

State of Emergency

by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

A FRAMED 3X7 PICTURE of FATHER and SON. Both smiling.

Son has distinct facial features: Wide eyes, broad smile, a blank expression...

AARON SAWYER, thirties, handsome, in great shape; he's holding the picture. Stressed. Staring intently when his sexy secretary CHANEL, barely thirty, enters. A beat.

CHANEL

I'm sorry, should have knocked. I can come back.

She turns to head out...

AARON

You're fine, Chanel. Come in.

Aaron sets the picture on his desk.

AARON

What can I do you for?

CHANEL

Your nine-thirty called. He's parking. But if it's a bad time I can --

AARON

No-no, it's fine. Need all the money I can get. Can't run this place on good looks.

Chanel smiles. Flirtatious.

CHANEL

I don't know. I get a feeling you can do anything.

Aaron can't help but smile.

AARON

Well for you to've been here 'bout a month, Chanel, you've learned fast. Comments like that keep you employed.

Chanel blushes.

Aaron stands. Puffs his chest out. Wipes his face over. Stares into the small mirror on his desk.

AARON
How do I look?

Shabby to be honest.

Chanel nods her head side to side: 'okay but could be better'

She hesitates... then finally she crosses to him and unknots his tie. As she reties it:

CHANEL
I'm really grateful for this job,
Mr. Sawyer.

AARON
Aaron is fine.

CHANEL
(re:the picture)
I hope I'm not overstepping by
doing this.

AARON
No, you're fine. It's good to be
around someone that cares about
something other than their
paycheck.

CHANEL
Well, that's me. Lift you head
some.

He does as she so delicately tells him.

CHANEL (CONT'D)
You're really a great man. An
amazing dad. I only wish my ex-
husband was half the dad you are. I
have to beg him to spend time with
Lance.

AARON
That's the last thing that woman
has to do. Every thing is about
money with her.

CHANEL

What a shame. You ever need a friend Mr. Saw -- I mean Aaron -- and I know I'm young and all -- but I've been through it. My divorce, it wasn't easy, so I understand.

Chanel finishes. Admires. Content. Gives him two thumbs up.

CHANEL

Here we go.

Aaron, looking in the mirror at his wider knot.

AARON

Wow. What'd you do?

CHANEL

Double Windsor. Made it bigger; more stiffer. You look more in-charge now.

She pats his chest and strolls out.

INT. HILARY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

HILARY SAWYER, thirties, plain jane -- sleepy -- at first glance she'd look like a soccer mom. The ends of her hair are frayed like a well-worn toothbrush.

Swaddled in blankets, is COLT SAWYER. A chubby cheeked kid that bleeds innocence.

Hilary shakes him lovingly. Unwraps him. Tickles him. He fidgets. She stops. Pulls out a party horn. Blows it.

Colt smiles. Eyes open slightly. She tickles him some more... blows again:

HILARY

(playful)

Wake up birthday boy, time to go.

INT. COLT'S SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LUNCHTIME

Hilary holds a birthday cake in one hand; Colt holds her other hand, swinging it back and forth as if they were skipping in the meadow -- making it harder for her to balance the cake.

Colt's handsome, but the features in his face show he's a little different. Autistic.

INT. COLT'S CLASSROOM

A class full of beautiful and vibrant special needs children all wearing party hats.

Colt and Hilary walk in --

CLASS
SURPRISE!

Party horns go off.

...MOMENTS LATER...

The number 9 candle is lit in the middle of a butter cream Captain America cake.

The CLASSMATES are gathered around the table.

Their teacher, MRS. BESTWICK, cute yet daunting, keeps back the hands that try and touch the cake. For the most part, the children marvel at it with smiles and wide eyes.

Hilary leads the discordant version of Happy Birthday...

TIME CUT

Hilary watches as Colt has cake and plays with his friends. Her love for him is undeniable.

Mrs. Bestwick comes over just as Hilary pulls on her coat:

MRS. BESTWICK
Last month of school, can you
believe it?

HILARY
I know. It went so fast.

MRS. BESTWICK
I'm so proud of Colt. He's improved
a great bit.

Hilary smiles. UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE. Then...

MRS. BESTWICK
Oh, and before you go, they would
like to see you in the offi--

Colt, interrupting his teacher --

COLT
-- Mommy, where's my daddy?

Smile fades. She rubs his head, kisses him...

HILARY

He'll be here to pick you up, okay?

Colt simpers and runs off to play.

INT. NURSING HOME - ENTRANCE

Hilary speeds inside. Holds her name tag up for security to see. The GUARD nods as he lets her through.

She reaches the end of the hall where a sign on the wall reads:

STAFF CELLPHONES OFF

Hilary silences her phone but leaves it on.

NURSING HOME - RESIDENT'S ROOM - DAY

Drab paint... closed curtains... a shadeless lamp... a small TV connected to an arm hangs from the wall adding a little light to the otherwise dead room.

Hilary comes in bearing towels, wearing a bright colored scrub (uniform).

PETER (80), smiles. He's incapable of doing anything for himself besides eating. Known around the home for two things: stuttering and his jokes.

HILARY

Hey, Peter. How do you feel?

PETER

With m-m-my -- with my two hands.

Hilary smiles at the cute joke.

PETER

Why-why-why were you late?

She gives him a sweet look. Puts her pointer finger over her lips: shhhhh.

She pulls something from her shirt pocket...

PETER

(whispering)

I c-covered for-f-f-for you.

HILARY

How sweet.

PETER

W-will-will you be with me all day?

Unfolds it. Holds it for him to see and nods: yes.

HILARY

Drew this for you.

Peter, overwhelmed with anticipation, nods like a dog waiting for a treat. Reaches for it...

PETER

My-my-my Ma'. My maaaaa.
(crying, hugs the drawing)
It's my maaaah.

Hilary, touched by his appreciation.

Hilary hands him a small photo (2x2) of a the woman in the drawing -- his Ma', as he affectionately calls her.

PETER

Thank you.

HILARY

No problem, Peter.

PETER

Can you -c-can you read-read to me?

HILARY

Yes. I have your favorite book right here. But we may have to cover moms ears...

She sets the towels down and pulls a copy of "FIFTY SHADES OF GREY" from her apron pocket.

INT. NURSING HOME - BATHROOM

Hilary dries her hands, then checks her phone for the time.

PHONE: 3:15...7 voicemails, 12 missed calls, 3 text messages...

She calls her mailbox. Listens... storms out!

INT. HILARY'S VAN - AFTERNOON

A 2003 Dodge Caravan. It's on it's last leg.

A Handicapped Sticker hangs from the rearview mirror.
Gas needle nearing E.

Hilary behind the wheel. Flooring it.

EXT. COLT'S SCHOOL

Hilary pulls up, clock on the dashboard reads: 3:49.

Colt is being escorted back inside. She blows the horn, then hops out running.

Mrs. Bestwick stops as Hilary runs up the steps.

HILARY

Mrs. Bestwick! Sorry. My husband
was suppose to get him.

Mrs. Bestwick shoots a look: yeah right.

Hilary takes Colt's hand and bags. Leads him towards the Van.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - SHORT WHILE LATER

Hilary rounds a corner --

COLT

Daddy. Daddy. DADDY. Daddy! DADDY!

HE REPEATS THIS OBSESSIVELY.

Hilary exhales; trying to remain patient.

Hilary stops. Turns the radio down. Colt bangs on the window.
She turns to him...

HILARY

Yes Colt, we're by his house.

His banging gets more intense. He may break the window.

COLT

Daddy. Daddy! --

HILARY

Now Colt, stop the banging. You'll
see your father momentarily.

Colt rocks back and forth in his seat. Excited.

INT/EXT. VAN/AARON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nice home. Pretty landscaping. Three thousand square feet, give or take. It's decades from a new construction.

Hilary unstraps Colt... Aaron comes to the van.

AARON

No need to get out.

She stops. Turns. Unsure if she heard him correctly.

...Colt picks up where his mom left off but he's having a hard time and it's frustrating him.

She talks low so Colt doesn't hear:

HILARY

It's his birthday. Did you forget you were suppose to pick him up?

He ignores her.

AARON

(to Colt)

Happy Birthday, Slugger.

(to Hilary)

Look there's been a change in plans. I can't keep him tonight.

HILARY

WHAT?

AARON

Things at the office. Got a ton of shit on my plate.

HILARY

Well that's too bad; (He's your child).

Responding to the first clause:

AARON

(over)

I agree.

Colt starts repeating "daddy" again.

HILARY

It's his birthday. All he wants to do is spend time with you.

Colt is frustrated to the max with the seat belt. Starts growling and whining.

Hilary goes to help him...

AARON

No-no. Look.

Aaron hands her an envelope. She takes it. Unlocks the seat belt.

AARON (CONT'D)

We know the reason you're really here. It's the most I can do this month.

Colt's free. He hops out. Gives his dad a loving hug. Aaron rolls his eyes. Sighs.

AARON

Happy Birthday buddy.

Off his look, Hilary glances at his upstairs window: eyes peeking out the blinds.

AARON

Hey, son. Wanna go to a game?

Colt stares at his dad. No expression. Aaron smiles at him; Colt smiles back.

Meanwhile Hilary has just finished looking at the check in the envelope.

HILARY

(re: envelope)
Aaron, what's this?

AARON

Hilary, don't start. That's all I have right now.

HILARY

You just made senior Vice President.

AARON

Because the former Senior VP quit. The company's tanking.

AARON (CONT'D)

There's no money there. And Colt's insurance, it went up. I pay double now.

HILARY

I've seen you spend more on socks.

Colt pulls up Aarons pants. Points to his socks. Repeats things like 'socks', 'see my socks', over and over...

AARON

It's still a damn recession for Chrissake. And... -- You think I give you this money to come here and annoy me?

HILARY

I shouldn't have to beg for your child's needs. I say nothing about your 1500 dollar visits to the whorehouse. Because, frankly, that's

(points to upstairs window)

her problem now.

Aaron is startled by her sudden outburst.

HILARY (CONT'D)

But when it comes to our child I have every right to know why you refuse to do even the bare min--

AARON

I don't need a lecture on what to do with my money -- you know what? Colt, dad would love to spend time with you, but I don't wanna argue with your mom, buddy --

(The last line of Aaron's line of dialog overlaps Hilary but we hear them BOTH)

HILARY

Don't tell him that...

AARON

So dad's gotta go.

Aaron struts off.

Colt watches with tears in his eyes. Hurt. Repeating softly:

COLT

Daddy.

Hilary left standing there. Furious. Disappointed. Calling after him:

HILARY
Aaron. AARON.

Until, finally, his house door slams behind him. But not before Hilary steals a glance of a boy sitting inside

AARON'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHANEL (O.S.)
(re: food)
Colt, I made your favorite.

...Chanel, fresh out the kitchen, in an apron...

A beat. Notices Aaron's "sad" face. She looks around.

CHANEL
Where is he?

Aaron just shakes his head. Holds it down. She consoles him. Boy does he have her fooled.

Her son LANCE (9), watches cartoons on the sofa.

In Aaron's ear:

CHANEL
It'll work out in the end; I
promise. Women like her should
have their rights terminated.

She kisses his cheek.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

A milk crate with BIBLE TRACTS resting on it. A half empty bottle of Pepsi. A blanket and a pillow.

The traffic light turns red.

RAYMOND -- bearded face -- long hair -- gloves with the fingers cut off -- jingles his cup full of change from car to car as they stop...

It's unclear how old he is, maybe fifty, but from the lines in his face, it's evident he's been on these streets for some time.

Raymond, cheerful, nods and smiles as some people drop change in his cup. The traffic pulls off...

...Hilary stops at the yellow light. She's at the head of traffic. Eyes filled with tears -- one blink and they'll fall.

Colt sleeps in the back.

A TAP on the window. She turns; Raymond waves. Gestures for her to roll it down.

RAYMOND

(Hispanic accent)

Don't look so well today. Why so down?

HILARY

Life, Raymond.

RAYMOND

I could tell you all about it. No matter how hard it gets: never give up hope.

Throws his hands up as if to say: look at me.

RAYMOND

Still making it, by the Grace of God. I know I am. Four months clean today.

Hilary is too depressed to be excited. Her response is dry, although not meaning to be:

HILARY

Oh, how wonderful.

RAYMOND

I owe it all to you. The program you set me up with really helped. I believe in myself n --

BING!!! A noise comes from the Van. Raymond looks at her gas needle.

