

*CRUMB CATCHER*

writers

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SHANE and LEAH, in their early thirties, are posing for their wedding photos. Shane is good looking but rough around the edges, even in his tuxedo. His features too dark and somber for the occasion. Leah is a radiant bride with milky skin and soft curls. She's at ease in her wedding gown, attractive in the sort of way that makes other women want to be friends with her. The party is bustling in the background.

PHOTOGRAPHER

How long have you two been together?

Flash.

LEAH

5 years.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Shane, can you tilt to your left.

Shane tries to adjust, but it's not working for the PHOTOGRAPHER. She comes into frame. She's attractive, her hair stringy with green highlights, bangles on her wrists, dressed casual-chic.

She heads back behind the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER

What took you so long?

SHANE

Excuse me?

PHOTOGRAPHER

To propose?

SHANE

Oh well eh yeah, I'm not sure.

Flash.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Can you turn more to each other-

SHANE

This fine?

Flash.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Lift up your chin a bit?

SHANE

Like this?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yeah and just loosen up... Tell me how you two met?

SHANE

Well we worked together, or work together.

Flash.

PHOTOGRAPHER

An office romance?

LEAH

No it wasn't like that.

SHANE

It kinda was.

LEAH

I'm in publishing. One of his short stories wound up on my desk, and we ended up meeting for coffee.

Flash.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Who made the first move?

SHANE

She did.

LEAH

That's not true.

SHANE

You were giving me those eyes.

LEAH

No I wasn't. I was professional.

SHANE

And that just made me want her more.

LEAH

Stop.

SHANE

It's true.

LEAH  
I turned him down like five times.

Flash.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Yeah, and what changed your mind?

Leah turns to him, smiling.

LEAH  
Exhaustion.

Flash.

SHANE  
I'd like to think charm played into it.

LEAH  
Yeah, a real charmer. Like at the Christmas party...

SHANE  
We don't need to get into that.

LEAH  
No I think we do. Why don't you tell her what happened.

SHANE  
She was jealous.

Flash.

LEAH  
I was not jealous. He came over and professed his love to me and then-

SHANE  
I wasn't professing. I was just letting you know what was going on.

LEAH  
Whatever, and when he didn't get what he wanted, he decided to hook up with the fucking intern.

SHANE  
She wasn't an intern.

LEAH  
Sorry, she was one of my readers.

SHANE

I was very upset. You were so mean.

LEAH

You're such a baby.

Flash.

Shane gets closer to Leah, teasing her.

SHANE

Come on you know you always liked me...

LEAH

No I didn't.

SHANE

That's a nice dress you're wearing.

LEAH

Shut up.

SHANE

No seriously, where'd you get it.

Leah's laughing.

LEAH

You're so annoying.

Flash.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That was great.

The photographer moves toward them with the camera, scrolling through a few photos.

LEAH

Ah- that one is nice. You like?

SHANE

Yeah you look good.

The photographer turns to them.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay cool, so why don't we move on to the families. Start with the groom's?

Leah jumps in.

LEAH

Why don't we get the bridesmaids  
instead.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yeah OK, cool.

SHANE

Am I done?

LEAH

Yeah, you're good.

Shane takes a deep breath and wanders off into the wedding party. He weaves through the crowd, the occasional friend offering him a greeting.

Flash! Guests are snapping selfies and goofy shots of each other. Shane lands at a crowded bar, he pushes his way to the front of the line and reaches for the bartender's attention.

2

INT. BAR - NIGHT

2

SHANE

Hey. Can I get a drink over here?

The gal behind the crowded bar is engaged with someone else.

The people surrounding Shane seem grotesque. Mouths laughing, drinking, screaming- suffocating him-

A slap on the back rattles Shane-

FRIEND

Dude you two looked beautiful up  
there-- I mean it. You're a lucky  
man.

SHANE

Yeah thanks dude-

FRIEND

Congrats.

Shane turns back to the bar, tries to get the bartender's attention-

SHANE

Hey can I get a-

The bartender strides past him, she's already helping someone else. Shane grinds the palm of his hands along his scalp. He needs a drink.

Another friend saddles up next to him.

FRIEND 2

How's it feel to be a married man?!

SHANE

Yeah, it's good.

FRIEND 2

Oh dude, you know I saw your dad's Ted Talk. Yeah, deep shit man, I mean the way he talks about his process is pretty powerful. Takes his photos to a whole other level. Is he here?

SHANE

No, he's stuck on some oil field in Sudan.

FRIEND 2

Oh cool, new project?

SHANE

New struggle.

The bartender finishes making another drink.

Knock. Knock. Shane raps his knuckles on the bar.

SHANE

Hey- can I be next please. Whiskey-

The bartender seems annoyed, but answers.

BARTENDER

How do you like it?

SHANE

In a glass is fine.

The bartender makes his drink, then slides it over.

SHANE

Thanks.

Shane grabs for his wallet anxiously, flirting to get his way.

SHANE

Hey would you mind just leaving that bottle aside for me.

He whistles, indicating a hiding spot behind the bar where he can access the bottle throughout the night.

SHANE

I don't wanna have to keep  
bothering you.

Shane pulls out a one hundred dollar bill, slides it across to her. The bartender takes the bill and puts the bottle down in the corner where he asked.

Shane takes a gulp of his drink, feeling the warmth of the whiskey. He looks up, across the bar. Shane sees himself in the mirror, through a line of bottles. He lingers on his reflection, then takes another gulp.

Shane turns his back to the bar, unhooks his top button to breathe a little better.

Leah is among the other guests, collecting her bridesmaids, she's laughing, enjoying herself. This makes Shane happy, seeing Leah like this, but that feeling doesn't last long, his mood shifts.

Shane drains his glass.

BLACKOUT

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Crumb Catcher

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3 INT. GUEST ROOM / HOTEL - MORNING

3

Shane's eyes flutter open. The room is bright, his vision groggy. He focuses ahead on Leah's wedding dress, hanging in a clear garment bag.

Shane sits up in bed, still in his tuxedo. He looks down to the night stand, a bottle of whiskey sits there with the cap off. There's only a swing of booze left.

Shane scans the bridal suite, the bags are packed and the room is organized. The bathroom door is half ajar...

SHANE

Leah?

Shane frees himself from the white sheets, rolling over to her side of the bed, closer to the bathroom door.

SHANE

Baby..?

He gets up from bed, starts to cough, a rough cigarette cough.

4 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY / ST. BASIL'S ESTATE - MORNING 4

Still coughing, Shane steps out of the suite, moves down the long hallway, sees a MAID at the end of the hall. She's cleaning one of the other rooms.

Shane takes out his phone. A red battery flashes on the screen. It's completely dead. He puts the phone back in his pocket and continues down the hall.

SHANE

Buenas dias.

The maid watches him, smiling passively, nodding her head.

Shane rounds the corner and makes his way down the stairs.

5 INT. MAIN ROOM - HOTEL - MORNING 5

He arrives in the grand entrance, clad in his dishevelled tux, he scans the area, no people, but the space is haunted by the wedding, white ribbons and wilted flowers.

Shane floats further, landing at the entrance to the ballroom. In the middle of the of the vast space is the JANITOR. He's using a spinning floor buffer. The sound is hypnotic.

The janitor looks up and sees Shane. Turns off the floor buffer...

SHANE

Morning.

JANITOR

... You looking for your wife?

SHANE

Yeah.

JANITOR

Basement, to the left.

The janitor points, Shane looks, sees the entryway.

SHANE

Thanks.

The janitor is already back to work, waxing the floor.

Shane heads to the stairs-

6 INT. BASEMENT / HOTEL - MORNING

6

Then down into the basement. The buzz of the florescent bulbs echoes off the bare cement walls.

Shane lands at another hallway, this one lined with restaurant equipment. He can hear voices in the distance. He continues forward landing on a set of double doors with windows that look into the kitchen.

The voices are just out of sight.

JOHN (O.S.)

Professionally speaking it's down right embarrassing and completely unacceptable. I'm gonna wreak havoc over this, don't you worry about it, heads will roll!

LEAH (O.S.)

OK then. Like I said it's really not that big of a deal, but OK, thanks.

Shane leans in closer, peering into the kitchen, there's a man standing there.

BOOM! Leah barrels through the door.

SHANE

Jesus Christ.

LEAH

Hey, you're up, good. Let's get going.

SHANE

What was that about?

Leah pushes past Shane, answering him in a hurry.

LEAH

Something about the cake. I could give a fuck, let's just get out of here.

Shane looks back at the swinging double doors, then follows after Leah.

7

INT/EXT. HOTEL PARKING FACILITY - MORNING

7

In a concrete indoor/outdoor parking facility, a baby blue '78 Two-door Cutlass sits. The engine turns over, but it isn't starting.

There's a rest, the car sits still, silence, then the engine goes at it again and finally starts up.

IN THE CAR: Shane takes out his phone from his pocket and plugs it into a car charger. The phone lights up, a flash of a red battery.

Leah is on her phone too, looking for directions.

SHANE

How long is it saying?

LEAH

Two and a half hours.

Shane grips the steering wheel and notices a smudged ink drawing on the top of his hand. It's the outline of a rose.

Revvng the engine, Shane brings his hand to his mouth. Shane sucks his skin, then tries to wipe away the ink. It's not coming off.

LEAH

Oh Jesus.

Shane startles.

SHANE

What?

Leah is looking out the back of the car.

LEAH

It's that fucking waiter again.

Shane looks up to the rearview mirror. A waiter is approaching the car.

LEAH

Come on let's go before he gets here.

SHANE

The car's still warming up.

The waiter lands at the car, rapping on Shane's window with his knuckle. He's all smiles, big teeth grinning. This is JOHN, late 50's, almost handsome, firm, direct.

LEAH

Don't engage with him, or he  
literally will not stop talking.

John pantomimes rolling down the window, holding a bottle of Champagne in one hand.

Shane obliges.

JOHN

Wow, what year is she?

SHANE

What's up man?

JOHN

What year is the car?

SHANE

It's a '78.

JOHN

And she's still running?

SHANE

Yup.

John starts rambling, his head bobbing to the music of his own voice.

JOHN

You know it's not my favorite. This era I mean. You see they really had it right in the fifties, boy those cars were something. Those big old Cadillacs with the wings- they did it good then. You know it was the sense of the design, you know aesthetic so ah- so ah- garish you know what I mean, personality literally bursting from the hips!

LEAH

Shane we really need to get going.

JOHN

Yeah well I'm sure you two love birds want to beat the traffic, you know, especially with the weather coming in.

SHANE

Alright, well thanks for everything.

JOHN

Oh! Anytime.

Shane starts to roll up the window, but John stops him, leaning on the glass.

JOHN

Oh oh oh and I almost forgot.

John pushes the bottle of Champagne through the window.

JOHN

I wanted you to have this, on behalf of Crystal Views as an apology for ah, you know, for the whole mix up with the cake.

8

INT. CUTLASS - DAY

8

A crossword puzzle, a pencil traces the empty boxes.

LEAH

11 letter word. Clue is: No take backs.

Leah sits in the passenger seat of the moving car, with a folded-over newspaper leaned up against her knee.

Shane sits across from her in the driver's seat.

LEAH

3rd letter is R.

Leah tucks the pencil behind her ear and then rummages through the bag that sits at her feet. She unpacks a series of plastic Tupperware boxes. They're filled with various vegetables and dips.

Shane laughs at her, finding her packed lunch endearing.

LEAH

What? Are you hungry?

SHANE

No I'm good.

Shane's phone rings, he glances down at the screen: "Dad".

Shane scowls, brow furrowed, mutes the sound, but it continues to vibrate between them. Leah looks at the phone and then at Shane who drives stubbornly, eyes on the road.

LEAH  
You should pick up, it might be something about the house...

Shane puts his blinker on and turns into the next lane.

LEAH  
What are you doing, we're on this for another twenty miles.

SHANE  
Gotta get gas.

LEAH  
You have half a tank left.

SHANE  
It could be half full or half empty. Gauge is messed up.

Shane pulls off in the exit lane.

Leah looks at Shane, waiting for him to say something.

SHANE  
Irrevocable.

LEAH  
What?

SHANE  
That's the eleven letter word.  
Irrevocable.

9 INT/ EXT. REST STOP - DAY 9

Shane pushes into the rest stop, the AC hits him like an arctic blast.

He continues in, weaving through a crowd of people, determined.

10 INT. REST STOP / BATHROOM - DAY 10

Shane turns the corner, heading into the bright bathroom.

