

Ease My Mind

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Draft
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(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD

Police cars weave in and out of traffic, arriving to a scene. As the tire screech to a halt we see JACKSON MITCHELL, 17, sitting on the sidewalk, head in his hands. FOOTSTEPS approach.

He looks up, with tears in his eyes. A POLICE OFFICER sits next to him.

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS
I'm sorry kid.

Jackson looks at the officer, as Francis puts a hand on his shoulder to comfort him. Jackson wants to turn away, but doesn't, accepting the warmth of the hand on the cold night. Francis motions to another officer.

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS (cont'd)
Brigitte, bring over a thermal!

POLICE OFFICER BRIGITTE, walks over with a THERMAL BLANKET in hand, she hands it to Francis. Paramedics roll a STRETCHER by, Jackson's eye lock onto it. Francis looks down at him.

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS (cont'd)
It'll be alright, kid. Let me take
you home.

He pats Jackson on the back to help him up. They get in the cruiser and drive off.

TWO WEEKS AGO

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM

Jackson wakes up. He checks the clock. 9:00 AM. He jumps out of bed. Walking out of his room, a voice is heard from one of the other rooms. His mother. Inside the room, she talks to herself. Jackson feigns a smile and walks past the room, rushing down the stairs and out the door.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Students are at their desks. All the seats are filled, except one. The teacher begins the class. Behind him, the whiteboard is

TEACHER

Alright class, today you will get your new assignments for your group projects.

The teacher begins passing out papers to the class, as the door opens and Jackson rushes in. The class looks at him.

TEACHER (cont'd)

Mr. Mitchell, class began 10 minutes ago, you're late.

JACKSON MITCHELL

I'm sorry Ms. Fields, I had to walk here.

TEACHER

That's no excuse Mr. Mitchell, be here on time or not at all. Sit down please.

Jackson hangs his head as he walks toward the remaining seat in the class and sits down. He stares at the page on his desk. He looks over to his right to look at a blond haired girl. She smiles at him and leans over.

This is KATE WILSON, one of the schools top students, shes awkward, but smart.

KATE

Late again, Jackie. That's no bueno.

JACKSON

Don't remind me Kate. You know why I was late...

She smirks at him, pondering.

KATE

Hmmm....do I?

A PAPER BALL hits him. He looks to see who threw it, a student is snickering in the corner. RYAN CHURCH, the football quarterback. Jackson grabs the ball and throws it back at Ryan. Ms. Fields voice booms through the room.

TEACHER

Mr. Mitchell, first you're late, and now you're causing a disturbance. One more and you're in the office. Now class, you'll see the assignments on your desks is a group project, consisting of you and a partner

Jackson goes to say something, but doesn't, closing his mouth. Ryan continues to snicker, as Jackson stares at him. Beside him, a young dark haired girl observes. This is ANGELA HART, Ryan's girlfriend, one of the most popular girls in the school.

TEACHER (cont'd)
Now I will choose the groups. To make it easy, look to your left, and this is your partner.

Jackson looks to his left, it's Angela. Ryan's demeanor changes when he sees this, he was not happy about that decision.

ANGELA
Looks like its me and you Jackson.

JACKSON
Yay! I'm so excited.

The students begin brainstorming for their projects. Jackson looks over at Angela.

JACKSON (cont'd)
So what do you want to do?

ANGELA
Do you remember last week we had that event?

Jackson shakes his head at her.

ANGELA (cont'd)
How could you forget? It was last week?! What do you have memory problems or something?

Jackson stares off behind her, trance-like. Angela snaps her fingers at him. He jolts.

ANGELA (cont'd)
HEY! Wakey wakey. Focus.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

Students crowd the hallway, lingering about before their next classes. Jackson walks alone, making his way through, no one paying him any attention or even looking his way. Suddenly a voice booms from the hallway.

VOICE (O.S.)
HEY JACKSON!

Jackson looks behind him, as a group makes their way through the crowd. The football team, led by RYAN CHURCH, the schools quarterback. They make their way to be face to face with Jackson.

RYAN CHURCH
So...you think you get away with that?

JACKSON
With what, Ryan?

RYAN CHURCH
My girlfriend.

JACKSON
Ryan, I had nothing to do with...

Ryan reaches out towards Jackson, as he steps back. Ryan grips his shirt. His tone softens

RYAN
Listen, you try anything, and I will end you. Got it?

Students begin forming around them, watching the fiasco unfold.

JACKSON
Again, Ryan I...

A fist hits Jackson in the stomach. He slumps to the ground.

RYAN
Yes or no? You gonna try anything?

Jackson clutches his stomach and groans in pain.

JACKSON
Yes...

Ryan grabs his bag, dumping the contents on the ground next to him. The bell rings and the students begin making their way to their next classes. Jackson gets up and begins putting the contents back into his bag. Angela approaches from the corner, picking up some items and handing them to him.

ANGELA
Here. Look I'm sorry about him, hes a...

JACKSON

I'm already stuck in this project with you. You're not making it any better seeing me with you. Might as well put a giant red "x" on my back

ANGELA

Excuse me, but I'm just trying to help, and fix this mess.

JACKSON

Can you just go?

ANGELA

Fine, but don't say I didn't try.

She storms off down the hallway, then Kate steps into view.

KATE

Ouch...that's gotta hurt.

JACKSON

Not now Kate please. I'll see you later.

Jackson zips up his bag and heads the opposite way. Kate stays behind.

EXT. FLYOVER BRIDGE

Jackson sits on the bridge, watching the cars pass underneath him. This is a comforting place to him, a home. He enjoys it, finding it peaceful. He draws in his notebook. It looks like Kate.

Words are scribbled next to it, too small to read. He looks down at the drawings and sighs. He makes a mistake, pounding his fist on the railing. He tears out the page and throws it down below.

EXT. SMALL TREEHOUSE

Jackson sits inside the tree house, continuing his drawings. A BEANIE and JACKET sit nearby, however they are female fitting, not male. Kate sits below.

KATE

Hey, Jackie! Can I come up?

JACKSON

No.

She ignores him and pokes her head into the treehouse.
Jackson faces his back to her.

KATE
Come on, is this about earlier? I'm
sorry, I didnt mean it.

Jackson ignores her. She climbs into the treehouse, spotting
the JACKET and BEANIE.

KATE (cont'd)
I cant believe you kept these.

JACKSON
You only gave them to me last month.
I kept them here.

He turns and smiles at her.

JACKSON (cont'd)
In our little spot.

An engine is heard outside, promptly approaching then
shutting off. Jackson quickly hides his stuff and heads
toward the exit of the tree house.

A motorcycle is parked below, a figure getting off and
removing their helmet. Revealing a tall blonde haired male,
in his mid 20s, TIMOTHY MITCHELL, Jackson's older brother.

TIMOTHY
JACKSON? You here?!

Jackson continues drawing, paying no attention to his
brother. Timothy repeats himself, louder.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
JACKSON? HEY!

Jackson jolts, almost out of a trance. He goes to the
window, looking down on his brother.

JACKSON
How'd you know I was here?

He looks down as his face tightens.

TIMOTHY (SHRUGGING)
Call it a lucky guess.

JACKSON
Yeah I'm here. But WHY are you here?

TIMOTHY

What do you think? Ma's worried about ya. It's getting dark and you're not home.

Jackson smirks.

JACKSON

You mean shes actually awake, not sleeping all day again? And she cares about me? That's new.

TIMOTHY

Jackie, be nice. You know it's the medicine the doc gave her. C'mon I'll take you home.

He steps down, and gets in the car. They drive off.

EXT. HOUSE

Timothy and Jackson arrive, getting out of the car. A MOTORCYCLE sits nearby. They enter the house.

INT. HOUSE

Timothy and Jackson enter the house, the lights are on, but their mom is nowhere in sight.

TIMOTHY

Hey. Mom! I brought Jackson home!

No answer. Timothy nods at Jackson.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Look upstairs, I'll check down here.

Jackson creeps up the steps.

INT. HALLWAY

The rooms are eerie, no lights on. He walks over to his mother's room. The door is ajar. He pushes it open. His mother is sprawled on the bed. Stepping closer, he reaches out.

JACKSON

Mom?

No movement. He repeats himself.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Hey Mom!

He shakes her, still nothing. The world begins to slow, his breathing heavy. He gets out of the room, struggling to breathe. He manages some muttered speech.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Ti...TIM!

Timothy rushes up the stairs.

TIMOTHY

Hey...hey. Breathe, okay. You're okay, wheres ma?

Jackson points at the room and slumps on the floor, trying to catch his breath. Timothy goes into the room, and attempts to wake their mother.

TIMOTHY (O.S.)

Hey...Ma. I brought Jackson.

He steps out of the room. Their mom steps out behind him. Jackson's eyes widen at the sight of her. She smiles at him, then it contorts into anger.

