

End Date
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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

A calm, ordinary neighborhood.

Birds. Lawns. Morning light.

SUPER: APRIL 17, 2026

A WOMAN (40s) jogs past a MAN watering his lawn.

Above the MAN'S head floats a faint, translucent date:

SEPTEMBER 3, 2049

The woman jogs past another neighbor.

Above HER head:

JUNE 11, 2033

The dates are subtle. Not glowing.

They exist like condensation on glass.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

A cluster of TEENAGERS waiting for the school bus.

Above one kid:

NOVEMBER 18, 2072

Another:

MARCH 2, 2041

One GIRL laughs with her friends.

Above her head:

TODAY
She doesn't know it.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - SAME

A teenage boy watches.

This is ELI, 16.

Quiet. Withdrawn. Intelligent eyes that have seen too much.

He wears headphones - no music playing.

He sees everything.

Eli looks at the girl with TODAY above her head.

His jaw tightens.

He looks away.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MOVING - MORNING

Eli sits alone.

Every head he passes in the aisle has a date floating above it.

He keeps his eyes down.

A KID plops into the seat across from him.

Above the kid's head:

AUGUST 9, 2061

The kid smiles.

KID
You always look like you're at a
funeral, man.

Eli doesn't respond.

The kid shrugs, turns away.

Eli closes his eyes.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Chaos. Lockers. Noise.

Dates everywhere.

Too many.

Eli moves through them like landmines.

A TEACHER greets him.

Above her head:

DECEMBER 14, 2026

Close. Too close.

TEACHER
Morning, Eli.

ELI
Morning.

He walks faster.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Eli sits at the back.

The GIRL from the bus stop sits near the window.

TODAY still floats above her head.

Eli watches her hands tremble slightly as she writes.

She pauses. Rubs her chest. Just for a moment.

No one notices.

Eli does.

He grips his desk.

Sweat beads on his forehead.

FLASH CUT - QUICK IMAGES

- A MAN'S date flipping from 2045 to 2026

- A WOMAN'S date disappearing entirely

- Eli, younger, crying, staring at a floating date above a hospital bed

BACK TO SCENE

The GIRL stands suddenly.

GIRL
I- I don't feel-

She collapses.

Students scream.

The TEACHER rushes over.

Someone yells for help.

Eli stays frozen.

The word TODAY hovers, unwavering.

This is the rule.

This is what always happens.

INT. SCHOOL NURSE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The girl lies on a gurney. Pale. Barely breathing.

A NURSE fumbles with equipment.

Above the girl's head:

TODAY
Eli stands in the doorway.

The nurse looks up.

NURSE
You need to wait outside.

Eli doesn't move.

His hands shake.

He looks at the date.

Then - for the first time -

He steps forward.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER

An AMBULANCE screams away.

Eli stands alone.

Across the lot, a JANITOR (60s) finishes smoking a cigarette.

Above the JANITOR'S head:

MAY 4, 2038

The date suddenly SHIFTS.

Becomes:

APRIL 17, 2026

TODAY.

The janitor coughs.

Hard.

Eli sees it.

He realizes what he's done.

CLOSE ON ELI

Not relief.

Not pride.

Pure terror.

Because now he knows the truth.

Saving one life

doesn't erase death.

It moves it.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: THE DATE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (YEARS AGO)

Dim. Quiet. Machines breathe for someone else.

ELI, 9 years old, sits in a plastic chair too big for him.

Feet dangling. Sneakers scuffed.

On the bed: MOM (early 30s). Pale. Still.

Eli swings his legs. Nervous. Bored. Too young to understand finality.

He looks up.

Above his mother's head floats something faint.

Not a date at first.

Just... numbers. Blurry. Out of focus.

Eli squints.

The numbers sharpen.

APRIL 17, 2019

Eli frowns.

He looks around the room.

The NURSE adjusting an IV.

Above her head:

JANUARY 4, 2068

Eli's breath catches.

He looks back to his mother.

The date is still there.

Unmoving.

ELI'S POV - THE ROOM

He scans quickly now.

- A DOCTOR passing the door: 2039

- A JANITOR mopping: 2046

- A MAN in the hall arguing on his phone: 2024

Eli's heartbeat pounds in his ears.

He looks back at his mom.

APRIL 17, 2019

Eli checks the wall clock.

11:41 PM

He swallows.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eli stands. Walks to the bed.

ELI

Mom?