Raymond gives her his cup full of change, pulls out some dollars and stuffs it in the cup. He smiles widely.

-- the light turns green --

HILARY

No. No, what --

Raymond points to her gas needle. It's on E! Obliging would be in her best interest.

HILARY

I can't, you need it --

While backing up towards the sidewalk:

RAYMOND

Not as bad as you do.

(wide smile)

I have hope.

Beeeppppppp! Drivers are losing patience. She takes off slowly. Unsure how to feel. Not enough time to think when every car behind you is HONKING.

EXT. CORNER STORE - EVENING

SHANE, seventeen, bolts out of the store, sandwich in hand --

STORE OWNER chases him, wielding a bat -- cursing him the fuck out --

A FEW BLOCKS AWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shane has stopped running. Catches his breath while unwrapping his sandwich. He's a punk that tries too hard to be an asshole. Recipe for an early death.

Shane closes in on a row of HOMELESS PEOPLE. He's about 20th in line. We're in front of a

SHELTER

Controlling the formation is JAMES, forties, holding a clipboard. He lets the Homeless in five at a time. Now, there are about ten more ahead of Shane. He's getting jittery, he may not make it in.

James lets three more in...

Shane takes the meat off half his sandwich and puts it on the other half, sticks the bread back together and wraps it -- mayonnaise sandwich.

Shane surveys those ahead of him... nudges the OLD GUY right in front of him.

SHANE
 (to Old Guy)
 Hey, you hungry? You want half?

Old Guy is hesitant to turn around; too busy keeping a close eye on the line.

SHANE
 Hey! Look.

Shane takes a bite of the half with meat. Shows the Old Guy.

SHANE
 I got extra. And a little
 (whispers)
 Roc, if that's your thing.

James lets three more in. Old Guy turns quickly to Shane.

OLD GUY
 I'm not sucking dick for it, kid.

SHANE
 I'm no fag.

OLD GUY
 So what you want then?

SHANE
 Your spot.

Shane entices him more by eating the sandwich. Old Guy debates... He makes his choice: would rather be full and high. He gets off line.

James looks at him but too occupied to pay close attention.

Shane hands him the sandwich and discreetly gives him the dope. The Old Guy goes to get behind him in line.

SHANE
 (re:rocs)
 You know what happens if they catch that on you.

Old Guy sees James staring at him and slides off line.

JAMES
 Last three.

Shane is the very last one. The twenty people after him murmur and complain.

DOWN THE STREET

The Old Guy opens the dime bag -- empties it into his hand. No crack cocaine, just a small rock. He tosses it. Curses Shane under his breath. Well at least there's food... unwraps the sandwich, takes a bite -- it's all bread. PISSED!

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Dirty. Cold. No place you would want to be. Filled with drunks, addicts and HOBOS that haven't washed in days. Some walk by talking to themselves. Others sit in the corner staring into air. One step from a mental asylum.

Shane struts around. Cocky. James stops him.

JAMES

What did you do to that guy back there?

SHANE

Yo, why you always sweatin' me?

James backs off. Shakes his head. Not scared; just no time for foolishness.

JAMES

Don't be an idiot all your life, Shane.

James walks off. Shane heads towards the bathroom. Something on the table catches his attention --

A NEWSPAPER

He skims the front page.

We see phrases: Republican candidate Donald Winchester... local hero...

Shane rips the front page --

INT. BATHROOM - STALL

Shane flicks a lighter and sets the paper on fire. He throws the paper in the toilet and unzips his pants --

CUT TO:

Insert - *Check for Sixty Dollars written to Hilary Sawyer*
Memo: Colt's monthly expenses

EXT. DRIVE-THRU ATM - CONTINUOUS

Hilary depositing the check in the ATM. The screen reads:
\$460 balance.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - OFFICE - DAY

Hilary, sweaty and nervous, leans on a desk as she slowly writes a check.

MS. SLAUGHTER, true to her last name, stares at her with a smug look.

HILARY

How soon do you cash it?

MS. SLAUGHTER

(dry, aggravated)

We go over this every month, Misses Sawyer. It goes in today, Misses Sawyer.

HILARY

Sorry, I get the dates mixed up.
What's the balance again?

Slaughter shoves the balance book in her face.

MS. SLAUGHTER

(exhales loudly)

This month is seven hundred and twenty two dollars. You owe for three months. Would you like me to add that up for you, Misses Sawyer?

HILARY

Are you sure? I remember it being --

MS. SLAUGHTER

Yes, Misses Sawyer, I'm certain --

P.A. SYSTEM (V.O.)

Misses Slaughter may you please report to the gymnasium. Misses Slaughter to the gymnasium please.

MS. SLAUGHTER

Dammit. I'll return in a minute.
Have it ready.

She storms out the office. We hear yelling on the other side of the door. It fades out...

Hilary looks down at her check: it's blank. She fills it in... but can't quite bring herself to sign it...

HILARY
(to herself)
God please forgive me...

She tucks it underneath the keyboard. The top half (name, date, amount) of the check is visible. It's for the amount of \$722.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Shane walks with two pea-brains: MORDECAI (21) and REESE (21). They stop at a glass window and gaze in.

MORDECAI
(whispers)
You see this?

Through a blind spot mirror in the corner of the store, BOYLE (56) counts a small bag of money. Unaware he's being watched.

REESE
Man, I want that shit. It would change my life.

MORDECAI
Hell yeah. I'd get that Mustang.

SHANE
Then why we standing here? Why we standing here, huh?! Let's air that bitch out!

Reese grabs Shane by the chin. Stern.

MORDECAI
Ain't shit street about you.

REESE
Yeah, so stop trying.

MORDECAI
Not a gangsta bone in ya' body.

Lets him go. A beat...

MORDECAI
But the was one in his momz last night.

Reese and Mordecai break out into a cackling laugh.

Boyle darts past. Mordecai and Reese pull back from in front of the window. He just misses them.

Shane stays in plain sight, oblivious to what's going on. He's still offended by the 'mama insult'. Boyle stares Shane down. Shane grins, throws up two middle fingers and grabs his cock: suck this.

He laughs but no one else finds this funny.

SAMSON (O.S.)
The fuck you staring at?!

They turn to see SAMSON, Boyle's Herculean security guard, staring them down. All three of them would be no match. He's that fuckin' huge!

They stride away. Reese smacks Shane in the back of the head.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Shane, Mordecai and Reese stand in line. Shane orders...

SHANE
And a fish sandwich --

MORDECAI
And a large fry.

SHANE
(to Cashier)
And a large fry --

REESE
And two milk shakes. Vanilla.

SHANE
(to Cashier)
That and I'll have --

REESE
Yo, we not finish --

Shane looks at the register: \$14.27

SHANE
I didn't order mine, yet.

They make snide comments and sly remarks: "lame, selfish ass."

SITTING AREA - LATER

They sit around the table eating and laughing.

REESE

I can get any bitch I want. That's given.

MORDECAI

Man whatever. You get 'bout as much ass as a urinal.

REESE

Muhfucka', people been known to shit in urinals.

Shane laughs hysterically. Reese shoots him a look: 'what's so fuckin' funny?'

REESE

I bet I get more hoes than you.
(to Shane)
And you? You can't even get ass from none of those shelter hoes.

MORDECAI

I'll take that bet.
(to Shane)
Bet him.

SHANE

Bet.

Reese holds out his hand; Shane takes it.

REESE (CONT'D)

-- Fifty dollars. Bet.

Shane goes to pull away but Reese tightens his grip. Shane, mouth hanging open. Confounded.

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM - RAINY NIGHT

The rain cascades down her window...
A sketch pad lies on the floor. Pencils and ink on the dresser.

Hilary asleep, when out of nowhere -- PSCRAW! -- thunder --

She pops up just as there's FRANTIC SCREAMING from another room.

INT. COLT'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hilary bolts in holding a GREEN BLANKEY with frogs stitched all over it. Colt is screaming and kicking.

...MOMENTS LATER...

Hilary rocks Colt in her arms.
 He's comforted by his green blankey.
 Simmering down. Eyes get heavier by the second.
 ...Falling asleep. He's no longer afraid. Safe and sound...
 She gazes at him lovingly. A mother with unconditional love.

EXT. HILARY'S VAN - AFTERNOON

Hilary straps Colt in the backseat; tosses an overnight bag beside him.

INT. AARON'S MERCEDES S550 - AFTERNOON (SHORT WHILE LATER)

Colt and Lance stare at each other in the back seat.
 Chanel, in the front seat, pretending to put on makeup but paying more attention to --

AARON'S HOUSE - SAME

Aaron and Hilary having a HEATED exchange --

AARON
 -- Then get a better job!

HILARY
 I'm not here to argue.

AARON
 Then go to hell!

Hilary stares at him with disbelief.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING - EVENING

Hilary, still angered, almost drives past her turn. She makes a sharp left. Colt's green blankey slides across the back row. She sees it through the rearview. Part of her wants to return it to Colt; the other part wants Aaron to feel what it's like to be a real parent.

RADIO WEATHERMAN (V.O.)
 ...Well so much for a nice day,
 Marge. Looks like we'll be
 bombarded with showers tonight.
 Some thunder, lightning...

INT. AARON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron, Chanel and Lance sit on the sofa eating pizza.
 TV plays a game of football.

Behind them Colt walks in circles, talking to himself;
 repeating the same phrases, playing with his beaded necklace
 -- stimming.

Aaron's phone rings. It's Hilary. He presses ignore.

LANCE
 (failing at whispering)
 Mom, is he going to do this
 forever?

Chanel nudges him. But it's too late, Aaron heard.

AARON
 (embarrassed)
 No, it's okay. It's understandable.
 Colt. Colt! Keep it down!

BEEP! - from Aaron's phone. Text comes up on the home screen.
 Reads: *'Expecting T&L tonight. I have his Blankey. No gas to
 get back.'*

Aaron reads and responds with a text: He'll be fine. *'Fuck
 off'*.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE AARON'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT - RAINING

Dark. Colt makes his way from door to door. Frightened. The
 constant thunder is too much for him. Feeling his way around.
 Banging. Making noises. Close to having a tantrum.
 He mumbles in between screams:

COLT
 Bwankey. Bwankey.

Moans coming from the bedroom off the steps engage his
 interest --

AARON'S BEDROOM

Aaron and Chanel fuck. Her back arched, straddling him.

OUTSIDE AARON'S BEDROOM

Colt parked outside the door. Screaming. Imitating the moans and grunts of a man climaxing -- "uh uh uh uh!!!" --

AARON'S BEDROOM

They're trying to focus. If at least just for the next seconds because Chanel is about to cum, and Aaron's not far behind...BUT --

Colt's grunts grow LOUDER -- way too loud to ignore --

Chanel stops. Angry. Orgasm lost. Throws a pillow at Aaron and gets off him.

AARON

C'mon, he's just scared of the thunder. Let's finish.

Chanel pulls the sheets to her neck. Turns to her side. Tight. Not happening tonight.

Aaron, horny as hell, frustrated and dying to cum --

AARON

What the hell is it now, Colt?!

Colt continues with the noises.

Aaron storms to the door. Shoves it open, but this door opens outward, so when it swings open it sends Colt flying backwards towards the steps --

Aaron, reaches out for him -- too late --

COLT

Spilling down the stairs -- hitting the bottom with IMPACT --

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

DOCTORS rush Colt into the ER. Blood all over the sheets and stretcher.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Aaron has his face buried in his hands. Sullen.

Hilary -- as hysterical as expected -- tries to storm into the ER. It takes two NURSES and SECURITY to hold her back.

WAITING AREA - LATER

Hilary on one chair; Aaron in another on the opposite side.

NURSE LYNCH, a female in her late-thirties, is approaching. Face mask on as she makes eye-contact with Hilary.

Hilary takes a deep breath and then burst into tears.

FADE TO WHITE...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

...The sunlight radiates off the white sheets... the ventilator beeps in a slow steady cadence.

Colt -- ventilator dependent. Hooked up to life support -- tubes in his nose -- a heartbreaking sight.

Hilary sleeps light. Cotton dropping would wake her.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - NIGHT

DR. MCCRAE, fifties, gray hair, the head surgeon walks with Aaron. She's straight business. Cold as a corpse. Professional. Emotionless.

DR. MCCRAE

I prefer to share with both you and your wife --

AARON

No. She -- please... She can't take anymore. I'll -- let me deliver it to her.

