

Locked-In

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A WHITE SCREEN... followed by the loudest scream we've ever heard:

WOMAN (V.O.)
NOOOOOOO!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

-- The sound of a baby crying. Water running. Heavy breathing. Feet clamoring with a sense of Urgency.

On the bed -- HILARY SAWYER, breathing heavy. In tears. Battling conflicting emotions -- pain and happiness. Anxious to hold her baby. Beside her, AARON SAWYER waits with bated-breath as the Nurses wash their newborn.

DR. CHARLES STOCKTON, well into his seventies, places the newborn into the arms of his mother.

DOCTOR CHARLES
Here he is.

Both parents are instantly in love with him. Smitten.

INT. THE SAWYER'S RESIDENCE - NURSERY - DAY

Hilary carries the newborn into his room. It's decorated beautifully. Warm. Filled with love.

On the side of the crib is an easel and some pencils.

Hilary sets him in the crib. He's sleep. She just stares at him, seconds later Aaron joins in.

HILARY
Most beautiful baby I've ever seen.

AARON
Hey, Slugger.
(re: room)
See this? Your mommy did all this for you.

HILARY
I just never wanna leave him.

AARON
You don't have to.

HILARY
 Would be great but we're not in
 that position yet.

Aaron takes her hand. Squeezes gently. Grinning.

AARON
 I made VP.

Her mouth hangs open. Can't believe it. Gives him a tight
 hug. Ecstatic.

HILARY
 Baby, that's great.

AARON
 So now you can focus on your art,
 and Colt.

She gives him another hug and kiss.

HILARY
 (re: sex)
 In two more weeks, when I'm fully
 healed, we're really gonna
 celebrate.

INT. HILARY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Super: 9 years later

Hilary's now in her mid-thirties. She sludges into the room.
 A plain Jane -- sleepy -- the ends of her hair are frayed
 like a well-worn toothbrush.

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

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

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

HILARY
 (playful)
 Wake up birthday boy, time to go.

INT. HILARY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Colt, at the table set for two. He shovels waffles and
 sausage down his throat. Eating way too fast.

Hilary takes her seat at the table only to realize Colt's already finish.

HILARY

Hun...?

Colt's handsome, but the features in his face -- the wide eyes, broad smile, blank expression -- show he's a little different. Autistic.

COLT

Cake and Ice Cream. I want cake and Ice Cream. I want Cake and Ice Cream. And Daddy.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

A FRAMED 3X7 PICTURE of FATHER and SON (Aaron and Colt). Both smiling. Soccer ball in the son's hand.

Now Aaron's in his late-thirties. Even more handsome, in better shape; he's holding the picture. Staring intently when his sexy secretary CHANEL, barely thirty, enters. A beat.

CHANEL

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

She turns to head out...

AARON

You're fine, Chanel. Come in.

Aaron sets the picture on his desk.

AARON

What can I do you for?

CHANEL

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

AARON

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

Chanel smiles. Flirtatious.

CHANEL

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

Aaron can't help but smile.

AARON

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

Chanel blushes.

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

AARON

How do I look?

Shabby to be honest.

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

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

CHANEL

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

AARON

Aaron is fine.

CHANEL

(re:the picture)

I hope I'm not overstepping by doing this.

AARON

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

CHANEL

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

He does as she so delicately tells him.

CHANEL (CONT'D)

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

AARON

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

CHANEL

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

*

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

CHANEL

Here we go.

Aaron, looking in the mirror at his wider knot.

AARON

Wow. What'd you do?

CHANEL

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

She pats his chest and strolls out.

INT. COLT'S CLASSROOM

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

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

The CLASSMATES are gathered around the table.

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

Hilary leads the discordant version of Happy Birthday.

TIME CUT

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

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

MRS. BESTWICK

Last month of school, can you believe it?

HILARY

I know. It went so fast.

MRS. BESTWICK

I'm so proud of Colt. He's improved a great bit. He interacts really well with the others. And he loves to talk.

HILARY

Hard to believe his first six years he said nothing --

COLT

-- Mommy, where's my daddy?

HILARY

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

Colt simpers and runs off to play. Mrs. Bestwick has a look on her face. She's suspicious of something.

INT. NURSING HOME - ENTRANCE

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

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

STAFF CELLPHONES OFF

Hilary silences her phone but leaves it on.

INT. NURSING HOME - RESIDENT'S ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

HILARY
Hey, Peter. How do you feel?

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

Hilary smiles at the cute joke.

PETER
Why-why-why were you late?

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

She pulls something from her shirt pocket. Unfolds it. Holds it for him to see.

HILARY
Drew this for you.

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

PETER
My-my-my M-m-maa'. My maaaaa.
(crying, hugs the drawing)
It's my maaaah.

Hilary, touched by his appreciation.

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

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

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

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

INT. NURSING HOME - BATHROOM

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

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

She calls her mailbox. Listens. Storms out!

INT. HILARY'S VAN - AFTERNOON

A 2003 Dodge Caravan on its last leg.

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

Hilary behind the wheel. Flooring it.

EXT. COLT'S SCHOOL

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

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

Mrs. Bestwick stops as Hilary runs up the steps.

HILARY

Mrs. Bestwick! Sorry. My husband --
I don't know what happened.

Mrs. Bestwick, annoyed and suspicious:

MRS. BESTWICK

Misses Sawyer, are things alright
at (home because Colt) --

HILARY

(over)
-- We're fine. All's well.

MRS. BESTWICK

Well Colt said --

Hilary covers Colt's ears...

HILARY

-- All family's have problems. We
hit a rough patch. Won't happen
again.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - SHORT WHILE LATER

Hilary rounds a corner --

COLT

Daddy. Daddy. DADDY. Daddy! DADDY!

HE REPEATS THIS OBSESSIVELY.

Hilary exhales; trying to remain patient.

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

HILARY
Yes Colt, we're by his house.

