run for your life

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OVER BLACK:

REMY (V.O.) Life is like an adventure. A really BIG adventure. I know this from personal experience.

FADE IN:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - EVENING

A GIRL and a BOY sit on a swing. The sky is a glorious deep shade of red. Night is closing in. The girl we see is --

REMY ADAMS (20) -- Bubbly, beautiful and sweet. An American small-town girl to the bone. Earnest to a fault at times.

She's smiling at the boy across in the opposite swing. His hands are holding onto the orange, rusty chains. This is --

DYLAN REBER (21) -- A short-haired, handsome bloke. Not quite jock, but not a nerd either. Consider him a sexy-somewhere-in-between mix. Just right.

It's only now though, that we realize, this scene is moving at a less fast pace than usual... <u>SLOW MOTION.</u>

REMY (V.O.) But adventures are strange things. You don't know what to expect. You don't know where you'll be at the end of it. And... you 'dunno how you'll... cope.

Dylan moves his hand across, gestures for Remy to take it. She smiles, and as she does, a TEAR runs down her face.

Remy moves her hand forward. Wraps it around Dylan's.

REMY (V.O.) But my adventure is a shared journey, one I shared with Dylan. (BEAT) You probably want to know how it ends. But I think it's best to do the opposite. The start, the beginning. Chapter One...

FOCUS ON -- the two intertwined hands.

THE SCREEN is engulfed in pure WHITE.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A modern-looking high school. Fresh-looking. MUSIC blares from the GYM building.

INT. GYM - SAME TIME

FOCUS ON -- a floral banner. It hangs above the entrance.

"LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - TONIGHT SENIOR PROM WILL BE THE BOMB!"

The gym is packed with teenage school pupils.

Girls wear gowns, some frame cleavage better than the less fortunate. Boys are in tacky suits for what is blatantly a "007-been-there, done-that" type of prom.

Current main-stream POP music annoyingly blares all over the place.

A TEEN GIRL dances through the crowd. Her look can only be described as "alternative rock meets 1950's pin-up girl."

TEEN GIRL then arrives at a HORNY BOY in a bad vomit-green tux, it's then that we leave her and...

FOCUS ON -- a table at the back of the gym away from the dance floor. It's filled with punch. Strictly non-alcoholic stuff. Or so the teachers think.

A GIRL stands in a dress by the table. IT'S REMY. Looks a little younger.

She watches from the sidelines as her peers grind and dance "cool-y" as she sips from a red-cup. She appears bored.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey.

Remy turns her head to see a BOY approaching the drinks table.

It's DYLAN.

REMY You talking to me?

Dylan fills a red-cup with punch.

DYLAN

Yes. I am talking you you. It's Remy, right? Ah, I think we used to be in Biology last year.

REMY

Ah, biology. Long live Mr. Price. He rocked before he bit the dust. But yup, that's my name.

Remy looks Dylan up and down. Trying to remember him.

REMY (CONT'D) You're... Dylan, right? I think... Dylan smiles. It could melt butter.

DYLAN Close. The names Bond, actually. First names James. My friend's call me Jay. I have a gun in my jacket but don't tell anyone.

Remy tries not to laugh.

REMY Hey, you really should go easy on the punch. Heard some guy emptied a shit-ton of vodka in there

A smirk forms on Dylan's lips. He sets his cup on the table, reaches into his suit-jacket pockets, pulling out TWO medium sized bottles of EMPTY vodka.

Remy's eyes go wide.

Dylan bends down and chucks the bottles under the table. Ridding himself of evidence. He looks smug, but not the type of "smug" a douche-bag would ooze. Just normal smug.

> DYLAN It's pretty fun, really. Principal Kennedy is on her sixth cup and, to quote her exact words... (Mimicking drunk old lady) ..."does <u>not</u> give a damn students make fun of 'er mustache!"

The two teens burst into laughter, as it calms, Dylan eyes the dance floor.

DYLAN (CONT'D) Where's your date? Your friends? You look like an awful perv standing there alone watching people get freaky-deeky on the dance-floor. Old guys could get cautioned for that.

Remy crosses her arms.

REMY Oh, me and my friend's didn't come with dates. And currently...

Remy gestures at the crowd of her dancing peers.

REMY (CONT'D) They're out there. Somewhere. Lost. Or drunk...

DYLAN

(Thoughtful) Oh, you came without dates. Hmm. Cool. Girl power and all that.

Dylan watches his peers continue to dance.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Well then why aren't you out there somewhere getting lost or drunk? I hear alcohol is good for the soul.

REMY

The hatred I have for dancing would be the reason. If I was a sheep, then a, um, a hungry... bloodthirsty wolf would be... like dancing to me. Not good. Very bad.

(Looking thoughtful) And now I realize I just compared myself to a farm-animal. And that was a very bad analogy.

DYLAN

Yes, a very BAAAAAAAAAA analogy. (following the joke) And come on, it's your senior prom! Be fun, be wild, be a little crazy. Isn't that what life is about? Doing something that makes you step out of your circular sphere of comfort?

REMY

I hate to interrupt the lifelecture, but this is hardly a life or death situation. I'm happy standing here.

Dylan doesn't buy it. He makes his move. Steps forward, and drags Remy out onto the dance-floor.

She tries to protest.

REMY (CONT'D) No! What the hell? What are you doing?

DYLAN You'll see. Just go with it! Feel the groove... or the beat... or something!

Finally, Remy gives up and allows herself to be pulled into the crowd.

REMY

This is claustrophobic!

SUDDENLY -- the SONG being played in the gym changes to something by "THE SMITHS."

DYLAN (Struggling to be heard) No, it isn't, it's <u>fun</u> actually. Don't be a turd and just dance!

Remy smiles.

And so, she dances. It's bad dancing. Dylan looks hilarious as he jams out a sprinkler-move.

SUDDENLY, the "alternative rock meets 1950's pin up" chick from before attacks Remy in a hug from behind.

REMY (Smiling) Jesus, Tori. Did you BATHE yourself in alcohol?!

The girl -- TORI (18) -- laughs. She's Remy's friend. And intoxicated up till her eyeballs.

TORI No! But whoever spiked the punchbowl is a frickin' legend!!!

TORI stumbles off in glee, leaving her friend behind. Remy smiles as she looks to Dylan. He grins back at her.

REMY (V.O.) (Pre-lap) Everything else was history. After the prom, things got good. And eventually me and Dylan graduated as boyfriend and girlfriend. (BEAT) So yea... this is pretty much the beginning now.

BEAT --

EXT. REMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FOCUS ON the icy night sky. Stars twinkle. Snowflakes dance in the glacial wind. It's OVER this shot we <u>CUE</u> --

TITLE CARD: run for your life

PAN DOWN to a HOUSE. Decked out in colorful lights and inflatable snowmen and Santa's.

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - REMY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

REMY and DYLAN lie on her bed. She's slanted against the headboard and Dylan's arm is around her. Dylan is wearing a festive Reindeer sweater; so bad that it's almost cute.

You can hardly make out the purple-colored walls in Remy's room due to the BAND images everywhere. Posters for "ACDC", "THE SMITHS", "30 SECONDS TO MARS"...

ON a SMALL TV at the back of the room, the couple watch Jim Carey's version of "THE GRINCH." A KNOCK comes at the door.

REMY God, act normal! It's my mom!

DYLAN (Sarcastic) Yes, quick. Hide the kinky whips and gimp-masks why don't 'ya!

Remy slugs Dylan in the arm, he winces with a smile.

REMY Yea, come in!

Remy moves out of Dylan's arms as her door opens.

KATE ADAMS (44) -- peeks her head in. An aura of half Stepford Wives, half Wal-Mart mom going for her.

KATE I hope no funny business is going on in here. My daughter is a good Christian girl, or that's the impression I hope she gives off, especially at this time of year.

Kate smiles. Remy shakes her head in mortification.

DYLAN

(re: TV) We left the funny business to a very green and hairy Jim Carey. So far he's doing an excellent job.

REMY That's 'cause this is a timeless festive classic.

Kate looks at the TV.

KATE Wow, even looking like that, he oozes sexy! Dylan laughs! Remy's jaw drops.

REMY Mom! That is so inappropriate! You're like eight-four!

Kate scoffs at her daughter.

KATE

I'll have 'ya know that since your father and I divorced my friends tell me I look twenty years younger!

Kate looks back at Dylan and Remy.

KATE (CONT'D) Time to wash up. I want both you down at the dinner table in five minutes.

Kate walks off with a smile, just as --

CHARLOTTE (6) -- Remy's little sister runs into the room like a hurricane. She's dressed in fairy outfit. A wand in her right hand. She waves it about the room.

> CHARLOTTE Santa is coming tonight! Santa is coming tonight!

Charlotte is clearly excited. She runs and hops onto her sister's bed and starts bouncing up and down.

On her fifth bounce, she looses her footing, and is about to go HURTLING off the bed to the shiny wood floor below!

But Dylan is fast, he leaps forward and CATCHES Charlotte in his arms. Dylan smiles as Charlotte giggles. Close call.

DYLAN What do you think he'll bring you Char?

Charlotte gets back onto the bed and continues to bounce...

CHARLOTTE I asked Santa to get me a trip to see the monkeys in Africa, but how is he going to fit Africa down the chimney?!

Dylan and Remy look between each other and laugh. It's shortlived when --

> KATE (0.S) Three minutes, 45 seconds. This Turkey 'aint going to eat itself!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

LATER -- Dylan and Remy walk through the snowy streets. Every house is lit up by Christmas decorations.

DYLAN

No offense, but your mom's all jazz but <u>no</u> hands. That Turkey... <u>wow.</u>

He says the "wow" in a way that could only mean "Jesus that Turkey was disgusting."

Remy giggles.

REMY You can't blame a trier.

DYLAN

She seems to have gotten over your dad really fast.

REMY

It's been a year. As much as it bothers me that they're not together anymore, if she wasn't moving on giant lights that spelled out "LESBIAN MOTHER" would be shinning above her head. (More melancholy) Speaking of parents. We only have to spend an hour or two with my dad and evil soon-to-be-step-mom.

DYLAN

She doesn't seem that bad, Remy.

REMY

The world's most evil, cruel, boring, <u>abominable</u> woman is already engaged to my dad after just <u>SEVEN</u> months. She's BAD. Oh, and she thinks the final episode of "LOST" was "genius." That's worse than bad, that's ATROCIOUS. It's... --

DYLAN

Yeah, yeah...

DYLAN leans in to silence his girlfriend with a kiss. Remy melts into his arms. But then suddenly, he has a fit of <u>COUGHING</u> and pulls away.

REMY

Are you okay?

Dylan stops and smiles. He clears his throat.

He leans in again, pulls Remy closer. This kiss is much more passionate.

INT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

REMY and DYLAN are sitting in a living room. It's Ikea overboard. One of those expensive furniture catalogue-pages brought to life in a half-tacky, half-trying-too-hard way.

In walks...

DAVE ADAMS (46) -- Kind, has a good heart. But sometimes makes dumb choices.

DAVE Here you kids go.

DAVE, Remy's handsome father, sits down two mugs of COCOA beside them.

FEMALE VOICE (0.S.) (Scolding tone) Dave!

Then in rushes VICKIE MEXTON (mid 30's) -- a control freak who only likes things done her way. She knows she's hated by Remy, but she doesn't care.

In Vickie's hands are TWO COASTERS. She slips them under the mugs before Dave sets them down.

She's one of those woman who wears A-cup bras, when clearly she's packing C-cup material beneath.

VICKIE Hope you kids like it. It's my mom's old recipe.

Dylan tastes it. Doesn't look impressed.

As Dave and Vickie converse, Dylan leans into Remy --

DYLAN (Under his breath) Was her mom married to <u>Jesus?</u>

He makes a disgusted face. Remy almost coughs on her drink.

VICKIE (Fake-nice) Oh, Remy. Are you alright?! Too hot to handle? I could cool it for you? Vickie drapes her arms over Dave, gives Remy a "kind" stare. It's faker than a Pam Anderson boob-job. Remy seethes.

> REMY Oh, it's fine Vickie. Wouldn't want you to break a nail.

Dave is none the wiser to the hatred between these two woman.

REMY (V.O.) (Pre-lap) I thought trying to get through the remaining time at my dad's house without choke-slamming Vickie through her tacky glass coffeetable would be my biggest problem.

BEAT.

REMY (V.O.) I was wrong.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - REMY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT
Remy lies on her bed, her CELL rings.
"TORI :)" -- is displayed on the screen. She answers.

REMY Merry Christmas hag!

TORI (V.O.) (Sobbing through phone) Oh Gosh, Rem! This has been the worst Christmas I have ever experienced!

Remy sits to attention.

REMY What did he do?

INT. SUSHI BAR - EARLIER THAT DAY

EARLIER THAT DAY -- TORI, clad in an punk-sexy, cleavage maximizing get-up sits at a TABLE in a classy SUSHI BAR.

A GUY approaches -- RUSSELL "RUSS" MCALLISTER (20) is the guy. Sweet-faced. Timid but likeable. Sort of a wallflower with an outgoing side at times.

RUSS Tori, I'm your friend and everything. But we have other parties waiting and --

TORT (Interrupting) Russ! My date is just ... running late! He had to hurry home 'cause he forgot... ah, forgot his hat. RUSS (Totally not buying it) Hmm. His hat. TORI Ah, yea! His hat. It's cold. He could get frost-bite! RUSS Let your dumb-ass get stood Fine. up. Russ walks off. It's then that Tori's PHONE rings! She digs it out of her purse and looks at the screen. Answers. TORI (Answering phone) Where the heck are you?! By the looks of it -- it's girl-world earth-shattering news. TORI (CONT'D) (Furious, loud) God, you jerk! I HATE you! PEOPLE around the sushi-bar are all staring at her as she has a break-down. Tori is hysteric. TORI (CONT'D) (Noticing the staring) And now look what you've made me do, you jackass! I'm shouting and people are staring at me like I'm some crazy person! (Screaming to everyone) I am not a crazy person!!! (Back into phone) How could you do this to me?! Why would you break-up with me on my birthday?! SUDDENLY, everyone in the bar all let out a symphony of "aww" and empathetic noises. TORI (CONT'D) No! Don't you even DARE. I don't need your sympathy! This isn't a pity-party! Okay! (Very unconvincing) I'm FINE. Totally, way fine!

11.

Tori hangs up, grabs her bag and storms off, making a dramatic scene in the process.

TORI (CONT'D) Why am I even here?! I have a gold fish! This is murder! You're all murderers! Eughhh!

Tori rushes out of the bar... like a crazy person.

REMY (V.O.) It was midnight when I left Tori's house. We watched Bring It On, her favorite movie, and off-course it made her much happier. It'd probably be weeks though before she ever fully recovered from such a travesty.

EXT. TORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Remy lets herself out of Tori's house and walks down the street towards where a CAR is parked.

Her phone begins to ring again. With a groan she pulls it out.

Remy answers the phone.

REMY Hey Bree, is everything okay?

BEAT.

Remy's face DROPS. She looks panicked.

REMY (CONT'D) Oh my God, no. I'm coming over right now!

Remy races as fast as she can to her car.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - EARLY NEXT MORNING

FOCUS ON -- a ticking clock.

It's just past 1:30am.

PULL BACK -- the hospital is dull. TINSEL hangs on the walls. A tacky and feeble effort to brighten the place up for the season. It actually makes the place look worse.

BREE REBER (40's) -- Dylan's mother, a worresome woman, stands talking to Remy in the hallway. Bree can't stop crying as she explains. Something terrible has happened. We can't really hear anything. But it must be bad news, because Remy shakes her head. Tears stream her face. She falls down a wall and sits on the ground.

> REMY (Heart-broken) No... No. Why?! Why!

She has a full-scale break-down in the hallway. Bree can't do anything to console her. They're both in non-stop tears.

Both their worlds have been torn apart.

REMY (V.O.) Dylan... he has cancer.

FADE TO BLACK.

FOR A MOMENT --

EXT. REMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Birds chirp. The sun shines. A nice morning.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

REMY is sitting in her living room. The TV is off. She has her legs curled up around her on the sofa.

TORI and RUSS are also in the living room with her.

Remy doesn't look the best. Restless. Probably hasn't slept a wink since the news shattered her life.

TORI I feel so bad...

Remy nods. Silent. She stares out her window. It's a glorious day outside. Tori, awkwardly, looks to Russ and shrugs. They both feel their friend's pain.

RUSS Did they say what type of cancer it was?

TORI gives Russ a look -- "would you SHUT UP! Not helping!" Remy see's this, and shakes her head.

> REMY No... it's fine. I don't mind talking about it.

Tori nods, still gives Russ the "stare of death" anyway.

REMY (CONT'D) The doctor says it's something called ALL. (BEAT) He has <u>A</u>cute <u>Lymphoblastic</u> <u>L</u>eukaemia. Basically, what I remember the doctor saying was ---

-- <u>CUE SERIES OF SHOTS</u>:

INT. HOSPITAL - DYLAN'S ROOM - A FEW NIGHTS AGO

Dylan who is lying in bed hooked up to a machine, Remy (holding his hand) and BREE all sit to attention in Dylan's hospital room. They all also look worse-for-wear.

DR. CHARLIE BENSON (49) -- holds a clip-board. He's a chubby man. With a friendly face. A very fun guy.