Mccrae, thrown and suspicious but proceeds on anyway...

DR. MCCRAE

Well in Colt's case, his spinal cord and traumatic brain injury has resulted in damage to his cardiopulmonary system.

DR. MCCRAE (CONT'D)

In these instances, it's extremely rare that the patient will regain full function of limbs. With Colt's autistic state, imbedding those memories, and functions of how those body parts work back into his brain is severely unlikely. Unfortunately, he would be worse off than a vegetable.

A beat...then --

AARON

I agree. Letting him go is the best thing to do.

McCrae glares at him through the corner of her eye. Thrown by his non-emotional response.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Hilary leans over Colt. Stroking his palm. Aaron seated behind her.

AARON

Let's think logically here; it may be what's best.

The thought of logic begins to bring her to tears. She turns her head, hiding her face from Colt. Breaks down.

Aaron, surprisingly sympathetic, welcomes her to rest her head on his chest. She does.

AARON

(softly)

For him. For us. This isn't life support, it's death support, Hil.

He lifts her chin and pats her face dry with her index finger. Seems to be full of "compassion".

AARON (CONT'D)

(softly)

It doesn't break your heart to see him this way?

HILARY

We can fight this.

AARON

And that would only prolong his torture.

Taking advantage of her weakness.

AARON (CONT'D)
 ...And on what basis? Emotions?
 Only a sick judge would rule to
 keep him (alive) in this condition.

Hilary, feeling defeated but not out of hope.

HILARY
 He's just a little boy. He did
 nothing wrong to anyone. He doesn't
 deserve this!

AARON
 I know. It's...
 (pretending to be choked
 up)
 I'm so sorry. This is my fault.
 Every thing that's going wrong in
 this family is my fault.

He squeezes her tight for dramatic effect.
 Hilary is falling into it.

HILARY
 I'm to blame, too.

AARON
 No. You are an excellent mother and
 an exceptional wife. Being angry I
 took it out on people I loved the
 most and I'm sorry. Very sorry.

Crocodile tears fall. Hilary pulls back, looks in his eyes.
 He lowers his head, certain he's got her where he wants her.

HILARY
 We owe it to him to be strong. We
 can't -- we have to let God be God.

Aaron flinches. If you blinked you missed it. Wiping his
 "tears".

AARON
 But it's been three weeks, Hil. I
 can't -- we can't, as loving
 parents...deep down we know, Hil.

Hilary turns to Colt. Smiles. Looking for the silver lining.

HILARY (CONT'D)
 He's our hero remember? S...

Aaron puts his hand on her shoulder. A gentle squeeze.
Finishing her sentence:

AARON
...ince the day he's came into our
life.

Aaron stares into the light: summoning teardrops.

HILARY
I'm praying for a miracle.

AARON
(softly)
Why Hil?

HILARY
'Cause God --

AARON
Doesn't care. He won't answer us.
We prayed for a healthy child.

She senses the selfishness in his tone. He's EXPOSED.
She flings his hand off of her shoulder.

AARON
I didn't mean it that way.

Aaron takes a seat. Trying to reason. Exhales softly. Knows
he has his work cut out for him.

AARON
Hil, didn't we always dream he'd
leave a legacy? Remember you got
the one-hundred dollar bill with
his face on it? Because we believed
he would mean to this world what he
means to us. And he can. So many
children need organs. This, his
life, won't be in vain.

HILARY
It won't be. POINT BLANK.

He raises out his seat! A different person now. Nettled.

AARON
Got damnit THINK! He's all but
dead, Hilary! He can't breath on
his own! You see him; facts are
facts!
(softer)

AARON (CONT'D)

Now I loved him more than anyone,
but even if he does survive -- you
know his expenses, in this state,
unable to ever move again or do
(anything for himself)...

HILARY

(over)

You selfish bitch! Always about
money with you. Do what you been
doing, pretending he doesn't exist
at all!

AARON

I'm reminded of his existence every
first and fifteenth.

Hilary looks for something to throw. She tries to pick up a
chair but it's too heavy... and everything else is connected
or attached to something. So instead she --

HILARY

Get out. GET OUT!

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

Overcrowded. Understaffed. In the midst of the loud talking,
cursing and angry patients with valid and invalid complaints,
we find Hilary searching for anyone with a white coat on.
Seems like no one is available. She's stopped by a nurse.

NURSE #2

Ma'am do you have a family member
back here?

HILARY

I need Doctor --

NURSE #2

Ma'am if you don't have family --

HILARY

I NEED DOCTOR MCCRAE! --

Over the nurses shoulder, Hilary finds Dr. McCrae. She's
tending to a screaming bullet wound patient on a gurney.

Hilary shoves Nurse #2 out the way and rushes over to Dr.
McCrae, but is a second too late as the Doc and her team
of two vanish into the Operating Room, where SECURITY
stops Hilary. She pushes back but is ultimately overpowered.

HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Hilary reads to Colt from a story book.

HILARY

(reading)

"I'll love you forever. I'll like you always. And as long as you're alive, my baby you will always be."

On COLT'S FACE is a hint of a smile.

Hilary misses it. After she kisses his hand and strokes his arm, she reclines back in her chair and closes her eyes.

...COLT'S FINGERS TWITCH...

INT. HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK (COLT'S FLOOR)

BERNICE (late forties, overweight) is startled when Dr. McCrae pokes her in the back, interrupting her nap.

DR. MCCRAE

You're staying. I need you.

BERNICE

Dr. McCrae I did two doubles (this week)--

DR. MCCRAE

(over)

Don't care. We're short. Eight car accidents came in *in* the last thirty minutes. You don't want to be the ninth.

Bernice wipes her face, trying to keep herself up.

DR. MCCRAE (CONT'D)

My nurses will be between floors. You listen out.

(points down the hall)

Two on ventilators? Won't be much of problem. I'll send help when I can spare.

(walking away)

Page me if -- and only if -- it's absolutely necessary. And wake up; get coffee.

BERNICE

The lady down the hall was asking for you. Said it's an emergency.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

About her son. The one on life support.

Dr. McCrae shakes her head. Times like this make the job harsh. No amount of training or experience could make you not care about an innocent life.

DR. MCCRAE

(If) She ask again tell her I'll be up soon as I can.

HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The rain pounds the window.

Hilary flips through channels, trying to find one clear of snow. Settles on the news. Unsatisfied, she lets it play low in the background.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

And tonight, Katey --
(roaring sound of thunder)
can you hear that? -- the governor
has issued a state of emergency.

THOOM THOOM -- the sound of large hail pounding the hospital.

Meanwhile Hilary drapes his green blankey over the lower half of his body. Doesn't tuck it. It's as if she's giving him space to move.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's golf ball sized hail.

KATEY (V.O.)

There goes our cars.

-- She turns the TV off with the remote. Exhales.

-- PSHCRAW! THUNDER roaring through the room --

Reflected through the TV screen Hilary sees Colt jerk --

She turns around slowly. Just her imagination?

-- MORE THUNDER! --

-- He jerks again -- she freezes -- is this real? --

Carefully grabs her phone off the charger. Steadies it. Ready to record... Waits... waits some more...

-- THUNDER --

No movement. She sits down... realization setting in when --

A pair of eyes flutter open halfway...

COLT POV:

Watching Hilary cry.

A pointer finger moving -- trying to get her attention... but just as she looks, it stops. Finger has lost strength.

We can see in his EYES as he summons all the muscularity he can to make this one move...

Two fingers from the same hand moving. More recognizable.

Hilary stares... movement hasn't stopped. She locks in on his strained eyes...

She stands, starts recording from her phone...

HILARY

Colt. God. Oh, God. Colt, can you hear me honey? Can you?

Not wanting to be too loud for fear it would scare him, she slowly backs up towards the door...

HILARY

(anxious)

Doctor. Doctor get in here. NURSE.

THROUGH THE PHONE:

Colt's fingers jerking... And 7 seconds (and counting) of faint but distinct movement being recorded...

HILARY

If you can understand me, blink, baby. Can you blink for mommy? One time for me, Colt? Come on baby.

He tries, but it's more like he's squinting his eyes --

-- PSHCRAW!!!! PSCHRAW!!!! -- He jerks --

Whahhhmm -- a draining beep from her phone -- battery died --

HILARY

Nurse!

Hilary presses the 'nurse call button'.

She stuffs her charger in the phone. Not charging. Fiddles with it -- takes it out the outlet and plugs it in again -- no luck. Tries another outlet. Damn iphone charger -- it's ripped at the base.

HILARY
NURSE!

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hilary running down the hall searching for a Doctor. Someone to help. No one's around.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - SAME

Behind the stall we find Bernice sleep. Sitting on the toilet. Pants around her ankles.

An Hilary calling out for help:

HILARY (O.S.)
Help! Help! He's moving!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR

Hilary darts out the elevator.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mordecai's BUICK REGAL is beside a parked GMC DENALI SUV. Shane slides in the backseat. Taking his time to close the door.

MORDECAI
Hurry up, Snailboy! You're getting
rain in my ride.

Mordecai hurries off before Shane completely closes the door.

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aaron, on the phone. The only light comes from the lamp on his side of the bed.

AARON

I haven't seen her either. Knowing her she could be anywhere. But we've talked about it and as much as it hurts, we agree.

Aaron listens. Nods. Hangs up. Lies on his back. Exhales silently.

Chanel turns around. Surprising him. She just misses the huge smile on his face.

CHANEL

Any changes?

He shakes his head no while staring at the ceiling.

As she sits up to comfort him he turns his shoulder to her. Now facing the lamp, this master manipulator opens his eyes wide, intentionally staring at the light -- trying to draw tears.

CHANEL

Honey...

(unsure of what to say)

I'm so sorry. Want me to come with you?

He turns towards her. Tears stream down his face. Shakes: no.

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - NIGHT

Boyle's Check Cashing sits right next to a 24hr supermarket.

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK - PARKED - SAME

A 1984 Buick Regal. Junky. Small holes in the seats. A broken seat belt strap. Cloth from the ceiling hangs down.

The hail hitting their car sounds like a game of ping-pong.

Shane -- dressed in all black -- hangs out in the back. Mordecai behind the wheel; Reese beside him.

SHANE

... And after I run out the front?

REESE

No fuck face. You run away from the cameras. AWAY.

MORDECAI

Let's do it ourselves.

REESE

Nah. Let this wanksta bust his cherry.

MORDECAI

I ain't going down because of him!

SHANE

I'm ready. Got this. Been stealing since I was twelve. How much y'all think in there?

MORDECAI

Steal some "shut the fuck up?!"

MORDECAI

At least -- man, iono...

SHANE

I hope fifteen. At least. Five a piece. I could get a place with my cut. Or we could all rent out a place together. Nah'Imeen?

Mordecai and Reese exchange sly looks. Mordecai looks through the rearview mirror. Sort of playful:

MORDECAI

I knew you was a fag.

INT. HILARY'S VAN

Hilary navigates the best she can through the rain and fog. She pulls into a shopping plaza. Parks in front of the store. No lights are on in the store. They're closed.

A sign on the door list the opening and closing times. Focus on: SATURDAY - 5:30am - 11:00pm

She looks at the clock on the dash: 3:37.

EXT. ANOTHER SHOPPING PLAZA - PARKING LOT

Hilary parks in the handicapped space.

She hops out. No coat on. The wind nearly shoves her to the floor. The hail HITS her hard. Face turning red. She trudges into the 24hr Supermarket.

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

Mordecai and Reese nap comfortably in the front. Heat pointed in their direction.

Shane shivering in the back when he sees --
A light come on in Boyle's Check Cashing.

He nudges the guys. They wake up. He points to the store.

EXT. HOUSE

In the midst of this hail we find Samson (the security guard from Boyle's) running to his GMC DENALI. He's dressed in a security uniform. He starts it, shifts it in gear and steps on the gas.

Cliggidy Clank!!! Cliggidy Clank!!!

He brakes. Get out. Looks down -- two front tires are completely flat. Slashed with a --

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

SWITCHBLADE

Being stuffed into Shane's pocket.

MORDECAI

And take this just in case.

Mordecai hands him a stungun. Shane stuffs it in the side pocket of his baggy pants.

MORDECAI

Know how to use it right?

INT. SUPERMARKET

Hilary runs towards the only register open. It looks like one person in line.

