STRIPES, A FEATURE LENGTH DRAMATIC FILM SCRIPT

HONORS THESIS

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by

Adam James Rollins

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Abstract

*Stripes* was initially inspired by the Ferguson Protests, and further evolved into a story that could be as diverse as it is powerful. A feature-length script with the intent of being produced, *Stripes* is a story about two young black brothers trying to find their place in a world that is not hospitable to them. Through their journey to find their version of home, they must endure and overcome modern societal issues, including racism, police brutality, mental illness, and youth homelessness. While these issues are included, the focus of the story is on the development of the two brothers, their love for one another and their search for safety, even if it brings them at odds with one another. Theirs is a story that embraces love, compassion, forgiveness, and a little bit of magic. *Stripes* is a script written for a low-budget production with an intent to be produced.
Dedicated to John Hood

A friend, a teacher, an inspiration

I will remember you as you were
STRIPES

Written by

Adam Rollins
INT. RAMONE HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

SAM BROWN (17) lies in his bed, staring at the ceiling. Exasperated, he sits up and looks to his brother, TY BROWN (12), sleeping soundly in the adjacent bed.

Sam gets up and pulls a backpack out from under the bed. He unzips it and retrieves several wads of cash. He goes through each wad, counting. Range of hundreds of dollars, mostly in small bills.

He looks over all the cash laid out before him in rows.

SAM
(muttering)
Is it enough? It has to be enough.

Ty begins seizing in his sleep. Sam leaps up and across the room, by his side. Sam closes his eyes and lays a hand on Ty’s forehead.

Within moments Ty’s seizing stops. Sam pulls his hand back, his body now wracked with seizures that subside after a few moments. He looks tired.

Ty wakes up. He sees Sam and groans.

TY
It happened again.

SAM
It’s fine, Ty, it’s... It’s fine.

TY
Why can’t you make me better for good?

SAM
It doesn’t work like that. Not with you.

TY
Why-

The sound of an OPENING door. Sam and Ty shut up. The hallway lights turn on, seen under their door. Then, a shadow at their door. They wait, prolonged. The shadow departs, the light turns off, and a door CLOSES.

SAM
Go back to sleep.

TY
I’d love to.
Ty turns on his side.

Sam returns to his money, giving it another look.

    SAM
    (muttering)
    No. Not enough.

INT. RAMONE HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM

Sam creeps down the stairs. He wanders carefully through the room, probing his way through the dark. He finds his way to a cabinet by the door.

He opens the cabinet. A purse sits inside. He pulls it out, opens it, sorts his way through it until he finds a wallet. As he removes a few of the bills inside, the lights suddenly switch on.

On the other side of the room, sitting on the couch, is MRS. RAMONE (40’s). Sam freezes, caught red-handed. Mrs. Ramone stares him down, judgmental, angry, finished.

    MRS. RAMONE
    I thought I was crazy. Misplacing money, or just thought I had more than I really did. Really it was you.

    SAM
    Mrs. Ramone, I’m sorry, I needed-

    MRS. RAMONE
    I welcome you into our home. You and your brother. For all I know, he’s in on it too.

    SAM
    We needed a little money.

    MRS. RAMONE
    What did you do with my wedding ring?

Mrs. Ramone holds up her hand. No ring.

    MRS. RAMONE (CONT’D)
    The one I lost two weeks ago. Except I didn’t lose it. What did you do with it?

    SAM
    I didn’t-
MRS. RAMONE
Don’t lie to me!

Pause.

SAM
I pawned it.

Mrs. Ramone scoffs.

MRS. RAMONE
I could have forgiven the stealing. But that ring was in my family for generations. It had so much history and love and... and you sold it.

SAM
I didn’t know.

MRS. RAMONE
I want you both out of my house. Tonight. Or I call the police. Go.

INT. RAMONE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Sam prods Ty awake. He moans.

TY
I only just...

SAM
Ty... It’s time to leave. You have your bag?

EXT. RAMONE HOUSE

Sam and Ty leave the Ramone residence, their meager bags packed. Sam wears gloves as often as he can when awake. Ty casts a last look back at the house.

SAM
You liked it there, huh?

Ty nods.

TY
They were nice.

SAM
Not nice enough.
TY
How do you know?

SAM
Trust me.

Sam starts walking off.

TY
We’re supposed to wait for Ms. Fitz, Sam.

Sam stops and walks back to Ty.

SAM
What did I say about that?

Sam leans in.

SAM (CONT’D)
Don’t give respect to people who don’t respect you, all right? They ain’t worth it. You are.

Sam resumes walking.

SAM (CONT’D)
We’re not waiting for Gloria. We’re going.

TY
But-

SAM
Come on.

After a beat, Ty follows.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

As Sam and Ty walk along down the sidewalk, a car pulls up beside them. They stop, and the window rolls down. GLORIA FITZ sits behind the wheel, giving them a critical look. She gestures to the back.

GLORIA
Inside.

They don’t comply.

GLORIA (CONT’D)
We’ve done this before. It always ends the same. Get in.
TY
(groggy)
Just get in, Sam.

Ty climbs into the back seat. Sam reluctantly follows him.

INT. GLORIA’S CAR

Gloria drives, keeping an eye on the boys in the rear-view mirror. Ty has fallen asleep against Sam. Sam, however, can’t find any rest.

GLORIA
What was it this time, Sam? More of the same or did you get creative?

Sam ignores her.

GLORIA (CONT’D)
Talk to me. What was wrong with them?

SAM
I didn’t like them.

GLORIA
You didn’t like them?
(exasperated)
Six years I’ve been trying to find you boys a good home, and I think I’ve done a hell of a job of it. I don’t understand how you manage to screw it up so horribly.

SAM
It’s not that hard.

GLORIA
You need to explain to me this vendetta you have against these families. All they want to do is help you; all I want to do is help you.

SAM
We don’t need help. We’re fine.

GLORIA
You think Ty would back you up on that?

SAM
He does.
GLORIA
This isn’t fair to him, you know. He deserves a good home. Maybe if you thought of him for once you’d recognize that.

SAM
Screw you.

The streetlight coming up turns red. Gloria pulls to a stop and leans into the back seat, speaking directly to Sam.

GLORIA
You can’t kick at things and not expect them to kick back. What do you think will happen when they do?

Sam scoffs.

SAM
What, you think you can sermonize me? Just drive.

Sam turns to stare out the car window. Gloria pulls back into her seat.

GLORIA
I found a new home that takes special case kids. I convinced them Ty would fit well there. They’ll be coming by in a week.

SAM
Keep doing the same things over and over again expecting different results. We won’t stay with them.

GLORIA
They’re coming to meet Ty, not you.

Sam blinks and processes what she said. He turns away from the window.

SAM
What?

GLORIA
I didn’t want to tell you. But you have a right to know.

SAM
You’re splitting us up?
GLORIA
You have some time to say goodbye. They’ll probably even let you visit him. This is Ty’s best shot at a good family.

Sam turns sour. He slowly unbuckles both his and Ty’s seat belts as quietly as he can. He nudges Ty awake.

TY
(groggy)
Huh? What—what’re we...

Sam holds a finger to his mouth. He checks on Gloria again, then unlocks the door. He pulls on the handle.

Nothing. He keeps pulling, but the door doesn’t open. Child lock. Sam catches Gloria looking back at them in the rear-view. The light turns green. Gloria starts driving again.

INT. SOCIAL CENTER LOBBY

Sam follows Gloria, pulling along a groggy Ty. He speaks strongly, but tries not to speak too loud.

SAM
You can’t do this to us.

GLORIA
Sam, I’m sorry—

SAM
It’s just a few months before I can take him, just a few, you can wait that long.

GLORIA
I told you—

SAM
We’re all we have left! No family worth going back to, just us, you can’t break that apart.

Gloria stops at the front desk, scribbles on a clipboard. LEONARD, who is behind the desk, accepts it from her.

GLORIA
The couch is free, yes? I’ll just stay here for tonight.

TY
They’re breaking us up?
SAM
Listen to me.

Gloria faces him.

SAM (CONT’D)
He’s all I have. He needs me.

GLORIA
Let’s get to your rooms.

Sam and Ty start to move forward.

GLORIA (CONT’D)
(to Sam)
Not you.
(to Ty)
Come on, Ty.

Gloria takes Ty by the shoulder and leads him away. Sam hangs on to Ty’s arm.

SAM
No. No no no, you stop it, you stop it!

TY
Let me stay with Sam. I want to stay with Sam!

GLORIA
Leonard, could you?

Leonard comes from behind the desk and holds Sam back. Ty slips away from him.

GLORIA (CONT’D)
(to Ty)
It’s just for tonight, don’t worry.

SAM
You can’t do this!

Gloria leads Ty down the hall to his room.

SAM (CONT’D)
(raised voice)
You can’t keep my brother from me!

INT. SOCIAL CENTER - SAM’S ROOM

Sam lies awake, unable to sleep, fully clothed, staring at the ceiling. Finally, he gets up and grabs his backpack.
INT. SOCIAL CENTER LOBBY

Leonard is dozing off. Sam slips by unnoticed.

INT. SOCIAL CENTER - TY’S ROOM

Sam pushes Ty’s door open. He turns and shuts it, paying attention to make the least noise possible.

   TY (O.S.)
   We ready to go?

Sam turns. Ty’s already out of bed, clothed, his backpack on. Sam smiles widely.

   SAM
   You’re set? How’d you-

   TY
   She said she was breaking us up.
   That’s stupid. You and me, right?

Sam laughs quietly.

   SAM
   All right. All right, man. We gotta
   run now, put as much distance
   between us and here as we can.

   TY
   Or we can... You know...

Ty holds up car keys. Sam raises his eyebrows at Ty. Ty shrugs.

INT. SOCIAL CENTER - OFFICE

Gloria sleeps on a couch. Distantly, a car turns over.

EXT. SOCIAL CENTER - PARKING LOT

Gloria’s car squeals out of the parking lot, onto the road.

INT. GLORIA CAR

Sam and Ty shout in jubilation, whooping in celebration and excitement as they roar off into the night.
INT. GLORIA’S CAR - MORNING

Ty snoozes in the passenger seat. Sam’s eyes flutter as he struggles to keep them open. He loses concentration. The car begins sliding over the dividing line.

A moment later, a truck horn BLARING wakes up Sam and Ty. Sam swerves back to his side of the road. He and Ty pant. Ty looks over at Sam.

TY
Don’t scare me like that, man!

SAM
I’m fine, I swear.

Ty looks down the road. A rest stop looms up ahead. Ty points to it.

TY
We should stop up here.

EXT. REST STOP

Sam sits on a bench and sets his backpack beside him. There are a few other people there, a couple cars including theirs and a van. Ty walks by him.

TY
I’m gonna use the restroom.

Sam nods. Ty heads to the restroom in the plaza. Sam’s eyes flutter closed. He nods off.

What seems like a few moments later, Ty frantically pushes Sam awake.

TY (CONT’D)
Sam! Where’s the bag?

Sam blinks and looks. His backpack is gone. The van previously seen squeals out of the parking lot and onto the road. Sam leaps up.

SAM
HEY!

Too late. The van is in the distance. Sam runs a few steps after it before falling to his knees.

SAM (CONT’D)
NO! No, goddammit, NO!
Sam clutches his head, panicking, tears in his eyes. Ty comes to his side.

TY
We can call the police. They can get them.

Sam shakes his head.

SAM
We can’t, we can’t, we can’t. They’ll find us and take us back if we do that. Goddammit, we’re so screwed...

Ty kneels down with his brother and comforts him.

EXT. REST STOP - DAY - LATER
Sam wakes up on the bench. Ty is next to him, sitting with his back against the bench. Ty looks at Sam.

TY
Ready to go?

Sam sits up, his expression numb.

INT. GLORIA CAR
Sam and Ty are back on the road. They pass by a road sign: “BOSTON: 50 MILES”.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING - DAY
Office BOBBY KOERNICK (early 30’s) sits behind a desk, booking WILFORD (17), the young white southern kid in front of him. Wilford is dressed in ratty clothes and hasn’t showered in a while.

KOERNICK
Name?

Wilford doesn’t answer. Koernick sighs and types Wilford’s name into his computer.

KOERNICK (CONT’D)
Just cooperate, Wilford, and we’ll be done with this quicker.

Wilford ignores him.
Across the room, Officer JAMES BURNS (late 30’s) approaches, escorting a beaten young black male with urine-stained pants. Koernick groans when Burns walks up.

BURNS  
(to black male)  
Sit down.

Burns pushes him into a waiting chair. He turns to Wilford.

BURNS (CONT’D)  
Front desk said you asked for me.  
Up to your old habits again?

Wilford shrugs. Burns waves him up.

BURNS (CONT’D)  
Alright, come on, get outta here.

Both Wilford and Koernick stand at once.

KOERNICK  
Burns, what the hell? I need to finish booking him.

BURNS  
What’d the kid do?

KOERNICK  
Petty theft.

BURNS  
No, no, just scrap it, he’s a good kid.

KOERNICK  
Scrap- I can’t do that!

BURNS  
(to Wilford)  
Shoo.

Wilford brushes by Burns and walks off, toward the front doors.

KOERNICK  
(shout)  
Hey, someone bring that kid back here!

An officer stands up.
BURNS  
(shout)  
Let him leave, he’s free to go!

The officer sits back down. Burns looks Koernick dead in the eye.

BURNS (CONT’D)  
You’re new, I get that. You don’t know you aren’t to bother that kid. All right?

KOERNICK  
I’ll report you to the Captain.

BURNS  
Do that. In the meantime...

Burns pulls the black male up and sets him in front of Koernick.

BURNS (CONT’D)  
Book him.

KOERNICK  
Jesus... What happened to you?

The man tries to answer. Burns claps a hand on the man’s shoulder and smiles at Koernick.

BURNS  
He tripped when he tried to run after holding up a dime store with a painted up airsoft gun.

BLACK MALE  
Man, that’s some bullshit! This guy beat the-

Burns aggressively grabs the back of the man’s neck.

BURNS  
Book him, Koernick.

Koernick looks between them, dismayed.

INT. CAPTAINS OFFICE  
Koernick, flustered, gestures at the door. CAPTAIN FLANDERS sits behind his desk, pondering.
KOERNICK
Someone needs to put a leash on him!

Flanders nods. After a moment, he calmly stands.

FLANDERS
Bobby... Since you’ve only just got here, I understand that you haven’t gotten the hang of how we operate.

KOERNICK
Burns has already brought in multiple-

FLANDERS
We have to be strict. You’ll get used to it. Burns is tough, but he does a good job.

KOERNICK
He shouldn’t be out in the field, sir.

FLANDERS
Noted. Now then... Don’t you have some criminals to book?

Koernick stares at Flanders, unbelieving. He tightens his jaw.

KOERNICK
Yes, sir.

Koernick opens the office door and leaves, a noticeable limp in his leg, angry.

INT. SANDRA’S OFFICE - DAY

SANDRA WYATT, black (40’s), sits in a deep cushioned chair in her office. She holds a paper pad used for taking notes. Her client, MR. CHAMBERS, sits across from her, worried and nervous.

SANDRA
Mr. Chambers, why don’t we start off with what’s troubling you?

Chambers nods and takes a moment to collect himself. He’s patient, takes time to speak.
CHAMBERS
Well... right now, it’s just about everything.

SANDRA
Could you give me a couple examples?

CHAMBERS
Uh... I’m having some job trouble right now. I work in the paper industry.

SANDRA
Journalist?

CHAMBERS
Accountant. Not glorifying, but it pays. It’s just... newspaper’s been on its way out for a long time. Didn’t make it to the ‘net quick enough or something... It’s not really that I’m job insecure it’s just... I like my routine. I’ve been working at the same company for 20 years.