No response.

He reaches out. Touches her hand.

Cold.

The date doesn't change.

ELI'S POV - THE DATE

It flickers slightly.

Eli pulls his hand back.

Terrified.

ELI

(whispering)

What is that?

Nothing answers.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A DOCTOR and NURSE enter.

The doctor checks the monitor.

Above the doctor's head:

AUGUST 12, 2042

The monitor flatlines.

A long, clean tone.

The date above Eli's mother's head fades.

Not to another date.

To nothing.

Eli gasps.

SLOW PUSH ON ELI

He stares at the empty space above his mother's head.

ELI

Mom?

The doctor gently places a hand on Eli's shoulder.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, Eli.

Eli doesn't cry.

He can't.

His eyes never leave the empty air.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Eli walks beside his FATHER (40s). Shocked. Hollow.

They pass people in the hallway.

Dates everywhere.

Eli sees them all now.

Clear. Sharp.

Permanent.

He grips his father's hand.

Above his father's head:

APRIL 17, 2026

Eli freezes.

He stops walking.

ELI

Dad...

His father turns.

DAD

What, buddy?

Eli stares at the date.

His lips tremble.

ELI

Nothing.

They continue walking.

Eli looks back one last time.

The date is still there.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Automatic doors slide open.

Cold night air.

Eli steps outside.

He looks up at the sky.

Above it - nothing.

Just stars.

He exhales, shaking.

The weight settles in.

This isn't a trick.

This isn't going away.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Soft morning light. Coffee brewing.

ELI, now 16, sits at the table, half-awake.

His FATHER, MARK (late 40s), flips eggs in a pan. Ordinary. Gentle. Trying.

Above Mark's head floats:

APRIL 17, 2026

Two months away.

The date hasn't changed in years.

Eli watches it like a loaded gun.

MARK

You got that history test today,
right?

ELI

Yeah.

MARK

You'll do fine.

Eli doesn't answer.

Mark slides eggs onto a plate, sets it in front of Eli.

MARK (CONT'D)

Eat something.

Eli stares at the plate.

The date hovers. Patient. Merciless.

ELI

Dad...

(beat)

Do you ever think about... like... the
future?

Mark smiles without looking up.

MARK

All the time.

He pours coffee.

Above the mug – the date floats perfectly centered.

MARK (CONT'D)

I think about you getting out of
this town.

Going somewhere better.

ELI

What about you?

Mark shrugs.

MARK

I'm good where I am.

Eli swallows.

ELI

What if you're not?

Mark finally looks at him.

MARK

What's this about?

Eli looks away.

ELI

Nothing.

A lie that hurts.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Mark tightens a bolt under the hood of an old car.

Eli watches from the doorway.

Above Mark's head:

APRIL 17, 2026

Unmoved.

ELI
You should get a checkup.

MARK
I just had one.

ELI
Another one.

MARK
(smiles)
You planning on becoming my doctor
now?

Eli doesn't smile back.

MARK (CONT'D)
Hey.

You okay?

Eli nods. Too fast.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Mark loads tools into the trunk.

ELI
Don't drive so fast.

MARK
I don't.

ELI
Then... don't drive at night.

MARK
(confused)
What?

ELI
Just— don't.

Mark studies him.

MARK
You want to tell me what's going
on?

Eli almost does.

The date pulses faintly in the sunlight.

He can't.

ELI
Never mind.

Mark softens.

MARK
You know you can talk to me, right?

Eli nods.

The lie sits between them.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TV flickers. Some dumb sitcom laugh track.

Mark laughs.

Eli watches the date above his father's head.

Each second that passes feels stolen.

ELI
You ever scared of dying?

The laugh track continues.

MARK
Sure.

ELI
When?

MARK
After your mom passed.

Eli's chest tightens.

MARK (CONT'D)
Then I realized something.

ELI
What?

MARK
We don't get to control how long
we're here.

Just what we do with it.

Eli looks at the date.

APRIL 17, 2026.

Control is all he thinks about.

ELI
What if you could control it?

Mark chuckles.

MARK
Then it wouldn't mean anything.

That lands like a punch.

CUT TO:

INT. ELI'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Eli lies awake.

The ceiling is blank.

He closes his eyes.

The date burns in his mind.

He sits up.

Grabs his hoodie.

CUT TO:

INT. ELI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walls covered in taped-up calendars.

Dates circled. Crossed out. Rewritten.

