

Youthanasia

by

Brian Dale Nelson

FADE IN:

EXT: STONE FALLS, WISCONSIN - DAY

A tranquil town of 5,000 nestled along the banks of the Tanamachi River.

Victorian mansions built by turn of the century lumber barons whose worth was measured by the size of their parlors, now find themselves converted into bed-and-breakfast establishments by ambitious young couples.

Towering pines, picturesque waterfalls, and historic museums have turned the town into the perfect weekend getaway.

EXT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME

Perched high up in the limestone bluffs, a long single story institution is well disguised by the wooded landscape.

ON THE PATIO

GREY HAIRED RESIDENTS bask in the warm summer sun.

IN A WHEELCHAIR

the shriveled remnant of a MAN dribbles applesauce down his chin as a CARELESS AIDE spoon feeds him.

INT: EMILY'S ROOM

Private rooms are reserved for the town's royalty. EMILY FOSTER'S room is an oasis warmed by her COLORFUL OIL PAINTINGS of the local landscapes.

Emily is a spry old woman in her upper seventies who is thankful for every morning she wakes, and who is at peace if she doesn't.

RACHEL FOSTER, a younger version of Emily, is a cute, trim blonde in her early twenties who shares regular visits with her grandmother.

They share their blue eyes, but only one set focuses clearly these days. Rachel reads "Passions Ablaze", one of many romance novels savored by her grandmother who lay quietly in her bed with a seasoned smile and a twinkle in her eye.

RACHEL

... engulfing her with his towering manhood, she fell limp in his arms with breathless anticipation. He pulled her close, pressing her breasts ...

Rachel blushes, then shakes her head.

RACHEL

How can you read this shit?

EMILY

Watch your mouth young lady. A woman's face may wrinkle, but never her heart.

INT/EXT: STONE FALLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Built of red brick and cement archways, the majestic building is more monument than school. A testimony to a time when public buildings didn't go to the lowest bidder.

NATHAN FIELDS, a dashing man in his mid twenties stands and greets the school as if meeting an old friend. A potent mix of intelligence and athleticism, he's a quick study of whatever crosses in front of his piercing gaze.

IN THE MAIN LOBBY

Leaning against the GLASS SHOWCASE, Nathan looks at the TARNISHED TROPHIES

proudly displaying their victories. "1943 CONFERENCE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS" is etched into a brass plate adorning the tallest one. Listed on the plate along side his teammates is the name "Nathan Fields".

IN THE GYM

Nathan dribbles a basketball on the heavy lacquered boards. Squaring up, he fires a high arching shot. SWISH, the basketball finds all net as it plunges through the hoop.

IN THE HALL

A balding JANITOR in his late fifties muscles his floor buffer past the North Entrance when he sees the stranger.

The WHINING electric motor spins to rest as the janitor steps into

THE GYM

JANITOR
School's closed!

Cocked and ready to fire his next shot, Nathan pulls back. His fun is over.

AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE

while escorting the stranger out, the janitor notices the permanent marker written on Nathan's basketball. He gestures for the ball.

JANITOR
You a player?

Nathan grips it with his nimble fingertips for the last time before giving up the school property.

NATHAN
I was.

Pausing to say goodbye, Nathan looks down empty halls filled with memories.

JANITOR
They're tearing her down in a few weeks. Damn shame if you ask me, this old school could stand another hundred years.

Both men admire stout pillars, and massive beams.

NATHAN
Yeah, they don't build them like they use to.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - TOM'S ROOM - DAY

TWO OLD MEN lie lifeless in their beds watching a CHATTERING TELEVISION mounted on the wall.

In the bed closest to the door, TOM DOBBS, a salty old retired sheriff clutches a

REMOTE

like it's the last personal property still under his control. Emily shuffles in as a breath of air in a musty room.

EMILY

Time to get up Sheriff, it's poker night.

Tom's eyes, yellow with jaundice from years of hard drinking, roll towards her, then back to the television.

TOM

You go on ahead Em, I ain't up to it tonight.

EMILY

Since when are you ever up for anything these days, now get out of that bed before you die in it.

She snatches the remote from his hand and turns off the squawk box. The lifeless roommate stares blankly at the tube, never noticing it's been turned off.

TOM

Hey ... I was watching that!

EMILY

Life isn't for watching, it's for living, now put your pants on!

She tosses his PANTS on the bed and walks towards the door. Agitated, Tom pulls his covers down, swings his legs forward and sits up. He's still a big man, even in his old age.

TOM

Well if you ain't the most stubborn, bullheaded woman ...

EMILY

(looking back) ... and don't forget that money jar of yours, I'll be taking great pleasure in relieving you of its contents.

TOM

(growling)
Well we'll just have to see about that!

She leaves. Tom keeps grumbling but something tells us he's happy she came by.

INT/EXT: CORNER DINER - MAIN STREET - DAY

A main course for locals and a dessert for the tourists, the CORNER DINER bustles with business. Patrons peer out of TALL GLASS WINDOWS as they relax to the pace of small town life.

IN THE MAIN DINING ROOM

Tucked away in a CORNER BOOTH, a middle aged private investigator, military type, with a short trimmed FLATTOP interprets his scribbles on a yellow note pad. Across from him, Nathan sips his coffee while listening intently.

FLATTOP

... she was married in '46 to Richard Foster, a loan officer at the First State Bank. They had three children, a boy and two girls. None of them live in the area anymore ... the only relative left in town is a granddaughter.

(turning the page)

She ran a small gallery on Main Street and finally sold out fifteen years ago after her husband passed away. Her paintings fetched quite a price I hear ...

NATHAN

Where is she now?

FLATTOP

Riverview Nursing Home. She's been a resident there for the last ten years.

Nathan pulls out an envelope and hands it to him. Flattop drools over the cash as his client rises to leave.

FLATTOP

Let me guess. You met her on the internet and she told you she was twenty two?

Nathan's not amused.

NATHAN

Now how do I get to Riverview Nursing Home?

FLATTOP

Take Main Street north to Myrtle
and turn right. Three blocks up to
Jasper, it's on the left.
(wagging his finger)
This isn't some kinda sick old lady
fetish is it?

Beyond reproach, Nathan turns and walks away.

FLATTOP

(tucking away the cash)
What ... man can't take a joke?

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - DAY

In the back of the facility, the EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM sits sandwiched between the kitchen and the laundry. Divided in two by state mandates, the room is sectioned off by a flimsy accordion divider into the

SMOKING SECTION

where a CLOUD OF CIGARETTE SMOKE hovers over a table full of OVERWORKED EMPLOYEES TALKING TRASH AND THE

NON-SMOKING SECTION

where a handful of residents have laid claim to the private sanctuary for a chance to play a hand. In the middle of their table is a mound of nickels, dimes and quarters all strategically played from a variety of jars and tin boxes as colorful as the characters that brought them.

A LIVER SPOTTED MAN throws his cards down in disgust:

SPOTTED MAN

I'm out.

Another OLD SOUL sporting an oxygen TANK LOWERS HIS MASK AND GROWLS:

OLD SOUL

Me too. Too rich for my blood.

With a third already folded, that leaves two. Emily and Tom. Emily's cards are held up by a special

CARD HOLDER

since she's too shaky to hold them.

TOM

She's playing you sorry
sonsabitches like a fiddle. I'm not
gonna let you buy my hand young
lady. I'll see your seventy five
and raise you another dollar.

The youngest of the bunch, a tall THIN MAN with some color
still left in his hair barks:

THIN MAN

She's playing you Sheriff, Em never
bluffs. She's got a fist full and
you know it.

Emily glances at her EMPTY JAR.

EMILY

I'll have to owe you.

TOM

(smug)
No loans! Not this time. I'll cover
your bet, but if you lose, I get a
kiss.

OLD SOUL

Good Lord, not this again.

SPOTTED MAN

Get a room you two.

Emily calmly smiles, it's all part of the game.

EMILY

Alright Sheriff, I call.

The sheriff proudly displays his cards and puckers up.

TOM

Three Jacks, you lose. Now lean
over here and give your lover a wet
one.

The old buzzard gallery goes wild. Emily tips over the card
holder.

EMILY

Three Ladies. You lose.

CHEERS AND JEERS from all. She scoops her winnings as Tom
slaps his cards onto the floor.

TOM
Well if that don't beat all.

IN THE SMOKING SECTION

Hearing the cheers, STACY RIGGS, a pudgy, lovable aide in her early twenties, takes a breather from the group bitch session and SHOUTS over the divider:

STACY
You kicking their asses again Em?

EMILY (V.O.)
Like taking candy from a baby.

STACY
Wrap it up in there. Time for dinner.

IN THE NON-SMOKING SESSION

Tom agonizes over the sight of his money being scooped into someone else's jar.

TOM
You got me out of bed for this?

EMILY
Come back tomorrow Sheriff. Your luck is bound to change.

It's all part of a her plan to keep him engaged in life, to keep him from rotting away in bed. She probably doesn't even like poker. That's the kind of woman she is.

INT: EMILY'S ROOM - LATER

Emily enters her room and struggles to hoist her engorged change jar onto her dresser. She doesn't notice the

STRANGE MAN

caressing the dried brush strokes of her waterfall painting.

NATHAN
You haven't lost your touch Emily.

His back to her, she cautiously replies:

EMILY
I lost my touch years ago ... can I
help you young man?

He turns to her. She GASPS. It's as if she sees a GHOST.

EMILY
Nathan?

Delighted by her memory of him, he approaches his precious
jewel.

NATHAN
You recognize me.

She CRUMBLES-

EMILY
No ... no, it can't be ...

Holding her chest, she collapses into HER CHAIR. Nathan
rushes in and kneels before her.

NATHAN
I didn't mean to startle you. My
grandfather's told me so many
stories about you. I just had to
meet you for myself.

EMILY
Grandfather ... oh God.

Nathan scurries up and pours her a GLASS OF WATER FROM THE
BUILT-IN SINK. He kneels back down and hands it to her.

NATHAN
Don't talk, take this.

She uses TWO HANDS to steady the glass. She drinks, still
staring at his face in disbelief. She comes up for air.

EMILY
You start seeing things at my age.

NATHAN
My grandfather and I share the same
name ...

EMILY
That's not all you share. You're
the spitting image of him.
(setting down the glass)
(MORE)

EMILY(cont'd)

Or at least what I can remember of
him ...

Seeing past her wrinkled face, he looks straight into her
AGELESS BLUE EYES-

NATHAN

He never forgot you Emily.

The very notion pricks her, even now.

EMILY

He forgot about me the day he left
for college. I was so in love with
that boy. He broke my heart your
grandfather did. I don't suppose he
told you about that?

Nathan's demeanor sinks, he's speechless-

EMILY

Perhaps not-

NATHAN

What kind of a fool would have
walked away from you?

EMILY

I was the fool. Your grandfather
was a brilliant man. Not many from
these parts get a full scholarship
to Harvard Medical School. He had
the world by the tail, who were we
to hold him back? Besides, small
town high school girls can't
compete with ivy league sorority
girls.

Nathan's eyes drift to a framed photo of Emily on the
dresser. She was stunning in her youth.

NATHAN

It wasn't like that.

He lowers his head in shame, and wallows in his penance-

NATHAN

Addiction takes many forms in life,
but none more powerful than a man's
own ambition.

(beat)

(MORE)

NATHAN(cont'd)

Can you imagine waking up one day
and realizing that you've been
chasing things that didn't matter
... while leaving behind everything
that did?

Emily grows uneasy with his intimacy. Nathan gets up and
walks back over to the waterfall painting.

EMILY

He told you that did he?

NATHAN

(caressing the canvas)
Stone Falls. Is there a more
beautiful place on earth? The two
of you were there the weekend
before he left. He knelt before you
on that stone bench and asked for
your hand in marriage.
(Lost in memory)
That look on your face as he
slipped the ring on your finger,
you glowed.
(turning towards her)
Do you still have the ring Emily?

Trembling, Emily takes the offensive with a stern warning-

EMILY

A woman's heart is a delicate
flower Mr. Fields. It's not to be
played with when it's young, or
old. Now what is it you want?

Coming back to her-

NATHAN

He wants to win back your heart
Emily. He wants to put that ring
back on your finger.

After a long serious stare all she can do is LAUGH.

EMILY

You didn't tell me he's grown
senile.

NATHAN

On the contrary, he's never thought
so clearly in his entire life.

She holds out her

CRIPPLED HAND

deformed and twisted by arthritis. Enlarged bone spurs on her knuckles prevent her from wearing any jewelry.

EMILY

Look at my hand Mr. Fields. The only thing it wears these days is arthritis. My days of romance have long since past.

Kneeling down, he cradles her hand with his.

NATHAN

What if he could give you back those days?

EMILY

Wishing is for the young, I have no time for it.

NATHAN

Suppose you could do it all over again. And he kneeled before you and begged for your forgiveness? Would you give the old fool a second chance?

He lays himself out, completely vulnerable. She's taken back by it, but gives him the benefit of a well thought out reply-

EMILY

You tell your grandfather, I have no hard feelings against him. We all played the cards dealt to us in life, there's no shame in that.

He's not satisfied.

NATHAN

Please ... I have to know. If you could go back. Would you give him one more chance?

She takes another drink of water and points to the painting with her eyes.

EMILY

That bench in the painting.

He follows her eyes to the painting.

EMILY

I sat on it every night after your grandfather left me. I'd stare at my ring for hours, dreaming of our life together. I saw our wedding, our first house, our first child. I even picked out names. I relived the same dream every night, I was a starry eyed young girl hopelessly in love ...

He hangs on her words, captivated by her emotion-

EMILY

Days turned into weeks, Weeks into months. When the letters and phone calls faded away, that's when I stopped wishing for things that could never be. He wasn't coming home. That bench that once held all my dreams, now held my sorrow. I sat on it for months afterwards, crying alone for hours at a time.

Her eyes glaze over, she's lost in her own vivid memories.

EMILY

A love that can stir a heart like that only happens once in a lifetime.

She surfaces, and looks him straight in the eye-

EMILY

Yes, Mr. Fields. If I could go back, I'd give him a second chance.

NATHAN

(tearful)
He won't break your heart ever again, I promise you.

EMILY

Now look what I've done. I've made a grown man cry with my silly old stories.

From her door, Stacy comes looking for her favorite gal-

STACY

Em ... it's time for dinner.

Nathan rises and helps her to her feet. GRIMACING IN PAIN from stiff, arthritic joints, she faces her visitor.

EMILY

You tell your grandfather to come visit me sometime.

NATHAN

He will.
(kisses her hand)
Soon.

Nathan walks past Stacy who follows him out with her wide eyes. Once gone, Stacy turns and raises her eyebrows to Emily.

STACY

(playful)
Hubba Hubba! Is there something your not telling me girl?

Emily smiles.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Half asleep with the television still on, Tom is startled by A TUG on his cotton blanket. BILLY DOBBS, a freckled faced twelve year old whispers.

BILLY

Gramps.

TOM

Billy?

Flicking off the television with the REMOTE, Tom sits up in bed. His SNORING roommate stays asleep.

TOM

What are you doing here this time of night?

BILLY

I ain't going home.

The boy sits on the bed within arms length of his grandfather. He hands Tom a JUNIOR SIZED FOOTBALL. Tom grips it, feeling the laces with his fingertips.

TOM

(sympathetic)
Does your dad know you're here?

BILLY

He ain't home. He's never home.