She arrives, it's only one person ahead of her, but this MAN has two carts full of food... And the CASHIER has just started scanning --

INT. BOYLE'S CHECK CASHING - SAME

Boyle comes out the bathroom...

He's grabbed from behind --
 Shane choking the shit out of him.
 Boyle thrusts him into the wall. HARD. Shane's grip tightens.

UP FRONT

SOMEONE sneaks in. Mask on. Glasses over the mask.

IN THE BACK

Boyle's strength is working in his favor.
 He digs a finger in Shane's eye.

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

Mordecai on the phone...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 9-1-1, what's your emergency?

INT. BOYLE'S CHECK CASHING - SAME

SOMEONE bolts out with a leather bag.

Shane and Boyle hear the door SLAM closed. Shane stops for a split second and that costs him.

Boyle STRIKES him in the eye! Shane falls. Bloody. Adrenaline gone. Despair and disappointment kicking in.

UP FRONT

Boyle gets to the door just as --

The Buick speeds off...
 Too far away to make out a face or any details of the car.

INT. SUPERMARKET - SAME

Aerosmith's "*I don't wanna miss a thing*", plays low through the store's audio system.

Hilary waits impatiently. Shaking. Flipping through a magazine; putting the gum in the correct place -- anything to keep her mind off the words in the song.

The Cashier scanning the last of the Man's items...

MAN
 No that's on sale for 7.99.

CASHIER

It's ringing up as 9.99; are you sure?

MAN

Positive. I can get the tag for you.

The Cashier picks up the store phone. Speaks into it. We can hear it through the store.

CASHIER

Manager to the register six for price check. Manager to register six.

HILARY POV:

The exit is clear... but two feet away from it is a glass door. It's tinted black. You can't see inside.

Hilary looks above the register: a Security Camera. She debates stealing it. Getting antsy... Then --

She makes a break for it.

CASHIER

HEY!

INT. BOYLE'S CHECK CASHING - MOMENTS LATER

The SOUND of Police sirens nearing...

Boyle, handcuffs Shane's left hand to a doorknob.

BOYLE

Where's my money? Where's my god damn money?!!

Shane spits out blood onto Boyle's shoe.

Boyle bitch slaps him.

BANGING on the front door.

Boyle runs towards the front --

Shane fidgets, trying to maneuver free --

Boyle leads the cops to the back --

Handcuffs dangle from the knob... and a sweatshirt on the floor. Shane's gone.

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

In nothing but his pants and a T-shirt, Shane runs as fast as he can. COLD AS FUCK! He slips and falls on his face -- a VOLVO driving slowly towards him --

INT. VOLVO - SAME

Wipers going. A HAND wipes the fog from the windshield. No sight of Shane or anything at that --

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

The VOLVO is seconds -- yards -- from crushing him --

Shane speeds away just in time.

Hilary rushing. Already tearing apart the charger wrapping. Hits the alarm. Spies the lights flash on her Van...

Shane is in between a parked car and the Van when it unlocks.

HILARY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Hilary starts the Van. Plugs the charger into the cigarette lighter. Connects her phone. Wipers on, ready to pull off when --

A police car stops right in front of her. OFFICER STALLEY gets out. He's tall. Clean shaven. Late thirties. Not particularly handsome.

He gestures for her to roll her window down. Nervous as fuck, she tries to stall. *She can't hear him. Window doesn't work.*

Until he gives her a curious look... She complies.

Rearing his head in the Van.

OFFICER STALLEY
Something wrong ma'am?

We can see her swallow. She discreetly tries to move the charger out of sight.

Stalley stares a beat. Why's she so nervous?

OFFICER STALLEY
License and registration.

HILARY
I'm sorry? Did I do something
wrong?

An intimidating look. One that say's *"you don't know what I know, but we'll find out together."*

OFFICER STALLEY
(more stern)
License and registration, ma'am.

Stalley takes his flashlight and peers into the Van: First row. Second row. Third row.

OFFICER STALLEY
LICENSE AND REGISTRATION.

Shane, scrunched up in a ball, under Colt's blankey. Unseen from Stalley's POV.

Hilary hands Stalley the paperwork.

An inaudible message comes through the Walkie Talkie. Must be urgent.

OFFICER STALLEY
(into his walkie talkie)
Copy.
(to Hilary)
Get off the roads. No one should be
out here.

Stalley tosses her papers into the van and scuttles to his police car. He pulls off.

Hilary feels for her I.D. -- can't find it. Gives up and drives.

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

Safe. Out of dodge. They've slowed down...

Reese counts the cash while Mordecai tries to watch him and keep his eyes on the road.

REESE
...Seven hundred, eight hundred,
nine hundred... WHEW! Twelve
thousand dollars! Twelve thousand
fucking dollars!!! Wheewwwww!

Reese screams again in excitement!

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING

As Hilary turns out of the lot and onto the highway, Shane uprights -- she sees him through her rearview mirror.

She swerves off the road -- stops -- startled -- snatches her phone.

SHANE
KEEP DRIVING!

A beat. She's too nervous to move.

SHANE
GO.

HILARY
What do you want?

SHANE
...You to keep driving. Now go. GO!

She continues looking at him through the rearview mirror.

HILARY'S FINGERS dial 9...

But we can hear the touch-tone. And Shane can faintly hear it too. She tries to talk over it...

HILARY
You can take my Van. Just let me
get to my son.

HILARY'S PHONE -- *911 calling...*

HILARY (CONT'D)
Please. I'll give you whatever you
want.

Her eyes look down at her phone. She sees the call time:
00:00...00:01...00:02 and so on. Someone has answered...

SHANE
I told you what I want.

We barely can hear:

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)
911 what's your emergency?

HILARY
Okay where do you want me to take
you? Just tell me.

The dispatcher is still talking.

Shane zones in on the sound. Becoming extremely suspicious.

Hilary sees his eyes looking for the noise.
Her eyes don't divert from the rearview mirror.

HILARY'S FINGERS - feeling for the volume buttons on the side of the phone when her thumb accidentally presses SPEAKER.

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(through speakerphone)
HELLO ARE YOU THERE? Can you hear
me?

Shane violently snatches her arm back -- almost breaking it. She SCREAMS! Her phone flies into the window. The screen cracks down the middle. The 911 call is still active. Shane ends the call.

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

REESE
Dude, pull over so we can get some
gas.

MORDECAI
Man let's get home.

REESE
Bro, we gotta get out of dodge. Far
away while no one's looking for us.
They want shitface, remember?

A SHORT TIME LATER

The hail has STOPPED. Light rain, but still very dark.

Mordecai pulls into a empty gas station.

The ATTENDANT steps out his booth. Waves them up. He has a creepy look.

Mordecai stops at the first pump; rolls the window down slightly.

Attendant looks in: Reese counting cash.

Mordecai throws a bag over Reese's lap to hide the money.
Reese looks up at the Attendant.

MORDECAI

Fill it up.

INT. HILARY'S VAN

Shane -- second row -- fiddling with Hilary's phone.

SHANE

I ain't gonna harm you, Lady.
Just get me outta here.

HILARY

Then tell me where to go!!!
(beat)
Then-then let me use my phone?

SHANE

Hell no! I'm not stupid, Lady. You
won't treat me like I'm is either --

HILARY

For the GPS. I can get you there
quicker. I can barely see; I don't
know where we are.

Shane mulls it over.

SHANE

Do trains leave from where you're
from?

HILARY

(quickly)
Yes. Yes.

SHANE

Don't lie to me!

Her hand shakes as she drives.

HILARY

I'm not.

SHANE

Where you from?

HILARY

Phil -- Phillipsburg.

SHANE

Just take me to Sparta Station.

HILARY

Listen, I beg you. Let me get to my son. Take the van. I won't tell anyone. Just please... let me get to my child.

SHANE

You'll see him soon enough.

HILARY

HE'LL DIE IF I DON'T GET BACK TO HIM.

SHANE

Then why you leave him?

HILARY

It was his only chance of living.

SHANE

Sounds dumb Lady. The real reason? Lemme guess. For "work?" Or some man you're seeing.

HILARY

No. Never. No, he's on life support.

SHANE

Oh. Then you better drive faster.

We hear a row of *beeps* descending in tone.

SHANE

(paranoid)

What was that? You tracking me?
What is that?!

It's her wristwatch.

HILARY

No. We have to get to a hospital.

SHANE

We're not going anywhere til' I'm safe.

HILARY

You won't make it if I don't get my medicine.

SHANE

That's a chance you'll have to take.

HILARY

I'll die behind the wheel. You want that?

Shane rumbles through her pocketbook. Pours everything out on the floor. There's a capsule pill. He picks it up --

The van jerks -- low gas -- dying...

SHANE

What the hell? Is this it?

HILARY

It's only one.

SHANE

Take it.

HILARY

It's not enough.

SHANE

Do it!

The Van almost shuts off but Hilary lead-foots the gas, stretching out the last bit of gas.

HILARY

We gotta stop for gas. I need gas.

Shane slides up. Sees the gas needle teetering below the 'E'.

SHANE

How I know it's not broke?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

COLT POV:

Eyes less than halfway open. Two bodies (we can't make out who they are but we can see they aren't looking at him) are discussing something inaudible.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Hilary pulling up to the pump. Her Van shuts off just three feet away.

Attendant waves her up. She tries to start the van. No luck.

Attendant steps towards the car; extends the pump. She hands him a bill. He proceeds to pump the gas.

Hilary watches Shane through her rearview.
He's slumped in the seat; nervously checking his surroundings.

The Attendant lifts her hood -- a quick fluid check.

Hilary takes the pill out her bag. Downs it with her saliva.

ATTENDANT

Miss, you need oil. Badly.

He shows her the stick. It's dry as fuck. The gas pump has stopped on \$5.00.

ATTENDANT

And tires, too. You'll slide all over with those on. We have a special going on new and used tire--

HILARY

(looking at pump)
I said regular.

He put in Premium... she barely got a gallon.
He slams the hood shut.

ATTENDANT

No you didn't. You just gave me money.

She starts the car. Gas light still on. Needle relaxing on E.

Reese exits the store --

Hilary -- furious -- eyes still on the needle -- slams on the gas -- then --

Slams on the brakes. She stops just inches away from him --

REESE

Yo, Bitch! Watch where the hell you going!

Shane perks up. Voice sounds strangely familiar. He sees Mordecai in the car counting money.

Shane leaps out quick. Too fast for anyone to know what is happening.

He reaches through the rolled down window, pulls Mordecai by the hair, strikes him in the throat like a snake. Reese drops his stuff. Goes to help.

Shane furiously pushes Reese into the pump -- snatches some cash out of Mordecai's hand --

Reese rushes Shane -- Mordecai pulls off --

Hilary does the same. She turns onto the intersection --

Her Van shuts off. Damn! Sitting in the middle of this dark two-way street --

-- PSCRAW! PSCRAW!!! THUNDER... followed by heavy RAIN...

Shane and Reese, still brawling --

Hilary would run, but where to... turns the key, hoping for mercy...

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CAR (THUNDERBIRD)/HIGHWAY - SAME

A car seat facing the rear...

In the front -- our DRIVER -- at normal speed -- rain pummeling his windshield. Only the right windshield wiper is working --

DRIVER
(re: rain)
Fuck!

He bangs his fist into the steering wheel --

INT. HILARY'S VAN

Hilary still turning the key -- it starts -- shifts it into drive when -- SURPRISE! --

-- Shane opens the back door -- a swollen eye -- Hilary freezes -- slams on the gas -- Shane leaps in -- the bad tires causes the car to take off slow. It sputters -- shakes -- wheels hydroplaning --

Hilary doesn't realize she's over the yellow lines and facing oncoming traffic --

Reese hops in the Buick. They pull off in the opposite direction --

Headlights stabbing in the distance... getting closer... Hilary's aware of it now...

DRIVER POV:

A *BIG OBJECT* (VAN) in his way.

He holds the horn down... Van won't move... yards away... slowing down --

Hilary's van moves just in time -- or so we think... he clips the end of it, she spirals out of control -- SMASH! -- right into a tree -- HARD -- left side WRECKED...

INT. CAR - SAME

A baby bottle flies out of the car seat in Driver's car...

An empty car seat. No baby was back there.

Driver gets control of the wheel. Stopped. Heart racing. Debates going back...

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME

The Attendant is sitting in his booth watching a black & white portable TV -- Jerry Springer.

ATTENDANT
(calm and creepy)
That's gon be some serious
wreckage.