SANDRA
A long time. Have you ever considered that change is good?

CHAMBERS
Yes, but... what if the company went under? What if I couldn’t find a new job? I have kids, a wife, mortgage, bills, and... we could be better financially.

SANDRA
Tell me about your home life.

CHAMBERS
It’s... strained. Me and the wife are at work most of the day, and when we come home, things... aren’t like they used to be. There’s no spark. I can’t even satisfy her anymore. And then at night I start thinking about everything and I get this tightness in my chest, it’s just awful.
SANDRA
Mr. Chambers, anxiety is a very real issue. I want that clear. You are not invalid for what you’re feeling.

Chambers looks somewhat relieved.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
I want you to do something for me whenever you feel an attack. Close your eyes.

Chambers closes his eyes. Sandra speaks slow and soothingly.

SANDRA (CONT’D)

SANDRA’S OFFICE - LATER
Chambers leaves and Sandra closes the door behind him. She goes to her desk.

SANDRA (V.O.)
The colors are soft, the colors of fall. A river bubbles nearby. In the distance, you can hear the coast and the sounds of waves against the rocks, the shore. You find peace here. You are safe.

Sandra’s cell phone rings. She picks it up.

SANDRA
Hello?
(pause)
Yes, this is she.

INT. SANDRA HOUSE - DAY - LATER
The front door opens. Sandra steps inside. In the background is the faint sound of a washing machine running. Sandra’s wife, ANQA WYATT, black (40’s), descends the stairs to greet her.

SANDRA
Hey, baby.
ANQA
Welcome home.

They kiss.

SANDRA
How was Mom?

ANQA
Same as always.

Sandra sighs.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE – BARBARA’S ROOM

Sandra enters her mother’s room upstairs. Minimalist, a bed against the wall, a few plants. Her mother, BARBARA SELMA (70’s), sits in a wheelchair near the window, staring outside.

Sandra pulls up a chair beside her. She looks at her for a bit.

SANDRA
(softly)
Hey, Mom.

Barbara studies Sandra’s face, as if piecing together a puzzle.

BARBARA
Hello there.

SANDRA
You don’t remember me today either, do you?

A very long pause passes. Sandra looks hurt and rubs her mother’s hand.

INT. SANDRA HOUSE – KITCHEN

Sandra goes into the kitchen, followed by Anqa who leans against the jamb. Sandra opens a higher up cupboard, revealing an assortment of liquors. She takes one down. Anqa looks judgmental.

ANQA
I really wish you wouldn’t do that.

Sandra barely acknowledges her as she pours a drink.
SANDRA
I got a call today.

ANQA
Oh?

SANDRA
(dejectedly)
Cost of Mom’s medicine is going up again.

This is distressing news for both of them.

ANQA
Again?

SANDRA
Yeah.

ANQA
Hospice is expensive enough. Can we afford it?

SANDRA
We have to.

ANQA
Sandra, you know I love your mother. She’s an amazing woman. But we need to consider-

SANDRA
I’m looking at homes starting tomorrow. We might get lucky.

Anqa comes up behind Sandra and wraps her arms around her, nuzzling the back of her neck. Sandra sets her drink on the counter.

In the background, the sound of the washing machine stops.

ANQA
Gotta go get that.

Anqa breaks away and leaves the room.

Once she is gone, Sandra takes a pill bottle out of her pocket, takes a pill out, and swallows it with her drink. After a moment she takes another two.

EXT. BOSTON - MORNING
Establishing shot of the city.
INT. GLORIA’S CAR

Sam and Ty sleep in the car. Suddenly, there’s a knocking at their window. They wake up to a man outside their car. He knocks again.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK

Sam and Ty hopelessly watch as their car is loaded onto a tow truck. The tower waves them goodbye as he hops into the truck and drives off. They watch it go.

TY
What now?

Sam’s stomach growls. He clutches at it.

EXT. ROCKET’S RESTAURANT - LATER

Sam and Ty stand outside the doors of the fast food joint, staring up at the name.

TY
You do realize that we don’t have any money, right?

SAM
It doesn’t hurt to try. Come on.

The open the door and walk into

ROCKET’S RESTAURANT

The restaurant is classic fast food joint: greasy, just-clean-enough, busy. It probably just barely passes the health inspection.

Sam and Ty approach the register just as a customer finishes their order. The CASHIER gives as warm a smile as they can muster.

CASHIER
Heya, how can I help you?

Sam shuffles his feet, clears his throat.

SAM
You, uh... You don’t happen to have anything for free, do you?
The cashier loses their smile. They point at the condiments shelf behind Sam.

    CASHIER
    We can also give you a complimentary water cup, if you like.

EXT. ROCKET’S RESTAURANT

Sam and Ty exit Rocket’s, water cups in hand. Sam pauses at the curb.

    SAM
    If I’d only been more careful. If only I’d...

He throws his cup against the ground.

    SAM (CONT’D)
    God dammit!

Sam pauses to reflect. A stray slab of cardboard kicked up by the wind bumps against his foot. Sam picks it up.

EXT. ROCKET’S RESTAURANT - ACROSS THE STREET - LATER

Sam and Ty sit against a building opposite Rocket’s, not too far and not too close.

Ty’s empty water cup sits in front of them, weighted with pebbles. Sam holds a cardboard sign with the message “STARVING KIDS. NEED MONEY FOR FOOD. GOD BLESS.” scribbled on it.

A pair of women pass by and drop in some loose change.

    TY
    I was reading this book a while ago. It talked about this thing called karma, like, if you do-

    SAM
    I know what karma is, Ty.

    TY
    I’m just saying.

    SAM
    What, you think we had this coming?
TY
Maybe if you didn’t steal then we’d be-

SAM
No, let me explain something. This? And this?

Sam rattles their cup.

SAM (CONT’D)
It was happening. Always was, that’s just the way things go. There’s no balancing of the universe, no karma bull. There’s a thing called entropy, you read about entropy in that book of yours?

Ty shakes his head.

SAM (CONT’D)
It means all things gravitate toward disorder. That everything tries to mess itself up as fast as it can. How’s that for karma?

TY
(pause)
You believe in entropy but not karma?

SAM
I don’t believe in it. It’s a fact. That’s difference cause it’s real. Now shut up and look pathetic. Eyes?

Ty gives his best puppy dog expression.

SAM (CONT’D)
Great.

Sam closes his eyes. When he opens them again, it’s

EXT. ROCKET’S RESTAURANT - ACROSS THE STREET - EVENING

And the sun sets behind the skyline. Sam check their cup. Mostly loose change, some crumpled bills, not a lot. A passerby drops a dollar and a word of encouragement.

Ty squints in pain and clutches his stomach.
SAM
Holding up?

TY
Mostly. Think you could take the edge off?

SAM
And feel like I’m doubly starving? Not likely.

Sam looks inside their cup.

SAM (CONT’D)
We can get something cheap. Or we can go to bed hungry and see if we can’t do better tomorrow.

TY
Home doesn’t sound so bad right now.

Sam wraps his arm around Ty and brings him in close.

SAM
We can’t. No home to go to.

Across the street, a couple Rocket’s employees leave out the side door carrying several large bags of trash. Sam watches them disappear around the back.

Sam hurriedly stashes their beggar’s earnings in his pockets.

SAM (CONT’D)
Ty, get up.

EXT. ROCKET’S ALLEYWAY

The two employees toss the garbage bags into the dumpster.

EMPLOYEE 1
Did you watch the game last night?

EMPLOYEE 2
I don’t watch football.

The second employee closes the lid and the first latches it shut, padlocked tight.

EMPLOYEE 1
It was basketball, you idiot.
EMPLOYEE 2
Don’t watch basketball either.

The employees head back in through the side door. After they’re gone, Sam looks around the street corner. It’s clear. He leads Ty to the dumpster. They stop in front of it.

TY
Sam, this is gross.

Sam tries the lid. It doesn’t budge. He notices the padlock.

TY (CONT’D)
You want us to eat out of a dumpster.

SAM
Yeah. How’s that stomach feel?

Ty clutches his belly again, still uncertain.

SAM (CONT’D)
Besides, we’ve had worse, haven’t we?

Sam starts pulling and fiddling with the lock.

TY
What if someone sees us?

SAM
What’ll they do, call the cops?

Sam pauses at the thought, then gets over it. He fidgets fruitlessly with the lock.

SAM (CONT’D)
Hey, look for something heavy and big, something to really-

A piece of rebar is suddenly slammed against the dumpster, making both Sam and Ty jump away.

MOON, a tough and dirtied young Asian girl who constantly moves due to her tics. She moves jauntily, occasionally making a clicking sound and rolling her shoulders. She carries the rebar in one hand and a large nylon grocery bag over her shoulder.

She jabs the rebar at them.

MOON
Leave! Leave! Leave!
SAM
What the hell!

MOON
This is my spot! Mine!

SAM
And we need to eat, so why don’t you-

Moon strikes the dumpster again.

MOON
NOW.

Sam looks like he’s about to fight, but when Ty grabs his arm he reconsider. Jaw clenched, deep breaths, he turns back. Moon watches them go, suddenly focused on Ty.

MOON (CONT’D)
(click)
W—wait.

They stop and turn around.

MOON (CONT’D)
(to Ty)
How old are—
(click)
you?

SAM
What’s it to you?

MOON
(points to Ty)
I’m talking to him.

TY
(pause)
I’m twelve.

MOON
You guys... You guys aren’t from—
(click)
around here are you? You—you’re new?

TY
MOON
(muttering to self)
What would Wilford do... What would
Wilford.
(click)

She is hard in thought. After consideration, she drops the
rebar and pulls out a key.

She unlocks the dumpster and roots around in it. She pulls
out a crumpled wrapper or two, looks in them, tosses them
aside, until she finds half a bag of old looking lettuce.

She hands it to them.

MOON (CONT’D)
Here. Take it.

Ty is a little hesitant, but takes it anyway and starts
eating. Moon resumes digging. She opens her nylon bag and
starts pulling out plastic bags and sorting the food she
finds into them.

SAM
Thanks.

Moon holds a half-eaten burger out to Sam. He carefully
accepts it. Sam nudges Ty for them to leave.

MOON
(standing)
You–You don’t have a–
(click)
place to stay?

SAM
We’ll figure something out.

MOON
I have a place. If you need.

Sam stops Ty and looks back at her.

SAM
We’ll be fine.

MOON
It’s not easy–
(click)
finding good places to stay quick.
At least not with a decent roof.

She twitches. The first raindrops start falling. The rain
steadily picks up.
MOON (CONT’D)
You can’t stay out in the rain.
You’ll catch cold.

EXT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - EVENING - LATER

The rain is a downpour. Sam, Ty, and Moon are outside the shoddy chain-link enclosure of a half-finished construction zone. The shell of a concrete building stands bare, but won’t fall apart anytime soon.

Moon leads Sam and Ty through a hole in the fence.

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - GROUND FLOOR

Moon enters the building, followed by Sam and Ty. The ground floor is mostly dirt covered concrete, littered with bottles and trash.

    MOON
    (shouts)
    Hello!

From upstairs, Wilford shouts back.

    WILFORD (O.S.)
    Moon?

    MOON
    Yeah!

    WILFORD (O.S.)
    Get on up here, it’s a storm out there!

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - CAMP

Moon climbs the stairs to the second floor. A small camp, made out of various wind-breaking materials, scrappy tents, and blankets, surround a newly lit barrel fire.

Two teenagers, Wilford and ANGIE, a sixteen year old girl a few months pregnant, stand beside the barrel.

    WILFORD
    You got something for us?

Sam and Ty arrive on the second floor. Wilford marches at them.
WILFORD (CONT’D)
Whoah, whoah, whoah, what the hell is this, Moon?

MOON
I-I found some... (click)
I thought they needed help.

WILFORD
What were you thinking?

MOON
I thought-

Wilford jabs a finger at Sam and Ty.

WILFORD
You stay right there.

They stop moving. Wilford pulls Moon aside.

WILFORD (CONT’D)
We got enough mouths to feed between you, me, and Angie. Now you expect us to keep them too?

MOON
They were hungry, and-

WILFORD
Christ, you don’t think, do you?
Look at them! Not only you had to bring new people, but blacks?

MOON
You took me in.

WILFORD
That’s different. That’s way different.

MOON
It’s not.

WILFORD
It is. See, I respect the Chinese work ethic, you know? But blacks?
Nothing but trouble. Trust me.

Moon looks down and away. Wilford brushes past her toward Sam and Ty. She twitches.
MOON
(to herself)
Korean...

WILFORD
(to Sam and Ty, hostile)
Get out of here! You ain’t welcome!

SAM
You shitting me?

WILFORD
I mean it!

TY
Have you looked outside? We’d drown out there.

WILFORD
We can’t afford you. Now beat it!

ANGIE
(shouts)
Willy!

Wilford turns in her direction.

ANGIE (CONT’D)
Let ‘em stay!

Wilford waves his arms, flabbergasted.

WILFORD
Angie, come on!

ANGIE
We could always use a bigger family.
(to Moon)
You want them, Moon, don’t you?

Moon nods. Angie pats her belly.

ANGIE (CONT’D)
I count as two, so it’s three against you, Willy.

WILFORD
Who put you in charge?

ANGIE
Who put you?
(to Sam and Ty)
(MORE)
ANGIE (CONT'D)
Come on over, there’s enough fire for all.

Sam and Ty start walking over. Wilford grabs Sam by the arm.

WILFORD
Ey.
(scowling)
Watch yourself, nigger.

Sam tenses up, borderline ready to beat the shit out of Wilford. Wilford lets go of him and watches Sam walk with Ty to the fire barrel.

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - CAMP

The gang is gathered around the barrel fire. Wilford sifts through the grocery bags Moon brought back. He hands food out.

WILFORD
(to Moon)
Here you go. Good work, found some decent stuff.
(to Angie)
Here you are, darling, some of the finer stuff.
(to self)
And here’s for me.

He ignores Sam and Ty until Angie coughs, jabbing her head in their direction. Wilford scrunches his nose at them, but pulls food out anyway. He tosses it their direction.

Wilford and Angie sit together as everyone begins eating. Moon and Sam find themselves side by side. Ty is caught up watching Angie.

SAM
(to Moon)
Thanks.

MOON
No problem.

SAM
(nearly choking up)
Really. Thank you.

MOON
You reminded me of me-
(click)
(MORE)
MOON (CONT'D)
a little, I guess. Before Wilford
found me.

SAM
Yeah, he’s a joy, huh?

MOON
He means well.

Sam isn’t convinced.

MOON (CONT’D)
Where you from?

SAM
Far away, probably. You?

MOON
Me too. You ever think you’ll go
back?

SAM
I only just got out here, I’m not
thinking anything.

MOON
It’s been a while since I first
started out on my own. Hard to-
(click)
remember... For me at least...

SAM
I don’t really want to talk about
this.

MOON
(quietly)
That’s fine.

Ty stares at Angie’s belly, curious. Angie notices. She pats
the ground beside her.

ANGIE
Come on. I won’t bite.

Ty shyly sits beside her. Wilford edges a bit away from him,
a little broody.

ANGIE (CONT’D)
What’s up?

TY
You aren’t... pregnant, are you?
ANGIE
(laughs)
Yup, got a babe in me. And Willy here-

Angie grabs Wilford’s hand. He looks away, embarrassed and a little red in the face.

ANGIE (CONT’D)
Is the daddy.
(to Ty)
You wanna feel the bump?

TY
No, I’m good, I was just wondering.

ANGIE
Aw, come on, give it a try.

Ty doesn’t move, but after Angie urges him he places a hand on her belly.

ANGIE (CONT’D)
Future human, cooking up inside my belly. Crazy stuff.

Ty smiles.

