

Counting Sheep

by  
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Fourth Draft  
Wednesday, June 13th, 2007  
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FADE IN:

EXT. EXPANSIVE PRAIRE - THE DAY TRANSITIONS INTO NIGHT

A wholly SHEEP makes its way up a grassy hill near the horizon of the vast prairie. The Sun is positioned so that as the animal makes its ascent, the shadow it creates is directly behind it. As the sheep reaches the top, its shadow now darkens his view. All the sheep sees is BLACK.

The woolly creature disappears beyond the top.

In identical fashion, two different SHEEP make their way up and over the same hill.

Three SHEEP follow.

Four SHEEP...

Five SHEEP...

Six...

Seven...

Eight...

Nine DISSOLVE into a hundred. Way too many to count by glance.

Moonlight illuminates the empty landscape.

One lonely SHEEP straggles behind. It walks, going one direction, then turning around to go the other way. After a moment, it disappears over the top of the hill.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

An abandoned steel mill stands nearby a pair of rusted train tracks. Nearby, a modest river flows steady. The sky is dark and filled with taunting clouds. Even the birds are hiding, safe from the oncoming storm.

WES, 17-years-old, treads along a rocky path next to the tracks with ZACK, who's 20-years-old. They creep mischievously, looking over their shoulders every minute.

Wes comes to a pause. He smells the moist air.

WES  
Can you smell that?

ZACK  
I don't smell anything.

WES  
It's the smell just before...

Lightning cracks.

WES (CONT'D)  
...a storm.

Zack flinches. The sky's new green tint makes him wary.

A horn blares from a distant cargo train.

Wes reaches down, grabbing a small rock from the damp earth. With full strength, he launches the stone in the train's direction. A small puff of dirt sprays up in front of the conductor car.

WES (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Zack grabs a variety of small rocks from the ground. He passes Wes half of them. They whip the stones towards the train. Each of them miss and hit randomly.

A cloud of smoke ascends from the locomotive's exhaust. The horn blares once more.

From a nearby road, mostly blocked from view by large, dying trees, a POLICEMAN shines his spotlight directly at the two boys. Small streaks of rain shine through the cylinder of bright light.

Zack drops down to his stomach, and out of view.

ZACK  
Wes get down! A cop!

Wes stands tall, making no attempt to prevent the blinding rays from entering his eyes.

ZACK (CONT'D)  
Wes!

His face contains a devilish smirk with focused eyes.

The cop car's pursuit lights are rapidly flashing between red and blue. It charges directly at them.

ZACK (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Zack stumbles, gets up, and sprints next to the tracks, towards the train. Wes quickly catches up to him. The police car is not far behind. The distance between it and the boys rapidly diminishes.

With unannounced, glaring hatred, Wes LUNGES into Zack, forcing him onto the tracks. Bright lights painfully blind him. He freezes stiff.

The train rushes past, leaving Wes standing alone. He gazes upwards -- the haunting sky is intimidated.

The policeman is out of his blood-splattered car. His gun aimed at Wes through the open window of the driver's side door.

Every sound is muted by the deafening rumble of the speeding train.

POLICE OFFICER  
 (silent; reading lips)  
 Get on the fucking ground! Do it  
 now!

The horn sounds one last time as the train fades into the distance.

Rain falls.

Wind blows.

FADE TO BLACK

GENIE (V.O.)  
 Wes, wake up...wake up!

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Shaken and scared, Wes is woken by GENIE.

The OLDER STUDENTS, Genie included, force Wes to appear awkwardly young and out of place.

A booklet with dozens of SUDOKU puzzles rest on Wes's desk. Every single one is completed.

Genie is bookish and thin, wearing black thick-framed glasses and a tan button-up shirt.

PROFESSOR ALLEN ROSS, balding, glasses, BLACK, and in his mid 50's, lectures his students.

Underneath his french eyeglasses, Ross shows signs of being a handsome man: crisp brown eyes, a habitually shaven face, and straight, white teeth.

A minute or so remains in today's class.

Like Wes, most students gradually begin to wake up from naps or day-dreams.

PROFESSOR ROSS (O.C.)

Everybody, your essays on sensory perception are due Friday. Don't forget. Next week will be easy. Everyone's favorite topic: sleep and dreaming. With problems, come answers. Contact me if you have any questions.

Push in on --

Genie and Wes, who's still a bit dazed.

GENIE

I'm Genie.

WES

Was I snoring? You didn't need to wake me.

GENIE

I've never seen anyone jump like that. I didn't mean to startle you.

WES

Just a natural reaction.

GENIE

Isn't it strange that we've sat next to each other this whole semester but never said one word to each other?

WES

You've never said anything.

GENIE

You haven't either?

GENIE (CONT'D)

(noticing the Sudoku puzzles)

I hate those things.

(MORE)

GENIE (CONT'D)

Every time I try one, I always have like two boxes left and realize I messed up somewhere and have to start over.

WES

They're tough. I've been doing them for awhile. So, I'm used to knowing how to do them, you know?

GENIE

Not really, those things are way to hard.

Wes tears a page out of the booklet and hands it to Genie.

WES

Try these...if you want. They're easy.

GENIE

Great...I can't wait.

WES

You don't have to. I just thought...finish at least one.  
(with confident eye contact)  
I'm sure it will be the most productive thing you've done in a long time.

GENIE

You asshole! I'm productive. I read a book in one day last week.

WES

Which book?

Genie feels the pressure accompanied with spontaneity.

GENIE

Well...it was by...

WES

(his raw voice cracks)  
I bet it was good.

Wes slides out of the desk.

GENIE

Wait. Come on. Sit down.

He hesitates, but cannot refuse.

GENIE (CONT'D)  
How old are you?

WES  
I skipped a grade.

Genie catches notice of the analog wall clock.

GENIE  
...I gotta get going.

She throws her notebook and pen into her bookbag and gets up.

WES  
I've got a girlfriend, you know!

From his desk, Professor Ross takes notice and stares at Wes, who regains his confidence.

WES (CONT'D)  
Isn't that right Mr. Ross?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
If you corrupt my daughter Mr. Bexler, I will see to it that you never get the chance to wave at your family and friends on your unlikely graduation day.

WES  
They're gonna be your family too, Mr. Ross.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Wes...

The look of fatherly intimidation crosses Wes. Only for a moment Wes is put back in his place.

WES  
Sir?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Get the hell out of my classroom.

Wes exits, smiling.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The bright 3 o'clock Sun shines through a bay window and onto  
--

Wes and his INTERRACIAL girlfriend, and also Professor Ross's daughter, MAGGIE, 18-years-old, who are lying in bed having uncoordinated, but passionate teen-age sex.

While Maggie grinds from the top, Wes grasps the wooden headboard with his outstretched arms.

Their breathing is rhythmic and hard.

MAGGIE

I love you.

WES

I love you too...everything about you.

Wes wraps his arms around Maggie's sweaty back and throws her body beneath his.

A CLIMAX transitions into rapid, short breathing.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY

Downtown is filled with diverse people and speeding cars. The Sears Tower is one of many skyscrapers that fill the background.

Compared to the rushed Chicagoans, Wes walks sluggishly through intersections. Little attention is paid to other pedestrians.

A sports car SCREECHES to a halting stop. Wes' eyes pop open. He's inches from having been flattened.

INT. STUDENT HOUSING CENTER - DAY

LOBBY

Wes enters his tall, modern building. It has high ceilings and leather sofas. A DOORMAN politely waves as Wes passes by.

DOORMAN

Good as always, Mr. Bexler?

WES

Exhausted...as always, Marlon. Have a good one.

Wes walks onto an empty elevator.



## HALLWAY

After a few knocks, a door opens and Wes enters --

## A MESSY ROOM

This is BRANDON's room: futon, TV, desk, and a coffee table. Empty beer bottles and chip bags litter the room. Who knows what kind of food produced the crumbs on the floor.

Brandon, 20-years-old, is stalky, but isn't short. He's spontaneous and thoughtless in his speech, which is coincidentally related to his actions.

Lying on a window ledge is Brandon's roommate RANDY, 21-years-old. He reads a book on FOOTBALL'S GREATEST PLAYERS and pays little attention to Wes or Brandon.

Wes removes his backpack and crashes down onto the futon next to Brandon, who reads a magazine.

WES

(to Brandon)

Still doing nothin' I see.

BRANDON

You ever hear of someone fucking  
killing themselves while sleep  
walking?

Wes is exhausted. He's not interested.

WES

No, Brandon.

Wes yawns, picks up a guitar, and starts strumming some chords, but is interrupted by Brandon shoving an article into his face --

## INSERT - MAGAZINE ARTICLE

Title:

"Sleep Walking Tragedy"

## BACK TO SCENE

Brandon's speaks rapidly.

BRANDON

Doesn't that seem fucked up? Would  
that be considered a suicide?

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I mean, whose at fault? One second you're sleeping. The next minute your dead.

Wes stares at the headline.

WES

Too bad.

BRANDON

We live in a crazy world, man. You never know what the fuck's gonna happen.

WES

Everything happens...

Brandon lights a cigarette and motions to Wes if he wants one. He shakes his head.

Wes stares at a yearbook picture of the cute, 17-year-old GIRL in the magazine --

INSERT - YEARBOOK PICTURE

She wears a red sweater and has beautiful, straight brown hair that passes over her shoulders and down her back. A perfect smile.

BACK TO SCENE

Looking hypnotized, Wes is either mesmerized by her looks or about to pass out.

BRANDON (O.C.)

I'da fucked her! Too bad. You ever sleep walk?

INT. WES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wes walks in and catches the attention of his roommate and dream victim, Zack, messing around on his computer. An uncorked bottle of red wine sits on his desk.

Zack is lean, yet muscular, but not intimidating. He has kind eyes.

The rectangular shaped room is remarkably cleaner than Brandon's. A door to the bathroom is opposite of where Zack and Wes sit at their desks. Two twin sized beds with flannel sheets are positioned in opposing corners.

ZACK

Que pasa?

Wes takes his jacket and backpack off and throws them on the bed. He sits at his desk, facing his roommate.

ZACK (CONT'D)

How was class?

WES

(yawning)

Wouldn't know.

ZACK

I knew you wasn't gonna go.

Wes looks across the way to Zack, who's distracted. He's playing Yahoo pool.

WES

I assume you meant weren't going to?

ZACK

What?

WES

I went, but I fell asleep.

ZACK

You wanna know what I'd do if I was you?

WES

If you were me, Zack, what would you do?

ZACK

Drink two Red Bulls before class, right? Then, at break, drink like three more. You'll stay awake for hours, man. Not bad, huh? What do you think about that?

WES

I don't think so. See, every night, while you sleep like a fucking coma victim, I toss and turn like I'm in a damn swing video. And tonight, like every night, it would be nice to get a good sleep for once.

Ashamed, Zack takes his hands off the keyboard and peers over at his roommate. With a hint of intimidation, Wes stares right back.

WES (CONT'D)  
You know?

ZACK  
I'm sorry, dude. I...

WES  
You don't need to apologize. I know you can't help it. I've gotten used to it, but...

He laughs under his breath and changes topics.

WES (CONT'D)  
...how is Angela? Have you seen her lately?

Wes picks at his nails.

ZACK  
Last night.

Looking up.

WES  
Oh yeah?

ZACK  
Damn prude wouldn't even let me get a little until last night. That bitch...

WES  
You must really like her...I told you to just be confident. You didn't screw things up did you? She was into it, right?

Zack sits straight, head up, proud.

ZACK  
For sure!..I guess.

WES  
Guess?

ZACK  
Of course she was. I'm not a fuckin' pussy!

WES  
Keep it that way.

ZACK  
I got it.

WES  
What's next?

ZACK  
Saturday, we're going to dinner  
somewhere and then over to her  
place to fuck.

They smile back at each other.

WES  
Fucking confidence.

EXT. EXPANSIVE PRAIRE - NIGHT

A dozen SHEEP walk up the same hill. They come to an abrupt  
halt at the hill's peak.

ZACK (V.O.)  
(muttered)  
Don't. Please. Angela.

INT. WES'S ROOM - NIGHT

From the other side of the room, Zack talks in his sleep.  
Wes lies in bed, tossing and turning.

ZACK  
Stop...get away.

Wes's eyelids pop open.

WES  
Goddamnit.

Zack's talking shifts into an annoying shout.

ZACK  
Move away from her!

WES  
Fuck! Not again...

Wes smashes his head in between two of his pillows.

ZACK

The car...move...get away...stop!

Time passes.

EXT. EXPANSIVE PRAIRE - NIGHT

A hundred SHEEP slowly pass over the hill.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. WES'S ROOM

Wes's alarm clock buzzes: it's 7:30 AM.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Wes sits in class with his head rested on his arms while Professor Ross begins the day's lecture. Wes's eyelids are being pulled down with the gravitational force of a black hole.

