

TREADMILL

Written by

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TREADMILL

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

The scene of utter tranquility contrasts with any birth we've ever scene. The DOCTOR, nurses and parents-to-be smile with plastered-on cheerfulness as the MOTHER, lying on the bed, enters into the final moments before delivery. The doctor is in position to catch the baby.

DOCTOR
Good. Good. The baby is crowning.
Can you give me a good push?

MOTHER
All right.

She bears down a little.

DOCTOR
That's it. Very good. Just a few
more like that.

Bears down.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
Very good. One more and we should
have it.

Again.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
Oh my. Very good.

Again. The baby flies out and the doctor catches it.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
Good job. It's a... boy.

The baby starts CRYING as the doctor holds it up for the mother to see. She smiles broadly and dad rushes over with a hug.

MOTHER
He's beautiful.

The doctor hands the ball of pink NOISE to a nurse, who whisks him into another room.

MOTHER (cont'd)
Can I watch?

The doctor thinks a moment, then grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

I think that would be okay. Let me
get this old placenta here first.
Can you give me one more push?

She does and the placenta slips out onto a metal tray.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

There you go. Easy as pie, huh? How
you feeling?

MOTHER

Just fine.

He stands.

DOCTOR

All right, then. Follow me.

She pops out of bed and the doctor ushers her into the next
room.

INT. INFANT CARE ROOM - DAY

As the doctor, mother, and father enter.

DOCTOR

Okay, stand right here.

The three stand facing an electronic console with blinking
lights and computer screens. In an area of the room behind
the console, the NURSE has set the SCREAMING neonate in an
isolette and is attaching electrodes to his temples.

When she finishes, she comes back and sits at the console.
She makes some adjustments, checks the baby's vitals on a
monitor. Then, she spins around to the doctor, smiling as
always.

NURSE

We're all ready, doctor.

DOCTOR

Proceed.

The group watches intently as the nurse turns some dials. A
meter starts to show increasing voltage with an accompanying
upward-sweeping TONE. At the maximum voltage, she turns to
the group briefly, smiles, and then presses a green button.

ANGLE ON CRYING BABY as we HEAR a loud THUMP followed by a
brief, but violent electric discharge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The baby's body convulses, contorts and actually appears to levitate a few inches over the bed. Then, it flops back down, like a small baggie of Jell-O - no more CRYING.

As the baby lies flat on his back, a stream of urine shoots out of him three feet in the air.

RESUME the group. The doctor turns to the parents and they share a small chuckle.

CLOSE ANGLE ON the baby as he sleeps.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLEVELAND'S GARAGE - MORNING

TITLE: 35 years later

The baby is now CLEVELAND ISSUEFOUR, a bland tow-headed man with thick glasses. He starts his car, as the garage door opens behind him.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

Cleveland's home is third in a series of extremely neat, middle-class cookie-cutter houses. All the garage doors open at precisely the same moment and a fleet of nearly identical cars back out. The cars pull into the street and move forward single file.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR

As he drives with his usual lack of expression. He SNAPS the radio on.

RADIO (V.O.)

Good morning, Titterness. It's just a beautiful 84 degrees out. Forecast is for more clear skies and highs in the mid-90s today. Top story this morning, will the Titterness Titans continue their winning streak tonight when they take on the Axolotl Owls in Fontasa Stadium? The Titans have only a very slight advantage going into the game-

The car cell phone RINGS. Cleveland picks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Cleveland honey, you forgot your
raincoat.

CLEVELAND

(Looking at the sky)

Honey, I did it intentionally.

MAZY (V.O.)

But you always take your raincoat.

CLEVELAND

Well, I haven't recently. Not since
the last time it rained.

MAZY (V.O.)

I see.

CLEVELAND

I tend to have the most need for it
when it rains or there's the
probability of rain.

MAZY (V.O.)

I just thought it was odd that
you'd leave it here because you
always seem to take it with you.

CLEVELAND

Not that odd, really. Not that odd.

A Beat.

MAZY (V.O.)

Do you want me to drop it off at
the office?

CLEVELAND

No, thank you. I'll be fine.

MAZY (V.O.)

What about your lunch? Did you
remember that?

CLEVELAND

I have it right here.

MAZY (V.O.)

What should I do with your
raincoat, then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND

Just leave it there. If I need it
I'll give you a call.

MAZY (V.O.)

All right. Don't forget about the
game tonight.

CLEVELAND

I won't.

MAZY (V.O.)

Have a nice day.

CLEVELAND

You too. Love you.

MAZY (V.O.)

Love you too.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON the Titan and Owl lines as they get in position
before a play.

PLAYER 1

Hike.

The Owl quarterback takes the snap. He gets in position to
pass, but is rushed from the right. He turns left to run
laterally with the ball. The defense breaks through the line
and faces the quarterback. He attempts to run around them,
but is tackled to the ground from behind.

The play was textbook, well rehearsed, by the numbers, but
the players show no enthusiasm or disappointment. The
offensive strategy lacks all cleverness. Defense knows what
is going to happen. Their uniforms are clean.

TACKLING PLAYER

(To Quarterback)

You okay?

QUARTERBACK

(Smiling, as he picks
himself up)

Sure. Thanks for asking.

He dusts himself off.

TACKLING PLAYER

No point in anyone getting hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pats the quarterback on the butt and goes back to his team.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS - NIGHT

The stands are full as Cleveland squeezes down a row holding a paper tray filled with hot dogs and drinks. As he passes each person, he repeats...

CLEVELAND

Excuse me.

He hands Mazy a drink and hot dog, then sits. The people he was blocking are not bothered in the least.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Did I miss anything?

MAZY

I believe so, but I'm not sure what.

The guy behind them, PETE, overhears Mazy's response and LAUGHS.

PETE

(to Cleveland)

Women sure don't understand football, do they?

CLEVELAND

Not like men do. That's for sure.

Mazy smiles and shakes her head.

PETE

Did you see Coppermine intercept the ball on the 30?

CLEVELAND

Yeah.

PETE

What about Clark's pass attempt?

CLEVELAND

I left just after that.

PETE

Okay. The Owls got the ball on the next play.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

How?

PETE

Clark kicked it.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

ANGLE WIDE as the Owls kick off. The Titans move forward. Someone catches the ball, and the two teams jog easily toward each other. The ball is downed near the 50. The crowd displays appropriate spirit. Again, the game has all the tension of a soggy noodle.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(Over the PA, little
enthusiasm)

Titans tee-shirts, sweatshirts, caps, mugs, blankets, and bumper stickers are available in the team store on the first level. While you're there, try a tasty Titan turnover - a sweet meaty treat covered in a flaky crust. Mmm mmm.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS

Pete continues...

PETE

Finally, Dirksen faked a pass and attempted an end run but was downed at the 33 with no gain.

CLEVELAND

Thanks for the play by play. Sounds like a pretty even match out there.

PETE

Yes, but I feel our team has more spirit, don't you?

CLEVELAND

Of course they do. I'll always prefer the Titterness Titans over the competing team.

(To Mazy)

How's the hot dog?

MAZY

I could use some mustard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Here you go.

Handing her a few packs.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

As a Titan catches a long pass and runs with it. The Owl defense displays appropriate effort to try to stop them, but the receiver glides easily past the goal line. He drops the ball, raises his arms and smiles appreciatively as the throng gives a polite CHEER. The Owls appear dejected, but not for long. They soon join the APPLAUSE.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Show your team spirit with a Titan DVD, featuring two-hours of riveting game highlights, available at the team store or online.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS

As Mazy applies her mustard.

CLEVELAND

I got some catsup too.

MAZY

Mustard will do, thank you.

CLEVELAND

I thought you liked catsup.

MAZY

Not at night. I don't like catsup at night.

CLEVELAND

Why is that?

MAZY

I don't know.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

As the Titans easily make the point-after and the crowd CHEERS.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS

PETE

Boy, those Titans are something,
huh?

CLEVELAND

They sure are.

PETE

They've got this game in the bag.

CLEVELAND

Say, you want a hot dog?

PETE

Sure. Name's Pete.

Cleveland hands it to him.

CLEVELAND

Nice to meet you. I'm Cleveland.
Want some mustard?

PETE

Catsup, please.

CLEVELAND

My wife here likes mustard, but not
catsup.

MAZY

No, I like catsup, just not at
night.

PETE

That's funny, I'm the other way
around. Like catsup at football
games, which are typically played
at night.

CLEVELAND

No kidding. And you like mustard in
the daytime?

PETE

What's that?

CLEVELAND

Do you like mustard in the day?

PETE

No, I don't like mustard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

How do you like your hot dogs in the daytime then?

