ice are right out front. Enjoy.

He turns to walk away.

PETER

What about wifi?

ELDERLY MAN

Don't have it.

Peter's face drops.

PETER

There's no internet?

The man reaches below the desk and pulls out an ethernet chord.

ELDERLY MAN

Plug this into the jack in the room, connect it to your laptop.

Peter sighs.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Peter opens the door and walks in. He sets down his bag and looks around.

The room doesn't appear to have been used in a while and almost everything is beige or moss green, giving it a sickly, decrepit feel.

Peter shakes his head and sighs.

INT. CAR - DAY

Peter drives down the street, one hand on the wheel, the other holding a piece of paper with some handwritten notes on it.

Every couple seconds he references the notes before looking back to the road.

PETER

Half a mile down...

After a few moments, he approaches what appears to be a gravel driveway on the side of the street, although the entrance is overgrown with brush.

He looks back to his paper.

PETER (CONT'D)

One oh seven...

He looks out and sees a rusty mailbox with "107" written on it.

He sighs.

PETER (CONT'D)

I hope this guy doesn't murder me.

He turns in.

EXT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter pulls up in front of a shabby little house.

It's not quite to the level of disrepair, but give it a few years and the place will look abandoned. A shutter is falling off, the grass on the surrounding land is completely overgrown, and there's an older clunker of a car in the driveway, though it looks like it hasn't been used in years.

Peter gets out and looks around.

Above the front door is a handmade sign that says "The Greenes."

After a few moments, Peter walks up and rings the doorbell. However, we don't hear anything, so he instead knocks on the door.

A few seconds pass before we hear the deadbolt on the inside unlock.

The door opens and we meet BENNETT GREENE, late 40s, maybe early 50s. He's dressed like a stereotypical dad - faded denim jeans, a short sleeve button up shirt tucked in, and white sneakers. His hair is medium length and it's a mess. He looks like he just woke up.

BENNETT

Hey there.

PETER

Hi, Mister Greene, I'm Peter Moore,  
I think you talked to my editor  
about me coming down today?

Bennett smiles and sticks out his hand.

BENNETT

That I did.

Peter shakes it.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Come on inside, I have some coffee  
on.

INT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bennett brings Peter inside.

PETER

You want me to take my shoes off or anything?

BENNETT

Nah, don't worry about it. I'm not that anal about keeping things tidy if you couldn't tell.

From the kitchen we hear the kettle whistle.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

That's the hot water. Make yourself at home, I'll be right back.

Bennett heads into the kitchen as Peter looks around the room.

The inside is fairly well-kept and looks relatively home-ey. There's a nice couch and recliner, a few tables, a fireplace with photos all along the mantle, and a china cabinet in the corner filled with teacups and other decorations.

The whistling of the kettle stops.

BENNETT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can I grab you a cup?

PETER

You don't have a beer, do you?

BENNETT

No, sorry.

PETER

Coffee'd be great then, if you don't mind.

BENNETT (O.S.)

Milk and sugar?

PETER

Black is fine.

Peter approaches the mantle and looks at the photographs, all of a slightly younger and more put together Bennett with his DAUGHTER, maybe 10 or 12, and WIFE, 40s.

Bennett comes back in the room with two mugs of coffee.

BENNETT

Lucy and Claire, my wife and daughter.

PETER

Well, they're beautiful, you're a lucky guy.

Bennett smiles and hands him the coffee.

BENNETT

Thanks. Careful, it's real hot.

Peter takes a cautious sip.

Bennett plops down on the recliner and Peter sits on the couch.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

The drive okay?

PETER

Took about six hours but I didn't hit any traffic at least.

BENNETT

Woof. That's a haul.

PETER

Well... I'm here now, I guess that's all that counts, right?

BENNETT

I guess so.

Peter takes a notepad and pen out of his back pocket.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

So... How's this gonna work? Haven't been interviewed before, so, do I start talking? You wanna ask me questions?

PETER

I figured you could just kinda tell me the story and then I could jump in with some questions every now and then, if that works?

BENNETT

Works for me.

Peter takes a small tape recorder out of his pocket.

PETER

You mind if I record this too?

BENNETT

Go ahead.

PETER

Thanks. Sometimes I can't write fast enough.

He sets the recorder down and pushes the red button.

PETER (CONT'D)

Alright, whenever you're ready.

BENNETT

So, let me start by saying I love to hike. I love the outdoors, every time I need to just cool off or clear my head or just have some time to myself, I'll go walking out back. I don't know if you saw when you came in or not, but there's nothing but woods behind my house. Goes a ways back until it hits a river but it'll take you maybe half an hour to get that far. So, anyways, one day I'm just taking a walk by myself back there. I'd say I'm about... ten minutes straight back.

Peter writes some notes as he listens.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

It's maybe seven at night, so it's not dark yet but it's also not as bright as I'd like it to be. Also been raining a little during the day. I must have walked that area a hundred times with no incident, but for some reason, I wasn't paying attention and I got a little too close to this little embankment. I slipped on some wet grass or leaves or something and before I knew it, I was falling down right into it. I reach the bottom and I smacked my head on a stump.

Bennett leans forward and lifts up his bangs, revealing a small scar.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

See that?

Peter looks at it.

PETER  
That's where you fell?

BENNETT  
Knocked myself clean out.

He sits back in his chair.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Now, I have NO idea how long I was out, but when I wake up, I'm not in the woods anymore... I'm on a couch in an apartment on a busy street.

Peter pauses writing for a second without looking up.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
I stand up and look out the window and there's cars going by, people walking around, just a normal, busy street with a buncha people going about their day.

PETER  
Alright... then what?

BENNETT  
This guy, probably in his thirties, comes into the room and I ask him what the hell happened. He gives me an icepack and tells me that he found me outside his apartment, unconscious.

Bennett laughs.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Now, obviously that didn't make any sense to me considering I was walking in the woods when I fell, so unless I was wandering around in some sort of fugue state, something doesn't add up.

Bennett's enthusiasm and tone don't waver as he talks. It's as if he's repeating the most normal story ever.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
So, we go through all the basic back and forth while I tried to get my bearings, and eventually the guy tells me his name is Max Bradbury, I'll never forget that name.

PETER

So... where were you?

BENNETT

I was right here in town, same year same place... but what I came to realize after a few minutes is that I wasn't HERE here. I was still in town but I was in an... an alternate version of the town, you know? I was still in the same place if you looked at a map, but it was a different version.

PETER

And you figured that out... how?

BENNETT

Well, after a few minutes it was obvious. I started asking questions but the answers didn't line up to the world I knew. I was on an alternate timeline. You wanna know who the president was in this timeline?

Peter shrugs.

PETER

Who?

BENNETT

Willem Dafoe.

Peter squints.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Yeah, exactly. That weird guy from, uh, from that Platoon movie.

Peter raises and eyebrow and goes back to writing.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I didn't believe it at first either, but Max started showing me things that couldn't have been possible with any other explanation. TV shows, news, magazines, literally everything as different. Somehow when I fell and hit my head, I was transported to another dimension.

Peter looks up.

PETER

And in this dimension... the Beatles were still together.

Bennett smiles and nods.

BENNETT

Yes, sir, they were.

PETER

Can you... tell me a little more about that? I write for a music magazine so that's the part I wanna hear about.

BENNETT

Right, right. So, I'm sitting there icing my head in Max's apartment, and he asks me if I like music. Obviously I like music, everyone likes music. So he grabs a tape and tosses it in his system.

Bennett points to Peter's notepad.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

By the way, write that down, they didn't use CDs or MP3s, they still used cassette tapes in this world.

Peter winks.

PETER

Noted.

BENNETT

Sorry, I'm all about the little details I guess. But, anyways, Max puts on this tape and starts to play it. The music sounds familiar and the voice sounds familiar, but not exactly something I could put my finger on. It was damn good, I'll tell you that, but it wasn't something that I recognized entirely. So, I ask Max what it is and he tells me it's the Beatles. Now, I'm a pretty big Beatles fan as it is, so right off the bat it's kind of surprising that I don't recognize the song. I ask him what it is and he tells me it's a song from their album "Marmalade Sunrise."

PETER  
Marmalade Sunrise?

BENNETT  
Yup. I had the same reaction. At first I just figured it was a bootleg or a rare b-side album that I hadn't heard of or something. I mean, I know most of their stuff, but it's possible there's something I don't know.

Bennett smiles.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
But Max tells me it's not a rarity at all. It's their NEW album. A new album that just came out in two thousand fifteen.

Peter looks up at him. Bennett is smiling uncontrollably, almost giddy with excitement.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Yeah, exactly! I'm sitting there listening to a Beatles album that came out like forty-five years after they broke up in our world. I guess in this timeline, they never split up, never even had a hiatus. John, Paul, Ringo, and George are still going strong, churning out new music like it's nobody's business. And I'll tell ya, the songs I was listening to... damn, it's some of their best stuff. It was transcendental, that music.

Bennett looks into space and thinks to himself for a moment.

PETER  
So... then what happened?

Bennett sighs and shakes his head.