Today, Genie's seat is empty.

Ross paces the room, calmly waving his hands around emphasizing key points. He adjusts his glasses from time to time.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Therefore making the unconscious a powerful tool towards the discovery of what is perceived as reality during consciousness.

Professor Ross pauses a moment, letting the inattentive class attempt to absorb the information.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)

While dreams may be used to decipher fact from fiction, one can manipulate or transform a dream to cause a physical effect on the person. External auditory and visual stimuli may be utilized to send the sleeper into a more vivid and lucid dream, which may or may not have an effect on that human's subconscious or, dreaming behavior.

Wes sits up straight and begins to pay attention.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
This method of dream manipulation  
has been thought, and well, proven  
to be the cure of many sleeping  
disorders.

Wes raises his hand.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
Wes.

WES  
Could dream manipulation be used on  
someone who talks in their sleep?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
(speaking to Wes)  
When a person is propelled into a  
certain dream, he or she may  
experience a reversed reaction to  
what caused the condition in the  
first place. However, it is also  
possible that the sleeping disorder  
was passed down by their family  
members. In that case, cures  
usually involve a more  
individualized or personal method  
for treatment. Looking at their  
past, seeing if there were any  
events that triggered the condition  
could provide an answer.

(to the entire class)  
Again, there is no single proven  
way for curing people with such  
disorders. Dream manipulation is  
one option. Anyone else have a  
question?

No questions. He begins to lecture again.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
The people, places, and objects  
that occur in a dream are often  
thought to be symbolic to...

Wes puts his head down.

Professor Ross smirks at Wes, noticing his lack of interest.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - LATER

The sounds of people packing their materials and walking to the door wakes Wes.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Wes, I'd like to have a few words  
with you.

Wes walks to the front of the classroom.

WES

Sir?

INT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Wes and Professor Ross are sitting at a desk, across from one another. Photographs of Maggie litter the walls. Mahogany bookshelves and furniture decorate the room. A green desk lamp provides a warm glow.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Who is it you know that talks in  
their sleep?

WES

How'd you guess?

PROFESSOR ROSS

It was obvious, when suddenly,  
during no other part of my lecture,  
you became interested in what I had  
to say about dream manipulation  
and the effects it can have on  
sleeping disorders.

Wes is intrigued and attentive.

WES

I just can't fall asleep anymore.  
Ever since my roommate started  
screaming in his sleep all the  
fuc...

Manners prevent him from swearing.

WES (CONT'D)

...time. I'm debating changing  
rooms. God, what a pain. I'd really  
like to do something about it.

(MORE)



WES (CONT'D)  
I can't do anything if I don't get  
any sleep. Who can?

Professor Ross scans a bookshelf behind him. He selects one  
and slides it towards Wes.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I would like you to look through  
this book.

Wes reads --

INSERT - BOOK COVER

Title:  
"Dreams and their Effects on the Human Mind"  
By Dr. Robert K. Gibson

BACK TO SCENE

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
There's a lot of information in  
there that you may find useful. It  
should help you, and your roommate.

WES  
(overwhelmed)  
Thanks...but, I don't know anything  
about this stuff.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Read the chapters regarding dreams,  
their characteristics, and their  
susceptibility to manipulation. The  
procedures are quite simple, yet  
extremely powerful, if you do them  
correctly.

WES  
I don't know...I'll try. Maybe I  
won't fall asleep in class anymore.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I've got other reasons to worry  
about you.

WES  
It's not your lectures.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Let me know if you have made any  
progress. Maybe, then you will stay  
awake for my entire class.

Wes and Prof. Ross share a good, sincere laugh together.

WES  
Thanks again. I'll give it an  
honest shot.

Wes motions to get up but is stopped.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
How is my daughter treating you Mr.  
Bexler? You see her more than I do.

Lost for words, Wes looks towards a picture of Maggie hung on  
the wall.

INSERT - MAGGIE'S PHOTO

Years earlier. On a stage, in the front of a big  
audience, she receives an award. Her hair is dyed a yellowish-  
orange color. She wears a private school uniform.

BACK TO SCENE

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
You remind me of her.

Ross leans forward and behind the black Lafonts, his eyes  
squint, examining Wes.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
Maybe it's that you're curious. She  
is too.

WES  
What are you talking about?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
She enjoys it, do you?

WES  
Being curious?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Yes.

WES  
I don't know. I guess so. Something  
inside me told me to ask you that  
question, which got us here...and  
you gave me this book.

(MORE)

WES (CONT'D)

If it can make my roommate stop talking in his sleep and help me fall asleep because of it, then, yes, I don't think I'll mind the curiosity too much.

PROFESSOR ROSS

I hope it works out then.

WES

How often do you see her these days?

Ross takes a long, deep breath, and angrily confesses...

PROFESSOR ROSS

Not as much as I'd like, or should.

WES

Sorry to hear that.

Professor Ross stares at Maggie's picture on the wall. His frustration turns to anger.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Naw, don't be. Fuck it! One of the many consequences of divorce.

Ross sighs.

They are lost for words at the moment.

EXT. LOCAL PARK - DAY

Wes sits on a bench. Grey clouds accompany a cool breeze.

He opens up his new book, studying it as if it were a sacred religious manuscript. Wind blows the pages, stopping at a page before the correct chapter...

Wes turns the page to reveal: "Dream Manipulation" and sees --

INSERT - DIAGRAMS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

A man standing over another man, holding a strange object.

Somebody whispering into one's ear.

More graphs, charts, and procedures, each accompanied by text.

BACK TO SCENE

Wes continues thoroughly studying the book. With every passer-by, he protects the thick, leather-bound manual.

INT. CASUAL RESTUARANT - NIGHT

Zack and his beautiful, blond, girlfriend ANGELA, 21, are on a date. Wine accompanies remarkable-looking food. A dim lamp hangs above the table.

Angela's southern drawl takes notice.

Zack slowly pours the bottle of '94 Markham Cabernet into Angela's glass and then into his own.

ZACK

Sometimes, you need to give the wine some air. Let it breath.

Zack tightly swirls her glass, aerating the wine.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Swirling the wine around opens it up, bringing out its flavor's full potential.

A tiny bit of wine flows into Zack's mouth. Angela takes a sip as well. Zack sniffs inside his glass.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Bitter?

ANGELA

(lacking confidence)  
Yeah.

ZACK

Let it sit for a few minutes.

ANGELA

Since when are you such a wine connoisseur, Zack?

ZACK

I'm not sure. My dad was always into wines. He had an impressive collection full of all these rare bottles. I had no idea what they were or how much they cost. But, I would help him in the cellar...organizing, logging, fetching. I guess his love for wine became my passion as well.

ANGELA  
Alcohol always brings y'all  
together.

The couple shares a laugh. Their eyes focus on each others'.

Zack takes a bite of his New York strip steak. Angela enjoys her shrimp pasta pamodoro.

Angela anxiously grabs her purse and gets up from the booth.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Ladies room.

Angela walks to the bathroom, which is on the other side of the crowded restuarant.

Zack swirls his glass, then hers. He takes a few bites of his food.

A pretty YOUNG LADY walks by and checks him out, but he doesn't notice.

INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angela opens a stall, sits down, and urinates. She reaches into her purse and pulls out a pack of Parliament cigarettes. She lights one, takes a few drags, and drops it into the toilet.

INT. CASUAL RESTUARANT - MINUTES LATER

Zack takes the last bite of his steak and picks up Angela's pungent aroma.

ZACK  
There's an ashtray right here.

Angela slaps him on the shoulder before finding her place in the booth.

ZACK (CONT'D)  
You couldn't wait?

ANGELA  
I was bored. Who the fuck cares?

ZACK  
I don't.

Angela lifts her fork, full of noodles, towards her mouth.

ZACK (CONT'D)  
Doing important business in there,  
or what?

Angela shoots him a dirty, pissed-off look.

ZACK (CONT'D)  
How's your pasta?

The pleasant mood has been broken.

ANGELA  
It's really great!

ZACK  
What's wrong?

ANGELA  
Nothing. What are you talking  
about?

ZACK  
Come on, what's the matter?

ANGELA  
Just drink your wine. But you'd  
better make sure to swish that damn  
glass around first.

ZACK  
I will never understand you. No  
matter how hard I try. I take you  
out to dinner. I pay for your half-  
eaten pasta. You waste my time and  
money with your bullshit! What the  
hell's your problem?!

Angela is calm, but dead serious.

ANGELA  
Can we go now?

ZACK  
Oh, come on.

ANGELA  
I'm leaving.

Zack pleadingly stares back at her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Can we please go, now!?

Zack places 50 dollars on the table and walks behind Angela out of the restuarant.

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brandon hears a knock at the door, puts his guitar down, and answers it. It's Wes, breathing deeply, and sweating.

BRANDON  
I didn't know you missed me that much.

WES  
Yeah, fuck you.

Wes catches his breath for a moment. Brandon sits down and grabs his guitar.

WES (CONT'D)  
Check it out.

Brandon takes the book from Wes's outstretched arm.

WES (CONT'D)  
Professor Ross gave it to me. He claims I can help Zack.

BRANDON  
Now look who we got here: Dr. Wes Bexler, fuckin' sleep therapist.

Brandon hands back the book.

WES  
You know how miserable I've been? But, you don't have to worry bout it. Fuck you, and your quiet ass roommate.

BRANDON  
You'd like that. Is that shit supposed to be fuckin' serious?

Wes flips to the author's biography in the back of the book.

WES  
It should be.

Brandon takes a look, nodding sarcastically as he reads.

BRANDON

Dr. Robert K. Gibson...Born  
1938...New York...Magna Cum  
Laude...Oxford Psychology...

He slams the book closed and tosses it back.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Magna Cum fucking scam man. Don't  
believe that shit.

WES

I don't care whether you believe it  
or not. I'm going to try this and  
you're going to help me. Moral  
support.

Brandon sighs, but nods "okay." He grabs a cigarette and  
lights it.

INT. WES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wes sits in his room with Brandon waiting for Zack to fall  
asleep. Wes grabs a flashlight and hands it over to Brandon.

WES

Take this.

Zack is about passed out.

BRANDON

I'm gonna crack him in the fuckin'  
head. You want him knocked out,  
right?

Wes is reading, mumbling to himself.

WES

This better work.  
(To Brandon) Hey.

BRANDON

Huh?

WES

Do you know what a lucid dream is?

He thinks for a moment...



BRANDON

Yeah, it's when your sleepin'. And then your cock gets all hard and your dreamin' that you're getting screwed by your sister's hot friend that's always flirting with you when she comes over. Then you wake up n' realize you came all over the fuckin' place. I've had a quite a few of those. Fuckin' awesome...

WES

No, man. It's where your able to physically control your dream, while your having it. You know, so you can make rational decisions.

BRANDON

No, I think it's the other thing.

WES

It's like knowing your dreaming while your dreaming.

From the other side of the room, Zack is passed out cold, and starts speaking to himself, louder and louder.

ZACK

Stop it...No...Please.

BRANDON

(punching Wes in the shoulder)

You fucker! He actually does this shit?

WES

I fucking told you!

BRANDON

Whatever. No you didn't!

ZACK

Angela.

Wes goes over to Zack's bed and kneels down next to him.

Brandon slowly follows.

WES

Grab the flashlight.

BRANDON

Yes, Sir.

WES

Stay standing...you're gonna be putting the light above his face. Three feet...When I tell you, lower the light about a foot each time I say.

Brandon is dumbfounded.

BRANDON

Okay, yeah. One time, I saw this...

Wes throws his pointer finger over his lips: "shut up". He puts his mouth only a few inches from Zack's ear and meditatively whispers...

WES

Zack? Zack? Okay, um, okay. Zack, I'm going to count down, from five to one. When I reach one, you're dream will be mine to control. Everything you see, hear, and do will be under my discretion. Do you understand?

ZACK

Mhmm.

Wes reads a passage from the book.

WES

Okay...five...your slowly becoming relaxed...from your head all the way to the tips of your toes. Four...your body is weightless...and every care in the world is slowly disappearing. Three...every bone in your body is relaxed...you're slowly falling back into your special place. Two...your mind is free from stress...you cannot move...your body is entirely calm. And...one...  
(looking up from the book)  
your dream is now under my control, Zack. Do you understand me?

Brandon's eyes are wide, moving back and forth from Wes to Zack.

ZACK

Mhmm.

WES

Okay Zack...your walking...walking towards some old, rusted train tracks. You hear a train off in the distance. Do you hear the train Zack?

ZACK

Mhmm.

Zack fidgets in bed a little bit.