TOM

He's drinking again isn't he? Ever since your mom left?

BILLY

He was drinking before she left.

The potent mix of anger and heartache humbles Tom, he feels partly to blame. He parts the boy's hair with the nose of the football. The boy is near tears.

TOM

Some father he turned out to be.

BILLY

I ain't going back. I'm staying with you.

TOM

(smiles)
I can't even take a piss without someone helping me, how am I gonna raise you. Besides, they don't take in young strapping boys like you in a place like this.

Hopelessness sweeps over the boy.

TOM

(cheerful)
Come on now ... What makes ya think I'm any better father than your dad is any how. When he was a boy, I never had much time for him neither.

BILLY

You're the only one who does spend time with me.

TOM

(rubbing his head) Well ... if laying in this damn bed has slowed me down enough to spend time with my grandson, maybe it ain't all bad after all.

With HIS FINGER, Tom draws a familiar pass play across his Billy's chest. Billy nods.

The boy kneels next to the bed facing the imaginary front line and waits patiently for his quarterback.

TOM

Set ... hut!

Billy streaks forward, fakes to the right, and sprints left around the bed. He's open. Tom delivers a perfect spiral to his anxious receiver who catches the pass in the end zone. Billy raises both hands in his touchdown victory dance.

INT/EXT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

OUTSIDE THE BACK ENTRANCE

a sweaty young TATTOOED MAN exits the nursing home carrying two overstuffed garbage bags. He kicks a wooden block into the threshold preventing the heavy door from closing.

Muscles bulge through his skin tight tee shirt as he heaves the bags up and over the side of the dumpster.

He lights up a cigarette as crickets serenade him. The glow of the burning tobacco brightens and dims with the expansion of his chest.

It's a quick fix, he tosses the burning habit and disappears through the door. On his way in, he kicks out the wooden block. The DOOR SWINGS SHUT, just before it closes--

A HAND

slips in between the door and its frame.

Slowly, the door opens back up. A DARK FIGURE enters from the outside.

INSIDE THE NURSING HOME

The sparse night shift leaves the

HALLWAYS

mostly empty. Walking slowly, Nathan shadows a NURSE returning to her station with a resident's medical chart.

Sensing something, the nurse stops and turns, just as Nathan darts into

EMILY'S ROOM

where he finds her sleeping peacefully. Standing over her, he reaches into the pocket of his sports coat and pulls out a

SMALL AEROSOL BOTTLE

and sprays a MIST into her nostrils.

IN TOM'S ROOM

the television's left on. Propped up by several pillows, Tom and Billy lie next to each, FAST ASLEEP.

The peaceful scene is shattered by JAKE DOBBS, a husky brute who barrels into the room. Drunk and mean, he spews:

JAKE
Well look what we got here.

Jake KICKS the bed hard-

JAKE
Get up Boy!

Tom wakes first, then Billy. TERRIFIED, the boy clings to his grandpa for protection.

TOM
(rubbing his eyes)
We musta fell asleep.

Jake grabs the boy's leg and locks an

ELECTRONIC ANKLE BRACELET

around it.

BILLY
What are you doing?

JAKE
You want to run like a dog, I'll
collar you like a dog.

Jake jerks his son out of bed by his shirt and pulls him into his rage.

JAKE
You don't think I got better things
to do than come looking for you?

Tom recognizes the tracking device.

TOM
Take that thing off him.

Jake tosses the boy out the door like the morning trash.

JAKE
Get in the car! I'll deal with you
later.

We hear WHIMPERING from the hall. Tom stares at the SHERIFF'S UNIFORM he once wore, it's wrinkled, tattered. His gaze drifts from the BADGE to his SON'S BLOODSHOT EYES:

TOM
Look at you. You're a disgrace to
the Sheriff's Department. You're a
disgrace to that boy out there.

JAKE
(in a drunken laughter)
I'm a disgrace? Right. After all,
who could possibly live up to the
legendary Sheriff Tom Dobbs!

TOM
I don't give a shit about legends.
I care about that boy out there.

In a diabolical tone, Jake sticks it to his father:

JAKE
I've got bad news for you old man.
Billy won't be coming by here
anymore.

TOM
You hurt him and I'll ...

JAKE
(enraged)
You'll what!

Jake kicks Tom's

WHEELCHAIR

into the wall, it CRASHES over onto its side.

JAKE
When it comes right down to it. You
can't even stand on your own two
feet.

(MORE)

JAKE(cont'd)

There's a new sheriff in town old man. And he doesn't have to listen to your bullshit anymore.

Jake turns to leave.

TOM

What was it boy? What was it that filled you so full of hate?

Pausing at the door, Jake SMELLS THE AIR.

JAKE

This place stinks! But you wouldn't know that would you old man. After all, you live here.

He leaves.

IN EMILY'S ROOM

Pulling a double shift, Stacy Rigs hurries in, carrying a folded stack of LAUNDRY. Half way into the DARKENED ROOM, she FREEZES at the sight of

A STRANGE MAN

hunched over Emily, holding a

HYPODERMIC NEEDLE

in his hand. She drops the laundry and SCREAMS-

STACY

Who are you? What are you doing to Emily?

Palming the needle, the man stands. Hall light illuminates his face.

STACY

You were here earlier today ...

NATHAN

(calmly) That's right young lady, I was hoping to continue our conversation, but it looks like she's asleep for the night. I'll come back tomorrow.

STACY

What were you doing with the needle?

NATHAN
What needle?

Using his body as a cover, the needle disappears into his coat pocket like a magic trick. He stands and faces her.

STACY
(defiant)
You had a needle in your hand!

Lifting his hands in innocence, he reassures her:

NATHAN
You must be mistaken. It's dark in here, I can hardly see myself.

She backs up, knowing what she saw.

STACY
You wait here.

NATHAN
Miss ...

She darts out the door. He hears HER VOICE calling for the head nurse. Scanning the room for a hiding place, he sees a pair of PINK SLIPPERS lying next to the bed.

Emptying his pocket of NEEDLE and VIAL, he inserts them deep into a slipper.

IN TOM'S ROOM

Tom hears FOOTSTEPS run past his door. PLEAS for the sheriff to investigate. He hears the name "Emily" spoken.

Tom reports for duty. He pulls himself up in bed and REACHES for his wheelchair. Tipped over, it's out of reach. His ARM FLAILS for it in vain.

IN EMILY'S ROOM

More FOOTSTEPS, more VOICES.

A switch FLICKS on, LIGHT FLOODS the room.

Stacy finds courage behind a shaky lawman who just wants to go home and sleep it off.

STACY
That's him! He had a hypodermic needle in his hand, I saw it!

JAKE
 (sizing up his prey)
 Who the hell are you?

NURSE WILSON SCURRIES in from behind with EMERGENCY KIT in hand. She rushes to examine Emily. Stacy follows.

On Emily's left arm, a fresh PUNCTURE WOUND craters a spot of fresh blood.

NURSE WILSON
 (to the sheriff)
 He injected her alright!

STACY
 Is she gonna be alright?

Jake gets into Nathan's face like a Drill Sargent.

JAKE
 I asked you a question boy.

Nathan stands silent, he's not intimidated. Nurse Wilson PATS EMILY'S HAND-

NURSE WILSON
 Emily ... Emily, wake up!

STACY
 (to the sheriff)
 He was here earlier today ... he was lookin over her paintings!

JAKE
 (inches from Nathan's face)
 So that's it. You're a just a dime store thief stealing from little old ladies?

Emily's pupils don't respond to the nurse's PENLIGHT.

NURSE WILSON
 Looks like she's been sedated.
 (to the sheriff)
 I'm going to need to know what he gave her.

Jake circles Nathan, rubbing his forehead.

JAKE
 You know, I'm hearing a lot of questions but no answers.
 (MORE)

JAKE(cont'd)

Let's try one more time boy. What did you inject her with?

NATHAN

I didn't hurt her.

Jake POUNCES and SLAMS Nathan against the wall-

JAKE

Maybe you don't hear so well!
That's not what I asked.

Patting him down, all he finds are keys and a WALLET. Making it HURT, the sheriff CUFFS NATHAN's hands behind his back and FLIPS through the wallet. He finds a Massachusetts's

STATE DRIVER'S LICENSE

with the name "Nathan Fields" on it. In the lower right corner, a picture of a seventy nine year old man.

STACY

Who is he?

JAKE

I don't know who he is. But I sure as hell know who he's not.

Emily stirs.

NURSE WILSON

Emily!

She OPENS HER EYES. She's semiconscious, dazed, disoriented.

NURSE WILSON

(stern)
Get him out of here! I don't want her upset.

JAKE

You heard the lady.

Jake SHOVES Nathan out the door.

JAKE

I'll cage him for the night. If I can find out what he gave her, I'll call you. Otherwise, I'll check back in the morning ...

Both women are too busy tending to Emily to listen. The sheriff leaves.

IN THE HALL

Jake manhandles his prisoner-

JAKE
Like 'em old hey boy?

He PUSHES him down the hall--

JAKE
Like 'em helpless do ya?

He SHOVES him again, harder this time. Nathan STUMBLES onto his knees.

JAKE
How bout me ... don't I look
helpless?

Crumpled in despair, a sense of IMPENDING DOOM sweeps across Nathan's face.

IN TOM'S ROOM

Tom's FALLEN onto the floor.

He's HURT BAD. He lays next to his WHEELCHAIR like a CRIPPLED INFANT.

With his face pressed flat to the tiled floor, all he can do is LISTEN as the two men walk past his door.

IN EMILY'S ROOM

Stacy huddles close to Emily, TENDERLY STROKING HER FACE as she slowly revives. Nurse Wilson repacks her medical bag when suddenly, Emily regains her senses.

EMILY
Was I snoring?

Stacy smiles.

STACY
Welcome back Em. You're gonna be
just fine.

NURSE WILSON
We still have to call Doctor
Perkins. He could have poisoned her
for all we know.

Confused, fearful, Emily tries to sit up.

EMILY

Poison?

Calming her back down, Stacy swings back and gives the nurse the EVIL EYE.

STACY

No one poisoned you Em, you're fine.

Feeling a sting, Emily touches the BLOOD SMEAR on her arm.

EMILY

What happened to me?

STACY

That man who visited you earlier today. He was here tonight. We think he tried to drug you so he could steal your paintings.

NURSE WILSON

Don't you worry about him. Sheriff Dobbs hauled him into jail. He won't be bothering you anymore.

Emily looks over at the painting of Stone Falls.

EMILY

No ... he would never steal from me.

Packing in the last item, Nurse Wilson walks over and pats Emily's hand.

NURSE WILSON

I'll have Doc Perkins come check on you. We may draw some blood just to be on the safe side. But it looks to me like what ever he gave you wore off.

She leaves. Emily mumbles something as she wrestles to understand.

STACY

He's a stranger Em. You don't know what he was after.

EMILY

He was no stranger. He knew me. He knew me ...

EXT: NURSING HOME PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

PUSHING the CUFFED man into the

POLK COUNTY SQUAD CAR

Nathan BANGS his head on the roof of the vehicle as he FLOPS into the caged backseat.

JAKE

Watch your head there partner!

Tipped sideways and face down, Nathan struggles to right himself when

TWO SMALL HANDS

help him sit up. The two prisoners share a sympathetic gaze.

NATHAN

Thanks.

Billy nods.

Gloating from the REARVIEW MIRROR-

JAKE

Well, this must be my lucky day! I bagged me a runaway and an art thief ...

(shaking his head)

... all up at the Riverview Nursing Home. Now if that don't beat all.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - TOM'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

TODD MONROE, a teenage misfit who starts his shift by smoking weed along the tree line, has pierced or tattooed nearly every patch of skin on his body. A circus attraction to the rest of the staff, he's a necessary evil in filling a sparse third shift.

Moseying in for bed checks Todd sees Tom lying

STILL AS DEATH on the floor.

TODD

OH SHIT!

He catches himself. Todd checks out the hallway, making sure no one's around. Leaving the room DARK, he rushes in like he's wiping down a crime scene.

TODD

Whad you do Sheriff, fall outa bed?

In the dim light, Todd doesn't notice that Tom sustained a severe head injury in the fall. Todd's lanky frame nearly buckles lifting up the dead weight.

TODD

(straining)

Ahhh ... come on lard ass ...

Heaving the torso of two hundred pound jellyfish onto the bed, Todd falls over him in exhaustion.

TODD

(huffing and puffing)

Hey man, I could use a little help here you know!

Hoisting his legs up he rolls Tom back into bed. Ushering him back under the covers, Todd finally realizes Tom is unconscious. He SLAPS at his face to revive him-

TODD

Sheriff ... Sheriff, you alright?
Don't pull this shit on me now ...
one more incident report on my
watch and they'll boot my ass out
of here. You here what I'm sayin?
... Sheriff ...

He slaps harder. Tom opens his eyes but doesn't make EYE CONTACT, nor does he speak. Of course, that's good enough for Todd, everything's alright now.

TODD

Don't you go scaring the shit out
of me like that you old fart.

Todd uprights the WHEELCHAIR, and wheels it next to the bed where it belongs. Tucking Tom in for the night, he pats his face like a child.

TODD

You get some sleep now you hear? No
more falling out of bed.

Todd slips out the door. Tom lays there, lifeless and empty, like a man whose soul is about to depart.

INT: POLK COUNTY LOCKUP - CONTINUOUS

Discarded on night shift years ago, RICHARD, a sloppy deputy in his late fifties downs BUFFALO WINGS as he watches late night television.

The sheriff BARGES through the door and uncuffs his prisoner. Richard's idea of standing at attention is licking barbecue sauce off his dirty fingers.

RICHARD
Well looky here. Sheriff's got
himself a live one.

JAKE
(tosses the cuffs on the desk)
Need a room at the inn for our boy
here.

RICHARD
Who is he?

JAKE
Caught him trying to steal
paintings from Emily Foster up at
Riverview.

RICHARD
That right.

Richard and Jake get real close. Nathan refuses to make eye contact.

RICHARD
Figuring on opening your own
gallery son?

Silence.

RICHARD
(staring him down)
Don't talk much does he.

JAKE
Nope.
(both men take a hard look)
But he had better start.

Jake remembers he should be sleeping it off, rubs his eyes, then turns to leave.

JAKE

I'll be by in the morning. You take good care of our boy.

Richard shows Nathan an evil smirk as he licks the rest of the sauce off his dirty fingers.

RICHARD

Don't you worry none sheriff. We'll take good care of him.

Jake leaves.

INT: EMILY'S ROOM - MORNING

Robins sing outside the large picture window. The rising sun shines through every crack until

Lying peacefully in bed, Emily wakes.

She senses something, something feels different.

In a morning ritual, she slides open the vertical blinds allowing SUNLIGHT to pour in. She notices her HAND as it grips the rod. THERE'S NO PAIN.

Holding her HAND high in the air, she rotates it. Makes a FIST, then opens it.

Sitting up, her toes feel for her SLIPPERS lying on the floor. She's learned to work her feet like hands to keep from bending down.

Her EYES tell us there's something's inside her right one.

She bends down slowly, waiting for pain to tell her to that's far enough. But it never comes. She bends farther and picks up her slipper. Inside she finds a

SYRINGE and a VIAL of milky liquid.

Fear sweeps over her face.

AT HER DRESSER - MOMENTS LATER

With one last look she tucks the evidence deep into her underwear drawer, then closes it.