BENNETT  
I still had one hell of a headache so Max gave me some aspirin and a glass of water. Next thing I know I'm passed out again with Paul McCartney's voice still ringing in my ears. He must have given me a sedative or something, because I passed out hard.

(MORE)

BENNETT (CONT'D)

When I woke up, I was back in bed right here. I have no idea how I got back, but sure enough, there I was.

Peter looks hesitant to speak, but does anyways.

PETER

Mr. Greene...

BENNETT

Bennett.

PETER

Bennett... how do you know this wasn't just a dream or something? I mean you hit your head, you don't think it's possible you just kinda dreamt it when you were half conscious?

Bennett smiles. He was waiting for that question.

BENNETT

That was the first thing I thought too. And I held onto that thought for a couple days... but I couldn't shake the sound of that music. I couldn't get McCartney's voice out of my head. So I did some research...

Bennett stands up and walks into the kitchen. A few moments later he returns with a binder.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Here's where it really goes off the rails. Remember I said I'd never forget Max's name?

Bennett opens the binder to a certain page and hands it to Peter.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Max Bradbury was a ten year old kid who was playing in the woods - the woods right behind my house - who was shot and killed in a hunting accident twenty three years ago.

Peter looks at the binder which has been opened to an OLD newspaper clipping showing a picture of a young boy with the headline "LOCAL BOY KILLED IN TRAGIC HUNTING ACCIDENT."

BENNETT (CONT'D)

This was him. I mean, this was this timeline's version of him. In the other timeline he was still alive, grown up just like anyone else.

Peter, obviously skeptic hands the binder back to him.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

That's when I knew what I saw was real. I didn't know who the hell Max Bradbury was before this. I've had some pretty vivid dreams before, but I've never dreamt about real people I didn't know existed. This was too many coincidences to be just a dream. I knew it was real, I knew this really happened.

A beat.

PETER

Look, I don't... mean to be a skeptic or say you're wrong, but... isn't it possible that this is one of those subconscious things? Maybe you heard his name before, even a few years back, then you hit your head and your brain decided to do one of those crazy things that brains do and just kinda made you remember without really knowing it?

Bennett shakes his head.

BENNETT

There's no way. I'm telling you, this really happened. As clearly as I can hear your voice right here in front of me, I can still hear Marmalade Sunrise in my head.

PETER

You don't... have the tape do you? Or anything else that you brought back?

Bennett nods, disappointed.

BENNETT

Unfortunately, no. When he gave me whatever he gave me, it knocked me out before I really had the chance.

(MORE)

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I probably wouldn't have stolen from the guy anyways, but I was still kind of thrown off by the whole thing, I wasn't really thinking about how I'd prove it IF I got back to my own world.

Peter nods.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Hindsight being twenty-twenty, it probably would've helped my story a little more than just my word, but I guess when you're in those situations you're really only thinking about the present, ya know?

PETER

Yeah. Yeah, sure.

Peter writes the words "no tape" on his notepad and underlines it.

PETER (CONT'D)

So... anything else you want to mention?

Bennett smiles.

BENNETT

You don't believe a single thing I said, do you?

Peter wavers.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

It's okay, you don't need to answer. I'm not offended, by the way, only a handful of people have ever really taken what I said and gave it more than a second's thought before they brushed it off. I get it, really, I do. It's not the easiest thing to believe, it seems crazy. If I was in your shoes I'd think the same thing. Random guy in hicks-ville USA claims to get transported to another dimension, nobody can validate it, he doesn't have any proof... I probably wouldn't believe it if I was you either.

Peter awkwardly shrugs. He clearly as a lot he could say, but won't.

PETER

I'm not here to play judge, I'm just... here to get the story.

BENNETT

You don't need to dance around the question either. You're not gonna hurt my feelings if you think I'm crazy.

PETER

It's not that I think you're crazy... it's just... objectively, that story seems... I mean, you know how it seems. It's like something out of the Twilight Zone.

BENNETT

Believe me, I know. Like I said, if I were you I probably wouldn't be as polite about it either. That's just how I used to be... But... then it happened to me. Now I'm a little more open I guess.

Peter nods.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Did you bring a camera with you by any chance?

PETER

I mean I have one on my phone. Why?

BENNETT

You're in town for the night, right?

PETER

Yeah.

BENNETT

Tomorrow morning, meet back here at ten. I'll take you to where it happened. Where I fell. There's something out there you'll want to see and if you react the way I think you will, then you'll want to take some pictures of it.

PETER

You don't want to go today?

BENNETT

It's getting a little late today, I think. This isn't something that'll only take five minutes, you'll want to spend some time with this one. Plus I have somewhere to be in a couple hours.

Peter nods unenthusiastically.

PETER

Ten tomorrow morning. I'll be here.

Both men stand up.

BENNETT

It was real good to meet you today, Peter.

PETER

You too.

They shake hands.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter gets in. He thinks to himself for a few seconds before turning on the car and putting it into drive.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Through the window we can see it's starting to get dark outside as the sun goes down.

Peter sits on his bed with a pissed off and bored look on his face and the TV clicker in his hand, surfing through the channels. Almost every single one he lands on has nothing but static.

He scrolls through ten or so more channels and finally lands on a channel with an actual program on, an old black and white movie.

He turns the volume up, but the program is in Spanish. He sighs and turns it off.

He pivots so that he's sitting on the side of the bed and grabs the old phone sitting on the side table. He dials zero and puts it up to his head. It rings a few times.

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)

Hello?

PETER

Do you guys offer room service?

On the other end, the elderly man starts to laugh.

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)

Sonny, what do you think this is, a Howard Johnson?

He continues to laugh.

PETER

Thanks, you've been very helpful.

Peter hangs up and sighs.

He looks to the alarm clock on his bed and sees that it's just past 6.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, it's five o'clock in some time zone.

He picks up the phone again and dials zero.

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)

Yeah?

PETER

Where's the closest bar?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Peter walks in and looks around.

The place is empty except for 2 or 3 other PATRONS, all older, all by themselves.

The bar looks like it hasn't been updated in years. Everything is faded, the leather on the stools, chairs, and booths has ripped, and the bottles behind the shelf look like they're brands that haven't been made in years.

A BARTENDER, 60s, stands behind the counter washing a glass.

Peter approaches.

BARTENDER

Hey there.

PETER  
How's it going?

Peter sits down at the counter.

BARTENDER  
What'll it be.

PETER  
Jameson on the rocks.

BARTENDER  
Don't have Jameson, sorry.

PETER  
What do you have?

BARTENDER  
Porterbelly's is what most people  
get instead. Brewed a town over.  
It's not bad.

PETER  
I'll have that then.

The bartender turns around and grabs a dusty bottle with no label off the shelf. He pours it into a glass and slides it over.

BARTENDER  
Cheers.

PETER  
Thanks.

Peter takes a small sip and doesn't react positively to the taste.

He turns around and surveys the bar. The other patrons all stare at him. He nods to ones of them, but the guy looks away without acknowledging him.

Peter shrugs.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Okay then.

He grabs the drink and tosses the whole thing back.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Another one, please.

He slides the glass over to the bartender who pours him another drink.

BARTENDER

Rough day?

PETER

Not particularly.

BARTENDER

No? What's the occasion for turning  
a sipping whiskey into a shot?

PETER

To be completely honest...

Again, Peter takes the whole drink in a single sip.

PETER (CONT'D)

The whiskey's tastes too crappy to  
just sip, and I'm bored out of my  
mind, so I might as well get a buzz  
on. Another one would be great.

The bartender shakes his head as he fills up the glass and  
then walks away.

Peter picks up the glass and walks towards the front of the  
bar where there's a few paintings and pictures hanging on the  
wall.

He looks at them for a few moments, until through the big  
glass window, he sees Bennett walking by on the sidewalk  
outside. The street is otherwise empty.

Peter goes to the window and watches him walk into a building  
across the way.

He thinks for a second, then quickly walks back to the  
counter.

PETER (CONT'D)

How much for the drinks?

BARTENDER

Twelve.

Peter takes out a twenty and tosses it down on the counter.  
He sets his drinks down, still full, and leaves out the front  
door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Peter hurries across the street towards the building Bennett  
entered, a small diner in complete darkness.

On the front door is a handwritten sign that reads, "Meeting Downstairs."

Peter looks up and down the street, but seeing nobody, he opens the door and enters.

INT. DINER - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Peter walks through a large unfurnished supply room towards a WOMAN'S VOICE that we can hear a little ways away in another room.

He creeps along as not to make any noise.

WOMAN (O.S.)

And that was the last time I heard his voice. He went on a couple days after that, but with the amount of morphine he had in his system, he wasn't really there. I still talked to him, God only knows if he could hear anything I was saying. But that was the last day I talked to him.

Peter continues along until he comes to a doorway a few feet away. He positions himself behind a shelf so that he's facing the room through the door but remains hidden.

Inside the room are a group of 7 or 8 PEOPLE, including Bennett, all different ages, all sitting in a circle facing each other. This is some sort of support group.