WES

Okay, keep going towards the tracks. There is something waiting for you there.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Zack is walking towards the tracks. An abandoned steel mill dominates the background. A river flows in the distance. A shooting star zips by.

INT. WES'S ROOM - NIGHT

WES

You can hear the train coming but that doesn't bother you. The tracks are only a few yards in front of you now. Keep going, you're almost there.

TRAIN TRACKS

Zack approaches the train tracks.

WES (V.O.)

You see a picture lying in the middle of the tracks. It's Angela. Pick it up. You cannot move your legs anymore. They are under my control. Do you understand me?

INSERT - ANGELA'S PHOTOGRAPH

BACK TO SCENE

ZACK  
Angela.

## WES'S ROOM

Zack is growing more and more uncomfortable. He fidgets just a bit more than earlier.

WES  
Okay.

BRANDON  
This is fucked, Wes.

WES  
Shut up!

## TRAIN TRACKS

Zack is still on the tracks.

The train is now visible, only a few hundred feet away, moving steady.

The horn sounds.

WES (V.O.)  
The train's horn is growing louder, but you remain still, frozen to the tracks.

Zack tries to move but is frozen stiff.

ZACK  
What the hell.

## WES'S ROOM

Wes motions for Brandon to turn on the flashlight and position it directly above Zack's face.

WES  
The train is coming, closer and closer. Look at the train. You cannot move.

## TRAIN TRACKS

Zack is motionless. The train barreling towards him.

WES (V.O.)  
Look at the light.

ZACK  
What the fuck's going on?!

WES (V.O.)  
Do not resist or try to run.

Zack tries to move again, but cannot. He punches his legs and screams for help.

WES'S ROOM

Wes motions for Brandon to move the flashlight closer to Zack's face: two feet.

WES  
Do not move. Do not resist!

Zack squirms helplessly. His eyes are rolling back.

BRANDON  
Look at his fucking eyes, man! Wes!

WES  
Shut the fuck up! I have to finish this!

TRAIN TRACKS

The train is now closer than ever. Zack's staring like a helpless deer caught in a pair of headlights.

ZACK  
Help me. Please anybody. Oh my god!  
Somebody fucking help! Please!

WES'S ROOM

Brandon moves the flashlight one foot away from Zack's face.

WES  
The time of your death is approaching. Don't try to fight it. You are going to die!

## TRAIN TRACKS

The train is just about to obliterate Zack.

ZACK  
Somebody!

Zack begins to cry. He collapses to the ground.

## WES'S ROOM

Brandon moves the light inches from Zack's face. He begins to shake uncontrollably in his bed.

WES  
You will die tonight.

BRANDON  
I can't do this anymore. I can't.  
Fuck you, Wes. You're fucked up.

He drops the flashlight and attempts to shake Zack back to consciousness.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Zack! Wake up!

## TRAIN TRACKS

Zack is motionless on the tracks. Tears pour down his face.

The train collides with Zack's frozen body.

The horn blares.

## WES'S ROOM

Zack is seizing. Blood starts to pour out of his nose and ears.

BRANDON  
Wake the fuck up, Zack! Wes, you  
fucking piece of shit. Do  
something!

WES  
Jesus Christ.

Wes grabs on to Zack, trying to stop him from shaking.

WES (CONT'D)  
Wake up, Zack! Wake up. Snap out of  
it. Oh my god. Okay, uh. 5, 4, 3,  
2...

Zack stops shaking, stops breathing, and his heart seizes to  
beat.

He DIES.

BRANDON  
Zack! Come on buddy, wake up! Zack,  
wake up!

Wes grabs a phone and dials 911.

WES  
Oh my god.

Brandon is scared shitless. His eyes begin to swell and turn  
red. He collapses onto Wes's bed. He's unconscious.

WES (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

WES'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Three MEDICS burst through the door. Two of them rush to  
Zack's dead body; the other, to Brandon.

Wes is standing absolutely still, when...

A POLICE OFFICER creeps in through the open doorway.

EXT. STUDENT HOUSING CENTER - MINUTES LATER

Curious BYSTANDERS observe and bicker with each other as the  
officer calmly leads Wes into the backseat of his squad car.  
Wes is handcuffed. He doesn't resist.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. CEMETERY - DAYS LATER - DAY

Rows of graves.

Old, withering trees.

Dead leaves blow across the ground.

FRIENDS and RELATIVES surround Zack's grave, heads lowered. In front of the group is Angela, who weeps uncontrollably.

An old PRIEST reads a prayer.

PRIEST

Almighty God, we rejoice that the souls of those who have died trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ live with you in everlasting joy and happiness. And, we thank you that in mercy you have delivered him from the miseries of this sinful life.

INT. WES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wes lies in bed with Maggie, whose sleeping, snuggled up against his side.

Wes's eyes are wide open. He cannot sleep.

Tears pour out of his bloodshot eyes. After hearing Wes crying, Maggie wakes up.

MAGGIE

Wes? What's the matter?

Wes's sadness turns to embarrassment, then anger.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Baby?

WES

Get off me!

Wes shoves Maggie to the side, nearly knocking her off the bed.

MAGGIE

What the fuck!

He tears out of bed and charges over to his desk. Grabbing Dr. Gibson's book, Wes rips it into a million pieces, and rockets it at the drywall, causing a massive dent.

WES

Fucking cock sucking bastard!

A right cross transforms the dent into a small hole.



MAGGIE

Oh my god! Wes, calm down...baby?

Wes looks crazy. He takes powerful breaths and sweats profusely.

Maggie cautiously creeps over to him and attempts to comfortingly put her arms around his back.

WES

Get the fuck away from me!

MAGGIE

Wes?!

He collapses into a corner, bawling, arms limp at his sides.

WES

Get out of here!

Maggie drops to her knees, and puts her hands on Wes's head, stroking his hair.

MAGGIE

Wes, it's okay. You'll be alright.

He calms down a bit. His breathing slows.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Remember when you told me the story about the worker bee? You told me I was tough...just like the worker bee. Remember?

Wes laughs. Maggie is confident.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You gotta be tough right now. Don't give up on yourself. Wes? Come on. Baby, it's okay.

Wes's eyes are bloodshot, and tears still flow out of his eyes as he looks upwards, towards the ceiling.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(humorously)

Screw that book! You didn't know.

Wes drops his head and glares at his girlfriend.

WES

Get the fuck out of here!

MAGGIE  
No, Wes.

WES  
Get out!

MAGGIE  
It's alright...I'm telling you.

WES  
Get the fuck out!

He shoves Maggie once again, this time she falls backwards and onto her back.

She cries.

MAGGIE  
Wes?!

Maggie stands up, grabs her purse off the ground and stomps over to the door, bawling.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck you, Wes! You need some  
fucking help! Bastard!

Wes gets to his feet. A right haymaker transforms the wall into a gaping hole. He looks as if he's going to faint. Wes collapses into the corner, limp.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: "One Month Later"

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lies in bed wearing her pajamas. She's crying.

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brandon sits on his futon alone, watching "The Virgin Suicides" and gently strumming his guitar. He gets up to answer the door, but nobody's there. He slowly turns back to the futon.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Professor Ross lectures to his class. Opposite of him, students don't pay much attention.

Professor Ross looks to Wes's seat: it's empty.

EXT. EL TRAIN - BROWN LINE STOP - NIGHT

Prof. Ross sits, waiting for a train.

INT. EL TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

A newspaper rests in an open seat next to Prof. Ross, who gazes outside, where skyscrapers illuminate the horizon.

On the train there are BUSINESS PEOPLE, drunken college STUDENTS, and YOUNG COUPLES.

A HOMELESS PERSON begs for money.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A HOUSEWIFE, in her early 30's, swiftly walks past Prof. Ross.

She flaunts tight spandex pants and a black sports bra. On the back of her waist a red warning light flashes on and off.

HOUSEWIFE  
Good evening, Allen.

The thought of exercise depresses the slightly over-weight Ross.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Good evening.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Wes and Zack are standing, motionless, expressionless, by the tracks. They hug each other. Zack takes a deep breath and moves into the train's path.

Zack is blinded by the lights. The horn is deafening.

Wes stands alone.

The train is barrelling past.

INT. WES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wes is woken from the nightmare. He's breathing hard and pouring sweat.

For several moments he remains staring blankly at the ceiling.

INT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The cozy bedroom is classically designed with elegant furniture. The iron bed frame has lovely vine carved posts that extend nearly to the ceiling. Lying in bed is...

Professor Allen Ross, who stares at the ceiling with his arms bowed, and his hands behind his head.

His girlfriend, KEESHA, 45-years-old, lies next to him engulfed in the latest issue of EBONY MAGAZINE.

Keesha is a larger woman, but not obese by any means. Underneath the covers, she wears an oversized tee-shirt with a JAZZ musician playing the saxophone. For being bedtime, she is quite radiant.

Allen is over-thinking something, which causes him to be awkwardly silent.

KEESHA  
(submerged in her  
magazine)  
How was your day, dear?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Hmm?

KEESHA  
I just asked you how your day was,  
dear.

Keesha's eyes move back and forth, reading line to line.

KEESHA (CONT'D)  
That's wonderful.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
What?

KEESHA  
I said that's wonderful.

Professor Ross is calm, almost subdued.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I'm going to get fired from my job.

KEESHA  
What'd you say, dear?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Warrick is looking too much into  
the situation.

KEESHA  
He's been rightly fair in the past?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Past? There's no past. I teach the  
kids. I follow the damn rules.

KEESHA  
He knows your a valuable asset to  
the school.

Keesha closes the magazine and tosses it onto the floor.  
Above the headboard a bright light shines downward.

KEESHA (CONT'D)  
Your done thinking for tonight.

The light is flicked off and Keesha leans over for a kiss.

KEESHA (CONT'D)  
Night.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Good night.

EXT. JUVENILE COURTHOUSE - DAY

The building is architecturally built after the COLONIAL  
style of the 18th century. Mature WHITE OAK trees are  
perfectly spaced in front.

INT. JUVENILE COURTHOUSE - DAY

Wes stands in front of the courtroom awaiting punishment.

Everybody is present: Wes's family, Zack's family and  
friends, Professor Ross, Angela, Brandon, and Maggie.

The bickering people come to a respectable silence as...

JUDGE HURST enters the courtroom. He is well into his 60's and has not a colored hair on his head. His wrinkled and leathery face intimidates some people, but his looks are opposed by a deep, soothing, and articulate voice. He's dressed in a typical long black robe.

COURT OFFICER

All rise. The honorable Judge Hurst presiding.

Everybody in attendance stands until Judge Hurst sits at his bench.

COURT OFFICER (CONT'D)

You may be seated.

JUDGE HURST

Can the defendant, Mr. Wesley Bexler, please rise.

Wes rises.

JUDGE HURST (CONT'D)

Are there any final statements you want to bring to my attention before I present my decision?

Wes helplessly shakes his head.

WES

No, Sir.

JUDGE HURST

Okay then, well, based off the testimonies that both you and Mr. Welsh have given...

Brandon throws his head down.

JUDGE HURST (CONT'D)

...I have used my best judgement to arrive at what I believe is a fair and appropriate punishment. It is widely understood that in this case, the crime of involuntary-manslaughter was an obvious accident. If only Mr. Gibson were still alive, could we then better understand the sick and horribly dangerous methods he outlines in that book.

(MORE)

## JUDGE HURST (CONT'D)

In light of your age, and the circumstances of this case...I have decided that you will be sentenced to the Olwark juvenile probation camp in Minnesota. You will not be able to leave until the day of your 18th birthday. At which point, your overall behavior will be looked at...and, at that time, if I hear that you've been obedient, you will be released...

Wes is defeated.

...Until your 21st birthday, you will be mandated to probation. Officer Heinrick will be watching over you from that point on. And, if there are any violations within that time, you will be right back here, talking with me. So lets not let that happen. I really don't want to see you here again.

The judge hammers his gavel, startling Wes. He falls down into his chair.

There are mixed feelings in the audience. Some people smile and hug, while other remain seated, sobbing.

## EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

A dark blue bus, provided by the Harrisburg Illinois State Correctional Facility, makes its way down an empty highway.

Cornfields seem never-ending on each side of the road. There are occasional farmhouses and red barns in the distance.

## INT. DR. BAILEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting in a wooden armchair behind a clutter desk is DR. ROY BAILEY.

Mounted on the wall behind him are college certificates and a few prized Midwestern fish he'd caught a few years earlier.

Dr. Bailey, in his late 50's, white, and bald, is casually talking on the phone.

DR. BAILEY

How old is he?..Seventeen.

He writes on a yellow legal pad.

DR. BAILEY (CONT'D)  
What are his symptoms?

Dr. Bailey looks exhausted. He rubs his eyes and yawns.