INT. HILARY'S VAN

The passenger side glass is shattered. The doors are dented inward.

They both try and recover from the shock. Shane climbs into the front seat...

No response... the sound of sirens are nearing.

SHANE
Go! NOW! NOW!

A look of defiance on her face.

Shane pulls out his taser. Hilary isn't bothered. Fed up. Shane is momentarily taken aback. He's out of threats.

And those sirens are getting closer... he tries reasoning...

SHANE

Look, please. Those guys, the ones back there, they set me up. We'll go to the hospital and I'll leave. Just get me away from here.

He stares at her. For whatever reason, she obliges and takes off...

INT/EXT. VAN/COUNTRYSIDE LANES - DRIZZLING - MOMENTS LATER

Shane reclines in the front. Hilary focuses on the DARK road.

SHANE

I'm not a violent person.

HILARY

So back there was just an act of kindness?

Shane doesn't say anything.
She turns on the radio. Lands on a talk station.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

...Sources say that Donald Winchester -- the republican candidate for governor --

SHANE

God Damn it!

Shane shuts it off. Annoyed. Hilary glares at him out the corner of her eye.

SHANE

I need to concentrate.

HILARY

Because it takes lots of concentration to hold a hostage.

SHANE

Don't think of yourself as a hostage. You're just a driver.

HILARY

Fuck you.

SHANE

Well for the time being just understand my fucked up situation.

HILARY

Understand?! You breathe, move --
eat, piss -- all on your own. My
boy is connected to a machine and
you want *me* to understand?!

SHANE

Calm down okay.

Hilary cranks the heat up to maximum.

They pass a sign that says: '20 miles to Belleville'.

Coming over the hill, some 50 yards away, a vehicle with its
high beams on. Blinding.

SHANE

-- cut your lights off.

HILARY

What? For what?

He doesn't wait for her to comply; he reaches over and does
it himself, causing her to swerve into the opposite lane.
She maneuvers back into the proper lane. Just escaping a
collision.

A quick **EXTERIOR SHOT** of them driving. We barely notice them
on this dark wet road.

They quickly pass a road sign with an image of a 'Deer'
followed by 'X MI'. Now back inside

HILARY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

HILARY

You could of killed us.

SHANE

(looks up)

I swear if you get me out of this,
I'm never doing anything wrong
again. Just get me out of this!

HILARY

God don't work like that.

SHANE

'Some Religious freak?!

Hilary notices his anger rising. Doesn't wanna make him even
more mad. She throws on her charm. Seconds of silence...

HILARY

I'm sorry. It hurts me to see you
throw your life away.

SHANE

I'm not; that's why I'm getting out
of here.

HILARY

Something tells me you're a really
great guy. Just from being around
you I can tell you're smart. And
very easy on the eyes.

(a flirtatious smile)

You're a ladies man aren't you?

Shane shifts in his seat. Sits up. Uncomfortable.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Don't be shy.

SHANE

(shameful pause)

Maybe up til' I had my episode in
school. A dude that foams at the
mouth ain't on the 'hottest guys'
list.

Hilary stays silent. Waiting for more.

HILARY

Even Manson got laid.

SHANE

Right. You want some guy having a
seizure while he's on top of you?

HILARY

I didn't --

SHANE

With all the fuckin' bad luck
floating around, I had to be given
the worse of the worst.

She gently touches his thigh. Rubs it. Anchors her hand just
inches from his privates.

HILARY

I can relate.

SHANE

You epileptic too?

His eyes look at her thighs. He tugs at his pants. Obviously getting aroused.

HILARY

No. But I'm far from a looker.

He peeps her through the corner of his eye. She can feel it. She seductively pushes her hair behind her ears. Licks her lips. Keeping her eyes on the road.

HILARY

And with all this added stress in my life, I know I look like shit. I haven't felt like a woman in so long.

SHANE

W-w- what makes you feel like a woman?

She grins. She's got him.

HILARY

I'm Hilary.

A beat... hell, Shane may not of even heard her. Too horny.

HILARY

We gon' play the guessing game handsome?

SHANE

What you mean?

HILARY

Your name?

SHANE

Shane.

Her mouth hangs open. He takes the bait.

SHANE

What?

Hilary shakes her head: nothing.

SHANE

No, what? Tell me.

HILARY

It's a little embarrassing. I don't... just forget it.

SHANE

No. I told you mine.

Hilary scratches her breast -- it's more of a soft caress. She does it so casually that it seems innocent. But it's calculated and he can't take his eyes off it.

HILARY

Screw it. But don't judge me. I was young... and wild. Had a ceramics professor named Shane. He'd sneak in my dorm on weekends... a great stress reliever. You know how stressful college can be.

SHANE

I never been. I seen things about it on TV though.

HILARY

Liar.

Gives him a look that says: really, you've never been?

SHANE

No, I swear.

HILARY

You're pretty smart to have not been. Maybe it isn't for you.

SHANE

Yeah. Prolly not.

HILARY

But it's an experience like none other.

(then)

You ever experience being with a woman, Shane?

Shane turns from her. Clears his throat. Gazing out the window. A bit uncomfortable.

SHANE

Yeah. I have.

HILARY

I mean *really been with a woman*. A woman-woman. A stressed out woman overwhelmed with life that doesn't want you to do anything for her other than fuck her brains out every chance you get.

Shane -- nervous as shit -- changing topics...

SHANE

I-I-I was named after my momz
boyfriend.

Hilary realizing her seduction act won't work. Tries another method. Attacking his manhood.

HILARY

Are you gay?

SHANE

Fuck no!

HILARY

I'm just not your type? I get it.

SHANE

No. That ain't it either. I like
all things pink...

Realizing how "gay" that could come across:

SHANE (CONT'D)

Just drive bitch!

...MOMENTS LATER...

HILARY

So you get your name from your dad?

SHANE

(barks)
No, her boyfriend.
(calm)
He took care of me til' I was ten.
They died in a car crash.
I only know of my "dad". He's no
one special. To others maybe. But
he's dead to me. You married?

HILARY

Legally.

SHANE

He around?

HILARY

Yeah, but so is carbon-dioxide.

SHANE

What that mean? Things went left?

HILARY
No, just his dick.

SHANE
Oh. The kid?

HILARY
Colt has autism. That made things tougher for us. Later on especially. Aaron comes from money. His dad forbid him taking over the family business because he didn't have the right "family look". So he left; went on his on. But the asshole he works for now is no better.

SHANE
No, I mean what happened to him?
Your son.

HILARY
He... he fell down some steps;
Broke his femur... and cracked his skull.

SHANE
Let me guess? You were with your boyfriend. Neglecting him.

Hilary shoots him a look: how dare you?

HILARY
I wish I had been around. It would of never happened.

SHANE
Figures.

HILARY
He was with his father, asshole!

An awkward beat... Shane begins pulling the side of his shirt up (his seat is still reclined back on a 45 degree angle).

Hilary, shoots her eyes to him and then back on the road, then back to him and so on until --

SHANE
See this?

She looks -- almost crashes.
A scar shaped like a spoon is imbedded in his skin.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Got this when I was eight.

A slight glint of sympathy in her eyes.
She shifts her focus back to the road.

HILARY
However you got it, you probably
deserved it. Look at what you're
doing to me.

SHANE
So I don't end up like every man
I've ever met. Dead or in jail. I
raised myself. Been alone my whole
life. Mom was a whore; she had
nothing. My "dad" was a whore; had
everything. All I saw was fucked up
examples. So in turns I'm a fucked
up individual. But I do have a
heart, and I want you to get to
your son.

Hilary turns on the radio -- a talk station.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
There's a roadblock back on I-95
East; cops are questioning everyone
that rides through.

They pass a road sign that reads: I-95W.

RADIO DJ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There was a hit-and-run, one person
-- a teenage boy -- injured. Police
say suspect fled the scene.

FEMALE RADIO DJ (V.O.)
You know Jim, how foolish can a
person be? You hit someone --
almost killing an innocent teenager
-- peel off and leave your damn
phone behind.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
Well you know...

He continues speaking but it's inaudible. We're focused on --

Hilary's Van coming to an ABRUPT stop. Tires are no good and
it's wet outside so of course she slides.

SHANE
...the fuck --

His head meets the dashboard with startling IMPACT!

Hilary turns on the light. Feeling around. Steps out the car, searches under seats, in the second row, looking under the seats in the third row. No sign of the phone anywhere.

Throws the Van in reverse -- makes the tightest U-Turn ever -- slams on the gas --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Aaron stares at Colt. Kinda sad, but not nearly as sad as a loving father would be. Closes the door. Exhales.

AARON

My life changed when you were born, Colt. I was so happy. Your mother and I were in love, we celebrated every anniversary, took trips, enjoyed each other. I had just gotten promoted; Business was thriving. We lived every day with vigor. When we found out she was expecting, it was answered prayers. The life I'd always dreamed of, in nine-months would be mine. We shopped for furniture, got a new place; I spent countless hours painting and repainting your room, because it had to be perfect. Then one day my life -- my perfect little, meaningful life -- shattered. Your mother calls, wailing. I thought the worst -- an accident -- unforeseen mishap. But no. HELL NO. Worse. -- Doctor says you're "developmentally delayed".

COLT POV:

Watching his dad. He can hear and see him.

AARON (CONT'D)

Couldn't understand why I was chosen to be your father. Why God'd be so cruel to me. The damn embarrassing outburst, the stemming, the constant noises -- all the shit no normal child would do. And the expenses -- they never end. Doctors make a fortune off you. Constant special care and attention. Truthfully, your birth is what ruined my life.

AARON (CONT'D)

That's how my life changed. You ruined my marriage; my health is weening. I've been depressed for years. I'm a wreck. But then I think back to what I said about God being cruel to me and you know, he has a funny way of answering prayers. It's like He's rewarding me now. There's a guy in the Bible named Job. He lost everything only to get it back even better. And that's me right now...I loved you.

Aaron kisses Colt on the forehead.
As he pulls back he sees a tear falling from his Colt's eyes.

Colt grabs his fathers wrist.
Aaron's momentarily taken aback.

Colt begins to SLOWLY mouth the word: daddy. (WE HEAR IT, not Aaron, ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T SAY IT ALOUD)

Aaron stares some more.
His eyes fill with confusion.
Scared. This isn't suppose to happen.

INT. HILARY'S VAN

A few hundred yards from the police check stop. The flashing lights are a blur.

Shane -- coming to -- rubbing his head -- still in pain.
Fully recognizes what's coming up --

SHANE

... You can't do this!

Fumbles his pockets for the taser. Finds it. Holds it on her leg. Threatening to use it...

SHANE

Turn around.

She keeps driving. Doesn't even look his way.

SHANE

TURN AROUND. Really, I'll do it...

The flashing lights are getting less blurry.

SHANE

I will shock your ass! You'll feel it. I'm not playing...

EXT. POLICE CHECKPOINT - SAME

Five or so OFFICERS talking. Not paying attention to the headlights from the Van in the distance.

INT. HILARY'S VAN

About 200 yards away -- no sign of her stopping.

SHANE
TURN AROUND!

Shane yanks the steering wheel -- Van swerves -- she digs her hand into his face -- clawing his skin -- her other hand tries to control the wheel --

EXT. POLICE CHECKPOINT

As the Officers laugh and joke, the swerving lights in the distance -- going from lane to lane (the motion of the letter S) -- grabs their attention.

OFFICER 1
Hey, hey! Clear out. Looks like we
have a drunk driver.

INT. HILARY'S VAN

Shane's bleeding. Desperate -- with everything in him, he KNOCKS Hilary in the face -- her head hits the glass with impact -- she's OUT!

SUDDENLY -- Sirens are WAILING!! --

OFFICER STALLEY (O.S.)
(through a megaphone)
STOP THE VEHICLE NOW!

Van doesn't stop -- Hilary's foot is still on the gas --

Shane tries to regain control of the wheel because this Van is liable to run into something SOON --

EXT. POLICE CHECKPOINT

The Officers are kneeled behind their vehicles, guns drawn ready to shoot --

Stalley stands in front, megaphone in hand --

OFFICER STALLEY
 This is your last warning. STOP
 NOW!

The Van -- coming towards them -- not too fast, but shows no sign of slowing down --

Stalley, hoping it doesn't have to end this way --

He walks backwards. Clearing himself of the bullet storm that's about to take place.