The woman talking is in her 60s. Everyone else listens intently.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

That was almost four years ago now, and not a day goes by when I don't miss him or think about him. I'm used to not having him here, but that don't mean it seems right either. But every day, even though I miss him, it hurts a little less. And that's why we're here, right? Getting this kind of thing out, talking about it, not holding it in... it helps us let go. Even if we don't want to, we have to. We've all lost someone, or several someones, so I want you all to think of that person and ask yourself one question...

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Would they want you to feel hurt?  
You all know the answer. So as hard  
as it may be, we need to move on  
from that hurt to honor them.

Everyone nods.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We will not forget them or let them  
fall out of our memory... but we'll  
think of them with happiness for  
the time we spent instead of the  
time we no longer have.

Everyone nods and mutters in agreement.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Alright, who want to go first  
tonight. Bennett, what about you.

BENNETT

Alright, yeah, sure.

He takes a deep breath. Peter continues to watch.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

So, you guys all know me, I'm  
Bennett Greene, and you all know my  
story. Two years ago, my wife and  
daughter were killed in a drunk  
driving accident.

Peter's mouth drops.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I was in the car with them.

He takes a deep breath to collect himself.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I don't need to repeat the story  
because you all know it, but...  
earlier today I was in my house.  
And I've told you before how I  
refuse to get rid of their  
possessions. I can't take down the  
pictures or anything else.

WOMAN

And you shouldn't. You shouldn't  
hide from things that remind you of  
them.

BENNETT

No, no, I know, it's just...  
 Earlier today, someone came over my house, someone who'd never been there before, someone who doesn't know about me, or my story, or my family. And this guy, he sees a picture of me and my wife and my daughter on my mantle, and he looks at it, and he says... "They're beautiful, you're a lucky guy." And for some reason I can't stop thinking about that. THEY'RE beautiful. They ARE beautiful. They ARE.

He thinks for a moment.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

That's a normal thing to say, but... the tense of it, really bothered me. I don't mean HE bothered me, I just mean for some reason, it hit me to hear it said out loud by someone who didn't know any better... Because, they're not anything anymore. They WERE beautiful... They WERE my life... They WERE my wife and daughter. Now they're...

Bennett shakes his head as he tries to think.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I don't know what they are... They're gone. And... I don't know, it was just strange to hear them talked of in the present tense, you know? As far as this guy knew, they were still around someplace... It made me jealous. To be able to look at that picture and just see beauty instead of loss. To him, that picture wasn't a reminder of what I had, it was just a regular old photograph. And it made me jealous for him to be able to see it like that and to be able to look at it and just see my wife and daughter for what they were... which was beauty.

He takes another deep breath and the GUY next to him rubs his back to console him.

Peter has a look of complete regret and remorse on his face. He's clearly caught off guard.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
He was right about one thing,  
though.

Bennett smiles.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Even if I didn't have them for as  
long as I wanted... I'm still a  
lucky guy for having them at all.

Bennett continues to try and smile through his sadness as he holds back tears.

The rest of the group nods, touched by his story.

WOMAN  
Thank you Bennett. I know that took  
a lot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Peter walks into the dark room and turns on the light next to his bed.

He sits down on the edge of the bed and thinks for a few moments.

He takes his cell phone out of his pocket and scrolls through his phonebook. He comes to an entry that reads "Em Cell ;)"

He pauses for a few seconds with his thumb hovered over the call button, but instead turn his phone back off and sets it down on the bedside table.

He walks into the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The next morning. Peter paces around the room with his cell phone up to his ear.

PETER  
He said it was two years ago.

LENNY (O.S.)  
Okay, hold on.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LENNY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lenny sits at his desk scrolling through Bennett's website.

LENNY

Okay, here we go. August fifteenth,  
two thousand fifteen. That's when  
the site officially went live.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter continues to pace.

PETER

See, I told you. When I heard what  
he was saying last night, it  
clicked for me. The poor guy's  
lonesome. You think it's  
coincidence this story came up  
right after his family died?

LENNY (O.S.)

It's not like you believed it to  
begin with.

PETER

I know, but Lenny, this changes  
things. The guy came up with this  
story as a coping mechanism. He  
lost his wife and his kid and he  
made this thing up for attention.

LENNY (O.S.)

That's awful and I feel sorry for  
the guy, but that doesn't really  
change anything for us.

PETER

I know you want the story, but in  
good conscience I don't think we  
should keep going with it. The  
guy's clearly hurting, we shouldn't  
take advantage of that.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LENNY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lenny leans back in his chair.

LENNY

Okay, think of it this way. You've psychoanalyzed the guy and you think he's doing this because he wants attention because he's lonesome... What's the harm in giving him what he wants?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER

Because we're exploiting him being hurt for our own sake.

LENNY (O.S.)

Who said anything about exploiting him? I'm not asking you to write a piece tearing the guy to shreds and making him out to be a whack job.

PETER

We're telling the story of a guy who thinks he got transported to an alternate dimension, how are we not making him out to be crazy?

LENNY

It's all about how you present it. I'm not looking for a hack job, I'm looking for a fun story on something unique.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LENNY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LENNY

If you're right and this guy wants attention, why not give it to him? Give the guy his fifteen minutes in the spotlight. It's not like the dude's on Twitter and needs to worry about people tearing him apart when it gets published. He gets his feature in a national magazine and he gets what he's looking for. It's only exploiting him if you write the piece to make fun of him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter sighs.

PETER

I just... I know the guy wants attention but I don't know if that's what he NEEDS. He's trying to cope with this whole thing and he's clearly having a tough time... I mean, I think he really believes this whole thing happened. You should've heard him telling it to me yesterday, he didn't seem like someone who was just making shit up for fun.

LENNY (O.S.)

All the more reason to indulge him. If this guy really does believe this story, you need to play along and make him believe that you're on board. You're not doing anyone any favors by dropping out and making the guy feel like you think he's either crazy or lying.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LENNY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LENNY

You're a journalist, Peter, just write the story you want to write. If you want to play this completely straight, go for it. I'm giving you editorial control, take whatever angle you want.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter has a hand on his head.

PETER

Okay, fine.

LENNY (O.S.)

That's my dude!

PETER

I'll call you later on, alright?

LENNY (O.S.)

I'll be here.

PETER

Alright, bye.

Peter hangs up and thinks for a minutes.

PETER (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. CAR - DAY

Peter drives up Bennett's driveway.

As he pulls in, he sees that Bennett is already sitting on his stoop next to a backpack, tying his hiking boots. He waves and continues to tie them.

Peter stops the car, puts it in park and shuts off the engine.

He takes a deep breath.

PETER

Here we go.

EXT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peter gets out of the car and closes the door. Bennett stands up and greets him with a firm, happy handshake.

BENNETT

Ten AM on the dot.

Peter smiles and cocks his head.

PETER

Here I am.

Bennett looks down at Peter's shoes and sees he's a pair of casual dress shoes.

BENNETT

Wearing those?

PETER

Yeah, I uh... I wasn't expecting a hike when I first came out here.

BENNETT

I have another pair of running shoes in side, you want 'em? Probably around your size.

PETER

Nah, that's alright, I'll be fine.

BENNETT

You sure? They'll give you a lot better traction than those bad boys.

PETER

Yeah, I'm positive. I appreciate it, I just... have a thing about feet.

BENNETT

You have a thing about feet?

PETER

Yeah, I don't really like feet... I think they're gross.

Bennett shrugs.

BENNETT

Alright then, dress shoes it is. Ready to go?

PETER

Ready as ever.

BENNETT

You got a bottle of water or anything?

PETER

Do I need one?

Bennett smiles and rolls his eyes.

BENNETT

I have an extra in my bag, don't worry.

Bennett smacks him on the back and starts walking.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

They walk through a heavily wooded area. There's a dirt small trail, but nothing but trees and green on all sides.

BENNETT

So, how you enjoying town so far?

PETER

I'm getting by. Wish I had better cell service though.

BENNETT

Couple weeks ago I was listening to NPR and I heard about this study that said only something like six percent of the country have landlines and DON'T have cell phones. This town, I'd say we're probably ninety percent landline because cell phones don't work half the time. Maybe for calling they're fine, but if you wanna use all that new age "app" stuff you're outta luck.

PETER

Yeah, I have a regular signal but I can't get an internet connection at all.

BENNETT

Kinda crazy how much we can do with phones, isn't it? Did you know that there's more computing power in an iPhone than there was in Apollo Eleven?

PETER

I think I had heard that, yeah.

BENNETT

That's crazy to me. I don't have a cell phone for my own reasons, but it's still crazy to think about. I mean think about it, when you were a kid, would you have believed that the cell phone you take for granted every single day was even possible? That you'd have this device in your pocket that everyone has that can call, message, connect to the internet, has a camera, a calculator, alarm clock, and everything else you could ever need? It's crazy.

PETER

I guess so.

BENNETT

That's why you need to keep an open mind, right?

(MORE)

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Something that may seem completely  
insane and unbelievable now might  
be commonplace twenty years from  
now. Don't count anything out.

Peter shrugs.

PETER  
Yeah, I guess you're right.

BENNETT  
Who know what they'll come up with  
next.

A beat.

PETER  
Yeah... I wonder what our kids will  
have access to when they're our  
age.