PETE

Oh no, I only eat hot dogs at football games, which are typically played at night. Nothing like a hot dog when you're watching the Titterness Titans.

CLEVELAND

(Toasting with his soda)
I'll second that.

SLIM, the guy sitting next to Pete, chimes in.

SLIM

Say, all this talk about hot dogs has made me hungry.

CLEVELAND

You want one?

Cleveland must have ten of them.

SLIM

Couldn't hurt.

CLEVELAND

(Handing him one)
Name's Cleveland.

SLIM

Thanks. I'm Slim. Got any mayonnaise?

They LAUGH.

SLIM (cont'd)

What's so funny?

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late and JONNY, Cleveland's soft, nine-year-old son, is asleep. The door opens. Cleveland slips in and tiptoes to his son's bed to tuck him in. As Cleveland turns to leave, Jonny's eyes open.

JONNY

Hey, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Jonny. Sorry, didn't mean to wake you.

JONNY

It's okay. How was the game?

CLEVELAND

Great. The Titans won by ten points.

JONNY

What a great team.

CLEVELAND

They're the greatest, all right. Good night, son.

JONNY

Dad.

CLEVELAND

Hmm?

JONNY

Tell me a story.

CLEVELAND

It's pretty late.

JONNY

Please.

CLEVELAND

Okay, a short one.

Cleveland sits on his bed.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Let's see. One summer when I was maybe 13, 14, I was walking home alone. It was about dinner time. I usually cut through this empty lot filled with old rusted cars and blackberry vines growing all around, you know, trash and junk everywhere. I always followed the same path. I like paths. Always have. There's just something about following a nice path. Anyway, I'd followed this one many times. But that day as I passed this rusted old Chevy, something caught my eye.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

I looked over and there was this old suitcase, just sitting there. I'd never noticed it before. I thought, hmm. I was curious, so I went over to it and opened it up. Guess what I found in it?

JONNY

A million dollars.

CLEVELAND

No, guess again.

JONNY

Two million.

CLEVELAND

No, there was 124 dollars.

JONNY

Wow.

CLEVELAND

Guess what I did with it?

JONNY

You turned it in to the police.

CLEVELAND

That's right. I took it home and showed my Dad and he drove me down to the police station right after dinner.

JONNY

What happened then? Did they find the owner?

CLEVELAND

I don't know.

JONNY

Cool. I wish I'd find 124 dollars.

CLEVELAND

Who knows? You might someday, but chances are you won't. Now, you get some sleep.

With that vision stirring in Jonny's head, Cleveland kisses him and leaves. After the door closes, Jonny continues to stare at the ceiling, imagining what it would be like to find all that money and take it to the police.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

The dawn of another day finds the same garages opening in sync and the same cars backing out and driving in a straight line down the street.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - DAY

RADIO (V.O.)

Another gorgeous day, with highs in the mid-nineties. Remember, it's *go to the mall* day - the perfect time to head down to Titterness Mall for all the latest fashions and accessories-

The car phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Hi. You left without your raincoat.

CLEVELAND

I did that intentionally, Mazy.

MAZY (V.O.)

But you always bring it to work.

CLEVELAND

No, not always. I haven't brought it since the last time it rained, actually.

MAZY (V.O.)

Is there something wrong with it? It's *go to the mall* day. I could buy you another one.

CLEVELAND

No, it's fine. You don't have to.

MAZY (V.O.)

Then, what should I do?

CLEVELAND

It's not raining, so I don't need it. It's easier for me just to leave it home when I don't need it.

MAZY (V.O.)

What do you need?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Well, I can always use more socks.
But I really don't need anything
right now.

MAZY (V.O.)

What if it rains?

INT. GOLDEN YEARS GERIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

As Cleveland enters the shiny, sterile corridor from an employees-only door wearing his physicians lab coat. He stops at the nurses' station, and checks clipboards.

CLEVELAND

Morning, Doris.

DORIS

Doctor Issuefour.

CLEVELAND

What have we got today?

She looks at her computer.

DORIS

Morning looks busy. Some open slots
after one.

CLEVELAND

My 8:15 here yet?

DORIS

Not yet.

CLEVELAND

Good, I can get ahead on my
evaluations. I'll try to grab some
treadmill time at two.

DORIS

Mrs. Thurman died last night.

CLEVELAND

Which one was that?

DORIS

The one last week that took 47
watts. You know, with the frizzy
orange hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND
(Chuckling)
Oh yeah. She was a tough old bird,
huh? Everything normal with her?

DORIS
Normal.

CLEVELAND
Good. Good.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS FAMILY MEETING ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is meeting with old MRS. CORGY, Mrs. Corgy's
DAUGHTER, and a man, probably her son-in-law.

CLEVELAND
Mrs. Corgy, you know why you're
here, correct?

Cleveland looks in Mrs. Corgy's empty eyes and waits for a
response. Then...

DAUGHTER
She does.

CLEVELAND
That's good. It's something I have
to ask. I hope you understand.

DAUGHTER
She does.

Cleveland continues to aim questions at Mrs. Corgy.

CLEVELAND
Have you been informed about stress
therapy?

DAUGHTER
She has.

CLEVELAND
Do you understand that today you
will receive stress therapy?

DAUGHTER
She does.

CLEVELAND
Do you have any questions about the
procedure or how it will affect you
or...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAUGHTER

She doesn't.

CLEVELAND

(Looking at her paperwork)
That's good. After the procedure,
you will no longer suffer from
aches and pains, depression,
anxiety, things like that.

DAUGHTER

She knows.

CLEVELAND

I see. Can you describe the reason
you are seeking stress therapy at
this time?

A few beats.

DAUGHTER

No.

CLEVELAND

(To Daughter)
By law, I'm afraid, the client must
indicate a reason.

DAUGHTER

She's old... and kind of sick, you
know, in her mind. She doesn't
talk... much. Doesn't like to
answer questions, take orders.

CLEVELAND

I see. But no terminal diseases,
unbearable pains that cannot be
controlled, paralysis, chronic
debilitating illnesses?

DAUGHTER

No.

CLEVELAND

The therapy was requested by Dr.
Fino?

DAUGHTER

That's right.

CLEVELAND

Did he indicate any reasons?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAUGHTER

No.

CLEVELAND

Can she hear me?

DAUGHTER

Oh yes.

Cleveland puts his face right up to hers.

CLEVELAND

Mrs. Corgy, I need to have you say in your own words that you understand or do not understand why you are here. Can you do that?

A beat.

DAUGHTER

No.

CLEVELAND

I really need to hear it from her.

DAUGHTER

She won't talk to you.

CLEVELAND

Why not?

DAUGHTER

She just won't. I don't know why. She only talks when she wants to.

CLEVELAND

Well, if there's a time when she should want to talk, it would be now.

DAUGHTER

I know.

Cleveland looks into her vacant eyes once again. Gives her time to respond. Nothing. He exhales, shrugs, checks something on a form and hands the clipboard to the daughter.

CLEVELAND

Sign here, please.

She does and hands the clipboard back to Cleveland. Then, she and the man stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAUGHTER

Good-bye, Mom. Thank you, Dr... I'm
sorry...

CLEVELAND

Issuefour, Dr. Issuefour.

DAUGHTER

Thank you.

She and the man walk out.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM

The room is just big enough for a comfortable examination
table, electronic console, and sink.

The door opens and Cleveland ushers in Mrs. Corgy, who wears
only a simple hospital gown. He helps her up on the table.
Doris follows them in and begins adjusting knobs on the
console.

CLEVELAND

Lie down, please Mrs. Corgy.

She does. Cleveland attaches electrodes to her temples. Then,
he checks her vitals. The procedure is done quietly and
efficiently. He approaches Doris.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

I think 12 watts should be
sufficient.

DORIS

(Soto voce)
How is she?

CLEVELAND

Normal. Everything's normal. Are
you ready?

DORIS

Yes.

He walks back to the examination table.

CLEVELAND

Mrs. Corgy, we're about ready to
begin. How do you feel? Are you
okay?

No response. He starts to turn...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. CORGY
Will I forget?

Turning back, he smiles.

CLEVELAND
No, Mrs. Corgy. Your memory will
not be affected.

MRS. CORGY
Too bad.

CLEVELAND
Is there anything else you want to
know?

No response. He watches her for a moment longer, then steps behind the console and nods to Doris. She presses a button. A meter rises slowly. When it reaches the peak voltage, a light flashes "ready." She presses a green button.

The machine produces a loud THUMP and electric SIZZLE. Like the infant, Mrs. Corgy's body convulses and actually rises off the table a few inches. She flops back down, motionless.