CHARLIE Basically, ALL is a cancer of the white blood cells. Normally, the cells grow and divide in an orderly and controlled way. However, in leukaemia this process gets out of control as the normal signals that stop the body making too many cells are ignored. So the cells go on dividing and do not mature.

Remy looks to Dylan. She gulps. They're hands squeeze tighter.

BREE, however, well... her world pretty much looks ruined.

CHARLIE (CONT'D) In ALL there's an overproduction of immature lymphocytes, called lymphoblasts. But since I'm not all flashy-dashy I like to give them their simpler name of blast cells. (BEAT) These cells fill up the bone marrow and stop it from making new blood cells properly. As the lymphoblasts do not mature, they can't do the work of normal white blood cells, so they can't battle infection... and because the bone marrow is overcrowded with immature white cells, it can't make enough healthy red cells and platelets.

The explanation is like a foreign language to everyone, they all seem confused.

RUSS (V.O.) And so, what happens now? How do you treat it?

-- DYLAN lying in a different room as a female nurse draws blood samples from his arms.

REMY (V.O.) They did blood-tests. They also took a sample of Dylan's bone marrow. It'll find out the information that the doctors need to plan the best treatment for him. (BEAT) I was there when they took the marrow sample. It was horrific. I hate needles. Needles freak me out.

-- DYLAN is in a huge room. He's on his side, and a portion of his back is exposed. A NEEDLE protrudes inside his back, but due to the numbing medication he feels nothing.

-- REMY watches from behind a glass window as this happens to her boyfriend. Bree stands beside her, equally as worried, her hand on Remy's shoulder.

> TORI (V.O.) (Reluctant) Will he be... okay?

REMY (V.O.) They need to do more tests to make sure the caner isn't spreading, but it's treatable. Chemo, steroids, radiotherapy. The entire sha-bang. That sort of thing.

-- DYLAN is in bed, DR. CHARLIE is addressing him. Dylan nods and nods. But doesn't seem to be listening...

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Remy stands up.

REMY I'm 'gonna go shower guys and then head back to the hospital. Tori, would you give me a ride?

TORI

Not a problem.

Remy "smiles", and walks out into --

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- the hallway. She goes for the stairs. KATE approaches from the other end of the hallway.

KATE How you doing, honey?

REMY (Attempting enthusiasm) Coping.

She smiles.

KATE What are you doing?

REMY (Failing enthusiasm) Shower.

She climbs the rest of the stares. Kate watches with worried eyes. That look of concern that all mother's world-wide are experts in.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

The hospital is busy. Cars driving in and out. No rest for anybody.

INT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - SAME TIME

REMY walks past a nurse in blue overalls. She has a backpack on. It's *Hello Kitty*. All scruffy and worn out. A billion years old.

With a somber stride, she arrives at a door, she's about to enter when --

THE DOOR is pulled open and BREE exits.

BREE (Surprised) Oh, hey. You're back.

Bree tries to smile. But it's obvious she doesn't have a reason to.

REMY Yep, you could have cooked fries with the grease in my hair. *Head and Shoulders* did the job.

Remy half-giggles.

REMY (CONT'D) Is he sleeping?

BREE He's awake. In there. Waiting for you to return... like always. I'm going to get some coffee, you want some?

Remy shakes her head -- "I'm fine."

And so, Bree walks off down the hallway. Remy enters.

INT. HOSPITAL - DYLAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DYLAN sits awake in his bed. He's in hideous hospital overalls.

DYLAN I thought you ran off on me.

Remy smirks.

REMY

Never in my wildest dreams.

Remy takes her back-pack off, unzips it, and pulls out a --

WENDY'S FAST-FOOD BAG. She throws it at Dylan. He smoothly catches it.

DYLAN Cheeseburger <u>without</u> the cheese?

REMY I told the guy at the drive-thru that if I found any sign of mozzarella I'd hunt him down and strangle him.

Dylan unwraps his burger, crunches up the trash, and TOSSES the evidence to the other side of the room. It lands in the small trash-can. He digs into his burger.

DYLAN Jesus, this is SO good. So, so, so, <u>so</u> good. (After another bite) The food here makes the Chicken Strip Basket at Dairy Queen look like a five-star Plaza Hotel birdfeast.

Remy giggles to herself as Dylan chomps away at his burger.

REMY Has Dr. Benson seen you today?

DYLAN

Yes. You know what he said to me today? That Chemotherapy wont be so bad because I got hardly any hair to fall out.

REMY

That is <u>SO</u> not funny.

DYLAN

At least he has a sense of humour. I see some doctors that walk around like they're a richer version of that "McDreamy" *Grey's Anatomy* guy. Only a lot more ugly and pudgy. (BEAT) Because let's face it, nobody is more beautiful than the one and only Pat Dempsey.

Remy smirks at her boyfriend, who has just finished off his cheese-free burger like a pro. He exhales, one of joy.

REMY It's nice to see you in such a good mood.

Dylan nods. He looks thoughtful.

REMY (CONT'D) What're you thinking about?

DYLAN (after an exhale) Just... *life*.

Remy moves closer to her boyfriend.

REMY Are you okay?

DYLAN Off-course I'm not, I have cancer. But I did some thinking.

REMY

Oh yea?

Dylan smirks, grabs Remy's hand, and pulls her down into the vile-looking chair beside his bed.

DYLAN So, it hit me this morning over a bowl of stale, sterile hospital porridge -- I can either wallow away in self-pity and depression and angrily curse the Gods above for forsaking me -- besides, my mom's probably going to do enough of that -- <u>or</u>... (BEAT) I can embrace it. Sometimes life is a douche, and that's on a Mitt Romney level. You get dealt a crappy deck of cards and you just have to play the game of Life with what you've been given. Sometimes, that's just how things work. (BEAT) Am I scared? Sure. Am I freaking out? Sure. But you're here. That's what matters. Me and you. That's it. Remy blushes. REMY Thank God I didn't get the mozzarella, you've clearly supplied enough cheese to last us a week. They both laugh, just as --THE DOOR opens, DR. CHARLIE enters. Soon followed by --DAVE, Remy's dad. CHARLIE Someone wanted to say hello. Dave enters with a smile on his face. DAVE (re: Remy) Hey kiddo. (then, to Dylan) How you 'keeping bud? DYLAN I got air in my lungs, that's always a plus.

> REMY Hey dad. No Vickie?

DAVE No, she had to work over lunch. Something about a meeting with a client. Dave shrugs, and Remy nods. Not buying it.

DR. CHARLIE moves back to the door.

CHARLIE Dylan, I'll be back later for prep on the Chemo.

DYLAN Sure, Charlie.

ANGLE ON REMY.

DAVE (O.S.) You're on first name basis?

DYLAN (O.S.) Yea, he's cool like that.

Then, Dr. Charlie leaves and REMY'S eyes watch him go...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

REMY walks down a street lined with affluent houses. It's Autumn now. As she passes by the CAMERA, in a swooshing motion --

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

REMY (V.O.) Six months went by. It was Autumn. The leaves all changed, and thankfully, so did things with Dylan.

-- A SHOT of DYLAN and CHARLOTTE in his hospital room. They play SNAP with some cards. They both laugh. Dylan looks much healthier.

REMY (V.O.) But three months later he relapsed, and was back under, as he liked to call it, "house-arrest."

-- DYLAN vomits right into a paper hospital bowl, Remy rubs his back with a concerned look.

-- DYLAN goes to stand up to get some water, BREE intervenes, eases him back into bed. Dylan doesn't look happy.

BACK ON THE STREET

Remy continues walking, when her phone BUZZES -- BZZT!

She pulls out her phone. A text-message from TORI:

"Hey, do u still need me to pick u up? :)"

REMY punches in her answer on her Blackberry:

"Yea I'm approaching the beast's layer now. My dad is away on work, so I have 2 face her alone. Leave now and come get me I won't take long."

Remy puts her phone back into her pocket as she arrives at --

EXT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Remy looks at the house. Sighs. Doesn't want to do this, but has to.

REMY

(Dead-pan) Great.

She walks up the path towards her worst enemy.

INT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

It's quiet. The front door opens gently and Remy walks in, closing it behind her without making an effort to avoid the SLAM it makes upon closing.

REMY

Vickie?

No answer. Remy's voice echoes.

REMY (CONT'D) Vickie, my dad told me to drop by and get a gift or something for Dylan? (then, under her breath) And to let you know your relationship is a huge-ass fraud.

Remy inches closer down the foyer towards an ARCH-WAY which leads to another room.

CLOSE ON Remy's face. Bored.

CLOSE ON the ARCH-WAY...

BACK ON REMY...

ON THE ARCH-WAY AGAIN -- something becomes visible ...

WITH REMY, her face contorts. Her eyes strain. A hand covers her mouth and she gasps.

BACK ON THE ARCH-WAY -- and now we can clearly see...

BLOOD.

As Remy moves closer, shocked to a silence, something else starts to appear...

A BODY!

She gasps! Before gingerly moving into the --

INT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-- kitchen. Where she finds a suit-clad man lying face-down on the floor. His identity hidden.

VICKIE is standing a few feet away. Visibly shaking. In her hands she grasps a vase; the heavy side is dripping blood.

Vickie's jaw hangs open and her pale face is one of shock and horror. Remy is staring at the body. She then looks back to Vickie, then back to the body. Is this really happening?

> REMY What the hell happened here?!

VICKIE I... I... well, he was going to tell your dad...

Vickie can hardly pull a sentence from her trembling lips.

REMY (Piecing it together) Oh my God... what did you do?!

Vickie snaps out of her trance.

VICKIE I mean, no one was meant to ever find out! He was going to tell your father about us!

REMY Tell him what?! Were you cheating on him?

Remy looks back down at the body for a split-second. A hand clasps her mouth in an instant, as if she's about to puke her guts up all over the floor.

VICKIE stuffs her hand in her pocket and pulls out her cell phone with her weapon-free hand. Quickly, she attempts to punch in a few digits.

> REMY (CONT'D) What're you doing?!

VICKIE Reporting a murder. Here. Catch! Vickie throws the bloody vase and on pure instinct (like anyone would do) Remy catches it. There's blood on her hands. Freaking out, she drops the vase to the floor.

> VICKIE (CONT'D) (Into phone) Yes, police please. (Acting, after a second) Oh God! I need police please to 252 Miller's Road. My fiance's daughter... shes's murdered a guy! Please hurry! Please!

Vickie hangs up. Not looking proud of herself, but still no sign at all of remorse behind those eyes.

REMY What the fuck are you doing?! You liar!

VICKIE No! Remy, you murdered him! You walked on in here and in a fit of rage you hit him with the vase.

Vickie canters to the sink. Lets water run from the faucet and begins to scrub her hands clean.

> VICKIE (CONT'D) I mean, you have motive! You've always hated me. And when you assumed I'd been cheating on your dad you got mad! Look what you did Remy! There's blood all over you!

Remy peers down. Rubs her bloody hands on her shirt, smearing incriminating crimson stains all over her.

VICKIE (CONT'D) The police will believe me. I went to law school. I know how these things work. I'll trick the system and you'll pay for what you did...

ANGLE ON Remy's frightened and confused face --

EXT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - MOMENT'S LATER

TORI can be seen approaching in her car.

REMY comes bolting out of the house as Tori pulls up beside her. She runs around the car and hops straight through the passenger-side door. Frenzy-mode.

INSIDE THE CAR --

TORI

What's going on ?!

REMY

Drive!

TORI

But --

REMY

<u>DRIVE!</u>

Tori shuts it. Hits the gas. The car takes off away from the house.

INT. TORI'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

TORI

Care to enlighten me oh Crazy One as to why you came running into my car covered in blood?! (BEAT, realization) Oh no! Holy no, no, no! I know you detested her Remy... but I didn't peg you as the female Bundy type!

REMY No! I didn't kill her. She was cheating on my dad, and the dude was going to tell him so she must have murdered him to keep him silent.

TORI No frickin' way!

REMY And she called the fucking police and said I did it! That I killed him!

TORI She's FRAMING you?! We gotta go to the police!

REMY

No. No police. A 20 year old jealous daughter who hates her evil almost-step-mom to the bone has no chance! She went to Harvard Law. She has degrees and stuff!

Tori continues to control her driving.

TORI So now what?! REMY The hospital. I have to see Dylan. He'll know what to do...

OFF Tori's worried expression --

INT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - HALLWAY - LATER

Remy, more than disheveled in appearance, attempts to blend in. She hurries through the hallway, her jacket tight around her to hide the blood.

INT. HOSPITAL - DYLAN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

DYLAN is alone in his room. He lies in bed, eyes glued to the tiny box TV in the corner of the room.

PAN TO -- the door. REMY appears in the glass window frame of the door. She peers inside. All clear. She opens the door and enters.

Upon entering, she throws the lock on the door from the inside.

Dylan smiles.

DYLAN (Excited) Hey! (After seeing the blood) Remy, is that blood?! What happened?

Remy runs to his bed-side.

REMY

Where's your mom?

DYLAN Ah, at home. She was tired so I told her to get some sleep. Remy, will you just please explain to me what's happening?!

Remy paces the room. Rubbing her forehead. Trying to keep the tears at bay.

REMY I didn't want to go to my mom. I had to come here. I thought you'd know what to do.

DYLAN Just tell me from the beginning. Dylan sits up in bed. Remy moves closer to him. She takes a huge breath.

REMY

Okay.

DISS TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DYLAN'S ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

THIS TIME -- REMY now sits in the bed. Dylan paces.

REMY

Dylan?

Dylan continues to walk back and forth.

REMY (CONT'D) Dylan, what do I do?

He stops, walks towards her, and grabs her hands.

DYLAN You love me, right?

Remy looks confused. But she see's the pain in Dylan's eyes. And nods.

REMY I love you.

me, right?

DYLAN Then if you love me, you'd trust

REMY Yes, off-course, with my life. But, what does this --

Dylan gently eases his girlfriend off the bed.

DYLAN We're leaving.

REMY What? What do you mean we're leaving?!

Dylan pulls her to the door.

DYLAN I'm not going to lie and rot away in a hospital room and let you go through this by yourself. You stay in town, and you're caught. REMY Dylan... I didn't kill anyone!

DYLAN Rem, I know! But what if the cops don't believe you. What if all the evidence supports Vickie's claims.

Dylan gulps.

DYLAN (CONT'D) What if you go to jail?

Remy shakes her head.

REMY

I... I mean. Leave town? This is crazy. I mean you have cancer --

DYLAN I KNOW I have cancer, Remy! But I'm sick of it. It's time for me to experience life. It's time for us to experience life. And how are we going to do that now?

Dylan is almost in tears, pure burning emotion beyond his eyes.

DYLAN (CONT'D) Please, Remy. I love you. I've loved you since that first dance two years ago. We have to run.

Remy is silent for a second. She fumbles with her words, before finally seeing the look on her boyfriend's face --

REMY

Okay.

She gulps.

REMY (CONT'D) Lets do it...

Dylan nods.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

A DOOR READS "STAFF ENTRY" -- it slides open, and Dylan and Remy sneak out. Dylan is still in his hospital gowns, but he has a jacket around him.

> REMY Tori's parked around here.

Hand in hand they run around the side of the hospital and out of sight.

INT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - HALLWAY

DR. CHARLIE BENSON is running down the hallway. A passing nurse notices.

FEMALE NURSE Everything okay, doctor?

CHARLIE No, the beepers were going off in Reber's room.

He rushes to the door, which LIES open and peaks inside.

CHARLIE'S P.O.V:

All we see is the empty hospital room. A BLEEPING can be heard inside, signalling the patient has left.

NORMAL P.O.V:

Charlie looks up and down the hallway, worried. He runs a hand through his hair.

CHARLIE (CONT'D) Where are you Dylan?

-- CUE SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- TORI drives. Dylan shot-gun. Remy in the back. PAN OUT and observe as the car drives quickly down a busy town road.

-- A DOOR. It opens. RUSS stands, Remy is on the porch. He looks confused.

-- DYLAN and REMY run towards the back of DYLAN'S HOUSE as Tori and RUSS wait in her car.

TORI (V.O.) This is crazy.

RUSS (V.O.) We're 'gonna be on the news.

-- INSIDE DYLAN'S ROOM, Remy stuffs his clothes into a bag. Dylan pulls open a drawer, and empties out a CAN. Coins and dollars fall out onto his bed.

> REMY Where did you get all that?

DYLAN I was saving to take us to Minnesota. But then I got sick... -- A DARK ROOM. The door opens. Dylan now dressed casually enters the room and approaches a bed where his mother, BREE, is soundly sleeping.

He watches her for a second. Then leans forward, and kisses her on the forehead. Even asleep, a faint smile creeps upon her lips as Dylan turns and walks away.

-- AERIAL SHOT: as Dylan and Remy hurry out of the house and down the back-yard towards the waiting car. They hop in.

JUST AS POLICE-CARS pull up outside the FRONT-YARD ...

-- AT A BUS-STOP on the edge of town. The dead of night.

Russ and Tori stand on the sidewalk with their two friends as an old GREY-HOUND pulls up by the street and stops.

Remy hugs Tori.

TORI I'm going to miss you.

REMY I'll miss you too. Make sure you tell my mom I didn't do anything.

