SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address Phone Number EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The heat stifles the air as hot currents leap from the fried asphalt, Summer is in full swing and it's hot.

The school sits on a deserted street, not a soul stirs except-

DANNY CARTER (10) sitting quietly in the shaded refuge of a concrete wall, he picks at the accumulated dirt found in cracks caused by excessive foot traffic.

He wears a white T-shirt with a colorful pair of shorts. His hair is short and unkempt, his doe like eyes looking up every so often, almost in anticipation of something.

JORDAN CARTER (20) Strolls up to the school and finds his kid brother busy cleaning the cracks with a discarded twig.

He wears a grease stained shirt with jeans that match. His eyes look tired and he wears a cap close to his brow.

JORDAN

Hey, shit head!

Jordan smiles as he calls out to his brother.

Danny's head shoots up.

After noticing Jordan he grabs his bag and walks towards him.

DANNY Quiet, if someone hears, I'll be known as *shit head* for the rest of my life, than I'll never get some tail.

Danny catches up with Jordan and the start heading down the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

JORDAN Tail? What's a kid like you worried about tail for? You wouldn't know what to do even if you got it.

DANNY I had sex-ed this year, so I know all about the man in the boat, gotta flick that bean.

Danny repeatedly flicks his finger.

JORDAN Alright there Casanova, I think it's time to make new friends.

DANNY

Oh, and what the hell took so long? I'm literally the only one left, even the teachers are gone.

JORDAN Sorry Kid-B, I have a shitty boss, but it keeps us afloat. (beat) Oh that reminds me.

Jordan stops and takes his bag off, he opens the bag and pulls out a vinal.

JORDAN (CONT'D) I was gonna give you this later, but I figure I owe you one.

Danny excitedly pulls the vinal cover close to himself and instantly lights up.

2pacalypse Now is written across the top, with 2pac giving the famous west-coast hand sign.

DANNY No way, you found it, Pac's first album?

JORDAN It wasn't easy, but I eventually got a copy.

DANNY You know, I don't say this often, but I firkin love you.

Danny goes in for the big hug and wraps his hands around his older brother.

JORDAN Alright, alright, love you too Kid-B. So I'm forgiven?

DANNY Only because I've been waiting for this moment my entire life. JORDAN Alright, let's go celebrate the beginning of you summer vacay with some burgers.

DANNY Oh man, could this day get any better.

INT. BIG BUDDY BURGER - LATER - DAY

The restaurant is alive with activity, employees are busy taking orders as the line seems to extend almost out the door. People are packed into the limited amount of tables, it's perfect.

Jordan smiles as he surveys the chaos.

JORDAN Alright buddy, wait for me outside, I'll be back with the juiciest burgers ever.

DANNY K, but I want a triple B burger, fully loaded, with buddy taters and a rootbeer.

JORDAN Coming right up.

Danny leaves the restaurant and Jordan quickly looks for a proper mark.

Almost instantaneously he sees a BIG ROUND MAN (40) with a full try of waste, headed to the garbage.

Jordan b lines straight for him.

Before the big man can reach the waste receptacle, Jordan crashes into him, the tray and all the contents slam to the ground.

His balding head reddens, as the customers stop and stare at the commotion

JORDAN (CONT'D) I'm so sorry sir, I wasn't paying attention.

He quickly bends over and starts to clean up the mess.

BIG MAN That's alright.

JORDAN Are you alright?

BIG MAN Yes, yes, I'm fine.

Jordan collects the spilled contents and places them into the trash.

JORDAN Please sir, let me buy you a burger, it's the least I can do.

The big man looks at the line.

BIG MAN No need, I was just heading out.

JORDAN Again, I'm so sorry.

The big man feeling flustered and a little embarrassed, nods his head politely and exits the restaurant.

Jordan heads into the bathroom.

INT. BIG BUDDY BURGER - BATHROOM - DAY

Jordan pulls a thick brown wallet out of his pocket and flips it open, staring back from the wallet is a picture of the big man, printed on a provincial drivers licence.

Jordan rifles through the wallet and retrieves sixty dollars.

