

HOME

Written by
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INT. REED HOME - DAY

Simple and sparse, yet comfortable. A child's artwork fills the otherwise bare walls.

DYLAN REED, 40, carries a glass of juice and a plate of scrambled eggs with an English muffin. He kicks the bathroom door.

DYLAN
Yo, ten minutes.

SARAH (O.S.)
Don't rush me!

DYLAN
I'm not rushing you. I'm feeding you.

SARAH (O.S.)
No peeking.

DYLAN
Wouldn't dream of it.

Dylan closes his eyes.

SARAH, 10, peeks out. Individual twirls with decorative clips cover half her head. The rest of her hair hangs down undone.

She bites the muffin, places the rest in Dylan's expectant mouth, then grabs the juice and egg plate from him as she disappears, once again, behind the door.

He opens his eyes and takes a bite of the muffin as he heads back down the hall.

INT. REED HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Dylan zips her lunch box shut. Sarah jumps out, arms spread wide -- ta da! The rest of her hair now twirled in place, and artistic flare reflected in every ounce of her funky style.

Dylan grabs his heart and steps backward, playing stunned.

SARAH
Dad!

DYLAN
Can't help it. You're gorgeous.

SARAH
You always say that.

DYLAN

It's always true. Come on, we've gotta scoot.

He kisses her on the nose, hands her the lunch box and ushers her toward the door.

Sarah pauses to catch her breath. She grabs hold of the doorknob to steady herself.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Hey... You okay?

She regains her composure and nods.

SARAH

I think I made my twirls too tight.

DYLAN

Your twirls too tight?

Dylan pulls the door shut behind them as they hurry out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Food trucks line the street as Dylan dumps his lunch wrappings in the garbage. His phone RINGS. He answers it...

DYLAN

Dylan Reed here. Yes. Sarah? No, no, that won't be necessary. I said no! I'm on my way.

Dylan sprints to his car, hops in and speeds away.

INT. SCHOOL - NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dylan flies in, out of breath. Across the room, Sarah lays on a table. Sweat beads sprinkle her pale face. Dylan makes a bee-line for her.

NURSE, 60, steps between them, her hands held up to stop him.

NURSE

Mr. Reed, I've already called an ambulance. They should be here any minute.

DYLAN

I told you that wasn't necessary.

NURSE
Your daughter is very --

DYLAN
-- Don't tell me what my daughter
needs.

He pushes past the Nurse and over to Sarah.

SARAH
Daddy?

DYLAN
I'm here, baby. I've got you.

He lifts her into his arms and carries her out the door.

NURSE
Mr. Reed!

Nurse huffs as she picks up her phone.

INT. REED HOME - SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Sarah lies in bed. Dylan places a cold cloth on her forehead.
He brushes fallen hair strands from her face.

SARAH
Am I going to die now?

Dylan forces a smile.

DYLAN
No. You're not going to die, Sarah.

She squeezes his hand. Dylan's phone RINGS.

He pulls it out of his pocket and looks at the screen:
"Incoming Call. Sarah's Principal."

Dylan silences the call then looks to Sarah.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Be right back.

INT. REED HOME - DYLAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dylan storms in and crosses to the closet. He grabs a large
bag and tosses it on the bed. He ducks back into the closet
and returns with a lock-box.

He sets the lock-box on the bed, opens it and pulls out a gun. He stuffs the gun in the back of his jeans.

Dylan gathers folded clothes from the laundry basket and shoves them into the bag. He zips it up and heads for the door.

He hesitates, then glances back at a small wooden box on his dresser.

DYLAN

Shit.

Dylan, pissed, grabs the box and storms out of the room.

INT. REED HOME - SARAH'S ROOM - DAY

Dylan enters, bag over his shoulder. He crosses to Sarah and lifts her into his arms.

DYLAN

We gotta go, pumpkin.

SARAH

They found us again?

DYLAN

I expect so.

SARAH

Wait! Mr. Dude...

Dylan grabs the stuffed toy as he carries Sarah out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dylan lays Sarah in the back seat of his car then hops into the driver's seat.

INT./EXT. DYLAN'S CAR - DAY

Several black cars speed toward them. Dylan lies down, out of sight.

EXT. REED HOME - DAY

The black cars stop in front of the house. Armed FBI AGENTS pour out of the vehicles and surround the house.

INT. DYLAN'S CAR - DAY

Without sitting up, Dylan turns on the car. He shifts into drive and pulls out. He sits up as he hits the gas hard.

EXT. REED HOME - DAY

AGENT KALEY GAINES, 40, turns in time to see Dylan pull out. She aims her gun and FIRES at the tires... She misses.

The car speeds away.

AGENT THOMAS WELLS, 50, places his hand over Gaines' gun.

AGENT WELLS
There's a child in there!

GAINES
And a schizophrenic just drove off
with her. Again.

AGENT WELLS
Careful Gaines.

Gaines pulls away from him. She speaks into her walkie on her way back to the car. Wells right behind her.

GAINES
He's on the move. Plate T-S-5-7-2-X-
4. We're in pursuit.

Wells and Gaines jump into their car as the rest of the FBI AGENTS return to their vehicles.

INT. DYLAN'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Dylan looks into the rearview mirror: Gaines' car catches up.

He glances over his shoulder at Sarah. She's barely conscious.