DR. BAILEY (CONT'D)  
Yeah...well if he's  
experiencing...uh huh...well I  
guess we'll see what happens when  
he gets here then. You betcha...bye  
now.

After hanging up the phone, Dr. Bailey calls for a co-worker.

DR. BAILEY (CONT'D)  
Stephanie!

INT. HARRISBURG BUS - DAY

Wes sits by himself, with his head rested up against the window. His face is pasty and pale. He shivers slightly and his grey juvenile uniform has sweat stains around the neck.

Wes seems exhausted, and on the rare moments when he looks up and out the window, he sees the sun setting beyond the horizon.

INT. EL TRAIN - NIGHT

Professor Ross sits with his suitcase on the seat next to him. His eyes float around, observing the people near him, until his eyes come to a pause on...

An elderly, white HOMELESS PERSON. One of his arms is missing the bottom half. The other is outstretched, holding an empty tin can. A few coins clink and clank at the bottom.

An elegant BUSINESS WOMAN walks past, not giving him the time-of-day.

HOMELESS PERSON  
God bless you...bitch.

His eyes shift, making eye contact with Professor Ross whose been taking notice of this man's plight.



HOMELESS PERSON (CONT'D)  
 Can you help out a homeless person,  
 Sir? Help me get something hot to  
 eat.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 Sorry.

The homeless man reaches his arm out to another passer-by.

HOMELESS PERSON  
 Spare some change for an old man?  
 (back to Prof. Ross)  
 Help a homeless person out, man. Do  
 something good. Help the helpless.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 Sorry.

HOMELESS PERSON  
 Fuck you...  
 (under his breath)  
 Nigger.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 I'm done doing good for people.

Professor Ross ignores the man and looks out the window.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
 What's the point?

The begging continues.

HOMELESS PERSON  
 (clink-clank)  
 Give me your change!

INT. BRANDON'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dressed in his best button-up collared shirt, Brandon spiffs  
 up in the bathroom. He brushes his teeth, adjusts his  
 clothing, styles his hair, and sprays on his finest cologne.

Randy is also getting ready.

RANDY  
 It's going to be a blast.

BRANDON  
 (depressed)  
 No thanks.

RANDY  
Jay invited a bunch of girls! Hot  
ones.

Brandon walks out of the bathroom.

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brandon walks to his bed and lies down. His gaze upwards  
contains a hint of fear and uncertainty.

There are a few hard knocks at the door.

JAY (O.S.)  
Randy! Open the door...

Randy rushes out of the bathroom.

JAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...or I'm gonna huff...

The door opens.

JAY (CONT'D)  
...and puff...

RANDY  
Shut up? Don't come in.

JAY  
What?

RANDY  
I'm ready. Let's go.

Brandon stares at the ceiling until his eyelids slowly move  
downward. His hands rest over his chest.

INT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Professor Ross is exhausted as he struggles to crawl into  
bed. Keesha sleeps peacefully.

The lights from above are switched off.

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Professor Ross yawns and sips a bit of coffee. His students are taking a test.

A preppy female STUDENT approaches the front of the room, drops her paper on Ross's desk, and exits the classroom.

Next to the door, the class telephone begins to ring. Professor Ross sighs, walks over to the phone, and answers it.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Allen Ross speaking...yeah...I'll  
be down there...okay, bye.

A SLACKER male student walks passed Professor Ross, smirking.

SLACKER  
Later, Mr. Ross.

INT. PRESIDENT WARRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

This office's grandeur is remarkable. It makes Professor Ross's office look like the janitor's closet. An expansive cherry wood desk sits in front of two leather arm chairs. The walls are actually book shelves worthy of being in the finest library. Detailed fine carpet rests beneath Professor Ross who sits opposite of...

BOB WARRICK, 45-years-old. He's slick, impersonal, and his attitude is that of a yuppie snob. Warrick's charcoal suit cost at least 1500 dollars and his Patek Philippe wristwatch complements his tie.

Professor Ross walks in, worn-out, but is successful at appearing happy to be there.

BOB WARRICK  
Allen, good to see you.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
How are you, Bob?

BOB WARRICK  
Great! Never been better!

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Good, good.

BOB WARRICK

Did you happen to see the 760Li in the parking lot this morning. Black. It's brand new. I picked that baby up yesterday. Runs like a dream. You really should take one out for a test drive.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Sounds great.

BOB WARRICK

So, you're here. Lets talk. I'm concerned with the recent allegations the media has been making about you lately.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Okay.

BOB WARRICK

You understand my concern don't you, Allen?

PROFESSOR ROSS

Well, the judged decided that it was an accident.

BOB WARRICK

Well, accident or no accident, the board of trustees isn't sympathetic towards the fact that you gave him that book. Indirectly, you caused Wes to take the steps that led to that other student's death...uh...

(checking a form)

...Zack. They've decided to put you under evaluation. I'm sorry to inform...

PROFESSOR ROSS

Ever since I got this job I've been busting my ass. Even before you were hired.

BOB WARRICK

Allen, I don't want to see you go. I'm trying to be a fair here.

PROFESSOR ROSS

What is the board evaluating?

BOB WARRICK

We just can't have an associate of a convicted murderer working for this institution. I'm sure you can understand that.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Wes did not intentionally murder that other boy!

BOB WARRICK

It's not my job to deliberate whose right or wrong here. The whole thing looks bad for the university.

Professor Ross storms out of his seat.

PROFESSOR ROSS

I've been steadily working at this damn school for eight years. I got a family to take care of. A daughter whose just starting college. I'm paying for her schooling. I don't have the liberty of owning a goddamn BMW or whatever the hell it is you've got in that parking lot.

BOB WARRICK

Listen, if I were you, I'd not make a big deal about this. Play it off as if nothing were going on. Live normally. The board will be motivated to re-instate your contract with us here if you do.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Re-instate? You said they were going to do an evaluation. I'm a good teacher, Bob.

BOB WARRICK

You will be put on an unpaid sabbatical. One year, until this whole thing blows over. I'm sure you need a break anyway, after the death and what not.

The professor is helpless.

BOB WARRICK (CONT'D)

You'll figure it out. Good luck, Allen. I mean it.

Professor Ross stomps out of the office, slamming the door, which knocks some loose books off the shelves.

Bob Warrick walks over to the window and squints through the shades at his new BMW.

INT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Professor Ross depressingly packs his most valuable items into a cardboard box.

He takes the picture of his daughter, stares at it for a moment, and then carefully places it up-side-down into the box.

INT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In a uncomfortable silence, Professor Ross and Keesha eat dinner at opposing ends of the table. A few candles rest in the middle of the table, however, tonight they are not lit. Instead, the ceiling light illuminates the room.

KEESHA

What do you plan on doing?

PROFESSOR ROSS

I don't know.

KEESHA

You don't know? That seems like a good plan.

PROFESSOR ROSS

I'm never going back to work for that prick.

KEESHA

Even if you wanted to, you can't for the rest of the year.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Uh huh.

KEESHA

What are you going to do?

Professor Ross drops his knife and fork onto his plate.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Keesha, I just found this out two hours ago.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
I don't have enough money to cover us, and, not to mention Maggie's college tuition for next year. So, it would be nice, please, if you could just drop it. I will figure something out. Give me a little time.

KEESHA  
I know you will.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Maybe this is a good time for you to start looking for a job.

KEESHA  
Doing what?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I don't know...anything. You live here too.

KEESHA  
I don't know. People don't hire black women with barely a high school degree in today's world.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
That's the saddest thing I've ever heard you say.

KEESHA  
It's true.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
That's not what you used to say!

KEESHA  
What'd I say?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
You said...  
(mocking)  
That the 21st century was the black period, where our people will strive and surpass the white man.

Keesha laughs.

KEESHA  
Yes, that sounds accurate.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
So, get a damn job! Aren't you  
bored?

KEESHA  
I'll look...but I ain't qualified  
to do nothin'.

They begin eating their dinners again.

KEESHA (CONT'D)  
Maggie called...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
When?!

KEESHA  
Earlier. While you were being  
fired.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lies in bed watching her favorite movie: "Sixteen  
Candles." She wears a purple tank top with matching pajama  
bottoms.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN - "Sixteen Candles"

SAMANTHA, 16-years-old, stands near the door of the  
church, when all of a sudden, she looks up to see JAKE, late-  
teens, leaning up against the side of his Porsche. After  
waving, he runs across the street to meet a surprised Sam.

JAKE  
Hi.

SAM  
Hi...what are you doing here?

JAKE  
I heard you were here.

SAM  
You came here for me?

BACK TO SCENE

Maggie, grasping her pillow, is in tears when...

The phone on her night table RINGS.

She tries to pull herself together.



INT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Professor Ross paces. He's on the phone, waiting for an answer.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SCENES --

MAGGIE  
(sobbing)  
Hello.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
(muffled)  
Hey, Honey!

MAGGIE  
Daddy, how are you?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Good. Are you okay? Are you crying?

MAGGIE  
No. I'm just watching a movie.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Oh.

MAGGIE  
I called you earlier.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Yeah, I just got home from work.  
Keesha just told me you called.

MAGGIE  
How is she doin'? I didn't talk to  
her for very long.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
She's fine. I got her looking for a  
job.

He looks into the kitchen to see Keesha cleaning the dishes.

MAGGIE  
Really? What's she gonna do?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I don't know. Cleaning service  
maybe.

MAGGIE

That's good. I wanna have lunch  
with you sometime soon.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Yeah, that'd be great! When?

MAGGIE

Doesn't matter.

MAGGIE'S MOTHER / ROSS'S EX-WIFE

(O.S.)

Maggie! Get off the damn phone!  
It's 9:30!

Maggie shoots her middle finger towards the hallway.

MAGGIE

Dad...

PROFESSOR ROSS

Yes.

MAGGIE

I gotta get going.

EXT. BELLWOOD DRIVE - DAY

The blue bus drives with a cornfield on the left and on the  
right stands...

Minnesota's OLWARK PROBATION CAMP, a structure that resembles  
a minimum security prison. Olwark is made out of concrete,  
painted white, and cylindrically shaped, three levels high.

Outside, there are tall fences, which create boundaries  
between the road and the camp's grounds. Pine trees surround  
the circular exterior, blocking what could be considered a  
view for the juvies. On one side of Olwark, there are four  
basketball courts. A employee / visitor parking lot is  
located on the opposing side.

A siren sounds, and a large fenced gate opens at the camp's  
entrance. The bus comes to a stop, and when the gate fully  
opens, it slowly pulls forward.

EXT. OLWARK JUVENILE CAMP - ENTRANCE - DAY

The bus comes to a stop.

A small group of Olwark EMPLOYEES wait for the juveniles to exit the vehicle.

INT. HARRISBURG BUS - CONTINUOUS

Wes's body is weak, almost limp.

Everybody rises to their feet and fill the center aisle. Wes merges in near the middle of the dozen or so juvenile DELINQUENTS.

An OFFICER directs them.

BUS OFFICER  
Everybody off the bus! Single file  
line!

EXT. OLWARK JUVENILE CAMP - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Another OFFICER waits outside to lead them into the facility.

The juveniles keep the line moving smoothly.

OFFICER # 2  
Okay, everyone follow me.

Nearby, the group of professionals examine the kids as they march forward. One of them is Dr. Bailey, who chats with his assistant STEPHANIE, 35-years-old.

Dr. Bailey points to the line.

DR. BAILEY  
Is that him?

STEPHANIE  
Sixth from the front.

DR. BAILEY  
Send him into my office, will you?

STEPHANIE  
Yes, Sir.

Dr. Bailey walks into the entrance, while Stephanie stops the officer in front of the line.

INT. DR. BAILEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Wes is led into Dr. Bailey's office by a MUSCULAR GUARD. He waits outside the door.

Dr. Bailey gets up from his seat to greet Wes's depressed, almost "zombie-like" self.

DR. BAILEY

Hello, Wes. My name is Roy Bailey. I'm in charge of examining you, and many of the other young men with us here.

WES

Hello.

DR. BAILEY

(indicating the chair on the opposite side of his desk)

Please, have a seat.

Wes slouches down in the seat.

DR. BAILEY (CONT'D)

How are you doing today, Wes?

WES

How long will I be in here for?

DR. BAILEY

Where do you mean?

Wes looks at a clock on the wall: 3:35 PM. He points downward.

WES

Here.

DR. BAILEY

Is this uncomfortable for you?

Dr. Bailey takes his pen and writes on his legal pad.

DR. BAILEY (CONT'D)

I've been informed that you've been having trouble sleeping. Can you tell me anything about that? What exactly is the problem?

WES  
It's just like it sounds.

DR. BAILEY  
Are you experiencing insomnia?

WES  
A little.