MOM

YOU! Where were you?! I almost called the police worried about you!

She raises a hand toward him. Timothy steps in front of her.

TIMOTHY

Hey Ma! Calm down, take it easy.

He looks over at Jackson and nods towards his room, smirking.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Jackie why don't you go into your room. I got this.

Jackson gets up and scrambles towards his room, promptly shutting the door behind him. The room is dark and messy. A bed sits in the corner, with news paper and drawing pads littered about.

He sits for a bit then scrambles around, looking for something. His pens. He cant find them. His sketchbook sits on a nearby counter. Peeking his head outside the room, Timothy is closing the door to their mothers room. He spots him.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
She went back to sleep. It's alright.

Jackson stares at the ground, muttering.

JACKSON
Where are my pens?

TIMOTHY
What?

JACKSON
WHERE ARE MY PENS?

Timothy raises his hands.

TIMOTHY
Whoa calm it there.

This angers Jackson. Suddenly, Jackson can hear it. Every sound hurts his ears. It doesn't stop, he cant stop it.

JACKSON
DONT TELL ME TO CALM DOWN. WHERE ARE
MY PENS!

Timothy stays resolved.

TIMOTHY
Hey. You're gonna wake Ma. We'll find
them alright? Go, I'll look down
here.

A tear rolls down his face.

JACKSON
No...no...no....I need to find them!
You don't understand!

TIMOTHY
Only thing that I understand is that
you're being loud. And we will find
your pens. Just go to sleep for now,
it's late.

Jackson is angered even more, he lashes out to punch Timothy. The hit connects on Timothy's chest. Timothy steps back a bit.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
WHOA take it easy!

Timothy pushes back against Jackson, knocking him to the ground. Timothy stands over Jackson, fists clenched.

He breathes, unclenches his fists and walks away toward the kitchen.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
Go to sleep Jackson. I'll find them.

Jackson gets up and shakes himself off, heading to his room.

INT. JACKSONS ROOM

Jackson shuts the door and slumps on the ground. Tears well in his eyes, hes overwhelmed and doesn't know what to do without the ability to draw it out. He clutches the sketchbook to his chest.

KATE
Hey Jackie.

He looks up and sees her in the window, sitting on the roof.

JACKSON
You're pretty quiet.

KATE
It's a talent. Can I come in?

He gestures, she climbs in and shuts the window behind her. She jumps on the bed, staring at Jackson. Jackson clutches his sketchbook still. Her smiles fades into a frown when he doesn't look at her.

Getting up she approaches him, tilting his chin to make eye contact.

JACKSON
How much of that did you hear?

She shrugs.

KATE
Enough of it. You okay?

JACKSON
I don't know. My head just hurts.
When everything gets loud, I just
want to be alone. I want it to be
quiet.

KATE
And its quiet here.

JACKSON

NO. It's quiet at the tree house, not here.

KATE

Why not here?

Jackson is silent. Kate looks around the room, spotting the sketches along the wall. She gestures towards them

KATE (cont'd)

You must really like those drawings.

JACKSON

Don't remind me. I still cant find my pens.

KATE

Come on, you can draw your little scene tomorrow. It'll be okay.

A sincere look on her eyes. It calms him. SHE calms him. She holds her smile on him.

KATE (cont'd)

Get some sleep please.

Jackson climbs into the bed. Kate sits on the end of the bed. Sleep consumes him.

DREAM

EXT. TREEHOUSE

Laughter is heard. Jackson and Kate sit in the treehouse. The sun shines down in the late afternoon. A BLANKET covers the wooden floor. They share ice cream.

JACKSON

Do you remember when Ms. Fields had us do that project and me and you had to do that presentation?

KATE

Yeah except it was the wrong day! You were all dressed up too. Everyone was staring at us the whole class!

They share a laugh. Jackson goes to step down the ladder. Kate looks at him in confusion.

KATE (cont'd)

Where are you going?

JACKSON
Somewhere special. You coming?

KATE
I guess I am.

They step out of the treehouse and walk into the forest.

EXT. FLYOVER BRIDGE

The cars pass beneath them. Kate stops.

KATE
Look how beautiful it is. All these
people going about their lives. And
we get to spectate.

JACKSON
Of course you can find that
beautiful.

KATE
What? It's fascinating.

JACKSON
Yeah for you. And somehow you still
amaze me.

She smiles.

KATE
Your brain amazes me.

Jackson chuckles, blushing.

JACKSON
Come on. This isnt even the special
place.

They continue walking. Kate stays behind.

KATE
Jackson!

He looks behind him. Shes not there.

KATE (cont'd)
JACKSON!

He looks around, shes nowhere to be seen.

END DREAM

INT. JACKSONS ROOM

Jackson wakes up in a cold sweat.

JACKSON

Kate!

His eyes adjust to the room. The window is open, a cold breeze entering the room. He gets up from bed and approaches the window. He promptly closes it.

TIMOTHY

JACKSON! Time for school!

He grabs some clothes, opens his door and heads downstairs, towards the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackson gets dressed. He stops at the mirror, staring at himself. He messes with his hair, once, twice, a third. He frowns, gripping the counter, shaking.

TIMOTHY (O.S.)

Come on Jackson! Lets go.

He sighs, heading out of the bathroom, grabbing a HOODIE and BAG on the way out. He heads toward the kitchen where Timothy is waiting for him.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Timothy stands there, holding something. Jackson's PENS.

TIMOTHY

Look what I found.

Jackson's face stares in awe.

JACKSON

You found them! Thank you!

Timothy tosses them to Jackson. Catching them, he tosses them into his bag. Grabbing his KEYS, Timothy motions towards the door. They exit.

EXT. HOUSE

They enter the car and drive off.

EXT. CAR

The car pulls around a corner.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jackson looks over at Timothy.

JACKSON
You can just let me out here.

Timothy looks over in confusion.

TIMOTHY
Why would I do that? The schools just ahead.

JACKSON
Just... please.

TIMOTHY
I'm taking you to school. The front door.

Jackson sighs as the car continues moving.

EXT. SCHOOL

They arrive at the school. Students crowd outside, waiting to enter the school.

INT. CAR

Timothy stops to let Jackson out. A voice rings out from nearby as Jackson gets out. It's Ryan.

RYAN CHURCH
Hey Jackson! Heard you got a little angry at Angela yesterday. Whats up with that?

Jackson steps out of the car, trying to avoid Ryan.

JACKSON
Look Ryan. I dont want to deal with this.

RYAN CHURCH
No, you are going to deal with this. You have a problem with her, you got a problem with me.

Timothy notices the commotion going on outside the car.

TIMOTHY

Hey buddy, why dont you leave my brother alone before you have a problem with me?

Ryan stares at Timothy for a moment, then turns.

RYAN CHURCH

Youre lucky you got your guard dog with you. But you better watch your back.

TIMOTHY

Don't let him get to you Jackie, he gives you any hard times you tell me.

Jackson stares at the ground.

JACKSON

Yeah....

Jackson proceeds to walk into the school as Timothy pulls away.

INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Jackson enters into the school. The hallway is crowded with students. Then the bell rings, students proceed to their classes. Jackson walks to a nearby classroom door.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

He sits down at a desk as the class begins. Another normal class day.

MONTAGE BEGIN

Class to class. Room to room. He gets bullied at every chance. Laughed at. Jackson proceeds about his school day, boring days. He just can't focus on anything.

Jackson looks about for Kate. Shes nowhere to be found. Jackson makes his way to the hallway.

MONTAGE END

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM

Jackson enters one of the stalls. He holds his head in his hands. He's overwhelmed by the boring day and clearly doesn't want to be there. He's breathing heavy. Rushing out of the stall he stares at himself in the mirror. He hates the reflection that stares back in disgust.

He leaves the bathroom.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jackson goes to head back to class but stops. He spots someone at the end of the hallway. It's Kate.

JACKSON
Hey Kate! Where have you been?!

Kate rounds the corner of the hallway. Jackson chases after her.

JACKSON (cont'd)
HEY! Wait up!

When he rounds the corner, Kate is nowhere to be found. He stops, looking around. She's gone. He heads back to class.

EXT. SCHOOL

The bell rings. The day is over. The students flood out of the school. Jackson heads down the steps and heads towards the woods. To his tree house, his safe place.

EXT. FLYOVER BRIDGE

Jackson crosses the bridge. Cars rumble below. He stops and stares for a second. The sunlight gleams down on the horizon. He admires the beauty. Laughter echoes, it sounds like Kate.

JACKSON
Kate?

Jackson follows the sound. Then it's gone. He sighs in confusion. He continues toward the tree house.

EXT. TREE HOUSE

Jackson climbs up the ladder, and dangles his feet off the edge. He pulls out his drawing pad and goes to draw.