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX – LATER

Everyone’s asleep around the barrel fire, save for Sam, who dangles his feet over the ledge of a missing piece of wall, looking out at the night sky. There are few stars.

He is joined by Wilford.

WILFORD
You mind?

Wilford sits before Sam responds.

WILFORD (CONT’D)
You know, I always sorta liked star gazing. That up there is the Big Dipper.

Wilford points up at the stars. It doesn’t look like the Dipper.
WILFORD (CONT’D)
At least I like to say it is. I can’t see anything like I could back home. I think that’s Venus, there. You can always see Venus.

Sam keeps quiet. Wilford doesn’t like that much.

WILFORD (CONT’D)
Where you from, Sammy?

Sam shoots him a displeased look.

WILFORD (CONT’D)
That’s your name, ain’t it? Sammy?

SAM
Nowhere.

WILFORD
Come on now, we all start somewhere.

SAM
Louisiana.

WILFORD
Oh?

SAM
When I was six. Haven’t had much of a home since.

WILFORD
You got family in Louisiana?

SAM
Not much in the way of.

WILFORD
I’m a Georgia boy myself. Had a big family, oh, the reunions, enormous. But they were always the most civil things, would you believe it? But there was one time a distant cousin of mine, burly guy, had a little too much to drink. Started making a mess of the place, ruined the spirit. And without a word every able-bodied man – not me, I was ten – stood up around ol’ Cousin Harold, held him down, and one by one hit him square in the jaw. Over and over and over again.
SAM
I’m gonna go sleep.

Sam starts standing up, but a hand from Wilford stops him.

WILFORD
That’s when my daddy turned to me, looked me straight in the eye, and said, “Discipline, Wilford. It’s the only way to keep things running steady.” You following me here?

(leans in)
We have a good thing going here. You do what I say, I might be nice enough to let you stick. If you don’t, well... you following me?

Sam understands. A tense moment passes.

ANGIE (O.S.)

(shouts)
Sam? Sam! Sam!

Sam shoots up, alarmed, and runs back into the CAMP

To Angie, coddling a seizing Ty. Sam rushes to his brother’s side.

SAM
Move!

Angie lets go of Ty. Sam tears off his gloves, takes a breath, and places a hand on Ty’s forehead. He closes his eyes. A moment later Ty’s seizing stops.

Sam takes his hand back, and a few moments of himself seizing pass. The seizure wears off. Sam pants heavily. Angie looks at him, concerned.

Wilford arrives moments later.

WILFORD
What? What’s happening?

Wilford look to Angie, who shrugs, then to Sam.

SAM
He was... He has seizures.
ANGIE
(softly)
You’ve got quite the touch with
him, don’t you?

WILFORD
Fine. Angie, let’s go to bed.

ANGIE
What? No. I’m gonna see that things-

WILFORD
(sternly)
Angie.

Angie reluctantly follows Wilford into their makeshift tent. Sam watches over his brother.

INT. NURSING HOME - DIRECTOR’S OFFICE - DAY

Sandra sits across from the nursing home director. A plaque on his desk as the name RONALD BUCHT in gold lettering.

BUCHT
Now, Mrs. Wyatt, you know I’d love
nothing more than to help you and
your mother find the best possible
home for her.

SANDRA
I appreciate that.

BUCHT
But I don’t think Lilac Acres is
the place for her.

SANDRA
(pause)
How do you mean?

BUCHT
We try to give the best possible
care we can to all our patrons, but
at the end of the day we are still
a business. We have to be sure that
our clients can afford our
facilities.

SANDRA
That’s what I came to discuss.
BUCHT
Of course, of course. I’m sure we can come to something, but... We usually have a certain type of customer.

SANDRA
And I am not this “type” of customer?

BUCHT
No, Mrs. Wyatt, no, I’m merely trying to say that we can be somewhat... pricey.

SANDRA
(deep breath)
Mr... (glance at the plaque)
“Bu-ch-t”?

BUCHT
“Byoot”.

SANDRA
Mr. Bucht. I don’t appreciate how we’ve only just met and you’re already assuming things about my state of affairs.

BUCHT
I meant no disrespect, ma’am. As I said, we have a type. But, if you’d like to know the price, here.

Bucht pulls out a piece of paper from his desk, scribbles on it, and slides it across. One look at it and Sandra tightens up.

SANDRA
(desperately)
This is yearly?

BUCHT
Monthly.

SANDRA
We can negotiate this, can’t we? Lower the price somehow, perhaps-

BUCHT
I’m sorry, Mrs. Wyatt. This is it.
INT. PARKED CAR - PARKING LOT

Sandra gets behind the wheel of her car and doesn’t move. After a few tense moments she hits the wheel with a shout. She tries to cool off, fetches some pills out of her purse, takes them, turns the car over and drives away.

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - CAMP - DAY

Sam lies beside the extinguished fire barrel, asleep. Wilford stuffs the fire barrel full of newspaper. Moon sifts through the usable grocery bags remaining. Angie cooks a meager breakfast over a rusty, grease-stained cooking stove.

Ty stands over Sam and nudges him awake with his foot.

    TY
    Sam.

Sam groans, brushing Ty’s foot away. Ty remains persistent.

    TY (CONT’D)
    Come on, look at what I did.

Sam opens his eyes and sits up. Ty backs away, and as Sam’s vision clears he can make out a new makeshift tent in the camp. Ty stands beside it and presents it.

    TY (CONT’D)
    Ta-da! I pitched it!

Sam stands, nodding in approval.

    SAM
    By yourself?

    TY
    Moon helped a little.

    SAM
    Not bad... Not bad...

    TY
    Check out the inside.

Ty disappears into the tent. Sam follows him into the

MAKESHIFT TENT

To find that the walls are covered with drawings, art. Sam looks over them, awed.
TY
Whadya think?

SAM
These are yours?

TY
Yeah.

The drawings depict people, portraits of foster families, houses, forests, nature scenery, animals. More than a few are of Sam himself. Sam takes time to take it all in.

EXT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - CAMP

Sam and Ty exit their tent. Wilford finishes stuffing the barrel and looks up.

WILFORD
Good morning to ya, Sammy. ‘Bout time you got your butt outta bed, big day to start.

MOON
You only got up ten...

Moon trails off with a twitch when Wilford shoots her a look.

WILFORD
I’m sorry about last night. I don’t make good first impressions. But I want it clear that while ya’ll live here you’re under my rules.

SAM
I didn’t agree to be-

WILFORD
My rules. Sammy, you’re gonna be foraging with Moon today. Get put to good work. Ty, you’ll stick around here, go scrap collecting.

TY
You’re not coming with either of us?

Wilford scoffs.

TY (CONT’D)
Doesn’t seem fair.
WILFORD
Fair?
(motions to Angie)
You expect her to go out there too?
Or should I leave her behind all alone?

SAM
Back off a little, aight?

WILFORD
And here you are still wasting all our time.

Sam readies to snap back but stops when Moon, a bag over her shoulder, steps in front of him.

MOON
Please.
(quietly)
I don’t want him getting angry.

SAM
(quietly)
What an asshole.
(to Ty)
Watch yourself, okay?

Moon hands Sam a backpack and they take the stairs out.

EXT. ABANDONED COMPLEX

Moon slips through the chain link fence. Sam casts a look back at the complex before following her through.

MOON
He’ll be fine. Willy’s a-
(click)

SAM
I wouldn’t mind breaking his nose a little.

MOON
We’ve all gotta be tough out here.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Moon and Sam arrive at a grocery store. Sam follows Moon inside.
INT. GROCERY STORE

Moon and Sam wander through the food aisles, looking at all the different brands. Moon keeps an eye out, searching.

They round the bend and she spots a food sample booth serving grilled chicken on plastic swords. She grabs a handful of the samples, motioning for Sam to do the same. They walk away, eating their samples.

Moon pulls a small box out of her bag. Inside are assorted trinkets: thimbles, a smooth rock, a piece of wire bent into an intricate heart, etc. She places one of the swords into the box, closes it, and puts it back into her bag. They turn into the CANNED FOOD AISLE

And Moon scans the shelves. She motions for Sam to turn around. She unzips the backpack when he does and starts putting canned food inside: beans, vegetables, meats.

Suddenly, one of her tics hits and causes her arm to spasm, knocking off a row of canned goods. CLATTER. Sam and Moon freeze a moment before they hurriedly load as much as they can into the bag.

An ASSISTANT turns into the aisle and spots them.

ASSISTANT

Hey!

Moon zips up the backpack and they bolt for the exit. They run out into the STREET SIDEWALK

And sprint away, casting looks back to see if they’re being followed. The assistant stops outside his doors, cell phone in hand. Sam and Moon turn into an ALLEY

And clamber over a chain link fence. Moon boosts Sam over and follows after him. Once on the other side, they stop for breath.

Sam suddenly starts laughing quietly.

MOON

What’s so funny?
SAM
That was just... wow.

They hide behind a cluster of trash cans. Moon motions for the backpack.

MOON
Let’s see.

Sam takes it off and opens it. They count through the cans.

MOON (CONT’D)
Sixteen... Seventeen... Seventeen cans. That’s good.

SAM
It’s not a lot.

MOON
It’s good. It’s good.
(beat)
Do you think he hates us?

SAM
Who?

MOON
That man. Do you think he-
(click)
hates me?

SAM
What does it matter?

MOON
It matters. We won’t be able to steal like this again for a while.

SAM
We can go somewhere else.

MOON
No. No. They talk to each other, I swear they do. I can’t risk being caught.

SAM
You think they’ll send you home.

MOON
We’re out here for a reason, Sam. Once you’ve spent a while you’ll know better than to ask why.
Moon stands up and walks off. As Sam shifts the backpack on his shoulder, he follows and suddenly there’s a

TIME SKIP - EVENING - SIX MONTHS LATER

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK

Sam and Moon trudge along. They look thinner, less healthy, a little pale. It’s snowing, a half-inch on the ground. They slough through the current of people on the sidewalk.

They stop outside a department store and look through their bags. There are a few plastic bags filled in each.

    SAM
    Christ.

    MOON
    We’re going to starve.

    SAM
    (disheartened)
    We’ll be okay.
    (more reassuring)
    We’ll be fine.

    MOON
    There’s not enough.

    SAM
    You’ve survived winters before.

    MOON
    With three, not five.

Sam closes his eyes and scrunches his face, guilty, frustrated.

EXT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - LATER

Snow steadily drifts down, peaceful like on a postcard. Moon slips through the hole in the fence then takes off for the entrance, leaving Sam behind.

    SAM
    Moon, wait up!

Moon’s nearly inside by the time Sam struggles through the fence. He lightly jogs, keeping his own pace.
INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - CAMP

Sam makes it up the stairs to the second floor. The camp is awfully quiet. From where he is he can’t see anyone.

SAM

Moon?

(pause)

Angie? Wilford? Ty?

Sam becomes alarmed when Ty doesn’t answer.

SAM (CONT’D)

Ty!

He runs into the camp, throws open the flap to his

MAKESHIFT TENT

Where he is suddenly greeted by

MOON/ANGIE/TY

Happy birthday!

His group has clumped together inside his tent. Angie pops a confetti popper. Her belly is enormous now. Moon applauds while Ty hugs his stricken brother. Wilford meanwhile has plopped himself beside Angie, observing.

SAM

Christ... This was your idea.

ANGIE

(smiling)

Mine, actually.

TY

Eighteen! How do you feel?

Sam laughs, noogie-ing Ty. Moon stands up, holding a Styrofoam box. She hands it to Sam.

SAM

What’s this?

He opens it. Inside: a single cupcake with a thin candle poking out of it. Sam scoffs, surprised and touched.

MOON

We thought you could use something a little special.
SAM
(sniffling)
You guys didn’t have to do this.

ANGIE
That’s not all.

Angie pulls form behind her a winter knit cap, complete with fuzzballs on top and dangling from strings by the ears.

SAM
ANGIE
No, no, you don’t. Yes, yes, I am. Come here.

She pulls it over Sam’s head.

MOON
Happy birthday.

Sam looks down at his cupcake. Angie nudges Wilford. Wilford, disgruntled, hops up, crosses his arm over, and lights the candle for Sam.

TY
Make a wish.

SAM
(smiles)
I’m good.

He blows it out.

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - MAKESHIFT TENT - NIGHT

Sam sits, holding a fifth of a cupcake wrapper in his hand. Ty sleeps beside him, another fifth of a cupcake wrapper lying next to him. Sam exits the tent into the camp.

And stretches. He tosses the wrapper slice to the side.

The silence is pierced by Angie crying in pain, sharp breaths and moans from her tent and Wilford’s panicked comforting.

WILFORD (O.S.)
Angie, you all right? Just breathe, deep breaths. Hang in there.

At the sound Moon leaves her tent and Sam rushes inside

WILFORD AND ANGIE’S TENT
To see what’s wrong. Angie lies on her back, lamaze-like panting and screwing her face in pain. She has a vice-grip on Wilford’s hand. Moon shows up behind Sam.

Wilford whips his head toward the newcomers.

    WILFORD (CONT’D)
    Get the hell out!

Moon presses by Sam to get to Angie’s side. She holds her spare hand.

    MOON
    W-what’s wrong?

    WILFORD
    She’s going into labor. But she’s not due for another month. I think it’s false, it’ll pass.

    MOON
    What if it doesn’t?

Wilford doesn’t have an immediate answer. Angie gasps sharply and Wilford comes to his senses.

    WILFORD
    We’ll get her to a hospital.

    ANGIE
    (sharply)
    No! No hospitals!

Sam stands at the entrance, helpless.

    TY
    Sam...

He jumps at the sound of his brother sneaking up behind him.

    TY (CONT’D)
    Help her. Please.

Sam looks ready to refuse, but another look between Ty and Angie and he can’t bring himself to. His features soften then turn determined. He enters fully and makes room between Moon and Wilford.

Sam removes his gloves, lays his hands on Angie’s belly and closes his eyes. A moment passes and Angie’s breathing calms.

Sam suddenly opens his eyes and falls backward, gasping in pain, like he’s just come up from nearly drowning.
Angie releases her grip on Wilford and Moon. Angie looks at him thankful, Moon at him with curious interest, and Wilford... he looks alarmed.

EXT. CITY PLAZA - DAY

Sam and Moon rest beneath a modern art statue, eating some food while counting what they have.

    SAM
    (disappointed)
    Not that good of a haul.

Moon doesn’t answer. She occasionally looks over at Sam, something on the tip of her tongue.

    SAM (CONT’D)
    Out with it.

    MOON
    Have you always known? About...

She twiddles her fingers in a “magic” sort of way.

    SAM
    Most my life.

    MOON
    What’s the-
    (click)
    extent of it?

    SAM
    Just about anything.
A pause.

    MOON
    My parents... wanted a perfect-
    (click)
    kid. The kind you’d put on posters.
    When I came along they thought they had it, but...
    (beat)
    Tourettes. You’ve noticed, haven’t you?

Sam nods.

    MOON (CONT’D)
    That, and when I told them I was bi... suddenly I wasn’t fit for-
    (click)
    (MORE)
MOON (CONT’D)
posters. One day I went for a walk
and... I kept walking.

A still moment passes.

MOON (CONT’D)
Can you fix me?

Sam doesn’t answer. He slings his bag over his shoulder.

SAM
We should head back.

Sam walks across the plaza. Moon doesn’t follow him at first, but after he gets a good distance away she grabs her grocery bag and trudges after him.

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - MAKESHIFT TENT - NIGHT

Sam sits in his tent, staring into space. Ty rests across from him. Sam rolls up his sleeve, revealing scars lining his arms like tiger stripes.

He gazes at them, then picks up a shard of glass in his other hand and lays it against his skin.