And that I love her.

Tori nods, a tear running down her cheek.

Dylan hugs Russ, they part.

DYLAN Keep us informed, man.

He nods.

RUSS You sure you're going to be okay?

A head-shake.

DYLAN No. But you know me and my optimism. The glass is always half full.

-- INSIDE THE GREY-HOUND is almost empty. Dylan and Remy sit at the very back in the shadows. Through the glass, we see Russ and Tori wave good-bye as the bus pulls away.

Dylan and Remy wave good-bye back to their friends.

STAY ON THE SHOT of Russ and Remy waving until the bus gets farther away. Remy slumps her head down against Dylan.

Dylan kisses her fore-head.

DYLAN (CONT'D) It'll be okay.

Remy has no words to speak. But, she offers a smile.

Hopeful.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BUS-STOP - THE NEXT DAY

THE GREYHOUND pulls to a stop at a side-walk just outside --

A GAS-STATION which has a small dive-type diner attached to the side. REMY and DYLAN along with a few others exit the bus and come onto the side-walk.

> REMY Do I look like hell?

DYLAN Do you have cancer?

Dylan smirks. Just playing with her. She didn't find it funny.

DYLAN (CONT'D) Come on, lighten up a little.

REMY

Oh, I'm sorry. Need I remind you that we fled town last night?

DYLAN

No, I remember alright. I have Leukemia, you've been framed for cancer. Oscar stuff right there, right?

REMY

Dylan, please don't make a joke out of this... this is serious.

DYLAN

Oh, I know. How 'bout we discuss the seriousness of this over some food.

Dylan looks towards the dive. Remy follows his line of sight.

REMY I could use a cheese-burger. Remy begins to walk towards the dive, Dylan follows with a smile.

Their belongings -- a bulging back-pack -- he carries with him.

DYLAN Me too, I could use a cheese-less burger.

INT. GAS-STATION - DINER/DIVE - MOMENTS LATER

REMY and DYLAN are seated at a table. It's a long row of leather booths that have aged over years.

Remy picks up a tattered menu.

"BURKETT BURGERS" -- is the name of the diner/dive.

REMY Why did we get off in Burkett? Isn't that the middle of nowhere?

DYLAN It's nearly two hours from Hollywood. This was the last stop.

As the pair converse, a waitress approaches with a pad...

CASEY (24) -- is the waitress. Caring, kind, witty. The perfect potion of both smarts and looks.

She smiles at the pair as she walks to their booth.

CASEY Hey, name's Casey, what can I get you two?

Remy scans the menu again, before giving up and setting it down.

REMY I'll have a cheeseburger. Thanks.

DYLAN And could I have a <u>cheese-less</u> cheeseburger. Just pure American beef please.

Casey cocks an eyebrow as she writes it down.

CASEY You could have just said a burger without cheese? (BEAT) And we import the burger-beef from Canada, sorry. Casey smirks. CASEY (CONT'D) Your order will be with you guys in a minute. She walks off down the aisle with a smile. Dylan looks straight to Remy. DYLAN (Sarcastic) Charming folk. Remy giggles. REMY We need a plan of action. DYLAN What do you mean? Remy leans across the table a little bit. REMY (Quiet) What I mean is that we're on the run from the police. I'm a murder suspect and you have cancer. What's next? Where do we go from here? Dylan thinks. DYLAN We head to Hollywood. Lots of people there. We'll blend right

in.

Remy looks dubious, she stares at her hands.

DYLAN (CONT'D) You have that look. You know, that look that scares me. Stop it, stop it right now.

REMY How the hell did I even let you persuade me to do this?

Dylan smiles at his girlfriend. Too cute to handle.

DYLAN Well, isn't it obvious? It was my power of persuasion and off-course my unresisting charm and dazzling smile.

Remy can't help but giggle at that.

IN THE B.G -- Casey can be seen approaching with their food.

REMY Sooner or later, we're going to have to go back. I mean, you're not going to get any better, you'll need more Chemo--

DYLAN

(Interrupting) Listen, let's not think about that. Let's focus on <u>now</u>. This crazy, fun, dangerous "now" that we're both apart of.

Remy nods as Casey arrives back at their booth.

REMY We also need to find a place to crash tonight. No way I'm sleeping Curb-Side motel. I'm not made for that stuff.

Casey smiles as she sets the food on the table, having overheard their talking.

CASEY I knew I was right.

Both Remy and Dylan look at her.

CASEY (CONT'D) Oh, I'm so sorry, I'm being rude. It's just, I had a feeling you two weren't from Burkett. (BEAT) And... you need a place to stay?

The boyfriend-girlfriend duo look between each other, Dylan nods at Remy. Remy then looks to Casey again.

REMY Yea, we're looking for a roof to put over our heads tonight. Any chance you'd take pity on us?

Casey laughs.

CASEY Actually, as luck would have it, I kicked out my last roommate two days ago. I mean, he was my boyfriend. But 'ya know, long story short, he's cheating scum and I'm looking to fill the space.

Casey smiles.

CASEY (CONT'D) You guys game? I'll let you stay two days free-of-charge. Trail run.

AGAIN, Remy and Dylan look between each other. They share a look of agreement.

DYLAN That would be amazing, thanks! (BEAT) Wait, where's your place?

CASEY

Hollywood.

Instantly, Remy and Dylan share a gaze of excitement. Remy suddenly looks a lot more at ease. There lucky day.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER THAT DAY

POLICE CARS are parked in the car-park. A few NEWS-VANS can also been seen. Nosy small-town reporters try to find away inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

DETECTIVE BRYSON MAXWELL (41) -- strides down the hallway. A walk that means business and a suit to match. He's a detective, and it isn't hard to tell.

He turns and walks into --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- a room filled with security personnel. A few officers are also present.

THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM is like a wall of cameras. Every inch of hospital is under surveillance.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL What we got here?

An old lady in a security uniform sits at a desk rewinding through camera-footage from the previous night.

SECURITY LADY I think this is what you and your men are looking for?

The lady hits a button, and a CAMERA freezes on a fuzzy image of DYLAN and REMY.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL Can you play that back for me?

As the lady complies, DR. CHARLIE enters in through the entryway into the security room.

ON THE CAMERA -- in black and white -- Dylan's head peeks out of his room. Then, in his hospital gown, he leads Remy out of his room and down the hallway.

The screen FREEZES on their faces.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) Interesting.

CHARLIE, who was watching the camera, speaks up.

CHARLIE

What is?

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (Turning around) And you are?

CHARLIE I was the doctor assigned to deal with Dylan.

Detective Maxwell nods. Turns back to the screen.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL Well, the suspect in the murder doesn't seem to be in control. The boy's leading her away.

CHARLIE Why's he doing that?

DETECTIVE MAXWELL That's what I'll find out.

Maxwell grins.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) (to the officers) Watch this footage and find out where they exited. Speak to doctors, nurses, anybody. I want statements from anyone who might have saw them. (BEAT) This is a murder investigation. Organize a search with the station. I want both found, and I want them found fast.

Detective Maxwell brings his attention back to Charlie.
DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) Do we know where their families are?

INT. HOSPITAL - DYLAN'S ROOM

KATE, BREE, TORI, RUSS and CHARLOTTE are here.

The door is opened and OFFICERS stand guard. Charlotte plays in the corner with some toys. Tori and Russ stand. Kate stands beside them. Bree sits in the chair.

KATE

My daughter isn't a murderer.

Tori and Russ share a look.

ON BREE -- her eyes red and puffy. She's been crying a lot.

BREE

Well, whether or not she is, she's out there somewhere with my baby, with Dylan. Where's she been the last seven months?! Doesn't she know he's sick?!

Bree rubs her forehead, trying to hold back the tears.

KATE Bree, I'm sure they're fine.

BREE You're saying my son, who has <u>cancer</u>, is going to be fine in the hands of some... some killer?!

KATE You know my daughter as well as I do! She's not a murderer, Bree!

Bree shakes her head, and lowers her head. Too emotionally drained to handle any of this.

RUSS Listen, I'm sure they're both okay.

KATE (Looking at Russ and Tori) Did either of you talk to them last night?

They share a look.

TORI

RUSS

Nope.

No.

Kate nods. Dubious.

EXT. CALIFORNIAN HIGHWAY - EVENING

AERIAL SHOT --

An old light-green VOLKSWAGON BEETLE drives down a highway.

BEETLE - SAME TIME TNT.

CASEY, still in uniform, drives. Her hair is down, she looks more relaxed.

REMY and DYLAN sit in the back. FOCUS ON their hands. Held tightly together.

> CASEY So, you guys never said, what brought you to Burkett? I mean, you're not serial killers, right? I'm not going to be writing an Autobiography anytime soon about my lucky escape from death.

The duo look between each other.

First, you should never ask someone if they're serial killers. Second, we're not serial killers. Third, we were heading to Hollywood anyway. So, you're like an angel in disguise.

CASEY (Skeptical) How come no luggage?

She looks at the pair in the rear-view mirror. A fluffy unicorn hangs around it.

> DYLAN Ah, it was a spur the moment thing.

REMY Yea, we wanted to be crazy... spontaneous.

Casey nods in the front.

CASEY Nothing more spontaneous than picking up and heading to Hollywood. (BEAT) You've passed. I'm not going to be skewered in my sleep.

Remy and Dylan look between each other. Phew! Close call.

DYLAN

EXT. CALIFORNIAN HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

A SIGN READS -- "DOWNTOWN HOLLYWOOD NEXT TURN-OFF"

Casey's quirky Beetle takes a right to go down the turn-off.

CASEY (V.O.) Well folks, welcome to the City of Mean. Big place, bigger assholes. Make sure to keep and eye out for them.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SKYLINE

A MOMENTARY tracking shot of the famous city in the distance.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - LATER

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! -- A DOOR is thrown open, it swings back and hits the wall.

CASEY enters, switches on a light.

CASEY Sorry, the door does that sometimes. My boyfriend promised he'd fix it, but 'ya know, when you find him butt-ass naked in bed with your best-friend, fixing a door becomes last priority and some how Ben and Jerry's steals the top spot.

Remy and Dylan enter. They both look uncomfortable.

REMY Wow, I'm sorry.

CASEY Don't be, that's what he said. Shame those words couldn't keep me from kicking him in the balls.

Casey smiles as she slips off her jacket.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Anyway! (BEAT) Make yourself at home. Two days free of charge, and if 'ya like it after that, it's \$55 a week, hope you don't mind.

DYLAN Not at all. CASEY Bathroom is down the hall, first door. My room is next. Then the spare room -- your humble abode -is at the end.

Casey walks into the small kitchen-space.

CASEY (CONT'D) And this is the kitchen. We got milk, microwave dinners, Red Bull and yogurt in the fridge. (BEAT) Anything else can be found under the many, many Take-Out menus which can be located in the drawer with the rusted handle.

Dylan slips his back-pack off and sits down on a couch. The place is tiny. But it's impressive. Casey's done the most with what she's got here.

CASEY (CONT'D) (Smiling) Okay, I've covered everything, right?

REMY Thanks so much, Casey. You don't understand how much we appreciate this.

Casey pulls out a Red Bull from the fridge, pops it open, and takes a long chug. She exhales a sigh of pleasure. One that could only follow a gulp of a caffeine-filled "energy" drink.

CASEY Seriously, don't sweat it. My mom always said "being kind, saves your behind!"

REMY You're mom must have been an awesome lady.

CASEY Yeaaa. She passed away last year. She was never kind... don't feel bad though. She was super-old.

With another sip of Red Bull, she walks off down the hall.

CASEY (O.S.) (CONT'D) Oh, and no sex on the couch! Getting stains out of suede is hard! A door is opened, and then SHUT closed as Casey presumably enters her bedroom.

Remy moves across to the sitting area, and drops down into the couch beside Dylan. He wraps a hand around her.

CASEY (CONT'D) She's hilarious.

Dylan laughs, pulls Remy closer.

REMY No, she's just crazy. A huge difference. I think she's having one of those mid-twenties life crisis I heard about online a couple months ago.

This time, it's Remy who laughs. She cuddles up next to her boyfriend. Taking in her surroundings. What will possibly be a new "home" for a while.

REMY (CONT'D)

Dylan?

DYLAN

Yea?

REMY I turned my cell on in the car.

DYLAN

Hit me...

Remy turns to look at him.

REMY

Over 50 missed calls from my mom. And about 80 from your mom. They're freaking out.

DYLAN We'll find a pay-phone later tonight somewhere. We'll call our parents. (BEAT) Never answer a call on your phone. Have you ever seen a cop-movie? Yea, they can trace our location. Freaky, right? Disturbing too.

Remy smirks.

REMY

Do you think we've made headlines?

DYLAN Possibly. Which brings us to our next obstacle. We need to do something about ours looks. This city is big, but 'ya never know, we might be recognized.

Remy's eyes go wide. She make's sure to not let Dylan see.

REMY I feel like an international criminal.

DYLAN Really? (Sassy, Valley-Girl voice) 'Cause I feel fabulous!

PAN AWAY as they laugh --

EXT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Back in Dylan and Remy's small town, night was arrived.

A COP CAR sits in the drive-way.

NEWS VANS line the other side of the street.

INT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - FOYER - SAME TIME

The WALKWAY into the kitchen has been cordoned off with classic yellow-police tape.

A forensics-team, clad in WHITE full-body get-ups, can be seen doing stuff in the kitchen where the murder happened. It's like something right out of "CSI."

Sitting on the stairs is VICKIE.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL, still in the same flashy suit, is talking to her. Vickie's done a good job of making herself look like a traumatized wreck.

> VICKIE It's just hard to explain, detective. I mean, she just jumped to assumptions. She got angry. I have never seen her like that before!

Vickie shakes her head in "disgust." Academy Award material.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL Can you tell me what happened? VICKIE I've told you and your men a thousand times. She, she came in here and she got angry! My friend Ben from out of town was here, and I was hugging him goodbye. (BEAT) You can ask her father, she's never liked me. I don't know what she think she saw, but it got her mad. She lifted the vase and swung it like a baseball bat.

Vickie lowers her head, eyes "watering" as she pretends to get emotional.

Detective Maxwell puts a hand on Vickie's shoulder.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL Ma'am, don't worry about it. We're going to get to the bottom of this. (More reassuring) We are going to locate Mr. Adam's daughter and her boyfriend.

Vickie nods, still upset. Well, not upset really. She's acting. But we know the score by now.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) Speaking of him, do we have any idea about when he'll be back from Chicago?

O.S -- we hear a DOOR opening.

Vickie lifts her head. Maxwell turns around.

PAN RIGHT AROUND to the door. DAVE stands in the entry-way, in his jacket. Briefcase in hand.

His face is distraught. He's obviously heard the news about Remy.

INT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - HALLWAY

Police are gone. No sign of their existence ever having been present here.

SLOWLY... we TRACK down the hallway.

Nurses pass us. Doctors rushing to and from places. It's almost as if one of their Leukemia patients hadn't have went on the run with his innocent murder-suspect better half.

WE CONTINUE TO PAN DOWN the hallway, until we reach the door to Dylan's room.

ANGLE ON the door, slightly ajar. Darkness inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - DYLAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON THE DOOR -- a slither of pure white light falls through crack. Otherwise, the room is in darkness.

IN THE BED, lies a lump. As we move closer it is finally revealed to us as... BREE.

She has her shoes off, and by the sound of it, is crying to herself. Heart-wrenching cries. Quiet, but they tug the heart-strings alright.

ANGLE ON HER FACE. Tears fall from her eyes.

Bree is looking at her phone. The light from the screen illuminates the tired features of her face.

ON THE PHONE -- a PICTURE OF Dylan. Taken about three years ago. He's smiling... right at us? His smiles seems to captivate us.

BREE rolls over in the bed, so her back is to the door, she exits the picture and a few seconds later --

ON THE PHONE -- "CALLING: REMY." She's calling Remy again.

Bree puts the phone to her ears, her tears still flowing. But the phone just rings... and rings... and rings...

Bree finally gives up, ends the call, and closes her eyes.

PAN BACK -- and now, standing in the doorway, is CHARLIE. Still in his doctor attire. Unbeknownst to Bree, he watches her. Hurt beyond his eyes.

> DYLAN (V.O.) (Pre-lap) So, what do you do for fun around here?

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

BACK IN CALI -- Dylan is sitting on top of the counter in the kitchen.

Casey is in the kitchen, drinking more Red Bull.

CASEY Oh, don't sweat it. I have your night all sorted out.

We hear the FAINT sound of a toilet-flush, and a door opens. Remy then makes an appearance after walking down the hallway. REMY Your bathroom smells like Orange and Lavender. I like.

Casey smiles.

CASEY Thanks. It's a one-dollar smell from Wal-Mart, glad'cha like it. I'll be sure to e-mail the company and commend them on it's effectiveness.

Casey finishes off her can of Red Bull crushes the tin, and tosses it into the trash nearby.

CASEY (CONT'D) Anyway, back to what I was getting to. Cotton Candy, sleazy game attendants, Ferris Wheels. How do you guys feel about that?

Remy perks up.

REMY

Okay, wow. Yes. Everything you just said there I associate with the love of my life...

Dylan cocks an eye-brow. Remy rolls her eyes.

REMY (CONT'D) The other love of my life, duh. (Back to Casey) Carnivals, right? Please say yes, please say yes.