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

COLT
Daddy. Daddy! --

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

Colt rocks back and forth in his seat. Excited.

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

Nice home. Nice lawn. Nice size. Decades from a new construction.

Hilary reaches for Colt's seatbelt as Aaron comes to the van.

AARON
(re: seatbelt)
No need.

Turns to Aaron...

HILARY
I'm sorry?

...Colt, anxious to be free, picks up where his mom left off but he's having a hard time with the strap and it's frustrating him.

She talks low so Colt doesn't hear, through her teeth:

HILARY
Our issues are affecting him. He just wants to spend time with you.

He ignores her.

AARON
(to Colt)
Happy Birthday, Slugger.
(to Hilary)
Look, there's been a change in plans. Tonight's not good.

HILARY

Aaron--

AARON

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

HILARY

It's his birthday.

AARON

I'm well aware...and I'm not being an ass. It's nothing I'd rather be doing but...

Colt starts repeating "daddy" again.

HILARY

Then you explain it to him.

Aaron's silent..

Colt's fed up with the seat belt. Starts growling and whining.

Hilary goes to help him...

AARON

No-no. Look.

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

AARON (CONT'D)

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

Colt hops out. Gives his dad a loving hug. Aaron rolls his eyes. Sighs.

AARON

(to Hilary)

Really?

(to Colt)

Happy Birthday buddy.

Off his look, Hilary glances at his upstairs window -- a pair of eyes peeking out the blinds.

AARON

Hey, son. Wanna go to a game?

Colt stares at his dad. No expression.

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

HILARY
(re: envelope)
Aaron, is this a joke??

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

HILARY
You're Executive VP.

AARON
Because the former EVP quit. Just a title. No extra money. Company's tanking. Colt's insurance went up. It doubled.

HILARY
I've seen you spend more on socks.

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

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

HILARY
I shouldn't have to beg for your child's needs. I say nothing about your 1500 dollar visits to the whorehouse. Because, frankly, that's
(points to upstairs window)
her problem now.

Aaron is startled by her sudden outburst.

HILARY (CONT'D)
But when it comes to our child I have every right to know why you refuse to do even the bare min--

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

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

A FEW BLOCKS AWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

SHELTER

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

James lets three more in...

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

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

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

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

SHANE
Hey! Look.

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

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

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

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

SHANE
I'm no fag.

Old Guy looks him up and down: *you sure about that?*

OLD GUY
So what you want then?

SHANE
Your spot.

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

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

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

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

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

JAMES
Last three.

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

DOWN THE STREET

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

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

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

Shane struts around. Cocky. James stops him.

JAMES
What did you do to that guy back
there?

SHANE
Yo, why you always sweatin' me?

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

JAMES

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

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

He skims the front page. We see the phrases:
Republican candidate Donald Winchester... local hero...

Shane rips the front page --

INT. BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

MORDECAI

(whispers)
You see this?

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

REESE

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

MORDECAI

Hell yeah. I'd get that Mustang.

SHANE

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

Reese grabs Shane by the chin. Stern.

REESE

Ain't shit street about you.

...let him go.

MORDECAI

Not a gangsta bone in your body,
boy.

(re: Boyle)

Rumor is he sleeps here at night.
Especially 'round the first.

SHANE

So lets get his ass. What we
waiting for?

REESE

It's the middle of the month. He
said the first.

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

Shane stays in plain sight, oblivious to what's going on.
Boyle stares Shane down. Shane grins, throws up two middle
fingers and grabs his cock: *suck this*.

He laughs but no one else finds this funny.

SAMSON (O.S.)

The fuck you staring at?!

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

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

INT. HILARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Hilary asleep, when out of nowhere -- SKY CRACKING THUNDER! --

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

COLT'S ROOM

...holding a GREEN BLANKEY with frogs stitched across it.
Colt's screaming and kicking.

Hilary rocks Colt in her arms.
He's comforted by his green blankey.
Simmering down. Eyes get heavier by the second.

...Falling asleep. He's no longer afraid. Safe and sound...
She gazes at him lovingly; a mother with unconditional love.

INT. AARON'S MERCEDES S550 - AFTERNOON

Colt and Lance stare at each other in the back seat.

Chanel, in the front seat with the sun visor down, pretends to put on makeup, but she's paying more attention to --

EXT. AARON'S HOUSE - SAME

Aaron and Hilary having a HEATED exchange --

HILARY
I'm not here to argue.

AARON
Then go to hell!

Hilary stares at him with disbelief.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING - EVENING

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

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

INT. AARON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

COLT
 Bwankey. Bwankey.

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

AARON'S BEDROOM

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

OUTSIDE AARON'S BEDROOM

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

AARON'S BEDROOM

They're trying to focus. If at least just for the next second
 because Chanel is about to cum, and Aaron's a close
 second...BUT --

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

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

AARON

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

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

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

AARON

The hell is it now, Colt?!

Colt continues with the noises.

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

Aaron, reaches for him -- too late --

Colt's Spilling down the stairs -- hitting the bottom with IMPACT --

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Aaron has his face buried in his hands. Sullen.
Hilary -- as hysterical as expected -- tries to storm into the ER. It takes two NURSES and SECURITY to hold her back.

...LATER...

Hilary on one chair; Aaron in another on the opposite side.
A NURSE approaches, makes eye-contact with Hilary. Bad news.

FADE TO WHITE...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Super: Two weeks later

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

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

Hilary sleeps light. Cotton dropping would wake her.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - NIGHT

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

AARON

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

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

DR. MCCRAE

Well in Colt's case, his spinal cord and traumatic brain injury has resulted in damage to his cardiopulmonary system. In these instances it's extremely rare for a patient to regain full use of their limbs. With Colt's autistic state, imbedding those memories, and functions of how those body parts work back into his brain is severely unlikely. Unfortunately, he would be worse off than a vegetable. *

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

HILARY

I'm not ready to give up hope.