He starts drawing another version of Kate. He looks at it, then hates it. He tears it out and throws it away.

It drifts down the tree and lands at the ground. Footsteps approach. Timothy picks up the photo.

TIMOTHY
You dropped something?

JACKSON
Leave it down there. I hate it.

Timothy looks up at Jackson.

TIMOTHY
It looks good to me. Whats wrong with it?

He looks back down at the photo and stares at it.

JACKSON
I don't like it. I rushed it.

Timothy places the photo at the base of the tree.

TIMOTHY
Fair enough.
(sighing)
You know why im here.

Jackson looks down to Timothy.

JACKSON
Mom losing her mind again? Did she sleep too much? Or is she talking to herself again?

TIMOTHY
Be nice Jackie.

JACKSON
Why should I be nice to her? She doesn't do anything locked in her room all day.

INT.HOUSE

Jackson and Timothy walk inside the house. Lights still on, their mother is nowhere to be seen.

JACKSON
(scoffing)
Typical. Ill go get mom.

He heads upstairs towards their mothers room. The door ajar, he peaks in. Their mother lays on her bed. Jackson steps into the room lightly and shakes her. No response. She feels cold to the touch. He heads out of the room.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Hey Tim!

Timothy heads up the stairs and looks at Jackson.

TIMOTHY

What's up?

JACKSON

Shes doing it again, but something doesnt feel right this time.

Timothy's eyes narrow, then he enters the room. He attempts to shake her awake.

TIMOTHY (O.S.)

Hey Mom. Mom!

He walks out of the room, and looks to Jackson.

TIMOTHY

I need you to do something for me. Take your phone and call 911. Go in your room and stay there. Tell them she's unresponsive.

Jackson heads into his room and dials 911 on the phone. The phone clicks. Jackson begins breathing heavily.

911 OPERATOR

911...whats your emergency.

JACKSON

My...my...mo

911 OPERATOR

Sir, I'm going to need you to breathe. What your name?

JACKSON

My names Jackson MITchell.

911 OPERATOR

Good Jackson, now can you tell me whats the emergency?

Jackson takes a breath to calm himself.

JACKSON

My mother...shes unresponsive.

911 OPERATOR

Okay, and whats your address.

JACKSON

My address is 913 Lincoln Road.

911 OPERATOR

Alright, is there anyone else in the house with you?

JACKSON

Yes, my older brother is with her.

911 OPERATOR

Alright, stay on the line, emergency services are on their way.

Jackson creeps his door open and sees his brother crouching over their mother. Timothy's eyes lock onto his. A nod.

TIMOTHY

(mouthing)

Everything will be fine.

911 OPERATOR

Hey Jackson, you're good to leave the call. Emergency services are nearby.

A knock hits on the front door. Timothy gets up and rushes down the stairs. Two police officers stand outside, with paramedics behind them. Timothy leads them upstairs to the room. The paramedic enters the room with a STRETCHER.

INT. MOTHERS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PARAMEDIC

No pulse. She's not breathing.

PARAMEDIC 2

Over here!

They look over at the other paramedic. He holds a pill bottle labeled FLUPHENAZINE. The bottle is empty. Timothy looks on in shock, Jackson simply doesn't understand.

JACKSON

What is it Tim? Whats going on?

TIMOTHY

Don't worry about it. They'll take care of it. She'll be okay.

One of the paramedics looks to Jackson.

PARAMEDIC

What happened?

TIMOTHY

We just got home, and found her like this.

The paramedic gestures to his partner.

PARAMEDIC

Get me Narcan.

His partner hands him a spray. The paramedic sprays it up her nose. She takes a breath, but it's soft.

PARAMEDIC (cont'd)

Got a pulse!

JACKSON

Tim. What is happening?

A voice booms over the chaos. The boys look over to the two officers who approach. One tall and lean with crew cut brown hair. The other officer is a blonde woman with bright blue eyes.

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS

Gentlemen. Can I have you follow me downstairs and clear the way for medical please?

The group goes down the steps. Jackson stares at the door to their mothers room. The two officers stop both Timothy and Jackson. The first officer introduces himself.

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS (cont'd)

I'm Corporal Francis with the Kenton Police Department.

(Pointing to the
other officer)

and this is Officer Laske. I'm just going to ask a few questions.

Timothy nods in agreement.

TIMOTHY

Okay. I can do that.

FRANCIS
Are you two related to her?

Timothy nods.

TIMOTHY
Yes, we're her sons. I'm Tim...
(Nodding toward
Jackson)
this is Jackson.

Corporal looks over at Officer.

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS
Excuse me if this may come off weird.
But is your father around?

The remark hits Jackson. He stares. Spotting this, Timothy brings him into a slight hug.

TIMOTHY
(breath)....our father left when I
was young. But Mom still talks to him
everyday it seems (chuckling)

Francis' eyes narrow at the remark.

FRANCIS
What do you mean by that?

TIMOTHY
She just talks to herself from time
to time. Don't think much of it, part
of the process, right?

He grins.

FRANCIS
Yeah.

The paramedics put their mom on the stretcher and carry her down the stairs. Seeing this, Francis smiles at the pair.

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS
Alright, we won't hold you up. Thank
you for your time.

Timothy follows her, Jackson goes to follow but Timothy stops him.

TIMOTHY
Stay here for the night. I'll go with
mom.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
You good staying here?

Jackson looks over at Timothy. He hesitates then nods.

JACKSON
Yeah...I'll be fine.

Timothy goes to head outside, but Corporal Francis stops him on the way.

FRANCIS
Me and Officer Laske will stick around. We'll keep an eye on him for the night.

TIMOTHY
I appreciate that.
(shaking his head)
I really do. We're all he's got.

FRANCIS
So, those pills you know what they do, right?

Timothy looks back at Jackson. He pauses for a moment, then faces Francis.

TIMOTHY
Yeah. The medications, used to treat schizophrenia. Mom only told me, Jackson was too young and wanted to be spared from it. It was one of the reasons dad left.

A sorrow look washes over Francis' face. Brigitte looks on from behind him. Francis smiles at Timothy and extends a hand, Timothy accepts it.

FRANCIS
Thank you for the information. we'll let you go now.

Timothy then rushes outside into the ambulance. The ambulance pulls away from the house. As the door closes, Francis, Brigitte, and Jackson stand in silence. Jackson stares at the ground.

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS
We'll leave you for now. We'll be outside if you need anything.

The pair leave, the house in an eerie silence. Then it's broken. Jackson storms up the steps and slams his room door shut.

EXT. HOUSE

The pair steps onto the walkway, exiting the house and back to their squad car.

POLICE OFFICER BRIGGITE
So? What are we doing with him?
Shelter housing for the time being?

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS
No. He'll stay here. I'll talk with
the commander to see if we can stay
stationed out here for well being.

He stops.

POLICE CORPORAL FRANCIS (cont'd)
His mother just OD'd on meds for gods
sake. No other family besides his
brother. I'll be damned if we don;t
try to keep an eye on him.

She looks on.

BRIGGITE
Whatever you say boss.

INT. JACKSONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackson sits on the floor, holding his head in his hands, trying not to let the tears fall. He wipes them.

KATE
Hey there.

He looks up to see her in the window again. He wipes his tears at the sight of her.

JACKSON
Where have you been all day? I'm sure
I saw you, but you weren't in class.

She ponders. Finally an answer.

KATE

(chuckling) I wasn't there no. Maybe you missed me so much your mind filled in the blanks. Did you miss me?

JACKSON

(scoffing) Maybe a bit...just thought I was hallucinating a bit back there.

The silence continues between them. Jackson is still shaken.

KATE

No of course not. Your brain just missed me thats all. It tried filling in the blanks. (pausing) Looks like today was pretty rough, huh?

JACKSON

It's a little better now with you here.

KATE

I know it isn't. Your mom okay?

JACKSON

Theyre taking her to the hospital. She took some pills named Prozil.

Kate states momentarily, then speaks.

KATE

and what about you? There's no one here to get you anywhere

JACKSON

Timothy should be back soon, until then the officers are watching over me I heard.

KATE

Do you want me to stay the night with you?

Jackson smiles at her.

JACKSON

I'd like that a lot.

She grins towards him.

KATE

(scoffing)

(MORE)

KATE (cont'd)
Of course you would. But I think I
have something to cheer you up.

Kate grabs his hand and pulls her towards him. Clutching her hands behind her back.

KATE (cont'd)
You just gotta guess what hand it's
in.

JACKSON
The left one.

She reveals her left hand. Empty. Pulling her right hand she drops something in his hand. A small metal bracelet, seemingly made from metal can tabs. She pulls back her hand, showing her own on her wrist.

KATE
And... I got one too.

Jackson puts it on, stopping to admire the craft.

JACKSON
This is really amazing, Kate. Thank
you. I'll be honest it helps a lot.