He lands at a urinal, unzips and relieves himself. To his left, there's a man at the end of the long row of urinals. He turns to Shane, then speaks from a distance.

MAN

Weather's coming in.

Shane nods.

The man flushes, then approaches Shane on the way out, his boots scrapping across the tiles as he passes-

Beep. Beep.

Shane collects himself, flushes, then takes out his phone, it's a text from an unknown number:

**Need to talk about last nite. Give me a call.**

11 INT/EXT. REST STOP - DAY

11

Shane steps out of the bathroom, through the bustling rest stop. He looks back down at the strange message:

**Need to talk about last nite. Give me a call.**

As he walks, Shane texts back:

**Sorry who is this?**

Just as he's about to press send, the other person starts typing. The ellipses dances up and down. Shane deletes his message, as he steps outside.

He looks back down at his phone, they've stopped typing now.

Shane looks up and sees Leah waiting on the tail of the Cutlass. She's sporting a pair of red Lolita sunglasses.

LEAH

What's wrong...?

SHANE

Nothing.

Shane clicks his phone off, and stuffs it into his pocket. As he circles around to the driver's side door, Leah's gaze follows him, her eyes shielded by the heart shape glasses.

SHANE

Let's get going.

Shane hops into the car, and slides the key into the ignition. He turns over his hand, noticing the smudged drawing again... the outline of a rose.

Knock. Knock.

Leah looks at Shane through the passenger side window. Shane reaches over and unlocks the door. She gets in. The door shuts.

12 EXT. CUTLASS / COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 12

Following the 78 Cutlass driving down a tree-lined road, civilization thinning, passing a country house on one side, an old barn, through the Hudson Valley landscape.

13 INT. CUTLASS / COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 13

Shane and Leah sit in silence, listening to the local radio.

LEAH  
Are you happy?

SHANE  
Yeah, of course I am.

LEAH  
I think I'm happy too.

Shane and Leah seem very distant in this moment.

SHANE  
Is it this turn or the next one?

LEAH  
Next one. Remember the yellow house?

SHANE  
Right.

They arrive at the road, on the corner is the yellow house.

The road becomes narrow, trees surrounding them.

Shane looks over to her lovingly, reaches across, rubbing the back of her neck.

LEAH  
Slow down, the driveway is coming up.

Shane slows down and lands at the entrance to an overgrown driveway. He turns in, maneuvers down the drive, it is unkempt. Splintered tree branches hang overhead, making the entryway feel like a tunnel.

The narrow path opens up to reveal a two story house. It has a New England feel to it, clapboard siding, wrap-around porch. Looks like a dollhouse. An American home.

14 EXT. DRIVEWAY / HOUSE - DAY 14

Shane steps out of the car, looking up at the house. He moves to the trunk, lifts their bags out, his a canvas duffle bag and hers a hard shell rolling suit case.

Leah heads up to the house with groceries in her arms. Shane follows with the bags.

15 EXT. PORCH - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 15

As Shane lands at the porch, Leah turns to him, standing in front of the door.

LEAH

Don't be mad okay. I just thought I would sketch it in and see what you thought. If you don't like it, we can change it.

SHANE

I feel like I should be scared.

LEAH

No not at all, come in, come on.

Leah waves him into the house. Shane listens, stepping inside.

16 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 16

Moving boxes are scattered along the edges of the rooms, but Leah has started to fill in the space with a few rugs, a couch, and a dining room table.

Shane steps further in, investigating, liking how she has it.

LEAH

At first I thought we'd have the couch over here, but then when I put it by the fireplace, that felt better. What do you think? Do you like it there?

Shane is smiling at how nervous she is.

SHANE

Yeah it looks good.

LEAH

And what about the bureau there? I know we had said it would go in the bedroom, but if we end up getting a TV we can put it on there. I know you don't want one, but I just thought, just in case we do.

SHANE

Yeah, just in case.

Leah leads him further into the house, to the kitchen. She dumps the groceries on the counter.

LEAH

I didn't really even get into the kitchen yet, but I thought we should figure that out together. You know, where the forks go and whatever else.

Shane looks past the kitchen into the sun room. In there, sitting in the center of the room is a beautiful antique desk. Shane nears it.

LEAH

OK, I know you said you didn't need it, but it was marked down and I know you really wanted it. So I just figured fuck it, right. I mean, might as well, it's not like you buy a desk very often. You might as well get the one you want. Right?

SHANE

Right.

LEAH

Do you like it?

SHANE

You know I do-

Shane pulls her close to him.

SHANE

I just wished I would have known.  
I'd have gotten you something.

LEAH

Just write another book already  
will ya...

Leah kisses him.

SHANE

Oh I'm gonna write another book  
alright.

LEAH

Oh yeah..?

SHANE

Oh yeah, I'm gonna write way too  
many books.

LEAH

Too many..?

SHANE

Yeah, way too many books, people  
are gonna be like enough with that  
guy already...

They're both laughing. Shane slows down when he sees  
something over Leah's shoulder, in the corner of the room.

SHANE

Where did that come from?

Shane steps away from Leah, and approaches the photograph  
hanging on the wall.

It's an epic vista depicting legions of Chinese factory  
workers dressed in Yellow. [RE: Edward Burtynsky - China]

LEAH

It was upstairs in one of the  
rooms. Your Dad's got a load of  
shit up there.

Shane stands in front of it, taking in the photo. It's framed  
in an old ornate wooden frame.

LEAH

I just threw it in that frame, had  
it lying around, we'll find  
something more modern to put it in.

Shane looks closely at the photo, taking in the details.

SHANE

It has great lines, doesn't it?

LEAH

Yeah, it's beautiful. I bet it's an  
original print. Do you think it's  
worth anything?

SHANE

Well it's not the final, the yellow  
isn't right, but you know work  
prints are worth something.

LEAH

I think it should be the cover of  
the book.

SHANE

There's an idea.

Shane steps off abruptly, uses the back entrance to exit the house.

20 EXT. BACK DECK / HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 20

Shane steps down the stairs, trudging down to the pond. He lights a cigarette as he walks.

There's a large pond behind the house with a dock, the shore is overrun with cattails.

21 EXT. DOCK / HOUSE - DAY 21

Shane steps out to the end of the dock and admires the quiet inlet. He takes a drag of his cigarette, peace and quiet.

Leah lands at the other end of the dock, interrupting Shane's thoughts. He gives her a look and swiftly shoves the envelope back in his pocket, switching his attention to the landscape.

Leah trails up from behind, lands, hugs him.

LEAH

What's going on with you, so many emotions, we're supposed to be having fun.

SHANE

I'm not sure if I want to go though with the book.

LEAH

What are you talking about?

SHANE

That. I don't know if I want to publish it.

LEAH

But we're practically planning the release party. You can't just pull out now. I mean, Shane, you're under contract.

Shane turns away from her.

LEAH

Are you nervous? Because you shouldn't be, everyone loves the book.

SHANE

They only love the book because it's about my father.

LEAH

That's not true. The story is about you.

SHANE

So then why do you want to put one his most famous photographs on the cover?

LEAH

Oh come on, that's what marketing wants and it makes sense. Don't you want people to buy your book?

Shane just stands there stubbornly.

LEAH

If you don't want that photo, then we can pick another one.

SHANE

That's the not the point. I thought I wrote a book about my life, my experience and you're treating it like it's a tell all and I'm literally embarrassed. I mean he's done so much for me already and I just don't want to come off like I'm exploiting him.

LEAH

Shane he was away for half your youth, taking pictures of poor people while you were raised by nanny Barbra. It's in the book, he literally abandoned you and now he couldn't even be bothered to come to our wedding.

SHANE

Well he gave us the house didn't he-

LEAH

Oh, come on. It's a tax write off.

SHANE

Would you just leave me the fuck alone.

Shane turns away from her, squats down and looks at across the water. Leah steps back, hurt by his tone.

LEAH

I'm gonna go finish up some work.

Leah walks away. On her way to the house, she grabs a few logs from under a tarp then climbs up the back steps. Shane watches her head into the house.

Shane's gaze turns across the pond. Dark clouds are forming, the weather is coming in.

He takes a drag of his cigarette.

22

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

22

Down the hall, there's a warm glow from the living room. Leah sits tall on the couch, typing away at her computer.

Shane comes up from behind and lands at the doorway to the living room, beer in hand.

Taking a swig from his beer, Shane circles around to Leah who is back at work, glasses on.

Shane takes out an envelope and tosses it onto her laptop.

SHANE  
Merry Christmas.

LEAH  
What's this?

SHANE  
It's a pony.

Shane drops on the couch next to her.

Leah closes her laptop, still pissed, then opens the letter reluctantly, it's a poem.

LEAH  
I thought you said you didn't get  
me anything.

Shane shrugs smugly.

Leah starts to read the handwritten words.

Shane nervously watches. Leah's eye scanning, she stops, looks up to him.

LEAH  
Grey skies and wilted rose petals.

SHANE  
Could happen.

Leah rolls her eyes and continues reading with a smile.

She finishes.

LEAH  
You are so cheesy.

She leans in and kisses Shane, then heads into the kitchen.

Shane takes a moment to himself, folds the poem back into the envelope, then stuffs it into Leah's cluttered work bag.

SHANE  
*Should have just bought you socks.*

Shane gets up, he trails over to the kitchen, turns in-

23 INT. KITCHEN / FIRST FLOOR OF HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 23

POP. A cork shoots at Shane's chest--

SHANE

Jesus!

LEAH

Compliments of Crystal Views!

Leah stands with a grin across her face, holding the bottle of Champagne in her hands. She takes a swig from the bottle.

SHANE

Aren't we gonna make a toast.

Leah hands him the bottle.

LEAH

Upstairs.

Leah cat-walks away, teasing him.

As Leah passes one of the bags she left by the front door, she scoops up a package of new sheets, showing them to Shane and raising her eyebrows.

LEAH

New sheets.

SHANE

Mmm, what's the thread count?

Leah puts her finger to her lips, she'll never tell.

Shane takes a swig of the bubbly.

24 INT. STAIRWAY / SECOND FLOOR OF HOUSE - NIGHT 24

Leah coyly climbs the stairs.

At the top, Leah darts into the master bedroom. Shane follows, sauntering, gets up the stairs to the door.

Inside, Leah is flipping out the sheets, they float down onto the bare mattress.

LEAH

Get out.

She slams the door with her foot.

Shane is left standing outside the door, looks around. Behind him down the hall is another bedroom. The door is ajar.

He pushes the door open.

25 INT - UPSTAIRS ROOM / HOUSE - NIGHT

25

Inside the room, there are piles of photography supplies, stacks of prints on the bed, boxes of negatives, piles of magazines, and folders and envelopes filled with receipts, maps and notes.

Shane switches on the light and surveys the room.

In the corner there is a box labeled "Shane." He opens it. There are some school papers with grades on them, a Game Boy and some old magazines: Mad, Thrasher, assorted comic books.

Shane is entranced. He sips from the bottle of champagne.

Shane picks up one of the comics: There is a ferocious werewolf howling at the moon on the cover with the caption "Last night he did a terrible thing."

26 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY / HOUSE - NIGHT

26

Shane is at the door to the master bedroom again, tapping gently on the door: *knock knock knock*.

SHANE

Anybody home...?

He pushes the door open and glimpses inside.

Leah is seen attaching a garter belt to white lace stockings.

She pushes the door closed-

LEAH

No wait!

Shane stands outside the door peering through the crack. There's a bedside lamp inside and he can see Leah drape a colored piece of fabric over it, the room glows red.... Then from inside:

LEAH

Okay...

Shane slowly pushes the door open.

27 INT. BEDROOM / UPSTAIRS / HOUSE - NIGHT 27

Lit only by the red glow from the lamp, Leah is reclined on the bed in her sexy garment, posing voluptuously.

Shane snickers a little and then a little more.

LEAH

Stop. Why are you laughing?

SHANE

I just feel a little over-dressed...

He is approaching her seductively.

LEAH

It's not funny.

Shane reaches over to the bedside lamp.

SHANE

No you're right, this is very serious.

31 They're laughing... 31

Shane clicks off the light.

28 INT. SUN ROOM / HOUSE - NIGHT 28

It's night time and Shane is seated in the sun room, at his new desk. He is typing on the keyboard of his laptop.

Shane takes a swig of his beer then attacks again. Writing out fractured phrases, words spitting across the screen, his finger tips pounding:

***Need to write about something new. Can't write about myself any more. Needs to be Fiction. Something NEW. Exciting. Needs to grab the reader from the first sentence.***

He's writing feverishly like he's trying to start a fire.