AARON

They've met with us time and time again, Hil. Let's think logically here; it may be what's best.

The thought of logic begins to bring her to tears. She hides her face from Colt. Breaks down.

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

AARON

(softly)

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

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

AARON (CONT'D)

(softly)

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

HILARY

We can fight their decision.

AARON

And prolong his torture?

Taking advantage of her weakness.

AARON (CONT'D)

...And on what basis? Emotions? Only a sick judge would rule to keep him in this condition.

Hilary, feeling defeated but not out of hope.

HILARY

He's just a vibrant boy. And strong. He did nothing wrong. He doesn't deserve this!

AARON

I know. It's...

(pretends to be choked up)

I'm so sorry. This is all my fault. Every thing that's gone wrong in this family is my fault.

*
*

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

HILARY

I'm to blame, too.

AARON

-- No. You will not blame yourself. You are an excellent mother and an exceptional wife. Being angry I took it out on people I loved the most and I'm sorry. Very sorry.

*

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

HILARY

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

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

AARON

But it's been two weeks, Hil. I can't -we can't, as loving parents (take much more)...deep down we know, Hil.

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

HILARY

He's our hero remember? S...

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

AARON

...ince the day he was born.

Aaron stares into the light, summoning teardrops.

HILARY

I'm praying for a miracle.

AARON

(softly)
Why Hil?

HILARY

'Cause God --

AARON

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

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

AARON

I didn't mean it that way.

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

AARON

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

HILARY

Are you serious? Are you fucking serious?!

*
*

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

AARON

Got damnit, THINK! He's all but dead! He can't breath on his own! You see him.

*
*
*

(softer)

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

*

HILARY

(over)

You selfish bitch! Always about money. Do what you've been doing -- pretending he doesn't exist at all! Get out! JUST GET OUT!

*
*
*

HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

*

Hilary reads to Colt from a story book.

HILARY

(reading)

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

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

*

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

...COLT'S FINGERS TWITCH...

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

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

DR. MCCRAE

You're staying. I need you.

BERNICE

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

DR. MCCRAE

(over)

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

Bernice wipes her face, trying to keep herself up.

DR. MCCRAE (CONT'D)

My nurses will be between floors. You listen out.

(points down the hall)

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

(walking away)

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Heavy rain pounds the window.

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

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

And tonight, Katey --
(roaring sound of thunder)
can you hear that? *

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

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

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

That's golf ball sized hail.

KATEY (V.O.)

There goes our cars.

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

-- PSHCRAW! THUNDER roaring through the room --

Reflected through the TV screen Hilary sees Colt jerk --

She turns around slowly. Just her imagination?

-- MORE THUNDER! --

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

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

-- THUNDER --

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

A pair of eyes flutter open halfway...

COLT'S POV:

Watching Hilary cry...

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

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

Two fingers from the same hand moving. More recognizable.

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

She stands, starts recording from her phone...

HILARY

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

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

HILARY

(anxious)

Doctor. Doctor get in here. NURSE.

THROUGH THE PHONE:

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

HILARY

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

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

-- THUNDER -- He jerks -- *

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

HILARY

Nurse!

Hilary presses the 'nurse call button'.

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

HILARY

NURSE!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hilary running down the hall searching for help -- YELLING -- *

HILARY *

HELP! *

INT. HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - SAME

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

Hilary calling out for help:

HILARY (O.S.)

Help! Help! He's moving! *

CUT TO: *

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT *

Overcrowded. Understaffed. In the midst of the loud talking, *
cursing and angry patients with valid and invalid complaints, *
we find Hilary searching for anyone with a white coat on. *
Everyone's occupied. She's stopped by NURSE #2. *

NURSE #2 *

--Ma'am, you have a family member *
back here? *

HILARY *

I need Doctor-- *

NURSE #2 *

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

HILARY

I NEED DOCTOR MCCRAE! -- My son is moving. You can't take him off life support. He's still alive!

NURSE #2

Ma'am--

HILARY

It's on my phone.

The nurse looks at her like she's stupid.

Over her shoulder, Hilary finds Dr. McCrae tending to a screaming bullet wound PATIENT on a gurney.

Hilary rushes to Dr. McCrae. She's a second too late. The Doc and her team of two vanish into the Operating Room, where SECURITY stops Hilary. She pushes back, screaming for help, but is ultimately overpowered.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

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

MORDECAI

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

Mordecai hurries off before Shane completely closes the door.

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - NIGHT

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

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK - PARKED - SAME

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

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

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

SHANE

... And after I run out the front?

REESE

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

MORDECAI

Let's do it ourselves.

REESE

Nah. Let this wanksta bust his cherry.

MORDECAI

I ain't going down because of him!

SHANE

I'm ready. I got this. Been jacking since I was twelve. How much y'all think in there? *

MORDECAI

Steal some "shut the fuck up?!" *

SHANE

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

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

MORDECAI

I knew you was a fag.

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - PARKING LOT *

Hilary hops out. No coat on. The wind nearly shoves her to the ground. The hail HITS her hard. She trudges into the 24hr Supermarket. *

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

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

Shane shivers in the back. A light come on in Boyle's check cashing. *

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

EXT. HOUSE

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

Cliggidy Clank!!! Cliggidy Clank!!!

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

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

SWITCHBLADE

Being stuffed into Shane's pocket.

MORDECAI

And take this just in case.

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

MORDECAI

Know how to use it right? *

INT. SUPERMARKET - SAME *

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

Hilary waits impatiently. *

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

MAN *

No that's on sale for 7.99. *

CASHIER *

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

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

CASHIER *

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

INT. BOYLE'S CHECK CASHING - SAME

*

Boyle comes out the bathroom...

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

UP FRONT

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

IN THE BACK

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

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

Mordecai on the phone...

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

INT. BOYLE'S CHECK CASHING - SAME

SOMEONE bolts out with a leather bag.