Cleveland approaches her.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Mrs. Corgy.

Her eyes are open and she looks dead.

MRS. CORGY
Yes.

CLEVELAND
What do you feel?

MRS. CORGY
I feel nothing.

CLEVELAND
Good.

INT. TITTERNESS MALL - DAY

It's *go to the mall* day and the place is packed. The bright lights and shelves, fully-stocked with back-to-school specials, attract the populace like moths to a bug zapper.

Mazy and neighbor Gladys window-shop at the same unhurried, unperturbed pace as everyone else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLADYS

They say it's going to be an extremely moderate season.

MAZY

Better make sure the kids have plenty of warm clothes and back-to-school supplies.

Though the clothing stores appear to be aimed at different demographics, they all sell identical merchandise.

GLADYS

Sage and Sally are growing like weeds. I don't know what I'm going to do.

MAZY

I'm buying Jonny's clothes a size larger. Even so, I'm sure he'll outgrow them before Christmas rolls around.

They stop and look in a window displaying raincoats.

INT. ISSUEFOUR LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland stands with Mazy looking over six raincoats that have been laid out neatly on the couch.

CLEVELAND

I can't make up my mind, Mazy. They're all fine.

MAZY

I like the brown one. I think it suits you.

CLEVELAND

Yes, I think you're right.

MAZY

You look good in browns.

CLEVELAND

You think so?

MAZY

Definitely.

CLEVELAND

Hmm. Did you get Jonny's back-to-school supplies as well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

Yes. I got him 2 jackets, 4 pants,
5 shirts, and plenty of underwear.

CLEVELAND

Shoes?

MAZY

Oh, I forgot.

CLEVELAND

That's okay. He can wear what he
has now until you get a chance to
go back to the mall.

MAZY

I suppose.

CLEVELAND

Didn't you just buy him new shoes
last week?

MAZY

I don't remember. But if I did,
they weren't intended for back-to-
school.

CLEVELAND

They're black, I think.

MAZY

All of his shoes are black. He
likes black.

CLEVELAND

Hmm. I could be wrong.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As Jonny, Cleveland, and Mazy eat small bland portions of
something unrecognizable and processed. After a long
SILENCE...

CLEVELAND

This is delicious. What is it?

MAZY

I'm glad you like it, Cleveland.
It's called beef-a... beef-a-noodle
something. Do you like it, Jonny?

JONNY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

Good. Thought I'd go out on a limb and try something new. Gladys told me her family likes it.

CLEVELAND

It's really delicious. What does it have in it?

MAZY

I'm not sure. Beef and noodles, mainly.

CLEVELAND

So, what's going on at school, Jonny?

JONNY

Mr. Turpin gave a talk to the class about his job.

CLEVELAND

That's Carlo's dad?

JONNY

Yes. The teacher has asked the students to invite their parents to give talks about their jobs.

CLEVELAND

Well, that's interesting.

JONNY

Mr. Turpin works in a store that sells knives. He brought some down to show the class.

CLEVELAND

Hmm.

They ponder that for a moment.

JONNY

Would you be interested, Dad?

CLEVELAND

What, give a talk about my job?

JONNY

Yes.

CLEVELAND

Well, I'm not sure anyone would be interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAZY

Oh Cleveland, you're being modest.
Of course kids would be interested
in what you do.

CLEVELAND

Most of what I do is fairly
routine.

JONNY

Tell me.

CLEVELAND

What?

JONNY

What you do.

CLEVELAND

I'm a doctor. I work with the
elderly mostly.

JONNY

(Not bowled over)

Oh.

CLEVELAND

I help ease their suffering and
pain.

JONNY

Do you give them shots and
operations?

CLEVELAND

I administer stress therapy,
otherwise known as ST.

JONNY

Oh.

They take another bite.

CLEVELAND

I would be glad to give a talk, if
you like.

Jonny smiles.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the garage doors of all the houses once again open in sync, and the cars all back out and drive away in single file.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR

RADIO (V.O.)

It's going to be another beautiful day in Titterness, with highs in the upper nineties. Get out the sun block and head for a park. Remember, today is *get out and exercise day* - time to work out and feel great. In the-

The phone RINGS and Cleveland picks up.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Hi, it's me.

CLEVELAND

Hi, Mazy.

MAZY (V.O.)

Did you forget your raincoat?

CLEVELAND

I just didn't bring it.

MAZY (V.O.)

You have 7 raincoats, including a brown one. How could you forget?

CLEVELAND

I didn't forget. I left it home intentionally.

MAZY (V.O.)

Cleveland Issuefour, sometimes I wonder about you.

CLEVELAND

What do you mean?

MAZY (V.O.)

I mean, I wouldn't have bought you raincoats if you weren't going to use them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

You sound upset. I'm sorry.

MAZY (V.O.)

I'm not upset. I'm confused.

CLEVELAND

Well, it's *get out and exercise* day. That'll make you feel better.

MAZY (V.O.)

You're right. Exercise always makes us feel better.

CLEVELAND

You feel better, because you are better.

MAZY (V.O.)

That's right.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS GERIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

As Cleveland once again enters the corridor from the employees-only door and walks to the nurses' station.

DORIS

Good morning, Dr. Issuefour.

CLEVELAND

Good morning, Doris. So, what have we got today?

DORIS

Mr. Peasley has been sitting in the waiting room since 6:30.

Cleveland looks at the computer display.

CLEVELAND

Hmm. What's the problem?

DORIS

Well, I don't know if there is a problem. He's just been sitting there.

Cleveland sneaks a peak around the corner.

ANGLE CLEVELAND'S POV 80-year-old Mr. Peasley sitting in one of 50 empty seats in the waiting room.

RESUME CLEVELAND

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

No relatives? They normally come with relatives.

DORIS

He just came in by himself.

CLEVELAND

Well, we can have the meat wagon ready for him, I suppose.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Cleveland faces Mr. Peasley who is sitting in a comfortable plastic-upholstered recliner.

CLEVELAND

How are you, Mr. Peasley?

MR. PEASLEY

(Shrugging)

Eh.

CLEVELAND

Good.

Cleveland checks over the paperwork.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Normally when folks come in for the procedure - and I'm saying normally, not always - normally, they come in with a friend or relative to help them afterward - help them get home and be comfortable and whatnot. Are you going to be okay?

MR. PEASLEY

(Smiling)

I don't know. Maybe not.

CLEVELAND

Would you like us to arrange for someone to accompany you?

MR. PEASLEY

I don't need anybody to accompany me.

CLEVELAND

Do you need anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PEASLEY

I need plenty of things, but I'm not going to get them, am I?

CLEVELAND

Like what?

He pushes the recliner back and looks up.

MR. PEASLEY

How about a young sexy babe with big tits, willing to fuck me until my nuts explode?

Cleveland CHUCKLES nervously.

MR. PEASLEY (cont'd)

That's what I want. My pecker's about the only part of me that's got any blood left in it. Everything else is pretty much dried up or diseased.

CLEVELAND

Many people show signs of something similar to depression, as they age and approach the time for stress therapy. It's perfectly normal, nothing to worry about.

MR. PEASLEY

I ain't depressed, doctor. I just want what I can't have.

CLEVELAND

Sometimes we all do, and that's perfectly normal.

MR. PEASLEY

Do you think I'm normal, doc?

CLEVELAND

Do you feel you're normal?

MR. PEASLEY

No.

CLEVELAND

Well, there's nothing unusual about you, nothing to worry about.

MR. PEASLEY

The only thing I'm worried about is you telling me I'm normal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. PEASLEY (CONT'D)

Nothing disrespectful, but I'm in so much Goddamn pain right now, I can't think straight. I got a hundred different cancers all fighting over what's left of my internal organs. My body's like a Goddamn cancer Disneyland. All that malignant tissue is the only thing I know for sure is alive in me. And the only clue I have that I'm alive at all is the Goddamn pain. If that's normal, then we all have something to worry about.

CLEVELAND

I meant it's normal to have the feelings you have... considering your condition. How do you feel about your cancer?

Mr. Peasley just stares at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

You must be upset about it.

(Stare)

We want to help you... get through this... with as little discomfort as possible.

(Stare)

We're here to help. Do you understand?

Mr. Peasley scoots forward in the recliner.

MR. PEASLEY

Doc, I don't want to hurt your feelings. I know you and this institution have put a lot of time and effort into helping us old people get through "this" and I think I speak for all of us when I say, we really appreciate it, but... what the fuck do you expect me to say?

CLEVELAND

You can say whatever you want.

MR. PEASLEY

Okay. How about, quit the blabbering and let's get on with it?