OFFICER STALLEY
 (to himself)
 One. Two. Three.
 (OUT LOUD)
 Shoot. Tires.

INT. HILARY'S VAN

Shane on her lap. Trying to gain control of the Van. Her foot is in the way of the brake. He's fifty yards from the checkpoint.

He sees the guns drawn. FUCK. Knows what's next --

-- Whips the wheel -- slamming on the brakes.

Van spins -- 180 -- stopped --

BOOM -- clear shot -- loud POP -- tire blown out --

OFFICER STALLEY (O.S.)
 Come out with your hands up!

Hilary's eyes BURST open... confused...

Sees a man sitting on her lap, a taser in the front seat... grabs it -- USES IT -- too quick for Shane to notice -- he jolts -- tongue vibrating -- yelling inaudible shit --

She shoves him off...

Trying to make sense of this. Where is she, and why are there flashing lights... and why are guns aimed -- oh, shit, she remembers now --

OFFICER STALLEY
 I repeat. Come out with your hands
 up!

He sets the megaphone down.

OFFICER STALLEY
 (to an Officer)
 Turn on the lights.

He does. Stalley stares: is that the Van from earlier?
 The Drivers side door opens. Hilary steps out. Hands up.

OFFICER STALLEY
 Turn em' down some.

OFFICER 1
 Sarg, you sure?

OFFICER STALLEY
 DO IT.

BY THE VAN

Hilary -- shaken -- nods yes... then no --

OFFICER STALLEY (O.S.)
 Put your weapon down!

Hilary wearing a puzzled look. What weapon? Looks at her shaking hands. Realizes she's holding a taser. What the hell is she into now? She drops it.

INSIDE THE VAN

Shane stiff as a statue. Seat back. Eyeballing Hilary. Is he in too much pain to move or is he trying to go unnoticed?

OUTSIDE THE VAN

Hilary slowly steps towards the cops... lowers her hands --

OFFICER STALLEY
 (through megaphone)
 Keep em' high.

She raises her hands.

UNDER THE VAN

Shane on his elbows, sliding out backwards.

Hilary nodding her head and pointing towards the Van. Trying to tip them off DISCREETLY.

HOOOONNNKKKKKK!!!! Everyone turns --

An EIGHTEEN WHEELER -- splashing water off the blacktop -- charging at them -- no time to stop --

Stalley waves his arms to get the Truck driver's attention, but what good is that...

Hilary backing up -- Cops flee like roaches --

-- THE TRUCK IS GETTING CLOSER --

Hilary -- back in her Van -- THRUST on the gas -- CLINK CLANK -- barely going anywhere with a flat --

AHHHHHHH! A roaring scream from outside the Van --

INT. TRUCK - SAME

The TRUCK DRIVER slams on the brakes --

INT. HILARY'S VAN - SAME

Hilary looking in her rearview.

She checks her sideview mirrors -- nothing, besides the sparks flying from the rim that now acts as a tire.

The Passenger door flies open.
Shane hops in on one foot.
Other foot is in pain.

SHANE

Go!

ROAD - SAME

Stalley SHOOTING at the Trucks tires. Less than fifty yards away. Boom! Bullet rips through one tire.

Fireworks as the rim scratches the asphalt -- the Truck Driver losing control.

All the Cop Cars have pulled out of the way...

Stalley lets another shot go... then another --

The truck STOPPING -- Screechhhhhhhhhhh!!!! Stalley hops out the way just in time --

The trailer from the truck smashes a few police cars -- tossing them to the side. As it comes to a fatal stop.

INT. TRUCK - SAME

The TRUCK DRIVER flies through the windshield --

ROAD - CONTINUOUS

-- Lands on top of a Cop Car -- shattering the hood --

INT. TRUCK

A near empty pint of gin in the passenger seat...

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING

Shane rubs his right thigh.

SHANE

-- you have to pull over!

HILARY

I'm not stopping --

SHANE

YOU HAVE TO!

Hilary knows she's screwed.

She floors it but the odometer barely teases past 15mph.

HER FOOT PLUNGING ON THE BRAKES!!!

The screeching sounds worse than nails on the blackboard.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Aaron and Dr. McCrae converse.

AARON

How often could that happen?
Hypothetically.

DR. MCCRAE

Impossible to say. In hypothetical terms, it would never happen. When paralysis occurs -- especially in the spine -- the vertebrae tears the spinal cord; resulting in damaged nerve cells.

DR. MCCRAE (CONT'D)

Once they're damaged, messages can't travel between the brain and the rest of the body, in which the permanent ramifications are: complete loss of movement and feeling.

AARON

So in other words, I was seeing things...?

DR. MCCRAE

What did you see?

Aaron shakes his head: no.

Dr. McCrae waits with a smile. Understanding he may have more questions.

AARON

Will it be painful?

DR. MCCRAE

He'll be in way less pain than he's in now. We have someone here, a grief councillor, that you and your wife can speak to. She'd be glad to help you through this process.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Aaron stands in the corner, talks into his cell.

AARON

(harsh)

What kind of mother leaves her fucking son alone to die?! Huh?! And you claim to love him?!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Van is on the side of the road. Hidden in the deep shadows of the wooded terrain.

Shane changes the tire. Hilary holds the door open. He uses the light from inside the car. It's the best they can do.

An AMBULANCE darts by. Heading in the opposite direction. Sirens on full blast.

INT. DONALD WINCHESTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A portrait of a family of five, hangs from the wall: Husband, Wife, two twin sons and an infant daughter.

Tons of books... leather couch... the finest cognac.
Nameplate on the desk says:

DONALD WINCHESTER

Mid-fifties, gray hair, dressed like the politician he is, takes a shot of something strong.

His aid, SAMANTHA (30's), a face any man would love, zooms in holding a DVD. A look of concern on her pale face.

SAMANTHA

Sir, you need to see this.

...MOMENTS LATER...

Donald and Samantha have finished viewing the recording on his TV.

Donald -- annoyed -- shaking his head. Angry.
Samantha searches for something hopeful to say...

SAMANTHA

We may have to resort to...

Donald gives a look. A serious, stern look.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

It's our last option in such a short time. Democrats already have an edge. This would nail the coffin shut.

DONALD

(exhales)

SHIT!

He bangs on the table. A beat.

DONALD

Get Mercer on it. And look, I want him fully functional.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A badge, camera and a pair of handcuffs sit on the night stand. The house phone rings. A man rolls over, flicks on the lamp, answers. Grumpy.

MERCER
 Better be important.
 (pause, listening)
 In an hour? Impossible... I don't
 work that fast...

This is MERCER. Scruffy. A militant face.

He listens some more. They must of said something he likes
 because he grabs a notepad and pen and starts writing.

MERCER
 Email me it over. And pictures of
 the boy.

INT. MERCER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mercer behind the wheel. He has a thick mustache, stubby
 fingers. Chubby. Tall. Barely smiles. Smokers lips.

The inside of this car reminds you of a police cruiser -- the
 computer, the radio, the microphone.

He tosses a few yards of rope to the backseat where duct
 tape, ammonia and handcuffs are.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - NIGHT

Hilary and Shane wait at a RAILROAD CROSSING.

Light is red; the gate is down. The train is flying by...

Car in park... Hilary staring at Shane. That crazy woman
 look. The look that could kill. His head is against the
 window --

SHANE EYES

Getting heavy. Battling to keep them open. He loses. They
 close...

Hilary takes a moment and watches him breathe. Watching his
 eyes rest peacefully --

QUICK FLASH

*Hilary staring at Colt connected to the ventilator. Total
 opposite of the comfort Shane feels.*

Anger moves in on her face.

WHOOOF!!! She HITS him repeatedly in the face with The Club (an old anti car theft device) -- he can't fight back -- can't block -- bleeding -- he covers his face, she pains his ribs --

HILARY

You asshole; son of a bitch! My son.

(blow to the face)

Is.

(another)

Going.

(an even harder blow)

To die

(blow)

because of

(blow)

you!

Shane in pain -- serious pain --
Hilary is too fast for him --
The Train has gone -- red light turns green.

Hilary, out of the car, opens the passenger door -- pulls him to the dirt.

HILARY

Now you'll know how it feels to be left dying with no one to help you.

She slams the door shut. Drops The Club on his face. Gets back behind the wheel. Pulls off.

INT. MORDECAI'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Reese and Mordecai sleep on the sofas --

There's moving around in the back. We hear it but can't see it. Finally --

Mercer emerges with ammonia in hand. Dousing them both. They wake up panicked -- stiff -- scared to shit... their breathing stifled --

MERCER

Night night, Fuckboys.

They attempt to run but they fall. Their legs are handcuffed together.

Mercer flaunts a devious smile.

HILARY'S VAN

Passes a sign that says: **HOSPITAL -->**

The Van starts shaking. Puttering. Almost cutting off --

Hilary pulls into

4-STAR GAS STATION

Where there's an old HILLBILLY fella' in the booth. Cig in his mouth, Iphone in his hand, playing candy crush. He's muddy and oily. Not sure if he's worked on a car today, but even if he did, he'd probably still look this way. He has a love-hate relationship with soap.

This is an old style gas station. A sign hanging from the pump reads: No Credit Cards.

Hilary stops before she reaches the pump. Crying.

Hillbilly, on alert, grabs his gun from the drawer. He can't see who's in the van. Puts his phone down, steps out the booth -- creeps towards the van -- gun behind his back --

Hilary pops her head up from the steering wheel -- first thing she sees is a gun aimed at her --

Hillbilly motions for her to roll down the window. She does.

HILLBILLY

What chu' doin' round' these parts
lil' lady?

She throws her hands up in surrender.

HILARY

I just-I just need some gas.

Hillbilly lowers his gun. Motions for her to pull up.

HILLBILLY

That sure as hell ain't reason
enough for your eyeballs to be
pissin' on ya' face. Sittin'
here'll get cha' brains blown off,
lil' lady.

HILARY

(as she pulls up)
You have any idea where Graceland
Hospital is?

HILLBILLY

If ya' need medical attention then
I suggest Bermuda Blue Center. It's
just up the road there some.

HILARY

No, I need Graceland.

HILLBILLY

That's the worst fuckin' hospital
in the world. You don't watch much
news, do you? Anyhow, you're in
Boonton. Graceland in a whole
different county. 'Bout an hour
across yonder in that direction.

Hilary bites her bottom lip. Fighting tears.. He watches. Not
too concerned but asking would be the polite thing to do.
Hell, ain't no one else to talk to.

HILLBILLY

How much gas?

A beat... THEN --

HILARY

FUCK!!!!!!

She beats the steering wheel!

HILLBILLY

Look lady, it's usually quiet
'round here. Cut that shit.

HILARY

(pleading)

Look I don't -- I don't have money.
My son is dying, I was taken
hostage. I have nothing. He took
everything.

He hooks the nozzle back on. Gives a sly grin. Hands in his
pocket. Legs spread. Pelvis (not penis) exposed. Seesawing on
the heel and ball of his foot. Insinuating.

HILLBILLY

(softer tone)

Well how the hell you plan on
gettin' gas then?

He looks at her gas needle.

HILLBILLY (CONT'D)
 (creepy)
 Cuz you sure as shit need it. And
 to get there, you need a lot.

...MOMENTS LATER...

A GAS PUMP -- the old kind, not the digital ones -- \$4.27 and counting. Moving slow as molasses.

...Soft moans... grunting...

HILARY'S FACE

Turned to the side. Disgusted. Trying not to gag. Ashamed. Tears in her eyes.

We can see her right shoulder moving quickly.

Hillbilly lies back gyrating in the front seat. Enjoying getting jerked off. Groans getting louder --

HIGH BEAMS and LOUD MUSIC from a car cut into his orgasm.

HILLBILLY (O.S.)
 Don't stop...

She does. He grabs her hand. Puts it back around his private parts (we don't actually see this).

HILLBILLY
 God dammit I'm almost done.

The savage TEENS in the car blow the horn repeatedly. It startles Hilary and it changes Hillbilly's mood too.

HILLBILLY
 (angry as shit)
 Fuck!

Hillbilly quickly zips his pants. Storms out the car. Yelling as he walks to the teens.

He attends to the wild Teens who are still playing their music at an ungodly volume.

Hilary hurries and takes the pump out the tank. Drops the nozzle. Screws on the cap; gets in the Van and speeds off.