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

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

UP FRONT

Boyle gets to the door just as --

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

INT. BOYLE'S CHECK CASHING - MOMENTS LATER

*

The SOUND of Police sirens nearing...

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

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

Shane spits blood onto Boyle's shoe.
 Boyle bitch slaps him.
 BANGING on the front door.
 Boyle runs towards the front --
 Shane fidgets, trying to maneuver free --

Boyle leads the cops to the back --

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

INT. SUPERMARKET

The MANAGER'S now arguing with the man...

HILARY POV:

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

Hilary looks above the register: a Security Camera. She's getting antsy. Then --

She makes a break for it.

CASHIER

HEY! Hey!

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. VOLVO - SAME

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

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

The VOLVO is just seconds away from crushing him --

Shane speeds away just in time.

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

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

Rearing his head in the Van.

OFFICER STALLEY
Something wrong ma'am?

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

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

OFFICER STALLEY
License and registration.

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

An intimidating look. One that says "don't fuck with me."

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

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

Shane, scrunched up in a ball, under Colt's blanket.

Hilary hands Stalley the paperwork.

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

OFFICER STALLEY
(into his walkie talkie)
Copy.
(to Hilary)
You get off these roads.

OFFICER STALLEY (CONT'D)
It's dangerous. And stay yourself
out of trouble, ya' hear?

Stalley tosses her papers into the van. He eyes her down while getting into his police car. He pulls off.

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

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

A stack of cash on Reese's lap. He counts more while Mordecai attempts to watch him and focus on the road.

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

Reese screams again in excitement!

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING

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

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

SHANE
KEEP DRIVING!

A beat. She's too nervous to move.

SHANE
GO.

HILARY
What do you want?

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

She continues looking at him through the rearview mirror.

HILARY'S FINGERS dial 9...

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

HILARY

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

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

HILARY (CONT'D)

Please. I'll give you whatever you
want.

Her eyes look down at her phone. She sees the call time:
00:00...00:01...00:02. Someone's answered...

SHANE

I told you what I want.

We barely can hear:

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)

911 what's your emergency?

HILARY

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

The dispatcher is still talking.

Shane zones in on the sound. Becoming extremely suspicious.

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

HILARY'S FINGERS

*feeling for the volume buttons on the side of the phone when
her thumb accidentally presses SPEAKER.*

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(through speakerphone)

HELLO ARE YOU THERE? Can you hear
me?

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

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK

REESE

Dude, pull over so we can get some
gas.

MORDECAI
Man let's get home.

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

A SHORT TIME LATER

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

Mordecai pulls into a empty gas station.

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

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

Attendant looks in. Catches Reese counting cash.

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

MORDECAI
To the brim..

INT. HILARY'S VAN

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

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

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

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

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

Shane mulls it over.

SHANE
Do trains leave from where you're
from?

HILARY
(quickly)
Yes. Yes.

SHANE
Don't lie to me!

Her hand shakes as she drives.

HILARY
I'm not.

SHANE
Where you from?

HILARY
Phil -- Phillipsburg.

SHANE
Just take me to Sparta Station.

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

SHANE
You'll see him soon enough.

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

SHANE
Then why you leave him?

HILARY
It was his only chance of living.

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

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

SHANE

Oh. Then you better drive faster.

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

SHANE

(paranoid)

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

It's her wristwatch.

HILARY

No. We have to get to a hospital.

SHANE

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

HILARY

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

SHANE

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

HILARY

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

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

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

SHANE

What the hell? Is this it?

HILARY

Yea, but it's... it's only one.

SHANE

Take it.

HILARY

But it's not enough!

SHANE

For now it is. Do it!

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

HILARY

We gotta stop for gas. I need gas.

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

SHANE

How I know it's not broke?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

COLT POV:

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

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

ATTENDANT

Miss, you need oil. Badly.

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

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

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

HILARY

(looking at pump)

--I said regular.

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

ATTENDANT

Well, no. You just gave me money.

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

Reese exits the store --

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

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

REESE

Bitch! Watch where da' hell you riding!

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

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

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

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

Reese charges Shane -- Mordecai runs after the blowing cash --

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

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

-- THUNDER... followed by heavy RAIN...

Shane and Reese, still brawling -- Shane getting his ass kicked. Attendant yelling at them:

ATTENDANT

I got the police on the phone.

Hilary would run, but where to. She turns the key, pumps the gas -- hoping for mercy --

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

A car seat facing the rear...

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

DRIVER
(re: rain)
Fuck!

He bangs his fist into the steering wheel --

INT. HILARY'S VAN

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

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

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

INT. MORDECAI'S BUICK - SAME

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

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

DRIVER POV:

A BIG OBJECT (VAN) in his way.

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

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

INT. CAR - SAME

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

An empty car seat. No baby was back there.

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN

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

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

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

SHANE
Go! NOW! NOW!

A look of defiance on her face.

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

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

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

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

INT/EXT. VAN/COUNTRYSIDE LANES - MOMENTS LATER

Drizzling...

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

SHANE
I'm not a violent person.

HILARY
So back there was just an act of
kindness?

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

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
...Sources say that Donald
Winchester -- the republican
candidate for governor --

SHANE
God Damn it!

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

SHANE

I need to concentrate.

HILARY

Because it takes lots of concentration to hold a hostage.

SHANE

Don't think of yourself as a hostage. You're just a Uber. Just try and understand my fucked up situation.

HILARY

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

SHANE

Calm down okay.

Hilary cranks the heat up to maximum.

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

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

SHANE

-- cut your lights off.

HILARY

What? For what?

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

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

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

HILARY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

HILARY

You could of killed us.

SHANE

(looks up)

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

HILARY

Doesn't work like that.

SHANE

You 'some Religious freak?!

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

HILARY

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

SHANE

SHUTUPPP!

HILARY

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

(a flirtatious smile)

You're a ladies man aren't you?

Shane shifts in his seat. Sits up. Uncomfortable.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Don't be shy.