JORDAN Thank you Mr... (beat) Dickey Dickerson? No wonder he has an eating disorder.

Taking the wallet he tosses it on top of the paper towel dispenser and exits the bathroom.

EXT. BIG BUDDY BURGER - LATER - DAY

Jordan exits the burger joint with two big bags of food and a tray of two very large drinks.

He looks around for his kid brother but he is nowhere to be found.

JORDAN

Danny?

Still nothing, he looks around...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

DANNY!

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees his kid brother sitting in the passenger seat of a truck heading towards an exit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Dropping the food, Jordan, like a runner out of the starting gates sprints full tilt towards the truck.

As the truck exits the parking lot, the kidnapper gets stuck at a red light.

Closing the gap, Jordan almost reaches the vehicle, but the light turns green and the truck speeds off.

RAPTOR1, the licence plate reads as plain as day.

Jordan gets on his phone and dials 911, but before pressing CALL, he hesitates.

A brooding sense of familiarity grips him, his face says it all.

He erases the numbers and starts to scroll through his contacts, he stops on, "Ex Bitch". He punches the CALL button and waits.

INT. DMV - DAY

A pretty, young girl sits at a desk of a DMV, SARAH GREY (20) wears a nice pink blouse with a black skirt, her eyes are bright and radiant as the light from a computer monitor absorb into her retinas.

She flinches as her phone, held in her hand starts to vibrate, she looks down and the screen reads. "Heart Breaking Douche".

She sighs and ends the call.

SARAH (to herself) Fucking douche.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

JORDAN Stupid bitch.

He quickly dials again.

INT. DMV - DAY

Her phone vibrates again, with a deep eye roll she places the phone up to her head and answers the call.

SARAH

What?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

JORDAN Listen, please don't hang up

Sarah notices the distress in his voice

SARAH What happened? Is everything OK?

JORDAN No, nothing is OK, please tell me you still work at the DMV.

SARAH What's going on?

JORDAN Just answer the damn question.

SARAH

Look, I don't owe you a fucking thing, now unless you're willing to tell me what the fuck is going on, I'm hanging up.

JORDAN Alright, alright (beat) Danny's just been kidnapped.

SARAH

Oh my god, are you serious?

JORDAN Yes I'm serious, do you think I would call if it wasn't serious?

SARAH

Well incase you haven't noticed, I'm not the police, and that's who you should be talking to.

JORDAN Look, if you'd just confirm one thing for me, I'll call the cops, but before I do, I need to make

absolute certain. SARAH

Alright, what is it?

JORDAN

Raptor one.

SARAH And that is?

JORDAN The plate number.

SARAH

At this stage I could only look at the registered owners name.

JORDAN That's all I need.

SARAH Fine, give me a sec.

Sarah punches a few keys into her terminal and a few beeps and enters later, a name pops onto the screen.

SARAH (CONT'D) Looks like a Mr. Bonner, James Bonner.

JORDAN I fucking knew it, can you get me the address?

SARAH Look you said one thing and than the cops, not two things.

JORDAN

Look, Sarah, if the cops get involved, I'll lose custody of Danny, he'll be placed into some shit foster program and who the hell is going to adopt a 10 yr old, he's all I have left, please, please, I'm begging you, this has nothing to do with us, I just want my baby brother back.

Sarah is visibly moved by his heartfelt plead.

SARAH

Alright, I'll do it, but it's going to take some time, a lot of red tape and bullshit. I'll phone you when I get it, I should be off in an hour.

JORDAN

Just come over, it's the same place.

END -- INTERCUT

INT. JORDAN'S - HOUSE - EVENING

Jordan quietly sits in an old chair, patiently counting the seconds, a picture of a happy couple with two kids are held firmly in his hands.

His house is small and cramped, not very tidy and a little gloomy, like something is missing...

A knock is heard at the front door.

JORDAN

Come in.

Opening the door is Sarah, she holds a file and is instantly looking around at the clutter as she enters the house.

SARAH

Jesus Jordan, this place has gone to shit since last time.

Sarah enters the living room and stops in front of Jordan who seems to be caught in a day dream, lost in the past.