Kate pulls him into a hug. He hesitates then accepts it. As they hug he closes his eyes, the day has caught up with him. Tears begin to roll. Kate pulls away and stares into his eyes, wiping the tears away.

KATE
You're not okay.

He shakes his head, Kate guides him to sit down on the bed, resting her head on his shoulder. She rubs his back as more tears roll down.

KATE (cont'd)
Shhhh. It's okay. I'm here for you.

EXT. HOUSE

Francis and Brigitte sit inside their squad car, sharing some food. They look as the lights shut off inside the house.

FRANCIS
Welp, there goes the kid. We got a
long night ahead of us.

A phone buzzes. Francis looks down at his phone. It reads a message from the hospital.

FRANCIS (cont'd)
(muttering)
Shit.

Brigitte looks over at Francis.

BRIGITTE
What is it?

FRANCIS
The hospital. The mothers being brought into surgery. Narcan didn't take well.

Francis tips his hat to cover his eyes, closing them.

FRANCIS (cont'd)
You take first watch, wake me up later.

BRIGITTE
Ugh..why me.

FRANCIS
I figure you'd need some beauty sleep.

Brigitte sighs, looking at the house, shaking her head.

BRIGITTE
That poor kid.

INT. JACKSON'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

A hard knock is heard on the front door. Jackson wakes up, inside his darkly lit room. He looks at the clock. 8:00 AM. Once again, the window is open, and Kate is gone. He looks down at his wrist, seeing the bracelet still there.

He sits on the bed for a moment. A second knock hits the door. Jackson stumbles out of bed and down the stairs. Opening the door, he is faced by Francis and Brigitte, in new clothes. He is confused by this.

JACKSON
Hello?

FRANCIS
Hey, Jackson. We're here to take you to school.

JACKSON

You guys? Don't you have bad guys to catch?

FRANCIS

Not for the next few days, while you're alone. Me and Brigitte are your.... uh....think of it like your guardians. We're here to help you while your mom recovers.

JACKSON

But what about Tim?

FRANCIS

He might need to stay at the hospital a bit longer, but he'll be back soon. Get your stuff and we'll get going.

JACKSON

Do I really have to go today?

FRANCIS

Look, my orders are to keep you going on everyday life, while your parent is recovering, or for the time being while Timothy gets back.

JACKSON

...but

FRANCIS

and yes that includes school too.

JACKSON

Fine.

Jackson shuts the door and stops for a moment. The silence is profound. Taking a breath, he walks towards the bathroom. He looks into the mirror. As always, the reflection that stares back at him, one he doesn't like.

He grips the counter, until his knuckles turn white.

KATE

Hey!

Kates voice approaches from behind. Jumping, he comes to, reality snaps back. She's standing behind him.

JACKSON

Jesus Kate! You scared me. I thought you left.

KATE
I did, but I came back. Figured I'd
say goodbye before you left.

Jackson is puzzled by what she said.

JACKSON
Aren't you going to class?

KATE
I have to handle some things. But you
don't look so good.

JACKSON
I never do. You know that.

A knock hits the door.

BRIGITTE (O.S.)
Jackson! We're waiting.

KATE
You should go.
(smiling)
I'll see you later.

He smiles back at her.

JACKSON
Bye.
(shouting)
I'm coming!*

He grabs his backpack and heads for the door. Looking back,
Kate is gone once again. He shakes his head as he leaves.
Brigitte stares at him, curious, but doesn't say anything.

BRIGITTE
Francis' waiting in the car for us.

They walk towards the car, enter and drive off.

INT. CAR

The three sit in silence as they drive. Francis tries to
strike up conversation.

FRANCIS
So, Jackson what kind of music do you
listen to?

Jackson stares out the window, admiring the view. He ponders
the last few hours, something doesn't sit right with him.

FRANCIS (cont'd)
Jackson?

He snaps out of it.

JACKSON
Sorry, just thinking. What was it?

Brigitte responds.

BRIGITTE
He asked what kind of music you like to listen to.

JACKSON
I don't really listen to much music...

BRIGITTE
Then what do you like to do for fun?

JACKSON
You're trying to connect with me. Read me, right?

FRANCIS
Just a simple conversation to pass the time, Jackson.

JACKSON
(scoffing)
I like to draw.

Jackson is seemingly uninterested in the small talk.

BRIGITTE
That's nice. What do you draw?

JACKSON
Just....stuff.

The car ride continues in silence until they arrive at the school.

EXT. SCHOOL

The car pulls up to the school. Just like the previous days, Ryan is outside with his buddies. Jackson rolls his eyes. Francis spots it in the rearview mirror.

FRANCIS
What was that for, Jackson?

JACKSON

Oh nothing.

FRANCIS

It seemed pretty important to get an eye roll from you.

JACKSON

(sighing)

You see that blonde boy in the jersey over there. That's Ryan. He and his buddies always gang up on me. I hate going to this school.

Jackson thinks for a moment.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Wait, you guys are cops! Can't you like arrest him or something so he doesn't annoy me.

FRANCIS

We can't just arrest people for being annoying Jackson. We're police, meant for catching criminals, not people who are 'annoying'.

BRIGITTE

You haven't reported anything about it?

JACKSON

I did, but they always ignore it. Jackson's the star quarterback, they won't ruin his career for something like that.

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Jackson steps out of the car. Ryan immediately heads on approach for him.

RYAN

New ride, huh Jackson?

JACKSON

Can we not do this today Ryan?

RYAN

Do what? I'm not doing anything.

Jackson sighs and enters the school.

Francis and Brigitte look on from the car.

BRIGITTE
Theres gotta be something we can do?
Right? I mean look at him, he's
miserable.

Francis looks over at Brigitte and laughs.

FRANCIS
I thought you didn't care about him.

BRIGITTE
Yeah.. well that was before..I knew
about this.

FRANCIS
Eh... schools are tough territory.
We'll talk.

Francis starts the ignition and drives off.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Jackson enters and the bell rings. He heads for class.
Taking his seat, he looks around. Angela, Ryan, and everyone
else, but still no Kate. Mrs. Fields enters the class and
everyone quiets down.

MRS. FIELDS
Alright class, your projects have all
been assigned to you. Please take the
time to converse among st your
partners and get a topic.

She writes on the board "DUE FRIDAY"

MRS. FIELDS (cont'd)
This will be due at the end of the
week. Use this time wisely.

The class splits into their groups. Jackson moves towards
Angela and sits down next to her.

ANGELA
Lets get this started. What should we
do as a topic?

JACKSON
How about art? And it's history.

Angela looks at him in disgust.

ANGELA

No...just no. That's the stupidest idea I've ever heard. How about genes?

JACKSON

You want to do our project on pants?

ANGELA

No. Not JEANS. GENES. DNA. Science

Jackson shrugs.

JACKSON

I don't know. We have to write an essay, and make a presentation on it. That seems tough.

ANGELA

Well, your idea wasn't any better. I say we do mine.

Jackson goes to protest, but bites his tongue.

JACKSON

Fine. I guess we can.

ANGELA

YES!

Jackson fumbles around with the bracelet on his arm. Angela sees this and is curious.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Where'd you get that?

JACKSON

A friend of mine gave it to me.

He pulls his arm closer to himself.

MRS. FIELDS

Class! Wrap up your group time and discussions.

ANGELA

Where should we start the project? Your house or mine?

JACKSON

(rapidly)

No. Not mine.

ANGELA
Mine it is. How about Thursday?

JACKSON
That sounds good. See you then.

The bell rings and students move to their next classes.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

As the student file out into the hallway, Jackson gets shoved from behind. He trips and hits the ground. Hard. Stuck in the group, he gets trampled. At the side of the hallway, Ryan and his buddies laugh.

RYAN
Mr. Clumsy over here cant walk!

The group goes down the hallway, laughing. Angela looks on with concern, she takes a step towards him but Ryan pushes her ahead of him.

RYAN (cont'd)
Come on. Leave clumsy back there.

Angela looks back at Jackson.

ANGELA
(mouthing)
I'm sorry.

Jackson lays on the floor, bleeding and bruised. He gets up and walks towards the nurses office.

INT. NURSES OFFICE

He enters, and the secretary look up. Shock strikes over her face.

SECRETARY
Oh my god, Jackson are you okay?

JACKSON
(coughing)
No.

The secretary pages the nurse, who bring him into a side room. They place gauze and bandages on him. Each placement stings as it gets placed on him.

NURSE
Jackson, what happened?

JACKSON
I got pushed, fell and then trampled.

NURSE
Who did this? Did you see?

Jackson wants to say Ryan's name, but doesn't. It'd only make things worse.

JACKSON
No, I didn't. I just hit the ground.

The nurse grabs her phone.

NURSE
Alright Jackson, I'm going to send you home for the rest of the day. Is there someone I can call to pick you up?

