

TIMING IS EVERYTHING

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INT. AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE - TWILIGHT

A fifty-something woman in a TSA uniform locks her car and hurries toward the elevator with a phone to her ear. Meet SAMANTHA COOK.

SAMANTHA (ON PHONE)

I don't have time for this, Jason.
I'm getting in the elevator, so I'm
hanging up.

Samantha touches off the call and pushes the button for the elevator.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY EMPLOYEE AREA

Samantha touches her phone to a little screen on the wall. The screen says SAMANTHA COOK IN @ 19:22.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY LINE

The passenger line is long and the man she's relieving on the x-ray workstation stands as she approaches.

SAMANTHA

How was it, Vince?

VINCE

Been like this for hours.

SAMANTHA

Your eyes look awful. Go home.

Vince nods and walks away, and Samantha settles in at the workstation, starts working.

CLOSE on a digital clock on top of the x-ray tunnel. It says 9:43 PM.

Passenger traffic has thinned a lot. Samantha looks up from her screen and watches a young couple as they take their shoes off and put them in the plastic security tubs. They smile and look at each other with googly eyes, obviously in love. Samantha returns her attention to the x-ray screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DIGITAL CLOCK NOW READS 12:15 AM

DISSOLVE TO:

Samantha looks over a lightweight line now, just a few passengers coming through for red eye flights. An older couple in touristy garb smile and chat as they go through. The man leans over and gives the woman a tender kiss on the cheek. Samantha wipes her eye and adopts a steely expression.

A co-worker walks by and looks at Samantha.

CO-WORKER
You okay, girl?

Samantha gives a tiny nod toward the elderly couple.

SAMANTHA
Yeah, just seems like I've been watching stuff like that all night.

CO-WORKER
What's wrong with that?

Samantha ponders that a beat.

SAMANTHA
Nothing. It's wonderful.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DIGITAL CLOCK SAYS 2:00 AM

DISSOLVE TO:

The line is empty now and Samantha is the only TSA worker around, indeed the only person. She looks weary and worn. She stands and stretches, closing her eyes in a big yawn as she does so. When she opens them, A MAN stands across the belt from her. He is about her age, rugged looking and exudes masculinity. He looks right at her and smiles as he removes his jacket, belt, and shoes, and places them in a tub with a small wooden box. He does not push the tub onto the moving belt.

SAMANTHA
Where did you come from? I just--

MAN
Why the sad face?

SAMANTHA
Sorry?

MAN
You look sad.

SAMANTHA

Sir, that's really not appropriate.
Please put your container on the
belt.

MAN

After you tell me why you're sad.

Samantha draws a breath to talk, a look of irritated resolve
on her face. Then the resolve and irritation gives way
to...something else...a breaking dam.

SAMANTHA

I left my husband, Jason.

MAN

How long were you married?

SAMANTHA

Twenty-two years.

MAN

Why leave now?

SAMANTHA

I'm tired of not getting what I
need.

MAN

Which is?

SAMANTHA

I can't believe I'm talking to a
stranger about my personal life.
Why would I do this?

MAN

Because there are things you need
to say.

SAMANTHA

To you?

MAN

You need to say them. Who you say
them to is unimportant.

SAMANTHA

That makes exactly no sense.

The man shrugs.

MAN

Those needs you mentioned?

SAMANTHA

How about passion, romance, love?

MAN

Your husband doesn't love you?

SAMANTHA

He loves me, but he doesn't show it.

MAN

Then how do you know?

SAMANTHA

What do you mean?

MAN

How do you know he loves you? If he doesn't show it?

SAMANTHA

Well...I guess he shows it in his own way.

MAN

Interesting.

SAMANTHA

Interesting?

The man looks at the digital clock, which now reads 2:04 AM. He pushes the container with his belongings on it onto the conveyor belt.

MAN

You have children?

SAMANTHA

Three, but they're grown. Families of their own.

MAN

Samantha, if you had only minutes to live, how would you feel about your husband? Would these needs be as important to you?

SAMANTHA

Excuse me? And how do you know my name?

The man touches his chest.

MAN
Your name badge?

SAMANTHA
Oh.

MAN
So, if you had minutes?

SAMANTHA
I suppose if I had only minutes, I might feel differently, but that's not the case. I have a lot of life left, and I intend to live it with someone who appreciates me.

Samantha notices that the computer has auto-stopped his container in the x-ray tunnel. She looks at the screen and her eyes widen.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
What is this? What have you done?

CLOSE ON her computer screen. The x-ray shows a device in a box, and somehow she can see large numbers on the box. They're changing. It's a countdown, and it's at 59 seconds.

MAN
You don't have much time, Samantha.
How do you feel about Jason?

SAMANTHA
Who. Are. You?

The man transforms before her eyes into a large and powerful ANGEL.

MAN
My name is Azrael. Some call me the
angel of death.

Samantha looks at the screen as the countdown moves through 45 seconds. She whips her purse from under the counter and yanks out her phone.

CLOSE ON phone screen as she touches the icon that says JASON.

JASON (ON PHONE)
Hello?

FADE TO BLACK.