CASEY You bet your ass! There's one a few blocks away. I mean, my boyfriend was meant take me but I'm sure you guys are sick of hearing about that.

Casey laughs. We see Dylan, on the counter behind her, mouth the words: "BIG TIME" in an exaggerated manner.

CASEY (CONT'D) And tonight's the last night, what do you say?

Remy's eyes light up.

REMY

YES!

She eyes her boyfriend, seeking approval. Well, from the look on her face, yearning it actually.

DYLAN Well, the heart wants what the heart wants.

Remy fist pumps, totally stoked. All her other life-problems all forgotten about... due to a carnival...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

From the looks of it, this is the more "grittier" part of the city. Graffiti on walls. Abandoned buildings.

Our trio consisting of Remy, Dylan and Casey all turn a corner.

PAN UP --

THE CARNIVAL is in full-swing. A huge parking-lot beside an old school-building has been converted into a wet-dream for fun-junkies.

A FERRIS WHEEL, FUN-HOUSE, HELTER-SKELTER, MINI-COASTERS, WATER SLIDE, CARNIVAL GAME STALLS -- this place is the full package. And it looks amazing.

The trio get lost in a wave of people attempting to gain entry into the carnival.

INT. CARNIVAL - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

We catch up with our trio as they enter.

CASEY Okay, I'm off to the Kissing Booth, I think this dude Jack is working tonight. And his lips will ease my pain, 'ya know? Toodles!

Casey goes to walk off.

CASEY (CONT'D) (Shouting) And be outside here at 11pm! If not, then I'll meet you guys back at the apartment.

And so, she gets lost in the crowd...

Dylan smirks, turns to Remy and pulls her into his arms.

DYLAN Where do you want to begin? Remy leans in and gives Dylan a cheeky peck on the cheek.

REMY We'll start off easy, lets see what you're made of.

She pulls him away...

INT. CARNIVAL - GAMES STALLS

REMY and DYLAN reappear at a games stall.

The back of it is lined with an endless amount of stuffed animal prizes. Ranging from near life-sized Panda's to tiny adorable Bumble Bees.

> REMY Do you remember what my favorite animal was?

DYLAN (Hopeful) Ah... Pony?

Remy's face hardens. An eye roll.

REMY

I am not five years old. And no, it isn't. It's a dolphin. And on my 20th birthday you didn't get me one.

She looks over to the stall, eyeing a cute DOLPHIN stuffed toy.

REMY (CONT'D) I want the next best thing.

DYLAN

A walrus?

Remy slaps his shoulder.

REMY No, I want the giant stuffed cute version doofus!

Dylan and Remy walks towards the very front of the stall, where a BORED TEENAGER stands behind the counter.

DYLAN (re: Teenager) How do I win the dolphin? BORED TEENAGER (Melancholy) You get three balls, you throw them into the plastic basket and if they all stay in... you win. \$3 dollars a throw. So that's \$9.

Dylan digs into his jeans, pulls out some cash and hands it to the kid. In exchange, he gives Dylan three heavy plastic balls. Hand-sized.

> DYLAN Pretty steep prices.

BORED TEENAGER Dude, I don't even 'wanna be here in the first place. I don't make the prices, I enforce the rules.

Remy gets closer to Dylan.

REMY

Don't worry, you can do this. And just to spur you on a little bit... if you loose... I'm dumping you. So. Yea.

DYLAN (Laughing) So no pressure then.

Remy cheekily smiles as Dylan sets up to throw.

He sets two of the balls down on the counter and aims for a plastic basket, which is at the back of the stall, positioned in a way to purposefully increase the chance of failure.

With Remy watching behind him, Dylan aims his first ball --

THROWS.

And it's staying in! Just enough power to trick the system!

REMY Woo! That's my boyfriend!

Dylan smiles, lifts his second ball. He takes a little while longer to aim, but eventually, he arches his arm and THROWS the second ball.

PING. It stays in the basket. Two in a row. One more.

REMY (CONT'D) Yes! Come at me cotton Dolphin!

Dylan pushes everything else out of focus, and lifts his third and final ball. His last shot.

With a deep breath, and a look on his face like his life depended on it, he aims the third ball --

THROWS... STAY ON THE BALL... It goes into the basket!

Remy cheers! But then it BOUNCES right back out after hitting the back. Just a little bit too much brawn in Dylan's last throw. His face falls.

DYLAN

Shoot!

BORED TEENAGER Well, you loose. But two balls 'outta three stayed in so you get the consolation prize.

Dylan digs into his jeans.

DYLAN No, let's go again.

Remy comes up behind him, and pulls him backwards into an embrace.

REMY No Dyl, really it's fine. (then, to Teenager) What's the consolation?

BORED TEENAGER pulls out a cute DOLPHIN KEY-RING from under the counter and dangles it towards them. He shrugs.

REMY (CONT'D) (Really fast) Holy sweet lord momma it's adorable!

Remy takes the key-ring from the dude, and smiles at him.

REMY (CONT'D) Thanks! Enjoy the rest of your night!

BORED TEENAGER (Sarcastic) Ha. Hilarious.

Remy fakes a sympathetic look and pulls Dylan by the hand away from the stalls.

DYLAN Okay, so, where to next?

REMY (Shrugging) I'll let you decide. (LONG BEAT) (MORE) REMY (CONT'D) I think this could work out... I think we're going to have a really good time...

The loving couple get lost in the crowd... the people begin to get more blurry and blurry until we --

FLASH TO:

-- CUE SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- DYLAN and REMY in a Ferris Wheel, at the very top, Remy laughs and leans into Dylan's loving kiss.

-- Our couple walk through the carnival. Dylan has cotton candy in his hand, there's a small chunk left. Remy leans across for it, but Dylan already has it gone

-- Dylan holds onto Remy, as they both go SLIDING down the massive helter-skelter.

-- NIGHT turns to DAY as we see a SHOT of the MOON above Los Angeles slowly dissolve to... A SUN.

-- REMY, looking over her shoulder, walks out of a dingy L.A SALON with her hair dyed a light blond color.

Dylan gives two thumbs up as Remy sweeps her hair dramatically, as if she's in a shampoo commercial.

-- A different street. Dylan exits a thrift store, wearing a cool Fedora and wearing a plastic set of glasses with a fake "moustache" attached. A very bad disguise.

-- IT'S NIGHT... Dylan and Remy sit on a bench as Dylan feeds Remy chunks of Oreos. Remy laughs.

-- A room with a deep blue-hue is finally revealed to be AN AQUARIUM. Remy approaches a glass-wall with water behind it, just as a SCHOOL OF FISH swarm by, flashing us to...

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

FOUR DAYS LATER...

FOCUS ON -- a WINDOW in the room. Beyond, in the night sky, the moon shines. Bright and entrancing and beautiful.

PAN BACK into the room, away from the window to reveal the bedroom filled with CANDLES.

We see on every available space -- window ledges, the floor, shelves -- candles with their wicks ignited. The flames from the wick shine bright and illuminate the room naturally. The bed-sheets cover-up the essential parts that needn't be seen.

Dylan is panting. They're both sweaty. Evidence that a passionate act of love has just taken place. Dylan lowers his head and indulges himself in his girlfriend's kiss.

As they part, Remy looks him right in the eyes.

REMY I think our time is up...

DYLAN (Confused) What do you mean?

REMY

You're not getting any better, Dylan. You're tired, you're weak. You need treatment, you can't forget the fact that --

Dylan puts his finger to his girlfriend's lip. She falls silent. Dylan gazes back at her.

DYLAN We'll figure it out in the morning. (BEAT) Don't you worry about me. Let's just... enjoy this. Because... <u>this</u>... this has been amazing.

Remy smiles. Dylan kisses her again. They don't part. It grows more passionate.

DYLAN (CONT'D) Your breath smiles like pickled eqg.

Remy bursts into laughter as we BLUR AWAY TO --

EXT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

It's raining. Grey clouds hang above Remy and Dylan's hometown.

A POLICE CAR is parked outside.

INT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

We're back in the fancy Ikea living room.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL stands as Vickie and Dave sit.

DAVE Have you located them yet?

DETECTIVE MAXWELL Not yet Mr. Adams, but we're close. In the meantime, we ask that you make sure your fiance doesn't leave town.

Vickie gives the detective a strange look.

VICKIE Why would I leave town?

DETECTIVE MAXWELL Well, I'm sure you don't have a reason. But to be on the safe side, seeing as your a very important witness in this case, we advise that you keep put.

Vickie nods. Adjusting her line of sight.

DAVE Detective, as soon as you locate my daughter I'd like you to contact me. Is that okay?

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (With a determined smile) Don't worry, I'll be more than happy to. (BEAT) I'll let myself out.

Dave gives a nod to the detective. He spins around and strides out of the living room. Seconds later we hear the front door OPEN and CLOSE shut.

Vickie turns to Dave, and hugs him tight.

CLOSE ON Dave's face. He looks uncomfortable now for a reason.

VICKIE I cannot believe she's putting us through this Dave. I'm so sorry.

CLOSE ON Vickie's face. Her Oscar-worthy lying continues.

Dave pulls away.

DAVE (Not looking at Vickie) Yea, well, let's hope she's caught soon. Dave heads towards the door.

VICKIE Where you going?

Dave hesitates, only to turn and give a "warm smile" to his fiance.

DAVE I'm popping out for an hour or two. I'll be back soon.

And thus, he exits the living room.

ON VICKIE -- she sighs. Thinking she's still getting away with it. Stuck in her own little reality world.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REMY'S HOUSE - LATER

CLOSE ON -- the front door.

A hand reaches in. Knocks twice. We hear movement inside, when not long later, the door is opened.

KATE is revealed behind the door. Looking stressed. And tired. And so many other things, none of them good.

She looks confused to see ...

DAVE on her door-step.

DAVE Can I come in?

Kate looks him straight in the eyes. Hasn't the heart to tell him no.

KATE

Sure.

She moves out of the way, and lets her ex-husband inside.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

FOCUS ON -- the kitchen table. Two mugs of steaming coffee sit on the table-surface.

A HAND leans in, it belongs to DAVE.

He takes the mug, and brings the coffee to his lips. Kate, however, leaves hers untouched and instead drums her fingers upon the table. DAVE How's Charlotte?

Kate exhales.

KATE

She wants to know where Dylan is. She wants to know where her big sister is. She wants to know why Remy's face is on TV.

Dave nods, dejected.

DAVE I didn't think she'd take it well.

Kate finally stops beating around the bush, and turns her attention all on her husband. Dave notices her sudden change.

KATE Why are you here?

DAVE

What?

Kate stands up from the table.

KATE

Why are you here? You're not here
for me, that's for sure. And you
yourself know that you've never
been there for your daughters.
 (BEAT)
So, I ask you again, why are you
here, Dave?

Dave looks hurt.

DAVE I've tried my best to be a good father.

Kate paces the room.

KATE

Well, maybe had you tried harder we wouldn't be in this current situation! We wouldn't be watching the news, our daughter being accused of murder!

DAVE

You don't believe that, do you?

Kate scoffs. Like he even has to ask.

KATE Off-course I don't believe that! Remy is not a murderer! She wouldn't hurt a fly, for God's sake. The sight of blood makes her sick!

Dave sets his mug of coffee down.

DAVE

I agree.

Kate stays silent, watching him. As his tone hardens.

DAVE (CONT'D) I think I know what happened. (BEAT) Vickie...

Kate crosses her arms. Knows what he's implying.

KATE

It had to have been.

Dave exhales. His world ruined.

SLOWLY, SLOWLY, we BLUR AWAY to --

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - THE NEXT DAY

FOCUS ON -- running water. The cold liquid spirals out of the faucet into the sink.

DYLAN stands in the bathroom. But as we PAN BACK... we see something that shakes us to the bone.

Dylan has the water running for a reason. He rubs his hand over his head and his BLACK HAIR falls from his head in clumps.

He's almost entirely bald.

As the hair falls, it's caught in the water. And the evidence is washed away down the drain.

Dylan sighs. Turns the water off and looks into the mirror above the sink. He looks more pale. More tired. His face more thin.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Dylan exits the bathroom wearing a GREY MONKEY-HAT. He see's Remy lounging on the couch in the living area.

She's watching TV, flicking through channel after channel.

DYLAN Casey still sleeping?

Remy nods.

REMY

I didn't hear her come in until 3 this morning. Must have been a messy night.

Dylan saunters across to sit down beside his girlfriend.

DYLAN

I remember our partying days.

REMY You make it sound like we're wrinkled and soggy and old.

DYLAN 'Cause we are, though. You're like half-way to forty already baby.

Remy cranes her neck and stares a thousand daggers at Dylan.

REMY Oh! Great! Go ahead, just ruin my day!

Dylan laughs.

DYLAN Relax, I'm sure a little make-up could discreetly disguise those droopy wrinkles.

With Remy distracted running her fingers over her head and scanning for lines, Dylan snatches the remote off her.

DYLAN (CONT'D) (Embarrassed) Why were you watching Trollops in New York?

Remy rolls her eyes, trying to cover-up her amusement.

REMY It's called Sex in the City.

DYLAN Ground-breaking.

His words drip with sarcasm. Dylan flicks through the channel until he lands on some LOCAL NEWS STATION --

His eyes go wide.

ON THE TV SCREEN: TWO images of both REMY and DYLAN. That look to be taken a few years ago.

In the living area, THE COUPLE freeze.

Both their eyes stung open and glued to the TV screen.

DYLAN (CONT'D) All the local news channels made us they're top stories.

ON THE TV SCREEN:

NEWS CASTER (V.O.) The nation-wide man hunt for Remy Adams and boyfriend Dylan Reber continues this week. Police and FBI are in search of Miss Adams after she fled her home-town in Southern California with her boyfriend and is wanted in connection to the murder of a male almost two and a half weeks ago.

THE IMAGE of Dylan and Remy returns to the screen.

NEWS CASTER (V.O.) FBI are sure that the duo are still on the run somewhere along the West Coast. However, what seems to gain the case so much controversy, is that it's been reported that accomplice Mr. Reber is said to have been a cancer-patient at a local hospital... FBI urge anyone with any information on the whereabouts of these two to please get in contact with them as soon as possible...

PAN BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM --

Dylan and Remy sit speechless. Probably still not used to seeing themselves on the news.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) Oh my God...

Dylan and Remy snap their attention to the right ...

Where CASEY stands at the hall, in her pyjamas. Mouth hangs open and an expression of pure fear beyond her eyes!

For a second, everyone is in shock. All three of them.

Dylan looks to Remy with pleading eyes, not sure of what to do. Casey stares at them, frozen. Unmoving.

CASEY You... you lied to me!

Dylan bounces from the couch, heading in Casey's direction.

DYLAN Listen, Casey! We can explain all this!

Casey terrified by Dylan's approach, grabs the nearest thing to her and ends up clutching a glass vase of faux plastic flowers in her hands.

CASEY No, stay back! Stay back!

REMY Casey, this is all just a missunderstanding! What you're seeing it's a lie!

Remy goes to approach Casey also, but she points the vase like a weapon.

CASEY

No! I don't wanna hear it! I asked you were you killers and you said <u>no!</u> Get out! Get out, get out, get out!

Casey back-steps towards the apartment door, due to the fact that it's broken, it takes her a good few pulls to rip it open.

DYLAN

Casey, please --

CASEY Listen, either leave now and I don't call the police. Or stay, witness me tear open a can of whoopass and you can spend the night in a prison-cell!

Casey gestures towards the door, still in a defense stance with her make-shift weapon.

Dylan and Remy look between each other. Remy shrugs. They have no other choice. Dylan takes her by the hand, and they walk out the door.

Casey skims past them, still shaking. Remy turns around out in the hallway, as if about to say something.

However, the DOOR is swing shut in her face.

Remy comes bustling out of the building and onto the street. It's drizzling outside. The place is bare of any other people. Remy walks in hurried, angry strides.

DYLAN comes rushing out the doors after her, looks both ways before spotting his fleeing other half.

DYLAN

Remy! Wait up!

Remy pushes faster down the street. An unrelenting Dylan follows.

DYLAN (CONT'D) Would you just wait a second!

Remy freezes then and spins around to face her boyfriend.

REMY This was all a mistake! One big, stupid mistake!

Dylan approaches her. Our duo now face to face.

DYLAN Listen, it's fine. We'll just find a motel or something.

Remy rolls her eyes.

REMY

No! Dylan, for once listen to what I have to say, will you?! Just <u>listen</u>.

Dylan stays silent as Remy's words seethe with an anger she's trying to keep way down inside of her.

DYLAN

(Calm) Go ahead.

REMY

I've had enough of this. I've had enough of all of this. I wanna go home, I want to be with our families... and our friends... I don't want to run anymore.

BEAT.

DYLAN

We can't go back, Remy.

Remy moves forward, seeking Dylan's eyes.

REMY I'll just tell the police what really happened! They'll do some investigating and Vickie, she'll be revealed as psycho-crazy fraud murderer! I mean, like, screw whatever it is she's saying! (BEAT) I'm not a murderer!

Dylan shakes his head, moves to the left of the street. He leans up against a brick wall and stares at the ground as the rain begins to get heavier.

> DYLAN (Slowly) Rem... I'm sorry... I <u>cannot</u> go back!