The distinct sound of falling rain above him, on the unfinished roof.

***Should have a strong central character. Someone who leads. Larger than life.***

Shane takes another swig of beer, slams it down, keeps typing:

*He doesn't take "no" for an answer, but maybe he's desperate, tries to hide it. Yeah I like that, that's good. Who's he hiding it from and what is it..?*

Shane quickly crosses to the kitchen, yanks open the refrigerator, twists off a beer, refrigerator shuts.

Back at the desk, Shane dives in again:

*Does he have a wife? Maybe that's who he's hiding it from. OK. But what is he hiding...? Something. Something pathetic. He can't let anyone know, and the stakes need to be high. It needs to be something pulpy. A gut punch.*

*No more of this introspective shit.*

Shane's phone vibrates beside the laptop. He glances down at the phone.

It's a text message from the same unknown number as before.

*Last nite is going to cost u.*

LEAH (O.S.)

Shane?

SHANE

Yeah-

Shane tucks his phone in his pocket as Leah appears in the Sun Room, with a book in her hand.

LEAH

There's a car in the driveway.

SHANE

What do you mean?

LEAH

That, there's a car in the driveway.

29

INT. LIVING ROOM / HOUSE - NIGHT

29

Leah and Shane head to the window and look outside. There's another car parked in the driveway, headlights beam toward the house catching the spray of rain in the glow.

The car just idles there.

LEAH

What should we do?

SHANE

I'll go out.

Shane starts to put on his boots.

LEAH

Someone's getting out of the car.

Still putting on his boots, Shane looks out the window. There's a man heading up to the house, holding an umbrella.

The man steps up to the porch and heads for the door. A figure passes by the window. The man lands at the front door.

RIIIIIING!

Leah and Shane exchange a look, then Shane heads to the door.

30

INT. FOYER / HOUSE - NIGHT

30

Shane is about to open the lock. Leah slams her hand against the door.

LEAH

Who is it?

JOHN (O.S.)

It's John. John Spinellie. From Crystal Views.

Leah mouths the word "what the fuck?"

Leah swings the door open.

John is outside beaming, water beads down his jacket.

JOHN

We've located your cake.

Shane and Leah stand there awkwardly, not knowing what to say.

John is holding the top of their wedding cake. It is aggressively plastic wrapped, the bride and groom figurines can be seen suffocating behind a layer of wet cellophane.

JOHN

It turns out that this was all just a big misunderstanding. You see I explained to Carlito, I explained to him the protocol, that the cake goes into the freezer, on the top shelf, TA!

The poor bastard put it in the fridge HA!... It's not his fault though, if anything, it's the language barrier.

LEAH

How did you get our address?

JOHN

Come again?

LEAH

How did you get our address?

JOHN

Oh well, it was in the registry of course.

LEAH

... And you just decided to show up in the middle of the night?

JOHN

Oh Lord, Leah it's no trouble at all. I'm just happy I could put you at ease.

LEAH

Yeah, well, you could have just called.

JOHN

Sure, sure, but it wouldn't quite have the same personal touch!

John hands the wedding cake over to Leah.

LEAH

Thanks.

The three of them stand there awkwardly. John breaks the silence with:

JOHN

You should probably pop that baby into the freezer, you know, to preserve the integrity of the cake.

LEAH

Will do.

John awkwardly turns to Shane.

JOHN  
Shane, right?

SHANE  
Yeah.

JOHN  
You know what, I have something for  
you too...

John slaps himself across the chest and thighs in a flurry of  
bizarre gestures--

Shane and Leah are dumbstruck.

Finally John reaches into a pocket and whips out a damp  
square of folded paper. He holds it up.

JOHN  
Ah. Here it is. Shane, I was  
thinking about your old 78 Cutlass,  
and I printed out a little article  
about it, I thought you might find  
it real interesting--

SHANE  
Thanks.

John slyly passes Shane the paper.

JOHN  
For your eyes only. Right? Huh?

John winks. Leah rolls her eyes.

JOHN  
Hey Shane, would you two mind if I  
used your lavatory. I've been  
holding it in for quite awhile,  
those long windy roads, you know-

There is a long pause.

SHANE  
Yeah, sure...?

Leah gives Shane a look, annoyed.

JOHN  
God bless ya-

31

INT. KITCHEN / HOUSE - NIGHT

31

Shane drops the folded up piece of paper onto the counter. Leah is putting away the cake, whispering as they hear the sound of John pissing through the bathroom door.

SHANE

That guy is strange.

LEAH

Yeah, no shit, why would you let him in!?

Shane gestures for her to lower her voice.

SHANE

He needed to take a piss.

LEAH

He could go in the woods.

SHANE

It's raining out. And besides, he drove all the way up here.

LEAH

Yeah, which is just weird. Why wouldn't he call? It's like a 2 hour drive.

SHANE

Something tells me he has a lot of time on his hands.

The toilet flushes.

Bathroom door opens, John steps out and meets Shane and Leah in the kitchen.

John just stands there grinning. It's awkward.

JOHN

Hey, do you think I could trouble you for a glass of water?

LEAH

You sure you don't want anything else? Maybe a sandwich?

JOHN

Oh, no, no, I ate earlier, but that's very sweet of you to offer...

Leah grabs a glass and fills it from the sink with attitude.

She hands the glass to John. John turns to Shane.

JOHN

Shane, did you get a chance to look over that article I gave you?

SHANE

No, not yet.

JOHN

Oh well you should check it out. It's real interesting-

SHANE

Yeah, I'm sure it is.

JOHN

It really illustrates what a wonderful piece of history your old Cutlass is... You know, it's part an evolution in the American Car industry, you see your 78 cutlass was actually a response to all those rice rockets that were flooding the American market at the time! Did you know that?

SHANE

No.

JOHN

You see, us Americans just couldn't compete with the Japanese, well- in terms of fuel efficiency, so we were forced to downsize. Start making smaller cars- less bold cars, like your 78 cutlass...

John puffs out his chest, stepping closer to Shane.

JOHN

But you know who wouldn't give in Shane, who wouldn't be bullied by those old zipper heads, the Cadillac! You see Cadillacs have always stayed true to their American roots. Even today, in their modern cars, like the Escalade! I mean say what you want about the design, I certainly have issues with it myself, but it is BOLD Shane. Unforgivingly BOLD.

John stops, out of breath, then guzzles the water, drips pouring down his chin. Finishes and puts the glass down.

JOHN

You want me to wash that for ya--

LEAH

You've done enough already.

John stands there grinning, Leah and Shane are waiting for him to leave.

JOHN

So did you two just move in?

LEAH

How'd ya guess?

On the counter next to Leah are a few moving boxes.

JOHN

Oh well, you know, I gotta knack for these things. It's a great place by the way, great town, wonderful piece of property.

John turns to Shane.

JOHN

What is it that you do for a living Shane? What are you- a famous photographer like your father..?

SHANE

No, I'm a writer.

JOHN

An artist! Wow! You know my wife and I took a day trip down to the city a while back, visited the MET. Ah I just love those impressionist paintings and some of them are worth a fortune. You know if you're positioned correctly, the arts can really be lucrative, but of course I don't have to tell you that.

John turns to Leah.

JOHN

And how bout you Leah, do you work?

LEAH

Yes, I work.

JOHN

Oh good for you! What field are you in?

LEAH

I'm in publishing. Do you have any more questions because it's getting kind of late.

JOHN

Publishing hmm. You know I read too.

LEAH

No kidding.

JOHN

Yeah, I find myself reading a lot of trade journals, you see, Popular Mechanics- things of that nature interest me. You see, I'm not just a waiter. I mean, not that there's anything wrong with being a waiter. I take pride in my work, but that's not all that I am.

John is sizing them up, his pride is at stake.

JOHN

You see, I'm something of an artist myself. I'm an inventor and entrepreneur, with a ground breaking product. People are just going wild for it.

SHANE

That sounds cool man.

JOHN

Oh it's more than *cool man*, it'll knock your socks off. I mean it, this product I'm working on is about to revolutionize the dinning experience!

LEAH

That's great.

JOHN

Oh it is and I bet you two would get a real kick out of it. You know what? Why don't I show it to you!?

LEAH

John, no, now is not such a good time.

John heads toward the door.

JOHN

Oh it won't take two minutes!

John dashes out the front door, leaving Shane and Leah behind.

LEAH

What the fuck--

SHANE

I'll handle it.

Shane heads out after John.

32 EXT. PORCH / HOUSE - NIGHT 32

Shane lands on the porch and John is already halfway down the drive, his black umbrella bobbing after him.

33 EXT. DRIVEWAY / HOUSE - NIGHT 33

Shane steps down the drive, his hand shielding his face from the weather. The rain obscures his visibility as he approaches John's car parked in the drive.

John opens the driver's side door. The light inside the car illuminates a person in the passenger's seat--

It's the bartender from the night before.

Shane comes to a stop, remembering something.

John and the woman talk, but Shane can barely make out what they are saying. ROSE (47) has the worn beauty of a former pageant queen.

ROSE

*Did you talk to him?*

JOHN

We're still working things out.

John closes the driver's side door. The light from inside the car goes dark, the bartender becomes a silhouette.

John moves around to the back of the car. Shane follows.

The passenger side door opens, Rose emerges, her eyes now on Shane, she's glaring at him.

Shane looks away, ignoring the shade she's throwing.

He lands behind the car with John. John opens the hatch.

SHANE

John I just want to say that Leah and I really appreciate you coming up here fixing everything with the cake, but ah now-

JOHN

Oh don't mention it.

SHANE

Right, but like I was saying, now is not such a good time for all this.

ROSE (O.S.)

Psss-

Rose calls for John's attention.

ROSE (O.S.)

Enough talking, just tell him what we need.

JOHN

Yes, I understand, but there's been a little bit of a change of plans, a different direction.

ROSE (O.S.)

What are you talking about?

JOHN

Well ah- you see I was talking with Shane and his wife and ah- well one thing lead to another and the point is that they both seemed real interested in our project. Really interested!

ROSE (O.S.)

Are you fucking kidding me?

JOHN

Now don't get so hysterical, it's gonna be great.

John pulls out a collapsible ladder from the back of his car. He circles around to Shane, snaps the ladder into place and leans it up against the car.

JOHN

Shane would you mind keeping a hand there-

Shane absently holds the ladder as John ascends.

There is a mountain of boxes and suitcases stacked high, fastened to the roof of John's car with ratchet straps and bungee cords. It looks like something out of a Doctor Seuss book.

John climbs to the summit holding the umbrella above his head. Rose circles around, furious!

ROSE

John get the fuck down from there, right now... John? John?

JOHN

I'm not responding to that tone.

Rose is so aggravated, she turns to Shane, makeup smearing from the rain.

ROSE

Why didn't you respond to any of my text messages?

SHANE

I ah-

ROSE

The text messages?

SHANE

I ah- I don't know what you're talking about.

Shane looks up to John who's struggling to unhook a suitcase from the top of the pile as he clutches the umbrella under his chin like a violin.

ROSE

Hey! Look at me. You remember me don't you?

SHANE

Yeah I do, you were the bartender at the wedding, right? We met at the bar-

ROSE

It went a little further than that.

SHANE

I'm not sure what you're talking about?

John passes an oversized box to Shane.

JOHN

Shane would you mind helping me out here. Be careful it's a little soggy.

Rose is determined.

ROSE

Twenty five thousand.

SHANE

What?

John steps down the ladder and speaks very calmly to Rose.

JOHN

Now listen here Rosie, I'm telling ya baby I found a clean way out of this thing.

Shane moves toward them, interrupting.

SHANE

I don't know what's going on or what you two are talking about, but you need to leave-

ROSE

Really...?

JOHN

Shane let's be realistic here.

SHANE

You both are leaving. You both are leaving right now.

Flustered, Shane turns and stomps back up to the house, through the puddles in the drive, hoping that each step will get him further from this problem.

He lands on the covered porch, shaking off the rain, relieved.

His phone beeps in his pocket. Shane stops short in front of the door, pulls out his phone and looks at the screen.

It's a video message. He hits play:

*Rose records herself on her cellphone. She is on her knees with a shaft thrusting in and out of her mouth. Rose's selfie cam pans up to reveal that it's Shane's shaft. He's wasted. Pulverized. Enjoying himself. Rose gags. It's graphic. Shane just came in her mouth. Rose spits him out. The video ends.*

Shane is horrified, speechless. The front door opens--

Leah sticks her head out.

LEAH

What's going on, is he leaving?

Shane looks back down the drive. Rose is staring daggers up at him, her phone in hand.

