

STRIPES, A FEATURE LENGTH DRAMATIC FILM SCRIPT

HONORS THESIS

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by

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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. There 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

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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)

You're in a forest. You're surrounded by trees. Sunlight seeps through the boughs. You see deer. Squirrels. Rabbits. Nothing can hurt you.

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 reconsiders. 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  
Stole a car. Lost it. No home, no  
food. No money. Nothing.

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)

good guy. Kind. Just hard  
sometimes.

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  
 No, no, you don't.

ANGIE  
 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)  
I asked: Have. You. Been. Drinking?

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!

BURNS

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 chokes 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. Bag-  
gage. 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 SNAPPING 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

Anga 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.

BARBARA

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 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 pained 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 kid's 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.

SOCIAL WORKER

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 sea. 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 Anqa 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