Remy's eyes widen.

REMY (Beyond confused) What is wrong with you?! Why?! Why not?!

Remy gets closer to him.

REMY (CONT'D) Is there something you're forgetting?! Are you going nuts? Because if you are, come ahead and tell me!

Dylan stays silent. Not looking at Remy. Remy, frustrated, moves a little closer. Tries to soothe her voice.

REMY (CONT'D) Dylan. Please, we have to go back home. Are you forgetting something, Dyl?! Are you forgetting that you have --

DYLAN

(Sudden outburst) That I have CANCER?! NO! No! I have not forgotten that I have cancer! It's eating away at me! Every single day of my life I wake up every day and have to remind myself.

Dylan continues on, semi-shouting in Remy's face.

DYLAN (CONT'D) Don't you see, though?! That's what this has all been about. (MORE) DYLAN (CONT'D) The running away?! The fleeing town?! Don't you get it, Rem?!

Remy is stunned to a silence. So shocked seeing her boyfriend so frustrated and angered.

DYLAN (CONT'D) When we ran from that hospital, when we climbed onto that bus heading to who knows hells-where, it wasn't because I knew the police were going to lock you up. I know you're innocent. And after a while, the police would have uncovered that themselves. I mean, it's your word against Vickie's...

Dylan sighs. More calmer.

DYLAN (CONT'D) The entire reasoning behind this is because I wanted <u>time</u>. I wanted time with you... to experience life and experience it with you. Something crazy and fun and weird and 'frickin spontaneous!

Dylan's on the edge of tears. As is Remy. It's emotion overboard on the streets as Dylan spills out his heart.

DYLAN (CONT'D) And Remy, I don't WANT it to be over! There's enough time left. It can't be over... I'll be going back to a hospital bed... that's not what I want... it's not what YOU want...

Tears streams Remy's face. She's face to face with Dylan.

REMY Listen... I know how you feel. But... but you're *sick*. This time together has been amazing. But this is real. It's time for a reality check. And as much as it breaks my heart to even let these words come out of my mouth... you're *dying*, Dylan. (BEAT) Family, friends, treatment... it's all back in town, it'll make you better.

Dylan shakes his head.

DYLAN No. No way. I'm <u>through</u> with treatment!

REMY Through with it?! Are you loosing you're mind?! What the hell do you mean you're through with it?! How can you be so selfish?!

Remy is grabbing at Dylan's arms, trying to lock with his gaze. He's having none of it. In a fit, he pushes Remy away from him and backs down the street.

REMY (CONT'D) Where do you think you're going?!

DYLAN

You're right, this was a mistake. One stupid, silly mistake. I shouldn't be so selfish. It's my life. And it has nothing to do with you, Remy.

Dylan moves further down the street as the heavens above OPEN up and thick rainfall begins to spray Los Angeles.

REMY

(Shouting) Dylan, wait! You need to go to a hospital! You need to get better!

Dylan breaks into a run. Going as fast as he can.

Remy tries to keep up. A look on her face suggests she can't believe what is happening.

ON DYLAN'S FACE -- he's crying his heart out as he pushes his cancer-ridden body to keep going... and going... and going.

REMY isn't able to keep up. She looks down the street to see Dylan. She stops for a breath. And when she looks back up --

HE'S GONE.

Remy's eyes crease open.

REMY (CONT'D)

No...

And so, she runs.

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Remy appears at the end of another street. She's soaking wet and panting. She peers down the street.

Just a long street. No Dylan. He's gone.

REMY (Shouting) Dylan?!

No answer.

REMY (CONT'D) (Heart-broken) DYLAN?!

Nothing.

Remy stomps the ground in frustration, runs a hand over her drenched hair before turning to run back up the street.

PAN DOWN the street.

BEHIND A CAR -- Dylan is slouched over against the back wheels out of sight. Eyes closed. You can tell that letting her go was hard. Very, very hard.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - LATER

Casey, in her diner-work uniform, looks at the mirror on her wall. She peers at it. Trying to fix her hair. Make herself look acceptable. She eventually gives up, when --

KNOCK... KNOCK...

Two blunt knocks to her front-door. It instantly captivates her attention.

Casey runs across to the door, stands just behind it.

CASEY Who's there?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - SAME TIME

REMY, sopping wet, looms by the front door.

REMY

It's Remy.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Casey's eyes widen as she attempts her best not to panic.

CASEY

Please! I let you go! Now I suggest you take your ass away right now or I'm calling the police. And this isn't just a threat. I'll do it! I will!

REMY (O.S)

You're lying! You're land-line got cut off weeks ago and I know you lost your cell that one night you went to the pink foam-party.

Casey clenches her fists.

CASEY (Under her breath) Crap!

She leans against the door, unsure of her next move.

REMY (O.S.) Listen, if what the news is saying is true, wouldn't I have killed you already? Seriously. Think about it, Casey...

Casey looks thoughtful, but still apprehensive about everything.

CASEY

Then why are you here? What's your backstory? The <u>real</u> one. I don't want no shit-blabber, Remy.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BACK IN THE HALLWAY -- Remy sits down on the hideous carpeted floor. Trying to hold back her tears.

REMY It's hard to believe...

CASEY (O.S.)

Try me.

REMY

I met Dylan two years ago. And about seven months ago he was diagnosed with cancer, and it's been getting more aggressive ever since. (BEAT) My dad's fiance killed a guy, and she's blaming me for it, so Dylan and I went on the run. (MORE) REMY (CONT'D) And at first it was exciting and thrilling and all the things I <u>knew</u> he was missing... but now he's gone and I'm alone here spilling my heart out to you whilst my sick boyfriend is off somewhere... when he needs to be in a hospital getting better and recovering because the truth is...

Remy chokes up on her words, tears begin to flow again.

REMY (CONT'D) (Through sobs) Well... the truth is... if I ever loose him I don't know what I'd do.

Remy finally stops talking. She can no longer talk. The tears are so heavy.

She looks at the front-door to Casey's apartment. Only silence lies behind. Not a sign of movement.

THEN --

CLICK!

The door is unlocked and Casey swings it back. A tear can be seen slaloming her cheek.

CASEY Like, oh my God! That is so sad!

Remy nods, still crying. Casey comes out into the hallway to help her positively non-murderous friend back into the apartment.

EXT. POLICE STATION - BACK IN TOWN

IN REMY AND DYLAN'S HOME TOWN --

WE SCAN to a stand-still on a shot of a medium-sized brick building. Cop cars parked outside. A fancy-Californian type small-town station.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULL PEN - SAME TIME

IN THE BULL PEN -- it's madness. Officers work back and forth. Answering phones. On computers.

ON A WALL -- we see a wanted poster with both Remy and Dylan's face on theme in inky black and white.

SWOOSH! -- a FIGURE rushes past. STAY ON this figure, who is revealed to us to be good 'ole Detective Maxwell. Always on the move.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (Calling to a deputy) Any word back from those sightings, McCaine?

THE MALE COP shakes his head. Maxwell nods.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) Well get on it! Times a'wasting!

Maxwell strides through the bull-pen to the back of the room when his CELL-PHONE rings.

He takes it out and answers.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) Detective Maxwell speaking.

A BEAT.

His eyes go wide. Maxwell rushes to the nearest door and runs inside --

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

-- to find himself in a small office. He slams the door shut.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (Into phone) Man, don't mess with me here! I find out you're kidding with me and I'll wring your neck like a twizzler! (BEAT) Can I get on a computer? Um, sure.

Maxwell strides over to a desk, sits down at a computer.

ON SCREEN -- we see him open a browser and logs into his emails. He enters his INBOX and opens A MESSAGE.

> DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) Jesus! When was this taken!

BACK ON SCREEN -- a SCREEN-CAP of SECURITY FOOTAGE shows Dylan and Remy sitting in THE DINER.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) (Excited) Burkett?! Do I know the place?! Hell, it's where I grew up! I want you to get me all the information you can on the waitress they were seen leaving with. I'm on my way! Maxwell throws his cell-phone closed and gets up out of the chair with an exciting grin on his face.

The hunt is on...

As he leaves -- WE PAN in to the monitor-screen.

FOCUS ON the image of Dylan and Remy, before --

EXT. REBER HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

A CAR approaches Dylan and Bree's house. The house itself looks dull and dead. A certain greyness seems to hang around it.

THE CAR pulls into the drive. And BREE exits, a brown bag filled to the brim with groceries inside. She looks a mess. The worst we have probably seen her.

With a rueful look glued to her face, and a matching walk to go with it, she moves slowly to her front door...

Where, DR. CHARLIE BENSON, is revealed to be standing on the door-step.

Bree looks startled to see him.

CHARLIE

Ah, hey.

Charlie gives Bree an awkward wave.

BREE

Hi... what... I'm sorry, did I leave something at the hospital or something?

CHARLIE Oh, no! No. That's not it. I'm off-duty. No white coat or stethoscopes.

BREE

Oh?

Charlie nods, sticking his hands in his pockets.

CHARLIE I wanted to stop by. See how you were.

Bree gives a ghost of a smile, but it's gone in a flash.

She heads past Charlie and climbs the steps to her front door.

BREE I'm fine. Trying to keep busy. I don't need anybody to worry about me. Not the police, and not you.

Charlie's face falls.

Bree pauses at the door. We see on her face that she regretted saying that. She turns to Charlie.

BREE (CONT'D) I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. Recently, I dunno... I'm not myself.

Charlie nods with a smile.

CHARLIE (Witty) I've noticed.

Bree smirks.

BREE Would you like to come in? I have marshmallows and cocoa?

Charlie smiles and walks towards the door -- "hell yeah!"

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

In the living room, RUSS and TORI are here. They sit and play with CHARLOTTE in the middle of the toy-scattered floor.

A game involving PLAYING CARDS ensues.

CHARLOTTE

Tori?

TORI Yea sweetie?

Charlotte, all doe-eyed, looks at Tori.

CHARLOTTE You know what?

TORI

What?

CHARLOTTE I miss my sister. I know I say stuff, like she stinks and that she's more annoying than my principal, but I really don't mean it. Russ looks to Tori, it's sad.

RUSS We know, Charlotte. We miss her like crazy too.

Tori rubs Charlotte's back.

TORI And I know she'll be home soon, sweetie. Remy's going to be fine, so don't worry about it, okay?

CHARLOTTE

Okay.

Charlotte gets to her feet.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D) I need to pee. I'll be back in a minute guys, don't play without me.

Russ and Tori put on happy faces as Charlotte rushes out of the living room.

Tori looks at Russ.

TORI Jesus, she's killing me here Russ. Anymore of it and I swear you're going to see the Hover Dam rush out of my eyes.

RUSS Just relax.

TORI How can you say that? Our friend's been framed for murder, the other one's dying of cancer.

RUSS I give it another two weeks. They'll be back. They can't run forever. I know Dylan.

KATE walks into the living room.

KATE

Hey guys. (BEAT) Thanks so much, 'ya know, for being here. Char's coping better 'cause of you guys.

Tori smiles.

TORI It's not a problem, Miss. Adams.

RUSS Yeah, we know she could use the distraction.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CHARLOTTE climbs the stairs to the bathroom, when --

RINGGG, RINGGG!

THE HOUSE-PHONE in the hallway begins to ring. Charlotte turns her head, before moving down the stairs to answer the incoming call.

CHARLOTTE (Answering) Hello, Mom's house.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Kate and the two youngsters, Russ and Tori, seem to be in the middle of conversation when --

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Mom! Mommy!

Kate turns her head to the high-pitched calling of her name out in the hall. She strides out into the hall, concern on her face. Russ and Tori share a look, then follow hastily.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Kate and the other two come out into the hallway. Charlotte is standing at a side-table, holding a cordless home-phone in her hand.

> KATE Charlotte, what's wrong?

Excitement consumes Charlotte, she's jumping up and down.

CHARLOTTE (Waving the phone) It's Remy! It's her! It's really her!

Kate is now mirroring her daughter's emotions. Her face lights up. Russ and Tori's eyes go wide.

Kate takes the phone from Charlotte's hand and puts it right to her ear as fast as she can.

KATE (Into phone) Remy?! Remy, is that you? Are you there.

BEAT. SILENCE -- Then...

REMY (V.O.)

Hi, Mom.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA

BACK IN L.A -- Remy sits on the couch in the apartment. Her hair dried and in a fresh change of Casey's clothes.

CASEY is sitting beside her. Moral supports. She rubs Remy's back as she speaks down the phone.

KATE (V.O.) Oh my God! Remy! Remy! Where are you! Sweetie, I've been so worried. Please, just tell me, are you okay?! Remy?!

Remy smiles. A gloom underlining it.

REMY Mom... I'm fine. I'm okay. Promise.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO LOCATIONS:

Kate clutches the phone in her hand as Russ, Tori and little Charlotte all huddle around her, trying to hear.

KATE

Baby, please! Talk to me! Is Dylan alright?! Are you coming home, please come home. Everything is going to be fine, baby! I know what happened. I know the truth.

IN THE APARTMENT BACK IN LOS ANGELES --

Remy smiles. Begins to talk into the phone again, feeling slightly dejected...

REMY I just wanted to call to say that I'll be back tomorrow mom. You don't need to worry anymore. It's all going to be fine, okay? Just... don't worry. I love you. THE CALL is ended just as quickly as the call began.

Casey leans in. Remy is staring at the ground. The cell hanging in her hands.

CASEY Are you okay?

REMY I thought leaving her was the hardest thing I'd ever have to do.

Remy raises her head. She no longer looks like the girl we first met nearly two years ago at a high-school prom.

REMY (CONT'D) Got that one wrong.

Casey gives a sympathetic look. She pulls Remy into a hug.

CASEY You'll be seeing her soon, Remy. It's all going to be fine. You're going to be fine, alright?

Remy hugs her new-found friend back, holding in tears.

An expression blanketing her face suggests that at his moment in time, she's just thankful to have a friend to get her through.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

BACK IN LOS ANGELES -- Kate sighs. Rubs her forehead. Placing the phone back into it's holder on the side-table.

> TORI What did she say?!

RUSS Yea! Is she okay? What 'bout Dylan?!

Charlotte tugs stirringly on her mom's arm.

CHARLOTTE Mom! Mom! Where's Remy?!

Kate is quiet for a moment. She turns around. And a moment later, a cute perky smile covers her face.

KATE (Smiling) She's coming home!
BEAT.

KATE (CONT'D) Tomorrow... they're coming home tomorrow.

Charlotte erupts into a dance of pure joy.

Russ and Tori look between each other, appearing enlivened.

Kate just continues to smile. We FOCUS ON it, before --

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - EVENING

FOCUS ON -- a STREET-LIGHT.

Covered in graffiti. Grubby and scratched. We PAN UP the street-light to the very top, when --

PING! The BULB inside flickers on, and orange light filters out of the glass-covering.

EXT. LOCAL PARK - SAME TIME

Two skater's, both smoking, blunts hanging from their mouths stride through the park. One of them throws his SKATE BOARD down and jumps on.

THE SKATER rounds a corner, almost connecting with an oncoming DYLAN.

SKATER BOY #1 Woah! Man, watch where you're 'treadin please!

The second SKATER laughs as his friends takes off around the bend in the pathway which cuts through the park. He follows.

Dylan watches them go. He's semi-smiling. But you can tell the day's events have taken their tole. He's tired.

Dylan shakes his head, before turning to head off down the path.

EXT. PHARMACY - LATER TIME

A small pharmacy on a random street in a quiet part of L.A.

INT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

An old lady, wrapped up in layers, makes her way towards the front exit.

THE DOOR opens before she can reach it, and DYLAN appears. He see's the lady and holds the door open for her.

The old lady looks at him with a charming, old-lady beam.

OLD LADY Oh! What a sweet, young man! (BEAT) They're not many of them left like you, dear. Have a good day.

The lady then walks out of the pharmacy. A smile only appears on Dylan's face for not even a moment, before he remembers the situation he's in.

DYLAN (Watching the lady) Yea... ditto...

Dylan lets the door swing shut. He finds himself in a normal, depressingly-white setting. Walls lined with many items. But what he needs isn't here.

So -- he walks down the aisles. Rubbing his arms. Rubbing his hands together. Trying to get SOME heat into him.

Dylan arrives at the back of the pharmacy at a prescription counter.

BEHIND the counter a chubby small African American woman with a unique up-do, about 50 or so, approaches Dylan.

A name-badge on her coats says: "RHONDA".

RHONDA (re: Dylan) Hey sweetheart, what can I do for 'ya?

Dylan faintly smirks, scanning the rows of canisters and boxes and cans behind her on shelves that line a wall.

DYLAN (Fatigued) Ah, painkillers please. I'm looking for painkillers.

Rhonda gives him a "look."

RHONDA These for you?

DYLAN

Yes...

Listen, you're not one of these stupid kids who thinks chopping up pills and cramming them up your nose-holes is going to give you a rush, right?!

Her eyes lock on Dylan. She looks so sweet, yet sounds so intimidating.

DYLAN Nope. I want them for pain.

RHONDA Yea, you looked too smart for that shit, kid. (BEAT) Now, what pain we 'talkin here?

Dylan pauses in hesitation, just for a second...

DYLAN Um... ah... just, general pain. I've been tired, my body aches, I have migraines...