Through the REARVIEW MIRROR:
 Hillbilly acting erratic. Probably cursing her the fuck out.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Adjacent to the woods is the Highway.
It's pitch black. Every so often a car may pass by
adding a glimmer of light.

Shane limping. Struggling to walk. Using the trees as
balance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron stares at Colt... the myriad of emotions in his mind,
play out on his face: anger, shame, resentment...

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Aaron splashes his face with water. Gazes at his reflection
in the mirror. Wipes his face as if maybe he'll see himself
in a better light. Wipes his face dry as we --

CUT TO:

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - YEARS AGO (FLASHBACK)

Aaron, cradles baby Colt, feeding him with a bottle. These
were the days he loved being a father.

Hilary enters with the mail. Leaves most on the dresser but
carries one envelope to the bed. Opens it. Holds it up for
Aaron to read. He takes a quick look and then turns. It's
like the thought gave him chills.

HILARY
(re: envelope)
What do you think?

AARON
Don't even wanna think about that.

HILARY
I know but...

AARON
It's your call. But I can't fathom
paying for that. I'd cringe at the
thought every month.
(to Colt)
Right little guy. Tell em'. You're
gonna outlive mommy and daddy,
right?

HILARY
 (hopefully... but)
 Super high premiums for super low
 prices... Could be borrowed from
 and used for college.

Aaron nods: you got a point.

CUT TO:

LIFE INSURANCE POLICY

- Insured: Colt Sawyer
- Beneficiaries: Aaron and Hilary Sawyer

Aaron checks off the box for Four-Million Dollars.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

A phone RINGS!

Hilary, astonished, listens to where it's coming from.
 Slows down. A phone slides from under the passengers seat.
 It says *WORK NUMBER*.

Hilary stops. Snatches the phone. Ignores the call.
 Searches feverishly for a GPS App... Finds one --

She enters Graceland hospital -- there's a call -- WORK
 NUMBER -- she hits ignore... back at the map --

PHONE GPS

-- 20 miles away. 36 minutes --

Hilary exhales. Discouraged. Steps on it.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Hillbilly in the middle of a message!

HILLBILLY
 ...Return my god damn phone back or
 else!

He slams the phone down!

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

A few hundred yards away is the TRAIN STATION.

Shane has it in his sights when --

Flashlights on the side of the road are combing the shoulder lane.

This is where they had the accident! One flashlight quickly gleams over him.

Shane pauses. Sits low. Holding his breath. Listening.

A raccoon runs by. Making enough noise to draw attention.

ROOKIE (O.S.)
Something over there?

VET (O.S.)
Focus, rookie.

ROOKIE (O.S.)
I heard something, Sir.

VET(O.S.)
If it ain't the money or the phone
then who gives a shit. Lets focus
on our job -- finding this phone.

Shane's eyes widen.

ROOKIE (O.S.)
And the money.

VET (O.S.)
(sly)
What money?

PHONE GPS

-- 12 miles away. 20 minutes --

HILARY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Hilary going as fast as she can with a donut tire on the van.

PHONE GPS
Make a left turn at --

RINGGGGGGG! WORK NUMBER.

Hilary doesn't slow down.
 She fumbles for the phone which is on the passengers seat.
 Her fingers dance around it! She looks -- grabs it -- it
 falls -- angry -- where the hell is she suppose to turn?!

Fuck it -- on a hunch -- she turns left...

A few seconds later the phone stops ringing. Then --

PHONE GPS
 REROUTING.

PHONE GPS

-- 14 miles away. 23 minutes --

PHONE GPS
 Stay on Route 501 for 3 miles.

Hilary cries out like only a loving desperate mother could --

HILARY
 Colt!!!

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The OFFICERS have just pulled off.

Shane hustles to where they were. Watches them go bye-bye.
 Takes in his surroundings. Trying to recall the exact spot
 the accident took place.

He takes a moment. Wrecking his brain --

QUICK FLASHES

-- Shane falling out of the Van.

-- Shane getting hit by Hilary.

RESUME

Shane limping as fast as he can, down the shoulder, staying
 in the shadows...

...A FEW YARDS DOWN...

Shane ruffles through some leaves... then dirt... NOTHING.

A TRUCK is heading towards him. The light helps him -- he
 spots something -- something black and square -- he picks up

A WALLET

Takes a few dollars, tosses it. Pissed. Fuck it. Starts towards the Train Station.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Mercer, dressed in sweats and a ball cap, stands on the platform, smoking a cigarette.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - NIGHT

Hilary hotfooting it.

She comes to a fork in the road. Stops. Look at the GPS. Silence. No reception in this area. FUCK! She screams!

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

CRUNCHHHH! Shane steps on something. Looks down. Sees a light. The phone. It's Hilary's! CRACK in the screen. He pockets it. Feels a sense of pleasure. He continues down to the Train Station which is about 100 yards away.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Shane has just paid for his ticket. He limps off line.

INT. TRAIN STATION - BATHROOM

Stall closed. Shane taking a leak.

Shane at the sink. He turns the water on hot. Sticks his scraped wrist under it. OUCH! Suffers through the pain.

His BRUISED WRIST BEING PATTED DRY WITH A PAPER TOWEL.

THE WATER BEING TURNED OFF --

Shane looks up... a man in a baseball cap has entered.

Shane -- hand on the door handle when --

He's choked from behind. Arm around his throat.

The mans baseball cap falls off -- it's Mercer --

He puts Shane in a sleeper. Shane, slowly falling asleep --

INT. COLT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Colt, alone, eyes wandering left to right. Fully open.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PARKING LOT

Mordecai and Reese carry Shane to the trunk. Drop him in. Shane is out cold. They slam the trunk.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING

Speeding her ass down this dark dirt road. She zooms past an open piece of the road (where cops hide at).

-- SIRENS BLARING!!

DAMN! Hilary slows down. Hopes they're not for her.

Hilary pulls over... and guess who it is --

Officer Stalley opens the car door. Starts towards the Van.

Hilary rolls down the window. Jittery. Anxious. Stalley peeks in: Damn, you again?

OFFICER STALLEY
License and registration.

Stalley takes a better look at her, Steps back and looks at the van. Hilary can feel her life seeping out of her.

OFFICER STALLEY
Step out of the vehicle.

HILARY
(hands him the paperwork)
My son will die if I don't get --

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
B-18732. Location on the stolen
phone.

Hilary perks up. On alert. Forgot all about it.

OFFICER STALLEY
(into walkie talkie)
Copy.

Officer Stalley listens...

*

Hilary throws her head onto the steering wheel. Holding it there. Drowning out the dispatcher.
Stalley Jumps. Taken aback.

OFFICER STALLEY
Step out of the car, Miss.

She slowly unbuckles her seat belt. Does everything slow. All the while, her eyes are asking him for mercy.

Officer Stalley turns his back.
Walks a few feet away from the car.

OFFICER STALLEY
(into walkie talkie)
Repeat that please.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Right off of Lancaster Park Road --

Hilary exits.

OFFICER STALLEY
Wait here.
(into walkie talkie)
Can you give me the number? I'll
place a call into the phone. I'm at
the location now.

He gets to his cruiser. Grabs his cell.
Unbeknownst to him, Hilary speeds off.

Stalley is still focused on his phone as he takes down the numbers.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Wait, it's on the move again.

OFFICER STALLEY
(into walkie talkie)
What?

He looks up; she's gone.

EXT. HIDEOUT IN THE ROAD - NIGHT

Hilary parked there, behind some trees. Lights out. She watches as Stalley flies past.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING

Hilary praying silently to herself. Punches numbers in the phone while trying to focus on the road.

INTERCUT

Aaron at the hospital. No particular room.

HILARY

Aaron.

AARON

Where the fuck are you?

HILARY

I was carjacked, held up, pulled over -- listen Colt can move.

AARON

Hilary.

HILARY

No listen to me! I seen him. I have it on my phone. I have proof.

AARON

Look. Now's not --

HILARY

Aaron! Listen! He is alive! I'm on my way to the hospital now.

AARON

You think Doctors will believe this? It's bullshit to them.

Aaron walks into COLT'S ROOM. He sees Colt with his eyes halfway open.

AARON (CONT'D)

He's gone, Hil.

HILARY

He's not. Just listen to me. I'm not exaggerating.

AARON

I'm looking right at him. He's gone.

HILARY

Stall them. I'll bring the proof, just stall --

AARON

I'm sorry. We have to let God have his way.

Aaron hangs up.

HILARY

Aaron. Aaron!

GPS (V.O.)

In a half a mile, turn left onto Rt.70.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hilary stops at a red light. Tapping the steering wheel. Can't wait for it to change. She'd run through it but a cop car sits in a vacant lot.

PHONE -- Hilary disables the GPS.

A SIGN reads: GRACELAND Hospital 3 miles.

Hilary presses some numbers. Turns the phone on speaker. Hears ringing.

It sounds close. Looks around. Just her and the CAR in front of her. She hangs up. The ringing stops. She calls right back; it starts again. Realizes it's coming from the car.

Hilary, staring at the cars sideview mirror, sees: Mercer eating a banana.

Just as she pulls beside him, the light turns green and he peels off.

She keeps up. Trying to remain inconspicuous.

INT. MERCER'S CAR - NIGHT

Mercer's on the phone.

MERCER

How far you want me to go?

DONALD (V.O.)

Why are you even asking?

MERCER

Your own kid, Donald? You sure?

There's a CLICK on the other end.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - NIGHT

She has the phone on her lap. On speaker. Calling HER cell. She's lagging behind him.

INT. MERCER'S TRUNK - NIGHT

The flash from the cell phone...

The ringing and vibrating wakes Shane up.

SHANE

AHHHH! Oh my God! Help me!

Still not realizing where he is. All he knows is he's trapped. He kicks. Hard. LOUD! Non-stop.

MERCER'S CAR

Mercer casually pulls over to the side of the road.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Hilary slows down. Turns into a lot. Watching as --

Mercer opens the trunk. Banana in hand. Shane tries to pop out. Whoof! A blow to the ribs. Knocks the air out of him.

SHANE

(gasping)

Stop. Let me out!

MERCER

Shut the fuck up, kid.

Shane tries to fight back, but his efforts are futile.

Mercer strikes him in the eye. Instantly swollen! Shane quits.

Mercer, about to close the trunk --

MERCER

You wanna move your leg?

Shane doesn't move it. It still hangs out the trunk.

MERCER

No? Less pieces to throw in the river --

HILARY (O.S.)
Let him out!

Mercer exhales. Fuck. Turns.

Hilary standing there. Taser in hand --

Before she can make out Mercer's facial features he's on her. Hands around her neck. Tosses her into a gate. She drops.

Mercer towering her. Lifts his foot to stomp her face.

She rolls out the way -- tases his leg -- he jolts -- still standing -- now she's standing behind him -- taser to his neck -- holds it there -- electricity dancing through his body -- he falls --

...MOMENTS LATER...

Hilary searching the trunk for her phone.

Shane grabs her arm gently. Whispers

SHANE
Please don't leave me here.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Hilary, driving away, tosses Hillbilly's cell into Mercer's trunk.

-- the gps on the *phone* shows a green dot with its location.

Shane laid out in the backseat.

HOSPITAL SIGN - 2 miles ahead

INT. COLT'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Dr. McCrae enters. Aaron's sitting there in deep thought.

DR. MCCRAE
(compassionate)
We'll be starting to remove the tubes shortly. If there are any last words, I encourage you to...

Aaron nods. A tear fills his eye. She steps out. He makes a call.

AARON

Mister -- yes, I know. I'm sorry.
 (screams on the other end)
 It's late I know. Sorry, sir. But
 Mr. Winchester I need help now.

CUT TO:

A SIGN - HOSPITAL DETOUR 1 MILE AHEAD...

INT. HILARY'S VAN - NIGHT

She's racing there...

Shane screaming in the background.

SHANE

Hurry please!

Urrttttt! Hilary makes a sharp left turn --

SMASH! -- SLAMS ON BRAKES -- too late -- half the windshield
 comes caving in -- glass everywhere --

Shane falls out the seat --

Something big and hairy is stuck in the windshield. A

DEER

Bloodied -- hooves in the car -- trying to kick free --
 kicking just inches from Hilary's face --

EIHNNHHH -- this wretched sound comes from the Deer's mouth --
 growing more frustrated -- kicks more ferociously --

Hilary comes to -- screams --
 The Deer's feet kicking wildly -- its ugly mouth moving from
 side to side --

Hilary reclines her seat back as far as it can go. Unlocks
 her seatbelt. Reaches for the door handle... BOOM!