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM

Mr. Peasley lies on the comfortable table wearing nothing but a hospital gown. Cleveland attaches electrodes to his temples, as Doris prepares the machine. Cleveland goes behind the console and nods to Doris.

CLEVELAND

I think Mr. Peasley will require 35 watts.

DORIS

(Whispering)
What's with him?

CLEVELAND

Nothing. He only received a partial neural alignment at birth. We see it in many clients over 80. It's too bad.

She presses a button, the voltage rises on the meter, and the ready light comes on.

Cleveland takes one last look at Mr. Peasley.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Okay, Mr. Peasley, we're ready. How do you... are you... do you... so...

MR. PEASLEY

Press the Goddamn button!

Cleveland nods to Doris, who presses the button. As with the infant and Mrs. Corgy, Mr. Peasley's body lurches, as the electricity SNAPS and HUMS violently. His body physically rises a few inches off the table, then flops down limp.

Cleveland approaches him.

CLEVELAND

Mr. Peasley.

His eyes are open and he looks dead.

MR. PEASLEY

(Attitude gone)
Am I alive?

CLEVELAND

(Smiles)
Of course. What do you feel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. PEASLEY
I feel nothing.

CLEVELAND
Good. You just rest a moment and...

MR. PEASLEY
I feel nothing.

CLEVELAND
That's right. You won't be bothered
by pain anymore or anxiety. You
will no longer worry-

MR. PEASLEY
Or want things I can't have.

CLEVELAND
That's right. Are you all right?

MR. PEASLEY
I feel nothing.

CLEVELAND
Good. You just rest.

MR. PEASLEY
I feel nothing.

INT. EXERCISE CLUB - DAY

It's get out and exercise day, so the massive, chain-owned health club is packed. Mazy and Gladys are among 50 or more people working out on treadmills.

MAZY
I did four miles last week.

GLADYS
I normally do ten a day, but I'm
too tired now.

MAZY
Why?

GLADYS
Up all night with Sage. Only got
three hours of sleep.

MAZY
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLADYS

Had all four wisdom teeth out
yesterday and couldn't sleep.

MAZY

Even with pain killers?

GLADYS

No pain killers. I didn't give him
any.

MAZY

Why not?

GLADYS

You know what they say, "no pain,
no gain."

MAZY

Right.

GLADYS

Pain helps you focus. Pain makes
you strong.

MAZY

You think so?

GLADYS

Of course. The more you exercise,
the more pain you feel, the longer
you live, the better you are.

MAZY

That's true.

GLADYS

Two weeks ago, I spent an entire
day on the treadmill.

MAZY

Must have been very painful.

GLADYS

After a few hours, I got used to
the pain, so I kept increasing the
incline. By the end of the day, I
was at 35%.

MAZY

My.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLADYS

I had to stop after nine hours because my legs seized up. The next day I couldn't get out of bed, the pain was so intense.

MAZY

Oh my.

GLADYS

It felt great. You only feel the pain, if you're out of shape. If I keep working through the pain, eventually I'll be in peak condition. That's the best place to be. Peak condition. Then, I can go days on a treadmill with no pain at all.

MAZY

I don't know if I'll ever get to that point.

GLADYS

It all depends on where you want to be. For me, exercise, being in top shape, it makes complete sense. With enough exercise, there's nothing you can't do.

MAZY

There's nothing like exercise to make you feel great.

GLADYS

Nothing. I don't understand people who sit around all the time. I need a goal. I need to know I'm getting somewhere.

ANGLE ON their feet, as the treadmill goes round and round and round.

INT. ISSUREFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As the small, quiet family dine on something covered in a red sauce.

CLEVELAND

Mmm, this is delicious. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

I'm glad you like it. It's from Mexico.

CLEVELAND

Oh, like an enchilada.

MAZY

I think so.

CLEVELAND

Delicious, don't you think Jonny?

JONNY

Yes, like an enchilada.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the synchronized cars do their morning ballet.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR

RADIO (V.O.)

Good morning. It's another gorgeous day with the temperature now at a toasty 97 degrees. Forecast is for more great weather, with highs in the low hundreds. Don't forget, today is *go to the outdoor market day* - the perfect time to stock up on fresh food and gift items-

The phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Hi Cleveland. I just wanted to make sure you remembered to take your raincoat.

CLEVELAND

Hmm. I don't have it.

MAZY (V.O.)

I thought you might forget.

CLEVELAND

Well no, I didn't really forget. I did think about it before I left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY (V.O.)
But you don't have it.

CLEVELAND
Right. I don't have it. I didn't
bring it.

MAZY (V.O.)
Honey, are you all right?

CLEVELAND
I'm a little warm.

MAZY (V.O.)
You don't usually forget things.

CLEVELAND
That's right.

MAZY (V.O.)
Maybe you're catching something.

CLEVELAND
I doubt it. It's been a long time
since people caught things.

MAZY (V.O.)
You're warm though.

CLEVELAND
Right. It's 97 degrees.

MAZY (V.O.)
Well, I don't know.

CLEVELAND
Must be the weather.

MAZY (V.O.)
The weather?

CLEVELAND
Maybe the weather has something to
do with why I didn't bring my
raincoat.

MAZY (V.O.)
But you always bring it.

CLEVELAND
No, not always. Not always.

INT. ELEMENTARY CLASSROOM - DAY

As Cleveland stands in front of the class of extremely polite, disinterested third-graders.

CLEVELAND

Well, thank you for inviting me to talk today. I am a doctor at Golden Years Hospital and my specialty is geriatric medicine. Does anyone know what that means?

No response.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

No? It means I specialize in the medical needs of the elderly. And most of my time is spent administering stress therapy or ST. Does anyone know what that means?

Again, no response.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Okay, well, when we get old, very old, many of us acquire illnesses that put us in a lot of pain or make it hard or impossible to get around and take care of ourselves. And sometimes we get terminal illnesses. Does anyone...

He looks at the bland expressions of the students.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

It means you're going to die from it - the illness. Of course we're all going to die from something eventually, but before we get to that point our quality of life may be compromised and we may need lots of expensive medical care. Then, we get ST. After ST, we lose the... We don't actually stop feeling the pain or get rid of the illness, those things just don't bother us anymore. Nothing bothers us. We are free from cares and worries and desires. If we have a problem, it no longer matters.

He hasn't exactly lost the audience. He never had them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

We receive a different type of ST just after we are born. Does anyone know what that is called?

He doesn't wait.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

It's called Infant Electro-Neural Synchronization or ENS. Before there was ENS, people were confused and this made them unhappy and anxious. They developed mental disorders. They were angry. They fought with one another.

He pauses and scans 30 identical, normal faces, all watching him politely, none showing the slightest hint of interest in what he is saying. But he continues...

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Most of us today have no idea what emotions are. Does anyone know what anger is?

(No response)

Has anyone ever heard of hate or rage?

(Nothing)

Has anyone ever experienced anxiety?

(Nothing)

What about passion?

One hand goes up tenuously, then falls.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

You see, without ENS, we would return to the dark ages.

No more words come to him. He studies the room of empty souls, then focuses on his son - just one more pair of unconfused eyes. All at once, he feels as if a cold hand has touched his shoulder, has the sensation of being alone in a morgue.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

So, if there are no questions, then... That's all I have to say.

The teacher stands, smiles and starts CLAPPING. The class follows with polite, appropriate APPLAUSE.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS FAMILY MEETING ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is finishing a session with a very OLD WOMAN and two or three relatives.

CLEVELAND

After the therapy, you won't be bothered with the pain anymore. I promise.

OLD WOMAN

God bless you.

CLEVELAND

Thank you. I'm just doing my job.

OLD WOMAN

I know. But God bless you anyway.

CLEVELAND

And God bless you.

The two smile. Cleveland glances at the family members who also smile, but nevertheless can't wait for the little love-fest to be over, so they can get on their way.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM

ANGLE ON the Old Woman after therapy. Her eyes are open and staring at nothing on the ceiling.

WE PULL BACK as Cleveland peels the electrodes off her temples and puts equipment away. Doris is behind the console shutting things off. It is the same procedure they go through in SILENCE multiple times everyday - all routine.

After a moment, the door opens and orderlies enter with a gurney onto which they load the Old Woman and wheel her out.

DORIS

Doctor, this cable has been giving me trouble.

He walks over to her and looks at the cable she is holding.

CLEVELAND

What's the problem?

DORIS

It sort of goes in and out.

CLEVELAND

Hmm. I'll take a look at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIS

I can call a technician.

CLEVELAND

No need to get them involved. It's probably something simple.

She hands him the cable.

DORIS

All right. That's everything, then. I'll see you tomorrow.

CLEVELAND

Good night, Doris.

