

SORRY

Written by

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INT. COMMERCIAL TV SET - DAY

An actor dressed as a DOCTOR,

Expensive shirt and tie, open white coat, wearing a stethoscope and holding a clipboard, points with a pen to symptoms that appear next to him as he speaks.

DOCTOR

Have you been unable to overcome an UNBEARABLE LOSS, SEVERE GUILT, CLINICAL DEPRESSION? Have pills and hours upon hours of therapy let you down? Are you desperate for a solution? If that sounds like you, call New Beginnings for a free consultation. New Beginnings...

INT. STATE OF THE ART MEDICAL FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The place is clean and white with a touch of resort. Doctors and smiling patients interact.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

The place where anyone can start over. A minimally invasive procedure, with state of the art laser technology, enables us to erase your painful past with little or no risk.

COMMERCIAL TV SET - CONTINUOUS

DOCTOR

Give us a call and find out how 50,000 Americans have learned to smile again. New Beginnings. We're here for you.

The image freezes.

INT. SYNDICATED NEWS SET - CONTINUOUS

PULL BACK: From the large, flat screen TV with the image of the frozen doctor, and into an Anderson Cooper 360 style news program.

The HOST is well dressed in a skinny suit. He turns from the flat screen TV and looks to the audience and then the camera floating in front of him.

HOST

It's an alarming trend, growing at an alarming rate. Americans, by the tens of thousands, seeking Medically Induced Amnesia as a means for dealing with mental health challenges. Tonight we will examine five different cases and conduct one on one interviews with patients who have undergone this controversial procedure. Some of what you see will sadden you. Some of what you see will shock you. And, I think, some of what you see will anger you.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PULL BACK: From a TV with the Host and the syndicated news program on, to see an almost comatose man standing by his sofa.

This is Sam. Sam is 28. His face is expressionless. His hair is messy. He looks tired.

The third floor apartment is bland and cookie-cutter, one of hundreds in this complex. Not inexpensive, just cheap. The kind where everything is easy to replace as the landlord deals with the constant turnover of residents.

Sam turns his head from the TV and stares out the window for a moment. A small BANDAGE ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

He looks around his apartment. Papers sit on the kitchen counter not far from him. He notices them, but not for long.

He slowly SHUFFLES HIS FEET, moving to his front door. He unlocks the door.

APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door to Sam's apartment opens. Sam peers out, looking up and down the hall.

A neighbor pauses at her door, groceries in hand. She fake smiles at Sam and slowly raises an unsure hand to wave. He just stares at her.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam closes his door and slowly SHUFFLES back across the room to the kitchen. He stops at the coffee maker and stares at it.

He searches the cabinets, finding only coffee filters. After opening several more cabinet doors, he gives up and drops the filters by the coffee maker.

He stares at the papers on the counter.

INT/EXT. RON'S CAR - DAY

RON, 27, clean cut and well dressed, navigates the crowded streets of Buckhead, Atlanta in his BMW.

RON

(on speaker phone)

I'm not ignoring you. He needs me right now.

RON'S GIRLFRIEND (O.S.)

So, how did it go?

RON

It's not like I thought it would be. I thought...

(pause)

I thought he'd be like my friend without any issues. He's not. He's just an empty shell, someone staring out, wondering who they are.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sam turns a page. He's half way through the papers.

IN CLOSE ON THE PAPER.

"Your name is SAM. Your helper is RON".

The name is underlined and hand written into the space. It continues;

"RON can be reached at..." A phone number is written into the space.

Sam looks across the room.

A cell phone sits on the coffee table.

He moves to the coffee table and picks up the phone.

He swipes the screen.

The screen is locked. A security pattern stares back at him.

Sam stares at the phone. He looks ahead. His eyes move down and to the left, then back to the phone. But, he just stares.

INT. RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

RON'S GIRLFRIEND (O.S.)

I want to meet him.

Ron wrinkles his forehead and looks toward the speaker in the car.

RON

You've met him before.

RON'S GIRLFRIEND (O.S.)

Yeah, but not like this.

RON

(irritated)

What?

RON'S GIRLFRIEND

I've never met anyone with amnesia.

RON

(irritated)

I've gotta go. I've gotta make some calls. They said to keep him busy, get him a job. I got a whole list of things.