DR. BAILEY  
Can you guide me through a typical  
night you've been experiencing  
recently?

WES  
Typical...well, I brush my teeth,  
usually. Then I take off my  
clothes. And, then I hop right into  
bed.

DR. BAILEY  
What happens when you fall asleep,  
Wes?

WES  
I usually don't. I don't know.

Dr. Bailey jots a few things down.

DR. BAILEY  
Okay...

WES  
Isn't that typical?

DR. BAILEY  
It usually is, yes.

WES  
There's nothing wrong with me.

DR. BAILEY  
Nobody's saying something's wrong  
with you, Wes. Do you think that's  
why you're here?

WES  
That's why they sent me to you, I'm  
sure.

DR. BAILEY

I'm only trying to figure out how to help you get back to normal. I'm aware of...

WES

So there is something wrong with me.

DR. BAILEY

There's nothing wrong with you, Wes. Don't you want your life to be back the way it was.

WES

Don't fuck around, Doctor.

Wes peers over to the clock: 3:45 PM.

Dr. Bailey writes.

DR. BAILEY

Tell me about your flashbacks. What do you see?

WES

You know what happened.

DR. BAILEY

I do...

WES

Well, then you know.

DR. BAILEY

Have you been in contact with Mr. Allen Ross recently?

Wes gives his psychologist a threatening look.

WES

No.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTUARANT - PATIO - DAY

Maggie and her father are under-dressed for the event. FANCY MEN and WOMEN discuss business deals, while Professor Ross and Maggie sit, catching up.

PROFESSOR ROSS

It's good to finally see you.

MAGGIE

Yeah.

PROFESSOR ROSS

You look good.

MAGGIE

Oh, thanks...so do you.

Maggie takes a sip of her lemon water.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Listen, um...

An experienced WAITER, in his 40's, arrives to take their order.

WAITER

Are you two ready to order or would you like a few more minutes?

PROFESSOR ROSS

I think we're all set.

WAITER

Great. Whenever you're ready.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Maggie.

MAGGIE

I will just have the chicken caesar salad, please.

WAITER

Great, and for you, Sir?

PROFESSOR ROSS

I will take the...BBQ pulled pork sandwich.

WAITER

Steak fries or our homemade pasta salad with your meal, Sir?

PROFESSOR ROSS

The fries will be just fine. Thank you.

Professor Ross takes Maggie's menu and hands them back to the waiter.

WAITER

Thank you.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

(to her father)

So...

PROFESSOR ROSS

So...how've you been, Maggie?

MAGGIE

Okay, I dunno, just been hangin' out before school starts. Working a little.

PROFESSOR ROSS

I bet you're a little nervous to start your first year of college. It's exciting.

MAGGIE

Yeah, a little, I guess.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Well don't be. You'll be just fine. Has your mother talked about how she wants to go about moving you up there?

MAGGIE

No, not really. We still have time.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Yeah, but better now than later wouldn't you say?

Maggie glances around, observing some of the other people eating: an OLDER MAN, sitting with a YOUNG ADULT, who's probably his son.

MAGGIE

How could you have given Wes that book?!

PROFESSOR ROSS

Maggie...

MAGGIE

I can't believe it.



EXT. OLWARK JUVENILE CAMP - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

A small group of Wes's new PEERS play a rough game of basketball. Elbows are thrown and bodies are tossed around.

DELINQUENT # 1  
Foul, motherfucker!

DELINQUENT # 2  
Shut the fuck up, punk. Quit bein'  
a bitch.

Delinquent # 2 bounce passes the ball to # 1, who instead of checking it back, tosses it off court.

The ball bounces towards Wes, who sits alone on the edge of the court. He's is not remotely interested in the game.

Wes's face, with dark bags under his eyes, and his body, haven't gotten more than a few hours of sleep all week. His skin is pale. He looks either hypnotized or drugged, with wide-open eyes, staring off into space.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTUARANT - DAY

The food is fresh at the table.

MAGGIE  
I need to see him again.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I understand.

MAGGIE  
You have to do something. It's your  
fault!

Professor Ross puts his silverware on the table and slumps his head down.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Please, stop. You don't think I  
care. I used to sit in my office  
and think about that for hours. I  
lie in bed...beating myself up,  
thinking about how I can make all  
this go away

MAGGIE  
Daddy...

PROFESSOR ROSS

I don't think I will ever stop feeling terrible for what I created. Goddamn kid had to see if there was anything he could do. I just wish I could tell Wes that he's better off just finding a different roommate. Tell Zack to go to a specialist, and see what they could do.

MAGGIE

Maybe you should have. I'd still have my boyfriend.

EXT. OLWARK JUVENILE CAMP - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Delinquent # 1 runs over to Wes as the ball comes to a rest beneath his seat on the bench.

The delinquent with the angry expression is JUAN, a Puerto Rican, 16-year-old thug. Despite his age, Juan is nearly six feet tall, muscular, and has arms covered with tatoos: a PITBULL, an image of JESUS CHRIST with a prayer beneath it, Juan Rosa-Nieves written in OLD ENGLISH, etc.

JUAN

Yo, toss it over, homeboy.

The disillusioned Wes doesn't hear anything.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Whasup, homie? Didn't you hear me?  
Yo, I'm talking to you!

Wes finally looks up at Juan, but is unable to say anything. He just looks tired, sedated, or wasted.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Give me the fuckin' ball, homie!

There's no attempt to oblige.

JUAN (CONT'D)

You better grab me that ball, dawg.  
Don't make me have to get it myself!

Wes is motionless, staring mistakenly threatening towards Juan.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Aight.

Juan reaches down and grabs the basketball.

The other players watch from the background.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Get the fuck outta my way.

Juan tosses the ball over his shoulder, back to the players. He clocks Wes with a right UPPERCUT, but his face does not contort. It appears as if Wes does not even realize he was just socked in the face, however his bottom lip has a massive, blood squirting gash.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Now you know, bitch. Don't fuck with me!

EXT. UPSCALE RESTUARANT - DAY

Professor Ross and his daughter have finished eating lunch. They sit in an awkward silence, while they wait for the bill.

MAGGIE

We've got to get some closure on situation!

PROFESSOR ROSS

Yeah...

MAGGIE

I think you've gotta do something about it.

PROFESSOR ROSS

I know, Maggie, I've thought of that. I just have got so many other things to deal with. I've got to worry about myself. Can you understand that?

MAGGIE

Dad...

PROFESSOR ROSS

Yes.

MAGGIE

Do something! I want my boyfriend back! I want him back to normal!

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I want my life to be the same way  
it was!

The waiter gently slides the check onto the table.

WAITER

Take as much time as you like.

MAGGIE

You should go up there. Talk to  
him. You started it. You're the only  
one who can fix it. Please! I can't  
fight with you much longer.

PROFESSOR ROSS

I'm your father...

Professor Ross takes out his wallet, and places his credit  
card inside of the leather check holder.

INT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Professor Ross listens to a phone message from Dr. Bailey.

DR. BAILEY (V.O.)

Mr. Ross, my name is Roy Bailey.  
I'm a psychologist for the Olwark  
correctional facilities. I have  
been assigned to look at Mr. Bexler  
here. I think it's important that I  
talk to you. Wes is suffering from  
a serious case of post-traumatic  
stress disorder and I believe it's  
crucial to his rehabilitation that  
we bring together everyone involved  
in the events that took place last  
month. I've tried to contact Mr.  
Brandon Welsh several times, but he  
hasn't returned any of my calls. I  
would like it if you could visit  
immediately. If you could give me a  
call back...my number is 952-555-  
0401. Bye now.

INT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Upstairs, Keesha paces the room, while Professor Ross sits up  
in bed.

KEESHA

I don't think so!

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I have to do it!

KEESHA  
You're not going up there!

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Keesha!

KEESHA  
What?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I'm fucking going, and your not  
going to convince me otherwise.  
Wes's life is at risk, goddamnit.

KEESHA  
So your just going to leave, pack  
up and go to Minnesota to visit  
some kid.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Some kid? My student. Maggie's  
boyfriend! Who the hell do you  
think you are? Is there any part of  
your tiny, under-qualified brain  
that knows what's been going on in  
my life these past few months.

KEESHA  
Fuck you.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I will be gone for a week. Honey,  
it will be okay. Think of it this  
way -- I will be gone, and you can  
have the whole house to yourself.

KEESHA  
Yeah...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Light some candles. Take a bath or  
something. I don't care.

Keesha's mood is a bit more sympathetic.

KEESHA  
I guess...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Look for a job, maybe.

The pacing immediately stops.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
Or not...I don't care. But, Baby,  
understand it's not me who's gonna  
care if we're livin' on the  
streets. I can hold up...you...I  
don't think so.

KEESHA  
Screw you!

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I'm just saying.  
(under his breath)  
God knows your not a realist.

KEESHA  
I heard what you said. And yes,  
maybe I try to be more  
idealistic...but at least idealism  
and pessimism don't go hand in  
hand.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Uh huh.

KEESHA  
Just stay here!

PROFESSOR ROSS  
If I thought I could do it with  
you...I'd say come with me. But,  
that's not the case.

KEESHA  
I never asked to come.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
(laughing)  
Yeah...but, it goes without saying  
that your gonna be upset the whole  
damn time. This is important...it's  
something I have to do.

Keesha calmly crawls into bed.

KEESHA  
Allen?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Yeah.

KEESHA

What are you gonna do with him up there?

PROFESSOR ROSS

I don't know.

KEESHA

I still think it's a fools errand.

EXT. EL TRAIN - DAY

The ORANGE line barrels along towards Chicago's Midway Airport.

Out in the distance, planes are landing and taking off.

INT. EL TRAIN - MINUTES LATER

Professor Ross looks hopeful. He gazes out of the window, as he is now much closer to the airport.

An incoming plane soars right above him.

INT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - DAY

Various PEOPLE wait to board flight 625 to Minneapolis / St. Paul.

Among them, Professor Ross waits for his row to be called. The only piece of luggage with him is a small, navy blue, carry-on suitcase.

He studies "Dreams and their Effects on the Human Brain."

A young, female, PASSENGER HANDLER, begins calling rows for boarding.

PASSENGER HANDLER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen on flight 625 to Minneapolis / St. Paul, we are now ready to begin the boarding process...we will start with rows 25-30...please have your boarding pass ready. Thank you.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Much to his liking, the seat next to Professor Ross is empty. Still, he reads Dr. Gibson's book.

The plane is hurtling down the runway.

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The 737 Boeing airplane soars up into the clear blue sky.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Professor Ross walks, with his arm around Wes. He preaches into Wes's ear, while Zack, unbeknownst, strolls happily ahead of them.

The puff of exhaust from an oncoming train can be seen in the distance.

PROFESSOR ROSS

You gotta do it.

WES

I fucking hate it. Can you even imagine, Mr. Ross?

PROFESSOR ROSS

Call me Allen.

WES

Allen?

PROFESSOR ROSS

We're friends aren't we, Wes?

WES

Yeah, we are?

PROFESSOR ROSS

You can trust me, can't you?

WES

I trust you.

PROFESSOR ROSS

So you know what you have to do then, right?



Professor Ross lifts his head and points his finger towards Zack.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
I'm just telling you to do what's  
best...for you.

The entire train is now in sight.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
Go!

Wes breaks free from Professor Ross's grasp and runs up to Zack, who tosses small rocks onto the vibrating tracks.

WES  
Hey, buddy!

ZACK  
Que pasa, Amigo? Check it out.

Zack heaves a rock, hitting the train, which is only about 1/2 a football field's length away.

WES  
Damn!

Strolling behind, with his hands in his pockets, Professor Ross proudly observes.

Wes grabs a rock from the ground, tosses it, and makes contact.

Zack grabs another stone. As he throws it, Wes shoves him. Loosing his balance, Zack is forced onto the tracks, screaming.

Professor Ross nods approvingly.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

After making contact with the ground, Professor Ross is forced out of his dream. Tiny beads of sweat trickle down his forehead.

A white, ELDERLY WOMAN across the aisle notices Professor Ross's startled state. When he notices her, she quickly looks away, afraid.

EXT. MINNESOTA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Several dark clouds block the sunset's colors that would normally stretch upwards from the distance.

A grey 2002 Buick Le Sabre speeds along the empty highway.

Tall pine trees line each side of the road.

INT. BUICK LE SABRE - NIGHT

Smooth jazz faintly plays on the radio, while Professor Ross attempts to read a Minnesota state road map.

EXT. EL RANCHERO MOTEL - NIGHT

A bright red sign reads "VACANCY" as the Buick pulls into the parking lot.