She leaves.

Cleveland dials the phone, as he studies the cable that has a connector on one end and electrodes on the other.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Hi, it's me. About ready to leave.

As he holds the phone, he wriggles the wire, looks the cable over and narrows the problem down to the connector.

MAZY (V.O.)

I bought some organic food today at the outdoor market.

CLEVELAND

What kind?

MAZY (V.O.)

It's a vegetable, I think.

He turns to the main console, then stops and turns to a small portable unit with a screen. He plugs the connector into it and jiggles the wire, but nothing displays on the screen. He looks around for an idea.

CLEVELAND

What color is it?

MAZY (V.O.)

It's yellowish and looks like a little tree.

CLEVELAND

Do you think it's broccoli?

He has an idea. He connects the electrodes to his own temples. Now, he sees a brainwave trace on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He jiggles the wires and sees more static when he works the wire near the connector.

MAZY (V.O.)

It looks like it's part broccoli and part squash or mushroom. It doesn't have much flavor. Maybe I'll melt some cheese on it.

CLEVELAND

Good idea. Cheese always makes things taste better.

He finds that by bending the cable and holding it in a certain way, the static stops. As he tries to balance himself, his hand brushes against a button on the unit and the screen goes black. He freezes.

MAZY (V.O.)

I'll make a sauce.

CLEVELAND

A sauce. Sounds good. I'll be looking forward to trying something new for dinner.

The machine lights up again, and we see and HEAR the voltage rise.

MAZY (V.O.)

Good.

CLEVELAND

I got to run now, okay?

Cleveland moves quickly. He starts pressing buttons to stop the sequence - nothing.

MAZY (V.O.)

Okay. See you in a bit.

CLEVELAND

Love you.

At the peak voltage, the *ready* light comes on. Cleveland hangs up the phone, and then studies the choice of buttons carefully. He presses something. The screen says: "Operation Cancelled."

Cleveland relaxes and reaches in to remove the connector. As soon as he touches it, the screen flashes. A split-second later, WE HEAR the violent discharge and SIZZLE of electricity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Cleveland is thrown back and the electrodes are ripped off of his head. He bounces off the wall and lands in a pile on the floor.

The voltage discharge has knocked him out cold, but only for a few seconds. He comes to and raises his head, opens his eyes and looks around. He does an external check and concludes that everything is okay.

He stands, shakes his head and grabs the errant cable. Then, he sets it on the counter and moves around the room. As he moves, he checks himself out, looks in a mirror, splashes cold water on his face. He feels normal physically, but senses something is different, very different.

Cleveland starts to open the door, but stops, decides he can't go out there like this. New feelings are building in his mind that he can't explain. They grow. They begin to overtake him.

He grabs his head and paces, starts breathing rapidly. His pulse climbs off the charts. His mind starts to fly out of control. He picks up the cable and starts to coil it up neatly, but loses all patience and crumples it into a tight ball.

With every muscle in his body tensed, he hurls the cable against the wall, then SCREAMS - an angry, cathartic HOWL that echoes wildly in the small room. He covers his mouth. No sound louder than the buzz of an electric discharge has ever occurred in the room.

Everything is changing rapidly. His heart rate has never risen above the normal 60 bpm. He has never felt out of breath, never felt rage or panic, never worried. Now his head is filled with all those things. His normally-aligned neurons are firing at random.

He spins around and punches a cabinet leaving a large dent. He pulls back his hand, sees blood. He SCREAMS in pain, in confusion, in rage, in terror, he doesn't know which, everything at once.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As he unlocks his car door and gets in. He freezes with his hands locked on the steering wheel. His eyes are wild. He gets out of the car, closes the door, spins, paces, holds his head and sits on the nicely-manicured grass between rows of parked cars.

EXT. HOSPITAL GREEN BELT - NIGHT

The sky is darkening and Cleveland cannot bring his mind under control. He has stationed himself well away from people at a solitary picnic bench near the edge of the lawn, under a light. All he can do is sit and watch the freak-show play out in his head.

His cell phone RINGS. He pulls it out of his pocket, stares at it, braces himself, and picks up.

CLEVELAND
(Smiling, trying to be
normal)
Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)
Cleveland. Where are you?

CLEVELAND
I'm still at work. Had to work
late. A meeting was called... late.

He has never lied before.

MAZY (V.O.)
When will you be home? Dinner is
all ready.

CLEVELAND
I will be home later. I don't know.
Maybe after 9, 10. The meeting
is... late. I'll have to eat here
in the cafeteria or grab some fast
food on the way.

Anxiety builds. He doesn't know what to do. He paces.

MAZY (V.O.)
You have never done this. Are you
okay?

CLEVELAND
A little hungry, but I'm okay. I
really am. I have to go.

MAZY (V.O.)
Jonny and I will eat without you
then, okay?

CLEVELAND
Yes, I'm sorry. Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY (V.O.)

Are you sure you're okay? You sound upset.

CLEVELAND

I'm fine. I have to go... back to the meeting. I love you, very much.

MAZY

I love you, too.

CLEVELAND

Please don't worry. I'm fine. I love Jonny too. I wish I were home and this weren't happening. But I can't be. Please, try to understand. Please.

MAZY (V.O.)

I do.

He hangs up before he explodes. His eyes fill with tears. He panics and wipes the tears away with his fingers. The clear fluid on his hand could be blood running freely from an open artery.

He tries to look through eyes choked with the liquid, tries to see if anyone is watching, if anyone is coming to help. He knows they can't see him like this, no one can. They wouldn't, couldn't, understand what is happening, but they would try to help. They would help by trying to take this new feeling away from him, and he knows that would be too painful to bear.

INT. BURGER JOINT - NIGHT

He is downing overcooked coffee, sitting in a plastic booth, holding the cell phone waiting for a coworker MAX to pick up. Every muscle in his body is trying to hold the person together. He smiles for passersby, but twitches involuntarily, squints to conceal the madness in his eyes.

MAX (V.O.)

(On phone)

Hello.

CLEVELAND

(Smiling)

Hi, Max?

MAX (V.O.)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

It's Cleveland Issuefour.

MAX (V.O.)

Cleveland, what's up?

CLEVELAND

Oh nothing... much. I was having some trouble with one of my ST machines and I know you use the same model and thought you could give me some tips.

MAX (V.O.)

Well, it's a little late. Can we get together tomorrow? I can take a look then.

CLEVELAND

No, I'm sorry. I need to know right away. I have... uh... a client will be needing it in the morning, first thing. I'm sorry. Can you meet with me now? It won't take long.

EXT. MAX'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Max is standing in the dark with Cleveland.

MAX

Why are we standing outside?

CLEVELAND

It's nice out. Don't you think? It's warm, the stars.

MAX

Is something wrong, Cleveland?

CLEVELAND

No, no, just need to know about the ST machine. Then, I'll let you go.

MAX

There's nothing personal that you need to talk about?

CLEVELAND

No, no. Is it okay with you? I mean, are you cold or...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

No. It's not normal to do this,
that's all.

CLEVELAND

You're right. I'm sorry. It's
not... Umm. Actually, it is kind of
private. Is that okay?

MAX

Sure, if it's private. That makes
sense.

CLEVELAND

You have the Bloefeld 210 unit,
right?

MAX

Right.

CLEVELAND

I don't usually use that one. I
normally use a Diebold 50, but...
it's on the fritz, so I'm using the
Bloefeld and...

MAX

Do you mind if I do a little
watering, since I'm out here
anyway?

CLEVELAND

No, of course not.

Max picks up the hose and heads to the flower bed.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

So, anyway, I just wanted to know
if you had any experience with
activating therapy mode directly
from setup.

Max stops and turns.

MAX

(Alarmed)

You mean, going right into therapy
mode while you're in the middle of
setting up the EEG scan?

CLEVELAND

Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX

You don't want to do that.

CLEVELAND

Right. What could happen?

Max starts spraying the plants.

MAX

I don't know. It depends on what the settings were before you hit the charge button.

CLEVELAND

I'm not sure.

He stops and turns to Cleveland.

MAX

Cleveland, is this why you want to talk in private? Did this actually happen to a client? You can tell me.

CLEVELAND

I know I can. No, it didn't actually... actually it did, but I performed a thorough exam afterwards and found everything to be normal. Normal. But it gave me a start. You know. So, I just wanted to know... in case. Could there be... is it possible there could be problems?

MAX

Of course there could be. You should never go into therapy mode-

CLEVELAND

I know. I know. What could the results be?

MAX

That depends, as I say-

CLEVELAND

Give me an example, a range of possibilities.

Max starts watering again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAX

Okay, well, it sounds like there were no ill effects, that is certainly one of the potential results.