SAM'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The shower is running. Sam stands next to the sink, staring at himself in the mirror, his shirt off. He's in good shape, with some aggressive tatoos.

He picks up a compact mirror and tries to see under the bandage on the back of his neck. No luck.

He flexes. He inspects his tatoos.

The mirror is starting to fog, interfering with his reflection.

He finds something on his stomach. He wipes the mirror clean and raises his right arm, stretching out his abdomen.

In the mirror, a small circular scar the size of a bullet hole.

He turns and looks at his back.

In the mirror, a larger scar on his back, immediately opposite of the circular one on his abdomen.

RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ron is on the phone again.

RON

I can send over the resume today.

HEADHUNTER #1 (O.S.)

Okay, great. Anytime tonight is fine. It won't get looked at until tomorrow.

RON

When should I follow up?

HEADHUNTER #1 (O.S.)

You won't need to. I'll give you a call tomorrow. We want to fill the position soon.

RON

Great. That's really great. I appreciate it.

SAM'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam stands at his closet, staring at his clothes, wearing his pants only. His hair is still wet. He fingers through the different shirts hanging in front of him.

He leaves the shirts and picks up a pair of socks on his bed. He stares at the shirts as he puts on the socks.

He moves back to the shirts and picks one out, pulls it from the hanger. The weight of his lazy arms doing the work. The hanger swings.

He puts on the shirt.

He kneels down below the hanging shirts and looks at a row of shoes. Something catches his attention, his brow furrows as he leans in.

He reaches past the shoes and, one by one, pulls out three Glock magazines of ammunition. He stares at the bullets.

He sets them down. Searches more around the shoes. Nothing.

He stands and looks around the room. Opening drawers. Searching everywhere.

RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ron's phone rings. He answers. It's Sam's gum smacking, 25 year old, irresponsible girlfriend, NATALIE.

RON

Hello.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Hey, how is he?

RON

Natalie?

NATALIE (O.S.)

Yeah. How is he?

RON

(irritated)

How is he? I should be asking you. Aren't you there yet.

NATALIE (O.S.)

(defensive)

I'm almost there.

RON

You were supposed to be there over an hour ago.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Traffic is bad.

RON

TRAFFIC is ALWAYS bad. Nothing has changed about traffic in this city during this time of day.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Don't yell at me.

RON

I'm not yelling. But, I shouldn't have to ANYTHING at you. Of all days. You could have been on time on this one.

NATALIE (O.S.)

I have a lot going on.

RON

YOU have a lot going on? Do you know all I have done? He's your boyfriend. The least you can do is be on time. All you have to do is sit there on the couch and be there for him. That's it.

(beat)

I should have known.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Don't make me feel bad.

RON

Somebody has to make you feel bad. You're not gonna go do it on your own.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Don't be an asshole.

RON

(sarcastic)

Yeah, I'm the asshole.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam sits on the couch. On the coffee table in front of him sits a fixed blade knife, a Glock pistol, and the three magazines of ammunition.

He looks up from the items to the TV. He picks up the remote and hits rewind.

The DVR rewinds the content until we arrive back at the beginning of the New Beginnings commercial.

It starts to play again.

RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

RON
Let me know as soon as you get there.

NATALIE (O.S.)
Okay.

RON
How far out are you?

NATALIE (O.S.)
I'm close.

RON
How close?

NATALIE (O.S.)
Thirty minutes at most.

RON
Thirty minutes?! Are you kidding me? I can be back there in thirty minutes.

Ron checks his mirror, changes lanes, and whips the car around, TIRES SCREECHING, making a U turn.

NATALIE (O.S.)
I think you're over reacting. It's not like he's a baby.

RON
(angry)
He has no memory! He didn't even recognize his own apartment last night. He's all alone. There's no telling what he's thinking.

NATALIE (O.S.)
Calm down.

RON
I'm going back.

Ron disconnects the call.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam stops the DVR at the end of the New Beginnings commercial. He rewinds it.

When the image on the screen gets to the beginning of the commercial, he stops it. Then, he rewinds some more.

The screen is rewinding through a news program. He stops the image and presses play.

ON THE TV: The news.

NEWS ANCHOR

A town that is still trying to come to grips with the death of one of it's finest. Police have not yet released the audio recording of the man they say called into the station, admitted to killing Officer Hightower, and claimed he would be turning himself in.