Meanwhile, John has loaded up a handcart and is pulling it up the muddy drive.

Shane is paralysed. All he can think to do is yell down at the others.

SHANE

Okay thanks!

Shane waves goodbye, then turns to Leah and moves her into the house.

34

INT. LIVING ROOM / HOUSE - NIGHT

34

WHAM. The door closes. Shane and Leah are inside.

Shane looks out the window and sees Rose and John coming up to the house. It doesn't look like Rose is wanting to go, but John is pleading with her under the umbrella.

Rose finally heads up to the house with John. They're coming in.

LEAH

What did you say to him?

SHANE

What? Well, I said- Well he said he was excited to-

LEAH

Why are you acting so weird?

Shane is exasperated and laughing it off--

SHANE  
I guess I told them-

LEAH  
Them?

SHANE  
John and his wife-- that I ah or we  
would take a look at this thing for  
him.

LEAH  
"Thing"-- What?

SHANE  
Yeah he has-

Knock knock--

JOHN  
Anybody home?

John pushes open the front door.

JOHN  
So where can we set up?

Leah can't believe John's back, and with more company. Rose  
stands beside him, sopping wet from the rain.

SHANE  
Right, why don't you just set up in  
the-

LEAH  
No, no I don't know if Shane made  
this clear to you but we're going  
to bed now.

JOHN  
But Shane..?

SHANE  
Yeah John it's just ah--

Shane doesn't know which side to choose.

SHANE  
Well baby this isn't going to take  
that long. Isn't that right?

JOHN

Oh not at all. Hey Rose give me a hand will ya?

Leah is incredibly pissed and not hiding it.

LEAH

Hold on a minute- who is this?

JOHN

Oh well this is my wife-

ROSE

Rose.

LEAH

Rose, nice to meet you.

SHANE

She was the bartender at the wedding.

LEAH

Right, so let me get this straight- you two came up here to bring us our missing wedding cake and now you want to show us this thing you've been working on?

JOHN

Well it's an invention!

LEAH

Right... And now Shane you think this is a good idea?

SHANE

Well- its just, you know they came all the way up here so I thought-

LEAH

-- What? That this was a good way to spend our honeymoon.

SHANE

Well, I'm mean it's not exactly a honeymoon, it's more of ah yeah-

Shane is trying to ride this wave, smiling big. John moves toward Leah-

JOHN

Leah we're gonna make this as painless as possible.

Shane cuts between John and Leah.

SHANE

John why don't you set up in the  
living room.

Rolling her eyes, Leah grabs her bag and heads for the  
kitchen.

JOHN

Thanks pal...

John pats Shane on the shoulder and then moves into the  
house.

JOHN

... It really is so cozy in here,  
don't ya think Rose?

Shane follows Leah to the kitchen.

35

INT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

35

Shane comes up from behind Leah, who is kneeling on the  
floor, furiously searching through her bag.

SHANE

Listen I'm sorry, I know it's  
annoying--

LEAH

No this is great, I'm actually  
really looking forward to it.

Piece by piece, Leah empties the contents of her work bag.

SHANE

It's gonna take a few minutes and  
then they'll be gone-

Headphones, manuscripts, documents, phone chargers, this bag  
seems bottomless.

LEAH

Oh god I hope not, I was counting  
on them being here all night--

Leah finds what she's looking for, a pouch of stationary  
supplies. Leah unzips, and pulls out her weed pen. Clicks it  
on-

She takes a deep inhale, then exhales a big blue cloud.

Shane absently notices the folded up piece of paper John had left earlier, it's laying on the counter, right where he left it.

He picks it up while Leah keeps whispering loud:

LEAH

-- I mean why would I ever want to spend our first night married in our new house alone. Right? The more the merrier!

Shane picks up the paper, opens it. There are two different sets of hand writing, the first reads:

**Give us a call at your earliest convenience. 917-777-5555**

The second one reads:

**OR WE WILL TELL YOUR FUCKING WIFE!!!**

Shane is paralyzed. Leah is on a roll--

LEAH

Oh! Look, while we're at it we can read about how the American Car industry was sabotaged by the "rice niggers!"

SNAP! Leah snatches the note out of Shane's hand for emphasis! Shane reaches for it, but she holds it away, teasing him.

LEAH

But you know who wouldn't give in?! Who wouldn't be bullied by those chinks?!

Shane snaps the note away from her with a look of genuine fear, folding the paper and shoving it in his back pocket.

SHANE

Hey can you just fuckin' stop it? Let's just be nice. Alright?

Leah shakes her head and walks back toward the living room, leaving Shane alone in the kitchen, the color drained from his face, the rain coming down just outside the windows.

He heads for the fridge and grabs a beer, one left, drinks.

He looks over at Leah who is at the edge of the doorway to the living room, spying on the other couple. He approaches and the two of them listen:

In the next room:

JOHN

Would you just put on the dress for me? You look so fantastic in it.

ROSE

No.

JOHN

Baby I'm just asking for this one-

ROSE

I'm not putting on the fucking dress.

JOHN

If we're gonna pitch the hell out of this thing, I need a hundred and ten percent from you.

ROSE

I already gave you my hundred and ten percent, don't you think?

JOHN

Now don't do that, don't put that in my head. It's the last thing I need. That nastiness.

ROSE

That "nastiness" is the only reason why we got in the door.

JOHN

And I appreciate that. How hard that must of been- I mean I appreciate the depths- I mean the lengths you were willing to go-

Snap, Leah turns back to Shane.

LEAH

What the fuck are they talking about?

Shane plays dumb, shrugs.

JOHN (O.S.)

Oh! There you are!

Suddenly, John sees that Leah and Shane are awkwardly by the door, they instinctively recoil, but John goes after them with a big old smile.

JOHN

Come on in, show's about to start.  
Why don't you two have a seat on  
the couch.

Shane listens to John, heading into the living room, but Leah stays stubbornly by the door.

36

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

36

Shane lands on the couch. John approaches.

JOHN

Looks like you're almost done with  
that beverage. Something a little  
stronger maybe? I have a  
wonderfully blended whiskey-- aged  
in Tennessee Oak barrels. How bout  
it?

SHANE

Yes please. That'd be great.

John switches his attention to Leah, still at the door.

JOHN

And for you? A dash of Chardonnay  
perhaps?

Leah takes another drag from her weed pen, then sharply blows  
the smoke across the room, at John's face.

John is taken aback by this rude gesture, there's almost a  
hint that he's about to get angry... Then-

JOHN

Woah!... That brings me back to the  
Irving Plaza. Nineteen eighty four.  
The Eagles. Don Henley's up there  
on stage, tearing it up!

John turns to Shane.

JOHN

You an Eagles fan Shane..? Hotel  
California, Life In The Fast Lane,  
Desperado! Ah!?

SHANE

Yeah, I'm more of Neil Young kinda  
guy.

JOHN  
... Neil Young? What a downer-

John scoffs at Shane, then heads back to Rose.

Leah lands at the couch, now next to Shane.

LEAH  
Having fun yet?

Shane disengages with Leah, then looks across at Rose-

Rose uncorks a bottle of whiskey. Behind her, John is checking through their various materials, something is the matter-

JOHN  
Did you check these cards?

ROSE  
Yes.

John gets in her face, quiet, but firm. His attitude is all too familiar.

JOHN  
Does four come before three? Or  
does three come before four?  
Because I can never remember.

ROSE  
Would you just relax?

Rose rolls her eyes, turns away from John, then pours Shane's drink-

JOHN  
Don't be shy with your pour, make  
sure to give em two fingers. Let me  
see-

ROSE  
I got it-

Finishing with the drink, Rose trails over to the other side of the room.

She lands at the couple.

Leah looks up to Rose, sympathizing.

LEAH  
I guess he's the one with all the  
big ideas...

ROSE

Yeah, you'd be surprised.

Rose passes Shane his whiskey, her eyes locked on him.

37 INT. LIVING ROOM / CRUMB CATCHER PRESENTATION - NIGHT 37

The room is dark, John strikes a wooden match, cradles the flame as he walks around-

JOHN

Now I want you two to take a journey together. I want you to travel into the future, one year from now... To your one year anniversary.

Shane and Leah are now seated at a small table in the living room, it's a pantomime of an intimate dinner. Rain pings against the windows as John prattles on-

JOHN

It's a very special night. And to make this night really extra special, what are you two gonna need? Eh?

John leans in, lights the candle that sits between Leah and Shane.

JOHN

Eh?

LEAH

...

SHANE

...

John nods at Rose.

JOHN

Sensational reservations at a- five star restaurant.

Rose adjusts the lights as John yanks a silk cloth off an easel, revealing the first card, a dining hall at a five star restaurant. It reads-

FIVE STAR RESTAURANT

JOHN (CONT'D)

A five star restaurant!

John hits the ground running with excitement!

JOHN

Now you're dining at a top-notch establishment so naturally the food is gonna be spectacular. You two order the house special - the chicken cordon bleu.

John snaps his fingers at Rose.

Rose swoops in dropping plates in front of Shane and Leah. Two PLASTIC servings of CHICKEN CORDON BLEU, are left trembling in her wake.

JOHN (CONT'D)

But is that tender chicken enough to ensure you two are gonna have a splendid evening? NO! Everything has to be just right. Candles. The music. The wine. The food. Everything is working together to put you two in the mood... For what you might ask? It's the reason why we're all here.

Rose flips the next card, it says-

THE CONVERSATION

JOHN (CONT'D)

The conversation. Some people might say you come to a restaurant for the food, but I would say you come for the conversation. That's why we are all here, right? To have a conversation.

John leers over Leah's shoulder, looking across at Shane.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And what pulls us out of the conversation?

LEAH

The waiter?

JOHN

Oh no, absolutely not-- we're here to help. That's our job.

Pointing to the chicken cordon bleu, John asks--

JOHN

You all finished with your food?

LEAH

Yeah it was absolutely delicious.  
How was your's Shane? Was the  
chicken tender?

SHANE

Yeah, it was good.

JOHN

Wonderful... Rose?

John snaps his fingers, on his command, Rose takes their plates away.

JOHN

So now you've wined and you've  
dined, and thanks to your pal John  
you've had your anniversary cake!  
But are you two done? Are you two  
ready to go home? Not even close!  
There's still SO much to talk  
about, much celebrating to be had.  
Who knows, maybe someone has big  
news? A new member of the family  
coming along...

John opens his dinner jacket and takes out a small red velvet pouch. His fingers reach in-

JOHN

But something-- Something is  
getting in the way of that  
conversation.

John leans over the table and begins delicately sprinkling crumbs between Leah and Shane.

Beyond the shower of crumbs, Shane notices the corner of something metallic underneath John's jacket.

There is a HOLSTERED PISTOL under his coat. It dangles there.

Leah sees it too - she goes pale, and shoots a glance at Shane who recognizes the gravity of the situation.

JOHN

So what is it then? What's getting  
in the way of that conversation...

John looks to Leah and Shane, expecting a response.

JOHN

It's something between you.  
Something you two shouldn't have to  
look at.

John points down at the table. Shane looks and sees-

SHANE

Crumbs?

The next card is revealed with ease and confidence. It reads:

CRUMBS

JOHN

Now I don't know about you, but if  
there's one thing that ruins a  
conversation for me- it's a mess.  
And on the table between you is  
exactly that... So what do you do?  
What's the solution? Huh?

Leah is freaked out. Her high has taken on a certain dread.

SHANE

You'd wait, ah for the waiter to  
come right..?

JOHN

Well, normally you would be  
absolutely correct, but that was  
the past Shane and we want to look  
towards the future. Are you two  
ready for it?

SHANE

Yeah, sure.

JOHN

And how about you young lady? You  
ready for it?

LEAH

Yes.

JOHN

Alright, then- lets all close our  
eyes and envision a future that you  
wanna see.

John gestures to Rose, the lights begin to slowly dim as John  
bends down, eye level to Leah and Shane. He is all too close.

The room gets darker, and darker. They are now only lit by a candle.

JOHN

Go on now, close those eyes, don't  
be shy now.

They're both terrified, they comply with his orders, closing their eyes.

John blows out the candle, the light changes on Shane and Leah's faces, smoke rises between them.

In the darkness, they both wait, eyes closed, still, the rain drumming outside...

The light turns up, changing yet again.

JOHN (O.S.)

Alright now, open up, the future is  
at your door.

Knock. Knock. John raps his knuckles on the table.

Shane and Leah open their eyes.

Shane looks down.

Fastened to the side of the table is a red object.

It looks like the chrome grill of an old Cadillac, attached to the table. There's an eagle ornament adorning the top, making the object look absurdly ostentatious.