She looks up to find her image in the MIRROR. A new image, subtle yet there. What we don't notice, she does. She strokes her face with her fingers when-

Jake joins her in the mirror.

JAKE
How do you feel Emily?

EMILY
(dreamy)
Wonderful.

JAKE
Doc Perkins says he can't find
anything wrong with you, says
you're as fit as a fiddle ...

Emily turns and faces him. She has no time for pleasantries.

EMILY
Where is he Jake?

JAKE
County jail. We got him on assault
and attempted robbery-

EMILY
Let him go.

Jake's cocky demeanor drops for a moment, then returns.

JAKE
Now why would I want to do a crazy
thing like that? He could have
killed you with that injection.

EMILY
What injection? I pricked myself
sewing a button on my blouse.

JAKE
Nice try. We have an eyewitness.

EMILY
He scared her half to death sitting
there. It was dark, now do you
really think that girl knew what
she saw?

Agitated, Jake starts searching the premises.

JAKE
Where's the needle Emily? I know
you're hiding it.

EMILY

There is no needle, you're wasting
your time.

Ignoring her, Jake continues searching a room with few hiding places. RIFLING through personal effects in a small closet, he reaches the dresser where he soon has both hands in her UNDERWEAR DRAWER-

EMILY

Tell me, do you like fondling old
ladies undergarments?

Embarrassed, he SLAMS the drawer shut and barks:

JAKE

Why are you protecting him? Who is
he to you?

EMILY

His name is Nathan Fields, the
grandson of a dear friend of mine.

Smiling after hearing the name, Jake pulls Nathan's wallet out of his pocket. Finding the driver's license, he gloats as he hands it to her.

JAKE

Nathan Fields is an assumed name.
Stolen from an elderly victim like
yourself.

Filled with dismay, she studies the picture on the license.

JAKE

Only the lowest form of scum preys
on the elderly. Now stop playing
games and let's put this dirt bag
away before he hurts someone else.

Basting in the spoils of victory he waits for a response that's slow in coming. With a renewed self assurance, she hands it back to him.

EMILY

Did you even look at the picture?

Jake takes a CLOSER LOOK at the photo. The resemblance is undeniable.

EMILY

How many boys in this country are
named after their grandfathers?

(MORE)

EMILY(cont'd)

They probably switched wallets by mistake.

JAKE

(defiant)

Mistake huh. You're the one making the mistake. If I let this guy out he might just come back here and finish the job, did you ever think of that?

His fear tactics fail, she stands tall in her resolve. It doesn't take him long to realize his questioning is going nowhere, he turns and starts to leave.

EMILY

Let him go Jake.

He stops at the door.

JAKE

By the way. My old man isn't the Polk County sheriff anymore, I am. I'd appreciate it if you'd quit calling him Sheriff. People might get confused and the last thing we need around here is more confusion. You understand, don't you?

EMILY

Perfectly.

He nods, then leaves.

EXT: RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - BOSTON - MORNING

When housing tycoon Trent Jones developed Brentwood, he wanted to preserve as much of the old growth forest as possible. Each of his upscale creations meld perfectly into wooded landscape offering the perfect blend of luxury and privacy.

A winding creek leads down a ravine to massive, three story executive home. As we approach the cedar clad home, we hear a phone RINGING.

INT: NATHAN FIELD'S HOME

The home is mishmash of comfortable furnishings that lack a woman's touch. Drifting into a kitchen barely used, a white wall phone keeps RINGING. No one is there to pick it up.

INT: POLK COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE

With his phone propped up to his ear, Jake sits behind his cluttered desk rummaging through Nathan's wallet when he discovers a

BUSINESS CARD that reads

"Nathan Fields P.H.D., Research and Development Director at Drexler Pharmaceuticals" in Boston. Jake hangs up and dials a new number.

EXT: DOWNTOWN BOSTON

A bustling city, towering skyscrapers rise from the tangle of historic cobblestone pathways that birthed a nation. Flush with the wealth of highly educated entrepreneurs, Boston stands as a hub of technological innovation.

Rising a full twenty stories above the rest, Drexler Tower is a permanent marker in the skyline. Designed by one of the top architects in the country, its mirrored glass panels give it an ominous look.

INT: DREXLER TOWER - EXECUTIVE OFFICES

SIMON DREXLER is the President, CEO, and founder of Drexler Pharmaceuticals. A trim, polished, silver haired man in his upper seventies, Simon is a visionary, a master manipulator, a man who let's

nothing stand in his way.

Decked out in a fine Italian suit, he walks towards his office while skimming memos marked urgent on his PDA.

Weaving through displays of fine art and sculpted glass, Simon reaches his exquisite office which is guarded by-

ADRIAN SAMS, a spindly woman in her early fifties who rose to the ranks of executive secretary not from her immaculate perfectionism but because she gets the job done, and does it fast.

Simon nods as he passes Adrian who is busy talking on her hands free phone:

ADRIAN
 ... I'm sorry Sheriff, Dr. Fields
 retired from Drexler five years
 ago.

Simon overhears and hesitates.

ADRIAN
 I'm afraid we've lost track of his
 whereabouts ...

SIMON
 Adrian, what's this about?

ADRIAN
 Please hold for a moment ...

She mutes her headset.

ADRIAN
 It's a county sheriff calling from
 Stone Falls Wisconsin. He brought
 in a young man who was carrying Dr.
 Fields's wallet.

Puzzled, Simon takes control.

SIMON
 I'll take the call in my office.
 Tell Jenkins I'll be running a few
 minutes late to the staff meeting.

INT: SIMON DREXLER'S OFFICE

The office of offices. Bigger than most middle class homes it
 resembles a museum in its showcases of achievement awards and
 artifacts highlighting the companies rise to prominence.

A compulsive fiddler, Simon TWIRLS A SILVER PEN in his nimble
 fingers behind his MASSIVE MAHOGANY DESK. Listening intently
 on the phone, suddenly the pen stops twirling-

SIMON
 ... you say there's a strong
 resemblance to Nathan?

His mind whirls.

SIMON
 Sheriff, I'm sure it's all just a
 simple misunderstanding.
 (MORE)

SIMON(cont'd)

Nathan has always been close to his grandson, they must have accidentally switched wallets during his last visit. I'd be happy to identify the young man, perhaps you can e:mail me a photo.

The pen starts spinning again, faster this time.

SIMON

Fine ... fine. One thing sheriff, I'm tied up in meetings most of the day, I may not get back to you for several hours. Could you hold him there till the end of the day?

(beat)

Excellent, I'll transfer you back to my assistant to gather the details, we'll be in touch.

Pressing all the right buttons-

SIMON

Adrian, provide the sheriff with my personal e:mail address. Clear my calender today and get Ryan Sanders from Research up here asap.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

Yes sir.

Simon stares at a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH on his desk of he and Nathan in their early twenties. All smiles, they're shaking each others hands while holding the company's first patent.

INT: POLK COUNTY LOCKUP - MINUTES LATER

A BOYISH DEPUTY rattles keys as he unlocks Nathan's cell. He holds open the door for the sheriff who marches in with authority.

Nathan sits quietly on his Spartan bunk with his back to the wall. He's ragged from a sleepless night.

FLASH, Jake snaps a picture with his DIGITAL CAMERA-

Nathan COMES ALIVE-

NATHAN

What's the picture for sheriff?

CHASING him out the door, Jake SLAMS the door in his face.

NATHAN

She's alright isn't she Sheriff?
You know I'm no thief! You have no
right to hold me here!

JAKE

I think I liked you better when you
didn't talk.

The sheriff WHISTLES a HAPPY TUNE as he strolls down the
cellblock. Desperate, Nathan's FISTS CLENCH the steel BARS as
he SCREAMS:

NATHAN

LET ME OUT OF HERE!

INT: DREXLER - CELLULAR AGING RESEARCH LAB - DAY

DR. RYAN SANDERS, a 32 year old prodigy whose journal
articles have scorched the coattails of the elite in the
field of cellular aging. A tireless maverick, Ryan will use
any means necessary to unravel a genetic puzzle.

Sprawled out across the entire 40th floor, the bustling lab
is stocked with the finest in genetic research scientists,
technicians and equipment.

Among a sea of WHITE MICE rummaging about in their cages,
Ryan feeds WHITEY a dab of PEANUT BUTTER on the end of his
finger.

A middle aged LAB MANAGER hurries into Animal Research with
the news-

LAB MANAGER

Drexler wants you in his office,
now!

RYAN

Drexler?

LAB MANAGER

Simon Drexler! As in founding
father, as in the man himself.
(panicking)
He's going to shut us down, I just
know it! Those guys in the tower
live by the bottom line, and god
knows the Cellular Aging Division
is a liability.

Undaunted, Ryan gently returns Whitey to his crowded cage and wipes the peanut butter off his finger.

RYAN

It's called research, we're suppose to be a liability. Relax.

LAB MANAGER

Listen, you have to blow some smoke up his ass. Tell him we've mapped the SIR12 pathway. Tell him we can launch a P12 inhibitor in the 4th quarter.

Ryan calmly removes his lab coat and hangs it up on the wall.

RYAN

I don't blow smoke. We're years away from a viable anti-aging product, you know that.

LAB MANAGER

(hands in his face) We're dead. We're dead!

INT: SIMON DREXLER'S OFFICE

Simon returns from his WET BAR with two crystal glasses of FRESH SQUEEZED ORANGE JUICE. Handing the pulpy sunshine to Ryan, the two men stand in front of the WALL OF FAME, a chronological picture board highlighting company achievements.

SIMON

I have these oranges flown in each morning from my own grove in Southwest Florida. Cheers.

They CLINK, they drink. Ryan blooms-

RYAN

This is fantastic.

SIMON

You see Ryan. Give people want they want, even if they don't know what that is ... and the world is yours.

Ryan returns to pictures of the early years of Simon and Nathan.

RYAN

So it all started with just the two of you?

SIMON

(nodding)

Want the recipe for a successful corporation. One cup innovation, one cup marketing, one cup dumb luck.

RYAN

Let me guess Mr. Drexler, you're the marketing guy.

SIMON

Call me Simon.

(smiles)

Nathan spoke highly of you. Cut of the same cloth you two. Lab rats. Love nothing more than to experiment, model and hypothesize. Always in a hurry to find out how a process works so that you can turn around and manipulate it. The love of discovery, the passion to control ... am I right?

It's an observation fitting a scientist, Ryan shows his respect in a grin.

RYAN

Very astute. But I assure you, Dr. Fields is cut from a much finer cloth, the man's pure genius.

SIMON

He is brilliant, but even the brightest of lights need to be focused to set the world on fire.

Simon points to early pictures of Drexler's labs.

SIMON

While he was completing his Post Doc, I was busy procuring venture capital to build him the greatest biotech lab in the world. When he stepped into that lab for the first time, I knew I had him.

(MORE)

SIMON(cont'd)

He was a kid in a candy store and he set out to create a new generation of drugs that would build an empire. We shared the wealth, I gave him everything he asked for and more. All I asked for in return was his loyalty.

RYAN

It must have been hard for you to see him retire.

With a forlorn look-

SIMON

Nathan didn't retire. He went into business for himself.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - EMILY'S ROOM

It's lunch time.

Stacy cuts canned RED BEETS with a FORK, spears a piece and feeds it to Emily who

GRIMACES, she's never cared for beets.

STACY

I know what I saw Em. It was a needle.

EMILY

He would never hurt me.

Stacy feeds her another bite.

STACY

You don't know him.

EMILY

I know his grandfather ... we were very close once.

Emily follows the next delivery of beets with her eyes when suddenly-

SHE GRABS THE FORK

out of Stacy's hand. FLICKING the beets off, she skewers a chicken nugget. Lifting the nugget to her lips, she

FEEDS HERSELF with graceful dexterity.

STACY

(in awe)
Em, you haven't handled a fork in years.

EMILY

(swallowing)
We were engaged back in high school. Sheriff knew him too, they were good friends back then.

Hearing the name "Sheriff" temporarily drops Stacy's demeanor. Emily perceptively picks up on it:

EMILY

What is it?

STACY

(sheepish)
I was going to tell you. With all you've been through and all.

Emily SITS UP, leans closer and demands an answer.

EMILY

I'm fine Stacy. Now tell me what's happened.

STACY

Doc thinks Sheriff had a stroke last night.

EMILY

(shocked)
Stroke?

Emily drops her fork onto the half eaten plate.

EMILY

He was fine yesterday, we played poker together?

STACY

Strokes a silent killer Em. It can hit ya anytime. I'm sorry.

Rolling the cart away Emily STANDS UP with a renewed strength and resolve.

EMILY

I need to see him.

STACY

There's nothing any of us can do
for him now.

EMILY

Hogwash, there's always something
we can do.

Stacy's sits DUMBFOUNDED as Emily MARCHES past her without
the usual shuffle. She's a NEW woman on a mission.

INT: SIMON DREXLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sitting side by side at a conference table, Simon lays out
the evidence for his case.

SIMON

This picture was taken back in
1950, Nathan was 25 years old.

He shows him a COLOR PRINT of an e:mail.

SIMON

This photo was taken today of a man
held in a Wisconsin County Jail. He
was picked up in Nathan's hometown
of Stone Falls and claims to be his
grandson.

Ryan glances at the two photos then starts laughing before
Simon can deliver the punch line-

RYAN

What? You think this man is Dr.
Fields?

SIMON

(intensely serious)
Nathan never married. He doesn't
have a grandson.

Still snickering, Ryan dispels Simon's fantasy by shaking his
head at the layman's foolishness.

RYAN

You're in my world now. Cellular
Research is a well documented,
collaborative effort. If the
technology existed, I'd know about
it.

Simon's not laughing. He reminds the subordinate who he's talking to with a stern rebuke:

SIMON

I'm not interested in what you think you know. If it could be done, what would it take?

Ryan humbles himself and regains his professional mystique.

RYAN

The cells in our bodies are constantly replicating, patterning themselves from their original DNA. Sometimes these DNA chains become damaged by free radical oxidation. These mutated cells continue to replicate, creating more and more non-functioning cells. Our bodies respond with genes that release proteins that tag these mutated cells. Molecular signals are sent to stop them from replicating, or kill them off entirely. As we age, these genes lose their punch and become ineffective. Our tissues become overwhelmed with mutated cells and breakdown. It's a race against time until eventually we all lose.

Twirling a brass letter opener in his nimble fingers, Simon makes his point by sticking its sharp end into the heart of Nathan's photo.

SIMON

Nathan found the protein that kills off these mutated cells.

RYAN

Not in our lab he didn't.

SIMON

Funny you should mention that. In all the years you've known Nathan, have you ever been invited to his house?

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - TOM'S ROOM

Tom is a hollow, empty shell, staring into nowhere. LEANING OVER HIS BED, she takes his HAND into HERS.

EMILY

In all the years I knew him, I never saw Sheriff Tom Dobbs back away from a fight.

No response.

EMILY

You're in a fight now Tom, the fight of your life. Don't give up, not now.
(she squeezes his hand)
Come back to me.

From behind her, Stacy tenderly lays her hand on Emily's shoulder.

STACY

I think he hears you.

Emily WIPES HER TEARS with his hand.

EMILY

There's only one person who can bring him back now.

Everybody in town fears Jake, including Stacy ...

STACY

The boy's grounded Em. It's not our business-

... everybody but Emily that is.

EMILY

Helping is everybody's business!
Billy get's out of school at 3:30.
Tell him his grandfather needs him.