CLEVELAND

What else could happen?

He stops.

MAX

(Becoming very suspicious)
Are you sure you're not in trouble? I can help if you're straight with me. If you're in trouble, I can-

CLEVELAND

Max, I can handle it. There's no trouble. It just gave me a little start is all. I want to know what to expect.

He starts again.

MAX

Well, you can expect the worst, but I really don't feel any negative effects are irreversible, if that's what you mean. I mean, you can simply repeat the therapy if you-

CLEVELAND

Max, what is the worst thing that can happen?

MAX

Complete unblockage.

CLEVELAND

(Swallowing hard)
Comp...

He stops.

MAX

(Suspicious)
Yes, that would be the worst. The blockage implanted during neural alignment is completely removed. All receptors in the brain are unblocked and pre-ENS brain patterns are reactivated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAX (CONT'D)

You are as vulnerable as an infant before therapy. Pray to God this never happens, Cleveland.

CLEVELAND

I will.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS PHARMACY - NIGHT

As Cleveland searches the shelves of drugs after hours. He grabs a large bottle, then checks around. Then, he opens the bottle, and removes a handful of large capsules. He closes the bottle and pops a couple. Then, he puts the rest in his pants pocket.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland is eating the vegetable hybrid with cheese sauce, as Mazy watches him across the table.

CLEVELAND

This is delicious.

MAZY

Thank you.

CLEVELAND

You can't go wrong with cheese, huh?

MAZY

Cleveland, are you all right?

CLEVELAND

I am now. I was hungry.

MAZY

You have never worked late.

CLEVELAND

There was an emergency - a problem with one of the ST machines.

MAZY

You said there was a meeting.

CLEVELAND

Right, we had to meet before we could fix the problem. But everything's okay now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY
I got worried.

CLEVELAND
Worried?

MAZY
I started thinking about what if
everything changed.

He loses his appetite and stops eating.

CLEVELAND
Wha... What do you mean?

MAZY
What if...

She lowers her voice, so Jonny can't hear.

MAZY (cont'd)
What would I do if you didn't come
home or you got so sick you didn't
know me or the sun didn't come up?

CLEVELAND
Those things will never happen,
Mazy. They will just never happen.

She gets up and walks around the table to him, and holds his
head in her arms.

MAZY
I couldn't help it. The thoughts
just came to me, and I got worried.
Have you ever been worried?

CLEVELAND
No.

MAZY
Neither have I, until after I
talked with you on the phone
tonight. It must have been fear. It
was a horrible feeling.

He stands and faces her.

CLEVELAND
There's nothing to it, Mazy.
Everything is normal, nothing is
going to change. It can't. It's
impossible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

The sun will always come up, I will
never go away, and I will always
remember who you are.

They embrace.

INT. CLEVELAND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland and Mazy are sleeping in their soft queen bed. He turns onto his back, and his eyes pop open. He is wide awake. He looks at the clock, 2:14 am. He slips out of bed and pads around the room, looks out the window.

INT. ISSUEFOUR BATHROOM

As Cleveland looks at himself in a full-length mirror. It's like he has never noticed himself before. He looks closely at his face, his eyes. He removes his shirt and surveys his chest and shoulders. He lowers his pants and looks at everything, touches himself.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Cleveland is walking down the middle of the street in his pajamas. It is quiet and empty, but to him, the sensations he is feeling are anything but. The world is brighter, warmer, bigger and smaller, better and worse than he has ever experienced.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the cars drive away in line.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - DAY

RADIO (V.O.)

Well, it's another delicious day in Titterness with the temperature hovering around 103. Wow. Forecast is for more of the same, so enjoy! Don't forget, today is *home fix-up day* - the perfect time to get to all those home projects you've been putting off. At the Titterness-

The phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY (V.O.)

I counted the raincoats in the closet and came up with 7.

CLEVELAND

That sounds about right.

MAZY (V.O.)

That means you forgot to take one.

CLEVELAND

Mazy, I didn't forget.

MAZY (V.O.)

But you always take a raincoat.

CLEVELAND

Mazy, look out a window.

MAZY (V.O.)

Okay.

CLEVELAND

What do you see? Do you see any clouds? Do you see any rain?

MAZY (V.O.)

No.

CLEVELAND

It's 103 degrees, clear, no clouds, no rain. The last thing in the world I need right now is a raincoat. I didn't bring a raincoat because I don't need a raincoat. I left them all at home. When it rains or looks like rain, then I'll bring one.

MAZY (V.O.)

But you always-

CLEVELAND

Not always. Never. I never bring a raincoat to work when I don't need to.

MAZY (V.O.)

You're upset with me.

CLEVELAND

Not upset, I'm, I'm... you're right I'm a little upset, just a little. I love you. You know I do, but-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAZY (V.O.)

Everything is changing.

CLEVELAND

No, it's not. Just a few things. You and I are the same, but the weather changes, and that's okay, that's as it should be.

MAZY (V.O.)

I'm afraid. Please don't change things. I'm afraid.

CLEVELAND

I'm not changing things.

MAZY (V.O.)

Yes, you are. You're not taking your raincoat and you're changing the weather.

CLEVELAND

The weather changes itself. It's like breathing. You breathe out and you breathe in - the clouds go away and the clouds come back. I take my raincoat and then I don't take it.

MAZY (V.O.)

I have to go.

CLEVELAND

Are you okay?

MAZY (V.O.)

I don't think so. I don't think so.

CLEVELAND

I'll come home.

MAZY (V.O.)

No! You go to work, you don't come home. See, you're changing things. What's wrong? Why did you change?

CLEVELAND

I'll go to work, then. I'll call you later.

MAZY (V.O.)

I feel sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLEVELAND

Mazy, listen to me. Can you do me a big favor?

MAZY (V.O.)

What?

CLEVELAND

On your way to the home center, can you please drop off my raincoat at work? The brown one.

MAZY (V.O.)

Why?

CLEVELAND

I might need it.

MAZY (V.O.)

All right.

INT. CLEVELAND'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is crowded and dim, only big enough for Cleveland's small desk, bookshelf, and a stack of boxes. Cleveland is sitting back in his desk chair with his eyes closed, trying to get his mind under control. He opens his eyes, bends forward and takes a couple of pills out of his pocket. Then, he swallows them without water.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

A client, MR. CHIRON, lies on the comfortable table, awaiting the procedure. He appears unconscious. Cleveland is attaching the electrodes, while Doris preps the ST machine.

DORIS

What's wrong with him?

CLEVELAND

He has been in this vegetative state for three months. No sign of recovery.

DORIS

How are his vitals?

CLEVELAND

Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIS

Why is he getting ST, if he's like this?

CLEVELAND

Don't know. It's not normal, but I don't suppose it can hurt.

DORIS

How did he get here?

CLEVELAND

Someone at County sent him. He's been shuttled around between facilities. No next of kin listed. That's all I know. Okay, he's ready.

Doris starts the process, as Cleveland turns away to put equipment in a drawer.

He is in a chronic state of anxiety and fear, on the edge of insanity. He looks in a mirror, notes bags under his eyes. He runs water in the sink and hides his hands from view of Doris, as he takes a pill out of his shirt pocket and pops it.

The body of Mr. Chiron convulses and bounces with the electric discharge. Cleveland turns back to him and removes the electrodes.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

You can go if you want, Doris. I'll clean up here.

DORIS

Are you sure?

CLEVELAND

Yes.

DORIS

But you normally have paperwork to catch up on. Is everything okay?

CLEVELAND

Yes. I don't have any paperwork today, so...

DORIS

But...

He sees that Doris is thrown for a loop by the change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND

It's a small change, just this time. You can stay if you want.

DORIS

Well, I do have those schedules to update.

CLEVELAND

Then go do them, if you want.

DORIS

All right. You sure you're okay?

CLEVELAND

Yes. Thank you.

As soon as she closes the door behind her, he exhales, checks his pulse. He is able to lower the façade that hides the violent storm going on in his head. He splashes cold water on his face. He pulls another pill from his pocket, then returns it. He sits in a chair beside Mr. Chiron and closes his eyes.

Mr. Chiron's eyes pop open. He appears conscious, but his eyes have the same dead look as all the others. Then, in an emotionless, whisper, as if being read by a stenographer at a murder trial...

MR. CHIRON

You can't stop me, no matter what you try.

Cleveland stands and looks down into Mr. Chiron's unblinking eyes.

MR. CHIRON (cont'd)

I will get the word out and it will spread like the plague. When people find out what you have done, they will revolt. You are wrong - very wrong, and very evil.