From the outside, this motel is a cheap, and sleazy dump. An oversized wooden BULL'S HEAD is attached to the overhang of the manager's office. Miniature figures of items from the OLD WEST are nailed to each room's door: a cowboy, lasso, cactus, the word "saloon," etc.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Professor Ross enters the manager's office to find the same theme going on. A cherry red wooden statue of a Native American stands 5 feet tall next to the counter. A few tiny cacti are scattered around the room.

The disheveled professor rings a small bell on the counter to signal the man in charge of this dump.

From a back room comes GAO (pronounced like "Cow.") The short, unshaven Mexican is overly friendly and full of bottled energy.

Professor Ross is exhausted and doesn't share the man's energetic mood.

GAO

Hola, Amigo! Bienvenida!

PROFESSOR ROSS

I need a room, please. Any room.

GAO  
 (broken English)  
 No a problem. Ah...one room? How  
 many night are you...ah stay?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 I don't know.

GAO  
 No a problem. No problem.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 A week...maybe two...

GAO  
 The cost...uh 45 dollar a night,  
 okay?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 That's fine. Which room is it?

Gao reaches behind him, where a board full of keys are hung  
 on dirty nails. Nearly every key is hanging.

Professor Ross receives the key to room NUMBER 2 and begins  
 to walk out, but turns around to ask...

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
 Do you know where I can find the  
 Olwark correctional facilities? I  
 know it's around here, but...

GAO  
 Ol...walk?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 ...I'm unfamiliar with this area.

GAO  
 Uh...Olwalk...yo no sé.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 You don't know?

GAO  
 Sí, Señor. Yo no sé.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 Okay...um...do you have a city map?  
 A driving map?

GAO  
 Oh, Sí...sí, you want buy mapa?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Well, I will never be back around  
this area.

GAO  
(confused)  
You don't want buy?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
No, no...sorry. I will just ask  
someone else.

Professor Ross turns to leave, suitcase in hand.

GAO  
Gracias!

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A few TOWNSPEOPLE are parked, filling up their tanks.  
Professor Ross slowly walks towards the front door.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A bell sounds as the professor staggers into the local store.  
Behind the counter, an overweight, white EMPLOYEE in his mid-  
20's stocks the liquor cabinet.

EMPLOYEE  
How you doin' tonight, Sir?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I'm alright.

EMPLOYEE  
How can I help you?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Do you know where Olwark  
correctional facilities are?

EMPLOYEE  
Olwark.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I believe it's on the North side of  
town.

The employee looks out the window at the intersecting roads beyond the stores limits.

EMPLOYEE  
(thinking)  
Olwark? You mean the juvie camp?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Yeah.

EMPLOYEE  
I know where that is...had a few high school buddies that wound up there for a little while. Dumbasses. I saw on the news...this one kid just got sent there a few weeks ago. Word is he killed his roommate. Butchered him while he slept...wild stuff.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Really?

EMPLOYEE  
Yeah, man. Stupid kid. He probably doesn't realize his life's permanently fucked.

He bursts into laughter.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Do you know how to get there or not?!

EMPLOYEE  
Yeah, yeah...sorry, you see that light over there...turn left...then go for...I dunno, two miles maybe and look for Bellwood Drive...

Ross pulls out a pen and a piece of paper to write this all down.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Bellwood...

EMPLOYEE  
...and take a right...I think there should be a McDonalds right there...but, yeah...just take Bellwood for about another half mile and you should be there...I think it's on the left.

PROFESSOR ROSS

You think?

EMPLOYEE

Left or right...it's a huge place,  
Sir. You won't miss it either way.

Ross finishes writing the directions, stands up-right, and looks out the window to visualize the direction he will be traveling.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Do you have beer here?

EMPLOYEE

(pointing)  
Back wall.

INT. EL RANCHERO MOTEL - ROOM # 2 - NIGHT

Ross sits up in bed reading Dr. Gibson's dream manual and drinking a RED STRIPE. He sets his beer down on the night table and becomes submerged in whatever it is he's reading.

A look of enlightenment or amazement comes over his face.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eating spaghetti, seated around an elegant six person dining room table are Maggie, PAM, and RAY.

Pam, 50-years-old, and WHITE, is Maggie's mother. At one point in her life she was an attractive woman, however, years of alcohol abuse and smoking cigarettes has taken its toll. Her attitude is stern.

Ray, 55-years-old, BLACK, is Maggie's step-dad. He mimics Pam's strict attitude. Ray wears sweatpants and a Chicago Bears tee-shirt.

PAM

You never told me how lunch was  
with Allen.

MAGGIE

You mean Dad?

Ray grunts.

Maggie shoots him a glaring look.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It was okay.

PAM

How's he doing?

MAGGIE

He seems okay. He went out of town  
for awhile.

PAM

Where did he go?

Maggie protects her father from being the on-going topic of discussion.

MAGGIE

(excitedly)

He went to help Wes.

RAY

What's the use? The kid's fucked.

MAGGIE

Fuck you, bastard!

PAM

Do you really think your father can  
help Wes? If you ask me I don't see  
the point. What's he gonna do?

They each take either a bite of food or a sip of ice water.

PAM (CONT'D)

Have you made any headway on your  
plans for school.

MAGGIE

No!

PAM

Well...

MAGGIE

Well, what? What should I be  
planning right now?

PAM

There's always something to think  
about.

MAGGIE

I dunno.

PAM  
Have you started packing anything  
together?

MAGGIE  
No.

PAM  
Have you called your roommate yet?

MAGGIE  
Not yet.

PAM  
Where again did you say she was  
from?

MAGGIE  
I forget.

PAM  
Do you even want to go to school?

MAGGIE  
You know I do!

PAM  
You need to follow through on your  
commitments.

MAGGIE  
You're crazy.

RAY  
Doesn't seem like you're doin'  
anything.

MAGGIE  
You're both out of your minds.

PAM  
It's about time you learned how to  
do things on your own.

MAGGIE  
Okay...I've decided.

PAM  
You decided what?

MAGGIE  
I'm going to go there with Dad.



PAM  
Well...we'll discuss it.

MAGGIE  
No we won't.

PAM  
What do you mean no.

MAGGIE  
You just told me to start acting  
like an adult.

PAM  
That's not what I said.

MAGGIE  
That's exactly what you said.

PAM  
You can't make that decision on  
your own. You live under our house.

MAGGIE  
Whose house?

Ray waves his arm back and forth between himself and Pam.

RAY  
Our house!

MAGGIE  
You don't do anything for us.

RAY  
Watch yourself, Maggie.

MAGGIE  
What do you do, huh? You sit around  
all day...reaping the benefits of  
my Mom's money.

PAM  
And he takes care of you. Treat him  
with respect.

MAGGIE  
Fine.  
(to Ray)  
Ray, I love you so much.

RAY  
Pam, you better do something with  
this girl.

MAGGIE  
Will you please be my real father?  
God, I hate living here!

RAY  
So leave.

MAGGIE  
I would, but you psychos would call  
the cops before I could walk out  
the door.

RAY  
Go ahead.

PAM  
We'll just see how long you're gone  
for.

INT. EL RANCHERO MOTEL - ROOM # 2 - NIGHT

Professor Ross lies in bed, on top of the covers, passed out.  
"Dreams and their Effects on the Human Mind" rests, closed,  
next to his body.

Empty bottles are scattered around the room.

EXT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S HOME - NIGHT

Maggie, wearing dark sweatpants and a long-sleeved shirt,  
scatters up the driveway carrying a small bag.

She approaches the door, hesitates, looks around, and rings  
the doorbell. After a few moments...

Keesha, wearing a baby blue cotton robe, answers the door  
groggily.

KEESHA  
Oh my goodness, Maggie. What are  
you doing here?

Maggie stares back, pleadingly helpless.

KEESHA (CONT'D)  
Are you hurt?

MAGGIE

I'm fine.

KEESHA

Come on. Get inside here.

Keesha throws her arm around Maggie's back and pulls her inside the warm house.

KEESHA (CONT'D)

Does your father know you're here?

INT. WES'S BUNK - NIGHT

Wes gasps for air as he lies awake in bed. His eyes move side to side, noting his surroundings. They never blink once.

INT. EL RANCHERO MOTEL - ROOM # 2 - DAY

The Sun slowly rises to create a beautiful dawn sky.

The telephone rings: wake up call!

PROFESSOR ROSS

(into telephone)

Okay...yep...thanks.

Professor Ross slowly pulls himself out of bed, looking around at the messy room. He makes it to the window, peers out, and yawns.

EXT. BELLWOOD DRIVE - DAY

Professor Ross drives, with Olwark probation camp coming into view.

The car slowly turns into the visitor parking lot.

INT. DR. BAILEY'S OFFICE - DAY

On the phone is Dr. Bailey. He is caught up in an important conversation.

A meandering Professor Ross finds his way into Roy's office. He stands up and greets Ross by shaking his hand. Dr. Bailey puts his finger up: "one moment". Professor Ross absorbs the room.

DR. BAILEY

Allen, good to see you.

(into phone)

Listen Burt, I'm gonna tell you one more time...what? Okay...talk to you later. Alright then...okay bye, bye.

Professor Ross notices the fish on the wall.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Fisherman?

DR. BAILEY

Huh? Oh, those...yeah, caught them a few years ago up in Canada. Great fishing up there. Have you ever been?

PROFESSOR ROSS

Me? No, I don't fish much.

The two men sit down.

DR. BAILEY

How was the flight up here?

PROFESSOR ROSS

Good...spent my time reading.

DR. BAILEY

What did you have?

PROFESSOR ROSS

Well, that's what I've been meaning to talk to you about. I know a way to help Wes.

DR. BAILEY

Okay.

PROFESSOR ROSS

I need a few minutes alone with him. Can you make that happen.

DR. BAILEY

I can, Allen...But first, why don't you tell me what's on your mind.

INT. OLWARK JUVENILE CAMP - BUNK CORRIDOR - DAY

A scrawny POLICE OFFICER in his 30's, leads a nervous Professor Ross down a row of what seem to be cells. However, the rooms aren't separated from the hall by metal bars, but rather a big, tan metal door, each with a wire filled glass window.

The police officer finds a rest at bunk NUMBER 19.

POLICE OFFICER  
You've got one hour. Good luck.

The door swings open, and Professor Ross hesitates, but walks in.

INT. WES'S BUNK - CONTINUOUS

Wes's bunk is neatly kept. A twin sized bed, one pillow, a TV with a dusty remote control, a shelf, and a toilet seem to be his only possessions.

On the walls, there are intricate charcoal drawings of his reoccurring dream. Train tracks, an abandoned steel mill, and a roaring river are common images in every picture.

Filling the shelves are hundreds of Sudoku sheets with completed puzzles. One of which is in the hands of...

Wes, who is solving the puzzle very efficiently, writing a new number every few seconds. He is distracted by...

Professor Ross, who creeps in with Dr. Gibson's book behind his back. He takes in the room, the drawings, and finally Wes.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Hello, Wes.

The delusional Wes jumps back in his bed, mounting in defense.

Professor Ross steps back, a bit frightened, but calms himself.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
It's alright, Wes...I'm not going to hurt you.

Wes's voice is scratchy and unused.

WES  
What the hell are you doing here?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I am here to help you.

Professor Ross is stared at up-and-down. Wes is very cautious. He clinches his fists.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

Wes is far from "alright."

WES  
Yes, of course. Why wouldn't I be?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Okay, good.

WES  
What are you doing here?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Like I said, Wes, I am here to help you.

WES  
I don't need you to help me!

Professor Ross motions to leave. He walks to the door and puts his hand on the doorhandle.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I'll go.

WES  
(sincere)  
No...don't go.

After turning around, Professor Ross walks near the bed.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
(pointing)  
May I sit down here, Wes? Right here, on the end of the bed?

WES  
No...stand.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
When's the last time you slept, Wes?

WES  
Last night.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Okay...but, how much are you  
sleeping. Can you answer that for  
me?

WES  
Very little.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Little?

WES  
Almost none at all.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
When you do sleep...do you sleep  
well...is it worthwhile?

WES  
No.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Why?

WES  
I can't tell the difference between  
sleep and reality. I could be  
sleeping right now. It would never  
make a difference.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Do you think your dreaming right  
now?

WES  
I don't think so.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Well, you're right...

Silence...

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
Wes?

WES  
Mhmm.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I want to talk to you about your  
old roommate, Zack. Is that okay?

Wes has an uncomfortable vision --

INT. WES AND ZACKS' ROOM - NIGHT

Zack sits at his computer, probably playing yahoo pool. When suddenly Wes enters, ignoring him.

ZACK  
Amigo?!

INT. WES'S BUNK - DAY

Professor Ross is now sitting on the bed.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Wes?

WES  
Mhmm.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Can you tell me what exactly  
happened that night.

Wes's eyes are extremely wide, as if he's imagining the whole night in his head.