INT/EXT: NATHAN FIELD'S HOME IN BOSTON - ONE HOUR LATER

Ryan LEANS against a FULL GLASS French Door leading into Nathan's walkout basement. He talks to a

RED BRICK

in his hand, personified by the surreal experience:

RYAN

I'm a cellular biologist. What the hell am I doing here?

Simon reminds him by helping him support the weight of the brick.

SIMON
Those that share in the risk, share
in the rewards-

THRUSTING the BRICK into the door, the PANE SHATTERS, raining shards of glass onto the brick patio. REACHING IN, Simon unlocks the dead bolt and SWINGS OPEN the door.

IN THE BASEMENT

Simon turns on the LIGHTS-

Both men STAND IN AWE.

It's a lab, a MAGNIFICENT LAB.

A pristine showcase of one man's attention to detail, quest for perfection, and uncompromising taste for the best equipment money can buy.

Like a prophet whose tragic predictions have come true, Simon is sullen. He steps closer into the lair of discovery.

SIMON
Men like Nathan don't retire.

Reading the model number off a state of the art DNA Sequencer, Ryan SMOLDERS.

Simon begins to notice things are a little too clean. He RIFLES Nathan's desk and file cabinets. THEY'RE EMPTY.

SIMON
He's cleaned house.

Swinging around to the computer, he logs onto the unprotected machine.

SIMON
He's wiped the drives.

Stroking his chin in thought, Simon ponders the obvious-

SIMON
He's not coming home.

Ryan touches the COLD WIRE of an empty ANIMAL CAGE, among a row of empty cages. On a nearby shelf, a bag of food reads "Monkey Chow".

In a FIT OF RAGE, Ryan tears into the bag, SPILLING food all over the floor of the immaculate laboratory.

RYAN

He was working with primates. That sonofabitch was working with primates!

Simon is stunned by the outburst of emotion.

Ryan RANTS-

RYAN

Ten years I worked my ass off for that bastard. Nights, weekends, I dedicated my life to finding the pieces to his puzzle. And when he finally puts it all together, he doesn't bother to let me in on it. (shaking his head)
He used me.

Like a father calming his child:

SIMON

He betrayed both of us. His discovery is as much ours as it is his. He stole it from us.

As a charismatic General, Simon recruits a soldier with a FIRM PAT on his shoulder:

SIMON

Help me. Help me get it back. I need you, you speak the language.

Still reeling from a fresh wound, Ryan lashes out in bitter skepticism.

RYAN

And what if he doesn't ... give it back?

SIMON

(in command)
Then we take it back.

INT: CORPORATE JET - SOMEWHERE OVER PENNSYLVANIA - TWO HOURS LATER

The LearJet Bomardier 800 cruises at close to the speed of sound just above the cloud deck. At 87 feet in length, its luxurious cabin has every amenity.

With a WINE GOBLET in one hand and a CELL PHONE in another, Simon orchestrates the day:

SIMON

... I want something private. No neighbors. Woods, water, postcard material. Rent it for the week.

Simon grimaces as Adrian reminds him of the repercussions-

SIMON

... tell them something came up. Family emergency. Work your magic Adrian, I'll be in touch.

SNAPPING the phone shut, Simon SIPs his fine import. From the adjoining seat, Ryan looks up from his NOTEBOOK COMPUTER.

RYAN

I checked the PTO database. He hasn't filed any drug patents related to CELLUAR AGING. He can't broker unprotected IP. What the hell is he up to?

SIMON

It's far bigger than that.

RYAN

What?

Simon leans closer, and paints a picture with his dramatic enthusiasm.

SIMON

We're not talking about a drug that lowers your cholesterol, we're talking about the greatest scientific discovery mankind has ever made. We're talking about a chance to be young again. A Patent Application would disclose the formula to the general public. This is one secret that must stay secret. Nathan knows this.

RYAN

(confused)
Then how will he sell it?

A born mentor, Simon relishes the enlightenment of the ignorant.

SIMON
 Tell me something Ryan. What would
 an old dying man pay to be to be
 young again?

RYAN
 Everything.

Simon toasts his underling's response.

SIMON
 Exactly.

Swirling his wine, Simon FORESEES THE FUTURE in his crystal
 glass:

SIMON
 Resurrect even a handful of the
 wealthiest relics in the world and
 the keeper of the formula will
 become the richest, most powerful
 man in the world. The giver of life
 itself.

Laying back against the leather recliner, Simon's becomes
 intoxicated by the possibilities. His possibilities.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - TOM'S ROOM

Stacy leads Billy to the door, then backs away. She's
 prepared him, but not for this.

Billy drops his BACKPACK as he grapples with his emotions.

BILLY
 Grampa?

He steps closer, Tom's eyes are open, staring at the ceiling.
 His MOUTH is OPEN, DROOL wets his cheeks and bedsheets. Billy
 sits next to him and leans forward to enter his LINE OF
 SIGHT.

BILLY
 Grampa? It's me Billy. Can you hear
 me?

Tom's MOUTH MOVES, ever so slightly. A MOAN, almost
 imperceptible.

A TEAR trickles down the boy's cheek. He finds his
 grandfather's hand and holds it to his face. Tom's feels the
 wetness.

Tom swallows. He tries to speak but can't.

A single TEAR wells up in Tom's eye. It rolls down his cheek as a message to his grandson who receives it with a glad heart.

Hope fills the boy.

BILLY

I won't leave you Gramps. I won't leave you.

Billy snuggles close, clutching his grandfather's hand.

INT/EXT: POLK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - EARLY EVENING

IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

With his FEET over his case files on his desk, Jake LEANS BACK in a swivel chair. A CELLPHONE pinned between his ear and shoulder, he's all ears.

Chewing on SUNFLOWER SEEDS, Jake SPITS shells at a TRASH CAN. The littered floor speaks of his poor aim.

SIMON (V.O.)

It's his grandson alright. My secretary got a hold of Nathan this afternoon. Seems the boy's been visiting the last few weeks and they mixed up their wallets.

Jake SPITS AGAIN, harder this time. He still misses.

JAKE

What the hell is he doing here in Stone Falls?

SIMON (V.O.)

Nathan's always been quite the story teller. The boy's heard so much about his grandfather's hometown, my guess is he just had to see it for himself. In any case, it's all a big misunderstanding. Let the boy go sheriff.

Jake lifts his feet up and PLANTS them on the floor. ELBOWS on his desk, he asserts his authority-

JAKE

You know you're the second person today telling me to let this boy go.

(sarcastic)

It's all just one big misunderstanding. So damn big I don't understand it myself.

SIMON (V.O.)

(humbling himself)

I don't mean to tell you your business Sheriff. Perhaps I could have Nathan call you.

IN THE PARKING LOT

inside the cab of a BLACK SUBURBAN

Simon snaps his cell phone shut, then pockets it. With his hand free, he starts TWIRLING his pen again. Ryan watches it twirl looking a bit annoyed.

RYAN

Did he buy it?

SIMON

He bought it.

IN THE CELLBLOCK

a cagey sheriff DIGS OUT A SUNFLOWER SEED SHELL from between his FRONT TEETH. Nathan stands up and greets him with a smirk.

NATHAN

I told you I was innocent.

The steel door SQUEALS as it opens.

JAKE

Oh you're far from innocent. There's just this little detail we call evidence. It all up and disappeared in your case.

As Nathan passes, Jake stops him with the LONG ARM of the law.

JAKE

It's time for you to go back to where you came from boy. Collect your things and get out of my town tonight. Understand?

NATHAN

Perfectly.

Jake reluctantly lifts his arm and lets him pass.

ON THE COURTHOUSE STEPS - MINUTES LATER

Free at last, Nathan emerges from the big steel doors and breathes in the warm summer air.

IN THE SUBURBAN

Both men are UTTERLY FASCINATED by the sight of a young Nathan SKIPPING down the courthouse steps.

SIMON

He's a young seventy nine, wouldn't you say?

RYAN

Complete cellular regeneration. I wouldn't have believed it without seeing it with my own two eyes.

IN THE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Nathan SPEEDS OFF in a blue SEDAN followed behind by the Suburban.

EXT: STREETS OF STONE FALLS

The Suburban keeps its distance as it winds through town behind the sedan.

INT/EXT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - MINUTES LATER

IN THE SUBURBAN

Like a couple of detectives on a stakeout, Simon and Ryan watch from the back of the parking lot as Nathan enters the nursing home.

RYAN

What the hell's he doing in a nursing home?

SIMON

I suspect he's visiting an old friend.

IN EMILY'S ROOM

Most women her age have gone the low maintenance route and cut their hair. Emily's FLOWS LONG AND STRAIGHT.

She holds an

ORNATE ANTIQUE BRUSH

that she hasn't been able to use by herself in years. She sits in front of the DRESSER MIRROR and strokes out the snarls when

Nathan appears behind her in the mirror.

She GASPS.

NATHAN

(passionately)

After all these years, you never cut it.

In a defensive maneuver, Emily stands to face her young intruder.

EMILY

I need to speak to your grandfather young man.

Drifting closer:

NATHAN

My grandfather died when I was seventeen. You should know, you went with me to the funeral.

EMILY

(stern)

Nathan Fields is seventy nine years old.

NATHAN

He still is.

(smiles warmly)

(MORE)

NATHAN(cont'd)

Aging is a just chemical process.
And I've always been very good at
chemistry.

She points the brush at him like a weapon-

EMILY

What did you inject me with?

NATHAN

Life. A new life Em, for both of
us. One that I promised you long
ago.

She weakens, shaking her head in denial.

EMILY

This can't be happening.

NATHAN

It is happening. You're growing
younger and stronger by the minute.
You feel it don't you?

EMILY

(confused)
I don't know what I feel.

NATHAN

(sympathetic)
How could you?

Nathan steps closer and takes the brush from her limp hand.
He sets it down and takes her hand in his.

NATHAN

It's all too much to grasp. I have
lifetime to explain it to you.
What's important now is that we get
you out of here.

She PULLS AWAY-

EMILY

This is my home.

NATHAN

Not for a young woman like
yourself. You have a whole new life
ahead of you Em, but not here.

He finds her EYES, only for a moment. She can't look at him.

EMILY

I already lived my life.

NATHAN

Not with me ... You told me you'd
give an old fool another chance.
Now I'm asking. Please come with me
Em. Come with me now.

He holds out an INVITING HAND. She looks at his palm, then up
into his EYES, eyes filled with passion and love. She
REMEMBERS ...

We don't know if she would have taken his hand because
AT THE DOOR, a stranger appears.

Simon BURSTS IN with charismatic charm-

SIMON

Hope I'm not interrupting anything?

NATHAN FREEZES like a deer in headlights while Simon looks
over the merchandise.

SIMON

I should have known. You're
visiting an old girlfriend.

NATHAN

(playing dumb)
Can I help you?

SIMON

Don't insult me Nathan. Don't you
think I know when I've been
recognized?

NATHAN

What do you want?

The life of the party, Simon raises his hands and announces:

SIMON

What everyone over forty wants. To
be young again.

The rest of the guests don't know it's a party. Simon warms
Nathan with a PAT ON THE BACK.

SIMON
 But it's not what I want that
 matters is it? What's important now
 is what you want.

Nathan eludes his embrace.

NATHAN
 I want to be left alone.

A master at lubricating sticky situations, Simon alters his
 tactics with fake sympathy-

SIMON
 Yes of course. How rude of me. You
 two must have a lot of catching up
 to do.

He saunters out, then pauses at the door.

SIMON
 I'll wait for you out in the hall.
 Don't be long.

He leaves. Gasping for courage, Nathan is visibly shaken.

EMILY
 Who is he?

NATHAN
 A man who will stop at nothing to
 get what he wants.

EMILY
 I don't understand.

Nathan presses in on her with a sense of URGENCY. Holding his
 voice down, he HUDDLES CLOSE.

NATHAN
 Em, listen to me carefully. I hid a
 needle and vial in your slipper.

EMILY
 (fearful)
 Yes, I found it. I hid it in my
 dresser.

NATHAN
 No one can find it, do you
 understand. No one. Ten minutes
 after I leave, walk it out to the
 dumpster in the back.

(MORE)

NATHAN(cont'd)

Throw it away Em. Promise me you'll
throw it away!

EMILY

You're scaring me.

NATHAN

I'll be back for you later tonight.
But if I don't come, you must leave
this place within the next few
days. Your tissue regeneration is
accelerating. You won't be able to
explain what's happening to you.
And the world will demand an
explanation.

Summoning courage, Nathan KISSES her hand.

EMILY

Don't leave me.

NATHAN

I have to. I have to face him.

IN THE HALL

A helpless, SENILE OLD MAN is trapped in his wheelchair which
is STRAPPED TO RAILING the runs the length of the hall.

HIS TREMBLING FINGERS REACH out for Simon who leans against
the wall opposite him. He MOANS INCESSANTLY for help.
REPULSED by the pathetic sight, Simon looks at him like an
animal that should be put out of its misery.

Nathan approaches from behind.

NATHAN

You came a long way for nothing.

Simon's eyes stay fixed on the old man.

SIMON

Take a good look Nathan. Look what
awaits us all. Everything we've
loved, everything we've built ends
in the mindless groan of a helpless
old man.

(turning to Nathan)

Don't you see, you've changed all
that.

NATHAN

Go home Simon.

It's an arrow through Simon's heart.

SIMON
One cup of coffee, that's all I
ask. After all we've been through,
don't you think I deserve that?

IN THE PARKING LOT

It's DARK, except for a few buzzing mercury lights. Crickets
CHIRP as Nathan leads Simon towards his car.

SIMON
I can drive.

Nathan stops. A verbal shootout ensues:

NATHAN
Forget the coffee. It ends here. It
ends now.

SIMON
You discover the fountain of youth,
and you want to keep it a secret.

NATHAN
Some discoveries are meant to stay
a secret.

SIMON
Not between us.

NATHAN
I made you a rich man Simon. I'm
not making you a God.

SIMON
No.

Simon pulls a BERETTA out of his coat pocket and POINTS it at
him.

SIMON
You've reserved that position for
yourself.

Nathan's never looked down the end of a barrel before.

NATHAN
Are you out of your mind?

SIMON
Do you really think I'm going to
just walk away from this?

He WAVES THE GUN towards the far side of the lot.

SIMON
Move.

Nathan complies.

INSIDE THE SUBURBAN

It's a BITTER BACKSEAT REUNION. Nathan's ASHAMED of his
prodigy. Ryan's simply MAD.

NATHAN
So you're the scribe. What did he
promise you Ryan?

Simon CONCEALS the gun from his partner as he climbs into the
driver's seat:

RYAN
(seething)
What do you know about promises
Nathan? You stabbed us both in the
back.

SIMON
Now that's no way to treat our
guest. You'll be vacationing with
us for awhile Nathan.
(he fires up the engine)
Your old flame will be right here
until you get back.
(he puts the SUV in gear)
You know. I wouldn't keep her
waiting. She may not have much time
left.

INT: JAKE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

BLUNDERING into the TRASHY LIVING ROOM of a neglected home,
Jake unbuckles his GUN BELT and discards it.

He's had a few. A few too many.

He notices something's missing, he SHOUTS:

JAKE
BILLY ...

CHARGING his SON'S BEDROOM he opens the door to find
AN EMPTY, MADE BED.

DIALING in a RAGE, Jake's fat fingers PUNCH the wrong keys,
he CURSES the phone and tries again. Finally, it rings-

JAKE
Dicky, I need a trace on an ankle
bracelet. Number twelve. Where is
it?