Rhonda nods, she turns around and scans the shelves. Her hand finds a purple box. She plucks it from the shelf and pops the small box into a bag.

> RHONDA (Turning back to Dylan) 24 Pills. They're cheap, they're strong, they got caffeine. They should do the trick.

Dylan nods. He reaches into his back pocket, pulls out a bunch of crumbled bills before flattening them on the counter to count.

DYLAN Ah, I got... I have \$23 to my name. Will that cover it?

The pharmacist behind the counter stares at him, then down at the crumbled and torn money, then back at a tired looking Dylan.

RHONDA You promise me this won't be going up your nostrils... and it's on the house. One time special-Rhonarific offer?

Dylan smirks.

DYLAN

74.

Really?

Another "LOOK" from Rhona. Could cut through an ice-berg.

DYLAN (CONT'D) I promise. Strictly oral pain relief, ma'am.

Rhonda smiles as Dylan slips the money back into his jeans.

RHONDA Have a good night, honey.

Rhonda smiles, Dylan lifts his bag before turning to leave.

EXT. STREET - BRIDGE - LATER THAT EVENING

DYLAN is sitting on a BRIDGE that runs along an old street.

His legs dangle over the edge.

It's made out of stone. Out of place in such a modern and fancy city.

BELOW looms train-tracks. It's a VERY, VERY HIGH drop to nothing but gravel, dirt and the rusted metal tracks below.

DYLAN'S eyes scan the bridge. Then he gazes down at the tracks. Watching them.

A placid, depressive look plasters his face.

DYLAN

(Under his breath) How did you get here, Dylan?

Dylan looks down at the tracks again. One jump, and it's all be over. The pain, the suffering. He could end it before the cancer steals his last breath on him.

But then...

FLASH TO --

A FLASH BACK.

DYLAN and REMY dance very badly. The first night they met.

It's the senior prom back at their high-school, and we recognise it from the opening scene.

Remy laughs, Dylan laughs. Enjoying time together.

RETURN TO SCENE --

BACK AT THE BRIDGE -- a genuine smirk creeps upon Dylan's pale lips. He then gets off the bridge, and walks away from the bridge... leaving those terrible thoughts behind.

EXT. CITY-EDGE INN MOTEL - NIGHT

A cheesy, run-down inn/motel at the edge of the city.

INT. CITY-EDGE INN MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM

DYLAN crashes down onto a bed in his tiny hotel room.

He sprawls out. Fed up, cold, so many things and none of them good.

His relaxation, or failed attempt at trying, ends when suddenly he leaps from the bed and runs into the smaller adjoining bathroom.

FROM THE MOTEL ROOM -- FOCUS ON the bathroom. INSIDE, Dylan is on his knees. His face down the toilet-bowl.

We can hear him VOMITING his guts up. It goes on and on.

INT. REMY'S DAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

PAN IN to FOCUS ON -- a phone. The holder can be seen, but the actual phone is missing...

UNTIL a hand comes into frame, setting the phone back into the holder with a sigh. PAN OUT to --

Vickie. Sitting by herself in a dark living room. She's all alone and does not look happy about it. Vickie rubs her forehead; stressed and fatigued.

VICKIE

(To herself) Come on... too late for this shit Vickie. Pull it together now...

We observe as she intakes a sharp, raspy breath. Vickie once again lifts the phone, punches in a few numbers, and brings it right to her ear.

We hear the DIAL-TONE.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.) The person you are calling is currently unavailable. Please leave a message after the beep.

BEEP!

Vickie begins to speak, attempting to sound upbeat and cheery. Totally out of character for her.

VICKIE Hey, baby. Haven't seen you in a few hours. (MORE) VICKIE (CONT'D) Was wondering, ah, could you give me a quick call when you're ready? Was thinking about getting Chinese tonight... (BEAT) I love you...

Vickie hangs up, stands, then slowly walks across to her flashy fire-place where above hangs an art-deco mirror.

She peers right into the shiny glass. Long... hard. Trying to NOT see the person she knows that she is.

BLUR AWAY TO --

EXT. TOWN STREET - SAME TIME

Lying in the middle of a side-walk, is a phone.

"YOU HAVE 1 NEW MESSAGE" glows on the phone-screen.

PAN OUT --

DAVE is lying face-down on the street. Still. Unmoving.

This is NOT GOOD at all.

EXT. REBER HOUSE - LATER

All is quiet. Orange lights BURN from within the house.

INT. REBER HOUSE - KITCHEN

Bree and Charlie are seated at a circular table in the centre of Bree's large and lavish kitchen. Although they're on, the lights are dim.

Two EMPTY mugs can be seen. Obviously, the chocolate liquid treat that Bree offered went down well.

CHARLIE This was nice.

BREE I don't know. Usually tastes better.

CHARLIE No, not the chocolate. I meant...

<u>this</u>... you and me and talking and nothing to do with blood or hospitals or how the upholstering on the chair in Dylan's hospital room is vile Bree says nothing. Simply smiles at Charlie right before lifting the two mugs and bringing them across to the sink which is stacked with dirty dishes.

Bree pauses, leans against the counter, and aimlessly gazes out her window.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D) He'll be back soon.

Bree turn around.

BREE

Sorry?

CHARLIE Dylan. He'll be back soon. He's a strong person... even out there in the big bad world.

Bree nods, remaining mute.

CHARLIE (CONT'D) I'm sorry. I don't mean to upset you.

Bree shakes her head with an awkward smile.

BREE

I'm not upset, well no that's a lie actually. I'm upset, but it's like... like my "upset" has been given Botox or something... I've cried enough tears to fill up the Amazon River. I'm at the stage where all I ever think about is my son and I can't shed a tear because there's none left to offer. (BEAT) I'm just worried. He has cancer for God's sake! I just want him home and safe and better.

Charlie gives an understanding nod Bree's way, still sitting at a chair round the table.

CHARLIE

I know I'm just his doctor, but you're not alone in this Bree. I miss him too. I worry about him every night. Every day I pass his room and it may sound weird and cheesy but I look into his room, 'ya know, 'cause I always have in the back of my head that maybe he'd be in there. The genie hasn't grant that wish yet, but I got faith in Dylan. BREE Faith's a strong word.

DYLAN And Dylan's even stronger...

A dubious Bree keeps a strong gaze on Charlie, he's about to speak again when --

RING, RING!

Charlie pulls out a phone, looks at the screen, then back to Bree.

CHARLIE Sorry, forgot my beeper. It's hospital stuff. I have to take this.

Bree smiles. Charlie gets up and walks out into the hallway to take the awaiting call.

As Charlie exits, Bree gazes over at a TICKING clock hanging on the kitchen wall. She continues to stare at it whilst leaning against the counter.

All other noise fades away.

FOCUS ON THE CLOCK -- tick ... tock ... tick ... tock ...

ON BREE -- watching. The ticking getting louder!

LOUDER... Bree looks confused. The noise is captivating her.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Bree!

And we're back to reality. Bree shakes her head and snaps out of the trance. She spins around to be met with Charlie's concerned and panicky face.

> BREE What?! Is everything alright?!

> > CHARLIE

No, it's...

ON BREE -- expecting the worse. Something about... her son.

CHARLIE (CONT'D) ...it's Dave. He's in hospital. He's had a heart-attack! I have to get there.

Charlie pulls his jacket off the back of his chair and slips it on. Bree approaches him with her car keys now in her hands. BREE Oh my God, okay, come on I'll drive you!

Charlie eyes her.

CHARLIE

You sure?

BREE

I'm a woman. I'm sure.

Bree, still with a look of concern, canters out hastily into the hallway. A shaken Charlie follows suite.

A few seconds later, we hear the door open and close as they leave. Another couple seconds pass us by as we're left alone in the kitchen.

THEN -- RING!

PAN OUT INTO THE... HALLWAY...

Where ON A WALL -- hangs a phone. It rings. And rings. No one there to pick it up.

BLACK.

Only for a few seconds.

OVER THE BLACKNESS -- we hear the RINGING phone continue...

INT. CITY-EDGE INN MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

DYLAN, looking weak and tired and broken, is perched on the floor of his motel room.

The grubby motel-phone is sitting beside him, and he has the actual phone pressed against his ear. His eyes are closed and his head lies tilted back against the wall.

He finally gives up. SLAMS the phone down and begins to cry.

His heart-breaking tears echo as we --

EXT. REMY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

PAN DOWN -- to see Russ and Tori walking down the pathway towards Tori's parked car on the sidewalk.

RUSS Eventful night, huh? TORI You think we should go pick up some welcome home banners and partyhats... or is that a little too --

RUSS

Creepy? Inappropriate?

Tori gives him "the eyes", before pausing at her car to gaze in the frosty window. She takes in her reflection.

> TORI Yea, guess you're right. (BEAT) Although, I don't care what you say, I'm getting a cake. Vanilla cake. Vanilla's nice, right?

> > RUSS

Would you just get in the car.

Russ giggles, walks around to the passenger side and hops in. Tori appears a tad offended.

INT. CITY-EDGE INN MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Dylan, still crying a little bit, punches in a few numbers into the phone. Waits for it to ring.

INT. TORI'S CAR - SAME TIME

"STARSHIPS" BY NICKI MINAJ --

Pumps from the stereo. Tori raps along the song, bobbing her head as she drives down a main street in town.

ON RUSS, who is staring at her like she's a total creature.

BZZT! -- Russ's staring is interrupted. He pulls out his cell-phone, then leans across and turns the stereo off.

Thank God.

However, Tori whom is taking a right turn, has her jaw hanging open.

TORI Hey! That was my jam!

RUSS Listen, I was about to launch myself from the car to a tragic death! I have a call!

Russ answers the incoming call.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE CAR AND MOTEL ROOM:

IN THE MOTEL -- Dylan clutches the phone.

DYLAN (Pained) Hey...

IN THE CAR -- Russ's eyes fill with happiness. He recognizes the voice.

RUSS Dylan! Oh my God, man! We just left Kate's house. Remy called. We heard the good news!

DYLAN I'm not with Remy...

Russ's eyebrow perks up. He can hear the weakness and slight hints of distress in his best-friends voice.

> RUSS Dude, are you okay? What's wrong?

TORI (Mouthing) What's wrong?!

RUSS (Covering phone) Pull over, now.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Tori's car pulls up on a deserted street under a tree.

INT. TORI'S CAR - SAME TIME

INTERCUT CONTINUES:

Russ puts the phone back to his ear.

DYLAN Listen man. I'm bad. Like, real bad. And I need you to come get me. Please. It hurts... it hurts so much...

Dylan clenches his eyes closed, fighting tears. Tori cuts out the engine.

RUSS Yea, sure, where are you? We'll come get you! Please, just, stay calm Dylan. Everything's going to be okay. In the motel room, Dylan tries to speak more clear. DYLAN I'm in Hollywood. Tori, IN THE CAR, overhears this. TORI HOLLYWOOD?! RUSS Where, where abouts in Hollywood? DYLAN City-Edge Inn Motel. Room 13. Please, just hurry guys. RUSS We will, we'll be there. Stay strong buddy, but --DYLAN Thanks guys. DYLAN hangs up. Exhales. BACK IN THE CAR --Tori turns to Russ as he removes the phone away from his ear. TORI I repeat... HOLLYWOOD?! Russ nods, slightly shaken by the conversation. RUSS Yea, we have to go. (BEAT) He sounds bad, Tor. Like, really bad. I'm worried for him. And wherever he is, he's not with Remy. Tori calms, nods. TORI Okay, but that's like... a four and a half hour drive. RUSS You up for it? Tori firmly nods.

TORI Hell yes! You?

RUSS We 'gotta save our friend.

TORI Before we pull the whole "save the day" routine...

Tori HOLDS out an open hand. Russ's face registers confused.

RUSS

What?

TORI Hello? Gas money! You're the dude with a job. I'm penniless.

Russ nods.

RUSS Fine, let's just hurry.

Tori shakes her head, gives a sigh of determination. Like she knows she's got a long journey ahead of her.

TORI Well then, I guess... lets do this shit.

Tori starts the car, and hits the gas-pedal.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

And we PULL BACK and continue to do so, as we watch Tori's car shoots off down the street until it's a tiny speck.

FLASH TO --

EXT. BURKETT TOWN SQUARE - NEW DAY

FOCUSING ON THE SUN, for a second, we PULL DOWN to the main town-square of Burkett, a place we haven't seen in a while.

A CAR pulls up beside a curb, followed by two POLICE CARS which follows behind it.

Out of the normal car, DETECTIVE MAXWELL steps out. He looks around as he stands on the curb. A determined grin. He sniffs the air of his hometown.

From the cop cars behind him, FOUR OFFICERS from back home gather around him. Maxwell turns to them.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL Boys, I have a feeling about today. It'll be a good day...

The officers nod in agreement.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) Prescott, could you get in contact with LAPD and let them know we're in town.

One officer, PRESCOTT, nods. And walks towards a pay-phone.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) Now, the rest of us. Let's go get these guys.

Detective Maxwell, and the remaining three cops, cross the street. As they do, we recognize a familiar BUS-STOP SIGN.

And in the background, an even more familiar place ...

BURKETT BURGERS. That's where they're heading.

EXT. CALIFORNIAN HIGHWAY

Morning traffic heads to and from Hollywood. Going about their daily routines.

INT. TORI'S CAR - SAME TIME

RUSS is driving quickly down the high-way, struggling to stay awake. He's switched places with Tori.

TRACK SLOWLY ACROSS -- to the passenger seat. Tori snores, deep in sleep. DROOL dribbles from her mouth.

EXT. CITY-EDGE INN MOTEL - LATER

Late morning sun spills down over the motel.

INT. CITY-EDGE INN MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM

Dylan exits from the bathroom, shockingly, within these short few hours, he appears much worse than the night before.

In Dylan's hand if a GLASS of water. Wearily, he makes it finally to the edge of his bed. Sitting there, are the pain-killers he purchased at the pharmacy.

We can see, that there's not many left in this packet.

He pops two more out into his hands, tosses them into his mouth, and swallows with a gulp of water.

DYLAN (To himself) Where are you guys?

EXT. CITY-EDGE MOTEL - PARKING LOT

TORI'S CAR can be seen approaching the motel on the mainroad. It right-turns, and pulls into the parking lot.

INT. TORI'S CAR - SAME TIME

Russ has parked the car in the closest available space. He glances out the wind-shield at the motel.

TORI then stirs awake, she gets blinded by the sun spilling into the car, and holds her hand up in protest against the sudden brightness.

TORI (Still waking up) We're here?

RUSS We're here. Now, you going to wake up and come help me locate our friend?

Tori yawns.

TORI I'd be more than willing to help, actually.

Russ opens the car door and exits. Tori follows after him.

INT. CITY-EDGE INN MOTEL - PARKING LOT

The two of them disperse from the car, and eye the motel in front of them. There's motel rooms everywhere, and a steel stair-case to a second level of rooms close by.

INT. CITY-EDGE INN MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

DYLAN hangs close to the window looking out into the parkinglot. From this view, we can tell he's on the second level.

TORI and RUSS can be seen trying to find Dylan's room.

DYLAN'S face lightens up slightly, more than happy to see both his friends.

The door to ROOM 13 swings open, and Dylan appears.

IN THE PARKING LOT -- Tori spots him!

TORI

DYLAN!

Russ follows her line of sight.

RUSS

Dylan, stay there!

Russ and Tori rush towards the stairs.

OUTSIDE THE MOTEL ROOM -- Dylan goes to walk. A smile on his face. But then, almost in an instant, it goes from good to bad.

He collapses to the metal floor of the runway-balcony outside the door.

TORI Oh my God, Dylan!!!

RUSS and TORI reach the stairs to the balcony above, and dash up them as fast as they can. They pound down the balcony to Dylan, and bend down beside them.

> RUSS (Worried) Dylan! Buddy, it's Russ! Are you okay?!

Tori mirrors Russ's alarmed expression.

DYLAN I'm... I'm just so weak. It hurts all over. You guys have to get me to the car.

Russ nods.

RUSS Hold tight, buddy.

Russ attempts to bring his friend to his feet. He does so, with Tori's assistance, before finally placing Dylan over his shoulder.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Tori follows as Russ, with Dylan slung over his shoulder, head back towards the stairs. By this point, nosy guests from other motel room are at their doors. Russ eases down the metal-stair case. Tori, however, spins around to the people who have come to see what all the commotion was about.

> TORI (To the nosy guests) What?! Go back into your shells and mind you're business! Nothing to see here!!!

The now terrified guests flee back inside. Tori, with a smile on her face, shrugs her shoulders, impressed with herself.

She runs down the metal stair-case and back out into the parking lot.

ACROSS AT THE CAR -- Russ throws open the back door, and eases in Dylan.

DYLAN Thanks, Russ.

RUSS You don't need to thank me, man. You're 'gonna be okay, we're going to get you help.

DYLAN No... Remy... you have to take me to Remy. We need to go get her. She was right. We have to go back home.

Russ nods, understanding. Not in the position to argue with his friends. Who is sick... who has CANCER.

RUSS Cool, whatever you want.

And with a smile, Russ closed the door.

TORI finally arrives.

TORI Plan of action?

RUSS We have to go get, Remy.

TORI And where would that be?

RUSS (Shrugging) We'll find out. Tori approaches the driver's side.