Peter subtly looks to Bennett for a reaction.

BENNETT  
Yeah...

They continue to walk along for a few seconds.

PETER  
Your, uh, your wife and daughter  
didn't want to come out with us  
today?

Bennett takes a deep breath.

BENNETT  
They, uh... they both passed a  
couple years back.

Peter feigns shock.

PETER  
I'm so sorry, I had no idea.

BENNETT  
It's alright.

They walk for a few more seconds. Peter again subtly looks to  
Bennett hoping for some more details.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
So... Any kids of your own?

PETER  
Not yet at least.

BENNETT  
Maybe someday?

PETER  
Maybe someday.

BENNETT  
Well... when it's right, you'll  
know. And it'll make you happier  
than you've ever been before.

Bennett stops and smiles at Peter.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
We're here.

He points to a small wooden post with a piece of pink ribbon tied to it, right above a small embankment. It's not too steep, but it goes down about ten feet or so.

PETER  
Down there?

BENNETT  
Wishing you wore my boots now,  
aren't ya? Come on, I'll go first.

Bennett slowly makes his way down the embankment followed by an even slower and unsteady Peter.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
This is exactly where it happened.  
I got a little too close to the  
edge...

He chuckles.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
I'll be honest, I had to pee pretty  
bad and didn't want to do it on the  
path. Isn't it crazy how you can be  
all the way out here in the woods  
and you still feel the need to  
cover yourself?

PETER  
It's human nature, I guess.

BENNETT

I guess. So, I whiz right here, zip up, turn around and almost immediately trip like an idiot. I go rolling down and smack my head...

Bennett reaches the bottom and starts looking around on the ground through the brush.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Right here.

Bennett points to a small piece of a downed tree on the ground.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Doesn't look like much, but when you weigh two hundred pounds the momentum of falling even a few feet is enough to knock you out cold.

Peter reaches the bottom and inspects the stump.

PETER

So... this is where it happened?

BENNETT

Right here.

Peter looks around.

PETER

Bennett, I don't mean to be rude, but this isn't really anything special. I know it's special to you because this is... where it happened, but as far as a photo opp... I don't really think this would make the cut. It's just a generic stump.

Bennett smiles.

BENNETT

I agree. But I didn't take you all the way out here to show you a stump.

PETER

Okay... what else you got up your sleeve?

BENNETT

Come here.

Bennett leads Peter another 20 feet or so into the brush and points to a large tree, still standing and healthy.

Peter looks on, unimpressed and confused.

PETER

This is a lovely tree, Bennett, but you're not making this easy for me.

BENNETT

Look at it.

PETER

Okay, I'm looking at it.

BENNETT

Notice anything different about it?

Peter looks for a few seconds, then shrugs.

PETER

No?

BENNETT

Look right there.

Bennett points to an area about the size of a basketball where there's no bark and the tree is black, like it's been burned.

Peter shrugs again.

PETER

I don't get it, what am I looking at?

BENNETT

What's that look like to you?

PETER

I don't know, like it's been burned?

Bennett pats him on the back.

BENNETT

Exactly.

Bennett continues to look at the tree like a proud father watching his kid's first baseball game.

PETER

Bennett, I gotta be honest, I'm completely lost.

BENNETT

Well, isn't it obvious?

PETER

You're kidding, right?

BENNETT

How does a tree get burned like this?

PETER

I don't know... lightning or something?

Bennett shoots him an "are you kidding me" look.

BENNETT

Lightning? Come on, no way.

PETER

You believe in alternate dimensions but not lightning?

BENNETT

I believe in lightning, but look at it! Lightning doesn't strike the middle of a tree in the thick of the forest. Come on, we learned that in middle school, lightning strikes the tallest object in its path, which in this case is the top of this tree, or any of these other trees, not the part of the tree four feet off the ground.

Peter shrugs. He doesn't have a response but he's still not impressed.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

And when was the last time you saw a bolt of lightning strike a tree and make a mark on it that looks like that? The tree would've been obliterated if it got hit.

PETER

It could've been a couple kids that came through and sprayed bug spray on it and lit it on fire or something!

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I don't get why you're showing me this, why does this matter.

BENNETT

Because this is where it happened! Obviously it takes an incredible amount of energy to open a portal to another dimension, and this is where it happened. That burn mark is a direct result of that portal opening. This is where it opened!

Peter rolls his eyes.

PETER

This could have been here years before you fell.

BENNETT

It wasn't. I came back the day after I fell and I found this. It still smelled like burned wood. It was fresh and had just happened.

Peter looks at a loss for words.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

You still don't believe any of it, do you?

PETER

Think about it from my perspective, alright? I'm not trying to be critical here, I just... This isn't a lot to go on.

BENNETT

Can I ask you something? Why are you actively trying NOT to believe? It takes so much more energy to try to disprove something you can't explain than it does to just accept that sometimes things happen that seem beyond the realm of possibility. Even the char mark on the tree. That's something you can't explain, and instead of just accepting that there's no logical explanation for it, you're convincing yourself of scenarios that you KNOW couldn't have happened.

PETER

Because I'm a logical thinker.  
That's what humans do, we question  
things until we find the logical  
answer.

BENNETT

But what if there is no logical  
answer? What if something happens  
that we just can't explain in  
logical terms because we've never  
experienced it before? When you see  
something that defies reason you  
don't need to just come up with an  
equally impossible alternative.  
Sometimes you need to suspend  
belief and just resolve yourself to  
the fact that some things happen  
that just don't make any damn  
sense.

Peter shrugs.

PETER

I don't know, man. Just because I  
can't THINK of a logical reason for  
this right now doesn't mean there  
isn't one.

BENNETT

It doesn't mean there IS one  
either.

Peter sighs. He doesn't have a response.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is that sometimes...  
weird shit just happens, and you  
can't always explain it.

Peter shrugs. He knows there's no point in arguing.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is, don't close  
yourself off to something new just  
because it doesn't make sense right  
away.

Peter walks up to the burn and studies it for a few moments.

He scrapes at hit with his index finger and some of the char  
comes off. He smells it and then flicks off the ask.

Peter takes his phone out and snaps a couple photos.

Another few second pass and its starts to lightly drizzle.

Peter and Bennett both look up.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I don't mean to cut this short, but we might not want to be out here when it's raining. It can get pretty bad pretty fast this time of year.

PETER

Yeah, I'm not trying to get soaked. I don't think the motel has a dryer.

BENNETT

You got what you need?

PETER

Yeah, I'm good.

BENNETT

Alright, let's get outta here.

Bennett starts to walk up the embankment back towards the path and Peter follows.

Bennett gets to the top, but when Peter is a few feet away he slips and falls down.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Whoa, you alright there?

PETER

Shit!

Peter holds up his hand which is now bleeding from the palm.

PETER (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch, I just hit it on a branch.

BENNETT

Bad?

Peter looks at his hand which continues to bleed.

PETER

I got it pretty good, shit.

BENNETT

Gimme your other hand.

Peter extends it and Bennett helps pull him up the last couple feet.

Bennett drops his backpack to the ground and opens it up. He rifles through for a few seconds and pulls out a towel.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Here, wrap this tight for now. I have a first aid kit at the house but you need to keep pressure on it until we get back.

It continues to drizzle as the two men walk back along the path.

INT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and Bennett walks in followed by Peter, still holding the towel tightly around his hand. Both men are soaked from the rain.

BENNETT

Hang tight, I'll grab the first aid kit.

Bennett hurries out of the room while Peter stands by the door.

After a few moments, he comes back with a first aid kit in hand.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Oh, come on over here you don't need to stand on the mat.

PETER

My shoes are just kinda muddy.

Bennett kneels down by Peter's shoes.

BENNETT

Alright, left one up.

Peter lifts his left foot and Bennett pulls the shoe off.

PETER

Sorry, I just couldn't really get it myself between the towel and the cut.

BENNETT

Don't worry about it. Right one.

Peter lifts his right foot and Bennett pulls the shoe off.

PETER

Thanks.

BENNETT

Told you you'd want better shoes  
for this.

PETER

Yeah, you were right.

BENNETT

Come over to the couch, let me take  
a look at that hand.

PETER

You sure? I'm kinda soaked.

BENNETT

The couch can handle some water  
don't worry.

Peter nods and sits on the couch.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Let me see.

Peter winces as he removes the bloody towel revealing a cut  
about an inch long or so.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Yup, you cut it pretty good. I  
don't think it needs stitches but  
it's gonna hurt like hell.

PETER

Yeah, believe me it does.

BENNETT

The hand is not a fun place to get  
cut, I've been there a thousand  
times.

Bennett opens the first aid kit and takes out a tube of  
Neosporin.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

This shouldn't hurt, don't worry.

Bennett squeezes some of the cream onto Peter's hand.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Alright, rub that in a little bit,  
I'm gonna toss on some coffee, you  
want a cup?

PETER  
God, I would love one, I'm  
freezing.

BENNETT  
I'll grab you a towel too.

Bennett leaves the room and Peter gently rubs the Neosporin onto his cut with a pained expression.

He finishes and looks around for a few moments before his eyes settle back on the photo above the mantle of Bennett with his family.

