

BLACK SCREEN

WHITE LETTERS fade in:

I have never been tardy

The letters fade.

MARIAN (V.O.)

My dearest Doreen,
Frank gave me your address. I
haven't told him where I am yet,
and I won't tell you, as I don't
think it's safe.

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Caroline, in her bathrobe, turns the water on in the tub, and it starts to fill.

MARIAN (V.O.)

I will tell you that I am somewhere
in New Mexico. But more exact than
that I dare not be.

Caroline takes off her glasses and her watch and sets them by the sink.

MARIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Oh, my dear, I think of you very
often and hope that you are safe.
What times we saw together! How
privileged we must always feel - to
have witnessed what we did!

Caroline looks in the mirror, pulls her hair back.

MARIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

We live in a time of miracles, and
every moment now is blessed.

Caroline slips out of her bathrobe and hangs it up. She turns to the bathtub.

It is overflowing. She tries to turn off the faucets, but they spin around uselessly in her hands

The water starts to churn and eddy. It spills across the floor and swiftly rises to her knees.

She tries to open the bathroom door, but it's locked. She beats her hands against it.

The water is up to her shoulders

Her feet float free of the floor. She is being lifted by the water which washes around her like a turbulent sea.

Shampoo bottles, bars of soap, tubes of toothpaste and shaving cream bob and whirl around her.

Water gushes out the bathroom window.

She is being pulled towards the window. She desperately reaches for anything to grab onto: a towel rack, the shower rod.

But she is swept out the window into the night.

INT. CAROLINE AND GREG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Caroline sits up in bed with a gasp.

GREG
(sleepily)
Baby, what is it?

She doesn't answer, tries to steady her breath.

GREG (cont'd)
Sweetheart?

He drifts back to sleep.

She gets out of bed and goes to the window.

MARIAN (V.O.)
I know you feel this, too. You,
too, vibrate within the Light.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN NEW MEXICO - SUNSET

Marian, draped in turquoise and silver and Southwestern prints, makes her way along a road lined with cactus and desert scrub.

MARIAN (V.O.)
Never, my dear, never stop shining
forth your Light.

She is walking through an Indian reservation.

MARIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Dr. Browning still sends me
messages, but I am more and more
aware that the Guardians are all
around us.

A GROUP OF NAVAJO sit outside a trailer. She smiles
knowingly at them. They look puzzled.

MARIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
The Guardians hold us in their
Light and will not let us fail. I
feel more than ever that Something
Big is coming. It may come
tomorrow. It may come a thousand
years from now. But this I know -

Marian stands on a ridge and looks out at an insanely
brilliant sunset.

MARIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
- the Great Day is always at hand.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLINE AND GREG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Caroline stands at her window. Outside the window, the sky
is filled with stars. We are pulled out the window, speeding
recklessly into the astral regions.