RUSS Can you handle it?

Tori laughs.

TORI There's a guy with cancer in my back-seat who just happens to be my friend. If I can handle that, I think I can handle anything.

Russ and Tori get into the car. Tori, wearing a grin, slams the door on the driver's side shut.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

BACK IN TOWN, and in the dull hallways of the hospital we know so well, doctors go about their business and nurses work hard.

It may not look the brightest, but we can tell hard work has gone on in this hospital The staff, they CARE.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY UNIT - HOSPITAL ROOM

DAVE is lying, eyes shut, in a hospital bed. He looks peaceful. His eyes flicker. They flicker again.

Then, finally, he comes around and his eye-lids flutter open the entire way.

KATE (O.S.) And, he's awake. Wow.

PULL BACK -- TO SEE KATE sitting in a chair by the bed.

DAVE (Disorientated) What... who... where am I?

KATE This is a hospital. You had a heart-attack.

Dave is shocked by this. His eyes widen. Evidence enough.

DAVE

I did?

KATE Yes, you did. Found on the street by some passer-by. But, Charlie assured me, you're going to be

Dave attempts to sit up, just as the DOOR clicks open!

AT THE DOOR -- Charlotte comes rushing in.

CHARLOTTE

Daddy!

fine.

Following behind her are BREE, and DR. CHARLIE in his white coat and hospital attire.

DAVE (to Charlotte) Sweat-pea!

Charlotte climbs into her dad's arms. Dave hugs her, thankful to see his daughter. It's an embrace he wish could last forever.

BREE

Nice to see you awake, Dave.

Charlie approaches.

CHARLIE

I know this is a joyous event Dave, and it's good to see you awake, but you're in recovery. I'd suggest keeping the heart-warming hugs to a minimum for a while. You've just had a heart-attack.

Dave smiles, and sets his daughter back on the floor.

DAVE Thanks for the advice, doc.

He winks a Charlie. Whom smiles right back at him.

DAVE (CONT'D) Am I going to be okay?

CHARLIE

We're still running tests, but for now, yes. You're going to be dandy, Dave. We're positive the heart-attack came on due to excessive amounts of stress.

DAVE (Sarcastic) *Really?* Kate perks in at this.

KATE And I feel that a partial amount of that stress was brought on by me. So, I apologize.

DAVE No need. You gave me the kick in the ass I needed.

CHARLOTTE stares at her father, disapproving.

DAVE (CONT'D) (Correcting himself) Oh, I'm sorry. Kick in the bottom!

The room laughs.

Charlie heads to the door.

CHARLIE

Well, I have to go sort out a few things for when you leave, but now that you're awake do you want me to call Vickie?

AWKWARD SILENCE swarms the room.

DAVE No one called her to let her know?

Again, SILENCE. Guilt faces. Kate though, looks nothing less than guilty.

CHARLIE No, I don't think so. I'm sorry.

DAVE Then don't even bother calling. (BEAT) I have a feeling we'll be seeing a lot less of her lately.

Charlie smiles. The same from Bree and Kate. Charlie nods, and exits.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT - LATER

OUTSIDE CASEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING is quiet.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SHOWER

ON THE SHOWER HEAD -- as water blasts out. Filling the shower and room with steam.

PULL DOWN to REMY standing in the shower. She points her face towards the water, and rubs her face. She soaks her hair, rubs her neck.

Like she hopes the water will get rid of her stress.

We know though, that it won't.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

CASEY, in her diner uniform, moves into the living area and sits down at the couch with a bowl of popcorn.

A DOOR in the hallway opens, and Remy exits dressed in the clothes she was wearing on the night she fled town, now clean. And minus the bloody shirt.

CASEY

Hey. (BEAT) Any luck with Dylan?

Remy shakes her head.

REMY Straight to voice-mail.

Casey nods with a sympathetic look.

CASEY

You still going home tonight?

REMY

I don't want to. I really don't, and not without him with me. But, I have to. I can't put my family through this any longer. I have get home and set the story straight about what happened and about Vickie. (BEAT) And I can just hope and pray that Dylan made it home. That he had

some sense to go back or to find a hospital or something.

Casey sets the bowl of popcorn in-front of her on the coffee table.

CASEY

Well, in the meantime, to cheer you up and to spend our last day together before you go back to reality and I go back to hell -otherwise known as <u>work</u> -- I thought we could watch a few movies. Casey gestures to a stack of DVD's beside the popcorn.

CASEY (CONT'D) We got Mission Impossible, Die Hard and my personal favorite, Magic Mike. It's ensured that <u>zero</u> of those awesome choices will cause tear-shedding. However, one of them may OR may not make you wish you're friend with benefits was Channing Tatum.

Remy, smiling, walks over and sits down beside Casey. She leans forward, and grabs popcorn.

REMY

Sounds like fun.

Casey, with the go head, stands and grabs MAGIC MIKE from the stack and moves to the TV to stick it in the DVD player.

CASEY

I bet naked-ass, male strippers and torsos you could flick quarters off will make you feel better.

REMY

Casey?

Casey puts the DVD in and turns her head to Remy.

CASEY

(Shocked) What? You don't wanna watch it?!

REMY

No... I just... I... well, just thank you for everything. I mean it. For being kind and not a douche about this whole fucked-up thing happening in my life at the moment.

CASEY Well, us bad-ass girls are a dying breed. We have to stay together.

Casey smiles at Remy, who does the same. A life-long friendship was formed.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT - LATER

Nothing out of place, until --

TORI'S CAR pulls up outside the street!

INT. TORI'S CAR - SAME TIME

Tori cuts off the engine, and from inside the car, looks out at the building.

TORI I thought Hollywood was meant to be classy.

Russ turns into Dylan, who lies across the backseats.

RUSS

Is this it?

DYLAN

We're here.

Russ nods.

RUSS Okay, what's the apartment? I'll go inside with Tori and get her.

Dylan, groggily and wincing in pain, attempts to sit up.

DYLAN No way. I'm going with you.

Russ doesn't appear happy about this.

RUSS Dylan, please, you're not well --

DYLAN

(Interrupting) Russel! I am going WITH you.

Dylan's eyes are serious. Russ sighs. Knowing he's not going to win.

RUSS Fine! But as soon as we're done, you PROMISE me you let me take you to the nearest hospital.

Dylan stays silent. Like he might even protest. But then, he puts his hand out, exposing his PINKY FINGER.

Russ smirks. And wraps his pinky around his friends.

The ultimate promise.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - SAME TIME

Casey and Remy still chill-out on the couch. The movie's almost over:

ON SCREEN: An ensemble cast of beyond Angelic-sexy men dance half-naked about a stage.

Casey SMILES BRIGHTLY at the TV screen, the entire bowl of popcorn cradled in her arms. Remy leans across for a handful, but Casey slaps her hand away.

After a laugh, Casey passes the bowl to Remy. Just a joke. Remy smiles as she takes the popcorn, but a moment soon passes, then the smile fades...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY

Dylan, Russ and Tori, now inside, stride. Tori and Russ lead the trio. Russ throws an arm under Dylan's shoulder for support.

However, Dylan protests and pushes her away.

DYLAN No, please, I wanna do this by myself...

With an understanding nod, Russ steps away.

TORI (re: Dylan) You got this?

DYLAN I got this. (BEAT) We're here...

The three all look at the front door entrance to Casey's apartment.

TORI Dylan, what did you say her name was again?

DYLAN

Casey.

ON TORI -- she turns her head, and we see her try to hide a snide look.

TORI

Whore.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA

BACK WITH THE TWO GIRLS on the couch, when --

TWO LOUD BANGS rattle the door. Both Casey and Remy's head snap around to set their sights on the door.

CASEY

What the --

THUMP!

CASEY (CONT'D) (Shouting) Who the hell's there?!

TORI (0.S.) Immigration, we have a law-breaker to collect, now please, open the door!

REMY sits right to attention. Recognizing the voice of her life long best-friend instantly.

REMY

(Shock) Tori?!

Remy bolts from the couch, across the living area, where she arrives at the door.

TORI (O.S.) Open up, Rem! Special delivery!

Remy throws the lock, and pulls the door open --

Tori stands right there smiling.

REMY (Shock) Oh my God, what the 'frickin hell are you doing in Hollywood?!

TORI I'd say for my 90210 stand-in auditions, but I'd be lying. (BEAT) And when the HELL did you become a blonde?!

Remy ignores the comment.

Russ barges on through and into the apartment.

RUSS We're here to take 'ya home. And we have something that belong to you. Tori slides out of the way, to reveal our DYLAN standing behind her. He attempts his best to appear strong and brave and healthy. A sparkling smile adorns his pale lips.

REMY

Dylan!!!

Dylan doesn't have time to fit a word in before Remy pulls him into a strong, warming embrace.

Relief floods DYLAN'S face. He looks beyond thankful to be back in his girlfriend's company.

IN THE LIVING AREA --

Casey's face is snap-shot worthy. Pure confusion.

CASEY

Sorry... I'm... well it appears I'm a little out of the loop here. Dylan, I'm beyond happy to see you, but would someone mind explaining to me what's going on?

Tori looks about the apartment, throwing distasteful looks here and there, but we can tell it's all show.

TORI Well, we're their best-friends. And we're here to bring them home and make them safe. Which, apparently, you haven't been doing.

Russ intervenes as he see's the conversation heating. Casey goes from herself to Sassy Black Woman in 0.5 seconds.

CASEY (BEAT) Ah, 'scuse me?!

Remy, with Dylan beside her, enters into the main part of the apartment. She attempts her best to diffuse the situation.

REMY No, Tori. It's fine. She's cool. Casey's cool.

Tori nods at Remy.

TORI (re: Casey) Close one, Blondie.

OFF TO THE SIDE -- Remy goes back to her boyfriend and pulls him aside from everyone else.

Listen, I'm so sorry. Let me speak... I... I just, I wanna say I'm sorry for pushing you to what happened. It broke my heart.

Dylan KISSES Remy and clasps her hand in his. FOCUS ON the hands... their fingers... as they interlock and twine together.

DYLAN No. You were right. We should have left when we had the chance. We belong back home.

Remy nods. Happy. She hugs her boyfriend.

CLOSE ON Dylan's face. Remy's hold is so tight, that Dylan looks in pain. However, for her sake, he tries to push down the pain.

REMY We need to get you to a hospital, or home, or whatever you want...

Hands are raised in "surrender" as Dylan gives in, happy to comply.

DYLAN

I'm yours.

BEAT.

DYLAN (CONT'D) No more running.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

SUDDENLY -- LAPD cops cars, sirens OFF, speed down a street. Six in a row. Detective Maxwell's unmarked takes the lead as the rubber tyres screech and burn with gravel.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

The same SIX cop cars and Maxwell's vehicle come speeding to a stop outside the familiar street.

Cops swarms out of the cars, guns at the ready, Maxwell is even armed as he and the men run towards the entrance.

Close to ending this.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Casey sits at the edge of the coffee table. Remy and Dylan are perched on the couch whilst Remy and Dylan loom behind the couch, standing behind their friends.

REMY Thanks... for everything. But, 'guess our time's up. Back to reality, huh?

Casey, surprisingly, actually looks a little emotional regarding the departure of the new friend's she made just a few weeks ago.

CASEY Well, we knew it'd come around sooner or later. I'm just thankful you weren't serial killers to be honest.

Remy smirks and stands, Casey hugs her. Dylan then leans in and hugs her with a thank you. Still doing a good job to look better than he actually feels.

The only person he isn't fooling is Russ. He, out of everyone, looks the most worried.

RUSS I hate to rush this little departure along, but Dyl, we have to get you to a hospital.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Maxwell, gun drawn, moves along the hallway with a tandem of about ten other cops wearing bullet-proof vests in his wake.

At the end of the hallway, Maxwell approaches the front-door to Casey's apartment. Cops surround the door, and Maxwell leans up against it...

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA

None the wiser to what's occurring just beyond the door, the good-byes are being wrapped up in the apartment,

Dylan, Russ and Tori are off at the side.

Remy wears a back-pack. Must be filled with her stuff. She gives Casey one last hug.

REMY You have my cell-number. We'll see each other soon. Get Dylan better, get yourself sorted, but just do me a favour and get that bitch in jail.

CASEY

Remy laughs as they part.

AT THE SIDE Dylan begins to cough loudly.

RUSS You hanging in there?

DYLAN (Unconvincing) Fine... I'm okay...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Maxwell is MOUTHING a countdown.

OVER THE SHOT -- we hear the sound of a HEARTBEAT.

BA-DUM... BA-DUM... BA-DUM!

MAXWELL

Three...

-- INSIDE the apartment, Dylan rubs his head.

OUTSIDE

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Two...

-- INSIDE Remy walks away from Casey with a smile, to her awaiting friends.

OUTSIDE

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

One...

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

From here on out, EVERYTHING is in SLOW-MOTION. And even though we SEE lips/mouths moving, the entire scene remains <u>inaudible.</u>

BEAT.

THE DOOR is KICKED OPEN!

Cops swarms in like a waterfall of surprise. Guns are pointed at the young people who stand within.

In a matter of moments, THREE cops surround Russ and Tori and restrain them. Russ is forced to the ground. Tori appears to be SCREAMING. She places hands on her head.

CASEY has a gun pointed at her as a male cop forces her to lie on the ground and place her hands behind her back. She looks terrified.

MAXWELL approaches Remy. His own gun pointed right at her. Remy, however, isn't faced by this and glances over at --

DYLAN. His face in agony. Cops attempt to calm and restrain him.

Russ and Tori are screaming, but nothing comes out.

Remy tries to run for Dylan, but she's held back by Maxwell.

BACK on DYLAN -- his eyes close and his back arches in agony. The shock and the pain overbearing.

REMY has tears in her eyes as she reaches for Dylan, all in futility, as she's held back.

FOCUS AGAIN on Dylan. His pain ends as his body goes still and limp. Dylan's eyes close over.

He falls to the floor. Unconscious.

Remy SCREAMS her heart out, pouring out her soul as a few more officers pull her back. Tears stream her face.

She screams...

And we hear nothing.

INSTANT BLACK.

WHITE NOISE -- for a few seconds, soon replaced by --

BA-DUM. BA-DUM. BA-DUM. --

The sound of the heart-beat returns.

CUE: SERIES OF SHOT --

-- IN A CELL holding-room back in town, Casey still in her diner uniform from the night before, is slouched against a wall.

-- REMY sits in a questioning room, MAXWELL has his sleeves rolled up, questioning her. It looks like they've been here a while...

-- TORI and RUSS sit, hand-cuffed to two chairs in a waiting area of the station. Officers stride past them, not even taking notice.

Tori slumps her head against Russ and he leans his against hers -- "it'll be okay."

-- KATE and CHARLOTTE are in the foyer of the police-station. Though we don't know what she's saying, Kate is arguing with someone at the head-desk. Charlotte looks scared.

-- VICKIE, at NIGHT, looks out her bedroom window. Where, across the street, we see more NEWS VANS sitting. About ten in total.

-- DYLAN, back in his original room and hooked up to IV, is lying in his head blurry eyed. BREE sits beside him in the chair, holding his hand. Glad to have her son back.

-- FINALLY we find ourselves in DAVE'S hospital room.

He lies in his bed. CHARLIE talks to him. Dave's face brightens, and we can only assume he's delivering the news about Remy being found.

Then, PAN AROUND FULLY to the corner of the room where on a stand sits a TINY, small TV.

A NEWS-REPORT reads "LIVE" across the bottom. A male reporter is outside Dave and Vickie's not-so-humble abode.

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN:

NEWS CASTER (V.O.) (On television) The harrowing story that has been the talking-point in this small Californian town, which began three weeks ago with the murder of a male, comes to an end today. Remy Adams, a young-girl and local resident, whom has been wanted for the murder was found today in the city of Hollywood and returned to town in police-custody two hours ago.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET ACROSS FROM DAVE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

THE EXACT SAME SCENE, only really "LIVE" from right on the street across from Remy's dad's house. Where Vickie hides inside.

NEWS CASTER

Dylan Reber, whom fled town with his partner Remy, and who also is being treated at Hartley Memorial Medical Hospital for Leukemia, is also being questioned by police. It's the most beautiful day ever. Aqua blue skies, fluffy white clouds. And a orange, perfect sun.

INT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - DYLAN'S ROOM

ON DYLAN'S FACE. Bald head. More thinner, more pale. More sick. But he's still beautiful. Still strong.

His eyes are closed, maybe he's sleeping? We don't get to tell, before they slowly but surely, flutter open.

BREE is at his bedside. A new woman. Having her son back appears to have returned her happiness, her warmth.

BREE

Morning.

Dylan attempts a smile.

DYLAN

Morning.

Bree takes her son's hand.

BREE

Sleep well?

DYLAN Like a baby, actually.

Bree smiles.

BREE I'm still mad at you. I know the smile on my face right now might not make it seem that way... but yep, still mad.

Dylan chuckles lightly, and attempts to readjust his position in the bed.

DYLAN I'm sorry, mom. I was afraid of loosing her.

BREE I was in love once too. So, I guess I'll let this one slide, and just say... I understand.

Bree holds a happy gaze with Dylan. Dylan nods, happy that his mother isn't being to hard on him for scaring the life out of her these past three weeks. INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

ON AN ELEVATOR - DING!