John stands back from them, on his heels, arms crossed, with an air of confidence.

SHANE

What is it? What does it do?

JOHN

*She* Shane- What does *she* do?

An awkward silence.

JOHN

Why don't we let the little lady  
speak for herself?

John presses down on the eagle's head and the device comes to life:

The sides of the machine open up, giving way to two poles that extend across either side of the table.

Attached to the ends, are gold brushes that look like golden eagle's wings, they snap into place.

Leah is freaked, and so is Shane.

The wings begin to spin, fast, sweeping the crumbs into the center of the table, the extending arms draw back into the machine. It rests for a moment and then- *clink, clink.*

The front grill opens up, and from inside a wide rotating brush unfolds, reaching across the table. It sweeps the center pile of crumbs inside the grill, back and forth, back and forth, until the table is completely clean.

The brush collapses back into the contraption like a convertible. The machine finally coming to a rest.

JOHN

I present to you the Crumb Catcher.

SHANE

Wow. That's really, ah....

JOHN

Hard to explain?...

SHANE

Yeah.

JOHN

It's a conversation piece...

SHANE

Yeah. Wow John, it's really amazing.

JOHN

Thanks Pal, I'm glad you think so. How bout you Leah. What do you think about it?... I'd love to hear the female perspective?

Buttoning up his jacket, John turns to Leah, reminding her of what lays hidden under his lapel.

LEAH

Well I'm not sure, you know at first I thought that, well- the presentation was a lot, but I don't know, now seeing it, it really is- it really is- incredible. Yeah I think it's really great!

Rose steps up from the sidelines, confused.

ROSE

Wait a minute you like it?

JOHN

Rose don't interrupt her. Go on Leah, tell us what it is that you like so much about it?

LEAH

Well it's hard to put it into words.

JOHN

Go on Leah, try for us... After all it is a conversation piece.

LEAH

Well it's-

Leah looks to the eagle, standing proud like John. She doesn't know what to say. Shane picks up the slack-

SHANE

John why don't you tell us a little bit about it, I mean did you make this yourself?

JOHN

Yes I did.

ROSE

That's not true.

JOHN

Well to speak candidly there were other people that helped me along the way, when it got more complicated, you see it's been a bit of a journey, originally it was just a tray that you attached to the side of the table, with a brush and you'd sweep your crumb in, but you see people weren't really interested in it. It wasn't grabbing them. And that's when I figured it out, people don't want to do the work themselves, you see, it needed to be completely automatic. Like the ROOMBA for instance, but you know for the table... So I rounded up a few engineers and designers and off we were.

Sure, they helped me, they helped me with some of the technical mumbo jumbo stuff, but the concept, the concept was all mine.

SHANE

Well it's all about the concept, everything else is just bells and whistles, right?

JOHN

Now I wouldn't go that far. This is a meticulous piece of machinery Shane. Every detail has to be absolutely perfect in order for it to work effectively, both mechanically and aesthetically. Take that eagle for instance, it might seem ordinary to you, but you see how those wings are? How that birdie feels like she's just flying right after ya! That took a lot of effort. The design needed to be very specific in order to achieve that feeling.

ROSE

Yeah, and if you're REALLY interested we have about a thousand of those "birdies" in the car.

JOHN

And those will ALL come in handy in the future.

LEAH

Well that was the first thing I noticed about it, really draws the eye in.

JOHN

Doesn't it.

John turns to Rose, as if settling an old argument.

SHANE

So what's the plan for this? Do you have a business plan or are you still at the creative stage.

JOHN

Do we have a plan alright.

John turns to Rose.

JOHN

Let's move on to the business plan.

Rose heads back to their Crumb Catcher kit. John leans into Shane.

JOHN

Can I get you another whiskey?

SHANE

Sure.

JOHN

Alright, but then I'm cutting you off!! HA- I'm just joshing you, we're open all night!

John slaps Shane hard on the back, then reaches across the table resting his hand on Leah's shoulder. She freezes.

JOHN

You sure I can't get you anything? Something to take the edge off?

LEAH

No, I'm okay.

JOHN

Alrighty, we'll be with you in just a minute.

John trots across the room to join Rose.

Shane and Leah are alone now.

Leah is terrified, she whispers across to Shane.

LEAH

*We need to call the police.*

Leah's hands are shaking. Shane reaches across the table and holds her hand steady.

JOHN (O.S.)

Another whiskey for the fella.

SHANE

*Just be calm, everything is going to fine, OK?*

JOHN (O.S.)

Rose? Rose?

Shane turns his attention to the other couple across the room, Rose's eyes are on Shane, his hand embracing Leah.

JOHN

*Come on pick up the pace baby, a  
whiskey.*

Rose snatches two booklets from their box of materials, then heads back, swooping in on Leah and Shane.

She delivers two brochures, placing them on the table in front of the couple.

Rose speaks directly to Shane.

ROSE (CONT'D)

We're thinking we'll need about  
fifty thousand dollars to get this  
off the ground.

John's mood flips, very irritated that Rose mentioned a price point.

He hurries back over with Shane's empty glass in hand.

JOHN

Well, what Rose means to say is we  
sure are glad you both like it so  
much. I know it certainly does mean  
the world to me...

John passes Shane's glass to Rose, speaks directly to her.

JOHN

Would you mind getting Shane here a  
drink...?

Stand off.

Rose takes the glass, complying with her husband's orders.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now listen I know that number Rose  
shouted out might sound like a lot,  
and it is, but the manufacturing  
business is just like any other  
business... If you want quality you  
have to pay for it... And with 50  
thousand dollars, we can make our  
very first batch of em!

Making the drink, Rose calls out from the other side of the room.

ROSE

And John for fifty thousand  
dollars, how many of those Crumb  
Catchers can you make?

With a lump in his throat, John nervously spits out-

JOHN

Well, about thirteen of em... Now  
listen I know, I know what you're  
thinking, that's expensive, no  
restaurant would be able to afford  
that, it's true, but you see that's  
the beauty of our plan. You see,  
we're never going to sell em, no  
siree. We're gonna lease em, you  
see, that way we'll always  
maintaining the control of the  
product... This is standard  
practice in the service industry.  
The dishwashers, the ice machines,  
coffee brewers they're all leased.  
All very expensive equipment. And  
if you're smart enough to notice,  
they all use the same tactic, every  
company, they get you in the door  
at a small price and put you under  
contact. A five year contract. And  
that's exactly what we are gonna do  
with the Crumb Catcher!

He opens the brochure and shows Leah and Shane the figures.

JOHN

Why don't you take a look at my  
five year projection... Go on.

John looks impressed with himself.

Shane looks down at the brochure, there's some numbers, a few  
line charts and a lot of promotional art. It looks like an  
advertisement from the 1950's.

At the bottom is a picture of a Rose displaying the Crumb  
Catcher. She's younger, wears a red dress, face glowing with  
a smile.

JOHN (O.S.)

Thanks love-

Rose returns with Shane's drink. She's scowling down at him.

SHANE

Yeah, this is all making sense now.  
Right..?

Shane looks over to Leah, wanting her to join in.

LEAH

Yeah, John you really thought it  
all through.

JOHN

Well of course! Rosie and I  
wouldn't feel comfortable asking  
you two for money if we hadn't.

This idea of money lingers in the air. Rose comes after  
Shane.

ROSE

Now on a scale from one to ten, how  
interested are you in financing our  
project.

SHANE

I'm not sure how to answer that eh-

ROSE

Ten means you're interested. One  
means your not. It's a scale.

SHANE

Well what I mean is that we both  
really like it and we need to talk  
it over- together.

JOHN

Well of course, that makes sense.  
This is a big decision, you should  
talk it-

ROSE

I don't know if John made this  
clear to you, but we're working on  
a hard deadline here, right John?

John is grabbing at straws.

JOHN

Well that is true... You see the  
manufacturing business, I mean the  
company- eh- the one we want to  
use, they're real top notch, and  
very much in demand.

So you see they need our order in  
by the end of next week, you know,  
to secure our spot for the spring.

SHANE

OK, great. Why don't we touch base  
in a couple of days then, once  
we've had a chance to digest all  
this.

ROSE

Or we can get things moving  
tonight. We can take a check.

Stand off. John breaks the tension.

JOHN

Oh come on Rosie, relax, what- is  
tomorrow a holiday?

John's joke doesn't really land.

JOHN

Listen, if they need a little time,  
that's OK. The point is we want you  
both to feel comfortable with the  
partnership.

John starts packing up the presentation nervously.

ROSE

Right of course, but if they want  
to get on board with us, things are  
gonna need to start happening very  
soon.

Rose turns, eyes fixed intensely on Shane.

JOHN

Rosie, let's get all these  
materials packed up. Come on.

John comes upon the whiskey.

JOHN

Shane, I'm gonna leave this here  
for you...

John exercises his eyebrows, but Shane barely notices.

Rose is still staring at him.

Shane averts his eyes.

Rose won't let up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Rose can you give me a hand here?  
Rose? Rose? Earth to Rose!

38 INT/EXT. FRONT DOOR / HOUSE - NIGHT

38

SLAM! The front door closes. Shane and Leah are inside, finally alone.

LEAH

Oh my fucking God, what was that about?

Shane looks out the window. Lightening crashes, the rain coming down harder than before.

John and Rose are arguing under the umbrella, dragging the cart through the rain, trying to load the gear back into the trunk of the car.

LEAH

I'm calling the police.

SHANE

What? Wait, hold on, don't do that.

LEAH

Shane, this lunatic just brought a gun into our house and threatened us.

SHANE

He didn't threaten us.

LEAH

Yes he did.

SHANE

Leah people carry guns. It's not that big of a deal...

LEAH

Not that big of a deal.

SHANE

...yeah.

LEAH

So then I'm the crazy one?

SHANE

No, that's not what I'm saying.

LEAH

Then what are you saying?

SHANE

That he's an idiot and doesn't realize what he's doing.

Shane nervously looks out the window.

John gets in the front seat, starts the ignition, Rose looks up towards the house before getting in too.

Leah crosses over to Shane, looks out the window with him.

LEAH

Jesus, why aren't they leaving?

SHANE

I don't know... They're probably just warming up the car.

LEAH

Why are you excusing everything they do?

SHANE

Because... I just don't understand what's the point of being angry. They're gone.

LEAH

Yes, except for the fact that they're not gone, because they are still in the fucking driveway!

Shane looks down at the car idling in the drive, glowing in the in the rain.

LEAH

If they aren't gone in 30 seconds I'm calling the police.

Shane heads out of the room.

LEAH

Where are you going? Shane don't leave me alone.

SHANE

I'm taking a piss.

Shane turns away, heading down the hall, swings into the bathroom-

39 INT. BATHROOM / HOUSE - NIGHT

39

Shuts the door, then flips out his phone, drafting a text:  
**You need to leave if this is going to work.**

His finger hovers over the send button. He thinks about it for a moment, then goes for it. Message sent.

He waits there, scratching at his beard, nervous the tone of his message was off.

Shane begins to type again. A sentence forms: **I will take care of-**

A window pops up on the phone, 10 percent battery left. He exits the window, then continues typing:

**I will take care of you guys. Just need time.** He pushes send. Waits.

The ellipses of a return message drum like fingers on the screen.

Shane settles down on the edge of the tub, hunching over his phone, waiting for the response...

The dots dance up and down, over and over, until they finally-collapse.

No message. Radio silence. Shane waits there. Worried.

From the other room, Leah yells.

LEAH (O.S.)  
They're leaving.

Shane can finally breathe, his head drops, resting in his hands.

40 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

40

Shane returns to the living room, Leah is sitting deep in thought, nervously bouncing her knee.

Shane crosses to the table finding what John left behind, a bottle of whiskey and the Crumb Catcher brochure.

SHANE  
At least we got a bottle out of it.

Shane pours himself a drink.

LEAH

How are you so easy about all this?

Shane settles down on the couch with his drink in hand, takes a swig.

SHANE

I'm not easy about anything, I'm just exhausted.

LEAH

And what, now we're just supposed to relax? Shane, those two maniacs can just show up whenever they want.

SHANE

They're not gonna come back, OK. I'll call him in the morning and take care of it.

LEAH

And you think he's gonna listen to you? This guy is completely insane, and has it in his head that we are gonna bankroll his whole ridiculous business plan. Shane we need to call the police.

SHANE

No.

LEAH

Yes.

SHANE

OK, so then what are we supposed to tell them? That some weird dude with a sweeping machine, brought us a cake and left behind a nice bottle of whiskey! Hurry! Call the armed guards!