SHANE

(shameful pause)

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

Hilary stays silent. Waiting for more.

HILARY

Even Manson got laid.

SHANE

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

HILARY

I didn't --

SHANE

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

She gently caresses his thigh. Anchors her hand just inches
from his privates.

HILARY

I can relate.

SHANE

You epileptic too?

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

HILARY

Panic disorders. It's why I'm on
meds. The attacks wear me out. And
I'm already far from a looker.

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

HILARY (CONT'D)

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

SHANE

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

She grins. She's got him.

HILARY

Name first. I'm Hilary.

A beat... hell, Shane may not of even heard her. Too horny.
Silence, his eyes are on her body..

HILARY

We gon' play the guessing game
handsome?

SHANE

Shane.

Her mouth hangs open. He takes the bait: what?
Hilary shakes her head: *nothing*.

SHANE

No, what? Tell me.

HILARY

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

SHANE

No. I told you mine.

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

HILARY

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

*

SHANE

Never been. Seen things about it on TV though.

Gives him a look. *Really, you've never been?*

SHANE

No, I swear.

HILARY

You ever been with a woman, Shane?

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

SHANE

Yeah. I have.

HILARY

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

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

SHANE

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

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

HILARY
Are you gay?

SHANE
Fuck no!

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

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

Realizing how "gay" that could come across:

SHANE (CONT'D)
Just drive bitch!

...MOMENTS LATER...

HILARY
So you're a junior?

SHANE
My moms boyfriend. He took care of
me til' I was ten. They died in a
car crash.
I only know of my real "dad". He's
no one special -- to others maybe.
But he's dead to me. Your husband
around?

HILARY
Yeah, but so is carbon-dioxide.

SHANE
Oh. Your son.

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

SHANE

I meant what happened to him?

HILARY

He... he fell down some steps.
Femur broke and cracked his skull.

SHANE

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

Hilary shoots him a look, *how dare you?*

HILARY

He was with his father, asshole!

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

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

SHANE

See this?

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

SHANE (CONT'D)

Got this when I was eight.

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

HILARY

Probably deserved it. *

SHANE

I don't wanna end up like every man
I ever met: dead or in jail. I
raised myself! Been alone my whole
life. Mom was a whore; she had
nothing. My "dad" was a whore; had
everything. All I saw was fucked up
examples. So in turn I'm a fucked
up individual. But I do have a
heart, and I want you to get to
your son. But I need to be safe-- *

Hilary turns on the radio -- a talk station.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

There's a roadblock back on I-95
East; cops are questioning everyone
that rides through.

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

RADIO DJ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There was a hit-and-run, one person
-- a teenage boy -- injured. Police
say suspect fled the scene.
Victim's nowhere to be found.

*
*

FEMALE RADIO DJ (V.O.)

Jim, how foolish can a person be?
-- Almost killing an innocent
teenager, peel off and leave your
damn phone behind.

*
*
*
*

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

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

SHANE

...the fuck --

His head meets the dashboard with startling IMPACT!

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

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

*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

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

AARON

My life changed when you were born,
Colt. I was so happy. Your mother
and I were in love, we celebrated
every anniversary, took trips,
enjoyed each other. I had just
gotten promoted; Business was
thriving. We lived every day with
vigor. When we found out she was
expecting, it was answered prayers.
The life I'd always dreamed of in
nine-months would be mine.

*

AARON (CONT'D)

We shopped for furniture, got a new place -- spent countless hours painting and repainting your room, because it had to be perfect. Then one day my life -- my perfect little, meaningful life -- shattered. Your mother calls, wailing. Doctor says you're "developmentally delayed".

*

*

COLT'S POV:

Watching his dad. He can hear and see him.

AARON (CONT'D)

Couldn't understand why I was chosen to be your father. Why God'd be so cruel to me. The damn embarrassing outburst, the stemming, the constant noises -- all the shit no normal child would do. And the expenses -- they never end. Doctors make a fortune off you. Constant special care and attention. Truthfully, your birth is what ruined my life. That's how my life changed. You ruined my marriage; my health is weening. I've been depressed for years. I'm a wreck. But then I think back to God being cruel to me... but he has a funny way of answering prayers. It's like He's rewarding me now. A guy in the Bible lost everything only to get it back even better. And that's me right now...I loved you.

*

*

*

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

Colt grabs his fathers wrist. It's quick and soft.
Aaron's momentarily taken aback. Is he feeling things?

* We hear this but Aaron doesn't. This is Colt calling out to his dad in his mind:

COLT (V.O.)

Daddy. Daddy.

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN

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

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

SHANE

...You can't do this!

*

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

SHANE

Turn around.

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

SHANE

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

The flashing lights are getting less blurry.

SHANE

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

EXT. POLICE CHECKPOINT - SAME

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN

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

SHANE

TURN AROUND!

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

EXT. POLICE CHECKPOINT

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

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN

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

SUDDENLY -- Sirens are WAILING!! --

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

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

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

EXT. POLICE CHECKPOINT

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

Stalley stands in front, megaphone in hand --

OFFICER STALLEY
 This is your last warning. STOP
 NOW!

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

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

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

OFFICER STALLEY
 (to himself)
 One. Two. Three.
 (OUT LOUD, to an Officer)
 Take out the Tires.

INT. HILARY'S VAN

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

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

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

Van spins -- 180 -- stopped --

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

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

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

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

She shoves him off...

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

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

He sets the megaphone down.

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

He does. Stalley stares. Wrecking his brain. Plagued
with familiarity. *That's the Van from earlier?*
The Drivers door opens. Hilary steps out. Hands up.
Rain pounding her face.

OFFICER STALLEY
Turn em' down some.

OFFICER 1
Sarg, you sure?

OFFICER STALLEY
--DO IT.
(through Megaphone)
Put your weapon down!

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

INSIDE THE VAN

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

OUTSIDE THE VAN

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

OFFICER STALLEY
(through megaphone)
Keep em' high.