He sighs, sympathy behind his eyes.

Bennett walks back in with a towel and an ace bandage and sees Peter looking at the photo. Peter, focused on the picture, doesn't see Bennett re-enter.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
I miss them every day.

Peter jumps and looks over to Bennett.

PETER  
I'm sorry, I... I didn't mean to  
stare.

Bennett brushes him off.

BENNETT  
Don't worry about it, I do the same  
thing every day. You're not  
bringing up something that wasn't  
already on my mind. Here.

Bennett hands him the towel and he uses his good hand to drape it over his shoulders.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Let me see the hand.

Peter holds it out and Bennett starts to tie the ace bandage around it.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
That's why I keep that picture  
right where I keep it.  
(MORE)

BENNETT (CONT'D)

It hurts but I don't want to forget them at all. Every time I look at that picture I try to think back to another memory I hadn't thought of in a while. Keeps them around in my mind even though they aren't here.

Peter nods. Bennett looks at the picture and takes a deep breath.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

You married?

PETER

Uh... yeah, I am.

Bennett smiles at him.

BENNETT

That's good, I'm happy for you.

Peter shrugs.

PETER

I'm... we're kind of separated at the moment. I think. I don't really know to be honest.

BENNETT

Anything you wanna talk about?

Peter sighs.

PETER

I don't know, she just left a few days ago. I think she just needs space right now or something, I don't know.

BENNETT

Can I give you some advice?

PETER

Sure.

BENNETT

Whatever you do, don't let her go. Because if you do you will regret it for the rest of your life. You have the chance to get your wife back, I don't. Take it from me, that's not a luxury you want to take for granted.

(MORE)

BENNETT (CONT'D)

If there is anything in the entire world you think you can do to get her back, you need to do it and you need to do it fast, before it's too late.

Peter nods.

PETER

Yeah, I know.

BENNETT

You say that, but you won't know until it's too late, trust me. There is no worse feeling in the world than knowing you lost someone for good.

PETER

I know, it's just... not always that simple.

BENNETT

Why not?

Peter goes to speak but doesn't have a response.

PETER

It just... isn't.

BENNETT

But why?

PETER

I don't know, some things just aren't fixable after a while. The other person needs to want to fix it too.

BENNETT

Then it's up to you to convince them. Or at the very least, prove to them what can change.

PETER

Also not that easy.

BENNETT

I didn't say it was easy, I said it was simple. They're not the same thing.

PETER

They kind of are.

BENNETT

No, they're not, believe me. Simple is my wife telling me I was an alcoholic. Doesn't mean it was easy for me to do anything about it.

A lightbulb goes off in Peter's head. Something about that last line stuck out to him.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I knew she was right, I just didn't care to do anything about it at first. Recognizing a problem is simple, fixing it isn't. It wasn't easy to give it up back then and it still isn't. It took losing my wife and daughter to make me realize what I'd become.

Peter looks on, unsure of what to say.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

It took driving into a telephone pole after a day-long drinking session and losing the two most important things in my entire life to realize I needed to do something about my "simple" problem.

Bennett takes a deep breath and holds back his emotions.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I can't come back from that and I can't change what happened, but I keep their picture right there to remind myself of what I lost when I was too stupid to realize what I had in the first place. I haven't had a drop of alcohol or gotten behind the wheel of a car since that day but it doesn't matter now because I still lost them. Don't make that kind of mistake. If you love your wife, do everything you can to keep her.

A beat. Bennett looks over to the picture and smiles.

PETER

I'm sorry... Bennett... I didn't mean to bring all that up.

BENNETT

It's fine. Like I said, nothing I don't think about every day anyways. Just think about what I said, yeah?

Peter nods.

Bennett stands up and walks to the photo. He picks it up and looks at it, affectionately.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

The day this picture was taken, maybe fifteen minutes after this actually, a bird landed on my wife's head. This tiny little robin, I think, and it just landed right there on her head.

Peter smiles as Bennett tells the story.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

So, she just freezes, she doesn't know what to do, she just tightens up.

Bennett acts out his wife's tense pose as he talks.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

And me and my daughter are pointing at her trying to make her laugh, but she just stands there so stoically and the bird doesn't move, I mean I thought this thing was gonna make a nest in her hair.

Peter laughs.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Then right before I can take the picture... the bird takes a poop, right on my wife's head, then flies away.

Bennett laughs too.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

My daughter and I see it happen but my wife's still standing there like a statue because she can't feel it yet!

They both crack up.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

So, she thinks there's a bird still on her head, but it's just a pile of poop! Oh man, I'd never seen my daughter laugh like that before.

Bennett looks back to the picture as he and Peter slowly stifle their laughter.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

And now I'll never hear that laugh again.

Bennett continues to look at the picture, smiling, but with a lot of emotion behind his eyes.

Peter watches on, sympathetic.

After a moment, Bennett sets the picture back down.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't mean to cut this short, but I need to get to work in a few minutes.

PETER

Oh, yeah, sorry, I can get going.

BENNETT

I work down at the library, but in a small town like this, I don't have anyone to cover for me so I kinda need to be there.

PETER

Yeah, no, of course.

BENNETT

The hand okay?

PETER

Yeah, yeah, it's fine. I'll just keep it wrapped.

BENNETT

And re-apply the Neosporin.

PETER

Yeah, will do.

Peter heads towards the door.

BENNETT

Sorry we got so sidetracked there... you have everything you need for the story?

PETER

I'll probably have a few follow-up questions once I start to write, but for now I think I'm good, yeah.

BENNETT

Alright, perfect. You have my landline, right?

PETER

Yeah, I'm all set.

BENNETT

Great. Well... I hope we're in touch soon, Peter. It's been a pleasure getting to know you.

PETER

You too, Bennett.

Peter nods and extends his hand. Bennett shakes it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Take care.

BENNETT

You too. And remember what I said.

PETER

I will.

Bennett smiles and nods.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Peter sits at a small desk with his laptop in front of him, a blank Word document open on the screen.

He thinks for a few seconds then types at the top of the page:

"Marmalade Sunrise: A New Release by the Same Old Beatles -  
By Peter Moore."

He hits enter a couple times and starts a new line:

"April, 1970. After a period of rising tensions and disagreements within arguably the most influential band of all time, an announcement by Paul McCartney effectively ended a decade of number one hits and unparalleled fandom across the globe. The four lads from Liverpool would never again perform together.

In this world at least."

Peter stops typing and looks over to his cell phone.

He looks back to the screen, but then back to his phone again.

He sighs and picks it up. He scrolls through his phonebook until he comes to "Em Cell ;"

He thinks for a second, but then presses "call" and puts the phone up to his head. It rings a couple times before she answers.

EMILY (O.S.)

Hello?

PETER

Hey... How are you?

EMILY (O.S.)

I'm doing okay. How are you?

PETER

I'm alright. I'm glad you picked up, I didn't know if you would or not.

EMILY (O.S.)

Yeah... Here I am.

PETER

Well, I'm glad.

A beat. This is awkward.

EMILY (O.S.)

How are you doing?

PETER

I'm doing okay. I'm somewhere in Upstate New York right now for a story. I think I'm probably fifty miles away from anyplace even remotely worth visiting.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Yeah, I went by the house yesterday  
and you weren't there... Why are  
you way out there?

Peter gets up from the desk and paces as he talks.

PETER  
Okay, so this is gonna sound crazy,  
but it's for a story Lenny's having  
me write about this guy... who  
think he was transported to an  
alternate dimension where the  
Beatles never broke up.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Wow... that's... something.

PETER  
I know, believe me.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Some guy really believes that?

PETER  
If he doesn't, he deserves an Oscar  
for the performance he's giving.  
I've never seen anyone stick to  
their guns so much about something.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Is he all there? Like mentally, I  
mean?

PETER  
I don't know, I think so. He's just  
a lonesome guy, he lost his family  
a little while ago and I think he's  
created this whole story to cope  
with that. He says he fell and hit  
his head and this whole...  
alternate dimension thing happened.  
It was probably just a dream but he  
thinks it's real life.

EMILY (O.S.)  
You really think he believes it  
though?

PETER  
I think he's convinced himself of  
it, yeah.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I think he has nothing else to hang onto anymore so he hangs onto this story that he's created. Every time he tells it to someone it becomes more real to him.

EMILY (O.S.)

God, that's so sad.

PETER

I know, it's awful...

His phone beeps so he takes it away from his head for a moment. A random number is calling him. He hits "ignore" and puts the phone back to his head.

PETER (CONT'D)

The whole story is so terrible, this guy just has so much guilt on his shoulders and he tries to keep a straight face but you can tell it kills him. I think this whole thing is just his way of escaping reality and distracting himself.

EMILY (O.S.)

He's not dangerous or anything, is he?

PETER

God, no, he's honestly one of the most even-tempered and genuinely well-meaning guy's I've met in a while. I don't know if it's just the rural attitude or if he's just different than what I'm used to, but I don't think this guy has a mean bone in his body.

The phone beeps again so he looks at the screen. It's the same number. He shakes his head, and again, ignores it.

EMILY (O.S.)