What takes a minute takes an hour to Jake. His BLOOD BOILS
when he hears the answer.

JAKE
You're sure?

Lowering the phone, he pockets all hope for a peaceful
resolution.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - TOM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A prissy old STAFF NURSE and her dutiful TEENAGE AIDE speak
softly at the end of Tom's bed.

TEENAGE AIDE
(wiping her eyes)
Have you ever seen anything so sad
in all your life?

Billy lies SLEEPING next to his grandfather, still CLUTCHING
his HAND.

STAFF NURSE
Some die alone.

TODD BOBBLES in, STINKING OF POT.

TODD
Well if it ain't Nurse Kratchet and
her sidekick Ditzzy Donna. What
brings you to the projects?

Expecting a cheap shot, Todd realizes it's a somber moment.

TEENAGE AIDE
(pointing)
Shhhh. Don't wake the boy.

STAFF NURSE
 We have to get him up anyway, his
 father will be worried sick.

Tom is right were he left him the night before. The nurse
 walks over and gently NUDGES Billy.

STAFF NURSE
 Billy, time to wake up son.

Todd looks guilty.

TODD
 What's wrong with the Sheriff?

STAFF NURSE
 He suffered a stroke last night.

TODD
 Stroke!

He moves in for a closer look.

TEENAGE AIDE
 Don't worry Todd! They're moving
 him to North tomorrow, you're not
 going to have any vegetables in
 your garden.

TODD
 (nervous)
 How does Doc know it was a stroke,
 did he give him an MRI?

STAFF NURSE
 On his health plan. Not hardly-

TEENAGE AIDE
 (suspicious) Why Todd, did you see
 something last night?

Tom's EYE TRACKS over to the ACCUSED who dances a liar's
 waltz:

TODD
 No ... he was sleeping like a baby
 at bed check.

Billy stirs.

SUDDENLY, a nurse's gentle touch is replaced with the SAVAGE
 GRASP of a FIERCE BEAST. Jake RIPS his son out of bed-

JAKE
Get up you little sonofabitch!

Billy SQUEALS.

BILLY
LET ME GO!

SQUIRMING like a rabbit about to be devoured, Billy starts SWINGING FISTS.

Jake SUBDUES him in a PAINFUL HEADLOCK-

JAKE
Whad I tell you boy? Whad I tell
you I'd do if I caught you up here
again?

Surfacing from his MINDLESS FRENZY, Jake suddenly realizes he has an audience.

JAKE
What the hell's going on here?

STAFF NURSE
Your father's suffered a stroke
Sheriff. He's completely paralyzed.
We're going to need your permission
to give him a feeding tube.

JAKE
Feeding tube?

Jake turns and takes a long look at the helpless man. Drool spills out of his open mouth like a sleeping infant. Tom's EYES TILT slightly towards his son, he's LISTENING.

JAKE
The old man wouldn't have wanted
any feeding tube.

STAFF NURSE
He'll need nourishment to recover-

JAKE
Did you hear what I said? No
feeding tube!

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - EMILY'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Slumped sideways and FAST ASLEEP in her favorite chair, Emily is FULLY CLOTHED in her best dress. Lying next to her, a PACKED SUITCASE.

Carrying two cups of COFFEE, Rachel enters the room then STOPS DEAD in her tracks at the strange sight. COFFEE SPILLS over onto the tiled floor.

RACHEL

Grams!

Setting down the coffee, she rushes in and NUDGES Emily-

RACHEL

Grams, wake up.

The MORNING SUN stings her eyes as she wakes.

EMILY

(disoriented)
What time is it?

MESMERIZED by a FACE that LOOKS TEN YEARS YOUNGER-

RACHEL

Are you wearing makeup?

Emily's realizes what's happened. Her heart pounds. FEAR OVERTAKES HER-

EMILY

He's in trouble.

RACHEL

Who's in trouble?

Stacy AMBLES into the scene carrying the morning laundry. Everything is routine until she spots the SUITCASE-

STACY

Oh Oh.

RACHEL

Maybe you'd like to tell me what's been going on around here young lady.

EXT: CROOKED LAKE - CONTINUOUS

A PONTOON BOAT sits quietly in a PRISTINE BAY. On the edge of the lily pads, a RED BOBBER floats motionless in the GLASSY CALM WATER.

All is tranquil except for

Simon who ANXIOUSLY TWIRLS the plastic knob on the end of his REEL-

SIMON

I don't get it. We're just suppose to wait here till a fish swims by?

Under the BIMINI TOP, Nathan sits on a vinyl wrap around bench. He's HANDCUFFED to the ALUMINUM RAIL.

NATHAN

Patience was never one of your virtues.

SIMON

Whoever thought patience was a virtue never ran a Fortune 100 corporation.

HURTLING the FISHING ROD overboard, it SPLASHES into the water near Ryan's bobber. The RIPPLES are the most action he's seen all morning.

NATHAN

Is the vacation over?

From the adjoining captain's chair, Ryan reels in. Simon stands and FACES NATHAN.

SIMON

Every man has a price. Name yours.

NATHAN

It's not about money.

SIMON

(snaps)
Then what is it about? Because I'd really like to know.

NATHAN

You're going to have to trust me on this one.

Simon breaks out in a MANIACAL LAUGHTER.

SIMON

Trust ... Trust is a two way street
you know. You want this kept a
secret? Fine. Trust us to keep it.

Nathan's EYES WONDER OFF into the wilderness.

SIMON

Right ... I guess that's it then.
(diabolically)
You're a strong young lad, why
don't you pull up the anchor.

Nathan RATTLES HIS CHAINS.

SIMON

Yes of course.

Simon fetches the key from his shorts and UNLOCKS THE RAIL
SIDE CUFF.

Dodging Simon's piercing gaze, Nathan darts past him and
kneels down onto the carpeted deck. Finding the nylon rope,
he starts HOISTING up the HEAVY ANCHOR.

SIMON

It's heavy isn't it Nathan?

The yellow bell shaped anchor BREAKS THE SURFACE. Caked with
muck and weeds, Nathan sloshes it around in an attempt to
clean it.

Kneeling down with him, Simon finally makes EYE CONTACT.

SIMON

Let me help you with that.

Together, they lift the anchor waist high-

NATHAN

(sincere) I'm sorry Simon.

SIMON

(sincere) So am I.

SUDDENLY, with one swift motion, Simon SNAPS SHUT the OPEN
CUFF onto the ANCHOR RING.

TERROR floods Nathan as Simon SHOVES him into the depths of
the lake.

He disappears into a dark CALDRON OF BUBBLES.

Ryan JUMPS TO ATTENTION and CHARGES the scene. He stares at the bubbles in disbelief.

RYAN
Are you out of your mind?

Calmly UNTYING the ANCHOR ROPE from the end of the pontoon, Simon mechanically executes his plan.

RYAN
(frantic)
He's drowning, pull him up!

SIMON
I suspect he's trying to do that himself.

The rope GOES TAUNT. Simon SITS DOWN on deck and assumes a TUG OF WAR STANCE. He STRAINS under the load.

SIMON
You see, here he comes now.

BREAKING THROUGH THE SURFACE, Nathan GASPS for air in a THRASHING FRENZY. Grasping the deck of the boat with his FREE HAND, he barely hangs on against the weight of the anchor.

DANGLING THE END OF THE ROPE like a prize, Simon leans over and makes his point.

SIMON
You see Nathan? You see what happens when you let go of your life line?
(swinging the rope)
You drown.

HIS FINGERS SLIP DOWN under the weight of the anchor, he GURGLES FOR AIR. With eyes just above the water line, he looks up at his captor.

SIMON
I'm your life line Nathan. I always was. Now take my hand, and let's renew our partnership.

HOLDING OUT HIS HAND, all Nathan has to do is take it.

Instead, he LETS GO-

and disappears silently into the murky depths.

DUMBFOUNDED, Simon falls back onto the deck. Nathan's last EXPRESSION etched in his mind. One of pity. Not for himself, but for Simon.

Ryan realizes the end of the ROPE went down with him. There's no way to pull him back up.

RYAN
You killed him! YOU KILLED HIM!

Clutching his shirt with ANGRY FISTS, Ryan screams at a self absorbed dictator.

RYAN
The key ... GIVE ME THE KEY!

SIMON
(murmurs)
He wouldn't take my hand.

Shaking him-

RYAN
Give me the key you crazy fool,
GIVE ME THE KEY!

Simon reaches in and pulls out the KEY to the handcuffs. Ryan SNATCHES IT out of his hand and DIVES DEEP into the water.

SIMON
(mumbling)
He wouldn't let me save him.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS

IN THE ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE

it's an inquiry.

Stacy, Jake, and a NURSING HOME ADMINISTRATOR take up defensive positions behind a SCORNED granddaughter:

RACHEL
(in a sarcastic tone) Now I think I've got everything straight. A strange twenty year old man comes to visit my grandmother. He comes back that night to inject her with an unknown drug.
(MORE)

RACHEL(cont'd)

And the following night she gets all gussied up in her finest dress and packs her suitcase so she can runaway with him.

Rachel shakes her head in comical disbelief-

RACHEL

And nobody bothered to call me?

JAKE

His ass was mine. He'd still be in jail if your grandmother had cooperated with the investigation.

RACHEL

My grandmother thinks this is all a chapter out of one of her romance novels. She is a vulnerable adult that counts on all of us to protect her!

ADMINISTRATOR

We've passed copies of his photo to the entire staff. I can assure you we have done everything in our power to prevent this from happening again.

JAKE

I've got patrols out combing the neighborhoods. My guess is he wouldn't dare come back now. We know who he is.

RACHEL

Do you sheriff? You're sure you know who he is?

IN TOM'S ROOM

WHISPERING at his bedside:

EMILY

No one believes me. You're my only hope Sheriff. I need you to help me find Nathan.

His EYES TILT towards her. She sees it.

EMILY

You can hear me. I know you can.

She pulls out the NEEDLE and INSERTS it into the VIAL. A MILKY LIQUID sucks up into the SYRINGE. She has to guess at the dosage. She uses all of it.

Tom's EYES WIDEN, EVER SO SLIGHTLY.

She lifts the sheets and INJECTS him into his rear end.

EMILY
I need you back on your feet.

Hearing VOICES in the hall, Emily hides the CONTRABAND-

EMILY
I've got to go now.

She SCOOTs out the door.

INT/EXT: CABIN - CROOKED LAKE - 3 DAYS LATER - MORNING

ON THE SCREEN PORCH

Simon responds to e:mails on his NOTEBOOK COMPUTER where most would be enjoying the BREATHTAKING VIEW of the wooded shoreline.

Ryan enters, he's ANXIOUS.

SIMON
(still typing)
How is he?

RYAN
I'm not a doctor, how the hell should I know? He's been unconscious for three days, we need to bring him to a hospital!

SIMON
Has his fever broken?

Ryan's FINGER pokes through a hole in the SCREEN.

RYAN
I'm going home. This is madness.

CLICKING the "SEND" button on his SCREEN, Simon snaps his notebook shut.

SIMON
Ah yes. The true measure of a man is when he decides to give up.

Ryan's anger reignites. He WAVES HIS ARMS as he RANTS-

RYAN

He was willing to die out there!
Even if he does wake up, he's not
telling us a damn thing. It's over
Simon, now let's drop him off in an
Emergency Room and get the hell out
of here.

Remaining calm and calculating, Simon spins his web:

SIMON

He was willing to die. But he may
not be so willing to sacrifice
another.

RYAN

What are you talking about?

SIMON

Control what a man loves, and you
control the man. We bring in his
sweetheart, she'll convince him to
talk.

RYAN

(shaking his head)
Can't you see this has gone far
enough-

SEEMINGLY OFFENDED, Simon FLIES UP out of his ROCKER-

SIMON

You want to go, GO! I'm seeing this
through to the end.

STORMING THE DOOR, he pauses for a parting shot-

SIMON

What do you know, you have your
whole life ahead of you. I'm at the
end of mine, and
(pointing)
that man up there is the only one
on earth who can give me a new one.
You go home. Without him, I won't
need one.

IN THE GREAT ROOM

Clad entirely in KNOTTY PINE, a Vaulted Ceiling and Towering Field Stone Fireplace, this home could have been christened Moose Lodge.

Sitting down at a THICK LACQUERED TABLE, Simon pages through a LOCAL PHONE BOOK.

Ryan LIMPS IN with his tail tucked between his legs.

RYAN
I'll see it through.

Simon looks up like a proud father. He TOSSES him a GREEN DIAMOND SHAPED KEY RING with a single key attached.

RYAN
What's this?

SIMON
Nathan was staying at the Pine Cone Motel, room 23. We'll check it out on the way to the nursing home.

INT/EXT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - 2 HOURS LATER

IN THE SUBURBAN

parked at the rear off the lot, Simon spots the sheriff's patrol car circling the neighborhood.

Ryan CLIMBS into the passenger side. He's SHORT OF BREATH in his clandestine role as sleuth.

RYAN
His rental car's clean. He didn't even leave a Post-It note behind.

SIMON
You scientists with your meticulous attention to detail.

Following Simon's gaze-

RYAN
We can't just walk in there and steal some old lady out of her bed.

SIMON

(devious)

No. I think it would be better for her to come out and see us.

IN EMILY'S ROOM

with her BACK TO THE DOOR, Emily TOUCHES the bench in her painting of Stone Falls.

We can't see her face.

Stacy brings in BREAKFAST on a plastic tray.

STACY

You gonna stay holed up in here all week Em?

Setting down the tray on a WHEELED TRAY TABLE, Stacy rolls it over to Emily's favorite chair.

Emily keeps her BACK TO HER.

STACY

You alright?

EMILY

(dreamy)

I want to go home Stacy.

Stacy approaches and attempts to make eye contact. Emily SHIES AWAY until she can't hide her face any longer. Stacy sees her-

STACY

Oh my God!

Her hand covers her mouth.

EMILY IS YOUNG.

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, RADIANT.

The living image of a PHOTO taken fifty years earlier. All that remains of the old woman is her long GREY HAIR.

STACY

What was in that syringe?

IN FULL VIEW, Emily looks at her and smiles. Her EYES as BLUE as ever.

EMILY

All these years, you took such good care of me. I'll miss you so much-

SUDDENLY- A siren SCREAMS through the halls- It's the FIRE ALARM.

STACY

Oh no ... Em, go out the West Door. I'll meet you outside.

Stacy RUSHES OUT to save her flock.

INT/EXT: SIDE STREET NEAR THE NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS

IN HIS PATROL CAR

Jake SPINS THE WHEEL, SWERVING HARD into the curb the patrol car comes to an abrupt stop. A lanky DEPUTY who looks like he's still in high school, SPILLS his FRENCH FRIES all over the dashboard.

DEPUTY

What the ...

The boyish deputy starts picking up his fries as Jake listens intently to the sound of the SIREN.

JAKE

What the hell is that?

A FIRETRUCK WHIZZES BY towards the nursing home, its siren BLARING, its red lights FLASHING. The dimwit deputy states the obvious.

DEPUTY

Looks like the nursing home is on fire sheriff!

The police radio suddenly goes WILD with activity.

JAKE

You gotta be shitting me!

OUT ON THE STREET

WHIPPING A "U" TURN, the patrol car SQUEALS and SMOKES as its tires burn rubber in hot pursuit of the firetruck.