Moon sweeps the tent entrance open. Sam hastily drops the glass and covers his arm. Moon sits down next to him.

MOON
You didn’t answer me earlier.

SAM
I can’t.

MOON
Please?

SAM
No.

MOON
Could you tell me why?

SAM
Cause every time Ty has a seizure, I’m there to stop it. But they always come back. If I can’t help my own brother, how could I help you?

MOON
You can try.
SAM
It might only be temporary, for all I know, and in a year it’d come right back.

MOON
Then I’d finally get a year- (click)
of being normal. Of being me.

SAM
But-

MOON (tearfully)
Please, for me, just try.

With great reluctance Sam turns toward Moon. He removes a glove and places his hand against her forehead. He closes his eyes. Moon mimics him.

After a moment Sam releases his grip. He’s wracked by tics, small sounds and twitching. He lays down on his side.

Moon is healed. Her tics are gone. She touches her face, stunned.

Ty suddenly seizes. Sam notices and tries to crawl over to him. Moon holds him back.

MOON (CONT’D)
Let him ride this one out.

Moon goes to Ty and turns him on his side. She looks back at Sam.

MOON (CONT’D)
Thank you.

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - MAKESHIFT TENT - MORNING

Sam wakes up. Sleeping seems to have done him good. Moon is no longer in the tent. Ty is still asleep.

Sam crawls out into the

CAMP

He shivers. There’s a snowstorm outside. Moon approaches him, wrapped in a blanket and holding another.

She offers the spare to him. Sam accepts it.
MOON
Snowstorm. We can’t go out today.

SAM
We can’t afford not to go out.

MOON
Considering what you did last night, even if it were good I wouldn’t let you.
(beat)
Did you also fix my... my other thing?

SAM
Nothing to fix there.

INT. WILFORD AND ANGIE’S TENT

Wilford and Angie snuggle. Wilford has his arm around her and his hand on her belly.

WILFORD
We need to decide on a name.

ANGIE
All right. What do you like?

WILFORD
I think... for a boy, we go with Wilford Jr.

ANGIE
(chuckles)
Seriously?

WILFORD
And for a girl... Angie Jr.

ANGIE
(laughs)
Not a chance!
(normal)
If it’s a girl, then we’ll name her... Marie.

WILFORD
Marie. I like that.

She interlocks her fingers with Wilford’s, resting on her belly.
INT. SANDRA OFFICE - DAY

A familiar scene. Sandra in her office, a notepad and pen in her hand, and Mr. Chamber sits across from her. He looks somewhat more disheveled than last time, like he tries to look presentable but doesn’t have the heart to.

SANDRA
It’s been a while, Mr. Chambers. Six months since your last session. How have you been?

CHAMBERS
Oh, you know, I’ve been trying. I, uh, I lost my job. (dry chuckle) Happened months ago.

SANDRA
I’m sorry to hear that. Where have you been since.

CHAMBERS
I found a new job last month. At the recycling plant. I’m not an accountant anymore.

SANDRA
How do you feel about that?

CHAMBERS
(irked) How am I supposed to feel? (pause) I started drinking. Right after I lost my job. Don’t judge me for it.

SANDRA
I’m not here to make judgments. I can’t, however, condone-

Sandra stops. She crosses out a note she just made.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
Let’s move on.

CHAMBERS
Well, I don’t live in my house anymore. Once I started drinking, things... they didn’t go well.

SANDRA
Change can be quite difficult for some people.
CHAMBERS
But she didn’t try to help fix anything! She won’t even let me see my children anymore.

SANDRA
People don’t do things based off of nothing. The best way to mend a relationship is to understand what those reasons are.

CHAMBERS
I tried!

SANDRA
The most important part of a relationship is communication.

CHAMBERS
That! That right there!

Chambers rises, jabbing an accusing finger at Sandra.

CHAMBERS (CONT’D)
I didn’t come here to be judged by you. You’re supposed to help me!

SAM
Mr. Chambers, it might be I’m not the person you need helping you. I know a few good marriage counsellors who could-

Chambers turns his back on her and storms out of the office, slamming the door behind him. Sandra turns her attention to her notepad. Barely anything is written on it, and what she has written she roughly scratches out.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING

Sandra and Anqa sit at a table, enjoying a lovely dinner together.

ANQA
It’s been a long time since we’ve done something like this.

SANDRA
We deserved something special, I thought. A celebration.

ANQA
To a year of remission.
Sandra and Anqa raise a glass to each other, giggling. They drink.

**ANQA (CONT’D)**
So. How’s work been?

**SANDRA**
It’s... it’s been okay. Not as many clients lately, but it’s the off season.

**ANQA**
Didn’t realize therapists had off seasons.

Sandra laughs it off.

**SANDRA**
Everyone has their low points. What about you? How’s home?

**ANQA**
Tiring. Derek came by a couple days ago for Barbara’s weekly check-up. She’s doing as well as she could be.

**SANDRA**
That’s good.

**ANQA**
She needs to get out more, though. She’s been inside too long.

Anqa reaches across the table and holds Sandra’s hand.

**ANQA (CONT’D)**
I miss you, you know that, right? You should spend more time at home.

Sandra smiles and squeezes Anqa’s hand. She leans in.

**SANDRA**
I’ll be right back.

Sandra stands.

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BATHROOM**

Sandra enters the bathroom and stands at the sink, looking into the mirror. She fishes her pill bottle out of her purse, only to find that it’s empty. She groans and leans on the counter.
INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - NIGHT

The gang gathers around the barrel fire, burning bright. Even so, everyone shivers. Angie suddenly groans.

   ANGIE
   Ah... Ah. Oh god.

She grimaces as Wilford takes her hand.

   ANGIE (CONT’D)
   They’re back. Agh.

Her labor pains have returned. Wilford shakes his head.

   WILFORD
   Still too early.
   (to Sam)
   You mind?

Sam goes to Angie’s side. She’s lamaze-breathing again. Sam removes his gloves and places his hands on Angie’s belly. Moments pass. Nothing.

   WILFORD (CONT’D)
   She’s still breathing like that.
   Did you do it?

Sam tries again. He screws up his forehead in confusion.

   SAM
   I can’t.

   WILFORD
   What do you mean you can’t? Just do it!

Moon and Ty have stood up now, gathering around Angie.

   SAM
   I think it’s really happening.

Angie gasps sharply.

   MOON
   Angie’s not due for another month.

   WILFORD
   Just put it off till then, can’t you?

   SAM
   It doesn’t work like that!
A sense of panic takes hold of the group, a fearful excitement as the long awaited day has come early.

TY
What do we do?

ANGIE
Oh god! Oh god, I don’t know if I can do this!

Angie’s breathing quickens, her grip on Wilford’s hand tightens.

WILFORD
We have to get you to a hospital.

ANGIE
No hospitals! No! That’s how they’d find me, that’s how Mom and Dad would find me...

WILFORD
(to Moon)
Moon! Get our emergency savings!

Moon disappears into her tent and re-emerges with a small pouch. She hands it to Wilford. He opens it.

WILFORD (CONT’D)
Jesus.

Wilford hands it to Sam. Sam looks inside. There are only a few one dollar bills and some loose change.

SAM
I thought we had more.

WILFORD
We spent it on your stupid birthday, you ass.

ANGIE
I can’t do this! I can’t do this!

WILFORD
Sam! Run to the drugstore, get as many painkillers as you can, anything!

SAM
I don’t think-
WILFORD
(panicked, angry)
NOW!

Sam grips the pouch in his hand. He looks to Ty.

SAM
Stay safe. I’ll be right back.

Sam sprints, leaving the group and Angie’s pained sounds behind.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Anqa is asleep in bed. Sandra, however, is getting dressed in more comfortable clothes. She glances back at Anqa before leaving the bedroom.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - NIGHT - LATER

Sam sprints down the sidewalk, wildly looking around for anything. He finally spots it: a big glowing green cross. Sandra exits the drugstore.

As Sam runs toward the drugstore, he brushes past Sandra and stops. He looks back. A plastic bag swings from her wrist. He checks his money pouch again, seeing how little funds he has.

After a moment, he follows Sandra.

INT. POLICE CAR

Burns and his partner, Officer BRIAN DECKER (late 20’s), sit in their car, chatting idly and eating fast food.

BURNS
That’s the problem with kids nowadays, no respect. Didn’t see that with my generation, you know?

Decker laughs. Burns looks out the window. Across the street, Sam stalks toward Sandra.

BURNS (CONT’D)
Whoah, whoah, whoah. Hello there.

He turns the car over and quietly follows Sam.
EXT. STREET SIDEWALK

Sam closes in on Sandra, who’s oblivious to his presence. He ducks his head and pulls his birthday cap down.

He quickens his pace until he’s close enough. He lashes out, grabbing the plastic bag around Sandra’s wrist and tries to rip it off.

SANDRA
What the hell?!

Sandra fights back, pulling the bag in a tug-of-war style struggle.

SAM
Please, I need this!

The bag tears and the painkillers fall on the ground. Sam scoops them up, but stops when Sandra pulls a revolver out of her purse.

SANDRA
Give them back! Now!

Sirens. A police car pulls up, lighting up Sandra and Sam in its headlights. A voice comes on over a loudspeaker.

BURNS
Freeze! Don’t move!

They listen. Burns and Decker get out of the vehicle. Burns has his gun drawn.

BURNS (CONT’D)
Drop the gun! Drop it!

Sandra complies, dropping the revolver. Decker moves in on Sam, handcuffing him.

DECKER
Come on, kid.

SAM
My friend is dying! I have to bring her-

Decker slams Sam’s head onto the cop car, shutting him up.

DECKER
You have the right to remain silent.

Decker pushes Sam into the back of the cop car.
Burns confronts Sandra.

    BURNS
    You all right, ma’am?

    SANDRA
    (coldly)
    I’m fine.

She reaches down to retrieve her revolver.

    BURNS
    Hold on there. Can I see the permit for your firearm?

Sandra straightens back up.

    SANDRA
    I don’t need to show you anything.

Burns sniffs.

    BURNS
    Ma’am, have you been drinking?

    SANDRA
    No. I’d like to leave.

    BURNS
    I asked if you’ve been drinking, ma’am. It’d be easier if you cooperated with me.

    SANDRA
    (louder)
    I haven’t been–

    BURNS
    Do NOT raise your voice with me!

Burns pushes Sandra against the building.

    BURNS (CONT’D)

Sandra rolls her eyes and tries to walk away. When she does, Burns grabs her by the arm and slams her into the wall. He immediately handcuffs her.

    SANDRA
    Agh! Let go of me!
Ma’am, you are under arrest for use of a firearm while intoxicated. You have the right to remain silent.

INT. POLICE CAR

Sandra is pushed into the backseat next to Sam. She glares at him. Sam keeps his eyes down, silent.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

Sam and Sandra sit in separate adjacent cells. Sam stares into space while Sandra paces back and forth.

SANDRA
You feel good about yourself? Manage to wind both of us up in jail?

SAM
I just wanted what you had in the bag.

SANDRA
So you could get high or something?

SAM
They weren’t for me.

SANDRA
No?

SAM
They were for a friend. But she needed them last night. Now? (voice cracking) I don’t know.

Anqa struts in and stops in front of Sandra. She crosses her arms and waits.

SANDRA
Anqa-

ANQA
I don’t want to hear it. What were you thinking? What were you doing out so late? And for God’s sake, when did you get a gun?
SANDRA
I bought it a while ago.

ANQA
Why?
Sandra doesn’t answer.

ANQA (CONT’D)
And you were buying painkillers again.
(softly)
Sandra... You idiot.

SANDRA
(sardonically)
I’m sorry to inconvenience you.
(normal)
Wouldn’t have happened if our wannabe thief hadn’t showed up.

Sandra jabs at Sam’s cell. Anqa walks over and stands in front of him.

ANQA
You tried to rob her?
Sam nods.

ANQA (CONT’D)
Well... Thank you.
(pointedly)
Because of what you did, you stopped my wonderful wife from doing something very stupid.

Sandra sighs and leans against he bars.

ANQA (CONT’D)
You a junkie?
SAM
No.

ANQA
What’d you need them for?
Sam doesn’t answer. Anqa goes up to Sandra’s bars.

ANQA (CONT’D)
Looks like I have to bail you out of here.
Sandra looks into the other cell at Sam, who’s presently curled up, knees in his chest. Her expression softens. She motions Anqa in closer.

SANDRA
(quiet)
See what you can do for our... nephew, as well.

Anqa raises an eyebrow.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING

Koernick sits behind his desk. Anqa approaches him.

ANQA
Excuse me.

Koernick looks up from his computer.

ANQA (CONT’D)
I was wondering if you could help me?

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Anqa marches out of the police station toward her car, Sandra right beside her. Sam trails behind both of them.

SANDRA
Anqa-

ANQA
I love you. God you know I do. But the way you’ve been acting recently, it’s... It’s hard on me, Sandra. I don’t want to worry about having to bail you out of jail.

SANDRA
Oh, come off it, Anqa, I didn’t do anything illegal. It was that hard-ass cop. And...

Sandra glances back at Sam.

ANQA
I’m aware. We can at least give him a ride for his work.
INT. CAR

Anqa drives while Sandra rides passenger. Sam sits quietly in the back, nervous. A thick coat sits beside Sam in the back seat. Sandra’s purse sits between the two front seats. Sam eyes it.

ANQA
Where are we dropping you?

SAM
Further up.

Pause. Sandra looks at her surroundings, seeing how downtrodden they are.

SANDRA
You live here?

ANQA
There’s nothing wrong with it. I think it’s nice.

SANDRA
It’s a dump, Anqa.
(to Sam)
No offense.

Sam rises in his seat, pointing outside.

SAM
Here.

NEW ANGLE - OUTSIDE CAR - OUTSIDE ABANDONED COMPLEX

The car pulls to a stop outside the fence, idles as Sam opens the door.

INSIDE CAR

Sam moves to get out, and pauses when Anqa turns around in her seat.

ANQA
Hey. Take the coat.

She motions toward the coat in the back seat. Sam grabs it.

ANQA (CONT’D)
It’s cold out there. Nasty storm moving in, don’t want you caught unaware.
SAM
Thanks.

OUTSIDE CAR
Sam runs out, pulling his jacket tight across his body. Anqa rolls down Sandra’s side window.

ANQA
(shouts)
Be safe!

INSIDE CAR
Anqa pulls away. Sandra watches Sam for as long as she can.

ANQA
Should we have left him here? This is no place to live.

SANDRA
He’ll be fine. I’m sure of it.

EXT. ABANDONED COMPLEX
Sam checks to make sure they’re far enough away before revealing Sandra’s purse, tucked away under the jacket Anqa gave him. He roots around inside and retrieves the painkillers she bought the night before.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING - DAY
Koernick converses quietly with another police officer, not noticing Burns marching up to him.

BURNS
Where are they?

KOERNICK
(to police officer)
See you.

The police officer leaves. Koernick turns to Burns.

KOERNICK (CONT’D)
Who?

BURNS
The thug and the bitch I picked up last night, where are they?
KOERNICK
Released them.

BURNS
Released them?!

KOERNICK
Called the magistrate. Said they could go without bail. Wife came by and picked them up.

Burns bites his lip, fuming. He grins coldly at Koernick.

BURNS
All right, newbie. Sounds good to me. But if you embarrass me like this again, I won’t be easy on you.

Burns stalks off. Koernick poorly suppresses a grin.

KOERNICK
Yes, sir.

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - CAMP

Sam runs to the camp, panting. He slows down as he realizes: it’s quiet, still. It feels dead. He jogs as he rounds into the camp. He slowly steps forward, cautiously.