Back up they go.

UNDER THE VAN

Shane sliding out backwards...

Hilary nodding her head, pointing to the Van -- trying to tip them off DISCREETLY.

HOOOONNNKKKKKK!!!! Everyone turns --

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

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

Hilary backing up -- Cops flee like roaches --

-- THE TRUCK IS GETTING CLOSER --

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

AHHHHHHH! A roaring scream from outside the Van --

INT. TRUCK - SAME

The TRUCK DRIVER slams on the brakes --

INT. HILARY'S VAN - SAME

Hilary looking in her rearview.

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

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

SHANE

Go!

EXT. ROAD - SAME

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. TRUCK - SAME

The TRUCK DRIVER flies through the windshield --

ROAD - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. TRUCK

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING

Shane rubs his right thigh.

SHANE

-- you have to pull over!

HILARY

I'm not stopping --

SHANE

YOU HAVE TO!

Hilary knows she's screwed.

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

HER FOOT PLUNGING ON THE BRAKES!!!
 Sounds worse than nails on the blackboard.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Aaron and Dr. McCrae converse. Walking briskly.

AARON

How often could that happen?
 Hypothetically.

DR. MCCRAE

Locked-In syndrome? Don't believe what you see in movies. Maybe three cases out of millions have been "reported" as the patients being Locked-In. But never in cases where patients are brain dead. When paralysis occurs -- especially in the spine -- the vertebrae tears the spinal cord resulting in damaged nerve cells. Once they're damaged, messages can't travel between the brain and the rest of the body, in which the permanent ramifications are complete loss of movement and feeling.

AARON

So in other words, I was seeing things?

She nods, Half-way sympathetic. They reach the elevator. She gets on. Presses a button.

DR. MCCRAE

I wish I could say you weren't.

The doors close.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Aaron stands in the corner, talks into his cell.

AARON

(harsh)

What kind of mother leaves her fucking son alone to die?! Huh?! And you claim to love him?! You won't even answer your fucking phone. They're gonna do this...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. DONALD WINCHESTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

DONALD WINCHESTER

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

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

SAMANTHA

Sir, you need to see this.

...MOMENTS LATER...

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

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

SAMANTHA

We may have to resort to...

Donald gives a look. A serious, stern look.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

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

DONALD

(exhales)

SHIT!

He bangs on the table. A beat.

DONALD

Get Mercer on it. And look, I want him fully functional. His conviction will be the nail in the Democrats coffin.

Samantha smiles. Likes the way he's thinking.

SAMANTHA

Because the man that wouldn't spare justice on his own child...

She nods. Happy. They just may be able to spin this.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

MERCER

Besta' be important.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

The kid you were tailing...

MERCER

Yeah.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Well we need you to umm, finish it.

There's a click on the other end of the line. She hung up.

INT. MERCER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN - NIGHT

Hilary and Shane wait at a RAILROAD CROSSING.

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

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

SHANE EYES

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

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

QUICK FLASH

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

Anger moves in on her face.

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

HILARY

You asshole; son of a bitch! My son.

(blow to the face)

Is.

(another)

Going.

(an even harder blow)

To die

(blow)

because of

(blow)

you!

Shane's in pain -- serious pain --

Hilary is too fast for him --

The Train has gone -- red light turns green.

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

HILARY

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

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

INT. MORDECAI'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Reese and Mordecai sleep on the sofas --

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

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

MERCER

Night-night, Fuckboys.

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

Mercer flaunts a devious smile.

HILARY'S VAN

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

The Van starts shaking. Puttering. Almost cutting off. Hilary pulls into a

4-STAR GAS STATION

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

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

Hilary stops before she reaches the pump. Crying.

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

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

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

HILLBILLY

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

She throws her hands up in surrender.

HILARY

I just-I just need some gas.

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

HILLBILLY

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

HILARY

(as she pulls up)

You have any idea where Graceland
Hospital is?

HILLBILLY

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

HILARY

No, I need Graceland.

HILLBILLY

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

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

HILLBILLY

How much gas?

A beat... THEN --

HILARY

FUCK!!!!!!

She beats the steering wheel!

HILLBILLY

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

HILARY

(pleading)

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

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

HILLBILLY

(softer tone)

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

He looks at her gas needle.

HILLBILLY (CONT'D)

(creepy)

Cuz you sure as shit need it. And
to get there, you need a lot.

...MOMENTS LATER...

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

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

HILARY'S FACE

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

We can see her right shoulder moving quickly.

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

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

HILLBILLY (O.S.)

Don't stop...

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

HILLBILLY

God dammit I'm almost done.

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

HILLBILLY
(angry as shit)
Fuck!

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

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

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

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

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

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

Shane limps. Struggling to walk. Using the trees as support.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - (FLASHBACK)

Super: Years ago

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

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

HILARY
 (re: envelope)
 What do you think?

AARON
 Don't even wanna think about that.

HILARY
 I know but...

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

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

Aaron nods: *you got a point.*

CUT TO:

LIFE INSURANCE POLICY

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

Aaron checks off the box for Four-Million Dollars.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

A phone RINGS!

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

Hilary stops driving. Snatches the phone. Hits ignore.
 Searches feverishly for a GPS App... Finds one --

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

PHONE GPS

-- 20 miles away. 36 minutes --

Hilary exhales. Discouraged. Steps on it.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Hillbilly in the middle of a message! Work phone to his ear.

HILLBILLY

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

He slams the phone down!

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

A few hundred yards away is the TRAIN STATION.

Shane has it in his sights when --

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

-- This is where they had the accident! --

One flashlight quickly gleams over him.

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

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

ROOKIE (O.S.)

Something over there?

VET (O.S.)

Focus, rookie.

ROOKIE (O.S.)

I heard something, Sir.

VET(O.S.)

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

Shane's eyes widen.

ROOKIE (O.S.)

And the money.