Jackson ponders.

JACKSON
(strained)
No. I'll just walk. It's not far.

NURSE
Are you sure?

He nods.

JACKSON
Yeah, I'm sure. I'll be fine thank you.

EXT. SCHOOL

Jackson exits the school, and heads to the woods again. Heading for the flyover bridge.

EXT. FLYOVER BRIDGE

Jackson reaches the bridge, his injuries leaving him sore. He slumps against a nearby rock, and stares at the few cars that pass by underneath him. One. Two. Three.

He pulls out his drawing pad, and flips to his newest drawing. Kate's face stares back at him, but somethings missing. Something he hasn't gotten quite right. He draws, erases, draws and erases.

He becomes frustrated, and tears out the page throwing it over the bridge to the road below. He pounds his fist against the rock, but his injuries increase the pain. He screams.

He gets up and heads towards the treehouse. He needs to get there fast before he can't.

EXT. TREE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

He climbs the ladder, each step is painful for him. Once hes at the top, he can breathe. He slumps against the side of the wall and closes his eyes, basking the sunlight. He settles into a sleep.

Jackson opens his eyes. Darkness has fallen, he slept through sunset. He gets up, still in pain. A car rumbles below. Francis and Brigitte exit.

FRANCIS
Jackson? Are you up there?

JACKSON
How'd you find me?

Francis gestures towards the car, and Timothy exits.

FRANCIS
We had some help.

Jackson's eyes light up at the sight of Timothy.

JACKSON
TIM!

He rushes down the ladder to hug his brother. Timothy accepts it, then pulls him away. Through the headlights, Timothy can see the bruises and gauze,

TIMOTHY
Whoa, what happened to you?!

Jackson hesitates.

JACKSON
ryan.

TIMOTHY
That kid does not know when to stop
does he?

Francis overhears this.

FRANCIS
Ryan did this to you?

JACKSON
I...

TIMOTHY
Jackson. This is not okay. That kids
been picking on you for months now.
This isn't even the worst I've see on
you.

FRANCIS
Jackson, if Ryan continually does
this, you need to report it.

Jackson begins to get overwhelmed.

JACKSON
No...no...no...STOP! JUST STOP!

Silence. Jackson falls to the ground. He stares into the
darkness of the woods.

JACKSON (cont'd)
I don't want it to get worse. If I
report it, he gets angrier with me,
and more happens.

TIMOTHY
Jackson. Hes hurting you already.

Timothy puts his arm around Jackson.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
He's still hurting you no matter
what. It has to stop.

FRANCIS
Why don't we head back. We'll deal
with this some other time.

TIMOTHY
Come on Jackson.

Timothy helps Jackson to the car. They enter and drive off.

EXT. HOUSE

The car arrives at the house, dropping off Timothy and
Jackson. Jackson storms up to his room, closing the door
behind him.

INT. HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

TIMOTHY

Jackson!

Jackson opens his eyes. He sits up and pauses. His brain is foggy. He crawls out of the bed and sluggishly moves.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Jackson! Come on!

He gets up and heads downstairs to meet his brother.

JACKSON

(annoyed)

What?

TIMOTHY

Don't get attitude. The hospital called and said we could go visit mom, before she has to go back in for another surgery. I figured you might want to go.

JACKSON

Why would I want to go?

TIMOTHY

Maybe there's the fact that it's your own mother, who might not make it and there might only be one chance for you to talk to her if that happens.

JACKSON

You mean she's going to die?

TIMOTHY

No

(sighing)

I didn't mean it like that. The doctors say she's going to be fine, but it'll be a bit before she's back home with all the surgeries. They keep finding more problems.

JACKSON

Fine. I guess we can go see her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jackson and Timothy stand next to their mother, who is lying in a hospital bed hooked up to machines.

The room is quiet except for the beeping of the machines. Francis and Brigitte stand outside the room.

JACKSON
(whispering) Mom, it's me.

Timothy steps forward, putting a hand on his brother's shoulder.

TIMOTHY
We're both here with you.
(voice breaking) We're here for you,
Mom. We love you.
(gently) Now it's our turn to be here
for you.

Jackson reaches out and takes their mother's hand, holding it tightly.

JACKSON
(tearfully) We're going to get
through this, Mom. Together.

TIMOTHY
(nodding) We'll be with you every
step of the way.

The brothers stay by their mother's side, holding her hand and talking to her softly.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
(whispering) We're going to make sure
you're okay, Mom. You're going to get
better.

The brothers sit in silence, each lost in their own thoughts, but united in their 'love' for their mother.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Jackson leaves the room for a moment. Francis nods to Brigitte to trail him. Jackson walks down the hall, observing. As he rounds the corner, Kate stands there at the end of the long hallway.

JACKSON
Kate? KATE!

She steps down the hallway. Jackson races after her. Trailing behind, Brigitte hears the commotion, observing his moves. Jackson rounds the corner and stops. Kate isn't there. He turns around, and Brigitte hides herself from his view.

He walks back towards the room. Brigitte meets back with Francis.

FRANCIS

So?

She shrugs.

BRIGITTE

He just went down the hallway. Said something about a 'Kate?'. I didn't see anybody though.

Francis is puzzled.

FRANCIS

This kid has a bunch of layers, I'll tell you that.

BRIGITTE

You're right about that.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

A knock is heard. Angela opens the door to see Jackson.

ANGELA

Wow, you actually made it.

JACKSON

We both need this grade. Let's just get this over with.

Angela steps aside to let Jackson in. She guides him to her bedroom.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM

ANGELA

And here is where all the magic is.

The sit, lock eyes for a moment, but Angela looks away. She's actually comfortable around him.

ANGELA (cont'd)

So let's get started on the project.

She pulls out some materials, while Jackson pulls stuff out from his bag. As he does so, his drawing pad falls out. Angela spots it and picks it up.

JACKSON

Don't...

Too late. Angela flipped through the pages. All the drawings. She pauses. Then looks up at Jackson.

ANGELA

Jackson, these are beautiful.

Jackson looks away, then down at his hands, fumbling with the bracelet.

JACKSON

Can I get them back?

Angela hands the pad back to Jackson.

ANGELA

I didn't know you drew.

JACKSON

You don't care to know much about me honestly. Ryan seems to keep you on a leash.

Angela stares in disbelief.

ANGELA

(taking a breath)

You're not wrong surprisingly. Some days I wonder why I'm still with him.

Jackson shifts, he's uncomfortable with this conversation, but doesn't end it. Instead he looks at her with interest.

JACKSON

Why's that?

ANGELA

(hesitating)

Well...he's just not the nicest of guys.

(pausing)

I'm sure you know that

JACKSON

Yeah I know that all too well.

ANGELA

I do want to say sorry for how he acts.

JACKSON

Not your fault. He's the asshole.

Kate pauses.

ANGELA
Yeah but I still feel a bit
responsible you know. I could put an
end to it, but I don't.

JACKSON
You're scared of him? Scared of what
he'll do if you try.

ANGELA
(softly)
A bit yeah.

JACKSON
(rapidly)
I'm sorry you have to put up with
him. Why haven't you done anything
about it?

She begins to get sad. Tears well in her eyes, she wipes
them.

ANGELA
(choking)
Let's....just not right now. Come on
we have to focus.

Jackson actually looks concerned for her. She pulls her
hands to herself. Jackson reaches out to touch her. She
accepts his touch.

JACKSON
(softly)
Hey. I know we're not that close, but
if you ever need to talk, I'd be more
than happy to help.

Angela looks up and smiles. Wiping her tears again.

ANGELA
Thank you Jackson.

Jackson and Angela sit on her bed, the project laid out
between them. Angela points at certain parts of the project.

ANGELA (cont'd)
Alright, so if we combine this part
with this part, we can cut out around
five minutes.

Jackson stares off behind her, his attention focused elsewhere. Standing in the doorway is Kate. Angela notices his lack of attention and snaps her fingers.

ANGELA (cont'd)
HEY! FOCUS!

Jackson comes to reality. Kate still stands there in the doorway.

JACKSON
Sorry. Where were we?

ANGELA
Why don't we take a break. Come on outside. Get some fresh air.

Jackson follows her outside. A picnic table sits in her backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD.

Jackson sits down. Angela goes to head back inside.

ANGELA
I'm going to grab us some snacks.
I'll be right back.

As she enters the house and closes the door behind her, Kate moves around to the side of the table and sits down. Jackson faces her.

JACKSON
So? What do you think?

KATE
She's nice. I never talked much to her.

JACKSON
Yeah, well what should I do.

Footsteps approach.

ANGELA
What should you do about what?

Jackson didn;t see Angela standing there.

JACKSON
Oh Angela. Meet Kate

Kate waves to Angela. Angela doesn't wave back.

JACKSON (cont'd)
Don't be rude. Say hi.