In front of him sits Wilford, staring at the ground with a blanket loosely draped of his shoulders. Beside him are two separate forms, one large and one tiny, both covered with blankets, funeral style. There’s no sign of Moon or Ty.

Sam’s eyes are locked on the blankets.

SAM
(tearfully)
No... No, God, no.

Sam unsuccessfully choke back his tears. He looks around.

SAM (CONT’D)
Where is everyone? Where’s Ty?

WILFORD
Gone.

Sam throws open his tent.

SAM
Ty?
WILFORD
He isn’t here.

SAM
(angry)
Where is he?

Wilford stays silent. Sam marches over to him.

SAM (CONT’D)
(forceful)
Where. Is. He?

WILFORD
Moon left too. Said she could finally going home.

Sam grabs Wilford by his collar and hauls him up.

SAM
TY. Where is he, where is Ty?!

Wilford hits Sam in the side with a hidden pipe. Sam gasps in pain and drops him.

WILFORD
You were supposed to save her! You should have saved her! With all your shit and you couldn’t do anything!

Wilford swings again and again at Sam. He dodges, backs up. Wilford stops swinging.

WILFORD (CONT’D)
It’s your fault... It’s all your fault.

Wilford yells and swings again, knocking Sandra’s purse out of Sam’s grip. Sandra’s revolver slides out and disappears under a pile of trash.

Sam stops his next swing, rips the pipe from Wilford, and hits him solidly against his head. Wilford falls the ground, groaning. Sam drops the pipe, gathers up Sandra’s purse, and grabs his backpack from his tent.

Before Sam leaves, he looks back at the two bodies lying under the blankets. Wilford wails. Sam runs.
EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - OUTSIDE ABANDONED COMPLEX

Sam slips out of the fence and keeps running down the street, down the sidewalk, not looking back. A storm moves in on the horizon.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - LATER

Sam wanders, desperately searching for Ty. The storm has come, only just starting. Snow steadily falls more heavily.

SAM
(shouts)
Ty! Ty! Ty!

Sam whirls, lost. Sam suddenly digs through Sandra’s purse and pulls out a business card. On it is Sandra’s work address.

INT. SANDRA OFFICE - DAY

Sam knocks on Sandra’s office door. Moments later Sandra opens the door. She sees Sam and huffs.

SANDRA
What.

Sam holds Sandra’s purse out for her. She looks at it and snatches it out of his hand.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
(sarcastic)
If only everyone were as good as you.

SAM
Please... I need your help.

Sandra retreats into her office, setting her purse on her desk.

SANDRA
I help you get out of jail, and you repay me by taking my purse. Why should I bother?

SAM
If you don’t help me, my brother will die.
SANDRA
I’m sorry to hear that. Maybe the police would be more helpful.

SAM
I’m begging you.

SANDRA
Just leave. Find someone else to help you.

Sandra turns away from Sam.

SAM
I... I don’t have anyone else to help me. No one. Please...

Sandra pauses, thinks it over, and sighs.

INT. SANDRA’S CAR

The storm is in full blast, heavy snowfall. Sandra cruises down the street, keeping an eye out for Ty. Sam rides passenger.

SANDRA
Do you have any idea where he could be?

SAM
We only had the building. We didn’t stay anywhere else.

SANDRA
Anything, anything at all that you can remember.

Sam thinks. He recollects something.

SAM
Maybe. It’s a long shot.

INT. ROCKET’S RESTAURANT

Sam and Sandra enter Rocket’s restaurant. Ty sits on a waiting bench.

SAM
Ty!

TY
Sam!
Ty stands up and meets his brother halfway for a hug.

TY (CONT’D)
You didn’t come back last night.

SAM
I know, I know. I meant to.

TY
(tearfully)
Angie’s gone, Sam...

SAM
I know.

They hold the tearful embrace. Sandra watches them and then looks out at the storm. She looks back at them, somewhat resigned.

INT. SANDRA HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - LATER

Ty pushes down the mattress, testing the softness. A laugh escapes him. Sam sets his backpack down, taking in the cozy guest bedroom.

TY
A real bed.

Ty smushes his face into it.

SAM
(laughs)
Yeah. Yeah, an honest to God bed.

TY
It feels so good.

SAM
I’ll get us something to eat.

Ty nods. Sam pats him and heads out the door.

INT. SANDRA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Sandra sits on the couch with a hot cup of tea. Anqa walks out of the kitchen with a cup of her own and sits beside her. She smiles at Sandra, waiting until she notices.

SANDRA
What?
ANQA
I’m proud of you.

SANDRA
(smile)
It was nothing.

ANQA
Don’t you “it was nothing” me, that was as good a deed I’ve ever seen.

SANDRA
Yeah...

ANQA
What’s up?

SANDRA
Ah, it’s... It’s nothing.

ANQA
(skeptical)
Sandra...

The sound of FOOTSTEPS on the stairs make them turn their attention to Sam, descending. He pauses.

SAM
Ty was hungry.

Anqa nudges Sandra. She gets up and walks into the kitchen. Anqa stands and smiles at Sam.

ANQA
How are you feeling?

SAM
Better. Warmer.

ANQA
I’m glad you find our place better than going it rough.

SANDRA (O.S.)
What kind of sandwich did you want?

SAM
It doesn’t really matter.

SANDRA (O.S.)
PB and J fine?

SAM
Sounds great.
Sandra comes out of the kitchen with two plates, a PB&J on each.

SANDRA
Good, cause that’s all we have.

Sandra looks him up and down, concerned.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
Why don’t you take a shower first? I’ll leave these in your room.

Sam looks between them.

SAM
Really? (relieved) Thank you so much.

INT. SANDRA HOUSE – GUEST BEDROOM

Ty sits on the bed, bouncing a little. Sandra enters, carrying the sandwiches. She hands them to him.

SANDRA
Here. One’s for you, other is for your brother.

Sandra looks him up and down, crinkling her nose.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
After he’s done with the shower, you’re taking one too.

Ty sheepishly accepts the plates and nods.

INT. SANDRA HOUSE – BATHROOM

Sam turns on the shower.

INT. SANDRA HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Sandra paces back and forth. Anqa watches her from the couch. She stands up and stops Sandra, looking her in the eye.

ANQA
What’s bothering you?

SANDRA
You know we can’t take care of one kid, let alone two.
ANQA
Sandra, you saw what kind of conditions they were in.

SANDRA
And you know what conditions we’re in. We can’t afford them.

Anqa tries to argue, but can’t.

ANQA
We can’t just send them back out there.

SANDRA
We’ll think of something. They have their own lives to lead. We shouldn’t be a part of them.

Unnoticed, in the

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
Hiding behind a pillar, Ty listens in on the conversation. What he hears disheartens him.

Suddenly, he hears a sound from Barbara’s room.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE – BATHROOM
The shower is on full blast, steam rising from the heat.

Sam slowly strips off his shirt, revealing his arms and back laced with long, ragged scars.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE – BARBARA’S ROOM
Ty opens the door slowly and peers inside. Barbara lies in bed, snoring. As Ty eases his way out, Barbara wakes up with a snort.

BARBARA
Who is that?

Ty stops.

BARBARA (CONT’D)
Come on in, I want to see you.

Ty enters and steps over to Barbara’s side. Barbara studies him.
BARBARA (CONT’D)
Dmitri? Is that you? Oh, you never come over anymore.

TY
I’m not-

BARBARA
Are you doing well in school? Good grades? Making friends?

TY
I’ve never gone to school. And... my friends are-

Barbara reaches over and pinches his cheek.

BARBARA
You know what I think you’d like? A nice cookie. Would you like that?

TY
I think I’m alright.

BARBARA
Nonsense. Help me up, we’re getting you and me a cookie.

Barbara cackles.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Sandra and Anqa sit beside each other on the couch.

SANDRA
I can set them up in a motel for the time being.

ANQA
We should consider turning them over. They’re runaways, they’ve probably got family looking for them.

Sandra considers it. It doesn’t seem to sit right with her.

SANDRA
We don’t know what their home was like. We should find out.

Anqa nods and looks up. Her eyes go wide, surprised.
ANQA
Barbara?
Barbara and Ty descend the stairs, Barbara using Ty much like a crutch.

SANDRA
Mom, what are you doing?
Sandra and Anqa stand and go to them.

BARBARA
Dmitri here decided to stop by, I thought we’d like a cookie. Wouldn’t that be nice?

SANDRA
Let’s get you back to bed. Come on.
Sandra takes over for Ty.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - LATER
Ty sleeps soundly in bed, Sam watching over him, his backpack at his feet and unzipped, showing its contents. There’s a knock at the door and Anqa pokes her head in.

ANQA
Mind?
Sam shakes his head. Anqa enters and pulls up a chair next to him. Brief pause.

ANQA (CONT’D)
You know, there is another bed we could set you up in. You don’t have to stay in here.

Sam grips Ty’s bed, feeling it beneath his hand, pressing down, enjoying it. He sighs and pats Ty’s arm.

SAM
I’m okay.
Anqa glances at his backpack, spying Ty’s art. She motions at it.

ANQA
Could I...?
Sam follows her gaze and pulls out the drawings. He hands them to her. Anqa flips through them, admiring each with growing interest.
ANQA (CONT’D)
Did you draw these?

SAM
No, I...

Sam gestures at Ty.

SAM (CONT’D)
He was always the artist.

ANQA
(impressed)
These are really good. He must have taken all kinds of classes.

SAM
Self-taught. No classes.

ANQA
Really? Huh. There are the talented, the skillful, and then there are the gifted.

She flashes one of the pictures at Sam.

ANQA (CONT’D)
What kind of gifts do you have?

Sam shrugs.

SAM
Don’t really have any.

ANQA
Everyone’s got something.

A pause. Anqa gently sets the picture down.

ANQA (CONT’D)
Sam... Why are you and Ty out here? We need to know.

Sam looks over at Ty.

SAM
We’re foster kids. No family besides us. Found out they planned to separate us and... I couldn’t let them.

Sam looks at Anqa.
SAM (CONT’D)
Will you?

Anqa considers briefly, then shakes her head.

INT. KOERNICK HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Koernick and his wife REBECCA eat a simple dinner. While Rebecca is mostly finished, Koernick has hardly touched his food. The atmosphere is akin to an unaddressed elephant.

Rebecca puts down her utensils and leans toward Koernick.

REBECCA
What’s eating you?

Koernick shrugs.

REBECCA (CONT’D)
Bobby...

KOERNICK
It’s just... work related stuff.

REBECCA
Go on.

KOERNICK
I love being a cop. But there are parts of the job that aren’t so... Great. It’s not everything I imagined it to be.

REBECCA
Was it Burns again?

KOERNICK
It was Burns again. He’s... difficult.

Rebecca eyes him sympathetically.

REBECCA
You can handle difficult.

Koernick smiles at her.

REBECCA (CONT’D)
Are you going to finish or...?

Koernick nods and starts eating.
REBECCA (CONT’D)
Don’t forget about the museum this weekend, all right?

INT. MOTEL – DAY

The snow outside is gone, or at least all that’s left is patches. Sandra opens the motel door for Sam and Ty, who walk in with what little they have. Ty immediately jumps onto one of the beds, bouncing, excited.

SANDRA
Your stay is paid for a week. You’ll be able to find your way after that.

Sam nods at her. Sandra closes the door behind her.

TY
Dude, a hotel room! Do they have a pool?

SAM
It’s not a hotel. And we won’t be staying long.

TY
Seriously? Can’t we just-

SAM
We’re not.

Sam drops his bag to the floor. Unnoticed, their window is very slightly ajar.

INT. MOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

Sam sits in his bed, waiting. Ty’s sleep remains unbroken. No seizures tonight. Sam sighs and escapes to the

BATHROOM

He looks at himself in the mirror. Steadily, his lips begin quivering, sorrow deepens. Finally, he vents and punches the mirror, cracking it.

Sam looks at his now distorted reflection. He leans his elbows on the sink and covers his head with his hands.
SAM
(mutters)
We’re going to the coast. Buy a house on the coast, away from everyone. Just us. Just us.

INT. MOTEL - DAY
Sam sorts through his backpack, taking stock. Ty sits on his bed, watching sullenly.

TY
We don’t have to leave.

SAM
We’re not relying on the kindness of strangers anymore.

TY
Anqa and Sandra are cool, though.

SAM
We don’t need them.

Sam puts on the backpack and opens the motel doors. Sandra is on the other side, her fist poised to knock.

SANDRA
Oh.

She puts her hand down.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
I was out with my mother. We’re going to an art museum. Anqa told me Ty’s an artist, so I wondered if you’d like to come with.

SAM
We’re-

Ty jumps off the bed and appears beside Sam.

TY
Yes, yes we would.

SAM
Ty-

TY
We’d love to come.

Sam turns and takes Ty aside.
SAM
What are you doing?

Ty stares Sam down, silent. After a prolonged moment, Sam sighs, relenting.

EXT. MOTEL

Sam and Ty follow Sandra into her car. They drive off.

Huddled beside a nearby dumpster, Wilford watches them go. He approaches their motel room. He paws around, trying to find a way in, until he comes across the ajar window. He pulls it open.

INT. ART MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

Sandra pushes Barbara in a wheelchair, going through the exhibits. Sam and Ty stick with them closely.

Ty is fascinated with everything, his eyes a vacuum. Sam appreciates it, but not with the same enthusiasm.

BARBARA
(to Sam)
What do you want to be?

SAM
Be?

BARBARA
When you’re older.

SAM
(beat)
I dunno.

Barbara laughs.

BARBARA
Me too. And that’s all right.

Barbara has Sam’s attention.

BARBARA (CONT’D)
The great thing about being alive is that there are plenty of chances to reinvent yourself. What do you love doing more than anything else?
SAM
(thoughtful)
I sing pretty okay in the shower.

Barbara laughs again.

BARBARA
I like you.

Sam smiles.

SAM
What about you, Ty, what do you-

Ty is gone. Sam has only just noticed. He looks around for him?

SAM (CONT’D)
Ty?
(panic)
Ty?

Sam splits off from Sandra and Barbara.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DIFFERENT EXHIBIT

Ty sits on a bench in front of a large rendition of “The Raft of the Medusa”. Admiration, entrancement.

Koernick wanders over, attention on the painting. He sits down next to Ty.

KOERNICK
A little gloomy, don’t you think?

Ty looks on the left side of the painting, then his gaze wanders to the right.

TY
Hopeful.
(Ty points it out)
It looks a lot like hope to me.

KOERNICK
How long do you think they were out there for?

TY
I don’t know.
KOERNICK
Days. Assuming that barrel had water in it, they could have been floating out there for a week. Could you imagine?

TY
I’ve never been to the ocean.

KOERNICK
No? Ah, it’s a pretty fantastic sight.

TY
My brother wants to take me there someday.

KOERNICK
Your brother’s been?

TY
I don’t think so. But he wants us to live there.

KOERNICK
Ocean’s a scary place. It’s good to have someone looking out for you like that.

Sam runs into the room, head swivelling until he finally sees Ty. He goes to him, but stops short when he recognizes Koernick. Koernick locks eyes with him. He squints.

SAM
What the hell?

KOERNICK
Hold on. I know you.

Sam grabs Ty by the arm.

SAM
Time to go.

Sam pulls Ty up. Ty pulls back, fighting.

TY
We only just got here!

SAM
Don’t argue with me.
Ty throws himself back, releasing Sam’s grip on him and taking his glove off with it. Ty falls backwards onto the bench.

KOERNICK
Kid, I’m not here to hurt you, why don’t you-

Koernick reaches out to Sam. Sam violently swats the hand away with his ungloved hand. Skin touches. Immediately, Koernick’s gimp leg goes out from under him, and Sam follows in a similar fashion.

Both groan. Sam gets up first, angrily grabbing Ty.

SAM
Now.