The bottom half of the Deer's body slides out --

INT. DONALD WINCHESTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

He's behind his desk. On the phone. Heated...

DONALD

Fuck! Alright, Aaron.

He slams the phone down.
Samantha gets a text. Checks it.

SAMANTHA

Sir, CNN is going live with the
story.

A look of disappointment and embarrassment on Donald's face.
Samantha turns on the TV. Playing on CNN --
*Video from the check cashing robbery. Shane and BOYLE'S
scuffle. Shane's face and last name bolstered on the screen:*

Shane Winchester...with his picture beside it...

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

We have an image of Shane
Winchester, the illegitimate
lovechild of republican nominee and
philanthropist Donald Winchester,
robbing what appears to be a check
cashing store.

Samantha turns the TV off.

SAMANTHA

We have to cloud their judgment.
Let them know he's not just an
illegitimate child of yours, but
that you're a loving father -- a
loving man.

DONALD

Call some press. Have em' meet me
at Graceland --

SAMANTHA

Sir, I don't think this is the
right time for statements.
We need to show action. Compassion.

DONALD

JUST DO IT NOW!

She runs off to do as told.

DONALD (CONT'D)

And make sure Mercer has everything
handled.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - A MILE FROM THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Hilary and Shane stand a few feet from an angry *DEER*. Both are careful not to move too suddenly. Inching back. Hilary holds the taser behind her back.

The Deer stares them down. Vengeance in the its eyes...
Tension building --

MEHHHHH!!! -- they freeze... THUNDER -- the Deer jerks...

Rain starts to fall. A beat. A wet Deer and two humans, just staring at each other. Who's going to make the first move?

...with neckbreaking speed the Deer darts past them and into the dark. They exhale. Heart racing. And within a second Hilary takes off in the direction the hospital.

SHANE

Wait!

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Reporters follow their story -- Donald -- into the --

HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA

Donald, in a baseball cap and jacket, treks by the electric opening doors. Samantha, just inches behind. Reporters spot him. Rush in. Cameras and Microphones in his face.

He presses the button for the elevator. Security tries to keep the Reporters away.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

Do you think your son was acting out to get your attention?/ Have you had any contact with him?/ Will this affect your nomination?/ Are you harboring a criminal?/ If he's convicted and you're elected will you pardon him?

The elevator door opens. Donald steps through.

DONALD

Absolutely not. You break the law in this country and justice will be served and enforced; such as it would be for any non law-abiding citizen.

SAMANTHA
Enough questions!

The door closes. Samantha stays behind with the callous reporters that ask every thing they can think of.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ER FLOOR

Dr. McCrae seems to have a hold on things. Everyone seems to have been tended to. She has a quick second to herself.

A fellow nurse, CLAUDINE, tramps in. Out of breath. Nervous but can't wait to share what she knows.

CLAUDINE
Reporters are swarming the front?

A look of nervousness comes across McCrae's face. Looks scared shitless.

CLAUDINE
Think it's about the malpractice claims?

McCrae storms by Claudine and out of the ER.

INT. HOSPITAL- FOURTH FLOOR

Out of the Security cameras view, Samantha calls a wandering, lanky, JOURNALIST over.

SAMANTHA
Pssssttt.

Journalist looks. Samantha waves him over and opens the janitors closet where a pressed

JANITOR'S UNIFORM

hangs on a hook.

They give each other a *look*. Journalist nods. Samantha smiles and taps the shirt pocket -- insinuating cash is in there.

INT. HOSPITAL - COLT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Door closed. Aaron, kicked back in a chair. Phone to his ear.

AARON
... I just try to look at the good in every situation...

AARON (CONT'D)

he was a great kid... yeah, baby...
I just need to relax. Go somewhere
nice. Just us, ya' know. Colt would
of wanted that --

The door opens. Aaron drops the phone in a nervous panic. It
breaks. Donald walks in. Takes his cap off. Gives Aaron a
look of sympathy: I'm sorry.

All of a sudden Aaron's "emotional".

DONALD

I got down here as soon as I could.
No weather would keep me from this.
I wish you would of told me sooner.
Is there anything I can do?

AARON

Mr. Winchester, thank you. But no.
There's not. Just glad you came to
see him. I know you're a very busy
man --

DONALD

This is my Godchild. Not much else
is more important. Gretchen sends
her deepest love. She wanted to
come but I stormed out as soon as
you called me.

Aaron knows it's all bullshit. Two-bullshitters doing what
they do best -- bullshit.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - SAME

The Journalist, dressed in the janitorial uniform, pretends
to mop away. Close to the door, just out of Donald and
Aaron's sight. Eavesdropping.

SMALL CAMERA POV (MOVING):

*We see Donald comforting Aaron... then holding Colt's hand.
"Fighting" back the tears.*

Upon closer look, the camera is in Journalist breast pocket.
Too small to be spotted at a glance.

AARON

Thank you. I understand.

DONALD

Where's Heather?

AARON

Hilary.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - RAINING

Intense rain and lightning continues throughout the rest of the movie.

Hilary hauls ass -- out of breath -- Iphone in hand.
A few hundred yards from the hospital. Speaking into SIRI --

HILARY

Asshole.

SIRI (V.O.)

I'm sorry, Hilary. What did I do to you?

HILARY

(between breaths)

Call... Call asshole.

SIRI (V.O.)

I found twelve Assholes in your area --

HILARY

(trying again)

Call THE ASSHOLE!

SIRI (V.O.)

Calling the ASSHOLE.

Looks at her phone. Dialing... but it's dying -- 9%.

It rings and rings... finally the machine comes on...

HILARY

ANSWER THE PHONE AARON! He's not dead! Don't let them take him! I have it all on camera. He's moving.

Hilary searches through her videos. Goes to her Messages and sends the video of Colt moving to "ASSHOLE" (Aaron).

Hilary turns -- Shane is a good distance behind.
Hilary charges on...

INT. HOSPITAL - COLT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Donald rubs Colt's hand. Positions himself in clear view of the camera. Speaks slowly so his words can be clearly understood by the camera.

COLT'S POV:

Donald's fake smile.

Colt can see, hear and feel everything that's going on.

DONALD

Kyle, you were a beacon of light to anyone who's ever met you. I'm sure your dad would agree.

Sniffing... puts his hand over his face. Pretending to cry. Forcing tears out.

Aaron watches. Slightly offended by the dramatics.

DONALD (CONT'D)

You were such a fine example of a young man. Any parent would be proud to have you as a son.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Across the street Hilary is hunched over gasping for breath. Dizzy. Grabs her head with both hands -- migraine...

...MOMENTS LATER...

Shane throws her arm around his shoulder. Supporting her weight as best as he can.

SHANE

C'mon. C'mon... almost there.

Her eyes are closing... shivering -- getting paler by the second.

!!!LIGHTNING STRIKES!!!

Shane twitches. He stares at the ground. Trying to not see the lightning --

QUICK FLASHBACK

A much younger Shane looking out the window watching it rain. Lightning strikes. He jumps... keeps watching... it strikes again and he falls to the floor. Twitching. Foaming at the mouth. Seizure.

RESUME SCENE

SHANE (CONT'D)
 (shaking)
 Your son... remember your son...
 C'mon.

He starts towards the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Donald exits. Samantha waits there. He whispers to her:

DONALD
 Convincing enough?

She gives him the thumbs up.

DONALD
 Get it to all the press outlets.

SAMANTHA
 Already done, sir.

Donald gives her a look: *about that other situation.*

She motions him to walk with her... he does. She leans in --

SAMANTHA
 (quietly)
 No official word, yet.

INT. HOSPITAL - COLT'S ROOM

Dr. McCrae enters with the BRAIN SURGEON. Gives a warm smile.
 Aaron knows it's time.

BRAIN SURGEON
 (softly)
 I'm sorry.

Aaron nods. Gets up. Takes his final look.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE WAY

Hilary and Shane, both soaking wet, drift through the sliding doors.

Shane still having spasms -- doing his best to fight off his seizure.

Hilary -- light-headed -- pale, her skin is looking bleached -- drags straight to the Elevator. Lifts her finger to press the button but due to her shaking, she keeps missing it.

DOWN THE HALL

A REPORTER spots Shane. Looks twice. Backs into a wall, peeks his neck out to watch Shane's next move. The Reporter pulls out his cell. Dials 9-1... then stops. Instead he takes out his pocket size camera and snaps pictures.

CAMERA POV:

Shane -- clear as day -- undeniably him --

Shane's eyes roll in the back of his head -- he falls into a wall -- uses it for balance as he feels his way towards the elevator --

The Reporter starts recording.

REPORTER

(giddy)

Oh, Shit.

Hilary just got on the elevator and she's not waiting. She watches Shane struggle as the doors close.

HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open. A LPN on her way up finds Hilary, pupils dilated, laid out unconscious.

NURSE

HELP!

CUT TO:

Hilary is coming to. Things are hazy. Everything moving fast, herself included.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

...found her on the elevator
blacked out...

She's on a gurney, heading into the

EMERGENCY ROOM

Where knows she has to make a run for it. They set her in a corner beside other sick patients.

Hilary musters up as much strength as she can. Makes sure it's clear -- feels her pocket for her taser (she still has on her clothes) and disconnects the IV --

She speeds off barefoot.

INT. ELEVATOR

Shane rides it up. Just him and the Reporter.

REPORTER

Are you...? Are you okay?

Shane shakes his head no. Falling...

REPORTER

Shit, we've gotta get you out of here.

Before he helps, he snaps another picture.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open...

Donald and Samantha standing there.
Rage shoots through Donald's veins.
The Reporter presses record on his camera.
Donald shoves the Reporter off the elevator.

REPORTER

He needs help.

DONALD

You will too!

INT. HOSPITAL - ER FLOOR

Hilary waiting at the elevator. All the buttons for the set of SIX ELEVATORS are pressed.

BEEP. One door opens...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Shane is handcuffed to a gurney. His dad stands over him.

Samantha plays lookout by the closed door.

DONALD
Got your little ass now.

Shane moves his hand, now he realizes he's cuffed. They have a stare-down.

DONALD
You're lucky you're going to jail --

SHANE
Because you'd murder me like you did my mother you piece of shit?!

Shane spits on him.

Wiping off his spit:

DONALD
Oh, I'm gonna make sure they tape the book to you.

SHANE
I know too much about you to be worried.

DONALD
Speculation.

SHANE
That I can prove.

DONALD
Not from jail you won't.

SHANE
Try me.

While pulling his phone out his pocket:

DONALD
I will. See I don't remember much about you but I do remember you would get seizures, because I remember your crackwhore mother giving the pharmacy my number.

Goes to his STROBE LIGHT APP. Turns it on so the lights flash in Shane's face. Sending him into another Seizure. It's like a 1970's party.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Hilary -- flying. Rounds a corner, collides into Aaron --

AARON

Hil. I tried calling --
 (looks at her)
 What happened?

She shoves him to the side. Eyes focused on the last door down the hall -- Colt's room.

She sees the BRAIN SURGEON emerge from there.

Hilary waves her phone -- trying to speak -- but instead she gags... then vomits, yet never missing a step ---

The pain is kicking her ass, but a mother's love is stronger.

Aaron grabs her from behind. Harsh. Sudden.

AARON

It's over. IT'S OVER. LISTEN TO ME!

BZZZ. Taser to his neck. He shakes. Drops like a fly.

From now on we hear nothing but the beeps from the life support machine. Rhythmic and slow. BeepBeep. BeepBeep...

(The rest in slow motion)

A big GUARD emerges from seemingly nowhere. The Brain Surgeon points at Hilary --

Guard walks in front of her. Taser to his gut. BZZZZZZ...

She reaches in her pocket.

The Brain Surgeon has his hands up in surrender -- trapped at this dead end -- thinks she's got a gun. Slightly relieved when he sees a phone.

HILARY POV:

Dr. McCrae at Colt's bedside. Hand on the breathing machine. About to remove the tube while looking into the direction of the noise coming from the hallway.

Hilary shoves open the door --

Colt blinks, makes eye contact with his mom, just as Dr. McCrae pulls the tube out --

Hilary SCREAMS!!!!

CUT TO BLACK...

BEEEEEEEP -- the sound of a life support machine flat lining plays out over the beginning of the closing credits...

*