JORDAN

It's funny, the last thing my mom said to me was, clean your room, she'd been telling me for days. I wonder, if I'd have cleaned my room earlier, what her last words to me would have been?

SARAH

I know it's been hard, I doubt I would have had the strength to carry on as you have.

JORDAN

If it wasn't for Danny, I doubt I would have. After the accident when I stood over the graves of mom and dad, I swore to them, to keep Danny safe, no matter what, and I intend to keep my word.

Jordan's resolute eyes lock with Sarah's.

JORDAN (CONT'D) Did you get the address?

Sarah retrieves a paper from inside her file.

SARAH Make sure you bring him back.

She places the page into his hands.

Jordan gets up and heads to the door, he grabs a baseball bat and pulls the door open.

He looks back to Sarah.

JORDAN I would like you to stay here, incase he comes back.

She nods at him, but before he can leave the door, she stops him--

SARAH Who is this guy?

JORDAN

His dad.

Jordan exits the house.

EXT. JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jordan quietly creeps to a large bay window, peering inside he sees his brother sitting at a table talking to someone who is not in clear view.

Quietly he approches the front door, he lightly turns the handle, it's unlocked.

Taking a deep breath he swings the door open and charges inside.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Catching them by complete surprise he bounds for the man sitting at the table, rasing his bat he swings, but stopping him is Danny as he stands between them.

JORDAN

Move Danny!

Danny stands stunned.

James (30's) a lump of a man, not big in stature with a receding hairline and a pot belly sits in a wooden chair.

He lives in a nice middle class home, clean and orderly.

JAMES It's alright Danny.

He stands from his chair and moves Danny to one side.

JAMES (CONT'D) Hello Jordan, long time no see.

Disarmed, Jordan sets the baseball bat down and stares at James, his seething hatred barly contained.

JORDAN

You had better start explaining yourself real quick, or this bats going to find the soft spot on the back of your head.

JAMES

I know, what I did wasn't the best way to go about it, but when I first approached you about my son, you lied to me, you said you never heard of him, I knew you were lying then but I didn't want to complicate things.

JORDAN

You gave him up for adoption, you made your choice, you should have made peace with it.

JAMES

I know, and not a day goes by without regretting the choice, I was young, I had no choice, I had to give him up. But look around, things are different, things are good. I have money now, I can provide Danny with a life he deserves, and I can take the burden off of you.

JORDAN

That's where you're wrong, Danny's the reason I wake up in the morning.

JAMES Jordan, I'm his father...

JORDAN

No, his father, our father, is in the ground, you're just the fool who couldn't keep it in his pants.

James stands up, obviously offended by the caustic advance.

JAMES

I know your financial situation, I know you have child custody breathing down your neck, they're just looking for a reason to take him away. Let's not make this about me or you, I can give Danny the life he deserves.

Jordan thinks hard, he looks at Danny.

DANNY Is he really my dad?

JORDAN Only by blood, but family is more than just about blood, you understand?

DANNY Ya, I think so. JORDAN You're right James, this shouldn't be about me or the piece of shit standing in front of me, it should be about Danny. (beat) I'll bring the papers tomorrow. (to Danny) Enjoy your night, I'll be back in the morning.

Before changing his mind Jordan hurriedly makes for the door.

JAMES You're making the right choice Jordan, thank you.

Jordan exits the house.

JAMES (CONT'D) (to himself) Thank you.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Jordan weakly walks through the neighbourhood, slowly meandering through the empty streets. Lost in his sorrow, contemplating his decision.

INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Jordan quietly enters his house, he hears laughter off screen, he only remembers leaving Sarah at home. He quickly goes into the living room.

Sarah and Danny sit a table as Danny excitedly shows her the album Jordan got her.

The house looks a lot tidier, a lot more like a home should look like.

Jordan is perplexed at the sight. He can't seem to muster a word.

Noticing Jordan, Danny springs up and jumps into his big brothers arms.

DANNY Took you long enough.

JORDAN I don't understand. DANNY Like you said, family is more than just about blood. And the only family I need is right here.

FADE OUT: