

EXT. TOP OF LIGHTHOUSE - DUSK

WIDE : TOP OF LIGHTHOUSE, FACING ODESSA

FULL SHOT : ODESSA ON THE LEDGE

Odessa sits on the ledge around the top of the light house. She leans back on her hands and lazily kicks her feet as they dangle over the edge.

LONG SHOT : THE OCEAN, OVER HER SHOULDER, ODESSA OUT OF FOCUS

Out over the ocean the sky is painted orange. Shades of purple creep in on the periphery as the day wanes.

The ocean gives off a rippled reflection of the sunset. The Sun peeking over the horizon gives the only discernable contrast between sky and sea.

Odessa sits up and wraps her arms around the vertical bars of the wrought iron railing.

RACK FOCUS TO : ODESSA (CLOSE FROM BEHIND)

Odessa leans to the side, gently resting her head against the railing. She snugs her grip on the bar and yawns.

PAN AROUND TO : CLOSE UP (FRONT) ODESSA RESTING

(This being the transition to the dream world gives the opportunity to change things around her. Colors, objects, her own appearance, etc; to hint that she's dreaming. Or have breaks in continuity, like Jim's boots becoming clean.)

Odessa's eyes close. Her shoulders sink and her kicking slows to a stop.

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PULL BACK TO REVEL : JIM LEANING AGAINST THE RAILING

Jim, leans against the railing, taking in the view. He's dressed in a clean, buttoned up, flannel with a white shirt underneath. His medium-length hair is neatly pushed back.

CLOSE : ODESSA

Without opening her eyes or moving, Odessa raises her eyebrow, sensing his presence.

ODESSA
So, why'd you do it?

Odessa looks up at Jim.

POV : ODESSA LOOKING UP AT JIM

She scans over him with her eyes. Jim holds his gaze on the horizon.

His work boots are caked with mud. Smudges of dirt streak across his brow. A drop of sweat rolls down his cheek. His flannel is unbuttoned, revealing a dirty white t-shirt.

FULL SHOT : JIM AND ODESSA LOOKING OVER THE SUNSET

Odessa lays her head back down.

Jim has returned to his clean state.

There's a moment of silence as the two stare out at the sunset.

LONG SHOT : JIM AND ODESSA SILHOUETTED BY THE SUNSET

MEDIUM SHOT: JIM

Jim breaks the silence with his deep, smoke-ravaged voice.

JIM

Do what?

FULL SHOT : ODESSA SITTING

Odessa perks up at his response. She sits up straight and glares at Jim. She fills her lungs and lets loose a verbal barrage.

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ODESSA

Do you need a recap? Fine. First, you royally fucked up your own life, but that wasn't enough.

FULL SHOT : JIM STANDING ON THE RAILING

Jim grumbles. Odessa continues with the onslaught.

MEDIUM SHOT: ODESSA

ODESSA

So you deiced to drag your family out here to add some company to your misery. In the process you traumatize your son and alienate your wife. Oh! And to cap it all of you kill-

MEDIUM CLOSE UP : JIM (ANGRY)

JIM

Enough!

MEDIUM SHOT : ODESSA

Odessa rolls her eyes and looks down over the edge of the lighthouse.

LONG SHOT : OVER THE EDGE OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

There's a glimmer from just below the waves, but it's impossible to make out in the haze of the twilight.

(She can't see it because it isn't there yet, he hasn't jumped. But I haven't found a better way to allude to that yet.)

A cluster of jagged rocks loom below. The waves gurgle as they sweep over the spikes.

FULL SHOT : JIM AND ODESSA LOOKING OVER THE SUNSET

Odessa pouts, fed up with waiting.

ODESSA
So? Anything to say?

Jim stands up from the railing and pulls an old silver flip lighter out of his pocket. He looks over the lighter before palming it at his side.

JIM
Grief is a-

Odessa cuts in.

ODESSA
Jesus! Do you ever run out of self
pity?

Jim winces. Rage fills his eyes, but he chokes it down and resumes speaking.

JIM
I wasn't a good man. Hell, I wasn't
even a decent one.