LEAH

Shane, stop down playing this!

SHANE

I'm not down playing anything, I just don't know what you expect to happen.

LEAH

I don't know we can- file a restraining order.

SHANE

Let's just- ah Leah, it's been a long night, let's just give this a rest for now, and we'll talk it through in the morning, OK?

LEAH

If you don't call them now, then I will.

SHANE

And what? File a restraining order?

LEAH

Yup.

SHANE

Leah, you realize that a restraining order needs to go through the courts.

LEAH

Yes, I'm aware.

SHANE

The courts aren't open right now!... So nothing that we do tonight, is going to accomplish anything... So do you still want to call the police?

LEAH

Yes.

SHANE

For what reason?

LEAH

Because I would like to talk to another adult, someone who will actually take me seriously.

SHANE

I am taking you seriously.

LEAH

No you're not. You are in fucking La La Land.

Shane moves over to her.

SHANE

Listen baby it's gonna be OK.

LEAH

Yeah, certainly not because of your efforts.

SHANE

Hey come on-

Shane tries to rub her back.

LEAH

Don't touch me.

She pushes Shane off her and heads upstairs.

SHANE

Leah..?

41

INT. STAIRWAY / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY / BEDROOM - NIGHT

41

Shane climbs up the stairs, landing in the hallway, he trails down finding Leah inside the bedroom. He watches from the doorway as Leah pulls the red sheet from the lamp.

Leah circles around to her side of the bed, ignoring Shane. She takes off her jewelry: bracelet, watch, wedding ring. She sets them on the bedside table, next to her cell phone.

Shane moves in on Leah and settles next to her.

SHANE

You know I would never let anything happen to you.

LEAH

Fine.

Shane tries to console her, but Leah immediately pushes back.

SHANE

I'm not the bad guy here, alright. I'm on your side.

LEAH

It sure doesn't feel like it. It feels like you're- constantly taking advantage of me.

SHANE

No I'm not-

LEAH

Planning the wedding. Moving into this house. Moving out of our apartment. Paying the bills. I do everything myself. And what do you do Shane? Just sit at home thinking up ways to make my life more difficult.

SHANE

That's not true.

LEAH

Yeah, how bout you just casually threatening not to publish the book.

SHANE

I wasn't threatening you.

LEAH

Yes you are. You're threatening to undermine my position. If your fucking book, which I supported, and fought for, gets shelved, that's gonna make me look like a fucking idiot.

SHANE

Can we not talk about this right now. I just can't-

*Vibrate. Vibrate. Vibrate.*

LEAH

You just can't what? Talk about my problems?

Shane looks down at his phone, an unknown caller. *Mother fucker...*

LEAH

Are you even listening to me? Shane?

Shane turns to her. *Vibrate. Vibrate.*

He gets up to leave-

LEAH

Where are you going?

SHANE

I just can't fucking talk about  
this right now.

Vibrate. Vibrate.

LEAH

Perfect, just walk away.

Shane steps out of the room.

42 INT - STAIRS - NIGHT

42

Shane picks up the phone and muffles the speaker. He looks  
back toward the bedroom, wondering if Leah is going to  
appear.

43 INT. GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

43

Shane heads down the stairs, glances up, coast is clear.

He tucks around the corner. Answers.

JOHN (O.S.)

Shane...? You there?

SHANE

Yeah.

JOHN

It's John. John Spinellie, from  
Crystal Views.

Shane says nothing.

JOHN (O.S.)

Listen pal, now I'm sure you have  
every intention of taking care of  
us, I believe you for sure, but you  
see Rosie here is having doubts  
about, well she's having doubts  
about a few things actually. You  
see, she's just not too sure that  
you've got the capital to support  
us. Now I've tried to reason with  
her, assured her that you were the  
real deal, a real writer I mean,  
but you see, she googled your name  
and well- we just saw a lot about  
your dad.

Not too much about you, a few short stories you got published and you had that one good review, congratulations by the way.

Shane finds himself in the living room. There's that bottle of booze. He pours himself a glass.

JOHN (O.S.)

So anyway, Rose just got nervous and started thinking we might need some sort of collateral as a show of good faith, you know how this goes... Shane?

SHANE

What?

Shane glances toward the front hall.

JOHN (O.S.)

So do you got something for us Shane?

SHANE

No.

JOHN (O.S.)

Oh come on, you must have something laying around- something valuable.

Shane moves from the living room to the kitchen, cradling his drink.

SHANE

Listen, if you just give me some time. Give me two weeks--.

JOHN (O.S.)

Oh come on, Shane, two weeks--?

SHANE

A week then, I'll get you something- but-

JOHN (O.S.)

Shane, we're going to need something now, I mean something right now as you know, collateral.

Shane is standing in the kitchen staring into the sun room. The persistent rain is amplified in the unfinished space. There's the Desk.

SHANE

How 'bout a desk?

JOHN (O.S.)

Come again?

SHANE

Yeah I got a really nice antique desk, oak desk, that oughta tide you over.

JOHN (O.S.)

A desk?

ROSE (O.S.)

What is he saying?

JOHN (O.S.)

He says he can give a-- give us ah-- a desk, a real nice desk-- what kind of desk is it again, Shane--?

ROSE (O.S.)

Gimme the fucking phone. Listen asshole, you better start taking us seriously or your situation is going to become very fucking uncomfortable--

SHANE

So I take it you don't want the desk?

Rose's voice comes through loud and clear:

ROSE (O.S.)

Figure it out, we'll be outside in ten minutes.

SHANE

Actually, no. This is over right now. I'm done with this shit, I'm showing her the video and you guys can go fuck off, you understand--? You hear me? Hello? Hello?

He looks down at the phone. It's dead: the screen is black with a battery icon flashing red. Shane is defeated.

SHANE

Mother fucker.

Shane is left alone in the kitchen. He can hear his own breathing. His own heart beating.

Shane looks across at Leah's present, the desk. A calm determination, comes over him.

He finishes his drink in a big gulp. Puts the glass down, then heads around, up the stairs.

He climbs to the top hallway, determined. He finally lands at the door, nervous, Shane waits there for a moment, then takes a breath, pushes in-

44

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM / HOUSE - NIGHT

44

*Squeak...* Shane presses open the door to the bedroom, the light from the hall slices into the dark room, across the bed. Leah lays there already asleep.

Shane moseys into the room, lands at his wife's side.

SHANE

Leah, wake up. I need to talk to you.

Shane clicks on the bedside lamp and turns to Leah.

LEAH

I don't think we should work together anymore.

SHANE

What?

LEAH

I don't think we should work together anymore. It's not healthy... I don't want to keep pushing you. If you don't want that stupid photo on the cover, then I should just support you, as your wife.

Shane turns away. He's got an idea. Outside, the rain washes down the bedroom window.

LEAH

I just don't want to fight about work anymore. Don't you want to fight about normal things- like- like the dishes or the fucking laundry?

Shane turns back to Leah lovingly, takes her hand.

SHANE

Listen maybe all this business about my dad has been getting to me more than I admit. And with the book and the wedding, I'm just over reacting and being stubborn. I can change, alright. We can do it your way, whatever you think is right. I promise, starting tomorrow, new man.

Shane clicks off the bedside lamp, then-  
Gets up from the bed, crosses to the door.

LEAH

Where are you going..?

Shane stops at the door, his back to Leah.

SHANE

I'm just having a smoke, I'll be back in a few minutes.

45 EXT. DRIVEWAY / HOUSE - NIGHT

45

Shane trudges down the driveway in the rain, tucked under his arm is an unwieldy flat object wrapped in a plastic garbage bag. With his other arm he's trying to light a cigarette.

Flick. Flick. Flick. He cups the flame from the weather, but it isn't lighting.

Shane continues down the drive, getting further and further from the house, his lighter clicking every few steps.

The cigarette finally lights. Success. Shane rewards himself with a long drag, cupping his hand over the cigarette to fend off the rain.

At the end of the driveway is a narrow country road, Shane lands, looks left and right, no sight of them. He looks back, the house is small from this distance, glowing in the drenched landscape.

A noise draws his attention back to the road, headlights come towards him, he can't make out the vehicle yet.

It gets closer, it's the Doctor Seuss car. Shane waves them off to the side, out of view from the house. He flicks his wet cigarette to the ground as the car comes to a stop, headlights beaming.

Shane knocks on the hood of the car.

SHANE  
Lights off.

Knocks again.

SHANE  
Turn the lights off.

Lights go off. Shane can now see Rose and John discussing behind the streaking windshield wipers. John is trying to talk her down, but it isn't working. He gets out of the car, leading with his umbrella. He's stressed, but he's doing a good job hiding it.

JOHN  
How's it going pal?

Shane just glares across at him.

John steps over to Shane, moving their conversation out of earshot from Rose.

JOHN  
Now listen I understand, I  
understand your frustration,  
believe me I do, but you know  
"women" always worrying... So ah  
what do you got for us... huh pal?

Shane's eyes drift to the car, Rose is staring at him.

Shane indicates the object wrapped in plastic. Shane peels it away, revealing the ornately framed photograph.

JOHN  
Well hey look at that. I saw that  
on the internet, is this THE  
original?

SHANE  
Yes.

JOHN  
Wow.

SHANE  
Yes.

John looks over his shoulder and gestures to Rose, thumbs up. Turns back to Shane nervously.

JOHN

Well how much do you think this is worth.

SHANE

I'd say about 13 crumb catchers.

John is taken aback.

JOHN

Listen, I understand that this must have some sentimental value to it as well. I want to assure you, we're gonna get this back to you once you make good on your deal. You have my word on that...

SHANE

No, this is it. This is all you're getting.

Shane thrusts it toward him.

SHANE

Take it.

John looks nervously back at Rose.

JOHN

Ah, I think maybe we're not communicating correctly. Here's the deal-

SHANE

Take the fucking thing and I don't ever want to see you again.

JOHN

Well now, Shane, let's just be clear, this is just to establish some forum of trust before we draw up the business papers, I mean this is going to be a whole official thing--

SHANE

-- "business papers"? "Official thing" are you out of your fucking mind? Wake the fuck up and stop wasting your time! That invention is fucking moronic!!

JOHN

Shane..? You don't-

SHANE

Let's just be done with this  
fucking night!

Shane pushes the frame toward him, but John isn't responding. He looks like he just got the wind knocked out of him.

SHANE

Fine you don't want it. You know  
what? Forget this-- Forget the  
whole fucking thing!

Rose steps out of the car sensing things aren't going well.

SHANE

You want to tell her, then tell her  
because I'm through with this shit!

Shane turns back toward the house, the oversized frame tucked under his arm.

Behind him John stands dumbfounded and hurt, Rose stares after Shane. The rain is now coming down harder.

Shane keeps walking, his breath heavy. In and out. He races toward the house. He sneaks a glance behind him.

Rose and John are standing oddly, staring back at Shane, two silhouettes against the glowing car. The umbrella hangs at John's side.

Shane gets to the house, lands at the front door. He looks back.

Rose and John are still down there.

Shane pushes through the front door, closing himself inside the house.

46

INT. FOYER / HOUSE - NIGHT

46

Shane locks the door and stands very still in the front hallway. His breath is heavy. Water streams down his face. He runs his hands through his wet hair, gripping his scalp. He is trembling.

Shane puts the frame down, then looks around the living room.

He glances up the stairs.

Rain patters against the windows. His breath calms.

He looks out the window, to the driveway. No sign of them.

Then he hears something, wet footsteps echo on the planks of the covered front porch.

He tries to see what's going on outside, bending and weaving to get a view through the windows.

John and Rose are out there, they are whispering and approaching the front door. Shane strains to hear.

Suddenly: *RIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNGGGGGG!*

Shane jumps-- FUCK!

Again: *RIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNGGGGGG!*

He approaches the door, looking around frantically--

From upstairs, footsteps. Shane looks up. He hears Leah walking in the upstairs hallway.

Leah lands at the top of the stairs, still half asleep.

Shane whispers frantically to Leah--

SHANE  
Stay upstairs!

Leah comes further down the stairs as Shane moves closer to her.

SHANE  
They're back, just be quiet.  
Everything is gonna-

*RRRIIIIIIIINNNNNGGGGGGGG!*

Leah's eyes widen in realization of what is happening. She freezes in terror.

Silence...

SHANE  
Shhh-- Be quiet.

CREAK. Shane turns.

JOHN IS THERE!! In the hall by the door. He's dripping wet, his hair matted across his forehead.

Shane jumps back in fear.

SHANE  
Ahh! Fuck-

With his hands up, John moves towards the front door.