The doors slide open, and it's a shock to us to see VICKIE strut out of the elevator. Lip-glossed. Hair-did. Looking half-decent, actually.

She looks up and down the hallways, her face panicked, before she heads down.

INT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - DYLAN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

BREE is standing at a window, looking out over the town.

DYLAN

Mom?

Bree turns to the soft, gentle sound of her name.

BREE Yes, baby?

DYLAN I need you to do me a favour?

BREE (Willing) Yes, anything, what is it?

Dylan locks eyes with her.

DYLAN I need to talk to Dave's wife. I have to speak with Vickie.

OFF his serious expression --

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

In a different hallway, VICKIE rounds a corner.

JUST AS -- the door to Dave's hospital room opens and KATE steps out.

Kate is as shocked to see her, as Vickie is to see her.

VICKIE

You?

KATE What are you still doing walking free?

VICKIE

What on earth are you talking about? And why did no one tell me that my husband-to-be has a heartattack? Are the people here stupid or something?!

KATE

You know what I'm talking about. You think my daughter's throwing away her life in exchange for a bedroom with bars, then think again.

Kate sweeps past Vickie, but not before turning around.

VICKIE Dave was released this morning. Oh, and you're husband-to-be also called off the wedding. Something about you being crazy...

Kate smiles, turns, and walks away.

Vickie looks FUMING.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

VICKIE marches down the same hallway from where she came out of the elevator. Panicked. Annoyed.

A NURSE steps out in front of her.

FEMALE NURSE Excuse me, Ms. Mexton?

Vickie eyes the nurse. Apprehensive.

VICKIE Who's asking?

FEMALE NURSE A patient in our cancer-unit wishes for you to see him...

Vickie's thinly plucked eye-brow arches.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

ON A METALLIC TABLE -- a hand slams down. PULL UP to reveal Detective Maxwell's arm.

Opposite him in the seat, is REMY. Hair messy. It's been a long day. She's fed up of this.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL How about the truth?

REMY

How do I make it anymore clear? I walk in, body on the floor, vase in her hands, she tries to blame me then ka-zam -- three weeks later -- here we are. That cover it?

Maxwell sighs.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL Why would Miss. Mexton want to murder someone?

REMY

I always had this gut-feeling that she was wrong for my dad. In it for something other than love. My guess, if you really want to know, is that she was having an affair.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL Your prints were on the murder weapon.

Remy exhales. Seething.

REMY

I told you already! She threw it at me, and on basic-human-instinct, I caught it in my hands. What else do you want me to say. We've been over this a thousand times!

INT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - DYLAN'S ROOM

DYLAN is alone in the room. That is, until the door opens and the same female nurse gestures for VICKIE to enter.

Vickie, as if walking on ice, enters into a foreign world.

She looks at everything. Then spots Dylan.

She takes in his bald head, where the cancer has caused it to fall out. His sunken cheeks, his cold skin, and thin arms.

VICKIE You, ah, wanted to talk to me?

DYLAN

Yea.

VICKIE

What about?

Dylan looks out through the bear-by glass window, we see nothing but blue sky.

DYLAN Have you ever loved someone?

Vickie hesitates. Goes to speak, but then opts to nod instead.

DYLAN (CONT'D) The night when me and Remy left, I just... I thought I was going to loose her.

He pauses, turns his head, and stares right at Vickie.

DYLAN (CONT'D) But Remy's going to loose me.

He chokes up. Vickie looks uncomfortable, but totally intent on listening to this guy.

> DYLAN (CONT'D) The cancer's spread. They want me to go through more treatment. But me? No. I don't want it. It's my time, I know it is.

Dylan pauses again. Still staring at Vickie. She gulps.

DYLAN (CONT'D) Vickie, I have cancer. I'm dying. Pretty soon, all that's going to be left of me are memories and an expensive head-stone. But there's no way in hell I could ever leave happy, if Remy goes down, and goes through torment, for something she didn't do.

It may be a trick of the eye, but it even looks like tears are forming on the edges of Vickie's eyes.

The same can be said for Dylan. He's pouring his heart out, and it's hurting him. The tears are proof.

DYLAN (CONT'D) I love that girl. She means the world to me. And when I go, it's going to kill her. She'll have a mountain to climb. And I want it to be as easy as possible. I want her to eventually be happy...

BEAT.
DYLAN (CONT'D) But how can she do that, Vickie? How can she be happy? How can I leave here happy, and die happy, if the love of my world will be going through hell? Accused of something she didn't do.

Dylan's watery eyes LOCK with Vickie. Tears run down her face.

DYLAN (CONT'D) From human to human, have a heart. And just, do what you need to do Vickie. But just, please, get Remy out of it.

Tears non-stop run his face. Hard. Fast. His heart is broken.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Please...

EXT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Moments later, Vickie opens the door to Dylan's room. She looks up and down the hallway.

ACROSS from her, attached to the wall, is a pay-phone.

AT the end of the hallway, seated at a sitting area is KATE, BREE and little CHARLOTTE. They're sitting just across from the ELEVATOR. Her escape. Her way out... of everything.

Vickie rubs tears from her eyes.

QUICK SHOT of the pay-phone.

QUICK SHOT of the watching girls at the waiting area.

LINGERING SHOT of the elevator...

A HAND reaches in and pushes DOWN.

But when we pull back -- IT ISN'T VICKIE.

And this is because, at the end of the hallway, she stands at the pay-phone. Phone to her ear.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER

VICKIE (V.O.) (Pre-lap) Yes, police? (BEAT) Yes, it's Vickie Mexton here. (MORE) VICKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D) I have to change my statement. I haven't been completely honest about something...

LINGER outside the small, modern-ish station.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

REMY is alone at the table. She's ripped a Styrofoam cup down to a mountain of white.

THE DOOR opens and in walks Maxwell. A happy look on his face.

He pulls out a chair, and sits down.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL I just got a call.

Remy continues to rip apart her cup, not looking at him.

REMY

Wow.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL It was from Vickie.

THIS piques her interest, she looks up with wide eyes.

REMY

And?

DETECTIVE MAXWELL

And...

He gets up from the table.

DETECTIVE MAXWELL (CONT'D) You're free to go.

Remy doesn't believe it. Speechless for a moment.

REMY

What?

MAXWELL She confessed to the murder. You're friends are waiting on you.

Maxwell smiles at Remy, turns around, and exits the room. REMY cannot even move. Cannot comprehend what happened. EXT. POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER

CASEY, RUSS and TORI stand on the sidewalk outside the police station.

THE ENTRANCE -- doors to the station come open, and REMY exits.

All three of her waiting friends smile at her.

Casey is happy. Tori is happy. Russ is happy.

ON REMY as she smiles.

REMY I'm never leaving town again.

They all burst into laughter.

FADE TO BLACK.

BEAT --

EXT. REMY'S HOUSE - MORNING

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

Remy exits her house, walks the footpath. Her sweeping CHOCOLATE BROWN hair blows in the wind.

She takes off down the street.

The journey not over yet.

INT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - HALLWAY - LATER

OUTSIDE IN THE HALLWAY -- it's packed. Chairs run along the wall.

KATE, RUSS, TORI, DAVE and CHARLOTTE are here.

Dave pulls Charlotte aside.

DAVE Hey honey, wanna go out and get some hot chocolate?

Charlotte's glittery smile shines.

CHARLOTTE I said bye to Dylan, and he likes hot chocolate Daddy.

Dave looks at Kate, whom gives him an understanding look. He and his daughter walk off away from the scene.

ON THE REST OF THEM...

RUSS That was tough.

TORI Worse than *The Notebook*. I have no tear ducts left.

Russ rubs his eyes.

RUSS You wanna get some air?

Tori nods, turns to Kate.

TORI Will you be okay, Kate?

A smile from the loving and strong mother we've come to love.

KATE You kids go on, I'll be fine.

They smile, and walk off --

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY

THE ELEVATOR slides open -- REMY walks out, almost colliding with her two friends who were coming that way. Remy looks up at Russ and Tori.

REMY

Hey.

Russ and Tori look between each other, don't know what to say.

What DO you say?!

TORI

He loves you.

Tori holds back tears.

RUSS

Good luck.

Remy looks like her world is falling apart.

BACK AT THE OTHER END OF THE HALLWAY --

Just outside the door, it OPENS and a very emotional BREE leaves. Her eyes red-raw. Hankies in her hand. She eases the door closed.

Kate looks at her. Sympathy in her eyes.

BREE My baby, my boy...

Bree begins to cry. Kate puts an arm around her, and leads her down the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL - HAEMATOLOGY UNIT - DYLAN'S ROOM

Remy enters. She treads the room as if walking on thin-ice.

IN THE BED -- lies Dylan. Having refused Chemo and treatment, he doesn't look the best.

His skin is the palest we've seen. His form is much more thin and skeletal. But there's a smile on his face and that's all that matters.

> REMY (Choking up) I can't do this.

DYLAN Remy... I'm ready...

And that does it. She can't do it. Tears burst.

REMY I'm not sure if I am...

DYLAN You are. Come here...

Dylan, weakly lifting his fragile arm, motions for his girlfriend to come over.

Remy obliges and finds herself once again sitting in the infamous and horrible looking chair that is ALWAYS beside Dylan's bedside.

DYLAN (CONT'D) You know, how I know, that you're ready?

Remy shakes her head, unable to stare her boyfriend in the eye.

DYLAN (CONT'D) When we ran, it only was partially to do with keeping you safe.

Remy stares at Dylan.

DYLAN (CONT'D) Hollywood... well, I saw it as a chance. The carnival, the fun, the everything... it was all a precaution. (MORE) DYLAN (CONT'D) I wanted to make sure we experienced craziness and something special. Incase, well, just incase.

A nod from Remy.

REMY

And we did it.

She smiles, the tears begin to slow, and finally with her sleeves she rubs them away.

DYLAN Exactly. We did. <u>We</u> did. You and I. That was the point. We had to see for ourselves that life... it was crazy. It was spontaneous. Together we did it.

REMY I still have it...

Remy reaches into her jacket pocket, and what she pulls out, we instantly recognize. THE DOLPHIN KEY-RING that Dylan won as a consolation prize the night of the carnival.

DYLAN Just a reminder that I suck at balltoss.

As Remy laughs. She begins to ponder.

REMY I had a dream about this. (BEAT) We were in a playground, on the swings. And you said goodbye, and you took my hand, then you just... vanished.

Remy lowers her head.

DYLAN You're going to be okay.

REMY

Am I though? Dylan, I love you. I... I don't want this to happen.

DYLAN

Remy, you're going to be fine. You're the strongest person I know and you... you have the biceps to even back it up!

Remy laughs.

DYLAN (CONT'D) I love you so much that it's sick. But... it's my time. I know it is. And I'm not going to fight it.

REMY (Tearing up) I understand...

DYLAN Do me a favour though?

REMY

Anything.

DYLAN Actually, two things. Look after my mom...

REMY She'll be a handful.

Dylan giggles.

DYLAN And the other one, it might even be harder....

BEAT.

DYLAN (CONT'D) Please don't wallow away. Don't get stuck in my memory. Love me, lose me, and remember me. But please, I care about you too much. I want you to be happy. And I want

it to happen with someone amazing.

Remy tries to hold back the tears, though it's far too hard.

REMY I'll never loose you, so I can't oblige to that one. I'll always have a part of you. I'll never forget you.

DYLAN (Grinning) Well, I guess I'll let you away with that one.

He weakly grabs Remy. Dylan pulls her over onto the bed beside him. She hugs him. A true picture of love.

Dylan KISSES her forehead, before putting his hand into her jacket-pocket to pull out her CELL-PHONE.

He raises the phone and points the back where the camera is located towards them,

DYLAN (CONT'D) Say cheese.

REMY

You hate cheese!

Dylan SNAPS the picture anyway. Of both of them. Together.

DYLAN You can Instagram it later, make it all hipster and stuff.

REMY (Laughing) God, I love you Dylan Reber.

DYLAN Too bad, I hate your guts! Always have, always will!

Remy turns around in the bed, so that she's facing Dylan.

REMY You're a bad liar.

DYLAN (Smiling) I am indeed.

PAN DOWN -- to their hands.

Both being held together.

Clasped, entwined and tight.

FADE TO BLACK.

THEN -- we hear Remy's voice.

REMY (V.O.) Although Dylan died, I cannot thank him enough for all he did for me. The confidence he gave me. The love we shared.

A PHOTO super-imposes on-screen. It shows REMY and DYLAN and their final moments lying on the bed. The one Dylan snapped in his hospital room.

REMY (V.O.) He risked everything to ensure that we had the best experience of life. (MORE) REMY (V.O.) (CONT'D) I mean, who else could say they went on the run with a cancer patient having been framed for a murder, right?

The IMAGE falls down onto the blackness, and lands, as if having fallen on a dank and dark surface.

A PHOTO super-imposes across the screen, replaced by Kate, Charlotte and Remy somewhere by a lake-side.

> REMY (V.O.) So, what happened to everyone else? Was this the end? (BEAT) Well, unlike I thought, my dad and mom didn't get back together. A few months after Dylan passed we spent Summer away in Minnesota where we laughed and had fun and celebrated Charlotte's birthday. She's 7, and wants to be president.

The IMAGE falls down onto the other photo, replaced by --

A PHOTO of DAVE -- standing in front of the Empire State Building on a busy New York City sidewalk.

> REMY (V.O.) My dad got a job offer and moved to New York where he now manages an over-seas banking firm. He's dating a nice girl. She has no murderous tendencies. He's happy.

Like before, the IMAGE falls down onto the others and they continue to collect, it's replaced by --

A PHOTO of BREE and CHARLIE standing at a gravestone on a sunny day in a vast and gorgeous cemetery. The grave they stand at belongs to Dylan.

REMY (V.O.) However, two people did get together. Bree and Charlie are dating now. They're perfect together, and I know Dylan is looking down and approves of the situation.

The picture falls down onto the rest, replaced by --

A PHOTO of RUSS and TORI fades onto screen. It shows them on a bed of snow, in the middle of a park, making snow angels.

REMY (V.O.) Russ and Tori dated for a while, but decided they're messed up relationship worked better as a friends-only-ship. Currently, they're off travelling the United States and have been enjoying making snow angels in Alaska.

The picture falls down and they continue to collect.

It's replaced by a PHOTO of CASEY. She is sitting outside Remy's house on the porch. Feet sprawled. Happy. In her hand she holds a Red Bull.

> REMY V.O.) Casey moved in with my family, and now works at the local Sushi Bar. Everyone loves her. She's dating a guy named Mark Lowe, with no relation to Rob. She doesn't miss Hollywood or Burkett Burgers one little bit. She continues to drink Red Bull.

The photo falls down, creating a big stack. The photo is replaced by --

A MUG-SHOT of VICKIE. She looks depressed.

REMY (V.O.) Vickie, well out of everyone, she got it the worst. She's currently doing her time in an all Female Prison. She gets zero visitors. And she shares a cell with a 'gal called Rhiannon who drowned her husband. Charming.

THE MUG-SHOT falls from our screen, and down onto the rest of them.

REMY (V.O.) And as for me? (Uplifting) Well...

INT. CAFE - EVENING

SUPER: AN UNDISCLOSED AMOUNT OF TIME LATER

Evening sun cascades in through a near-by arched window. This cafe, filled with people, is buzzing with activity. MALE (O.S.) Here, let me...

It's an appealing husky-typed voice. The male pulls out the chair and the girls sits down, revealing --

REMY. She looks amazing. Her hair is back to it's originally gorgeous natural brunette color. She seems stronger since the last time we seen her.

REMY

Thanks. It's great that we can finally do this!

The male, STILL undisclosed fully to us, takes a seat. But he remains out of frame. Remy remains our focal point.

MALE (0.S.) Me too, it's been a while! I was stoked when you called back!

Remy smiles at her unknown date.

REMY Yea, I wanted to call. Phone trouble 'ya know?

She laughs slightly. Not nervous. It feels natural. Our girl looks at ease in her setting.

A WAITRESS then approaches.

WAITRESS Hey, you guys ready to order?

MALE (O.S.) I'm ready if you are.

Remy nods, lifting a menu. She scans it.

REMY

Sure.

She smiles, and we see our unknown male's hand reach in to lift the second menu.

As he makes his choice -- PAN IN ON REMY ...

Getting closer to her WRIST. Where we finally recognize something amazing about the bracelet she is wearing.

THE DOLPHIN KEY-CHAIN is attached to the bracelet and hangs from it.

Remy watches the dolphin with happiness in her eyes. Then, she sets the menu down, inspects the key-chain and holds it in her hands.

Remembering him. Remembering... Dylan...

A quirky smile appears on her lips.

MALE (O.S.) I'll head down the main-course route and get a well-done steak please? All the trimmings.

The waitress writes this down. She turns to Remy.

WAITRESS

And you, miss?

Remy continues looking at the key-chain we recognize, that was won as a "consolation" the night of the carnival.

Finally, her smile still strong, she turns her full attention to the waitress.

REMY Yes, I think... I think I'll just have a cheeseburger. <u>Without</u> the cheese. (BEAT) That would be amazing.

FOCUS ON Remy.

She continues to clasp the dolphin key-chain in her hand.

A happy girl.

BLUR TO BLACK.

THE END