Eli sits on the floor, surrounded by notebooks.

Pages filled with observations:

Intervention = Shift

Magnitude unclear

Personal proximity increases volatility

He rubs his eyes.

Above the doorway – reflected faintly in a mirror – the date:

APRIL 17, 2026

He's imagining it now.

Or worse – he's not.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark exits the building, waving paperwork.

MARK

Clean bill of health.

Told you.

Eli forces a smile.

Above Mark's head:

APRIL 17, 2026

Unchanged.

Eli's jaw tightens.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Mark reaches for a box on a high shelf.

ELI

Don't.

Mark pauses.

MARK

Don't what?

ELI

Just- I'll get it.

Eli grabs it. Hands shaking.

A SHOPPER nearby coughs violently.

Above the shopper's head:

APRIL 17, 2026

The same date.

Eli freezes.

Two people. Same day.

He backs away.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - AFTERNOON

Mark steps off the curb.

ELI

WAIT!

A car blows through the light.
Mark stumbles back just in time.
The car misses him by inches.
Mark stares at Eli, rattled.

MARK

Jesus, Eli.

Eli looks up.
The date flickers.
For half a second it becomes:

APRIL 19, 2026

Hope surges—
Then it snaps back.

APRIL 17, 2026

Eli's face collapses.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Empty pews. Flickering candles.
Eli kneels.
Not praying.
Bargaining.

ELI

(whisper)

Take years off me.

I don't need them.

Silence.

Above the PRIEST lighting candles nearby:

NOVEMBER 3, 2044

Above Eli's own reflection in the polished wood:

Nothing.

Never anything.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Mark works late. Music playing softly.

Eli watches from the doorway.

ELI
You don't need to work so much.

MARK
Someone's gotta keep the lights on.

ELI
Then quit.

Mark laughs.

MARK
You gonna pay the mortgage?

Eli doesn't laugh.

ELI
I'm serious.

Mark looks at him now.

MARK
You're acting like I'm already
gone.

The words slice deep.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Eli walks fast. Purposeful.

He stops a NURSE.

ELI

What would cause... sudden death... in
someone healthy?

The nurse hesitates.

NURSE

There are lots of things,
sweetheart.

ELI

Like what?

She studies him.

NURSE

Why do you want to know?

Eli backs away.

Wrong move.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - SUNSET

Mark and Eli sit on a bench.

A rare quiet moment.

MARK

You remember when you were little...

you wouldn't let me out of your sight?

Eli nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

I thought you'd grow out of it.

Eli looks up.

The date glows softly in the fading light.

APRIL 17, 2026.

ELI
I didn't.

CUT TO:

INT. ELI'S ROOM - NIGHT (APRIL 16, 2026)

Tomorrow.

Eli hasn't slept.

He paces.

Checks the door locks.

Unplugs appliances.

Hides car keys.

He finally collapses on the bed.

Tears leak silently.

ELI
I did everything.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (APRIL 17, 2026)

Mark pours coffee.

Normal.

Too normal.

Above his head:

TODAY
Eli stands in the doorway.

Heart pounding.

MARK
You skipping school?

ELI
You're not leaving the house.

MARK
What?

ELI
Please.

Mark studies his son.

MARK
Eli... what's going on?

Eli opens his mouth.

The truth sits right there.

If he says it... he changes everything.

He looks at the date.

TODAY.

He can't risk it.

ELI
I just have a bad feeling.

Mark softens.

MARK
Bad feelings don't get to run our
lives.

He grabs his jacket.

Eli's chest caves in.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mark steps outside.

Eli watches from the doorway.

The date follows him into the sunlight.

Unavoidable.

Unstoppable.

CLOSE ON ELI

This is the moment he understands:

The power doesn't exist to save the people he loves.

It exists to teach him

that control is an illusion.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ELI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Quiet.

Too quiet.

Sunlight stretches across the kitchen floor.

Eli stands frozen in the doorway.

Mark sits at the table, tying his work boots.

Above his head:

TODAY

The word feels heavier than any
number.

MARK

You're really not going to school?

ELI

No.

MARK

(sighs)
Alright. One day.

Mark stands.

The date rises with him.

MOVE TO:

ELI

Wait.

Mark turns again.

MARK

What?

Eli searches for words that could rewrite fate.

He finds none.

ELI

Be careful.

Mark chuckles.

MARK

I always am.

He turns away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mark walks toward his car.