Dylan pulls over and climbs out of the car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dylan stands on the sidewalk and watches as Gaines' car nears.

He pulls the gun from the back of his pants, takes aim and SHOTS.

Gaines' car TIRES BURST.

INT. GAINES' CAR - DRIVING - DAY

The car swerves out of control. Gaines hits the brakes.

She stares at Dylan. He nods to her, then jumps back into his car and speeds away. She hits the steering wheel.

AGENT WELLS

He the one who taught you that
nifty little trick?

Gaines stares out at the road ahead.

GAINES

He taught me a lot of things.

Agent Wells sighs then speaks into his walkie.

AGENT WELLS

Suspect headed west on Montgomery.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dylan dumps a bucket of ice into the bathtub.

He lifts Sarah from the floor and places her in the icy water. She cries out in pain.

SARAH

It's cold!

DYLAN

I know, baby. We just gotta get
your fever down.

She sobs.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan sits on the edge of his bed with the little wooden box in his hands. He stares at Sarah asleep in the next bed.

He stands and pulls the sheet up over Sarah, then walks out the door.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Dylan takes the last drag from his cigarette and stomps it out. He pulls the wooden box from his jacket pocket and stares at it hard.

DYLAN
Don't be a dick.

Without hesitation, before he can change his mind, Dylan flips open the box. A beautiful stone lays in a velvet bed.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Please...

He lifts the stone up and stares at the sky. After a moment, a flash of light zips across the sky and hovers over a distance mountain top before it vanishes.

Dylan stares at the mountain, pushes away his tears, then places the stone back into the box.

As he walks back toward the motel, he lights another cigarette.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Dylan glances around: not a soul in sight.

He slides a shimmy down the driver's side of a locked car door. It pops. He opens the door and slips in.

INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY

Dylan pops open the ignition casing. He re-wires it and the engine starts.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dylan leaves the car running as he pops inside the motel room.

A moment later, he returns with Sarah in his arms. He slides her into the back seat. Dylan hurries over to the driver's side and they're away.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

The empty ice bucket sits on the floor. The bathtub still full of water.

Gaines bends down to feel the water. Wells pops his head in the door.

GAINES

Still cold. He had her in it this morning. The child needs to be in a hospital, not a motel.

WELLS

Found this.

Wells holds out the wooden box. Gaines stares at it, obviously not the first time she's seen it. Wells opens it -- empty.

GAINES

Where's the stone?

WELLS

Reed must have it on him.

GAINES

He's taking her back to the mountain? Why would he --

They share a look, then race out the door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

Dylan, sweaty and out of breath, climbs the steep trail with a very weak Sarah on his back.

SARAH

I love you Daddy.

DYLAN

Stay with me, baby.

FBI Agents race out from the surrounding trees, guns aimed.

FBI AGENT

Put the girl down and keep your hands where we can see them.

Dylan spins, desperate, as he searches for an escape route.

GAINES

Dylan.

He turns to face Gaines. They stare at each other.

GAINES (CONT'D)

It's over.

Wells steps forward and lifts Sarah off Dylan's back. She reaches for Dylan with all her might.

SARAH

Daddy!

DYLAN

No! She's sick. You don't understand.

SARAH

Daddy! Daddy, help me! Daddy!

Gaines handcuffs Dylan as Wells carries Sarah away. Dylan stares after her. He closes his eyes, then...

DYLAN

Sarah... Do it, baby. Do it now.

SARAH

But, you said --

DYLAN

Listen to me, do it! Now!

Sarah squeezes her eyes shut and scrunches her face.

Everyone covers their ears as a HIGH PITCH resounds. FBI Agents fly backward and fall to the ground or into trees.

Wells stands frozen, unable to move. Sarah climbs out of his arms and races over to Dylan. She picks up the keys and unlocks the cuffs.

Dylan pulls her into a tight embrace. Sarah collapses into his arms.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I've got you. I've got you.

He picks her up and races into the woods. Gaines pulls herself up to her feet and glances at all the fallen Agents.

GAINES

What the --

She turns to see Wells, seated on the ground in shock.

GAINES (CONT'D)

What the hell happened?

WELLS

The girl... Dylan was right all along.

GAINES

No! Reed lost it. We all knew it.

WELLS

We were wrong.

Gaines shakes her head, disgusted. She pulls out her gun and races into the woods after Dylan.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Dylan stops, out of breath. He spins, unsure of where to go. As he spins back around TALLYIA, 35, stands before him.

DYLAN

She's sick.

TALLYIA

You know she can not stay?

Dylan nods as he tries to hold it together. Tallyia touches Sarah's head. Her eyes open and her color returns. A smile crosses Sarah's face as she looks up at Dylan. He grins.

DYLAN

There's my girl. Baby, this is Tallyia... your mother.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Gaines makes her way through the woods as she searches for Dylan, gun at the ready.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Sarah's arms hold tight around Dylan's neck as he kneels before her. He closes his eyes and breathes her in.

DYLAN

You have been the best part of life. I'll love you always.

He kisses Sarah on the head and stares up at Tallyia, his face tear-stained. Tallyia touches Sarah's shoulder and they both vanish.

Dylan kneels in the empty clearing, broken. He looks up to see...

Gaines stands at the edge of the clearing, gun by her side and mouth agape.