(Pause for affect)

That was a week ago. So far, no one has shown up, no one, has turned themselves in.

(pause for affect)

Police say they have many clues and excellent, corroborated, eyewitness descriptions.

RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ron is driving more aggressively, his speed increasing. He comes up on stand-still traffic. His TIRES BARK as he comes to a stop behind the car in his lane.

FROM RON'S POINT OF VIEW: The driver in front of him looks in their rear view mirror.

Ron raises his arms.

RON

Comm'on.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam stands at the window looking out. He turns and moves back to the table. He stares down at the gun.

He picks it up. He examines it carefully, then turns his attention to the remote, the gun dangling in his right hand.

He presses play and starts to listen to the news report again. He sits on the couch.

NEWS ANCHOR

...still trying to come to grips
with the death of one of it's
finest. Police...

BANG! The gun goes off in Sam's hand.

Sam jumps in his seat then freezes, holding the gun by his side.

RINGING IN HIS EARS, drowning out everything else.

FROM SAM'S POINT OF VIEW: The gun is close to his thigh. He leans his leg to the side. No wound.

He looks ahead of him, searching with his eyes.

He stands and walks past the coffee table.

CLOSE IN ON THE COFFEE TABLE: His cell phone begins ringing and vibrating across the table, a call coming in, but it's drowned out by the RINGING EARS.

The caller ID - a picture of Ron.

INT. RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The PHONE IS RINGING on speaker, a call going out.

Ron raps his fingers on the steering wheel and looks to the speaker.

RON

(to himself)

Common Sam, Pick up the phone.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RINGING IN HIS EARS continues.

Sam approaches the wall beyond the TV. He raises a finger to the bullet hole in the wall and touches it.

The cell phone stops ringing, vibrating on the coffee table behind him.

He breaks from his trance and begins to move a little faster. He looks out the window, then out the front door to the hallway.

RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ron is on the phone again - it's RINGING. A calm, female 911 OPERATOR answers.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Nine one one, what's your
emergency?

RON
Ah, hello, I've never done this
before, but I want to request a
welfare check.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Is this for a family member,
friend, or stranger?

RON
Friend.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Is the welfare check at your
friend's house or another location.

RON
His house, uh, apartment.

SAM'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam is sitting at the edge of the bed, quickly lacing up his shoes. He grabs a jacket and moves to the living room.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He puts the jacket on and moves straight for the door, reaches for the doorknob, then stops. He looks over to the coffee table.

CLOSE IN ON: The gun sitting on the coffee table.

RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

RON
I would like to stay on the line.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
I'm sorry, sir, we can't do that.
Not for this type of emergency. I
assure you we have officers on the
way, but I need to clear the line
for other calls.

RON
I'd really like to...

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
(cutting him off)
We will call you back as soon as we
make contact with your friend.

RON
It's just, well...

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
(cutting him off)
We'll call you back.

RON
There are special circumstances.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Sir, I'm going to hang up now.

RON
You'll recognize him.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
(attentive now)
We'll recognize him?

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam stares out his window.

FROM SAM'S POINT OF VIEW: A police cruiser slowly driving through the parking lot below, its brake lights coming on.

Sam ducks back and draws the curtains closer together. He looks toward the front door. He looks at his wrist, but there's no watch. He rubs his wrist and looks back up.

SAM'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam picks through a small dish on his night stand, grabbing a money clip, car keys, and a watch. He puts the watch on.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Two POLICE OFFICERS stand around a Ford Explorer, looking into it. Another patrol car pulls up alongside them.

OFFICER #1, in the car, rolls down his window.

OFFICER #1
Is that his car?

OFFICER #2
Yeah, I think so.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam stands looking out the window at the officers surrounding the Ford Explorer in the parking lot.

He pulls the car keys from his pocket and looks down at them.

IN CLOSE ON: The keys display a Ford emblem.

He looks back out the window.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Over the shoulder of the officers, the blinds of a third floor apartment close.

Officer #2 looks up toward the window.

RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ron races through tight traffic. He's on the phone again.

RON
Are you there?

NATALIE (O.S.)
Almost.

RON
What does that mean? An hour?

NATALIE (O.S.)
Don't be a jerk. I'm almost there.

RON
Well, so am I.