Above his head:

TODAY

A NEIGHBOR waves.

NEIGHBOR

Morning, Mark!

MARK

Morning.

Mark unlocks the car.

Gets in.

Eli watches.

Every muscle locked.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mark starts the engine.

Reaches to adjust the radio.

His hand pauses.

A sharp pain crosses his face.

He grips his chest.

The engine sputters... dies.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Eli sees it.

ELI

Dad!

He runs.

Mark slumps forward against the steering wheel.

The horn BLARES.

Above Mark's head, the word TODAY begins to fade.

Slowly.

Gently.

Until there is nothing.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Neighbors gather.

Someone calls 911.

Eli kneels by the open car door.

Mark's eyes are open.

Unseeing.

ELI

(whispering)

No... no no no...

He looks up instinctively.

The space above his father's head is empty.

That's how he knows.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE - LATER

Paramedics work.

Professional. Calm. Too late.

One of them shakes his head subtly.

Eli watches.

Numb.

A PARAMEDIC gently pulls a blanket over Mark.

Eli flinches.

That motion feels final.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The ambulance drives away.

The street returns to normal.

Neighbors disperse.

Life resumes its schedule.

Eli stands alone.

The house behind him feels hollow.

He looks at the people passing by.

Dates float above their heads.

Years. Decades. Futures.

None of it matters.

CLOSE ON ELI

Not crying.

Not screaming.

Just a boy who knew the answer before the question was asked.

This wasn't failure.

This was confirmation.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GUIDANCE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Muted colors. A ticking clock.

ELI sits across from MS. HARPER (40s), the school counselor. Sharp eyes. Observant. Not soft.

Above her head:

NOVEMBER 8, 2043

Eli clocks it instantly.

He always does.

MS. HARPER
You've missed six days of school.

ELI
My dad died.

MS. HARPER
I know.

A beat.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Eli nods. That's all he has left.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
Your teachers are concerned.

ELI
I'm fine.

She doesn't buy it.

MS. HARPER
You warned him.

Eli freezes.

ELI
What?

MS. HARPER
Your father.

She leans back.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
Three people told me you said
something to him that morning.

To be careful. Not to leave.

Eli swallows.

ELI
People say that all the time.

MS. HARPER
Not like you did.

Silence stretches.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
This isn't the first time, Eli.

He looks up.

ELI
What do you mean?

MS. HARPER
Last year.

The bus crash on Sycamore.

Eli's chest tightens.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
You pulled a girl off the bus.

Right before it went over the guardrail.

Eli doesn't respond.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
Two years ago.

A janitor collapsed at school.

She watches him closely.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
You were the last person to speak
to him.

Eli's hands tremble.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
You have a pattern.

The word lands heavy.

ELI
I just... notice things.

MS. HARPER
No.

She leans forward.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
You know things.

ELI
You think I killed my dad?

The question breaks something open.

Ms. Harper softens – just a little.

MS. HARPER
No. Of course not.

She pauses.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
I think you thought you could save
him.

Eli looks away.

That's the tell.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
Eli... whatever you're carrying—
you don't have to carry it alone.

Eli laughs. A short, broken sound.

ELI
You wouldn't believe me.

MS. HARPER
Try me.

Eli looks at her.

Above her head:

NOVEMBER 8, 2043

So far away.

So safe.

ELI
What if I told you...
that I can see when people are
going to die?

Ms. Harper doesn't react.

She just watches him.

ELI (CONT'D)
Dates.
Above their heads.

Still nothing.

MS. HARPER
And your father?

ELI
The day he died.

That lands.

She exhales slowly.

MS. HARPER
If that were true...
why didn't you stop it?

Eli's eyes fill.

ELI
I tried everything.

He finally breaks.

ELI (CONT'D)
And every time I save someone—
someone else pays for it.

Silence.

The clock ticks.

Ms. Harper's face shifts — not disbelief.

Recognition.

MS. HARPER
Show me.

Eli looks up, startled.

ELI
What?

MS. HARPER
Show me.

She stands.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Students pass.

Noise. Life.

Ms. Harper stops.

MS. HARPER
Pick someone.

Eli scans.

Dates float everywhere.

He points to a random STUDENT.

ELI
Him.

MS. HARPER
What's his date?

ELI
September 12, 2071.

Ms. Harper writes it down.

MS. HARPER
And mine?

Eli hesitates.

ELI
November 8, 2043.