Angela stares at the table, confused.

ANGELA
Jackson, who are you talking about?
There's no one there.

JACKSON
Kate. She's right there.

He points next to him. Angela pulls away a bit.

ANGELA
Jackson, you're scaring me.

JACKSON
Angela, she's right there.

ANGELA
No, she isn't Jackson. There is no
one THERE.

Jackson's face falls. He looks back to Kate. She's gone. A
hallucination. Jackson doesn't accept it.

JACKSON
No. No You're lying to me.

Angela looks concerned.

ANGELA
Jackson....please.

JACKSON
NO!

Jackson runs out of the yard and onto the street. Angela
watches him go. Concern washes over her face, but she
immediately dismisses it. She walks back into the house.

He runs until he can't anymore, as his legs give out beneath
him. Jackson heads towards his safe place.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

The door opens and Timothy enters the house. He calls out
for Jackson.

TIMOTHY
Jackson? Are you here?

Concern strikes Timothy. He doesn't know where Jackson is.

The lights are dark, and nothing but silence is heard. He looks around but no sign of Jackson. He heads back outside, as rain begins to pour. Getting on his motorcycle, he sets off to find Jackson.

EXT. STREET

Timothy rides his motorcycle. It's faster and weaves in and out of traffic. The rain pours down as he drives. He's gotta find Jackson. He heads down a road. The darkness and rain limits his visibility.

The bike starts hitting dirt, he realizes he missed a turn. He's on an offroad.

TIMOTHY

Shit.

He turns his bike around and goes to pull back onto the street. As he pulls out, headlights approach rapidly from the right. He doesn't have time to react. The car hits him, knocking him off his bike and sending him flying to the concrete. He lies on the ground.

The car screeches to a halt. The driver exits and dials 911.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Hello? I just hit somebody.

EXT. TREE HOUSE

Jackson gets up from the treehouse and makes his way home. The pouring rain calms his mind a bit. He gets back to the house and enters.

INT. HOUSE

Jackson sits inside the house alone. A knock hits the door. He opens it, revealing Francis and Brigitte there. Solemn looks cover their faces.

FRANCIS

Jackson, can we come in?

Jackson steps aside to let them both in.

FRANCIS (cont'd)

You may want to sit down.

Jackson is worried from this comment as he sits down.

JACKSON
Why? What happened?

FRANCIS
Jackson, your brother got hit by a
car a few minutes ago.

Jackson is shocked.

JACKSON
What? No. No. That's not right.
YOU'RE LYING TO ME.

BRIGITTE
Jackson, calm. We're helping you
remember.

He jumps out of the chair and gets in their faces.

JACKSON
NO! I won't calm down.

FRANCIS
Jackson. This is serious.

Jackson paces the room, tense, anxious. Scared. He goes to the bathroom, and looks at the mirror. His reflection stares back at him. Mocking him. In anger, he lashes out, punching the mirror.

Hearing the sound, Francis and Brigitte head to Jackson.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackson stands in the bathroom, still. Jackson's hand is bleeding. The broken mirror left shards in his hand. Blood drips over the sink and the bathroom floor.

FRANCIS
My god, Jackson. Brigitte, first aid
kit.

As Francis approaches Jackson, the reality sets in. Tears well in his eyes. Francis holds Jackson as Brigitte enters, holding a first aid kit. Jackson breaks into a sob. Francis

FRANCIS (cont'd)
It's okay, son. We'll get you fixed
up.

Brigitte opens the kit, and pulls out some supplies. Jackson is trembling. Brigitte steadies his hand, and begins to pull out the glass shards. Then she goes to cover the wounds. Jackson is sobbing into Francis' shoulder.

Brigitte finishes cleaning Jackson's hand.

BRIGITTE
You should be okay, only a few
scrapes. No stitches. You're lucky.

Jackson steps away and wipes his tears.

JACKSON
I'm sorry.

Francis sincerely comforts Jackson.

FRANCIS
It's okay.

JACKSON
Plea..Please. Take me to him.

Francis nods solemnly.

EXT. ROAD

Police cars weave in and out of traffic, arriving to the scene.

INT. CAR

Jackson sits in the back of the car. He stares at the rain dropping on the window. They arrive at the scene. Yellow caution tape is plastered around the area. The driver of the car sits on the sidelines, still visibly shaken,

Jackson looks around for his brother. He spots him on a stretcher.

He looks up, with tears in his eyes. Francis sits next to him.

FRANCIS
I'm sorry kid. We're going to do
everything we can to make sure he's
okay.

Jackson looks at the officer, as Francis puts a hand on his shoulder to comfort him. Jackson wants to turn away, but doesn't, accepting the warmth of the hand on the cold night. Francis motions to another officer.

FRANCIS (cont'd)
Brigitte, bring over a thermal!

Brigitte, walks over with a THERMAL BLANKET in hand, she hands it to Francis. Paramedics roll a STRETCHER by, Jackson's eye lock onto it. Francis looks down at him. It carries his brothers limp and motionless body.

He runs up to it, gripping the rails tightly.

JACKSON
No...no...no! Don't leave me, Tim.

More tears well in his eyes. Francis has to pry Jackson from the stretcher.

FRANCIS
Let them work. It'll be alright, kid.
Let me take you home.

He pats Jackson on the back to help him up. They get in the cruiser and drive off.

EXT. HOUSE

The cruiser pulls up to the house. The trio get out and head inside the house. Jackson still has tears in his eyes, crying the whole way back. He rushes up stairs and into his room, closing the door behind him.

INT. JACKSONS ROOM

Jackson slumps to the ground next to his bed and breaks down.

KATE
Getting worse?

He looks up and sees Kate in the window again.

JACKSON
Kate! I've been worried sick about you!

Kate shrugs. Something seems off about her.

KATE
Just been busy you know.
(pause)
How are you holding up?

JACKSON
I don't think I am. First mom, now
Tim. I've got nobody.

Kates eyes narrow.

KATE
What about Angela?

JACKSON
She doesn't care about. Are you
kidding me?

Kate stifles a chuckle.

KATE
You let off more than you know. You
both care about each other.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Francis and Brigitte stand in the living room alone.

BRIGITTE
So?

FRANCIS
(sighing)
Same as before. Except this time, he
truly does have nobody.

BRIGITTE
I can't imagine whats going on up
there.

They overhear the voices.

FRANCIS
Nobody else is in the house.

Brigitte looks towards the mothers room, remembering the
past events. She looks back at Francis, curious.

BRIGITTE
You don't think?

Francis nods. He looks over at the pill bottle on the
counter.

FRANCIS

Oh I do think. It's genetic. I'll call Keyes.

INT. JACKSONS ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Jackson wakes up to the smell of food cooking. He walks down the stairs and sees three plates set up. Francis at the stove, and Brigitte readying the table.

BRIGITTE

Hey!

She waves him down the steps. He cautiously takes each step.

JACKSON

Why are you guys still here?

Francis turns around from the stove.

FRANCIS

Well Jackson, I want you to meet a friend of mine today.

INT. PSYCH

Francis, Brigitte, and Jackson enter the lobby. They head towards the front desk. Francis approaches first, talking with the Secretary. She smiles as the group approaches.

SECRETARY

Hi there. How can I help you?

FRANCIS

I'm Corporal Kene. I had called earlier to schedule an appointment with Doctor Keyes.

The secretary types for a moment, she looks back up.

SECRETARY

Yes, for Jackson Mitchell?

Jackson becomes cautious hearing that. He looks at Francis.

JACKSON

What did you sign me up for?

FRANCIS

Just a conversation with a friend of mine.

(MORE)

FRANCIS (cont'd)
He's a doctor here, he might be able
to help you with how you've been
feeling lately and processing things.

Jackson ponders this for a moment.

JACKSON
You don't think I can handle it.
You're trying to call me crazy,
aren't you?

FRANCIS
Not at all, it's my job to protect
you. I've been seeing some issues
arise and I'm worried about how
you're holding up on the inside
Jackson, that's all.

A nurse enters the lobby.

NURSE
Jackson Mitchell?

He feigns a smile.

JACKSON
Great.

Francis pats him on the back.

FRANCIS
Just have a conversation about how
you've been feeling, thats all.

Jackson follows the nurse. The nurse brings Jackson inside.
Jackson walks into the room, clearly uninterested in being
there.

NURSE
Doctor Keyes, there's a patient here
for you. One Jackson Mitchell

The doctor sits at his desk. Turning around, he gets up and
offers his hand to Jackson.

DOCTOR KEYES
Jackson, It's very good to see you.
Please have a seat.

Jackson sits down at one of the chairs on the far side of
the room. The doctor sits across from him, holding a
clipboard.

DOCTOR KEYES (cont'd)
Alright Jackson let's get started. My name is Doctor Keyes, my job here is to help you make sense of yourself and your mind.