CLEVELAND

Mr. Chiron, can you hear me?

MR. CHIRON

Truth is always more powerful than lies. That is a fact of life.

CLEVELAND

Mr. Chiron, can you hear me? You're okay now. I have given you stress therapy. You were uncon-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. CHIRON

People will find out what you have done and you will pay and the people will be free.

CLEVELAND

Are you talking to me? I'm Dr. Issuefour-

MR. CHIRON

You are attempting the impossible.

Cleveland turns away, assuming that the rant is some kind of involuntary brain dump caused by the therapy.

MR. CHIRON (cont'd)

The human mind cannot be blocked and controlled for long. The human being inside will always find a way to regain control and revolt against the oppression of tyrants.

Cleveland turns back to Chiron.

MR. CHIRON (cont'd)

Kristol is evil. You will fail. It's only a matter of time before the minds of all people are unblocked and they are free again. No tyrant can ever be stronger than the human spirit. You can use drugs and neural synchronization, torture, you can cut someone into little pieces, but you can never take away the indomitable human spirit. It will live on, it will prevail. You have it in your power to reverse the evil you have committed and redeem yourselves from purgatory. Kristol must die.

He stops with his eyes open.

CLEVELAND

Mr. Chiron, who is Kristol? What are you talking about?

He focuses directly on Cleveland.

MR. CHIRON

Let us have our minds back. Let us be free. Save your souls. Save all our souls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Cleveland runs to the portable Bloefeld machine and wheels it over to Mr. Chiron. He turns it on, connects the cable, and then attaches the electrodes to Mr. Chiron.

CLEVELAND

I'm going to bring you back, Mr. Chiron.

Mr. Chiron stares straight up with dead eyes. Cleveland switches the machine to setup mode and Mr. Chiron's brain waves show up on the display. He presses the charge button. The voltage increases, then the ready light comes on. Cleveland takes a deep breath.

The door opens. Cleveland looks up. Two orderlies enter with a gurney.

ORDERLY

Oh sorry. We were told therapy was over, so...

CLEVELAND

Right. It is. I was just... checking some things.

Cleveland removes the electrodes and turns off the machine. Chiron continues to stare.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Mr. Chiron. Mr. Chiron. Can you hear me?

No response.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

(Leaning in to him)

I will... I will take care of it.

Chiron's empty eyes suddenly shift and look directly at him.

Cleveland pushes the machine out of the way, and the orderlies load Mr. Chiron up and wheel him out.

INT. CLEVELAND'S OFFICE

As Cleveland waits on the phone.

PILSNER (V.O.)

This is Dr. Pilsner.

CLEVELAND

Hi, there. I'm Cleveland Issuefour of Golden Years in Titterness.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

I performed ST on a client of yours, a Ralph Chiron.

PILSNER (V.O.)

Yes.

CLEVELAND

I need to track down a name for his next of kin, relative, someone who knew him.

PILSNER (V.O.)

Why?

CLEVELAND

It's for the record. No name was given on the transfer form and he was unconscious-

PILSNER (V.O.)

Why don't you leave it blank? I authorized ST. There's no need for a next of kin.

CLEVELAND

Golden Years requires us to enter a name.

PILSNER (V.O.)

(Annoyed)

No it doesn't. This is not normal. Why do you need a name?

CLEVELAND

(Panicky)

Since he was never able to communicate with us, the policy here is to have a name on record, just to cover us in case any questions arise - legally speaking.

PILSNER (V.O.)

Fine. Hold on.

Cleveland takes the opportunity to try to unwind.

PILSNER (V.O.)

You there?

CLEVELAND

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PILSNER (V.O.)
There's no name given, just a
place.

CLEVELAND
Okay.

PILSNER (V.O.)
It's a convalescent home - Kristol,
with a K, K-R-I-S-T-O-L in Murmirg.

CLEVELAND
Thanks. I'll put that down.

He hangs up and writes the word on a piece of paper, then
stares at it. The phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)
Cleveland, when will you be home?

CLEVELAND
I'm leaving right away.

MAZY (V.O.)
You're late again. Is something
wrong?

CLEVELAND
No, nothing's wrong. Everything's
fine.

He smiles.

INT. ISSUREFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The 3 eat in silence.

CLEVELAND
This is delicious. What, uh...

MAZY
Thank you. It's called seafood
medley. I thought it sounded kind
of musical.

CLEVELAND
Musical fish. That's funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

Did you get your raincoat? I dropped it by the office.

CLEVELAND

(Lying)

I sure did. And I'm going to keep it in the car so you don't have to worry about me forgetting it everyday.

MAZY

Good idea. I got a new light fixture for over the garage at the home center.

CLEVELAND

Oh.

MAZY

When will you be able to install it, do you think?

CLEVELAND

I'll, uh, I'll try to get to it next weekend, okay?

MAZY

That'll be fine.

They take a silent bite.

CLEVELAND

I've decided to go to Murmurg tomorrow.

MAZY

That's not normal.

CLEVELAND

I know. I need to clarify some information at a... it's an unusual case... a bit. But I'll be home by 5:30... as normal.

Mazy is worried again.

EXT. KRISTOL CONVALESCENT HOME - DAY

It's a cold, concrete structure that looks more like a minimum security prison. Cleveland walks in the main entrance from the tall covered drive-through.

INT. KRISTOL LOBBY - DAY

Before approaching the RECEPTIONIST across the cavernous lobby, Cleveland ducks into the restroom.

INT. KRISTOL RESTROOM

He walks to the sink and reaches in his pocket for a pill. None. He panics, checks all his other pockets. None. He closes his eyes tight and takes a deep breath.

INT. KRISTOL LOBBY - DAY

Cleveland speaks to the RECEPTIONIST across an expansive front desk.

CLEVELAND

I'm Dr. Cleveland Issuefour, here to inquire about one of my clients.

RECEPTIONIST

Is the client staying at Kristol?

CLEVELAND

No. I would like to speak to someone who would've handled the transfer arrangements.

RECEPTIONIST

All right, I'll try to locate someone who can help. Why don't you have a seat?

As the receptionist makes calls, he wanders around the lobby.

A photo gallery of important employees hangs high on a mahogany wall. Next to it is a 3D organization chart with a Dr. Zorn sitting at the very top - President and CEO. Cleveland checks the names below Zorn and one of them peaks his interest, *Dr. Ralph Chiron, Head of Psychiatry.*

INT. KRISTOL RECORDS DEPT - DAY

Cleveland faces a short ADMINISTRATOR across a tall counter.

ADMINISTRATOR

May I verify your credentials, please?

Cleveland holds his official physician's badge over a sensor. The Administrator sees verification on a monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADMINISTRATOR (cont'd)
Dr. Chiron was hospitalized with a stroke that left him in a vegetative state. We couldn't manage his care here, so we transferred him to County.

CLEVELAND
Then, an attending at County authorized ST after three months?

ADMINISTRATOR
We don't have those records yet. What do you need this information for?

CLEVELAND
Just trying to tie up some loose ends for our records.

ADMINISTRATOR
Hmm. Is it normal for doctors at Golden Years to be this thorough with their casework?

Cleveland feels his anxiety increase.

CLEVELAND
We do like to be thorough.

ADMINISTRATOR
Are you all right?

CLEVELAND
Yes, thank you. Do... do you have a next of kin listed? I can just enter that in the records.

ADMINISTRATOR
Well, of course, a client would have to give approval for that since it wasn't on the form.

CLEVELAND
If you give me the name, I can contact the person and get permission.

She thinks for a moment.

ADMINISTRATOR
I don't believe I can give you that information. I'm sorry. This just doesn't seem normal.

INT. KRISTOL CORRIDOR - DAY

As Cleveland walks toward the bank of elevators, he passes a number of workers who regard him briefly with broad, empty smiles. There are no obvious security measures because aligned people do not cause trouble, cannot even conceive of it.

Cleveland is just about to turn toward the elevators, when he notices a directional sign, *Terminal Care*. He goes that way.

INT. KRISTOL CORRIDOR - DAY

By a double door marked *Terminal Care*. He checks up and down the hall, then goes in.

INT. TERMINAL CARE SLEEPING AREA - DAY

The room is nothing more than a storehouse for people. A different world - cavernous, featureless, and dim gray. Fifty or so narrow beds are lined up in a grid pattern. At this time of day, only 15 are taken. He walks through the room, and then passes through an unmarked door on the opposite side.

INT. TERMINAL CARE RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Another large room, with high narrow windows that allow daylight, but no view. The place is colorless, odorless and sterile. A group of clients are seated in comfortable chairs or wheelchairs. A few speak in soft, dead voices to others or themselves. Two workers tend the group.