Sam pulls Ty behind him, limping as he goes.

Rebecca arrives at Koernick’s side.

REBECCA
Honey? Are you alright?

KOERNICK
(groaning)
I’m fine, I’m fine. Help me up.

Rebecca helps Koernick to his feet. He stands very easily, too easily. He looks in confusion down at his previously gimp leg. He tests it. It’s no longer gimpy.

INT. ART MUSEUM – ENTRANCE

Sam drags Ty to the door, heels and all.

TY
Let go of me!

Ty frees himself, stepping back from Sam. Sam whirls on him.

TY (CONT’D)
Why do you always do this?

SAM
We’re not discussing this.

TY
I finally get to do something I want and you can’t stand it. Why?!
Museum patrons steadily become aware of the disturbance. A few stop and turn in their direction.

SAM
This was a bad idea.

TY
Bad? FUCK YOU!
(beat)
We’re always doing what you say, what you want to do. One time there’s something for me and you have to mess it up.

SAM
Nothing for you? You have seizures all the time, who’s there to fix you? Who?!

TY
I hate you!

SAM
(shout)
Then hate me!
(normal)
But don’t forget who does everything for you.

A hurtful pause. A crowd murmurs around them. Sam looks up. Sandra and Barbara watch them from nearby. Sandra glares at Sam, a disappointed anger.

INT. SANDRA’S CAR - DAY

The silence could be snapped with a touch. Sandra and Barbara are in the front, the kids in the back, all trying not to look at each other.

SANDRA
Well, that’s a nice outing ruined.
(to Sam)
I hope you’re happy.

SAM
I didn’t ask you to invite us.

SANDRA
A nice day with my Mom, you just had to screw it up. I shouldn’t have bothered.
SAM
Shut up.

SANDRA
Don’t you tell me to shut up!
Ungrateful brat, after all we’ve
done to help you.

SAM
You can mind your own goddamn business.

Sandra slams the brakes and pulls them over to the side of the road. She slams her car door behind her.

Sandra stomps around the car to Sam’s side and raps on his window.

SANDRA
(muffled)
Get out!

Sam unbuckles himself and exits out onto the

SIDE OF THE ROAD
And stands defiantly in front of Sandra. She’s angry.

SANDRA
I just wanted a nice day with my mother. I wanted to give Anqa a day off. You’re lucky I invited your sorry ass.

SAM
Whatever.

SANDRA
Don’t you “whatever” me. Look at me.

Sam avoids her eyes.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
Look. At me.

Sam meets her gaze.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
Will you tell me what your problem is?

(MORE)
SANDRA (CONT’D)
Cause you seem to always be so concerned about Ty, but when it comes down to it, it’s not about him, is it?

SAM
What do you know?

SANDRA
It’s about you. Yanking him around, ruining his life for him.

SAM
I keep him safe. We’re all we have. If I don’t “yank” him, then one day I’m not going to have him. He’ll get found, or hurt, or killed, and I can prevent that.

SANDRA
Guess what? You’re not going to have much of a brother if you act like this all the time.

SAM
Where do you come from that you can talk to me like this? Like you know me?

SANDRA
It’s my job, Sam. I look at people and help them understand their faults. You want my advice?

Sam rolls his eyes.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
Maybe instead of deciding everything for him, you let Ty make his own life choices for a while. And be less of an asshole.

SAM
Screw you.

A brief pause.

SANDRA
Get Ty out of my car. You’re walking from here.
EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Sandra drives off, leaving Sam and Ty behind. Things seem a little cooler now, though there’s no lack of sullen-ness. Sam picks up their bag and they head off in the direction of their motel.

EXT. ACROSS STREET FROM MOTEL - EVENING

Sam and Ty trudge their way across the road. There’s not a lot of cars, but up ahead they see their motel and all of the police cars outside of it.

Sam motions for Ty to take cover behind a hedge.

TY
What’s happening?

Sam puts his finger to his lips. “Shh.” They watch for a moment. Sam notices it’s their room the police are combing through.

SAM
Shit.

TY
What?

SAM
It’s our room.

TY
Why are they-

SAM
I don’t know. But we aren’t staying here.

Sam gets up, crouched, and Ty follows him as they take off back across the street.

EXT. MOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM

Burns stands outside the motel room, looking inside, waiting. Decker comes out.

DECKER
Found something.

BURNS
Give it to me.
Decker holds up two evidence bags: one contains an eighth of weed and the other a blood-covered knife.

**DECKER**
An eighth of weed and a definitely used knife.

Burns takes the bags, inspecting them closer.

**BURNS**
Who called in the tip?

**DECKER**
Anonymous. Some kid.

**BURNS**
Alright. Who rented the room?

**DECKER**
Motel says it was rented by a Sandra Wyatt, but one of the workers said there were two teenagers staying in it.

**BURNS**
Huh. Thanks.

Decker leaves. As Burns inspects the evidence bags, Wilford approaches out of Burns’ line of sight, somewhat sickly and pale.

**WILFORD**
Officer Burns?

Burns looks up. He’s surprised to see Wilford.

**BURNS**
Wilford. What are you doing here?

**WILFORD**
I called in the tip. I know who was in there.

**BURNS**
(interested)
Do you now?
(pause)
Enough for a police sketch?

Wilford nods.

**BURNS (CONT’D)**
Atta boy.
EXT. STREETS - EVENING

Sam and Ty continue their walk across the city until Ty stops in his tracks. It takes a moment for Sam to notice.

TY
Where are we going?

SAM
Train station.

TY
We’re leaving?

SAM
We’ll hop a train and ride it out of here, find somewhere new. Somewhere warm.

TY
Sam, I... I don’t want to leave yet.

SAM
(annoyed)
Where else would we go? Cause we can’t go back to the motel, and there’s not a lot of-

TY
(carefully)
We can go to Sandra’s.

Sam is hit by that, unable to respond. He stares at Ty, working furiously through it, thoughts buzzing. His resistance and anger give away the longer he stares. He heaves a sigh.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sandra sits outside Barbara’s room, a drink in hand. She looks distant, staring at nothing. She could be deep in thought or she might not be thinking at all.

Anqa comes and sits down beside her.

ANQA
Hey.

Sandra looks at her. After a moment she starts crying and buries her face into Anqa’s shoulder. Anqa takes her in her arms, comforting.
SANDRA
Am I a bad person?

ANQA
No. No, you’re not.

SANDRA
Dumping those kids on the road... I shouldn’t have done that.

ANQA
Nothing to be done about it now.

They hold each other for a bit.

There’s a knock on the front door, taking them out of the moment.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE – FRONT DOOR

Sandra opens the door, her tears wiped. Sam and Ty stand on the other side, waiting. Sam puts forth the best repentant expression he can.

SAM
Could we stay for the night?

Sandra and Anqa look at each other.

INT. POLICE STATION

Wilford patiently sits in a chair across from a police sketch artist. Burns looks over the artist’s shoulder at the completed sketches of Sam and Ty.

He sees Koernick walking by.

BURNS
Koernick, come over here.

Koernick does. Burns looks at his legs.

BURNS (CONT’D)
Didn’t you used to have a limp?

KOERNICK
What do you want, Burns?

Burns points at the sketches.
BURNS
Doesn’t that look like that kid you let go?

KOERNICK
So what if he is?

BURNS
See, this is why you don’t go behind my back. He was in the cells for a reason, and now? He’s out causing more trouble.

KOERNICK
What exactly did he do?

BURNS
We found drugs in his motel room. That and a bloody knife.

KOERNICK
(scoffs)
That’s it? How exactly is that trouble for anyone?

BURNS
I’m pretty confident he used the knife on someone. I suppose we’ll find out.

Koernick shakes his head and walks away.

BURNS (CONT’D)
We wouldn’t be having this problem if you didn’t let him leave. You need to get in line, Koernick. Be less trouble for the rest of us.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM

Ty sleeps soundly in the dark. Sam, however, sits in a chair staring into the dark, sleepless.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Sandra sits at the island, counting out pills beside a glass of alcohol. She swallows a few just as Sam rounds the corner. She knocks back the drink.

SAM
You shouldn’t drink with pills.
SANDRA
Plenty I shouldn’t do. What’s up?

SAM
Couldn’t sleep.

Sandra motions for him to sit. He does. She offers a drink. He accepts. She grabs a second glass from the cabinet and fills it for him.

Sam holds it up to his lips, pauses, steels himself, then drinks. He wheezes, coughs, contorting his face. Sandra chuckles.

SANDRA
First time’s always the worst.

SAM
(wheezy)
It wasn’t bad. Not bad.

SANDRA
Oh, sure.
(pause)
I wanted to apologize for earlier. I shouldn’t have snapped like that.

SAM
(solemn)
Yeah. I shouldn’t have made a scene at the museum. That was nice of you to bring us along.

Sandra pours herself another drink.

SAM (CONT’D)
Maybe you should quit-

Sandra shoots him a dirty look. He shuts up. Down the hatch, glass on the table.

SANDRA
We need money. Or a miracle. We’re getting our heads held underwater and let up for air every ten minutes... except by then we’re already dead.

SAM
(at alcohol)
How many of those have you had?
SANDRA
You ever had a person, someone you’ve loved your whole life, slowly forget who you are? Before your very eyes they forget your face? It tears something up in you.

Pause.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
Life’s a real bitch, Sam.

SAM
I lost my mom when I was six. Ty never even knew her. And my dad’s sitting in jail.

SANDRA
For what?

Sam stands up and turns around. He lifts up the back of his shirt, showing Sandra his scars. She gasps softly.

SAM
The only thing I can be thankful for in all of it is that Ty will never know him like I did.

Sam lets his shirt down and takes his seat again.

SAM (CONT’D)
For the next twelve years my brother and I became baggage. Baggage. You know what that means?

SANDRA
Enlighten me.

SAM
It means I’ve met a lot of people who tried to fill us up with things they thought we needed to be whole. Because they thought we were imperfect.

(beat)
What’s imperfect about wanting your mom back?

A silence falls, and they let it rest with the respect it deserves.
EXT. SANDRA HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Sam and Ty play outside, poorly throwing a football back and forth, fumbling every other catch. Sam does worse than Ty, groggy and sleep-deprived, but he tries anyway to play with him.

A dog barks at them across the street - not a threatening bark. A cute dog, friendly, runs across the street to say hi.

Wrong time. A car, not noticing the dog stepping out into the streets, hits it with a solid THUMP. A whimpering fills the air as Sam and Ty stop playing catch.

The dog lies in front of the car, alive but in pain, moaning with tiny whimpers as Sam and Ty gather around.

TY (whining)
Oh no...

Ty pets the dog, comforting it.

TY (CONT’D)
It’s okay... You’ll be okay.

Sam looks into the dog’s eyes. He removes one of his gloves and places his hand on the dog’s head.

A moment. Sam removes his hand. Then, as the dog whimpers. The tiny SNAPPPING sounds as the dog’s broken bones realign and heal in place.

The dog stops whimpering and licks Sam, his tail wagging.

Ty’s grin stretches for miles. Then, suddenly, Sam passes out.

INT. SANDRA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anqa covers her mouth, looking out the window at what just happened.

INT. SANDRA’S OFFICE - DAY

A familiar scene, Sandra and Mr. Chambers sitting across from each other, except now Mr. Chambers is looking somewhat more put together, calmer.

CHAMBERS
I’m sorry about last session. I got a little worked up.
SANDRA
You don’t need to apologize, Mr. Chambers. You look better.

CHAMBERS
I took your advice. About the marriage counselor. I’m just glad she agreed to it.

SANDRA
Have you had a session yet?

CHAMBERS
Tomorrow.

SANDRA
And how do you feel about it?

CHAMBERS
I feel... good. Like something’ll come of it.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sandra closes the front door behind her. She notices Sam passed out on the couch when she passes by.

Anqa, standing farther down the hallway, motions Sandra over to her. They speak in hushed tones.

SANDRA
What happened to-

ANQA
Come on.

Anqa pulls Sandra into the dining room.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Anqa and Sandra sit beside each other at the dining room table, quiet. Post-conversation glow resides between them.

SANDRA
He healed... the dog?

ANQA
It was hurt one moment, fine the next.

SANDRA
People can’t do that kind of thing.
ANQA
He can. Sandra, we have a miracle on our hands. We can’t let him go and disappear.

SANDRA
Even if he can do this healing thing, what do you expect us to do? We’re in no position to care for them.

ANQA
We should at least keep our options open. But these kids? They need our help.

Sandra goes quiet, deep in thought. Anqa holds her hand.

INT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - CAMP - EVENING

A crime scene. A perimeter of caution tape surrounds Sam’s former home. Decker and Burns stand over Angie’s corpse as someone else photographs her. There’s a knife wound in her heart.

DECKER
Jesus. At least it’s winter.

BURNS
Ten bucks the blood on the knife we found is hers.

Burns points at Angie’s knife wound.

DECKER
Should we find that Wilford kid again? He might have done this.

BURNS
Sure. But we’ll need to bring in that kid he pointed out to us, too.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam wakes up. Ty is asleep in the chair across from him. Sam gets up and wanders into the
KITCHEN

Where he catches Sandra drinking and taking pills. When she notices him she packs it up, putting the alcohol away and the pills in her pocket.

SANDRA
You’re awake. How do you feel?

SAM
Tired.

SANDRA
I bet.

Sandra grabs a glass and fills it with water. She gives it to Sam.

SAM
Thanks.

Sandra sits down at the island.

SANDRA
Anqa told me about what you did with the dog. I usually don’t believe stuff like that. But if it were true... What does that make you?

Sam pauses, takes a drink.

SAM
I was seven when I found out. Touch a bird, fix its broken wing. Touch a kid and heal a scraped knee. I just have to touch with bare hands.

Sam raises his gloved hands.

SAM (CONT’D)
It’s why I wear gloves. I don’t know why I’m different. I just am.

SANDRA
What can you heal?

SAM
Anything.
(beat)
Anything but me and Ty. I can heal bits of him, stop a seizure, but... they always come back.
(MORE)
SAM (CONT'D)
Out of everyone on Earth, the only
one I can never heal completely is
the one I care about most.

Pause.

SANDRA
I’m sorry.

SAM
What’s there to be sorry about?
(pause)
I’ve never had control over my
life.

Sandra nods. She pulls the pills out of her pocket and sets them on the table.

SANDRA
I never wanted children. The whole
birth thing sounded awful, and kids
are a hassle. But then two years
ago I was diagnosed with ovarian
cancer, and I thought for one
moment that maybe having a child
wouldn’t be so bad.
(pause)
There’s nothing I hated more than
having the freedom to choose that
taken from me.

Sandra holds up the pills.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
And whenever I take these, I feel
just a little less imperfect.

SAM
But you beat it, didn’t you?

SANDRA
Remission. But you never know when
it might come back.

Sam nods. Carefully, he removes his gloves and reaches toward
Sandra.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
What are you doing?

SAM
Closer.
Sandra moves her head to meet his hands. He touches her. A moment. He pulls back his hands. He convulses, shutting his eyes tight, and tenses up across his entire body.

The shakes subside, leaving Sam and Sandra sitting in the aftermath.

    SANDRA
    What did you do?

Sam stands up.

    SAM
    I need to sleep.

He leaves the kitchen. Sandra is left, confused.

INT. SANDRA’S OFFICE - DAY

Sandra sits at her desk, idle. There is a knock on her door. Sandra opens the door to Mr. Chambers.

    SANDRA
    Mr. Chambers? We didn’t have an appointment today.

    CHAMBERS
    I know. I just thought I owed it to tell you in person that I won’t be scheduling any more.

    SANDRA
    No?

    CHAMBERS
    (smiles)
    Thank you, Mrs. Wyatt. For all your help.