JACKSON
I'm not crazy if you're going to be calling me that.

DOCTOR KEYES
I never said that, your brain just operates differently than most people, that's not a bad thing per se, but it has history of making people do some bad things to themselves. And I don't want that to happen to you, Jackson.

JACKSON
You don't care! You're trying to call me crazy.

The doctor looks down at his clipboard, muddling for a second.

INT. LOBBY

Francis sits back down next to Brigitte. She has a stack of papers next to her, typing away on her computer.

BRIGITTE
I was doing some digging.

Francis looks over with interest.

FRANCIS
About?

BRIGITTE
Him. More specifically the 'Kate' girl he kept mentioning.

FRANCIS
And?

BRIGITTE
Take a look.

She slides her computer over for Francis to look. It shows Kate's face, reading "LOCAL GIRL FOUND DEAD". Francis's face burrows in confusion.

BRIGITTE (cont'd)
She died a little over a month ago.

FRANCIS
Where's she from?

BRIGITTE
Here. Same grade as Jackson and everything.

FRANCIS
So? You're telling me that he's talking with her? Hallucinating a dead friend of his?

She nods. Sliding the computer back over to type.

BRIGITTE
It seems that way.

DOCTOR KEYES
Lets see here...says you've been seeing things.

JACKSON
That's what they say. Not things....people. Kate, more specifically

DOCTOR KEYES
Now this Kate? Can you tell me about her?

JACKSON
Her names Kate Wilson. She's a friend of mine. And I can see her perfectly fine.

Keyes scribbles on the clipboard. Looking up, he speaks again.

DOCTOR KEYES
It also says here you were brought by Officer Francis. That's not strange, but unnatural. Do you have any family?

JACKSON
I never knew my dad, my moms in the hospital, my brothers in a coma, and still hasn't woken up. It's my fault for all of it.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry to hear that. Why do you think it's your fault?

JACKSON

My brother was out there looking for me, I ran, couldn't handle everything. It was a rainy night, he was on his bike, and he slipped. If I wasn't out there, it wouldn't have happened. I'm the reason he's in a coma. It's my fault.

Tears well in his eyes. Keyes leans forward in his chair.

DOCTOR

Jackson, I'd like to recommend that we prescribe you some medications to help

JACKSON

No...

DOCTOR

Excuse me?

JACKSON

No! Those pills are the reason my moms in the hospital. You're not putting me on them too.

Keyes' eyes narrow hearing that.

DOCTOR

You're mother is on these pills?

JACKSON

Yeah, they're the reason shes loony. Sleeps all day, talks to herself.

Keyes notes the remark.

KEYES

And Jackson. Hypothetically, how would you know if you were talking to yourself?

JACKSON

You're calling me crazy again. I don't talk to myself, I'M NOT CRAZY.

Jacksons face is serious. Keyes marks on his clipboard and gets up.

DOCTOR
Alright, I think that is more than
enough for today.

He gets up and offers his hand once again.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
Thank you for coming today Jackson. I
will be in touch to meet again. My
assistant will escort you back out.

The nurse enters the room, to escort Jackson back to the
lobby.

INT. LOBBY

Both Francis and Brigitte sit in the lobby. Seeing Jackson,
Francis gets up and walks towards him.

FRANCIS
Have a seat with Brigitte. I'll be
over soon.

Francis converses with the doctor.

FRANCIS (cont'd)
So whats the verdict?

KEYES
Well, he's definelty got it.
Schizophrenia, all of the symptoms
match. Delusions, hallucinations, bad
memory and thought processes. Even
the hygiene.

FRANCIS
Most people would've called it
depression with what he's got going
on in his life.

KEYES
Yeah, he told me.

Keyes refers to his clipboard.

KEYES (cont'd)
It even runs in the family.

FRANCIS
Mhmmm.... his mother.
(pause)
So what now?

KEYES

(sighing)

He rejected the medications, besides I would need a parental guardian to even be able to prescribe him the medications.

FRANCIS

He doesn't want to end up like his mother...addicted. What other treatments could work?

KEYES

Psychotherapy. However, if it;s deemed necessary as a risk to endanger himself. You could get the prescriptions filled for him.

FRANCIS

For medications?

KEYES

I wouldn't recommend them. A mood stabilizer instead, it'll help with the aggressive outbursts. Lithium.

He looks back into the lobby at Jackson. He's anxious sitting there.

FRANCIS

(sighing)

Do it.

KEYES

I'll fill out the prescription. You can pick it up tomorrow.

FRANCIS

Thank you Doctor Keyes. I appreciate your help.

Francis offers his hand to Keyes. They shake.

INT. LOBBY

Brigitte sits with Jackson, as Francis converses with Keyes.

JACKSON

You guys think I'm crazy don't you.

BRIGITTE

No... of course not.

Jackson stares at the ground, looking around the room. Other patients are led through, showing more prominent signs. Jackson doesn't like this. He spots Kate on the far side of the room.

JACKSON

Kate...

BRIGITTE

What? Jackson, listen to me.

JACKSON

No. You're lying.

BRIGITTE

No..Jackson we're trying to help

JACKSON

NO! YOU'RE ALL LYING. KATE!

He tracks Kate make her way to the doors. Jackson gets up to follow her. Brigitte reaches out to stop him, but he is too quick. She stands up to face him.

BRIGITTE

Jackson. I need you to lower your voice.

JACKSON

NO I WONT LOWER MY VOICE! WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO? YOU'RE ALL LYING

The room is dead silent, overhearing the commotion, Keyes and Francis look over. Jackson storms out of the lobby, following Kate. Francis rushes over to Brigitte. She puts her hands up.

BRIGITTE

Hey, I didn't do anything

Francis rolls his eyes at her.

FRANCIS

Sure you didn't. Come on.

The rooms sound fills once again. Francis and Brigitte chase after Jackson.

FRANCIS (cont'd)

JACKSON. Wait up!

Jackson breaks into the forest, long out of sight for the pair. Brigitte looks up at Francis.

BRIGITTE
So...we're just let him go?

FRANCIS
Yeah for now...

Francis looks at the files in the car. Kate's picture is on the top file.

BRIGITTE
He kept mentioning that Kate girl.

FRANCIS
I know where he's going.

EXT. FLYOVER BRIDGE

Jackson walks along the bridge. His thoughts are racing. First his mom, and now Timothy. Nothings going his way. Life has been nothing but a hardship for him, even when he was young.

Add on the diagnosis, and his mind is about to implode. He holds his head in his hands, his vision blurring. The cars rumble beneath him. He looks over the edge.

KATE
You're going to do it. Aren't you?

JACKSON
Kate....just not now.

KATE
You're scared. You hate life, but
you're scared.

JACKSON
I'm not scared.

Kate shrugs and walks away. Through the darkness, Ryan approaches.

RYAN
Seems to me you're scared.

This angers Jackson, and goes to punch Ryan. He disappears as the fist hits. The voice is from behind him now.

TIMOTHY
You're scared. I taught you not to be
scared.

JACKSON
NO! NO! NO! I'm not scared!

Jackson approaches the ledge, and steps up on it. The cars race below him. A car approaches from the side of the bridge. Francis and Brigitte. Francis runs towards Jackson. He teeters on the edge of the bridge.

The sound around him is muffled.

FRANCIS
JACKSON! NO!

Jackson takes a step off and begins his descent. The bridge is above him, he's falling. Then he isn't. Reality. Francis reached over the edge and caught Jackson by his leg.

Jackson breathes in and looks around. The cars are directly beneath him. Francis goes to pull him up. Brigitte appears and helps life him back up on the bridge.

FRANCIS (cont'd)
What the hell are you thinking?!

Jackson struggles to breathe. He begins to sob. He grips and hugs Francis.

JACKSON
The...the... the voices. Kate. They told me to.

Brigitte begins to call it in on her radio.

BRIGITTE
Requesting 11-41 on my location. One subject, male. Late teens.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Roger, 11-41 is en route. ETA 8 minutes.

Francis hugs Jackson tightly. Both slump onto the ground. Brigitte wraps a blanket around Jackson.

JACKSON
I want to go see Tim.

FRANCIS
You will, don't worry. We're getting you home right now.

The ambulance arrives at the edge of the bridge, and paramedics step out.

Conversations happen, as they check out Jackson. After everything, he is allowed home with Francis and Brigitte.

EXT. HOUSE

The car arrives outside the home.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -

Francis and Brigitte stand outside the room, while Jackson goes in. His brother lies motionless in the bed. The sight brings tears to Jackson's eyes. The room is quiet except for the beeping of machines and the sound of Jackson's quiet sobs.

JACKSON
(voice shaking) Hey, Tim. It's me.
I'm here.

Jackson reaches out and takes Timothy's hand, holding it tightly.