That's so sad. He's probably just looking for people to talk to.

PETER

Yeah, I think so too. He's a nice guy, he just doesn't really have much anymore...

A beat.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I really miss you, Em.

She sighs.

EMILY (O.S.)  
I miss you too, Pete. I don't know,  
I think we both have a lot to think  
about. I don't know, I just need  
more time.

Again, a beep, and again, the same number is calling. Peter is visibly annoyed this time.

PETER  
I understand, I don't mean to push.  
Why don't we talk tomorrow or  
something?

EMILY (O.S.)  
Yeah, that's good I think.

PETER  
Okay... I'll talk to you, Em. I  
love you, I hope you know that.

EMILY (O.S.)  
You know I love you too.

PETER  
I know.

A beat.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Bye, Pete.

PETER  
By, Em.

He hangs up and answers the other number that is still calling through.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Yeah, hello?

BENNETT (O.S.)  
Oh, my God, it was them! You  
gotta... How, I...

Bennett is frazzled out of his mind and can barely get through two words before stammering onto something new. He's incomprehensible.

PETER  
Bennett? Bennett, is that you?

Bennett continues to stammer.

PETER (CONT'D)  
What's going on, what happened?

EXT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - DAY

Peter knocks on the door. After a moment, Bennett opens it, still frazzled.

PETER  
What the hell happened?

BENNETT  
I can't...

He puts his hands on his head, still barely able to speak.

PETER  
You gotta calm down, man, I  
couldn't understand anything you  
were saying on the phone.

BENNETT  
I saw them, Peter. I saw them.

PETER  
You saw who?

BENNETT  
Lucy and Claire... I saw them.

Bennett stares at him.

INT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bennett sits on the couch, Peter in a chair.

PETER  
Listen, I know you're upset, but  
you need to slow down and tell me  
what happened. One thought at a  
time, just go through it and tell  
me what happened.

BENNETT  
Okay, okay.

Bennett takes a deep breath and thinks for a second.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I was on my bike. I was headed to the library like I told you, I was headed to work. I don't know if I told you this earlier, but when I head to work I always go by where it happened, where they died. I always go by there to remind myself to keep on the path I'm on and do right by them, you know? But today...

He's holding back tears and takes several deep breaths.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Today they were there.

PETER

What do you mean they were there?

BENNETT

I mean they were there! Lucy and Claire were standing right there on the side of the road. Right where it happened, the two of them were standing there.

EXT. STREET - DAY

In a brief flashback, Bennett, sitting on his bike, looks across the street and sees his wife and daughter standing in front of a telephone pole.

Bennett stares, shocked.

INT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

PETER

Bennett, that's not possible.

BENNETT

I know it's not possible but it happened! They were right there, the two of them, and they were holding hands and they were smiling.

Peter sighs.

PETER

Okay, so then what happened, you saw them and then they just disappeared?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Back to the flashback.

Bennett continues to stare across the street at his wife and daughter, both of whom look back with a smile.

BENNETT (V.O.)

I tried to run over but I couldn't get there fast enough.

A few cars speed down the street as Bennett attempts to cross, so he's forced to wait a few seconds.

BENNETT (V.O.)

I don't know where they went but they were gone.

As the cars drive past, they obstruct his view across the road, and when they finally pass, his wife and daughter are gone. Bennett frantically looks around.

INT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

PETER

Are you sure it was them? I mean really think, it could have been any woman and kid.

BENNETT

I know it was them. I've been staring at their pictures every day since they died, I know what they look like and it was them.

Peter rolls his eyes a little bit.

PETER

I'm sure it looked LIKE them, but... you know it couldn't have been.

Bennett is so sure of himself.

BENNETT

It was them.

PETER

Okay, how? How, Bennett? How could it have been them?

BENNETT

The other dimension.

PETER

What?

BENNETT

The other dimension, the one with Max Bradbury and the Beatles, they have to still be alive too there.

Peter shakes his head but Bennett doesn't falter.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

If there's another timeline where things are different then they could still be alive there! Maybe it was me who died in the car accident, or maybe I never got behind the wheel at all and everything is fine there!

Peter shakes his head.

PETER

Bennett...

BENNETT

That has to be it! That had to be them, why else would they have been right there?

PETER

Bennett.

BENNETT

We need to go back and see if there's anything else, they might be looking for me, maybe that's why they came over.

PETER

Bennett!

Bennett stops talking and looks at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Look, I know you're upset, and you saw something that freaked you out, but you have to be logical here, man. That couldn't have been them and you know it.

BENNETT

It was.

PETER

Where'd they go then? They just came over for ten seconds just to mess with your head and then take off immediately after?

BENNETT

I don't... I have no clue why it happened the way it did, but I know it happened.

PETER

I know you're upset, but think about it logically. That area, for a very good reason, has a huge effect on you. It's a reminder of what happened and I'm sure it's something you think back to every day. It was a horrible thing that happened, but that's why you think you saw them. That place has an emotional impact on you, and there's nothing wrong with that, but what you think you saw couldn't have been.

Bennett stands up and starts to pace.

BENNETT

We have to go there, I'll show you.

Peter rolls his eyes.

PETER

We don't have to go there.

BENNETT

We do, I need to go back, I need to show you where it happened. I was too flipped out earlier and I didn't know what to do.

PETER

What good will that do? What's gonna happen if we go back? You're indulging a destructive fantasy, Bennett. This isn't healthy for you. I know you're hurting, but you can't keep living in this world where there's still hope of getting them back. I feel for you, I swear to God I do, but you can't put the pieces back together if you convince yourself there's anything you can do to change what happened.

Bennett stops pacing and swallows.

BENNETT

I have the tape.

Peter looks confused.

PETER

What?

BENNETT

I have the tape. Marmalade Sunrise. I lied to you, I took a copy of the tape from Max's place. I put it in my pocket when I first saw it.

Peter looks a little thrown off.

PETER

Why are you telling me this now?

BENNETT

If you go back with me to where I saw them, I'll give you the tape.

Peter sighs and thinks.

PETER

This is going too far, Bennett.

BENNETT

Please. Just... please go back with me. If there's nothing there I'll give you the tape and that'll be it... Please, I have to see if I missed something, I can't just let them go.

Peter remains silent as he looks at the distraught Bennett. He feels for the guy.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Peter pulls his car to the side of the road where Bennett had previously "seen" his wife and daughter.

Before Peter even comes to a complete stop, Bennett has already hopped out of the car and runs towards the area where they were.

Peter gets out of the car and follows him.

Bennett frantically looks around in every direction.

BENNETT

They were here, I swear to God they were here.

PETER

Where were they again?

BENNETT

They were right here!

He continues to look around. Peter looks on with a skeptical look on his face.

PETER

I know this is hard for you, but they're not here.

Bennett points to a telephone pole 20 feet away or so.

BENNETT

That's where it happened. That's the pole I hit, this is where they died.

PETER

Look, I'm sure this area bring up some buried emotions, but there's nothing here, man.

Bennett walks towards the telephone pole.

BENNETT

No, there has to be something, there has to be.

Peter crosses his arms and doesn't follow.

Bennett reaches the pole and inspects the opposite side that faces away from them. He abruptly bursts out in an excited cheer, catching Peter off guard.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
I told you! I told you, this is it!

Peter walks over, intrigued.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
What'd I tell you! I knew I saw  
them, I knew it!

Peter approaches the pole and sees what Bennett is pointing  
at: a char mark similar to the one on the tree in the woods.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
This is how the portal opens. It  
has to be someplace where something  
tragic happened or something. I  
don't know, but this is it!

Peter looks slightly surprised, but not totally sold. Bennett  
cannot stop beaming.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
That's the same one I saw in the  
woods! I knew I saw them, this is  
where they came through!

PETER  
This... doesn't prove anything  
though.

Bennett isn't having it.

BENNETT  
This is the EXACT same mark I saw  
in the woods right where the other  
portal opened, how can you not see  
that? This validates everything I  
said before, this isn't a  
coincidence, this is proof.

PETER  
I'm not trying to be a downer here,  
it's just...

BENNETT  
What? It's just what, Peter? Just  
me being crazy again?

PETER  
I didn't say that.

For the first time, Bennett gets mad.

BENNETT

Why are you so dead set on disproving this?

PETER

I'm not dead set on anything.

BENNETT

Yes you are! Instead of just looking at this and accepting it for what it is, you're using every fiber of your being to try and convince yourself this isn't real. Look at this. Look at it!

Bennett angrily motions towards the burn mark and Peter looks on.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

This is the SAME mark as there was when I saw Max. The exact, same.

PETER

It's a burn mark, Bennett! That's all! That doesn't prove anything, it's an intersection where there's car accidents, this could have been left months ago.

BENNETT

There you go again! This is right in front of you, in plain sight, and after everything I've told you and everything you've seen, you're still trying to disprove it.

PETER

Would you just stop it! Just cut it out, alright!? They're gone! I'm sorry they're gone but they are! You're living in a fantasy world and you're searching for something that isn't there, and you can keep chasing after these coincidences or you can start to rebuild your life and move on, and convincing yourself that they're still somewhere out there is just holding you back.