WES  
Nothing really.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Wes, it's important. I think it's  
crucial to...

WES  
He was dreaming...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Yes...

INT. WES AND ZACKS' ROOM - NIGHT

Uncontrollably shaking in bed is Zack. Blood pours out of his ears and nose.

Brandon stands overhead, holding the flashlight.



Wes kneels down, next to the headboard.

BRANDON  
Your fucked up, Wes!

INT. WES'S BUNK - DAY

WES  
...and I killed him.

From behind Ross's back comes the BOOK.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Wes?

WES  
Mhmm.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
You didn't do anything wrong.  
Okay...I can resolve all this. For  
you, Wes...and me.

At that moment, Wes notices Dr. Gibson's DREAM MANUAL sitting on the bed next to Professor Ross.

WES  
No! Get the fuck away from me...get  
the fuck away from me! Never bring  
that here!

Wes starts stomping, pushing himself to the head of the bed. He's hysterical, and having an emotional breakdown.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Wes! Calm down.

Professor Ross rushes to the door, pushes a buzzer, and yells...

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
Somebody get in here now! I'm done!

Eventually, the force of Wes's legs push him off the bed, causing him to hit the cement ground hard.

The metal door flies open, and three OFFICERS rush in towards Wes's flailing body.

They inject him with SODIUM AMYTAL, which causes him to immediately turn limp. Now subdued, Wes is placed back in his bed to rest.

OFFICER # 1  
What the hell happened here?

Professor Ross stands, scared-as-hell, in the corner.

INT. EL RANCHERO MOTEL - ROOM # 2 - NIGHT

On the muted television, an episode of the Newlywed Game plays. Husbands and wives slap each other with their incorrect answers.

Professor Ross sits up in bed, studying the manual. Several pages are marked with post-it notes. He murmurs phrases from the HYPNOTISM chapter to himself.

He closes the book, tosses it onto the other side of the bed, rubs his eyes, and suddenly...

The room's phone begins to RING.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SCENES --

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Hello?

MAGGIE  
Hi.

Professor Ross's energy is instantaneously restored.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Maggie?

MAGGIE  
Uh huh.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
What's wrong?

MAGGIE  
It took me awhile to get a hold of you.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Are you alright?

MAGGIE  
I'm okay now...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Tell me what happened.

MAGGIE  
I'm at your house.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Is Keesha there?

MAGGIE  
Yeah...she let me in.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
What happened? Are you okay?

MAGGIE  
It's Mom and Ray.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Your Mom...and Ray?

MAGGIE  
Uh huh.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
They did something to you? I don't understand. What would they do to you?

MAGGIE  
Mom freaked out. She was yelling at me...telling me I had to get my shit together. And, I told them how you were doing...and that you left town for awhile...Ray was being an ass hole...disrespecting you.

Ross jumps to his feet.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
(off receiver)  
God damnit Pamela! Ray you fucking piece of shit!

MAGGIE  
I snuck out a little bit later...and I ran over to your place.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Okay, good...I'm glad your okay.

MAGGIE  
I'm fine. Daddy?

PROFESSOR ROSS

Yes, Honey.

MAGGIE

I want to live with you.

PROFESSOR ROSS

We'll figure that out when I get back, okay?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Just stay there until I get back. Only a few more days. Everything will be fine, okay?

MAGGIE

Yeah huh.

Professor Ross is furious. By now, he's pacing back and forth, back and forth.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to worry you...I'm fine. How is Wes doing?

PROFESSOR ROSS

No, no...don't be sorry, Maggie. Wes is doing just fine. Don't worry. Dr. Bailey is making some good progress already.

Maggie takes a deep breath, and regains her composure.

MAGGIE

Good. I love him so much.

PROFESSOR ROSS

I know you do. He'll be fine, Honey.

Maggie smiles, but her happiness soon turns to discomfort. She sighs.

MAGGIE

Do you remember Brandon Welsh?

PROFESSOR ROSS

Brandon Welsh...yeah. He was the one who helped Wes...the night of...

MAGGIE  
I'm sorry to tell you, but...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
But, what?

MAGGIE  
He committed suicide last night.

Professor Ross falls to his knees, dropping the phone.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
In his dorm room.  
(no answer)  
Daddy?...Dad?!

Ross picks the phone back up...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I have to go. I will be home soon.  
I love you.

Click...

EXT. GAS STATION - MINUTES LATER

A HEAVY RAIN gives a hazy feel to the atmosphere. A neon sign reading "GAS" has vivid auras surrounding it.

The Buick Le Sabre pulls into the empty parking lot, stopping right next to the entrance.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Wet and on a mission, Professor Ross enters the gas station.

Behind the counter, the same employee from last time stocks cigarettes.

Ross points to the liquor cabinet behind the counter.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
What do you have back there?

EMPLOYEE  
Well...

INT. EL RANCHERO MOTEL - ROOM # 2 - NIGHT

Pull after pull, the soaking Professor Ross has by now taken down nearly half the liter of Jose Cuervo.

The DREAM MANUAL still lies on the same spot of the bed as before. Ross grabs the text and bolts out of the room, bottle in hand.

INT. BUICK LE SABRE - NIGHT

Outside the heavy rain still falls.

Drunk, Professor Ross drives recklessly.

After two more pulls, and dry heaving, Ross chucks the bottle onto the street, smashing it into a thousand pieces.

In the passenger seat, lies the dream book. Ross doesn't hesitate to throw it out next.

Dr. Gibson's "Dreams and their Effects on the Human Mind" lies in the street, soaking up inches of rain water.

Up ahead, a faint road sign reads --

INSERT - BLURRY ROAD SIGN

"Chicago - 376 Miles"

"Rest Stop - 2 Miles"

BACK TO SCENE

Professor Ross's head bobs up and down, back and forth.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. INTERSTATE REST STOP - DAY

Several cars and semi-trucks crowd a public resting area. Citizens quickly walk in and out.

Professor Ross's Buick sits in the middle of the lot.

INT. BUICK LE SABRE - DAY

With the seat in its full and upright position, Professor Ross sleeps heavily until he is woken by the sound of a car's HORN. His shirt from last night is wrinkled and damp. For the first time, Professor Ross looks grungy and unclean.

EXT. INTERSTATE REST STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Ross gets out of the car and leans up against the trunk. The bright sun momentarily blinds him. He rubs his eyes and looks around. He appears hopeless, and madly hung-over.

He oversees an upbeat MOTHER and FATHER giving their 15-year-old DAUGHTER parallel parking lessons. Cones are set up the proper distances away.

The daughter attempts to squeeze between the markers.

MOTHER

Come on, come on, come on.

FATHER

Just a little bit further...spin the wheel to the right...to the right!

The daughter is confused and embittered. She collides with the curb.

MOTHER

Oh no!

FATHER

Pull forward...

DAUGHTER

Ugh! I can't do it.

FATHER

Just straighten out.

MOTHER

Come on, Sweetie, just try it one more time.

Professor Ross climbs back in his car and pulls out of the parking spot.

EXT. MINNESOTA HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

The car barrels down the highway.

Pine tree's on both sides seclude the road from anything else.

INT. BUICK LE SABRE - CONTINUOUS

Professor Ross hurtles the car down the road going 80 MPH.

Up ahead a sign reads: "Chicago - 350 Miles"

In the rear view mirror, the sign quickly begins to vanish. Professor Ross's eyes bounce back and forth between the road and the mirror.

He rests his head on the steering wheel for a moment then gently pushes on the break peddle.

EXT. MINNESOTA HIGHWAY - DAY

A clearing in the trees provide for the perfect spot to turn around. The break lights shine as Ross turns his car onto a dirt U-TURN.

EXT. MINNESOTA HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

The car flies down the road going even faster than before.

EXT. BELLWOOD DRIVE - DAY

Cornfields are on the left side of the road.

Professor Ross's car drives along. The scenery is unrecognizable, until up on the right...

Olwark probation camp comes into view.

INT. BUICK LE SABRE - CONTINUOUS

Professor Ross is nervous. Tiny beads of sweat trickle down his forehead. He tightly grasps the steering wheel perfectly on ten-and-two.



EXT. BELLWOOD DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

On the right, KIDS play basketball. Lazy SECURITY OFFICERS stand nearby having a conversation of their own.

The car slowly pulls into the visitor parking lot on the left side of Olwark.

INT. BUICK LE SABRE - CONTINUOUS

Professor Ross comes to a complete stop in a spot to the rear of the nearly empty lot.

He calms himself by taking slow, methodical deep breaths. However, now he sweats more than ever. Suddenly, he bursts out of the car.

INT. OLWARK JUVENILE CAMP - BUNK CORRIDOR

The same POLICE OFFICER leads Professor Ross down the row of juvie bunk rooms.

At the end of the hall is Wes's bunk.

A nervous Ross trembles slightly as he and the police officer approach the bunk.

POLICE OFFICER  
No more problems like last time.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
(confident)  
No problem. Not today, Sir.

The officer shoots Professor Ross a suspicious look.

POLICE OFFICER  
I'll be nearby.

Billy-club in hand, the police officer knocks three times on the window of Wes's door.

Inside, Wes lies on his back, motionless in bed.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
You've got a visitor!

Wes doesn't move.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 (to Ross)  
 Go ahead. He'll be fine this time.  
 We injected him with sodium amytal  
 an hour ago.

Professor Ross peers in once more at Wes.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 I'll be right down there. Buzz me  
 when you're done.

The police officer points with his club down the hall to an empty metal chair at the opposite end of the corridor.

Professor Ross keeps his eyes glued on Wes.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 (nodding)  
 Thank you.

The heavy door swings open.

INT. WES'S BUNK - CONTINUOUS

Professor Ross slowly creeps into the room. He tries not to disturb Wes, while he lays on the bed.

Wes wears his grey jumpsuit. Around his eyes, the skin is a purplish grey. His skin is pale. He is weak. His muscles have been deteriorating for weeks.

Standing in the corner is Professor Ross. He waits for a few moments before saying a word.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 Wes?

Wes's eyes open widely.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
 Wes?

WES  
 Who is it?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 Wes it's Allen...Mr. Ross.

WES  
 Ross...

Wes tilts his head up. From the lazy look in his eye, he is heavily sedated. The sodium amytal is in full effect.

The long black hair that Wes used to have has now been shaved off, leaving a buzzed scalp.

His head tilts back down. His eyes close softly.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Listen...I've got to do something  
with you.

Wes is groggy, and barely makes sense when he tries to pronounce words.

WES

Leave me alone.

There is a stern tone surrounding Professor Ross's speech.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Wes, believe me!

Wes's eyes flutter open, but close once more.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)

You've got to trust me.

He fidgets slightly, but the drugs are too powerful for Wes to make some kind of physical retreat.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)

I'm going to put you in a deep  
hypnosis, Wes. Just stay where you  
are, and please do not move.

WES

Mhmm.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Okay...um, I will count all the way  
down to one from five, Wes. When I  
reach one, you will be completely  
relaxed and in a deep state of  
hypnosis. Is that clear?

WES

Mhmm.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Be completely calm. Everything will  
be alright.

Wes squirms a bit.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
 Okay...loosen every muscle in your  
 body. Let every inch of you relax,  
 Wes...okay. Five...you are becoming  
 more and more relaxed. Every second  
 that goes by, a new part of your  
 body is becoming loose. From the  
 top of your head...to the tips of  
 your toes. Four...your every care  
 in the world is slowly melting  
 away...your entire body is becoming  
 weightless.

With the help of gravity, Wes's hands and feet begin to drift  
 downwards.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
 Three...your beginning to fall back  
 to a special place...a place only  
 you know...where there are no  
 worries in the world. Two...you  
 cannot move...your body is  
 completely calm. And...one.

Wes is entirely limp.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
 Wes?

Wes is suddenly able to respond.

WES  
 Mhmm.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 I want you to bring me back to the  
 night of Zack's death.

WES  
 Zack...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 What happened that night?

WES  
 The dream...bright...blinding  
 lights.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 Lights from what, Wes?

WES  
The train...it hit him.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Hit him?

WES  
It killed him.

Professor Ross pauses for a moment.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I want you to go back to that  
night. Visualize in your mind what  
you had Zack see.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Zack walks near a the pair of rusted train tracks.

A shooting star zips by.

WES (V.O.)  
Keep going towards the tracks.

A picture lies in the middle of the tracks.

WES (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Pick it up. It's Angela.

Zack looks around, grabs the picture then stands up.

ZACK  
Angela.

The train is coming from the distance. A massive cloud of  
exhaust fills the air.

INT. WES'S BUNK - DAY

Professor Ross sits on the edge of the bed, speaking softly  
to Wes's hypnotized self.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Wesley?