Chambers firmly shakes her hand, turns, and leaves. Sandra closes the door.

She returns to her desk and fishes a pill bottle out of her desk. As she goes to remove the top, she suddenly stops. She looks at it, confused, and drops it in the trash.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Anqa washes her face in the sink. She hears the front door OPEN and CLOSE. She opens the bathroom door.
ANQA

Honey?

There are CLINKING sounds coming from the kitchen. Anqa heads down the stairs and into the

KITCHEN

Where Sandra is grabbing all the alcohol they have and pouring it down the sink. Anqa watches her quietly until Sandra notices her presence.

SANDRA

Hey.

Anqa walks up to Sandra and kisses her.

ANQA

You’re finally doing it.

SANDRA

It wasn’t me. You were right. Sam does have a gift.

ANQA

Sandra... What if we became their legal guardians? We may not have the money or the means-

SANDRA

We should talk about it, at least.

ANQA

(surprised, smiling)

Sandra Wyatt, do you have a soft spot for these little rascals?

SANDRA

Firstly, how dare you-

Anqa and Sandra collapse into giggles. Meanwhile, in the

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Sam hides behind the corner, eavesdropping.

There is a knock at the
FRONT DOOR

Sandra goes to and opens the front door to Officer Burns and Decker. When Sam sees them, he immediately runs and hides in the guest bedroom.

BURNS
Mrs. Wyatt. So good to see you again, I was wondering if I could ask you some questions.

SANDRA (tersely)
About what?

BURNS
Recently you rented a motel room for, we believe, two young men, a Sam and Ty Brown?

Sandra doesn’t answer.

BURNS (CONT’D)
May I come in?

SANDRA
You need a warrant.

BURNS
I don’t need a warrant. Will you let me in? I only have a couple questions.

SANDRA
I want you to leave and-

Burns violently pushes the door, knocking Sandra back. Anqa cries out. Burns forces his way in, grabbing Sandra by the throat. Decker follows.

BURNS
I will NOT tolerate being disrespected like this! I can and will arrest you again if you don’t answer my questions.

SANDRA (strained)
Get out of my house.

Burns hits her hard in the face, knocking her to the side.

BURNS
Do you know a Sam and Ty Brown?!
Burns raises his fist again.

ANQA
Stop!

Burns looks to see Anqa holding a knife in one hand and her cell phone in the other, video taping them. Burns slowly releases Sandra as Decker tries to take Anqa’s phone. Anqa holds him at length with the knife.

DECKER
Turn that off. Delete it.

ANQA
I will if you leave.

DECKER
Delete it now.

ANQA
If you don’t get out in the next thirty seconds, I will file charges against you.

DECKER
Who do you think you’re dealing with?

BURNS
Decker.

Decker stops. Burns steps away from Sandra.

BURNS (CONT’D)
We’ll go. But if that video ever surfaces, I will come here and deal with you myself. Understand?

Anqa doesn’t blink, though she slightly shakes. Burns spits and leaves the house, shutting the door behind him.

Anqa runs to Sandra’s side.

LIVING ROOM – SOON AFTER

Sandra puts an ice pack to her eye. Anqa sits beside her. Sam and Ty step downstairs. There’s concern and tension in the air. The two groups look between each other, specifically Sam at Sandra, eye contact.
INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - BARBARA ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight seeps in the window. Sam sits beside a sleeping Barbara.

    SAM
    You didn’t have any preconceptions about me. You’re the first to do that.

Sam puts his bare hand against Barbara’s cheek.

    SAM (CONT’D)
    Goodbye, Barbara.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM

Sam shakes Ty awake with some small noise.

    SAM
    Ty. Grab anything you can.

    TY
    (groggily)
    What time is it?

    SAM
    We’re leaving. Tonight. Now.

    TY
    Leaving? I don’t want to-

    SAM
    Ty. Please. Trust me on this.
    (beat)
    Trust me.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Sam and Ty gather food and stuff it into their backpacks, going through cabinets, shelves, the pantry, the fridge. Ty hesitates, but a look from Sam gets him back on it.

Ty grabs a candy bar with a very shiny wrapper.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Sam and Ty walk under moonlight, Ty lagging behind.

    TY
    I’m tired of leaving places.
SAM
We had to.

TY
Why?

SAM
We just had to.

TY
At least tell me we aren’t trying that stupid train idea.

SAM
(pause)
I’m not sure. We’ll figure it out.

They pass by a gas station. Ty stops moving, fidgeting.

TY
I need to use the bathroom.

Sam looks at him, baffled.

EXT. GAS STATION
Sam waits for Ty outside the bathrooms, impatiently tapping his feet. He knocks on the door.

SAM
Hurry up!

TY (O.S.)
Give me a minute.

Sam groans.

SAM
Fine, stay put when you’re finished, I’ll be right back.

INT. GAS STATION
Sam picks out two water bottles from the refrigerated aisle, cheap ones. The door opens and two police officers enter. Sam freezes up when he sees them. He turns away, remaining still as his thoughts race.

He grips the bottles and turns around. The police are behind him. He nearly bumps into them.
POLICEMAN 1
Watch it.

Sam ducks around them. The first policeman watches him go, suspicious having seen his face. Sam approaches the clerk and sets the bottles down.

SAM
How much?

The police officers murmur to each other.

EXT. GAS STATION

Sam exits the gas station and returns to the bathrooms. He knocks again.

SAM
Ty!
TY (O.S.)
Just a second!

Sam paces away, back and forth, until a bright light is suddenly shone on him, blinding him momentarily. He raises his hand.

POLICEMAN 1
Excuse me, what’s your name?

Sam looks terrified. He swallows and doesn’t answer.

POLICEMAN 2
He does look like him.

POLICEMAN 1
Is your name Sam Brown?

Sam whirls around ready to run. A clicking sound behind him.

POLICEMAN 1 (CONT’D)
Freeze!

Sam doesn’t move more than a step. Sweat drips down his scalp, even in the cold of winter.

POLICEMAN 1 (CONT’D)
Hands up.

Sam raises his hands. Policeman 1 moves up and grabs one of them. Sam wrenches his hand away. The policeman smacks him hard in the back of the head with his pistol, knocking him to the ground.
POLICEMAN 1 (CONT’D)
Stop resisting!

He hits him again, followed by a short peel of laughter from both policemen.

A toilet flushes. Ty exits the bathroom, retrieving the shiny candy bar he took earlier from his pocket. He sees Sam on the ground.

TY
(oh fuck, screech)
Sam!

The flashlight reflects the candy bar. A shot in the night echoes.

Ty falls, a bullet wound in his shoulder, and he hits the ground hard, head cracking against the concrete.

An unearthly wailing rises out of Sam’s chest. He rips off the glove on his right hand with his teeth and desperately reaches out for Ty, stretching as much as he can stretch.

Ty isn’t moving.

The shock is too soon, Sam can’t cry. He can only reach, inch by inch closer to his brother as the police officers try to restrain him. Closer. One inch. A centimeter. So close, just a little farther and he can save him.

Policeman two steps on his outstretched hand, cracking it. Sam screams in agony as he’s handcuffed.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE – GUEST BEDROOM – MORNING

The room is empty, holding the faintest of impressions that it was occupied. Anqa’s voice comes from the hallway.

ANQA (O.S.)
Morning, kids. Time to get up.

Anqa opens the door and stops when she sees they’re missing. Her demeanor saddens.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Sandra and Anqa sit on the couch, angled toward each other.

ANQA
They were gone. Did we do something wrong?
SANDRA
No. Sam decided it was time for them to leave.

ANQA
We can’t let them stay out there.

SANDRA
It’s their decision. Their life.

Sandra doesn’t have an easy time saying it. Anqa takes Sandra’s hand and kisses it.

ANQA
I feel sick. We owe it to look for them.

SANDRA
It’s out of our hands.

ANQA
You don’t really believe that, do you?

Sandra looks away.

Barbara creeps down the stairs, unnoticed until she reaches the bottom.

SANDRA
Mom, you shouldn’t be out of bed.

Sandra goes around the couch to her mother.

BARBARA
I’m fine, Sandra, I’m fine.

Sandra stops, astonished.

SANDRA
What was that?

BARBARA
You look older than I remember.

Sandra gestures at Anqa.

SANDRA
Do you know her?

BARBARA
Anqa, dear. How have you been?
ANQA
Oh, my god.

Barbara inspects the ring on Sandra’s finger.

BARTHA
You two are...?

Barbara laughs happily and kisses Sandra’s cheek.

BARBARA (CONT’D)
I’ve missed so much, haven’t I?

Sandra caresses her mother’s face, tears streaming down her cheeks. She slowly turns toward Anqa, determined.

SANDRA
We’re going to find them.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Sam sits in his cell, his broken hand wrapped in cloth. His face is black and blue.

His free hand cuts deep red bleeding lines into his arm. He digs, claws, slices his arm with his nails, all while quietly writhing. His eyes are dead.

Koernick enters the room and sees what Sam is doing.

KOERNICK
Sam? Sam! Stop!

He hurriedly unlocks the door and prevents Sam from harming himself further.

KOERNICK (CONT’D)
Sam, stop, please!

Sam struggles fruitlessly. He stops fighting and leans his head against the wall.

KOERNICK (CONT’D)
(quietly)
What happened to you out there?

BURNS (O.S.)
Koernick.

Koernick looks behind him. Burns stands outside the cell, accompanied by Captain Flanders.
BURNS (CONT’D)
Come on out. We’re to leave the suspect alone.

KOERNICK
He needs help, Burns.

BURNS
He’ll get it, believe me. Now get out.

Koernick looks to Flanders. Flanders nods. Koernick scowls and leaves the cell, pushing past Burns and back into the station. Burns takes a good look at Sam in disgust and locks the jail door.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Sam sits across from a suited man. The man removes an assortment of documents from his briefcase, a psychological evaluation. He slides it to Sam.

Sam doesn’t do anything. The man sets a pen down in front of him.

MAN
Let’s begin.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - LATER

Sandra and Anqa approach the policeman at the front desk. Koernick lounges nearby.

SANDRA
Excuse me, sir?

POLICEMAN
Yes ma’am, how can I help you?

SANDRA
We’d like to file a missing person’s report for two boys, Sam and Ty Brown. They went missing last night.

Koernick picks up on the name.

POLICEMAN
I’m sorry ma’am, if they’ve only been missing since-
KOERNICK
Excuse me, did you say Sam Brown?

ANQA
You’ve seen him?

KOERNICK
Follow me please.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELLS

Koernick leads Sandra and Anqa to Sam’s cell. Sam now has a protective mitten over his free hand and bandaged arms. He doesn’t pay them any mind.

Now that they’re here, they are at a loss for words.

ANQA
How are you, Sam?

No reaction. Anqa looks to Koernick.

KOERNICK
He’s been like this since they brought him in.

SANDRA
Where’s the other boy who was with him?

KOERNICK
Hospitalized. Haven’t heard much about him yet.

SAM
Ty’s dead.

All attention turns to Sam.

SAM (CONT’D)
They shot him and I couldn’t save him.

ANQA
He’s not dead, Sam.

Sam begins banging his head on the wall.

SAM
He’s dead. He’s dead. He’s dead. He’s dead.
Sam goes on as Koernick unlocks the door. He rushes in and stops Sam from hurting himself. Sam cries out in anguish.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A courtroom, judge presiding. Koernick, Rebecca, Anqa, Barbara and Sandra sit in the bleachers. A state appointed lawyer stands beside Sam. Sam stares emptily as the judge delivers his verdict.

JUDGE
Mr. Sam Brown, the verdict is...
not guilty.

A relieved hush goes around the room.

JUDGE (CONT’D)
However, due to the results of your recent psych evaluation, and the apparent danger you pose to yourself, the court has elected to send you to Saint Monica’s, to treat your mental health.

INT. SAINT MONICA’S - LOBBY - DAY

A hospital attendant pushes Sam into the mental hospital in a wheelchair. Rebecca approaches him.

REBECCA
(to attendant)
I’ll take him from here.

The attendant leaves them. Rebecca smiles at Sam.

REBECCA (CONT’D)
Hello, Sam.

Rebecca goes behind him and pushes him down the hall.

REBECCA (CONT’D)
You healed my husband. I will personally see to it you are treated with the best of care.

INT. SAINT MONICA’S - ROOM

Rebecca wheels Sam into his new room. Beds are on opposite sides of the room.
One bed sits CECIL (30’s), a patient at Saint Monica’s who acts younger than he is, obsessively picking at his toes.

REBECCA
Here we are. Cecil, meet Sam. Sam, Cecil.

Cecil looks up, smiling broadly.

CECIL
Heya!

Rebecca wheels Sam over to his bed.

REBECCA
Cecil’s the heart of the hospital. I have a feeling you’ll be good friends.

Sam stands out of his wheelchair. Rebecca collapses it and sets it against the wall.

REBECCA (CONT’D)
Rest. You’ve been through a lot. I’ll check back alter.

Rebecca goes to the door to leave.

CECIL
Have a great day, Miss Koernick!

REBECCA (sing-songy)
Bye, Cecil.

The door closes. Cecil sighs and rocks himself.

CECIL
Aw, she’s great she is, Miss Koernick’s just great.
(to Sam)
So what are you in for?

Sam sits on his bed, staring at the floor.

CECIL (CONT’D)
I’m a cocktail myself. They haven’t told me what it is I have, but I’ve narrowed it down to BPD, anxiety disorder, depression, dissociative disorder, and... sometimes I eat too much. It’s a ride!

Sam stands and slowly walks over to Cecil as he speaks.
CECIL (CONT’D)
I’ve been here for a month now, it’s a pretty neat place. You’ll like it! The nurses are swell, and the other patients are one of a kind, what a bunch of guys. On Wednesday nights we—wh—what are you doing?

Sam stands in front of Cecil. He reaches out, and though Cecil backs away, nervous and bordering panic, Sam continues until he touches Cecil’s cheek.

A moment. Sam takes an enormous painful breath and backpedals. But he remains upright. He controls himself.

Cecil stares at him, perplexed.

CECIL (CONT’D) (breathless)
What’d you do to me?

Sam sits on the edge of his bed, shaking.

INT. HOSPITAL - EXTENDED CARE UNIT - DAY

Koernick enters the ward carrying flowers. He walks past the other beds until he comes up on one with curtains drawn around it.

He moves the curtains, revealing Sandra, Anqa, and Barbara surrounding a comatose Ty. Ty’s head is wrapped in bandages.

KOERNICK
Hey. How’s he doing?

Barbara sighs.

BARBARA
A month gone by and he’s still not waking up.
(to Koernick) Thank you for your support, Officer Koernick.

KOERNICK
Anything.

SANDRA
He was touch and go for a while. The kid’s tough, though. I knew he’d pull through.
ANQA
We need Sam.

A DOCTOR comes by.

DOCTOR
Excuse me, are you all his family?

SANDRA
Friends.

DOCTOR
Close?

SANDRA
Yes.

DOCTOR
Could you come with me over here a minute?

Sandra and Anqa get up and accompany the doctor to a safe out-of-earshot distance from Ty.

DOCTOR (CONT’D)
It’s good news, I thought you needed to know. We recently had to perform brain surgery on Ty.

ANQA
Why? What happened?

DOCTOR
We’d been noticing he’d often have seizures. On a second round of tests, we discovered a previously missed tumor. Thankfully, it was small, easily removed. He shouldn’t suffer from it any longer.

Sandra and Anqa sigh in surprised relief.

ANQA
Thank you, doctor.

The doctor smiles and walks away. Sandra and Anqa embrace.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - LUNCHROOM - DAY

Sandra, Anqa, and Barbara sit with Sam at a lunch table. The room is filled with other patients sitting at circular tables.
Sam doesn’t eat much of his food at all. Koernick and Rebecca stand nearby, a watchful distance, giving them their time.