Bennett shakes his head, a combination of hurt and angry.

He paces for a moment.

BENNETT

You know, maybe it's easy for you to just stop caring and forget about someone, but it isn't for me... I am NEVER going to give them up for as long as I live, and the fact that you even think I should...

Bennett shakes his head at Peter.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

It's no wonder your wife left you.

Bennett goes into his pocket and removes a cassette tape.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Here.

He throws it at Peter who bobbles and doesn't catch it.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Have a nice life, I hope you got what you wanted.

Bennett turns and starts walking down the street.

PETER

Bennett. Come on, man, where are you going.

Bennett doesn't turn around and keeps walking.

BENNETT

What do you care?

PETER

Would you just come back for a minute? Let me at least drive you back.

BENNETT

Just go home, Peter. I don't have anything else to say to you.

Bennett continues down the street without looking back. Peter watches him go for a few seconds before he bends down and grabs the tape. He looks at the case and written by hand are the words "Marmalade Sunrise - The Beatles."

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter opens the door and plops down on his seat. He looks at the tape for a few more seconds then tosses it onto the passenger seat.

He takes a deep breath and then punches the room of his car, hard.

He shakes his head and turns on the ignition.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Peter paces around with the phone up to his ear.

PETER

I don't know, I don't know what to do. I wasn't sure before but he really believes this stuff. I could see it in his eyes, this isn't just some ploy for attention, he really believes all of it.

EMILY (O.S.)

You really think he believe it, though? There's no chance he's just really selling it?

PETER

I wish you could have seen what I saw today, I've never seen someone that steadfast in a belief before.

EMILY (O.S.)

The poor guy's desperate. He misses his family.

PETER

I know he does, I just... I don't know how to help the guy, I mean he's so convinced of this... alternate dimension thing, I don't even know what I can say to him. He won't listen to reason right now.

Peter sits down on the edge of the bed.

PETER (CONT'D)

I was too hard on him. He believed it, I could see he believed it and I tried to snap him out of it.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I wasn't even thinking, I just got frustrated and I told him to snap out of it. I wasn't trying to shut him down, I just... I wanted to help break him out of this whole fantasy.

EMILY (O.S.)

It's not your fault, Peter

PETER

It is, I should've just gone with it. I'm too stubborn, I couldn't just let him have this.

EMILY (O.S.)

I'm not taking his side, but that is a lot of coincidences with the burns and everything.

PETER

I know it is.

EMILY (O.S.)

I don't mean to say I believe him, I just mean it's gotta be hard for him to have everything line up like this.

PETER

I don't even blame him, he's just grasping at straws right now, he'll go in any direction that gives him hope. It's just not healthy, I don't know how to make him see that.

A beat.

EMILY (O.S.)

Why does he need to see that?

PETER

What do you mean?

EMILY (O.S.)

I don't know, I just mean maybe living in this little world he created is what keeps him going? This guy doesn't have anything else, maybe he need that hope? It probably isn't healthy but if it helps him keep going and keep them alive, is it the worst thing?

(MORE)

EMILY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He's not hurting anybody, right?  
Maybe he needs this story.

PETER  
I don't know, maybe. I don't know  
what to think.

EMILY  
Do you believe that HE believes all  
this is true? I mean, do you really  
believe it?

Peter sighs.

PETER  
Yeah, I really do.

EMILY (O.S.)  
You really want to help the guy?

PETER  
I do, yeah. I feel bad for him, I  
feel bad for how I left him, I feel  
bad I just shut him down. The guy  
needs a friend, not another person  
who thinks he's crazy.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Maybe... it doesn't matter whether  
this is real or not. Maybe the fact  
that he thinks it's real is all  
that matters. He might never find  
the answers he wants but if it  
keeps him going and gives him  
something to hold onto, maybe  
that's all that really matters.

Peter sighs with his head in his hands.

PETER  
God, I miss you, Em. I don't know,  
I don't know if it's being away  
from you that's made me realize it  
or if it's seeing Bennett so broken  
because of what happened to his  
family, but I miss you.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emily sits in bed, holding back tears.

EMILY  
I miss you too, Pete.

PETER (O.S.)

I've... God, I've been such an asshole lately and I've taken you for granted and I never even stopped to think about what my life would be like with you not in it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER

Seeing everything that Bennett has gone through and seeing how his entire world ended because of what he lost. I know it's not the same thing, but... God, Em, I don't want to lose you.

Peter stands back up and begins to pace throughout the room again.

PETER (CONT'D)

And I know I might have already, but I want to fight to get you back. I don't care how long it takes or what I have to do, I'll do it. I'll try forever if I have to. You're the love of my life and I'm so sorry I ever let myself lose sight of that. I don't want to be that guy five years from now still hung up on how I lost the most important thing in my life because I was too stupid to realize what I had. I'll never get someone like you again, you're a once in a lifetime girl... I just... I can't lose you yet. I am SO sorry for everything. I know what I have in you. I hate myself that it took me this long to see it, but I do see it now. I love you.

She snuffles on the other line.

EMILY (O.S.)

I love you too, Pete... Just... just come home, okay?

Peter wipes a tear away from his face.

PETER

Yeah?

EMILY (O.S.)

Yeah.

Peter smiles and sniffles.

PETER

I want to see you so bad.

EMILY (O.S.)

I'll... be back at the house when  
you get home.

Peter nods and again wipes his eyes.

PETER

I'll be home soon, I promise. I  
love you.

EMILY (O.S.)

I love you too.

Peter hangs up the phone and sits in silence for a minute,  
happy.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Peter walks around packing his things into his bag. He puts  
away all the clothes laid out on the bed and zips the bag up.

He walks over to his laptop, which is still open on the desk  
and starts to close it, but stops and takes a sighs.

He opens it back up and looks at the screen where the barely-  
started Marmalade Sunrise article is still up.

INT. CAR - DAY

Peter drives along with his phone to his head.

It rings a few times before going to little Claire on the  
voicemail.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Hi, you've reached the Greenes.  
We're sorry, we can't come to the  
phone right now, but leave a  
message after the beep and we'll  
call you back. Thank you.

A beep.

PETER

Bennett, pick up, man. Look I'm sorry about before. You were right... I believe you. I was stubborn and arrogant and I'm sorry... Please pick up, we hafta talk. Hello? Hello?

Peter hangs up the phone.

PETER (CONT'D)

Dammit.

He takes a deep breath.

EXT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - DAY

Peter pulls up and gets out of the car. He runs up to the front door and starts knocking, loud.

PETER

Bennett? Bennett, open up, man, it's Peter. I just want to talk.

He continues to knock but is met by nothing but silence inside.

He leans to the right and looks through the window inside, but the place appears empty and motionless.

He returns to the door and knocks once more, but again, is met with no response.

PETER (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter plops down in the driver's seat and sighs. He puts the key in the ignition and turns the car on.

He leans to the side to look out his rear window, but before he can back up, he notices the Marmalade Sunrise cassette still sitting on the seat.

I/E. CAR - DAY

Peter's car is parked outside of a small mom-and-pop store, the kind of place that's probably ten years out of date but has a plethora of sometimes useful stuff.

Peter walks out of the store with a bag in his hand and gets in the car.

He opens the bag and removes a package of batteries and a small tape recorder.

He struggles for a couple seconds to remove the batteries from the package, but finally does and puts them into the tape recorder.

He reaches over to the passenger seat and picks up the Marmalade Sunrise cassette. He takes it out of the case and places it into the tape recorder.

He presses the remind button and lets it go for a few seconds.

PETER

Come on.

The tape recorder stops rewinding.

Peter pauses for a moment and takes a deep breath before hitting play.

For a few seconds, there's nothing, much to his disappointment.

PETER (CONT'D)

Figures.

He shakes his head and puts his finger on the stop button, but before he can press it down, we hear music. Peter perks up.

The song playing is a light acoustic track, similar in tone to Blackbird or Norwegian Wood.

Peter's jaw drops as the intro to the song continues to play.

Another few moments pass and we hear vocals. They are REMARKABLY similar to Paul McCartney.

SONG

I once met a girl, not a care in  
the world, and she showed me a  
grand color scene. And I once had a  
friend, didn't know till the end,  
but she showed me just what could  
have been.

Peter continues to listen with his jaw dropped.

The chorus of the song kicks in, and when it does, a light, twangy electric guitar with a light chorus effect kicks in. The song sounds like a dream.

SONG (CONT'D)

When I look to the sky and I think  
of the ones who have passed long  
ago so it seems.

Peter snaps out of it and pulls his notebook and pen out of his jacket pocket. He starts to quickly write down the lyrics he hears as the song goes on.

SONG (CONT'D)

I think to that girl, and the words  
that she said, and I'm right back  
inside of her dream.

Peter continue to write.

SONG (CONT'D)

And when life goes astray and the  
troubles give way, I'll just  
whistle and smile once again. And  
each day when I wake, and the night  
goes to bed, that Marmalade Sunrise  
remains.

The song goes back to the acoustic intro of the song with some light drumming behind it.

Peter hits pause and looks at his notebook for a few moments.