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

PHONE GPS

-- 12 miles away. 20 minutes -- we're in

HILARY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

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

PHONE GPS (V.O.)
 Make a left turn at --

RINGGGGGGG! A call from 'WORK'. It cuts into the GPS directions.

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

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

Seconds later the ringing stops. Then she hears --

PHONE GPS (V.O.)
 REROUTING.

PHONE GPS

-- 14 miles away. 23 minutes --

PHONE GPS
 Stay on Route 501 for 3 miles.

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

HILARY
 Colt!!!

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The OFFICERS have just pulled off.

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

He takes a moment. Wrecking his brain --

QUICK FLASHES

-- *Shane falling out of the Van.*

-- *Shane getting hit by Hilary.*

RESUME SCENE

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

...A FEW YARDS DOWN...

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

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

A WALLET

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

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN - NIGHT

Hilary hotfooting it.

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

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

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

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

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

INT. TRAIN STATION - BATHROOM

Stall closed. Shane taking a leak.

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

He takes a wet paper towel to his battered face.

His BRUISED WRIST BEING PATTED DRY WITH A PAPER TOWEL.

THE WATER BEING TURNED OFF --

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

Shane -- hand on the door handle when --

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

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

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

INT. COLT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PARKING LOT

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING

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

-- SIRENS BLARING!!

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

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

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

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

OFFICER STALLEY
License and registration--

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

OFFICER STALLEY
Step out of the vehicle.

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

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(from his walkie talkie)
B-18732. Location on the stolen
phone.

Hilary perks up. On alert. Forgot all about being in possession of the Hillbilly's phone.

OFFICER STALLEY
(into walkie talkie)
Copy.

Officer Stalley listens...

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

OFFICER STALLEY
Step out of the car, Miss.

She slowly unbuckles her seat belt. Does everything slow. All while her eyes beg for mercy.

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

OFFICER STALLEY
(into walkie talkie)
Repeat that please.

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

Hilary exits.

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

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

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

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

OFFICER STALLEY
(into walkie talkie)
What?

He looks up; she's gone.

EXT. HIDEOUT IN THE ROAD - NIGHT

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

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOVING

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

INTERCUT

Aaron at the hospital. No particular room.

HILARY
Aaron.

AARON
Where the fuck are you?

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

AARON
Hilary.

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

AARON
Look. Now's not --

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

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

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

AARON (CONT'D)
He's gone, Hil.

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

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

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

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

Aaron hangs up.

HILARY
Aaron. Aaron!

GPS (V.O.)
In a half a mile, turn left onto Rt.70.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

PHONE -- Hilary disables the GPS.

A SIGN reads -- GRACELAND Hospital 3 miles.

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

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

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

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

She keeps up. Trying to remain inconspicuous.

INT. MERCER'S CAR - NIGHT

Mercer's on the phone.

MERCER

How far you want me to take this?

DONALD (V.O.)

Why are you even asking?

MERCER

Your own kid, Donald? You sure?

There's a CLICK on the other end.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - NIGHT

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

INT. MERCER'S TRUNK - NIGHT

The flash from the cell phone...

The ringing and vibrating wakes Shane up.

SHANE

AHHHH! Oh my God! Help me!

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

MERCER'S CAR

Mercer casually pulls over to the side of the road --

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

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

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

SHANE

(gasping)

Stop. Let me out!

MERCER
Shut the fuck up, kid.

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

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

Mercer, about to close the trunk --

MERCER
You wanna move your leg?

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

MERCER
No? Less pieces to throw in the
river --

HILARY (O.S.)
Let him out!

Mercer exhales. Fuck. Turns.

Hilary standing there. Taser in hand --

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

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

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

...MOMENTS LATER...

Hilary searching the trunk for her phone.

Shane grabs her arm gently. Whispers

SHANE
Please don't leave me here. I'm
sorry.

INT. HILARY'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Hilary, driving away, turns the GPS on Hillbilly's cell back on and tosses it into Mercer's trunk.

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

Shane, laid out in the back row.

HOSPITAL SIGN - 2 miles ahead

INT. COLT'S HOSPITAL ROOM

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

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

Aaron nods. A tear in his eye. She exits. He makes a call.

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

CUT TO:

A SIGN - hospital *detour* 1 MILE AHEAD... and Hilary's van
racing past it--

INT. HILARY'S VAN

Shane's screaming in the background.

SHANE
Hurry please!

Urrttttt! Hilary makes a sharp left turn --

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

Shane falls out the seat --

Something big and hairy is stuck in the windshield... A

DEER

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

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

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

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

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

INT. DONALD WINCHESTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

DONALD
 Fuck! Alright, Aaron.

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

SAMANTHA
 Sir, CNN is going live with the
 story.

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

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

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 We have an image of Shane
 Winchester, the illegitimate
 lovechild of republican nominee and
 philanthropist, Donald Winchester,
 robbing what appears to be a check
 cashing store.

Samantha turns the TV off.

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

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

SAMANTHA

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

DONALD

JUST DO IT NOW!

She runs off to do as told.

DONALD (CONT'D)

And make sure Mercer has everything
handled.

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

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

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

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

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

...with neckbreaking speed the Deer charges at them. They split. Safe. They exhale.

Bambi continues into the dark.

Hilary's heart is racing... but within seconds she takes off in the direction the hospital.

SHANE

Wait!

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A gang of PRESS wait in the rain.

Their story, Donald, arrives in jeans and a baseball cap. They swarm him as he treks into the

HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA

Samantha, just inches behind. Reporters, cameras and microphones in his face.

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

VARIOUS REPORTERS

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

The elevator doors opens. Donald steps through.

DONALD

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

SAMANTHA

Enough questions!

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ER FLOOR

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

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

CLAUDINE

Reporters are swarming the front?

A look of nervousness on McCrae's face -- scared shitless.

CLAUDINE

Think it's about the malpractice claims--

McCrae storms by Claudine and out of the ER.