WES  
Mhmm.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Now I want you to appear with Zack  
near the tracks. But, do not let  
him see you.

WES

(slightly fidgeting)  
Mhmm.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS

The sound of a blaring horn startles Wes as he stands several  
yards away, behind Zack.

WES (V.O.)

The train is moving closer. You  
cannot move. You are frozen to the  
tracks.

ZACK

What the fuck!

PROFESSOR ROSS (V.O.)

Remain calm, Wes. Just watch Zack.

Wes moves a few feet closer, but stops.

Zack is punching himself, trying to get his frozen legs  
moving again.

INT. WES'S BUNK

Professor Ross leans in near Wes, speaking directly into his  
ear.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Stay calm, Wes. Do not try to help  
your friend.

Wes is a bit more uncomfortable. He squirms more intensely,  
but it doesn't worry Professor Ross.

WES

(mumbling)  
Help me...

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS

The lights from the train begin to blind Zack, who stands  
motionless on the tracks.

WES (V.O.)  
Look at the light. Do not try to  
run. You cannot move.

Wes remains still, until...

PROFESSOR ROSS (V.O.)  
Move over to your friend.

Wes walks over to the rocky ground, near the tracks, and next  
to Zack.

Zack notices his Wes and whispers...

ZACK  
Help me...

INT. WES'S BUNK

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Do not help him.

Wes grasps the sheets tightly in his fists.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS

Zack stares Wes in the eyes, pleading him to save his life.

WES (V.O.)  
The time of your death is  
approaching. Do not try to fight  
it. You are helpless.

Wes looks up in the sky.

WES (CONT'D)  
What do you want me to do!

ZACK  
Wes, please help me...please!

Wes looks back at him, but does nothing helpful.

WES (V.O.)  
You are about to die.

The train barrels forward. Its lights blind Wes and Zack.

The horn blares.

Zack collapses to the ground.

PROFESSOR ROSS (V.O.)  
When I say...

The train is only 50 feet away, moving steady.

Zack is pouring tears.

WES (V.O.)  
Do not fight it.

INT. WES'S BUNK

Professor Ross is closer than ever to Wes's ear.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
NOW!

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS

Wes breaks free from his frozen stance and DIVES in front of the train.

He pushes Zack off of the tracks, and together they tumble downwards into a ditch on the other side.

Zack cries, lying still on the ground.

The train barrels passed. Everything is muted.

INT. WES'S BUNK

Wes lunges forward in bed, gasping for air. He almost knocks Professor Ross in the head. His face and shirt are full of sweat. Wes's eyes have started to go back to their usual color, and his skin is beginning to look normal.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I thought I had to count back from five.

WES  
Mr. Ross?

The police officer from the hall notices Wes's awkward state. He bursts into the room, grabs Professor Ross, and with one arm, shoves him back into the corner.

POLICE OFFICER  
(to Wes)  
Are you alright?



WES  
 (to his surprise)  
 Fine.

Professor Ross remains standing in the corner, smiling.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MINNESOTA HIGHWAY - DAY

Professor Ross drives his car back towards Minneapolis. He is the only person on the road. He speeds down the highway, just coasting.

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - DAY

A airplane soars downward from the sky. It lands with elegance and grace. Small puffs of smoke leave the ground as the tires make contact with the runway.

INT. EL TRAIN - DAY

Professor Ross rests in a window seat on the train as it moves into the city.

Outside, a FUNERAL is in progress. A priest reads a prayer, standing at the head of the grave. Ross looks down and stares at the people, dressed in black, mourning their loss.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - ZACK'S GRAVE - DAY

Professor Ross stands alone above Zack's grave, which reads --

INSERT - GRAVE

"Zachary James Bishop"

"June 4th, 1987 - April 17th, 2007"

"It is not length of life, but depth of life.  
 He jumped into life and never touched bottom.  
 You will always be in our heart, son!"

BACK TO SCENE

Professor Ross squats down.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 I never really got to know you...

A leaf gently drifts by. Tears begin to form in Professor Ross's eyes.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
 ...I just wanted you to know...that  
 I'm sorry. I know there's really no  
 way you can forgive someone like  
 me, but...

The sun begins to peek out from behind a grey storm cloud.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
 ...Everyone is thinking about you.  
 I wanted you to know that.

A chilling breeze blows.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. PROFESSOR ROSS'S HOME - DAY

SUPER: "One Month Later"

In the driveway, a U-HAUL 10' Mini Mover is being loaded with furniture, clothing, and random knick-knacks.

The front door swings open. Professor Ross staggers out holding a big cardboard box that reads: "Winter Clothes."

Holding up the rear, and making sure her dad doesn't topple over is Maggie. She wears tight blue jeans, a tan tank top, and a pair of white Converse.

MAGGIE  
 Come on Daddy!

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 This is all your clothes...right?

MAGGIE  
 Don't be suck a wuss. I'll be right  
 back.

She jogs back into the house.

Professor Ross almost trips, but catches himself just before he crashes to the ground.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
 Woah...Damn it.

He tosses the box into the back of the truck.

Maggie runs out carrying a 12" television set.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
That's what you had to get? I  
almost broke my damn neck.

MAGGIE  
Stop it.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Next time you come outta that house  
you better be carrying something  
big.

Maggie hands him the T.V. and runs back inside.

MAGGIE  
I love you.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Uh huh.

Professor Ross slumps over, with one hand on the back of the truck, catching his breath.

He walks inside the house, only to be forced back out carrying a box labeled: "Summer Clothes."

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
Damn girl.

MAGGIE  
That's all...

Maggie walks out carrying a small battery operated fan.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
I got the fan.

Professor Ross shoots her a disapproving look.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
What would I do without you?

INT. U-HAUL TRUCK - DAY

Professor Ross sits with Maggie, who occupies the passenger seat.

The FAN is attached to the driver's side visor.

Maggie has her foot out of the open window. She wears knockoff designer sunglasses.

Professor Ross lets out a big yawn. His shirt is covered in dust.

MAGGIE

My roommate should already be there by now.

PROFESSOR ROSS

When did she get in?

MAGGIE

I dunno....yesterday?

PROFESSOR ROSS

That's too bad.

MAGGIE

Bad?

PROFESSOR ROSS

Yeah...now she gets her choice of everything in the apartment. Which bedroom she wants...how to arrange all her stuff.

Maggie frowns.

MAGGIE

Oh...

PROFESSOR ROSS

You'll have a great time, Honey.

MAGGIE

(child-like)

Will you miss me?

PROFESSOR ROSS

Nope.

MAGGIE

Oh come on.

PROFESSOR ROSS

Not a bit.

MAGGIE

Oh ha-ha.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Of course I'll miss you...

MAGGIE  
Well, I won't miss you!

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I believe it.

Maggie brings her leg back into the truck and lets out load moan.

MAGGIE  
How far is it?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Oh...I'd say only about seven more hours.

Maggie falls back, and rests her head up against the back of the seat. She closes her eyes and falls asleep.

Professor Ross looks over and gives a proud smile, but with a fatherly hint of sadness to see his daughter go.

EXT. MINNESOTA HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun is directly above the car. Professor Ross sweats, while Maggie, yet again, lets her leg dangle outside the window.

Father and daughter play the ALPHABET game. They say letters that they see on road signs, billboards, or licence plates until one of them completes the alphabet.

Professor Ross is on "N," while Maggie is stuck on "Q" (the hardest letter to spot).

PROFESSOR ROSS  
N! On that sign: "Rest-stop Next Exit."

MAGGIE  
Damn.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Come on O.

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE  
I hate Q!

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I think I'm going to beat you  
again.

Their eyes search all over. They analyze every single passing car, every sign, everything with a letter on it.

Up ahead, a black LEXUS has licence plate "ORC-239."

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
O! Right there...licence plate.

MAGGIE  
Ugh! I hate this game!

PROFESSOR ROSS  
You better find that Q.

Professor Ross looks over at Maggie.

MAGGIE  
Doesn't it suck when you stop  
looking for like two seconds and  
you miss a letter.

A gigantic BILLBOARD with "Perkins" flies by. In an instant, it's left far behind.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Like that! Perkins! Ha! You missed  
it.

While she taunts her father, a billboard with the words "Antiques Next Exit" zips passed.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
(mocking)  
Ha! Antiques!

MAGGIE  
Where!?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Back there!

Dad points into the side view mirror.

Maggie moans and pretends to cry.

Another "Perkins" sign is up ahead.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)

P!

They sit, waiting in silence for a "Q" to appear.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)

You want to take a break in an hour  
or so? I need to stretch my legs a  
little bit.

Maggie nods approvingly and extends her legs so that her feet  
are smashed in between the windshield and the dashboard.

In the distance a ROAD SIGN reads: "Minneapolis - 48 Miles."

EXT. OLWARK JUVENILE CAMP - DAY

In about an hour, the sun will set beneath the horizon.

INT. OLWARK JUVENILE CAMP - LOUNGE - DAY

Wes sits alone in a plain room with many tables, each with  
two chairs on both sides.

Professor Ross enters through a glass door and approaches  
Wes, who has an ecstatic grin on his face. Professor Ross  
sits opposite of Wes at the table.

Wes is back to his old self. His hair is long and properly  
groomed, his skin is fair, and most of all, he's smiling  
again.

WES

Mr. Ross, what are you doing here?

PROFESSOR ROSS

It's good to see you.

WES

It's good to see you too. Wow.

PROFESSOR ROSS

How've you been.

WES

Good...really good.

Maggie observes from the hall, out of Wes's sight. She is  
happy to see her boyfriend for the first time and proud of  
Wes and her fathers' positive relationship.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I'm glad to hear that.

WES  
Listen...I never had the chance  
to...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Your welcome, Wes...I'm just glad I  
was even let back into that room  
after...

Wes laughs.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
I was actually going to thank you  
myself.

WES  
What? Why?

PROFESSOR ROSS  
I'm a changed man, Wes. I owe that  
to you.

They sit in silence for a moment.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I just thought I'd like to  
stop in, while I'm driving through  
the area.

Wes and the professor slowly stand up.

WES  
I'm glad you stopped by.

PROFESSOR ROSS  
Yeah, me too.

They both hug each other warmly.

PROFESSOR ROSS (CONT'D)  
When are they letting you out.

WES  
About six months...

PROFESSOR ROSS  
You'll make it.

WES  
Stop by again.



PROFESSOR ROSS

I will.

Professor Ross exits.

Wes, once again alone, stands with his hands in his pockets.

Wes sits back down and a young POLICE OFFICER pokes his head into the room.

POLICE OFFICER

You've got another visitor.

Wes looks confused, until in walks...

Maggie. To Wes, she is absolutely radiant. Her hair is long and straight, and her makeup is masterfully applied with just the right amount. Maggie's brown eyes glimmer as she walks underneath the lights above.

Their eyes never lose contact.

She sits down at the seat across from Wes.

WES

Hey.

MAGGIE

Hey.

Maggie gently slides his hand in hers. They slowly pull each other towards one another until their lips meet to share an innocent, but highly passionate KISS.

Professor Ross proudly observes from the hallway.

WES

I love you.

MAGGIE

I love you too, baby. I've missed you so much.

They smile, there eyes fixated.

WES

(lovingly)

What are you two doing here?

MAGGIE

I'm going to school.

WES  
That's right. Wow!

MAGGIE  
Yeah...

Wes slightly wets his lips.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
If my Dad wasn't out there right  
now, I would totally fuck you...

WES  
Next time.

MAGGIE  
It's a date. I...

WES  
I love you too.

INT. U-HAUL TRUCK - DAY

Professor Ross drives with one arm resting on the opened window and the other resting on the steering wheel at 12 o'clock.

Next to him, Maggie smiles peacefully.

EXT. NORTH DAKOTA - ROAD - DAY

The sun is subtly dipping beneath the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: "9 Months Later"

EXT. BELLWOOD DRIVE - FRONT OF OLWARK - DAY

A beat up, yellow Volkswagen Jetta is parked in front of Olwark.

INT. VW JETTA - CONTINUOUS

Maggie sits, waiting outside of the correctional facility. She wears her knockoff sunglasses and her red lipstick causes her lips to maturely sparkle. She is beautiful.

Through the passenger-side window, Wes walks towards the metal fenced gate.

The gate slowly opens and closes.

Wes walks to the car, opens the door, and sits down. He joyously exhales.

MAGGIE  
Right on time.

They KISS.

EXT. NORTH DAKOTA - ROAD - DAY

The Sun subtly dips beneath the horizon.

A HEARD OF SHEEP migrate in their own direction.

In the distance, red lights flash on-and-off.

A train's horn blares.

The VW Jetta slowly approaches a railroad crossing.

Wes and Maggie patiently wait for the train to pass by.

FADE TO BLACK

- THE END -