INT/EXT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS

AT THE SIDE ENTRANCE

the HIGHER FUNCTIONING residents finally have some real NEWS to SQUAWK ABOUT as they mingle about the West Wing sidewalk.

HIDING behind COLD CREAM and a SILK SCARF, Emily ESCORTS the last of them to safety.

Simon wanders over SEARCHING for an OLD WOMAN when he hears a FAMILIAR VOICE. He approaches, and is AMAZED by what he finds-

SIMON

Those wrinkle creams do wonders for the skin.

She startles-

EMILY

What did you do with Nathan?

SIMON

(enlightened)
He wasn't just visiting, he came to bring you back. The serum is here.

EMILY

What did you do with him?

SIMON

He needs you Emily. Come with me now, I'll bring you to him.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

A UNIFORMED FIREMAN tosses a trash can filled with BURNT RAGS in front of the sheriff and several of his DEPUTIES. The rags are plastered with white chemicals used to extinguish the blaze.

FIREMAN

It was intentionally set. They weren't trying to burn the place down, they're just making smoke.

Stacy joins the MAYHEM - she can HARDLY SPEAK as she tries to catch her breath -

STACY
Emily's gone! I can't find her
anywhere.

Jake EXPLODES-

JAKE
I'll kill him. I'll kill that
Sonofabitch!

INT: CABIN - CROOKED LAKE - UPPER BEDROOM - DAY

WRINGING OUT a WASHCLOTH in a pan of cool water, Emily gently places it over Nathan's forehead. Using an EYEDROPPER, she moistens his CHAPPED DRY LIPS.

Simon SLITHERS into view.

EMILY
(angry)
What did you do to him?

SIMON
He had a little boating accident.
He wasn't wearing his life jacket.

Simon creeps in and stands next to her, bedside.

SIMON
He's young. He'll be up and around
in no time.

With a stern glare-

EMILY
What do you want from us?

SIMON
I came here to claim what's
rightfully mine. Science is a
collaborative effort Emily.
Nathan's discovery came at the
expense of thirty years of research
I paid for. He's signed a legally
binding agreement that protects us
from this kind of intellectual
property theft. People go to prison
for stealing cars, what he stole
from us is priceless.

Nathan STIRS, Emily tests his temperature by pressing the
back of her fingers against his cheek.

EMILY

He must have his reasons.

SIMON

And you're the reason he's going to change his mind.

EMILY

What if I can't?

SIMON

Those that entertain failure fail. You will convince him. You have to.

Ryan bops in carrying a PLASTIC BAG.

SIMON

Ah, just in time.

Ryan hands him a box of HAIR DYE who in turn, lays it on the bed in front of her.

SIMON

Use this before he wakes. It's the finishing touch in your restoration.

Glancing at the box, she returns to her patient.

EMILY

How did you know my natural color?

SIMON

Your roots, they're showing.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - TOM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BETSY, a young, perky aide, enters and DROPS HER TRAY OF MEDS. Pills bounce across the hard floor.

BETSY

Ohmygod. Ohmygod.

Tom is SITTING UP in bed. FULLY CONSCIOUS.

Leaving the pills on the floor, Betsy pokes her head out the door and HOLLERS for Nurse Wilson. She turns back and approaches Tom like he's some sort of miraculous reincarnation.

BETSY
(speaking carefully)
SHERIFF? SHERIFF CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Cantankerous unto death, Tom motions her closer with his FINGER.

BETSY
What is it, what are you trying to tell me?

She leans over him, bending her ear close to hear his whispers, instead Tom SUDDENLY SHOUTS:

TOM
I'M HUNGRY.

Betsy practically jumps out of her shoes. Tom breaks out into a hysterical laughter at the expense of the red faced aide.

INT: CABIN - NATHAN'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nathan sleeps peacefully until

HIS EYES FLICKER OPEN

and slowly drift towards a SLEEPING ANGEL nestled close to him. She uses his hand for a pillow. His RIGHT INDEX FINGER LIFTS, touching her soft cheek. Emily wakes.

BRIGHT BLUE EYES come alive behind her long blond bangs.

She's ravishing.

NATHAN
I must be dreaming?

EMILY
It's a dream come true.

She reaches for a glass of water on the night stand. Much the same way he handed her that first glass of water.

EMILY
Here, drink.

Holding the cup for him, it's hard for him to swallow. He sips.

NATHAN
 (spellbound)
 You're so beautiful. Just like I
 remembered.

Reaching up to twirl her hair, a HANDCUFF AND CHAIN lift with him as a savage reminder of his captivity. He grabs the chain and jerks it hard in an agonizing frustration.

His hope falls with his limp hand. He looks up and cries out to the heavens:

NATHAN
 Why do you torment me? Why?

He looks back at her and REACHES as far as his CHAIN ALLOWS. He can't reach her until she moves closer to him allowing

HIS HAND TO TOUCH HER FACE

EMILY
 Give him the formula and let's get
 out of here.

Her beauty TEMPTS HIM beyond what he can bear, he can't look at her anymore. He turns away into the depths of misery.

NATHAN
 I can't.

EMILY
 Why not Nathan? What is it?

She attempts to roll him back towards her. To get him to look at her. He won't let her.

NATHAN
 Five years ago I nearly worked myself to death. I was unraveling the mystery of the cellular aging process. I was close to a breakthrough, and I knew it. I was working day and night in the lab, never bothering to sleep more than a couple of hours a night.

He rolls over and faces her. His passionate gaze draws her deep into his visions.

NATHAN
 Then one day I saw it. I had mapped the entire pathway.
 (MORE)

NATHAN(cont'd)

It all made perfect sense, so intricate, so beautiful in its constructs. I fell into bed that night, completely exhausted. The next morning I woke up with a burning fever. I was too weak to move, I just kept getting sicker and sicker. I was dying.
(his eyes turn inward)
I started to have visions.

EMILY

(captivated)
What did you see?

NATHAN

The future outcome of my genetic tampering. The rich feasting on their new found youth at the expense of the poor. A battle for resources ultimately leading to a global war between the mortal and the immortal. The world counts on us dying.

EMILY

It was a warning.

NATHAN

Sometimes when you play God long enough, he shows up.

A single TEAR trickles down Emily's face-

EMILY

What are we going to do?

NATHAN

You're in grave danger! He'll hurt you to get to me. He knows I won't be able to bear that. If he gets a hold of the formula, people will die Emily. If the old live on, the young will have to die in their place. We can't let that happen.

Emily starts to cry-

EMILY

What do you want me to do?

NATHAN

Stall for time. Plan your escape and then run.

(MORE)

NATHAN(cont'd)

Runaway and never look back. Forget about me, start a new life under a new name. Promise me you will ...
PROMISE ME!

She embraces him, SQUEEZING HIM like she'll never let go. Begging for another way-

EMILY

No ... I can't leave you! Don't make me leave you.

NATHAN

You have to. PROMISE ME!

He clutches onto her in desperation. Their TEARS MINGLE together. There's no way out, Emily knows the stakes. She finds her courage.

EMILY

I promise.

INT: POLK COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

SEETHING MAD, Rachel POUNCES on Jake who takes cover behind his desk.

RACHEL

Look at you. The only reason you're sitting there is because your last name is Dobbs. You couldn't protect her, you can't find her, what can you do sheriff?

JAKE

I've got every man I have out there pounding the pavement looking for her.

Rachel TOSSES his phone receiver at him knocking papers to the floor.

RACHEL

Why don't call him. You said you know who his is. Call him. Call his grandfather, call this guy who vouched for him. Call somebody sheriff! Or I will.

INT/EXT: CABIN - CROOKED LAKE

IN NATHAN'S BEDROOM

With the smell of victory in the air, Simon serves a breakfast tray to Nathan who sits up in bed, a healthy man.

Famished, he holds himself back from diving into the PAN FRIED FISH and hashbrowns:

SIMON

You were right about being patient.
Those fish finally took the bait.
Go on, taste them.

NATHAN

You hurt her Simon, and you'll
never see the serum.

Simon peers out the window at Emily who sits alone on a bench at the end of the dock.

SIMON

I'm not that monster you think I
am. Can a man fight his own
instinct for self preservation?

NATHAN

Your greed isn't worth preserving.

There's a CHILL IN THE AIR, Simon closes the TIGHT WINDOW making a SCREECHING NOISE that Emily hears

FROM THE DOCK

She turns and sees Simon in up in the window.

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

SIMON

The sheriff surprised you that
night you injected her. The serum
wasn't on you, it wasn't in your
hotel room, or your car. That only
leaves one place. You better hope
for your sake she still has it.

NATHAN

Let her go Simon-

Simon's CELL PHONE RINGS. He checks the number:

SIMON

Adrian, I thought I told you not to call me here ... He did, did he ... well in that case, put him on.

Simon turns and looks at Nathan.

SIMON

Sheriff, how can I help you?
(beat)
Well I find that very hard to believe considering I'm having breakfast with Nathan and his grandfather right now in downtown Boston. Would you like to speak to him?

Simon hands him the phone:

SIMON

It's for you.

SHEEPISHLY, Nathan takes it.

NATHAN

Hello.
(beat)
Yes sheriff, I left town right after you released me. I haven't seen or heard from Mrs. Foster since.
(beat)
If we hear anything, we'll call you immediately ... yes sir, goodbye.

He gives it back.

SIMON

(smiling)
You see, we're not so different you and I. We both do what it takes to survive.

NATHAN

Let her go Simon ...

INT: POLK COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Jake gets comfortable in his swivel chair, purposefully delaying the news Rachel so anxiously waits for.

JAKE

Seems Nathan's in Boston right now having breakfast with Simon and his grandfather. He left here three days ago right after I let him out of jail. He never visited your grandmother last night, she's wandered off in her own imagination.

Amused by his speechless guest, Jake pops a few sunflower seeds into his mouth and kicks his feet back up on his desk where they belong.

EXT: CROOKED LAKE

ON THE DOCK

FORLORN, Emily gazes at a PAIR OF LOONS diving for a meal in the bay. An uninvited Simon sits next to her on the WEATHERED BENCH.

EMILY

Have you come to drown me too?

SIMON

I don't see you running for your life.

EMILY

I'm not leaving him.

SIMON

You love him, how could you?

With a stern glare:

EMILY

He won't tell you anything.

With a gleeful reply:

SIMON

Turns out, I don't need him to. All I need is the serum itself. You have it don't you?

She stays fixed on the loons.

EMILY

I don't know what you're talking about.

SIMON
Bring it to me and I'll let both
go.

EMILY
(struggling) I can't.

SIMON
On the pontoon, I reached out my
hand to save him and he wouldn't
take it. He'll take yours Emily.

He DANGLES CAR KEYS in front of her.

SIMON
Save him!

EXT: IN THE DRIVEWAY - MINUTES LATER

The Black Suburban SPITS GRAVEL as it races out of the
driveway. A CLOUD of DIRT drifts past Simon as Ryan CHARGES
out of the cabin.

RYAN
Are you CRAZY! Why did you let her
go?

SIMON
She knows where the serum is.

RYAN
What makes you think she'll bring
it to us?

SIMON
(confident)
Relax. She loves him.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tom's HELP LIGHT FLASHES above his doorway for what seems
like hours.

Todd's on duty.

Eventually he DANCES IN, GYRATING to his MP3 PLAYER until

Tom burns a hole through him with his GLARE. Todd kills the
tunes and flips off his headset.

TODD
 (in song)
 Back in the saddle again!

Tom's not amused. Todd holds his hands up in playful surrender.

TODD
 Don't shoot sheriff, I give up.

TOM
 (growls)
 My light's been flashing for nearly
 an hour.

Todd drops the act and remembers he's an aide.

TODD
 (irreverent)
 Chill out old man, you're not the
 only monkey in the zoo.

Pulling back the covers, Todd lends a shoulder helping him out of bed.

TODD
 Listen Sheriff, about that little
 accident the other night. That shit
 stays between us am I right?

Tom finds his own feet.

TOM
 You know what it's like to lie
 there with a busted head and no one
 knows what happen to ya?

Grabbing a FISTFUL OF GREASY HAIR, Tom SLAMS TODD'S HEAD into the bed rail.

Pulling close the DAZED AND BLOODIED FACE, Tom savors his vengeance.

TOM
 It was something like that.

He SMASHES him again, Todd's unconscious body falls to the floor.

TOM
 Yeah, that's it. You got it kid.

HE CAN STAND ON HIS OWN TWO FEET.

Tom opens his closet and pulls out a PAIR OF PANTS.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

IN EMILY'S ROOM

Emerging from the darkness, Emily peers out her doorway into the hallway. It's clear.

IN THE HALLWAY

skirting along the railing, Emily glides down the hall and slips into Tom's room.

IN TOM'S ROOM

she approaches what appears to be a sleeping man with his back to her under the covers. She nudges him:

EMILY
Sheriff ... Sheriff, wake up.

MOANING IN PAIN, a MAN ROLLS OVER, it's Todd-

COVERING HER MOUTH IN HORROR, Emily squelches her shriek.

EXT: POUR DESIRES BAR - LATE NIGHT

Teetering between two counties, the seedy bar avoids all that is decent, moral, and sanitary. It takes a brave soul to walk into the dark, windowless building.

Emily drives up and parks in the overgrown gravel drive. A JUKEBOX playing oldies fills the air. REPULSED AND APPREHENSIVE, Emily takes a deep breath before going in.

INSIDE THE BAR

HER BEAUTY INSTANTLY STIRS the local beasts. WHISTLES and INVITATIONS soon follow.

She ignores all except a man in a dimly lit booth who sits and stares down a

SINGLE SHOT OF WHISKY

Emily sits down opposite him. He can't believe his eyes:

TOM
Now I'm sure I died and went to
heaven!

EMILY
Aren't you going to drink it?

He returns to his first love.

TOM
It's been fifteen years since my
last drink.

EMILY
(sarcastically) Well then you've
got a lot of catching up to do.

A SCANTILY CLAD WAITRESS struts over and flaunts her wares.

WAITRESS
What can I get ya?

Emily doesn't look at her.

EMILY
I'm not staying.

Tom checks out her REAR END as she leaves.

EMILY
Have you no shame?

Still looking-

TOM
You're the one who stuck a needle
in my ass.
(looks back at Emily)
What did you give me that night?

EMILY
Nathan Fields came home Tom. He
brought the serum with him. He's
the one who saved your life.

The wheels start churning up Tom's memories.

TOM
Nathan Fields?

EMILY
He's in trouble. He's chained to a
bedpost by a madman who already
tried to kill him once. The only
reason he let me go was because he
thinks I have the serum. He wants
to trade Nathan for it.

(MORE)

EMILY(cont'd)

But I don't have anything to trade
because I injected the last of it
into you. Nathan needs you Tom ...
(pleading)
I need you.

TOM

Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait just a
minute here. Why did Nathan come
back here after all these years?

She softens the truth as best she can.

EMILY

He came back for me.

It's a stab in the heart. Tom hasn't felt jealous in years.

TOM

Forget about him Em. He dumped you
remember. He dumped all of us. This
is a chance of a lifetime, we can
get out of this damn town and start
a new life together, just you and
me.

EMILY

We have to save him. He was your
friend!

TOM

What kind of a friend steals a
man's girl?

Emily DOWNS THE SHOT.

EMILY

Now you know why I was never your
girl.

She leaves.

Tom takes another long look at the flirtatious waitress who
giggles as she bends over a couple of wide eyed vermin.
CUSSING, he follows Emily out the door.