He pulls out his cell phone and opens the internet browser, but again he doesn't have service.

PETER

Shit.

Peter instead opens his recent calls and calls Emily on speakerphone.

It rings for a few seconds before she picks up.

EMILY (O.S.)

Hello?

PETER

Hey, Em, it's me. Listen, I'm sorry  
to be so short, but I don't have a  
lot of time and I need you to do  
something for me.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Okay? What's up?

PETER  
I have awful reception out here so  
I need you to Google something for  
me.

EMILY (O.S.)  
What is it?

PETER  
It's song lyrics, I just need to  
know if they come up anywhere. Are  
you by your laptop?

EMILY (O.S.)  
Yeah, one second.

A beat.

EMILY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'm ready.

PETER  
Alright, " I think back to that  
girl, and the words that she said,  
and I'm right back inside of her  
dream."

EMILY (O.S.)  
One sec.

Peter waits with bated breath.

EMILY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No, nothing's popping up.

PETER  
Nothing?

EMILY (O.S.)  
No, there's nothing coming up.

PETER  
Okay, what about this? "And each  
day when I wake, and the night goes  
to bed, that Marmalade Sunrise  
remains."

Again, he waits while she types.

EMILY (O.S.)  
Nope, nothing for that either.

PETER

Nothing? Like anything even similar?

EMILY (O.S.)

No, there's nothing coming up.

Peter looks absolutely dumbfounded and looks off into space as he thinks.

PETER

Son of a bitch.

EMILY (O.S.)

Is everything okay? Is this about that Bennett guy?

Peter continues to stare into space and think, not acknowledging her.

EMILY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Pete?

He snaps out of it.

PETER

Yeah, sorry. Everything's fine, I'm just... thinking.

EMILY (O.S.)

What's going on?

PETER

Nothing, everything's good. Look, Em, I'm really sorry, but I have to go for now. I'll give you a call in a couple hours and explain everything but there's something I need to do right now.

EMILY (O.S.)

Alright, that's fine... Are you sure everything's okay?

PETER

Yeah, yeah, I promise, everything is good... I'll be home soon, I promise.

EMILY (O.S.)

Okay... I love you, Pete.

PETER

I love you too, baby. I really do.

EMILY (O.S.)

I know you do. I'll see you soon.

Peter hangs up the phone and thinks for a few moments in silence. He has a very conflicted and confused look on his face.

He looks back to the tape recorder and stares at it for a few moments before putting the car in gear.

INT. CAR - LATER

Peter drives along with his cell phone up to his ear.

PETER

Bennett, I NEED t talk to you, alright? Please pick up if you're there. You were right, I believe you. I was a stubborn asshole but I believe you now. You were right about the whole thing. Please pick up, man.

He waits a few seconds and then hangs up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Peter pulls up to the telephone pole where Bennett had taken him previously. He gets out and looks around the area, but Bennett doesn't appear to be there.

PETER

Bennett!

He looks around but there's no movement other than a couple cars passing by.

PETER (CONT'D)

Shit.

Peter approaches the pole and inspects the burn mark. He reaches up and lightly strokes the ash.

After a moment, he turns and looks around once more.

EXT. BENNETT'S HOUSE - DAY

Peter's car tears into the driveway and comes to a screeching halt.

Peter jumps out of the car and runs up to the front door. He knocks loudly.

PETER  
Bennett, you there?

He knocks again, but the house is in silence.

Unsurprised, Peter turns and looks to the woods next to the house.

He sighs and walks towards a small path.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Peter walks along the path, looking all over the place. On every side of him is nothing but dense, thick woods.

Peter raises his hands to his mouth to call out.

PETER  
Bennett! Bennett!

Nothing.

He continues walking along for a few seconds until he stops and looks down the path. About 20 feet or so away is the wooden stake with the pink ribbon that Bennett had used to identify the embankment.

Peter perks up and runs to it. He pauses at the top of the embankments and looks down, cautiously.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Bennett!

No response.

Peter looks around to get his bearings and then slowly starts down the embankment.

Step by step, he continues down at a snail's pace until he reaches the bottom.

He stops and looks around, and after a few seconds, he walks further into the woods towards where Bennett had led him previously.

After a few seconds, he stops in his tracks and looks forward.

Bennett, smiling and calm, stands 10 or so feet away, looking in another direction.

PETER (CONT'D)

Bennett!

Bennett slowly looks over and smiles at Peter.

Peter's jaw drops as Bennett looks back over to where he'd previously been staring, and we see what his gaze had been fixated on: CLAIRE and LUCY.

Peter stares in awe.

Bennett looks back to Peter and gives him a slight nod.

Peter can't nod back. He's frozen.

Clair and Lucy smile as well as they look to Bennett. Claire hugs Bennett by the waist and Lucy grabs one of his hands with hers. She smiles and embraces him over Claire.

In an instant, there is a tremendous flash of light that illuminates the entire area.

Peter squints, and when the light gets too bright, he turns away and shields his eyes. The entire area turns white for a brief moment.

Almost as quickly as it came, the light dissipates completely and the area is back to normal.

Peter looks back up, but Bennett, Claire, and Lucy are gone.

Peter runs forward to where they were and looks around, but there's nobody there.

PETER (CONT'D)

Bennett!

He continues to frantically look all over the place, but there's nothing but woods on all sides.

PETER (CONT'D)

Bennett!

He stops looking around and pants in place for a few moments until something catches his eye.

On a tree a few feet away is a fresh char mark, just like the two they'd seen before.

This one still has a small amount of smoke coming off of it.

Peter walks up to it and stares for a few moments.

INT. CAR - DAY

Peter plops into the driver seat and closes the door behind him.

He stares straight forward for a few moments, his mind is elsewhere.

He swallows and take a deep breath before shaking his head, dumbfounded.

He looks out his window to Bennett's house, settling on the handmade sign that says "The Greenes."

Peter slowly begins to smile, ending in a wide, satisfied grin.

He again shakes his head in disbelief, but this time much happier than before.

He turns the car on and pulls out.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two cars sit in the driveway.

Hanging next to the front door is a handmade sign that reads "The Moores."

A caption pops onto the screen reading "One Year Later." It holds for a few moments, then disappears.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Emily sit in bed watching TV. Peter has his arm around her as she snuggles into his chest.

A few moments pass and he kisses her on the head.

PETER

So, I was thinking this weekend we go down to Smith's Farm and pick some apples so when your mom comes up on Monday we can force her to make us an apple pie.

EMILY

You wanna put her to work as soon as she gets here?

PETER

Maybe not as SOON as she gets here.  
We can give her the night to settle  
in, but by day two I want an apple  
pie.

Emily laughs.

EMILY

I guess we could do that.

PETER

You've been craving sweets lately,  
I figured something homemade might  
hold you over for a little bit. And  
God knows I'm not gonna be able to  
make anything good so I figured  
she'd be able to help out.

EMILY

That's true, I really could go for  
some of her cooking. You're doing  
alright, but you're not my mom.

PETER

Can't argue with that.

He kisses her on the head again.

A moment passes and she yawns.

EMILY

Alright, I think I'm gonna brush my  
teeth and head to sleep.

PETER

Yeah?

EMILY

Yeah, I'm exhausted.

PETER

Yeah, me too.

She pulls the covers off of them and gets out of bed. As she  
walks to the bathroom, she shows a fairly pronounced baby  
bump.

Peter picks up the remote and turns off the TV.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna grab a water from  
downstairs, you want anything?

Emily pops her head out of the bathroom with a toothbrush in her mouth. She speaks through the toothpaste.

EMILY  
Water please.

PETER  
Two waters.

Peter gets out of bed and leaves the room.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Peter opens the fridge and removes a Brita pitcher. He heads to the counter, removes two glasses from the cabinet and starts to fill them up.

After a moment, we hear the doorbell ring. Peter stops pouring and looks up, slightly thrown off.

He looks to the microwave where the time is displayed as just past 10.

He finishes pouring the water out and sets the pitcher down on the counter.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Peter cautiously approaches his front door and looks through the peephole.

He stands back after a moment, still with a confused look on his face and unlocks the deadbolt. He opens the front door.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter looks around in all directions, but there's nobody there.

After a moment, he takes a step onto the front porch and we hear a crumpling sound below his feet.

Peter looks down and sees that he's standing on a manila envelope with the word "Peter" written in pen on top.

He again looks around, but still, nobody is in the area.

He bends down and picks up the envelope.

He stands up and once again looks around, cautiously.

Peter opens the envelope and pulls out a photograph. In the picture is Bennett, Lucy, and Claire, all smiling at the camera, looking happier than ever.

His jaw still dropped, Peter's head pops up and he looks around again.

He turns back to the photo and looks at it for a few seconds.

He turns the photo over where there's a hand-written note that reads:

"All you need is love. Thanks for helping me find my way back to them.

- Bennett."

Peter looks up in disbelief. After a moment, he looks back to the photo and grins. He shakes his head and scoffs, still smiling wide.

After a moment of staring at the photo, he turns and heads back inside the house.

When the door closes behind him, we see a char mark on the door, just as we had on the tree and the telephone pole.

THE END