INT. HOSPITAL- FOURTH FLOOR

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

SAMANTHA

Pssssttt.

Samantha waves him over and opens the janitors closet where a pressed JANITOR'S UNIFORM hangs on a hook.

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

INT. HOSPITAL - COLT'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

AARON

... I just try to look at the good in every situation... he was a great kid... yeah, baby... I just need to relax. Go somewhere nice. Just us, ya' know. Colt would of wanted that --

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

All of a sudden Aaron's "emotional".

DONALD

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

AARON

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

DONALD

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

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

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - SAME

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

SMALL CAMERA POV (MOVING):

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

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

AARON

Thank you. I understand.

DONALD

Where's Heather?

AARON

(correction)

Hilary.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - RAINING

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

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

HILARY

Asshole.

SIRI (V.O.)

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

HILARY

(between breaths)

Call... Call asshole.

SIRI (V.O.)

I found twelve Assholes in your area --

HILARY

(trying again)

Call 'THE ASSHOLE'!

SIRI (V.O.)

Calling 'THE ASSHOLE'.

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

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

HILARY

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

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

Shane is a good distance behind her.
Hilary charges on. Focused.

INT. HOSPITAL - COLT'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

COLT'S POV:

Donald's fake smile.

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

DONALD

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

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

Aaron watches. Slightly offended by the dramatics.

DONALD (CONT'D)

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

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

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

JUST THEN --

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

SHANE

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

Her eyes are closing... shivering, sweating --

!!!LIGHTNING STRIKES!!!

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

QUICK FLASHBACK

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

RESUME SCENE

SHANE

(shaking)

Your son... remember your son...
C'mon.

He starts towards the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

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

DONALD

Convincing enough?

She gives him two thumbs up.

DONALD

Get it to TMZ.

SAMANTHA

Already done, sir. Will be viral in minutes.

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

SAMANTHA

(quietly)

No official word, yet.

INT. HOSPITAL - COLT'S ROOM

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

BRAIN SURGEON
 (softly)
 I'm sorry.

Aaron nods. Gets up. Takes his final look.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE WAY

Reporters have cleared out.

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

Shane's having spasms. Doing his best to fight off his seizure.

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

DOWN THE HALL

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

CAMERA POV:

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

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

The Reporter starts recording.

REPORTER
 (giddy)
 Oh, Shit.

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

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

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

LPN
 HELP!

CUT TO:

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

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)
 ...found her on the elevator
 blacked out...

She's on a gurney, heading into the

EMERGENCY ROOM

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

Hilary musters up as much strength as she can. Makes sure it's clear -- feels her pocket for her taser (she still has on her clothes) and disconnects the IV --

SPEEDING OFF barefoot.

INT. ELEVATOR

Shane rides it up. Just him and the Reporter.

REPORTER
 Are you...? Are you okay?

Shane shakes his head no. Falling...

REPORTER
 Shit, we've gotta get you out of here.

Before he helps, he snaps another picture.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open...

Donald and Samantha standing there.
 Rage shoots through Donald's veins.
 The Reporter presses record on his camera.
 Donald shoves the Reporter off the elevator.

REPORTER
 He needs help.

DONALD
You will too!

INT. HOSPITAL - ER FLOOR

Hilary waiting at the elevator. All the buttons for the set of SIX ELEVATORS are pressed.

BEEP. One door opens...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Shane is handcuffed to a gurney. His dad stands over him.

Samantha plays lookout by the closed door.

DONALD
Got your little ass now.

Shane moves his hand, now he realizes he's cuffed. They have a stare-down.

DONALD
You're lucky you're going to jail --

SHANE
Because you'd murder me like you did my mother you piece of shit?!

Shane spits on him. Donald, wiping off his spit:

DONALD
Oh, I'm gonna make sure they tape the book to your ungrateful ass.

SHANE
I know too much about you to be worried.

DONALD
Speculation.

SHANE
That I can prove.

DONALD
Not from jail you won't.

SHANE
Try me.

While pulling his phone out his pocket --

DONALD

I will. See I don't remember much about you but I do I remember your crackwhore mother giving the pharmacy my number. And every so often when she was out on a binge, they's call me about your seizure medicine.

Goes to his STROBE LIGHT APP. Turns it on so the lights flash in Shane's face. Sending him into another Seizure. It's like a 1970's party.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Hilary -- flying. Rounds a corner, collides into Aaron --

AARON

Hil. I tried calling --
(looks at her)
What happened?

She shoves him to the side. Eyes focused on the last door down the hall -- Colt's room.

She sees the BRAIN SURGEON emerge from there.

Hilary waves her phone -- trying to speak -- but instead she gags... then vomits, yet never missing a step ---

The pain's kicking her ass but her determination is stronger.

Aaron grabs her from behind. Harsh. Sudden.

AARON

It's over. IT'S OVER. LISTEN TO ME!

BZZZ. Taser to his neck. He shakes. Drops like a fly.

From now on we hear nothing but the beeps from the life support machine. Rhythmic and slow. BeepBeep. BeepBeep...

(The rest in slow motion)

A big GUARD emerges from seemingly nowhere. The Brain Surgeon points at Hilary --

Guard walks in front of her. Taser to his gut. BZZZZ...Down.

She reaches in her pocket.

The Brain Surgeon has his hands up in surrender --
trapped at this dead end -- thinks she's got a gun.
Slightly relieved when he sees a phone.

HILARY POV:

Dr. McCrae at Colt's bedside. Hand on the breathing machine.
About to remove the tube while looking into the direction of
the noise coming from the hallway.

Hilary shoves open the door --

Colt blinks, makes eye contact with his mom, just as Dr.
McCrae pulls the tube out --

Hilary SCREAMS:

HILARY
NOOOOO!!!!

CUT TO WHITE...

BEEEEEEP -- the sound of a life support machine flat lining
plays out over the beginning of the closing credits...

*