Jim's dirty hands grip the wrought iron railing. He grits his teeth and forces out the words.

JIM (CONT'D)
But I want to make my peace with
this...so, please.

Odessa looks back at him and gives a tentative nod of approval.

JIM (CONT'D)

It's a dangerous thing. You let it in, just a little bit, and it'll make a home in your soul.

Jim's voice is steady and honest. His eyes are locked on the horizon.

JIM (CONT'D)

It eats away every shred of decency you had. Until one day you wake up and look in the mirror, and what you see isn't yourself. Looking back at you through your own dead eyes, is that monster staring back at you.

Insert camera calls in between these long bits of dialogue *

Jim starts to choke up, but keeps his composure. *

JIM (CONT'D)

Then it leaves, because there's nothing left to fuck up. And you're gone, you've been gone so long that you can't even remember you were before it all.

CLOSE UP : ODESSA

Odessa's face is serious. Her hand trembles as she brushes some hair away from her face. She clears her throat and wipes the corners of her eyes.

ODESSA

So what can you do? If you think you might have it.

Odessa looks up at Jim, but he's changed. He's no longer a disheveled middle-aged man, but the young boy from the choir picture. He's dressed in the black suit from the picture, his hair is clean and styled.

Young Jim is standing on the outside of the railing, feet on the lip of the catwalk, leaning backwards over the edge. He hangs by his arms as freely as a child on the monkey bars.

He gazes into Odessa's eyes. There's is no fear, only serenity on his face. He opens his mouth to speak, and in a angelic voice replies.

YOUNG JIM

You just let go.

Young Jim lets of the bar. His eyes close as he dives down to the rocks.

CLOSE : ODESSA'S FACE

Odessa's eyes light up in terror. She screams and reaches out as he tumbles down toward the rocks.

CUT TO : ODESSA ASLEEP AGAINST THE RAILING

Odessa jolts awake, nearly slipping off the edge of the lighthouse. She reflexively latches onto the railing for support.

The orange sky from seconds ago is now dark purple. The sun has completely disappeared from view. The last source of light is a dark red glow emanating from the horizon.

Odessa gasps for air as she leans over the edge. Now face to face with the rocks, her eyes catch something.

WIDE : THE ROCKS BELOW

There's a glint off of something in the rocks.

CLOSE UP : ODESSA

Odessa's eyes narrow, then widen. Her face sinks into terror as she reels back from the edge.

ANGLE ON : JIM'S LIGHTER AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF.

FULL SHOT : ODESSA, BACK AGAINST THE LIGHTHOUSE

Odessa rocks of, forward, holding her head. Her breathing is heavy and unsteady.

ODESSA

Oh fuck. What.. the.. fuck.

She springs to her feet, and braces against the wall as she wobbles. She leans into it, pressing her forehead into the glass.

ODESSA (CONT'D)

Jesus fucking Christ! I'm losing it. No, it wasn't real. It cant be real?

Odessa detaches herself from the wall and creeps back over to the railing. She nervously peaks her head over the edge.

ANGLE ON : JIM'S LIGHTER, CLEARLY VISIBLE.

Odessa sinks to her feet. She buries her head in the arms of her hoodie and lets out a sob.

CLOSE UP : ODESSA'S FACE

Tears stream down her cheeks, gathering at her chin before being absorbed into the sweater.

ODESSA (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch!
(sobbing)

Odessa rises to her feet and looks down, addressing the lighter as she speaks.

ODESSA (CONT'D)

Why couldn't you have just died like
an asshole too?
(choking back tears)

Odessa wipes the tears from her eyes with her sleeve. Still addressing the lighter, she looks back down.

ODESSA (CONT'D)

I wont make the same mistakes you
did.

WIDE : WHOLE SCENE, LIGHTHOUSE, CLIFF AND SUNSET

Odessa turns away from the edge and heads to the door leading inside the lighthouse. Behind her the last sliver of sunlight disappears.

Down in the rocks, Jim's lighter catches the last ray of light and gives off one last glimmer.

The lighter disappears from view as the darkness envelops the landscape.

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