She doesn't flinch.

MS. HARPER
If this is a lie...
I'll know.

She looks at the student again.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
If it's not...

She meets Eli's eyes.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
Then you need help before this
destroys you.

CLOSE ON ELI

For the first time, someone believes him enough to be afraid.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ELI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The calendars are gone.

In their place: lists.

Names. Ages. Dates.

Eli writes with calm precision now.

No shaking hands.

No tears.

At the top of the page, written once, underlined:

ONE LIFE MUST MATTER MORE

He closes the notebook.

Decision made.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Eli walks with purpose.

He scans faces.

Dates float above heads like silent verdicts.

- 2068

- 2044

- 2031

He ignores them all.

He stops at a MAN arguing aggressively with his girlfriend.

Above the man's head:

APRIL 20, 2026

Three days away.

Above the girlfriend's head:

SEPTEMBER 12, 2074

Eli watches.

The man shoves her.

Hard.

She stumbles.

Eli steps forward.

ELI

Hey.

The man turns.

MAN

Mind your business.

Eli looks at the date.

APRIL 20, 2026.

ELI
It is my business.

The man advances.

A car turns the corner too fast.

Eli steps back.

The man doesn't.

SCREECH.

IMPACT.

Silence.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The man lies still.

The girlfriend screams.

Eli stands frozen.

He looks up.

The date above the man's head fades to nothing.

He looks at the girlfriend.

Her date hasn't changed.

Eli exhales.

The math worked.

INT. DINER - DAY

Eli sits alone, drinking coffee.

A WAITRESS refills his cup.

Above her head:

Not joy.

Validation.

CUT TO:

INT. MS. HARPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. Harper sits rigid.

Eli stands, arms crossed.

MS. HARPER
People are getting hurt around you.

ELI
People were already going to die.

MS. HARPER
You don't know that.

ELI
I do.

He meets her eyes.

Above her head:

NOVEMBER 8, 2043

She swallows.

MS. HARPER
You're not choosing who lives.

ELI
I am.

MS. HARPER
You're choosing who deserves to.

That lands.

Eli doesn't flinch.

ELI
Someone has to.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Eli watches ambulances arrive.

Above heads:

- 2026

- 2026

- 2027

He turns away from some.

He follows others.

A YOUNG BOY clutches his mother's hand.

Above the boy's head:

TODAY

Above the mother's head:

2039

Eli steps forward.

Without hesitation.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chaos.

Doctors rush.

Eli shouts instructions he shouldn't know.

ELI

Check his airway - now!

They do.

The boy survives.

Eli looks up.

The mother's date jumps forward.

From 2039

to 2028

Eli freezes.

That wasn't supposed to happen.

CLOSE ON ELI

For the first time since his father's death...

He hesitates.

Because now the math is lying.

Or worse -

It's evolving.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY CROSSWALK - LATE AFTERNOON

Rush hour. Noise. Motion.

Eli stands at the corner, watching people pass.

Dates everywhere.

He's learned to filter them now - like background noise.

He focuses on short dates.

The ones close enough to touch.

Across the street, a MAN in a designer coat paces angrily on his phone.

Above the man's head:

APRIL 22, 2026

Two days away.

Beside him stands a LITTLE GIRL (8), holding a violin case.

Above her head:

OCTOBER 3, 2087

A full life.

Eli barely notices her.

ELI'S POV - THE MAN

The man shouts into his phone.

MAN

You think I won't ruin you?

He steps toward the curb, furious.

Eli watches the date.

APRIL 22, 2026.

Eli knows the pattern now.

Men like this don't end well.

ELI

(under his breath)

Don't save him.

The light changes.

Pedestrians step forward.

The man surges into the crosswalk without looking.

A BUS barrels through the intersection, horn BLARING.

Eli stays still.

He lets it happen.

IMPACT

Chaos.

People scream.

The man is thrown hard onto the pavement.

The little girl is knocked from his side—

Her violin case skids across the asphalt.

She hits the ground.

Hard.

Too hard.

EXT. CROSSWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Sirens. Panic.

Eli pushes through the crowd.

The man lies motionless.

Above his head: nothing.

Gone.

Eli looks away.

He looks for the girl.

She lies several feet away.

Blood in her hair.

Her eyes half open.

The violin case lies cracked beside her.

Eli's breath catches.

He looks up.

Above her head:

TODAY

No.
No no no.