SAM
Ty’s dead.

SANDRA
He’s not dead, he’s alive. He’s in a coma, we need you to get better so you can help him.

SAM
He was so still. Living people don’t look still like that.

Sandra reaches out a hand that Sam retracts from.

SAM (CONT’D)
Why are you lying to me?

ANQA
We’re not lying, Sam.

SAM
I can’t leave. I don’t want to. You won’t make me.

SANDRA
Sam... We want you to come home.

Sam stares at her on the last word, ‘home’. He shakes his head.

SAM
Home is like a church. It’s not a place. It’s not a building. It’s the people you surround yourself with that make it your own.
(hard)
My home is dead.

Sam stands from his seat and turns. Rebecca comes to his side.

REBECCA
Come on, let’s go to-

Sam gently brushes her off and moves through the other tables. He moves like he’s weightless, brushing by with a trace of a finger on the nape of a neck. He just barely touches them, healing one, then another, then another.

The effects on them are immediate: they blink, they stop fidgeting, they realize they are whole. Sam looks impervious.
Five patients. Ten. Then, on the thirteenth person healed, Sam finally collapses into the arms of another patient.

Attendants have their phones out, recording the incident. The patients gather around Sam and carefully lift him up, parade him, showcase him for all to see.

Sandra, Anqa, Barbara, Koernick, and Rebecca can only watch in awe as it occurs.

INT. NEWSROOM - LIVE BROADCASTING

A news anchor, reporting, sitting behind their desk, on air.

ANCHOR
In other news, several new eyewitness videos have surfaced recently documenting a strange, otherworldly healing event. Circling theories suggest that this is an act of God, an appearance of supernatural proportions, or, very simply, a hoax.

A recorded video of the healing event is displayed.

ANCHOR (CONT’D)
Occurring at Saint Monica’s Hospital for the Mentally Infirm, the video shown has one of the patients literally healing his peers with a mere touch. The healer in question is a young man named Sam Brown, a recently admitted patient at Saint Monica’s. While we cannot confirm the reliability of this information, it does appear that a rash of patients have released themselves from the hospital, having been seemingly cured of their disorders. We’ll come back to this as the story develops.

INT. HOSPITAL - EXTENDED CARE UNIT - DAY

Anqa and Koernick stand beside Ty. Anqa hands Koernick a USB stick.
INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Koernick walks past his co-workers, across the station, holding his resignation papers until he reaches Captain Flanders’ office. The door is open. He walks into the

CAPTAINS OFFICE

And stands in front of Flanders, currently behind his desk.

KOERNICK

Sir.

FLANDERS

Officer Koernick. How may I help you?

Koernick sets his resignation down on the desk, and the USB stick on top of it. The Captain looks at it, then to Koernick.

FLANDERS (CONT’D)

Resignation?

KOERNICK

Yes, sir.

Flanders picks up the papers, peruses them briefly.

FLANDERS

May I at least ask why?

KOERNICK

I suppose I’ve been disillusioned with the police force. I don’t think my calling is here.

Flanders holds up the USB stick.

FLANDERS

And this?

KOERNICK

Grounds for the dismissal of both Officers Burns and Decker. Goodbye, sir.

Koernick walks into the

POLICE STATION

And strides toward the door, a smile growing on his face.
INT. SAINT MONICA’S - LOBBY - DAY

Saint Monica’s lobby is filled with sick and injured people, families, old and young, all waiting patiently.

INT. SAINT MONICA’S - RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Sam sits in a wheelchair across from a kid, can’t be more than ten, also in a wheelchair, oxygen tanks strapped to the back. The kids parents stand beside him. His body looks contorted, cerebral palsy.

Sam himself looks to be in no good health. He looks beyond exhausted, sick, thin, breathless, weak, in pain. Rebecca is very close nearby, keeping an eye on him.

The room otherwise is empty of people aside from a couple of other attendants.

Sam, after a wait, feebly reaches out and touches the kid’s forehead. A moment and he retracts his hand.

As seconds pass the kid uncrumples, his joints don’t look locked as he stretches out, popping sounds as they realign. Simultaneously, Sam’s joints lock and contort.

The kid, although emaciated, no longer has cerebral palsy. He removes his oxygen mask.

    KID
    (weakly)
    Thank... you...

His parents are in tears, hugging their child. They wheel him out. Rebecca comes to Sam’s side, checking him.

    REBECCA
    I think that’s enough for today.

    SAM
    (struggling)
    I can... do more...

    REBECCA
    Not like this you can’t. It’s time to rest.

Rebecca wheels Sam back to his room.
INT. SAINT MONICA’S - RECREATION ROOM - DAYS LATER

Sam sits on a couch, knees pulled up into his chest. He looks a little healthier, not as weak or exhausted. Rebecca sits on the other end of the couch.

Koernick enters. Rebecca gets up to meet him. They kiss.

REBECCA
What’re you doing here?

KOERNICK
Just stopping by.

Koernick sits by Sam on the couch.

KOERNICK (CONT’D)
Hey, champ. Holding up okay?

Sam looks out the window, ignoring him. Koernick looks at Rebecca, who shakes her head.

KOERNICK (CONT’D)
Well. I had some good news. Message passed along from up front says you have a visitor.

REBECCA
He’s not taking visitors today.

KOERNICK
They said he’s family.

Sam’s interest is piqued.

SAM
(mutter)
Ty?

INT. SAINT MONICA’S - HALLWAY

Sam walks down the hallway, Koernick following behind him. Sam opens the door to the

VISITING ROOM

And walks in to see an extremely ill Wilford waiting. He’s discolored, labored breathing, weak. His speech is labored. He wears a hoodie, pulled over his head, and his hands are kept in the pocket.
Sam stops in his tracks on seeing Wilford. Koernick follows in behind him.

KOERNICK

Wilford?

WILFORD

Finally... I’d hoped you’d have just gone to jail. I tried real hard to do that. Instead?

Wilford pulls Sandra’s revolver out of the hoodie and aims at Sam.

WILFORD (CONT’D)

You just gotta do some things yourself.

Koernick steps between Wilford and Sam, holding his hand out.

KOERNICK

Wilford. Put down the gun.

WILFORD

He killed Angie! He killed our baby!

KOERNICK

He didn’t do that and you know it.

WILFORD

Where was he? Getting arrested like the garbage he is.

(to Sam)

Why weren’t you faster? You could have saved her...

KOERNICK

You don’t want to do this.

WILFORD

(tearfully, angrily)

I DO. He took what little I had, like I knew he would. I was going to have a family... a real family.

KOERNICK

If you’re going to point that at anyone, point it at me.

Wilford’s grip falters.
WILFORD
I just want Angie back. I want my daughter.

Tears drip down Wilford’s cheeks.

WILFORD (CONT’D)
He took them... He took them...

KOERNICK
Killing Sam won’t bring them back.
Give me the gun.

Koernick creeps forward. Sam continues looking into Wilford’s eyes. As Koernick is just about to grab the gun, a fire revs up in Wilford. He aims and fires.

Sam stumbles back two steps, a bullet lodged in his shoulder. Koernick rips the gun out of Wilford’s hands and pushes him to the ground.

Sam is stunned, seemingly not comprehending what’s happened. Wilford sobs under Koernick’s grip.

Sam steps forward. He approaches Wilford. He moves around Koernick.

KOERNICK (CONT’D)
Stay back!

Sam kneels beside Wilford’s head. Wilford coughs, specks of blood flying from his mouth. Sam reaches down and touches Wilford’s head.

Sam breathes deep and takes back his hand. Wilford is no longer sick, his skin is clear and he looks healthy.

SAM
I’m sorry, Wilford.
(to Koernick)
I want to go home.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Wilford is brought into the police station, handcuffed. As he’s pushed forward he catches Burns’ eye. Burns watches Wilford be moved to the holding cells.
INT. CAPTAINS OFFICE

Flanders studies his computer. On it, the video taken of Burns and Decker breaking and entering Sandra and Anqa’s home.

Flanders looks up from his computer at Burns, standing in the middle of the police station.

EXT. SAINT MONICA’S - TWO MONTHS LATER - DAY

Sam, healthy, steps outside a free man with the clothes on his back. He looks up at the sky. It’s not cold anymore, spring is just around the corner. He walks down the Saint Monica steps.

At the bottom, a welcoming party waits: Sandra, Anqa, and Barbara. Embraces all around.

INT. HOSPITAL - EXTENDED CARE UNIT - LATER

Ty lies in his bed, still comatose. He’s surrounded by the Wyatt family and Sam, who sits right beside him at the head of the bed. Sam’s lips quiver, long awaited tears threaten to break free.

SAM
(mutters)
I believed you were dead...

Sam laughs weakly. He reaches out and touches Ty’s forehead. A moment before he removes his hand.

Ty opens his eyes. Ty looks around until he lands on Sam.

TY
Sam?

Sam’s tears break free as he embraces his brother hard.

SAM
God, Ty... I thought you were dead... I thought you were dead...

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A celebration! An assortment of foods and drink shared between Sandra, Anqa, Barbara, Sam, Ty, Rebecca, and Koernick. The room is filled with laughter.

Sandra stands and raises a glass.
SANDRA
I would like to make a toast.

The room quiets down.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
To Sam. To Ty. For overcoming every
obstacle in their path. Welcome
home.

Everyone raises their glasses and clinks them together.

There’s a knock at the door. Sandra goes to open it. On the
other side, a sharply dressed woman, a social worker.

SOCIAL WORKER
Hello. I’m looking for Ty Brown.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The social worker sits in a chair across from Sam and Ty on
the couch. Sandra brings her a cup of water.

SOCIAL WORKER
Thank you.
(to Sam and Ty)
You may be wondering why I’m here.
I came for Ty.

Sam scoots protectively closer to Ty.

TY
What about me?

SOCIAL WORKER
You’ve been missing for months. You
may have forgotten, but you’re
still a ward of the state.

SAM
You’re taking him back.

SOCIAL WORKER
I’m afraid I have no choice. I
didn’t come forward sooner because
of your medical issues, Ty. Now
that you’re no longer hospitalized,
it’s time to go.

SAM
No. No, you’re not doing this. I
can be his legal guardian.
The only reason the state has not indicted you for kidnapping is due to your... recent work. But if you think we’ll allow you to become his guardian, after all you’ve done? No.

(to Ty)
I’ll give you a night to prepare yourself. Pack whatever you need.

The social worker stands to leave.

TY
I don’t want to go.

SOCIAL WORKER
You don’t have a choice in the matter.

SANDRA
Wait.

Gloria turns her attention to Sandra.

SANDRA (CONT’D)
There has to be an agreement we can come to.

SOCIAL WORKER
Do you have a suggestion?

Sandra looks at Sam, checking him first.

SANDRA
What if we take him?

The social worker considers it.

SOCIAL WORKER
I suppose. Once we get everything in order, that should be possible. Are you registered foster parents?

SANDRA
Not yet.

SOCIAL WORKER
That’ll need to happen.

ANQA
(to Sandra)
Are you sure?
SANDRA
You wanted this, didn’t you?

ANQA
Do you?

SANDRA
Yes.

(to Sam)
How about you? How do you feel about this?

SAM
It’s not really my choice.

Sam looks to Ty.

TY
I want to stay with you. It’s you and me, right?

SAM
You need a home, Ty, and I can’t give that to you. Please.

Ty pauses.

TY
Okay. But as long as you stick around.

The social worker opens the front door.

SOCIAL WORKER
All right. We’ll finalize the details soon.

She closes the door behind her. Sam stares at the door, hard in thought.

INT. SANDRA’S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ty sleeps in his bed. Sam quietly opens the door, careful not to wake Ty. He creeps in, a backpack filled with supplies. He crouches by Ty’s bedside.

SAM
(quietly)
I have to go, Ty. The Wyatts will do good by you. I know it. I’ve caused enough trouble for you. It’ll be better this way. See you, Ty.
INT. SANDRA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Sam descends the stairs. He goes to the door and grabs the knob.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Where do you think you’re going?

Sandra stands from the living room chair. Sam releases the knob.

SAM
I’m leaving.

SANDRA
What exactly sort of bone-headed decision is that?

SAM
I don’t know what’s happening from here. The entire world knows about what I am, and that means that I won’t ever be able to shake people. I’ll be hounded. I won’t have any peace. And that means, if I stay here, Ty won’t either. I’m not bringing that on him.

Sandra scoffs.

SANDRA
That’s it? What’s the real reason.

SAM
(beat)
I nearly killed Ty. My actions put him in a coma. Our entire lives I’ve justified what I’ve done because it was for Ty.

SANDRA
And?

SAM
(pause)
I felt in control. I felt powerful. And I wonder just how much of the things we’ve done were for him or for me.

(beat)
I don’t know who I am, Sandra. I can’t be around Ty if I don’t know that.
Sam opens the door.

    SAM (CONT’D)
    You’ll take care of him. I know it.

Before Sam can leave, Sandra strides across the room and shuts the door, placing herself between it and Sam.

    SANDRA
    So that’s it. You think this’ll be solved by you disappearing?

    SAM
    I don’t know what else to do.

    SANDRA
    You stay! You stay right here, you don’t abandon him when he needs you. How much of your life have you spent running?
    (beat)
    Stand your ground, Sam.

    SAM
    I don’t want to hurt him anymore.

Sandra grabs Sam by the shoulders.

    SANDRA
    Let us worry about that. God, for all the people you’ve helped in these last few months, you never once thought to accept help yourself. Let us help you, Sam.

    SAM
    I don’t know if I can do that.

    TY (O.S.)
    You can.

Sam turns to see Ty at the top of the stairs. Ty descends the steps.

    TY (CONT’D)
    If I ask you, you can.

    SAM
    Ty-

    TY
    You. Aren’t. Leaving.
Sam looks between Ty and Sandra. Caught between a rock and a hard place. He let out a relieved, nerve-wracked chuckle.

**SAM**

We still have to do something, though. People won’t just give up on a miracle cure.

Ty smiles.

**TY**

I have an idea.

**EXT. BEACH - EVENING - SOME TIME LATER**

The sun sets behind the horizon. The tide rolls back. Sam sits at the edge of the water, looking out over the ocean, a satisfied smile on his face.

Sam moves his shirt to look at his shoulder, a circular scar remaining from where Wilford shot him. He traces it.

Ty approaches from behind, unnoticed.

**TY**

Sam?

Sam blinks, turns toward Ty.

**TY (CONT’D)**

Gonna come inside?

Sam grins.

**SAM**

Yeah. Be right there.

Ty trounces off toward a beach house, a clinic overlooking the see. Sam gets up and follows.

**INT. CLINIC**

Sam follows Ty through the doors of their clinic. Above him, a sign reads “Welcome to the Wyatt-Brown Clinic”. As he walks through the building, he passes by a very pregnant Rebecca on the phone.

**REBECCA**

Yes, ma’am, we’re completely non-profit, all we want is to-
They continue on. They pass by Koernick, strumming a guitar for a small group of kids. The kids are surrounded by previous appliances they might have used to keep themselves alive: inhalers, epipens, oxygen masks. Koernick catches Sam’s eye with a grin.

They pass by Barbara, scooting over to round up the kids.

BARBARA
All right, time to head on home!

She’s followed by the children’s parents. Sam and Ty moves on, further down the hall. They pass an open door and Sam pauses. Inside the room, Sandra and Anga giggle at each other, all smiles. Sandra looks up, catches Sam’s eye. She nods at him.

Ty motions Sam on. Sam follows him out onto the

BALCONY

Where they have a gorgeous view of the sea, the sun, the beach, and the all the world to them.

Sam smiles. He noogies Ty, who hits him back on the arm. Sam looks out again.

THE END