Another call is RINGING through. Ron looks over at his console, then back up.

He turns the wheel violently, the car swerves.

SCREECHING OF TIRES.

RON (CONT'D)
Son of bitch!

NATALIE (O.S.)
What did you say?

RON
I wasn't talking to you. I almost
got in a wreck. I gotta go, I have
another call coming in.

NATALIE (O.S.)
Is it him?

RON
I don't know. It could be the
police.

NATALIE (O.S.)
You called the police? Don't you
think that's...

RON
I'll call you back.

He switches the call.

RON (CONT'D)
Hello.

HEADHUNTER #2 (O.S.)
Hello, Ron?

RON
Yes.

HEADHUNTER #2 (O.S.)
Hi Ron, this is Susan. I'm calling
you about the job inquiry.

RON
(calming)
Oh, okay. Yeah, yeah, thanks.

HEADHUNTER #2 (O.S.)
Is everything okay?

RON
Yes, everything is fine. How are
you?

HEADHUNTER #2 (O.S.)
Fine, thanks.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam carefully looks out his window.

FROM SAM'S POINT OF VIEW: Five police cars are now parked in the parking lot below.

Several officers move toward the apartment building and disappear out of the view of the window.

Two officers speak with an older couple. The couple points toward the window, toward Sam.

He closes the blinds and turns, moving to the coffee table. He picks up the gun, just as there is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

He freezes, looking at the door.

There is a second, STRONGER KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Officers crowd around the door to Sam's apartment.

OFFICER #1

Did you hear any movement?

OFFICER #3

No. No response. No sound.

OFFICER #4

We gotta go in.

INT/EXT. RON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ron is off the main road now, turning corners and heading into an apartment complex.

HEADHUNTER #2 (O.S.)

The other position we have available is Security Manager. He would be managing security guards at an industrial site.

RON

(straining as he turns the wheel)

That would be great. Fits him well.

HEADHUNTER #2 (O.S.)

Oh, yeah. You think that's a good fit?

RON
Didn't you read his resume?

HEADHUNTER #2 (O.S.)
No, I'm sorry. My colleague did.
She just asked me to contact you
about these conditional offers.

RON
He's a police officer. Was, was a
police officer.

HEADHUNTER #2 (O.S.)
Oh, that makes sense. Well, it
shouldn't be difficult to provide
some good references.

RON
No, no it shouldn't. All his
friends are cops.
(pause)
I'm sorry but I gotta go.

THROUGH RON'S WINDSHIELD: The apartment parking lot with the
numerous police cars, comes into view.

APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Officer #5 approaches the other officers around the apartment
door with a sledge hammer in hand.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FROM SAM'S POINT OF VIEW: THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE, the sledge
hammer being passed to an officer in front of the door.

Sam backs away from the door and looks around, then down at
the gun in his hand.

WHAM! Sam jumps as the metal door bends toward him with a
thunderous strike from the other side.

He sticks the gun in his waistband as he moves to the couch.
He grabs the couch and throws it on it's side.

He gets behind his barricade and aims in at the front door
with the gun.

WHAM! The door bulges again.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ron exits his car and takes in all of the police cars. He begins walking at a fast pace, just as a Natalie appears to his right. She's also walking fast.

NATALIE

Hey.

She tries to keep up with Ron. He shakes his head at her.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

RON

Doesn't help.

They pass through the cars and approach the apartment building.

SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The front door to the apartment is severely convex. The dead bolt is exposed and losing its grip on the frame.

WHAM! WHAM!

Sam carefully aims at the door from behind the couch.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ron's jaw is tight. He stares straight ahead at the elevator doors as the FLOORS PING BY.

Natalie is looking at Ron.

NATALIE

(insistent)

This is not my fault.

RON

(angry)

This is ALL your fault. TODAY is your fault. YESTERDAY was your fault. The entire surgery is your fault.

The ELEVATOR PINGS one last time and the doors open to a hallway.

Ron turns to Natalie.

RON (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what you do to
him?

She stares back at him, about to say something. Then...

BANG! They both jump, startled by the gunshot down the hall.

Both of them crane their heads to look down the hall, then
look at each other, their eyes wide with fear and recognition
of what may have just happened.

BANG! Another shot and THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

Then...

The exchange of GUNFIRE IS CONTINUOUS.

FADE OUT.