ELI
(whisper)
No... you weren't part of this...

He kneels beside her.

People shout for help.

A WOMAN screams.

Eli touches the girl's hand.

Cold already.

The date flickers.

Not forward.

Not backward.

It holds.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
Step back!

They pull Eli away.

He fights it.

ELI
I can fix this—

The words die in his throat.

He already knows.

EXT. CROSSWALK - LATER

The girl is covered with a white sheet.

The violin case is placed gently beside her.

Eli stands alone at the edge of the scene.

He looks around.

Dates float above the crowd.

Long lives.

Short lives.

All of them suddenly unbearable.

CLOSE ON ELI

This wasn't collateral damage.

This was murder by omission.

He didn't pull the trigger.

He chose not to stop it.

And now an innocent is dead.

Because of him.

CUT TO:

INT. ELI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eli sits on the floor.

The notebook lies open in front of him.

The words at the top of the page stare back:

ONE LIFE MUST MATTER MORE

Eli stares at it.

His hand shakes.

He crosses it out.

Hard.

The pen tears the page.

ELI
(broken)
I'm not better than them.

He presses his palms to his eyes.

For the first time since his father's death...

He cries.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY CHURCH - NIGHT

The church is dark. Unused. Honest.

Eli sits alone in a pew.

No notebook. No lists.

Just him.

Candles flicker at the altar.

Dates float faintly above no one – because no one else is here.

Eli stares at the cross.

Not praying.

Listening.

ELI
(soft, exhausted)
You didn't give this to me to fix anything.

Silence answers.

But something settles.

He thinks of his mother.

His father.

The girl with the violin.

All different deaths.

All unavoidable.

ELI (CONT'D)
You showed me the end...
so I'd stop pretending I was the beginning.

The realization lands.

The power wasn't about control.

It was about witness.

To love without bargaining.

To act without owning the outcome.

To let people go without deciding they deserve it.

Eli exhales.

For the first time, the dates don't feel loud.

CLOSE ON ELI

Calm.

Resolved.

He stands.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOFTOP - DAWN

Cold wind. Pale sky.

Eli stands at the edge.

Below, ambulances arrive and leave.

He scans the arrivals.

Dates float.

Most long.

One stops him.

A WOMAN (late 30s), unconscious, rushed inside on a gurney.

Above her head:

TODAY

Beside her, a YOUNG BOY (6) runs,
crying.

Above his head:

OCTOBER 18, 2091

A lifetime.

Eli closes his eyes.

He already knows.

Saving her will cost him.

He opens them.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Eli runs.

Not calculating.

Not choosing.

Just moving.

INT. ER - CONTINUOUS

Chaos.

Doctors shout orders.

Eli pushes through.

ELI
She's hemorrhaging internally.

A DOCTOR turns.

DOCTOR
Who are you?

ELI
You need to clamp the splenic
artery - now.

They hesitate.

There's no time.

They do it.

The monitor stabilizes.

The woman breathes.

The boy sobs with relief.

ELI'S POV
The date above the woman's head
shifts.

From TODAY

to JULY 2, 2064

The boy's date stays the same.

Eli smiles faintly.

No triumph.

Just peace.

ELI'S POV - HIMSELF

For the first time...

A date appears above his own head.

TODAY

Eli nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING STRUCTURE - MORNING

The sun rises.

Eli sits on the edge of the structure, feet dangling.

Below: life.

Cars. Voices. Ordinary mornings.

Dates float above everyone.

For the first time, they don't frighten him.

They look... human.

ELI

(quiet)

Okay.

The date above his head begins to fade.

As it does, something extraordinary happens—

Across the city...

Dates begin to disappear.

Not death.

Just absence.

People live without knowing the number.

As they always should have.

INT. MS. HARPER'S OFFICE - SAME

Ms. Harper looks up mid-sentence.

The date above her head vanishes.

She touches the air unconsciously.

Confused.

Free.

EXT. HOSPITAL STRUCTURE - BACK TO ELI

Eli's breath grows shallow.

He lies back, staring at the sky.

No fear.

No bargaining.

Just release.

ELI

Dad..

I finally get it.

His eyes close.

The space above his head is empty.

FINAL IMAGE

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (WEEKS LATER)

The boy with the violin - alive - plays on a sidewalk.

Music fills the air.

People pass.

No dates above their heads.

Just faces.

Just time.

The music carries.

FADE OUT.

THE END