IN THE PARKING LOT

he catches up to her as she leans over the Suburban, CRYING.

TOM

This guy. He doesn't know you threw
away the serum?

EMILY

No.

TOM

You think you can bluff your way
though this hand?

She turns. A single lamppost illuminates a handsome, rugged face.

She KISSES HIM.

TOM

All those years I was betting with
nickels and dimes. And here I
should have been gambling with my
life.

They share a warm smile.

INT: RIVERVIEW NURSING HOME

DISHEVELED AND DEFIANT, Jake MARCHES into the lobby and is
met by the STAFF NURSE.

JAKE

I don't know why I bother to patrol
the rest of the city when we got
ourselves a crime wave up here at
the Riverview Nursing Home.

IN TOM'S ROOM

Jake and the STAFF NURSE join a group of BEDSIDE GAWKERS.

A DOCTOR finishes his examination of Todd, who sits up in
Tom's bed nursing his WOUNDS. BLOODY TOWELS litter the night
stand.

DOCTOR

He'll be alright. Except for a
slight headache.

SNICKERING IS HEARD from a decidedly UNSYMPATHETIC STAFF.

TODD

(to the doctor)
Are you NUTS! Do I look alright?
That crazy bastard tried to kill
me!

JAKE
Who tried to kill you boy?

TODD
(hysterical)
Your old man did. He bashed my head
into the bed rail and nearly
crushed my skull-

JAKE
Now wait just a minute here. You're
telling me a crippled old man lying
paralyzed in his bed beat the shit
out you?

A NERVOUS SILENCE falls over the room. Center stage is TOM'S
EMPTY WHEELCHAIR which sits bedside.

JAKE
Where is he now? I suppose he just
up and walked out of here.

The NIGHT JANITOR, a pimply faced teen, and Todd's only
friend, crashes the party with hot news-

JANITOR
Hey Dude, somebody swiped your
truck.

Todd FEELS FOR HIS KEYS and let's out a primal scream-

TODD
Shit!

He falls back on the bed like someone had shot him through
the chest.

INT: CABIN - CROOKED LAKE - UPPER BEDROOM

IT'S BLACK until

Nathan turns on a SMALL BRASS LAMP on the night stand.

He sits up and rubs his eyes. Then proceeds to POUND ON THE
PINE WALL. He keeps pounding until

Simon enters, still FULLY DRESSED from a sleepless night.

NATHAN
I told you she isn't coming back.

SIMON
She'll be back.

In what has become ritual, Simon unlocks him from the bedpost and locks the free cuff onto his own hand. Waving his HANDGUN, he starts to lead him to the bathroom when:

His CELL PHONE RINGS-

SIMON
Simon.

Vindicated, he smiles at Nathan:

SIMON
Emily, we were just talking about
you. Do you have the serum?
(beat)
Excellent, when can we expect you?

It's not the answer he wanted, he PACES like a chained retriever:

SIMON
High Bridge? What are you talking
about, that wasn't what we had
agreed to ...

Something she says to him mysteriously makes him comply:

SIMON
I don't like surprises. Any more
changes in plans and it will be
Nathan who pays.

He hangs up. His mind races through the ramifications of a change in plans.

NATHAN
What about the High Bridge?

SIMON
She says you know where it is.
That's where she wants to make the
trade.

NATHAN
(disillusioned)
What trade?

SIMON
You for the serum. I finally found
someone I can deal with.

EXT: RACHEL'S HOUSE

Reaching behind the PORCH LIGHT, Emily pulls out a HOUSE KEY and inserts it into the ornate oak door.

Turning the key, she peers back into an EMPTY BOULEVARD richly canopied by towering elms.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

she quietly slips upstairs past a WALL OF FAMILY PHOTOS into

RACHEL'S BEDROOM

where she finds Rachel asleep in the fetal position.

RACHEL AWAKES to the familiar LULLABY sung by her grandmother throughout her childhood. IT'S DARK, Rachel can hardly make out the figure in her chair-

RACHEL

Grams?

(sits up, groggy)

I've been worried sick about you.

EMILY

You needn't worry about me anymore dear. Nathan and I will be starting a new life soon.

Rachel GROPEs for the light switch. She knocks something over from the night stand.

RACHEL

Dammit!

She keeps searching for the knob in the darkness-

RACHEL

Can't you see your not thinking straight? It happens sometimes with age, our minds play tricks on us.

The LIGHT COMES ON- RACHEL GASPS-

They could be sisters.

RACHEL

What happened to you?

EMILY

I'm afraid God's played a trick on
all of us.

Like an angel, Emily floats over and TOUCHES her
granddaughter's face. Rachel is spellbound.

EMILY

I told you your old gramma turned a
few heads in her day.

RACHEL

How?

Emily finds a BRUSH on the night stand, picks it up and
starts to STROKE Rachel's hair. Rachel grabs the brush.

EMILY

You used to love it when I brushed
your hair as a little girl. I
haven't been able to brush my own
for years.

Emily gently removes Rachel's hand from the brush.

EMILY

Let me do it again just this once.

Rachel let's her.

EXT: JAKE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Tom scurries up the porch steps and finds the FRONT DOOR
UNLOCKED. RUSTY HINGES SQUEAL as the SCREEN DOOR opens-

Tom Freezes, and listens for a stir. He opens it slower.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

He finds Jake's GUN BELT on the floor. Shaking his head in
disgust, the living room looks like a landfill.

He pockets the standard issue 38 CALIBER REVOLVER and
discards the belt. On the way out the screen door BANGS SHUT.

From the

UPSTAIRS DORMER

A BOY'S HEAD appears in the window. He recognizes the face of the man climbing into an OLD PICKUP juiced up by financially strapped teenager.

OUT ON THE LAWN

Billy TEARS OUT the screen door SCREAMING for his grandfather just as the TRUCK zooms around the corner. He SEES HIS BIKE leaning against an oak. He JUMPS ON IT and PEDDLES FRANTICALLY after the truck.

THROUGHOUT A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD

LEANING INTO THE SHARP TURN, Billy JUMPS THE CURB and PLOWS THROUGH YARDS to make up time. SLALOMING around houses, trees, and flower gardens, Billy speeds towards Main where he just about cuts in front of the truck when-

IN A BACKYARD

he SKIDS TO A STOP in front of a chain link fence. THINKING FAST-

he pulls off his tennis shoe, SQUEEZES OFF the oversize ANKLE BRACELET and LOBS IT high in the air towards the pickup which has just turned the corner in front of him. The bracelet bounces into the TRUCK'S BED and speeds off down the street.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Tom hears the NOISE, and looks back in his REARVIEW MIRROR but sees nothing.

INT: RACHEL'S BEDROOM

Like best friends at a slumber party, Cheese, crackers, and wine lay in wake of a long night of warm conversation. Emily finishes a NOTE that she lay open on the night stand in front of Rachel who remains FAST ASLEEP.

Emily bends down, KISSES HER FOREHEAD and smiles goodbye.

INT: POLK COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Richard closes out his shift the way he started it, with a NAP. SNORING AWAY in front of a SQUAWKING television, he has the uncanny ability to WAKE UP to the

SLIGHTEST NOISE

even a SHY BOY creeping in to beg a favor.

BILLY

Dicky, you gotta help me. I lost my ankle bracelet last night. If I don't get it back on before dad wakes up, he'll whip me for sure.

RICHARD

Why aren't you wearing it like you're suppose to?

Billy's melodrama is easily acted out using real emotion.

BILLY

The kids were teasing me. I took it off and had it on the back of my bike. It must have fallen off.

RICHARD

Hell boy, I can't help you. Your old man would have my badge.

The boy pours it on with real tears-

BILLY

He'll kill me Dicky, you know what he's like, please, I'm begging you!

Grumbling obscenities under his breath, Richard, hits the SPACEBAR on his keyboard and pecks away with a single finger at the TRACKING SOFTWARE.

RICHARD

If he catches wind of this, you never heard nothing from me.

A GPS MAP on the SCREEN pinpoints the position.

RICHARD

It's down at Eagle Rock Lookout. You boys better not be jumping off the high bridge. I haven't had to fish a body out of that river in years.

He looks up from the screen to find he's wasting his breath, Billy is out the door.

INT: JAKE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

HUNCHED OVER, and nursing a HANGOVER, Jake lumbers into the BATHROOM

to relief himself. On the way back, he passes his

SON'S ROOM

and finds an EMPTY UNMADE BED. Jake CALLS OUT for his son. There's no answer. He screams down the stairs. There's no answer. Stumbling downstairs into the

LIVING ROOM

Jake calls out again, LOUDER THIS TIME. ENRAGED, he grabs the PHONE and dials the OFFICE.

JAKE

Dicky, I need another trace on Bracelet twelve. Where is it?

INT: POLK COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Richard hits the SPACEBAR on his computer. The application is still up, tracking Bracelet twelve.

PANICKING, he does his best to hide his knowledge of the situation:

RICHARD

Give him a few minutes Sheriff, I'm sure he'll be home soon. Hell when I was that age my parents never knew where I was either.

INT: JAKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jake SEES IT.

HIS EMPTY HOLSTER, THE MISSING GUN

He picks up the belt, throws it against the wall and SHOUTS:

JAKE

JUST TELL ME WHERE HE IS DAMMIT!

EXT: EAGLE ROCK LOOKOUT - 6:00 AM

Simon stands behind Nathan, holding him at gunpoint. They are handcuffed and chained together for safe keeping.

Ryan stands with them behind a MASSIVE BASALT BLOCK WALL peering out over a VAST GORGE. At the bottom, a WILD RIVER spilling over its ROCKY MINE FIELD.

Joining the two cliffs, the decommissioned HIGH BRIDGE was built with wooden trestles during the steam era.

In the middle of the bridge, A GROWN MAN sits fifty feet above the water, dangling his feet over the edge like a schoolboy.

RYAN

Looks like she found someone else to do the dirty work.

(nervous)

It's a trap, can't you see. The police are probably crawling all over this place.

SIMON

She wouldn't risk that. Nathan just got out of jail, she's not going to send him back.

RYAN

What the hell is he doing out there?

Simon studies the jagged rocks below.

SIMON

I guess he doesn't like people sneaking up on him.

ON THE BRIDGE

Using NATHAN AS A SHIELD, Simon walks him out towards Tom. The tracks have been ripped up for scrap steel, leaving treacherous footing between the ties.

Within twenty feet-

TOM

That's far enough.

Tom casually stands up and brushes off his rear end. Black tar stains his shorts. Simon sees the VIAL in his left hand.

SIMON

Give me the Vial.

TOM

Let him go first.

Simon hesitates.

TOM
You've got the gun, remember?

Simon unlocks the cuffs from both of their hands. The chains DROP down, draping over the ties. He pushes Nathan forward.

Nathan steps towards Tom. Both men are INTRIGUED by each other's youthful appearance.

NATHAN
(emphatic)
You can't let him have it, throw it
in the river. Please.

TOM
(jovial)
Remember coming here as kids
Nathan? We sure were stupid back
then. Look-
(pointing down)
Your mark's still there.

Nathan remembers the MARK, he carved it with his pocket knife as a boy. Both men step closer to it. Sharing a knowing look, they join hands WHEN-

A BOY SHOUTS for his Grampa from the bank.

Ryan TRIES TO TACKLE BILLY as he races onto the bridge - he misses-

Tom PUSHES NATHAN OFF THE BRIDGE, his foot stepping off right at the mark.

DOWN ON THE RIVER

Nathan plummets feet first, fifty feet into a DEEP NARROW POOL, SWIRLING JUST OFF THE MAIN FLOW OF THE RIVER. Surrounded BY ROCKS on both sides, HE DISAPPEARS UNDERWATER.

UP ON THE BRIDGE

Tom FRANTICALLY WARNS his grandson-

TOM
NO BILLY! GO BACK! GO BACK!

The boy continues racing towards Tom until-

SIMON SNAGS HIM

and HOLDS HIM AT GUNPOINT

Tom's right HAND reaches behind his waist and grips the handle of the REVOLVER.

SIMON

I think we've all seen enough of your tricks ... right Grampa? Get your hands out where I can see them.

DOWN ON THE RIVER

NATHAN SURFACES, and swims to the rocky edge. A HAND reaches to help him out, IT'S EMILY. She wraps her warm, dry body around the soaked man. Her fingers dig into his back like she'll never let him go again.

NATHAN

You promised you'd walk away.

EMILY

You promised you'd come back. I'd say we're even.

UP ON THE BRIDGE

KNEELING DOWN, CRADLING THE BOY CLOSE, there's no open shot. Tom takes his hand off the gun and lifts his hands. He still holds the VIAL in his left.

Simon PULLS BACK THE HAMMER on a Beretta pressed against the boy's temple.

SIMON

(forceful)
Now give me the vial!

Tom steps closer. With UTTER CONTEMPT he looks over at the vial in his hand then back at Simon-

TOM

You'd put a gun to a boy's head for this?

He TOSSES IT HIGH IN THE AIR, towards Simon-

TOM

Take it, it's yours.

Simon DROPS THE BOY, THEN DROPS THE GUN WHICH FALLS THROUGH THE TIES TOWARDS THE RIVER BELOW-

HE REACHES UP, CATCHES, and JUGGLES THE VIAL. When he finally controls it he realizes-

HE'S JUST STEPPED OFF THE BRIDGE, far away from the mark.
Simon SCREAMS AND FLAILS as he PLUMMETS to river bed.

DOWN ON THE RIVER

His body SPLATS into a rocky outcropping. His broken body
draped over a BOULDER, his LIFE BLOOD SPILLS OUT over the
rocks.

HE WATCHES THE VIAL bobble in a pool of water next to him.
SPINNING SLOWLY in the strong current, its LABEL READS
"INSULIN".

SIMON'S EYES CLOSE knowing there was never any serum in the
vial. Nathan CHARGES through the slippery shallows, HE'S
HORRIFIED.

NATHAN

Simon!

He feels for a pulse, SIMON IS DEAD. Emily catches up and
comforts her man.

HIGH UP ON THE BANK

IN A RUSH to make it down to the river-

Ryan LOSES HIS FOOTING on the LIMESTONE BLUFF and SLIDES down
the crumbling wall. HE GRASPS A SAPLING just before falling
off a twenty foot cliff.

DOWN ON THE RIVER

they hear the FALLING ROCK and spot RYAN high up on the BANK.

EMILY

(pulling on him)

We can't do anything for him now,
we need to get out of here!

ON THE BRIDGE

Grandson and grandfather embrace.

Billy's FINGERS dig into his grandfather's back, like he's
never letting go.

TOM

That was a fool thing to do!

BILLY
 (sobbing)
 I prayed you'd come back to me. I
 knew you would.

Tom sees the BRUISES ON BILLY'S ARMS AND NECK. He confronts
 the boy:

TOM
 Your daddy did this?

BILLY
 It don't matter now. Ain't nothin
 matters now.

Tom stands up and looks down to see Ryan next to his fallen
 comrade. He scans the bluffs for Nathan and Emily.

TOM
 Billy, go back and wait in the
 truck. I'll meet you there, I gotta
 help my friends.

BILLY
 I ain't leaving you again.

TOM
 It isn't safe out here. I'll be
 along ...
 (rubs his head)
 Go now.

The boy obeys.

DOWN ON THE RIVER

Ryan FLIPS OVER THE DEAD BODY.