JOHN  
Hope you don't mind, the back door  
was open.

SHANE  
Get the fuck out of here.

Shane moves toward him, aggressive.

John bows away, opening his jacket, showing off the pistol.

Shane backs down.

JOHN  
Atta boy.

John looks up to Leah with a smile, menacing.

JOHN  
Sorry about the hour dear...

Leah looks down at him, freaked, not knowing what is going on.

Pounding from the outside. Boom. Boom. Boom.

ROSE (O.S.)  
John! Open the door.

John reaches over and gingerly clicks open the dead bolt, then swings open the door.

Rose steps in, wiping the water from her hair. She defiantly slams the front door closed.

ROSE  
It's about fucking time.

Leah's voice is trembling.

LEAH  
If you two don't leave right now,  
I'm- I'm calling the police.

ROSE  
Shut up.

JOHN  
Darling, I really wouldn't do that  
if I were you.

Your husband has really put us in a sticky situ- I mean a messy- I mean it's just not a good idea OK?

Rose pulls out her cell phone, presses play, then holds the screen up for Leah to see.

The video illuminates Leah's face.

The sound of the sex tape fills the stairwell.

She watches, her attention lingers, the sounds are grotesque, gagging, coughing, spitting.

The video ends. Leah's face is blank.

She looks at Shane, disgusted.

LEAH

This is what it's been about?

SHANE

...

JOHN

Alright now let's get down to brass tacks--

Rose jumps in-

ROSE

Unless you want this little video spreading around your wedding party like a virus, we're gonna need to talk money. Now.

JOHN

You see Leah, we don't want it to have to come to that, certainly not. And Shane, this probably wouldn't look good for your dad either, you know how the media is these days.

Fuming, Shane looks at John.

ROSE

50 thousand dollars.

LEAH

No.

ROSE

Excuse me.

LEAH

I'm not giving you any money.

ROSE

We're not bluffing.

LEAH

You two realize blackmail is a felony...?

John looks to Rose, he didn't think of that.

JOHN

Listen Leah, let's talk this through-

LEAH

What's there to talk about, you're gonna tell "the world" my husband's a fuck up, a drunk, and he's not man enough to own up to it. Fine. Do it. It's got nothing to do with who I am, you're all a bunch of fucking assholes.

She gestures at all three of them, condemning Shane along with the intruders. She turns to head up to the second floor--

JOHN

Well just hold on a second dear-

John reaches after Leah and Shane gets in his way, shoving John against the wall--

JOHN

Alright, now hold on there soldier!

Crack! The sound of broken glass draws their eyes down--

John's foot has smashed through the framed photograph Shane left by the door--

JOHN

Oh Jesus-- Shane!

John leans down to rescue the precious item-- Shane is stunned at the absurdity of it--

Rose leaps past the boys, after Leah--

ROSE

Hey, you get back here!

Leah is further up the stairs, Rose grabs at Leah's leg, gets hold of her, pulls her down--

LEAH

Get the fuck off me!

Leah kicks at Rose. Rose flails back for a moment, then surges forward grabbing at Leah's shirt to regain her balance. Her grab yanks Leah backwards-- Rose clings to the banister, while Leah plunges backwards, toppling down the stairs--

Tumbling back--

Thwack!! Leah's head slams on the edge of a sharp door frame.

For a moment, everyone is frozen in shock-- John stands holding the damaged photograph, Rose is hanging on to the banister, Leah is on the floor. Shane pushes past everyone and rushes to Leah's side.

SHANE

Oh my God are you OK--?

Leah is slumped against the door frame, unresponsive.

Rose is paralyzed with horror at the top of the stairs.

Leah's expression is lazy, she's feeling the hit. Shane gets close, examining her. Leah snaps to, pushing him back.

LEAH

Get away, I'm fine.

Leah rolls over onto her hands and knees, lethargic.

Shane looks up to where Leah's head hit the door frame, it's smeared with blood.

Shane looks back over to his wife-

47 INT. LIVING ROOM / HOUSE - NIGHT

47

Leah gets to her feet, seeming better, she looks around the room, eye squinting, as if just waking up.

Leah searches around, getting dizzy, she stumbles, catching herself on the back of the couch. Shane moves to her, settling her down.

SHANE

Leah sit down.

Shane gets on his knees in front of her, at eye level. Her eyes are distant.

SHANE

Leah, look at me. OK. Leah look at--

Shane looks from Leah's face down to her neck, blood is coursing along her skin, thin red water.

SHANE

We're gonna get you some help,  
alright..?

Instinctively, Shane pulls out his phone, red battery flashes, it's dead.

SHANE

Fuck.

John appears from the front hall, moving toward the couch.

JOHN

Let me see, how's she doing  
Shane..?

SHANE

Get away, get the fuck away from  
us.

JOHN

Shane, I'm only trying to help-

SHANE

Then call an ambulance!

John is silent.

Shane sweeps his gaze up to Rose, at the top of the stairs. She says nothing, like a deer in headlights.

JOHN

Shane, I know you're worried, but  
in these sorts of situations it's  
very important to remain calm.

Shane can't even respond to John's jabbering, he's freaked about where this could go. His eyes linger under John's coat, landing on the holstered gun.

Shane turns back to Leah.

Leah's eyes are shut, he taps her face to wake her. Shane holds her face up, looking into her eyes.

SHANE

Where's your phone? Your phone's upstairs, right? Leah?

LEAH

I don't- what?

SHANE

Where's your phone? Leah, you need to pay attention to me, where's your phone?

LEAH

... Next to the bed...

SHANE

I'm gonna be right back, OK?

Leah drops her weak hand on Shane's arm. She looks up at him, compassionately, eyes lazy.

LEAH

Don't leave me...

SHANE

I'll be right back, I promise, OK? But I need you to stay awake. Can you do that..?

LEAH

Yeah.

JOHN (O.S.)

Shane, lets just talk about this-

Shane gets up, starts heading away from the couch, ignoring John--

Shane is nearly at the stairs when he hears--

ROSE (O.S.)

--John what the fuck are you doing?

Something in Rose's voice causes Shane to slow down. Shane turns.

John has his GUN drawn on Shane, it's shaking in his hand-

JOHN

Let's just slow down here- and take- take- take it one step at a time, alright?

John is short circuiting, doesn't know how to process the situation.

SHANE

OK... then let's put that away so we can get her some help.

CLICK. John cocks the gun.

JOHN

No one is calling anyone, you understand me...

SHANE

John, this was an accident.

JOHN

Yeah I'm sure that's what the cops are gonna think.

SHANE

There's not gonna be any-

JOHN

There's gonna be cops! There's always cops, and they're gonna ask questions. They're gonna want to know what happened! How it happened!

SHANE

OK, so then why don't you two just leave and I'll pretend you were never here. OK?

JOHN

Oh yeah, and why would you do that pal?

SHANE

I just want to get my wife help, John. You still have your video? You keep that and I keep quiet about you ever being here.

Rose moves down the stairs.

ROSE

OK, we can do that, right, John, that doesn't sound so bad.

John looks to Rose as she rounds Shane's shoulder.

ROSE

Let's just get out of here.

JOHN

You've been mister negative about Shane here the whole night and now- and now all of a sudden you want to trust him?

ROSE

This isn't looking good John.

Shane looks over to Leah on the couch, from this vantage point he can only see the back of her head.

JOHN

Let's just be smart about this thing, alright. I mean we have options.

ROSE

Yeah like what?!

Shane looks up to the stairs: the phone. Should he make a run for it?

JOHN

Hey you!

John comes into view, waving his gun, gesturing Shane away from the stairs.

JOHN

Don't you even think about it alright now, now, now I'm the one calling the shots around here, you got that? I'm- and I'm the one making the plan.

Shane backs up, complies. His eyes dart back to Leah. Rose is walking toward her. John guards the stairs, sweating like hell.

ROSE

Fuck, fuck. There's a lot of fucking blood, John.

Rose stands in front of Leah, looking down at the carnage, gripping her scalp.

JOHN

Rosie, just stop! OK. There's a tremendous amount of blood vessels in the head. I'm sure it's- it's not as bad as it looks.

ROSE

And what if it is?

JOHN

Rose would you just COOL IT!!  
Alright? I just need a minute to think and I would greatly appreciate it if you would stop being so negative!

ROSE

What if she fucking dies?!

John waves the gun at Shane, gesturing him away from the stairs back to the couch.

JOHN

Shane, I need you to get back over to the couch and keep her awake-- that's standard protocol, you keep her awake. None of this funny business.

John keeps the gun trained on Shane as he moves to the couch, landing at Leah.

JOHN

OK, now everyone just needs to keep a level head and we're going to figure this out.

Shane catches Rose's eye as he kneels to check on his wife.

Seeing Shane engage with his wife, John succumbs to his own panic and withdraws, trying to sort out the situation.

Leah looks asleep, hanging over the arm of the couch, Shane nudges her. Rose watches intently.

SHANE

Baby, wake up. Leah? Come on, wake up. It's me.

Leah is still, her breathing labored. She lets out a soft moan and her eyes flutter, then she sinks back into the couch.

ROSE

Is she okay?

Shane turns to Rose who is trembling, freaking out. He glances back over at John, standing a few paces back, visibly thinking, trying to come up with a plan. Shane whispers urgently at Rose.

SHANE

*We need to call an ambulance...!*

Rose locks eyes with Shane and defiantly pulls out her phone, starts punching in numbers--

Shane is breathless, hopeful. Then, suddenly--

JOHN

Rose, what the Hell are you doing?!!

John charges over to Rose, twisting the phone from her hand, she's not letting go--

JOHN

Drop it!

ROSE

She needs help-

John flips her arm behind her. She still won't let go. Gun in hand, John cracks her in the ribs from behind -

ONCE, TWICE.

Shane, horrified at this explosion of violence, rushes from the couch and tries to separate the two-- There is a momentary struggle--

Back and forth between John and Shane, the gun levels--

BANG!!! The gun goes off right next to Shane's ear!!

Thwack, a bullet hole in the wall--

Everyone freezes. Silence. Shane puts his hand up to his ear--

The raging screech of a high pitched sound takes over the silence. Shane buckles over in pain.

JOHN

*You see what happens when you horse around Shane!*

John holds the gun up to Shane.

JOHN

*This here is not a toy, and you  
better start acting like it!*

ROSE

*Put that fucking gun away!*

JOHN

*Don't YOU tell me what to do! I'm  
the one trying figure out how to  
get us out of this mess.*

John looks manic, trying to think through the plan.

JOHN

*Alright, now I just need a minute  
to think god dammit. Alright, now  
ha--*

Rose is on her knees, glaring up at John, a protective arm wrapped around her ribs.

JOHN

*We just gotta think this through.  
Think it through-*

John's chatter quiets. Shane slowly retreats to the couch, holding his ear in agony and shock.

JOHN

*That's it. I figured it out. I got  
a plan, I got a plan that you both  
don't know anything about!!*

Shane can barely hear or focus, the ringing in his ear makes John look like he's yelling in slow motion.

JOHN

*Alright, now, Rose get me that  
bottle. The bottle of whiskey. On  
the table. Come on. Snap, snap we  
don't have all day.*

ROSE

*Fuck you.*

Rose is still clenched over from the blows.

JOHN

*You know what? Fine. I'll do it  
myself.*

He strides over to the table and snatches up the bottle, shooting a glare at his wife.

John approaches the couch a changed man. He's calm and positive as he leans down, enunciating as Shane tries to focus. His words become clearer.

JOHN

Alright Shanie, here's the deal. Now, I understand that your wife here is in need of some help and Rose and I aren't gonna get in the way of that. No siree. We're gonna let you take her to the hospital, right away, but before you leave I'm gonna need you to finish this bottle of whiskey.

John presents the bottle to Shane.

JOHN

You think you can do that for me pal?

Shane stares at John, then take the bottle. He unscrews the cap and without a second thought, he knocks the bottle back and chugs--

JOHN

That's good Shane. I really do think it's in your best interest to follow instructions.

ROSE

You really think this is gonna work?

JOHN

Of course it's gonna work. I promise you it will.

ROSE

Promise what? That he's gonna crash into a fucking tree!?

Glug, glug. Shane slurps from the bottle.

JOHN

Babe I'm gonna need you to trust me on this one.

ROSE

Are you out of your mind?

JOHN

No, I'm thinking outside the box.

Shane gags, takes a breath. His head starts to spin, the ringing in his ear persists.

ROSE  
You're a fucking idiot, you know that.

JOHN  
Oh now I'm the idiot?

ROSE  
Yeah!