JACKSON (cont'd)
(tearfully) I'm sorry, man. I'm so
sorry. It's all my fault.

Jackson takes a deep breath and begins to speak softly, as if he's talking to a sleeping child.

JACKSON
I know I've been a terrible brother.
You took care of me. You, literally
were my only family member. I should
have been there for you when you
needed me. But I promise, if you wake
up, things will be different. We can
start fresh, you and me.

Jackson pauses, looking down at Timothy's still form. The beeps of the machine continue.

JACKSON
(whispering) I don't know if you can
hear me, but I need you to know that
I love you, man. I always have, and I
always will.

Jackson continues to hold Timothy's hand, his tears falling onto the hospital bed. As the room grows darker, he leans back in his chair, still holding onto his brother's hand, hoping beyond hope that Timothy can hear him, and that he'll wake up soon.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Jackson stumbles into the class. Silence fills the room. No one talks. Except one. Ryan. He tries cracking jokes, but no one in the class acknowledges him. The class ends just as quick as it began. Jackson rushes out of the room. Angela chases after him.

ANGELA
Hey Jackson! Wait up!

Jackson pretends not to hear her and keeps walking. She catches up, pulling on his shoulder. He whips around, snapping at her.

JACKSON
What do you want Angela?

Her face contorts from concern into sorrow.

ANGELA
Look, I just wanted to say I'm sorry.
I heard about your brother. If
there's anything I can do to help,
please let me know.

JACKSON
Why should I care about your help?
Hell, when have you ever cared about
me?!

Angela freezes.

She hesitates, then smiles.

ANGELA
Since right now.

She pulls him, and kisses him right in front of everyone else. The students in the hallway share a consecutive gasp. She pulls away from him.

JACKSON
Wait.

ANGELA
Hang on, I'm doing something I
should've done along time ago.

Angela approaches Ryan in the hallway. Still in shock from the kiss she shared with Jackson, he is frozen in place. Angela approaches and slaps him across the face.

RYAN
Angela?! What the?

ANGELA
Frankly, Ryan you deserved that. We need to talk.

RYAN
Like right here? Right now?

ANGELA
Right here. Right now.
(taking a deep breath) I don't think we should see each other anymore.

Ryan's face falls, shocked.

RYAN
(stunned) What? Why?

ANGELA
(staring intently) Do you want the truth?

Ryan doesn't acknowledge it.

ANGELA (cont'd)
I'll take that as a yes.
(breathe)
You're an ass, Ryan. You might be the 'star' quarterback for the team, but that doesn't excuse your actions. Not just to me, but to Jackson as well.

Ryan looks on at Angela.

RYAN
(pleadingly) Come on, Angela, we can work through this. We've been together for so long.

ANGELA
(shaking her head) No we can't. I just don't think we're right for each other anymore. I can't even stand you anymore.

Ryan looks down at the ground, hurt and confused.

RYAN
(defeated) Okay, I guess. I just wish things could be different.

ANGELA
(reaching out to touch his arm) I
know, Ryan.
(smiling)
And they can be.

She storms off back to Jackson.

ANGELA (cont'd)
Come on, Jackson. Let's go.

She grabs his hand and pulls him along. Ryans buddies are about. Ryan looks at them.

RYAN
Hey guys, you still like me right?

His buddies all shake their heads, and leave him one by one. Then it hits Ryan.

RYAN (cont'd)
(SHOUTING)
I don't need you, I don't need
anyone?! You hear me? NO ONE.

A nearby teacher hears the screaming and peeps out of class.

TEACHER
Mr. Church, lower your voice or to
the office.

Leaving Ryan standing alone in the hallway.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

Angela pulls Jackson along. Jackson looks at Angela and sighs.

ANGELA
Don't make me regret everything I
just did.

JACKSON
You didn't have to do that.

ANGELA
I did. It was time. Never in a
million years would I have expected
to be having this conversation with
you, but I enjoy the time we've spent
actually.

JACKSON
Angela... look

He turns away.

JACKSON (cont'd)
I got diagnosed with schizophrenia.
That explains 'Kate' to you. You
might not see her, but I do.

Angela looks on in intrigue.

ANGELA
So like a hallucination?

JACKSON
Yeah.

ANGELA
And she gives you thoughts?

JACKSON
More like she influences my actions.
It's better if I just showed you.

EXT. FLYOVER BRIDGE

Jackson leads Angela to the bridge.

JACKSON
This is it. This is where Kate died.

ANGELA
I remember hearing something about
that last month, I never knew what
exactly happened. Jackson, I am so
sorry to hear you guys were close.

JACKSON
We were more than close, thought it
could be something more.

KATE
Maybe it still could be?

JACKSON
Speak of the devil, there she is.

Angela looks around for Kate.

JACKSON (cont'd)
You can't see her remember.

Angela blushes in embarrassment. A smile creeps on her face as she looks away.

ANGELA
Oh yeah, I forgot.

Jackson smiles at Angela.

ANGELA (cont'd)
So with this schizophrenia, you're not taking any medications to help treat it?

JACKSON
I didn't want to. My mom overdosed on those godforsaken pills earlier in the week.

Angela looks on in shock.

ANGELA
And now your brother...my god Jackson I'm so sorry.

She pulls him into a hug, he attempts to break it.

JACKSON
Angela...I

ANGELA
Just shut up and accept the hug. You need it.

He stops. The hug lingers, she pulls away and looks up into his eyes. A new gleam in her eye, something flourishing.

Jackson looks behind Angela, Kate stands directly behind her. She walks towards the far end of the bridge.

JACKSON
I just want to be normal, not whatever this is.

ANGELA
Just because it makes you different doesn't make you any less normal. It makes you unique, I find.

Silence befalls them. They both watch the cars below.

JACKSON
You know, I wasn't supposed to be here.

She looks over at him.

ANGELA
What do you mean?

JACKSON
Last night...I

He stops. She caresses his arm.

ANGELA
Take your time. I'll be here.

JACKSON
I tried to jump last night.

ANGELA
You tried to?!

JACKSON
Yeah. I just got overwhelmed...and
the last week, and Ryan, it all
just..

She leans closer to him. She kisses him. Pulling away,
Jackson is in shock. She blushes.

ANGELA
Felt like you needed it.

JACKSON
Yeah....I

ANGELA
I'm sorry for everything jackson, I
really am. I had no idea what was
going on. And I just want to
apologize for everything I let Ryan
do to you.

JACKSON
It's okay. I myself didn't know much
of what was going on either.

KATE
Oh get a room you two.

He looks over to see Kate propped up on one of the nearby
rocks.

JACKSON
Speak of the devil.

ANGELA

Kate?

He smiles.

JACKSON

Kate.

Angela turns around.

ANGELA

Can she see me?

Kate nods.

JACKSON

Yeah, she can.

ANGELA

Hi, Kate. How are you?

KATE

I'm good.

JACKSON

She says shes good.

ANGELA

That's always good to hear. Kate, I'm
sorry about what happened.

Kate shakes her head.

JACKSON

She doesn't want to talk about it.

She nods.

ANGELA

Understandable.

A car approaches. It's Francis and Brigitte. Francis opens
the door, and hangs out of it.

FRANCIS

Jackson! You're getting easier to
find everyday
(chuckling)

JACKSON

What are you guys doing here?

ANGELA
I called them. We have a surprise for
you.

Jackson is confused. Brigitte shakes her head, laughing.

BRIGITTE
Just get in the car.

They get into the car, and begin the journey.

EXT. GRAVEYARD

The group exits the car.

JACKSON
What are we doing here?

ANGELA
Just wait.

The group arrives at a headstone. It reads "KATE WILSON". Jackson stops in his tracks. He stares in disbelief. He steps closer to the gravestone. Falling to his knees in front of it, the emotions begin. Tears fall.

Angela puts a hand on his shoulder to comfort him.

ANGELA (cont'd)
Take your time. All the time you
need.

JACKSON
I don't need much.

He takes off the bracelet on his arm. Placing it on the headstone, he gets up. Wiping his tears, he steps back to the group.

JACKSON (cont'd)
That's all I needed to do.

ANGELA
You okay?

Jackson stares at the headstone. Then looking above it, he sees Kate in the distance. She smiles at him.

JACKSON
Yeah.

They walk back towards Francis and Brigitte.

JACKSON (cont'd)
Hey Francis?

FRANCIS
Yes?

JACKSON
I think I'm ready.

Brigitte looks over at Francis.

JACKSON (cont'd)
I think I'm ready to do it. The
medication.

Francis smiles at Jackson.

FRANCIS
It's a long road you got ahead of
you, but that's a damn fine start.

The enter the car and pull away from the graveyard. Jackson
stares out the window, admiring the beauty. Angela leans her
head on his shoulder.

Francis and Brigitte watch from the mirror, they smile.

FADE OUT