Every promise, every reward died with him. Ryan is ALONE. The
 next decision is his. He makes it.

Next to the body, in a SHALLOW POOL, he fishes out Simon's
 Beretta. SHAKING the water out of the barrel, he buries it in
 his shirt to dry it off.

UP IN THE BLUFFS

Nathan and Emily hit a DEAD END.

The narrow pass has lead to vertical face too steep and tall
 to climb were it not for a

HAND REACHING OVER THE EDGE

Nathan is the first to grab on. Tom's legs DIG INTO the moss covered soil. He strains to pull his friend up over the ledge onto the upper trail. Nathan crawls to safety.

NATHAN

Thanks for the hand.

TOM

Thanks for the legs.

Nathan BRACES Tom's shoulders as he prepares to hoist Emily.

NATHAN

I'm glad she brought you back.

Tom looks back at him.

TOM

She brought me back to save your ass. So you better hang around this time.

He SQUEEZES Tom's shoulder.

NATHAN

You can count on it.

Tom and Emily join hands. With one swift pull, both men bring her up.

AT EAGLE ROCK LOOKOUT

Billy walks towards the pickup when

SOMETHING HITS HIM IN THE BACK

He turns to find the ANKLE BRACELET laying on the pavement. Like a raptor, Jake leaps down from his perch. The sinister force closes in quickly.

JAKE

This has got to be one of the prettiest places on earth. Quiet too. Good place for a man to do some thinking. So I got to thinking. How do two shriveled up old prunes escape from a nursing home by themselves? How does a crippled old man bash in the head of teenager, steal his car, and drive it all the way up here?

Jake CLUBS HIS SON WITH HIS PALM. The boy falls back against the truck. Jake JERKS HIM BACK UP, grasping him over old bruises.

JAKE

You know I think they had help from the outside. Maybe some boy looking to start a new family.

He SLAPS HIM AGAIN, SLAMMING his head against the car door.

JAKE

One thing I can't figure out though. Why the gun? You figuring on taking out your daddy on the way out?

He SLAPS HIM AGAIN, AND AGAIN, Billy WHIMPERS IN PAIN.

JAKE

Well boy? Do ya?

SUDDENLY, A BLOW TO THE HEAD DROPS Jake like a sack of flour. Tom stands over him holding the BUTT OF HIS REVOLVER as a club.

TOM

Not if I do it first.

Nathan and Emily quickly pull Billy from the war zone and tend to his wounds.

ON HIS KNEES, Jake scrambles for his senses. He sees his attacker, rubs his eyes and looks again.

JAKE

Well look who came back from the dead?

TOM

I may have been a horseshit father, but I never laid a hand on you.

JAKE

Maybe you should have.

Jake LUNGES like a bull and SLAMS Tom into the truck. THROWING FISTS like a street fighter, none connect.

Tom HEAD BUTTS HIM, and FOLDS HIM IN TWO with a quick body shot. Jake plops down on his rear and rolls over in pain.

TOM

I took your damn gun. That boy never did anything wrong, he's a good kid.

Tom TOSSES THE GUN on the pavement in front of Jake.

TOM

You don't deserve him.

Tom turns and walks towards Billy who

NUZZLES CLOSE to Emily, CRYING. The boy runs to his grandfather, and SQUEEZES TIGHT.

Jake scrambles for the gun, picks it up and POINTS IT AT TOM when suddenly, a new voice SHOUTS-

RYAN

Drop the gun sheriff!

Jake turns to his flank and stares down the barrel of the high powered Beretta. IT SHAKES in the unsure hands of a cellular biologist. Ryan plays tough-

RYAN

Drop the gun Sheriff.

Jake THINKS ABOUT IT, still frozen with his gun pointed towards his father.

TOM

Drop the gun Jake, it isn't worth it.

Nathan STEPS CLOSER to his protege-

NATHAN

Put down the gun Ryan. It's over.
GO HOME!

Ryan SNAPS BACK-

RYAN

And do what? Spend the rest of my life in a lab searching for something you already found? Guess again!

JAKE FLINCHES. Ryan BOILS OVER-

RYAN

DROP THE GUN SHERIFF!

TOM
Put it down Jake. Don't be stupid.

JAKE
(growls) I thought I told you old man. You don't tell me what to do.

The TENSION SIFTS RYAN LIKE WHEAT, his TREMBLING HANDS can hardly stay on target. Jake assumes control-

JAKE
You're in over your head boy. You ain't got the balls to shoot a squirrel let alone a lawman. Now I'm going to give you to the count of three to put down that gun. One-

Ryan CRUMBLES UNDER PRESSURE-

RYAN
PUT THE GUN DOWN!

JAKE
Two-

Jake SWINGS HIS GUN EARLY- HE FIRES-

The BULLET PIERCES RYAN, the IMPACT PULLS HIS OWN TRIGGER - HIS GUN FIRES- JAKE IS HIT.

BOTH MEN DOUBLE OVER and fall hard to the ground, both are GUT SHOT, DARK RED BLOOD streaming from vital organs.

Nathan RUSHES TO RYAN- Tom RUSHES TO JAKE-

TOM
Emily, call for an ambulance on Jake's radio!

She hurries.

CRADLING RYAN-

Nathan PRESSES HIS WOUND in a futile attempt to dam the river of blood. DELIRIOUS with PAIN, Ryan PLEADS-

RYAN
I have to know.

CRADLING JAKE-

Tom COMFORTS what's left of his son. Jake arches back, and finds his father's eyes.

JAKE

I should have listened to you.

TOM

And I should have listened to you.
A long time ago.

Jake turns to his own boy who

STANDS ALONE IN SHOCK-

Jake REACHES FOR HIM WITH HIS BLOOD SOAKED HAND-

Billy hesitates.

JAKE

You were right old man. I don't
deserve him.

Jake's HAND DROPS as HIS STRENGTH DRAINS OUT onto the
pavement. Just before it FALLS TO THE GROUND-

Billy GRASPS IT-

They share a FORGIVING GAZE until-

Jake's LIFE BLEEDS OUT. Tom closes Jake's eyes with a
delicate palm. He looks up at Billy, TEARS FILL his eyes.

IN THE SHERIFF'S CAR

Emily lowers the TRANSMITTER as the DISPATCHER requests more
details on the incident from the POLICE RADIO.

She watches through the windshield as Tom stands tall giving
Billy a place to bury his head.

STILL CRADLING RYAN

Nathan TELLS RYAN THE FORMULA-

NATHAN

... there are three SHC adaptor
proteins responsible for inducing
apoptosis after the molecular
tagging. All three rely on P111 to
send signals down the transduction
pathway that couples an activated
tyrosine kinase receptor to Ras ...

a SMILE across his face, Ryan finds his solace in the arms of
his mentor.

With each chemical formula Ryan sees a clearer picture of the intricate constructs he could only dream of grasping.

With a CHILDLIKE WONDER etched across his face, RYAN BREATHES HIS LAST.

TORMENTED by the senseless waste, Nathan staggers to his feet. Emily rushes in to steady her love.

EMILY

An ambulance is on the way.

NATHAN

Tom.

He looks over at his old friend.

NATHAN

Time to go.

EXT: STONE FALLS CEMETERY - 3 DAYS LATER - DAY

A SMALL GATHERING fold their hands in respect around the CHERRY CASKET, suspended by brass rails over the deep hole. Next to the hole is a dirt pile dressed up by a green velvet blanket.

A handful of SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES dressed in uniform stand behind EXTENDED FAMILY. UNCLE MACK, Tom's younger brother, puts his massive forearm around Billy who stands SULLEN over the grave site. A LOCAL PASTOR personalizes his WORDS as best he can for a man rarely seen in church.

BACK BEHIND A HEDGEROW

well out of sight, Tom looks on. Nathan and Emily stand close behind him in support.

TOM

I'm coming with you.

Both men's eyes stay fixed on the boy.

NATHAN

What about him?

His AUNT POLLY, hands Billy a rose to put on the closed casket.

TOM

That boy hasn't had a stable home
his whole life.

(MORE)

TOM(cont'd)

I don't see how dragging him off to the end of the earth is going to change that.

EMILY

He loves you Tom. That's home enough for anyone.

A dam of emotion bursts, THRUSTING HIS FINGER at the grave site Tom BARKS-

TOM

They're burying my only son out there. He hated me so much he rather die than listen to his old man. Do you really want me to do it all over again?

Tom STORMS OFF. Emily chases after until- Nathan pulls her back.

NATHAN

Let him go.

INT/EXT: SHADY OAK MOTEL - NIGHT

NEON LIGHTS FLASH on and off illuminating a long row of single rooms butted against the wood line. In a competition for who can hold their paint the longest, they all lose. A highway, widened over the years creeps closer a gravel drive grown over with weeds. Forgotten by hunters and fisherman years ago, it's the perfect place to hide.

INSIDE ROOM TEN

STEAM billows out of the BATHROOM. Inside, wrapped in a white bath towel, Tom stands shaving in front of a fogged mirror. It's hard to make out his face through the condensation.

ON THE SINK, a box stuffed with plastic gloves stained by men's hair dye. His grey is gone.

Nathan enters.

NATHAN

Now you look the part.

TOM

Do you know what it's like to have
some pimple faced teenager sponge
the sweat off your ass? It's
humiliating.

(he rinses the blade)

I've forgot what a hot shower felt
like. Life's simple pleasures.

Towelng off the last of the shaving cream, we see HIS FACE,
a virile young man in his twenties.

TOM

Now there's a mug I haven't seen
for a while.

(turns to Nathan)

How long will I be looking at it?

NATHAN

The serum's dissipated by now.
We're all aging naturally again. I
bought us fifty years or so.

TOM

(resolute)

Well I'm not wasting mine. Not this
time.

Nathan puts a friendly hand on his shoulder and smiles:

NATHAN

That makes two of us.

EXT: STONE FALLS - DAWN

The park is empty. Those that sleep-in miss the sunrise of
sunrises. Oranges, purples, it's breathtaking. In the
background, the ROAR OF THE FALLS. Flower beds line a
groomed sidewalk. It's the stuff of romance novels.

Two young lovers find their privacy-

Nathan KNEELS in the green grass before Emily who SITS ON THE
BENCH. The one in the painting.

EMILY

(smiles)

I've heard this before.

He clasps her hands.

NATHAN
 Haven't I been punished enough.
 I've already had to live one
 lifetime without you.

EMILY
 (still playing)
 The least you could have done was
 bring a ring.

She hands him THE RING which he immediately recognizes. The setting is old fashioned, antique.

NATHAN
 You did keep it all these years.

He slips it on her fingers. Her hand is smooth, supple, no remnant of the crippling arthritis remains. It's a perfect fit. Hopelessly entranced by her beauty-

NATHAN
 Emily, will you marry me?

She pulls him close, THEY KISS. A long passionate KISS. Surfacing, she BEAMS.

EMILY
 I will.

They embrace. Knit together as one.

INT: UNCLE MACK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Polly FLIPS HOTCAKES on the griddle, barely keeping pace with her ravenous husband who stuffs them down with butter and syrup. Sullen, Billy twirls his fork in his MUTILATED PANCAKE-

MACK
 (in fake cheer)
 Eat up son, we clean our plates in
 this house. Ain't that right Polly.

She turns and adds three more cakes to the stack.

POLLY
 (in real cheer)
 Sure is. None of my babies ever
 went hungry.

BILLY
 I'm not one of your babies.

Undaunted, Polly takes her place at the table and serves herself.

POLLY

You are now Billy. We're going to take good care of you now that your daddy's gone. He died a hero in the line of duty, you can be proud of that.

BILLY

He wasn't no hero. He was a coward.

Mack practically COUGHS UP AN ENTIRE PANCAKE-

MACK

You ... you watch ... your mouth boy!

Mack, RED FACED, keeps coughing-

BILLY

You're the one choking ...
(sarcastically) Uncle Mack.

Billy tosses the fork into his glass of orange juice and storms out. The screen door BANGS SHUT behind him. Mack takes a drink and pounds his chest clear of the dislodged cake.

MACK

I'm too old to raise another teenager. How did we get saddled with the likes of him anyway.

POLLY

We're all the family he's got left. He's lost his father and his grandfather all in last few days. Give him time, he'll come around.

MACK

It's bad seed if you ask me. Nothing good ever came out of that side of the family.

Mack gets back to business and stuffs his face with another pancake.

EXT: HIGH BRIDGE - MORNING

About a third of the way across the bridge, Billy sits on the edge of the trestle CRYING. Leaning over, TEARS DROP LIKE RAIN to the river below.

TOM

I used to dangle my feet in the same spot when I was your age. It's hard to believe I lived as long as I did.

Billy doesn't respond.

TOM

Come away from the edge Billy, it's not safe. Those timbers are rotten.

Balling, Billy LASHES OUT-

BILLY

What do you care. I'm not your problem anymore!

Tom steps closer. Billy inches closer to the edge.

BILLY

Stay away from me!

TOM

You need a family, a stable home.

BILLY

You don't give a damn about me. Nobody does.

He looks down on the rocks below. They look like soft pillows from above.

TOM

I raised your daddy, you want to end up like him?

Tom edges closer, while Billy becomes hypnotised by the raging river.

BILLY

I'm not like him! I'm never gonna be like him!

ROTTED TIMBER GIVES WAY, Billy SLIPS DOWN, SPINS AROUND and just snags the edge before he falls.

He HANGS ONTO LIFE by his FINGERTIPS, his feet kicking wildly in mid air underneath him.

Tom rushes to the edge, GRASPS BILLY'S ARMS and pulls him up to safety. Terrified, BILLY WAILS UNCONTROLLABLY in his grandfather's arms. CHEEK TO CHEEK, TEAR TO TEAR, they clutch each other.

TOM

Maybe you do need your grampa
lookin out for you.

EXT: SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC - 6 MONTHS LATER

A TROPICAL PARADISE. A steady rolling surf washes the white powdery beach. The orange sun hangs low in the pure blue sky. Palm trees sway their branches in the warm breeze.

FROM HIS BEACH HOUSE

Tom trades his local law enforcement uniform for shorts and tee shirt. Changing on his sun washed deck he sees

ON THE BEACH

NATHAN POSING for his bride who sits comfortably PAINTING HIM IN COLOR RICH OILS. Strolling over in his flops, Tom sips from Emily's fruit drink.

TOM

These locals don't know the first
thing about modern law enforcement.

NATHAN

Neither do you.

It takes him a moment.

TOM

Good point.

Billy hits Tom in the back with the football, then raises his arms for the pass back. Tom picks it up and finds the laces.

TOM

Go long!

Billy streaks down the beach. Tom fires a PERFECT SPIRAL and hits him full stride for the touchdown. Nathan takes a break and peeks at the painting. He and Emily share a warm smile.

NATHAN

You've found your touch.

EMILY

You found it for me.

They both turn and watch the HORSEPLAY between grandfather and son. Tom tackles Billy at waters edge, both wrestle for the loose football in an ocean of LAUGHTER.

NATHAN

It may have taken him two tries,
but he turned out to be a good
father.

EMILY

You'll be a good father the first
time around.

NATHAN

Maybe someday.

She takes his hand.

EMILY

Maybe in a few months.

He turns to her. She smiles, a knowing smile.

NATHAN

No?

She nods. ECSTATIC, he wraps her up and spins her down onto the soft white sand. They kiss.

EMILY

Now you can live on the old fashion
way. Through your children.

NATHAN

Through our children Em. Our
children.

FADE OUT.