JOHN  
How bout I'm the only one protecting our asses! If it were up to you, we'd be carted away to the New York State Penitentiary.

Rose makes a move toward the door. John grabs her by the arm--

JOHN  
Hey, where do you think you're going.

ROSE  
Get off me--

John pulls her in close, she squirms under his grasp.

JOHN  
Hey now, now just listen to me. I'm sorry. Okay, I'm sorry I got physical with you, but you were acting crazy and I'm just.. I'm just trying to get this thing back on the rails. I'm under a tremendous amount of pressure right now.

ROSE  
Get the fuck off me you pig.

Rose snatches away from John and storms through the front door.

JOHN  
Rose, we are in this together.

ROSE  
You're on your own asshole.

John is stunned, he follows her-

JOHN

Rose! Rose-

John pauses in the doorway, suddenly remembering his captives.

JOHN

Alright, I'll meet ya in the car!

John turns to Shane--

JOHN

You almost finished up there pal?,  
We really gotta get moving.

John moves in on Shane as he tips the bottle back.

Gulp. Gulp.

Shane finishes the whiskey and drops the empty bottle to the ground. His breath heaving-

JOHN

Congratulations Shane. Now get your  
wife and lets get going. We got a  
train to catch.

50 EXT. DRIVEWAY / HOUSE - NIGHT

50

Shane leads Leah to the end of the porch, sheets of rain cascade down as they step onto the driveway and head to the Cutlass.

Shane's steps are uneven, the tide of booze is coming in.

John stands ahead in the rain, politely opening the door to the Cutlass-

Shane brushes past John, ignoring him. He carefully lowers Leah down onto the seat. As Leah lands, her eyes flutter open, her body shivering, wet. Shane stretches the seatbelt across her body, locks her in.

SHANE

It's okay babe, you're gonna be  
okay.

Shane shuffles back from the passenger door, momentarily losing his balance.

Shane grabs side of John as he thrusts the passenger door shut.

John meets Shane's gaze and raises his hand in salute, then turns sharply to head down the driveway.

Shane sloppily makes his way around the front of the car. The booze is hitting him.

SHANE

Ehhh--

He swings open the driver's side door, steadying himself. Leah lies across the bench seat. Shane looks to her then peers through the window, watching John.

He lowers his head, obscuring John from view.

Shane plunges his fingers down his throat. GAG. Then deeper--

He throws up! The vomit pours out of his mouth. He spits. Breathing. Silence for a moment, then--

51 INT. CUTLASS - NIGHT

51

Shane drops into the car, fumbling the keys into the ignition. He twists.

The engine turns over, but isn't starting up.

SHANE

Come on you fuck. GO.

He tries again. The engine catches for a second, but then fades, it's weak but the car REVS!

SHANE

There we go.

LEAH

Phone... charge the phone.

SHANE

Right, yeah, yeah.

Shane pulls out his phone and plugs it into the car charger. A flashing red battery appears.

Shane shoves the cutlass into reverse. The car jolts back, swinging away from the house. Shane quickly punches the car into drive, but then it all at once it dies.

SHANE

Fuck!

Shane ignites the engine back on, but it doesn't work. He looks over at Leah who is nodding off.

SHANE

It's gonna be okay babe. Just stay awake, stay with me.

He tries again, the engine finally catches. VROOM!

Shane looks ahead and switches on the windshield wipers. The headlights now beaming down the driveway, illuminating the torrential rain and in the distance, down the drive, the Dr. Sues Car. Waiting there. It's lights cutting through the rain.

John and Rose are outside the car arguing, John gesturing manically.

Shane pumps the gas, shifting the lever into drive.

*The windshield wipers tick, back and forth like a clock.*

SHANE

Come on please, just keep going!

The car stutters ahead.

He reaches the end of the driveway, navigating past John's car, piled high with the soaking luggage. John is pleading with Rose.

JOHN

*Will you just get in the car. This whole thing is over. See look, they're driving away.*

John shoots a conflicted smile at Shane, as the Cutlass slowly passes by.

JOHN

*Now come on honey, you know I'm nothing without you. So just, just get in the god damn car.*

Shane turns, looking ahead, the road is blurry through the windshield, the old wipers slowly sweeping against the downpour.

The car is picking up some speed now. The road is threatening.

Shane concentrates, trying to negotiate the drive, when--

A light flashes on below. He looks down, it's his phone.

It's on.

Shane picks up the phone, locates the map app. It's loading...

Shane's eyes snap up to the blurry lines of the road, then back down at his phone.

The map app is now open. He starts to type.

LEAH

Gimme the phone... just drive.  
Concentrate.

Leah takes the phone from Shane's hand. She begins to type:

H- O- S- P- I- T- A- L

Leah hits search. *Route Me. Calculating.*

NAVIGATION

Continue down Hollow Brook Road for  
1.2 Miles, then take a left.

LEAH

It's 20 minutes...

SHANE

Okay, we're gonna be okay. Leah,  
you hear me..?

LEAH

Yeah.

Eyes looks up-- they're heading off the road--!

Shane grabs the steering wheel with both hands.

*ERRRRR!* The car swerves back onto the road. The front tires hug the line.

Shane is terrified, he almost lost control. He tries to calm himself, he's drunker than he thought. Sweat is rolling down his face. Close call.

LEAH

Just focus. Focus.

SHANER

I'm trying...

Steady, steady, concentrating through the windshield--

He strains to sober up, shakes his head, smacks his face, squints. It is taking all his attention, but then-

The rain slows against the windshield. Shane can finally see further down the road. He catches his breath, his luck turning, then--

Suddenly, from behind, headlights pool in. Shane looks up to the rearview mirror: there's a car a ways behind him.

It's getting closer. Is it John? Shane pushes down on the gas.

He pulls further away from the headlights, they disappear as he turns round a bend.

Then the headlights appear again, they're moving in, getting closer and closer.

Faster, faster, Shane pushes on the gas.

The road outside wobbles in his view, he tries to stay on his side of the line.

He rubs his eyes, trying to focus.

Shane squints in the rearview mirror as the headlights flood in from behind--

Boom! The Civic rams him, giving the Cutlass a violent nudge.

Shane's done running. He takes a different tactic now.

SHANE

Hold on.

He reaches over to brace Leah, then suddenly PUMPS ON HIS BRAKES. The Cutlass halts--

WHAM! Shane punches back at the Civic, his body jolting forward with the impact. Shane struggles to negotiate the wheel-- the car swerves forward and Shane peels off again.

Behind him the Civic has momentarily slowed but now begins to regain it's speed.

The two cars tear down the road.

The Civic catches up to the Cutlass and rams Shane's car again--

BOOM!

Shane swerves. The Civic gains on him, pulling beside him, swiping the back side of the Cutlass.

The Civic gains ground, Shane looks across to see Rose and John wrestling over the steering wheel. Their car swerving--

The Civic lunges back into the Cutlass--

BOOM!

A turn is coming up, Shane looks back to the other car, Rose and John are still fighting.

Suddenly, Rose wins control of the wheel. She yanks the Civic sharply--

It cuts away to the right, plunging into the woods, speeding through the underbrush.

Shane snaps his eyes back to the road-- there's a turn ahead, he jerks the wheel, skidding around the bend, barely making the curve, then--

BAM! The Civic rises from the dead, shooting up from the underbrush and hurdles towards the Cutlass--

Smashing into the rear fender.

The impact sends the baggage from the top of the Civic scattering across the road.

Shane tries to control the wheel as the Cutlass slides across the littered tarmac, spinning out of control, round and round, and then WHAM!

The impact jostles Shane, with a loud thud.

Then quiet.

#### NAVIGATION

Recalibrating. Make a u-turn on  
Hollow Brook Road.

Shane is dazed. He shakes his head again, trying to shed his drunkenness. He looks to Leah, nestled beside him.

#### SHANE

We're good, we're good.

Shane starts up the car, it stutters, stutters...

#### SHANE

Come on.

The engine ignites.

SHANE

Thank God.

Shane stomps on the gas and--

Slides the car into drive, but is met with the shrill sound of tires spinning.

Shane throws the gear shaft into reverse.

Smoke rises out the back window. The car is stuck.

SHANE

Fuck, fuck. We're gonna be fine.  
Just stay here, I'll be right back.

He pulls at the door handle, stumbles out into the road.

52

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

52

Outside, the wind is strong. The booze seems to be hitting harder than before, the world swirling around him.

Shane glances back and sees the Civic sitting to the side of the road, its belongings scattered across the wet blacktop.

Shane turns, stumbles back to his car, investigating the problem.

The rear wheel is hanging over a ditch, making no contact with the road, the other rear wheel is stuck in the muddy incline, no traction.

SHANE

Fuck.

The sound of a door opening turns Shane's attention back to the Civic. John staggers out of the driver's side.

JOHN

Look at this mess... What you  
did...

John is stumbling away from the Civic. He is completely unhinged, striding towards Shane.

JOHN

What the hell is the matter with  
you. Driving like that?

John throws Shane's balance even more. He shuffles back, trying to get away. Slipping over boxes and broken suitcases.

Shane sloppily stumbles back, rolling over onto his hands and knees, pathetic, trying to get away through the wreck of John's life.

JOHN

What are you drunk? How much have you had to drink mister!? Huh?

John approaches, looming over Shane as he tries to crawl away.

John lands at the Cutlass, peers inside at Leah.

JOHN

Oh God, what happened to her? She's bleeding all over the place! Did you do this, sir? Did you hurt this woman..?

Rose appears behind them, emerging from the wreck.

JOHN

You see how this guy's acting Rose? He's acting like a lunatic! First he ran us off the road!! And then, he started going after his wife! You saw that!

Shane continues to crawl through old clothes and soggy documents. John looms in front of the headlights, a shadow monster looming over Shane.

The monster pulls his gun from the holster.

JOHN

It's a good thing I came up to the car here, and intervened... I mean look at what he did to that woman, Rose. I couldn't stand for that. No sir. I had to do something.

Shane's eyes focus ahead. A cardboard box lies ripped open, its contents scattered across the pavement, hundreds of small metallic eagles.

JOHN

I tried to reason with him, but then he started going after me like a complete whack-a-do. You saw that Rose...

And ah, so I ah, I ah had to defend  
myself. I mean it's within my  
rights--

John narrows in on Shane with the gun, pointing it at him,  
his finger on the trigger. Behind him, Rose is speaking.

ROSE

-- Yes hi, hello, there's been a  
terrible accident. On ah, on Hollow  
Brook Road. Please hurry.

John turns and sees Rose with the phone to her ear.

ROSE

It's off of 9A, like three miles up  
North. Yeah there's a woman here,  
she's hurt badly. Okay, good, yeah  
hurry. Please hurry.

JOHN

Rose... What are you-

Rose hangs up. John is stunned--

ROSE

It's over John.

It looks like John has lost, but then he quickly recovers,  
finding another way to spin it.

JOHN

Yeah that's good Rose, that's  
exactly what we would do, Call the  
cops, like honest people do. You  
see we tried to do the right thing,  
but then this guy, he didn't like  
that very much, not at all. And  
that's when he got really out of  
hand and we were, we were forced to  
defend ourselves. You see..

John turns, swinging the gun at Shane--

A hand reaches, grips a metallic eagle--

Shane lunges from his knees--

Slashing the sharp wing across John's throat!!

The gash is unexpectedly horrific, a jagged red line blooms  
across John's throat--

John reaches his hand up and clasps his neck to stop the flow.

JOHN

Ohhh...

John stands stupidly with his hand to his throat. He raises his other hand, in it the gun, points it at Shane.

Shane slaps it away.

The gun falls to the pavement.

John looks confused, he steps toward Shane--

Then his knees buckle and he collapses, bent over on his knees.

He lands, motionless, ass in the air like a sleeping baby.

Blood gurgles from his neck. Rose stands above him. She looks up to Shane, their eyes lock.

ROSE

They'll be here soon.

Rose turns and walks away, back to the Civic.

INT. CUTLASS - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Shane drops into the car, next to Leah, pulling her close.

SHANE

We're gonna be okay, baby. It's gonna be okay. The ambulance is coming. You just need to hold on a little longer. Can you do that?

LEAH

Yeah.

Tears of relief fill his eyes as he clutches his wife close.

SHANE

I'm sorry for this, for this, for everything--

Leah's hushed voice is barely audible.

LEAH

Shhh. Just shut up.

Shane falls quiet. His breath is heavy. He's still in shock. They lay there for awhile, splayed out on the front seat of their beat up car, waiting.

Hello Operator by The White Stripes plays.

END.