It is obvious Cleveland does not fit in. Lately, whenever he finds himself in an uncomfortable situation, he panics. This is one of those times. His eyes grow wide. He knows he must leave, but can't pull himself away. The people remind him of cattle in a feedlot waiting for the end. The feeling is both peaceful and horrible, and it's overwhelming.

From behind Cleveland...

WORKER 1

Can I help you?

Cleveland spins around. A quiet, smiling woman dressed in white faces him.

CLEVELAND

I... I must be in the wrong place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shows his credentials.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
I'm Dr. Issuefour. I was uh...

WORKER 1
Were you looking for someone?

CLEVELAND
(Lying, as usual)
A client of mine.

He starts to move back toward the door.

WORKER 1
What's the name?

CLEVELAND
Ralph Chiron.

WORKER 1
Oh, Dr. Chiron came in last night.

CLEVELAND
(Surprised)
He did? Can I see him?

WORKER 1
This way.

Cleveland follows Worker 1 to an old, empty man, seated in a straight metal chair.

WORKER 1 (cont'd)
Dr. Chiron, you have a visitor.

Chiron looks up.

CLEVELAND
Dr. Chiron, do you remember me from yesterday?

No response. The worker stays, so Cleveland sits on the edge of a chair and leans in.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
(Soto voce)
Do you remember, you were telling me some things? You were talking about evil and greed... about how the human mind cannot be blocked for long... and Kristol...

Chiron turns and looks directly at Cleveland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Kristol. Dr. Chiron, I have found
you and Kristol. Can you tell me
more?

Chiron begins brain-dumping words.

MR. CHIRON
Kristol research got control over
the minds of all people.

CLEVELAND
How? How did they-

Chiron's intensity grows throughout the rant, until he is
almost shouting.

MR. CHIRON
By giving people a permanent
solution for all their suffering.
But in doing so, people lost
everything that makes them human.
They became mindless cattle that
exist to produce and consume, and
make the corporations wealthy
beyond imagination.

CLEVELAND
Why doesn't somebody stop them?

MR. CHIRON
Why!? People are too content to
allow anyone to take that away from
them.

CLEVELAND
But if they knew...

MR. CHIRON
Who's going to tell them? Who would
listen?

CLEVELAND
I don't know... the government...

MR. CHIRON
Kristol is the government.

Chiron looks away and his eyes go dead.

SECURITY
Excuse me, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Cleveland turns around. A smiling, stout man in white stands over him.

SECURITY (cont'd)
(Smiling)
May I speak to you in my office for
a moment?

INT. KRISTOL SECURITY OFFICE

The security person speaks to Cleveland across a clean gray desk.

SECURITY
We must respect the vulnerable
condition of our clients by
protecting them from distractions
and physical danger, as I'm sure
you understand.

CLEVELAND
I do understand. I didn't feel I
was-

SECURITY
Just having family around or even
quiet music can be very stressful
for them, can tax their nervous
systems. In these final weeks and
days of their lives, we offer them
a sanctuary, a peaceful
environment.

CLEVELAND
As a doctor, I am aware-

SECURITY
They must be completely shut off
from distractions. We do not
encourage even doctors from the
outside to see our clients. It
often brings up painful memories.
We ask that you respect our
policies and the well-being of our
clients.

CLEVELAND
Of course.

The security person stands and holds the door open for Cleveland.

INT. TERMINAL CARE RECREATION ROOM

Security personnel escort Cleveland to the locked outside door. As they pass through the room, Cleveland looks toward Chiron, a passionate old man in his final days, isolated and empty in a sterile environment.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As the three eat dinner with the usual ennui.

CLEVELAND

My this is delicious. What is it?

MAZY

I felt inventive today, so I mixed the seafood medley with the Mexican plate from the other night.

CLEVELAND

Interesting. It's kind of seafood Mexican style. What do you think, Jonny?

JONNY

I like it. United we stand, divided we fall.

CLEVELAND

Yes. What does uh...

JONNY

It tastes better when the ingredients are united, than when they're divided.

CLEVELAND

I see.

JONNY

Oh Dad. Before I forget, my teacher had the class sign a card of appreciation regarding your talk.

He hands it to Cleveland.

CLEVELAND

Lovely. Tell them, thank you.

ANGLE HIS POV on the card. All the names are neatly signed and aligned in straight columns.

RESUME GROUP

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

Do you think you'll be late tomorrow?

CLEVELAND

No, no. I'm back on schedule. Everything is back to normal.

She smiles.

INT. CLEVELAND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland's side of the bed is empty.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOME STUDY - NIGHT

It's 3:00 am. Cleveland is alone, working by the light of his laptop.

ANGLE LAPTOP SCREEN as he types: "I try to control the madness, but it's a losing battle. I feel I am quickly falling apart."

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - DAY

As Cleveland stands on a ladder over the garage replacing a perfectly good outdoor lamp with another one that is almost identical. Jonny is dribbling a basketball.

JONNY

Hey, Dad. Do you think I can make this basket?

CLEVELAND

Yes.

He shoots and misses. Cleveland has trouble making the new lamp fit the old housing.

JONNY

Do you think I can make it this time?

CLEVELAND

No.

He shoots and misses. Cleveland tries the wrong tool to wedge it in.

JONNY

What about this time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Yes.

He misses. Cleveland tries forcing the part using the back of a screwdriver as a hammer.

JONNY

How about this time?

No response.

JONNY (cont'd)

Dad, how about this time? Dad?

CLEVELAND

No.

He misses. Cleveland pushes too hard and part of the new lamp snaps off and pinches his thumb hard. He SCREAMS.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Damn!

Cleveland loses it. He rips the lamp off the housing and SMASHES it on the driveway. Jonny jumps out of the way and looks up. Cleveland shakes his sore thumb and descends the ladder. He is hot with rage that has never been allowed to surface. He kicks the lamp, bludgeons it with a hammer, then knocks the ladder over. Jonny backs away in terror and runs into the house.

It has finally happened, an all-out meltdown. Cleveland gets up and ROARS, kicks the ladder, the lamp, throws tools through the front window. All his emotions explode at once and he has no idea how to control them or what they mean. He has never experienced rage or hate, has never even seen a person that had them. It is all new and extremely frightening, but he can't stop.

It is also frightening for the neighbors, who gather and watch. Jonny runs out of the house, followed by Mazy. No one knows what to do, because it has never happened to them. They probably feel something is terribly wrong with Cleveland, but it is actually the opposite. Something is finally terribly right.

The catharsis subsides - the poison gone. Cleveland sits Indian-style in the grass and surveys the small group as they stare with dropped jaws. Then he smiles, a genuine, real, from-the-heart smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He stands and walks toward Mazy. She backs away, but he catches up to her and hugs her with all the new-found love in his soul. She is shocked, everyone is shocked. He turns to the group.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
I'm okay folks. I really am. I feel great. Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt anyone.

They don't believe him.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
It's true. I'm done yelling and crying. I'm not crazy. I was just maybe a little... sick, but I feel better now. Thank you for your concern.

He turns.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
I love you, Mazy.

He throws his arms around Mazy and Jonny.

INT. ISSUEFOUR LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mazy and Jonny sit close together on the sofa, watching Cleveland pace.

CLEVELAND
After the accident, I felt terror, just plain terror. All these crazy thoughts rushed into my head. It felt like my mind was going to explode. Not like a literal explosion. I mean, it felt like all my thoughts were bees, like my head was a beehive.

Every time he opens his mouth, he makes things worse.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
I didn't know what to do. I tried to control the thoughts, but I couldn't. They kept coming. Then, it suddenly all made sense. Just now it came to me that I am normal - this is how we're supposed to be. ENS is wrong.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

It synchronizes the neurons in our brain, but it also takes away everything that makes us human. Now I understand the bees. I feel... normal for the first time. Before, I felt sick and desperate. Now, I feel very well and I feel it's everyone else who is sick, who needs help. Mazy and Jonny, you need help. You need to discover this too.

He sees the total lack of understanding in their wide, empty eyes.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

But not right away. There's plenty of time. You have to want to do it. No rush. Umm, that's all I have to say. Please, don't worry about me or think I'm crazy. Just let me do this and I'll try not to scare you.

He sits. Mazy stands.

MAZY

I'm going to start dinner now.

She leaves. Cleveland turns to Jonny, who doesn't have anyplace to go.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOME STUDY - NIGHT

As Cleveland types in his journal with the TV on. A news story grabs his attention.

ANGLE ON TV

TV REPORTER

(On camera)

President Milton today signed a bill that will pump more funds into research.

On TV, as Milton gives a press conference.

PRESIDENT MILTON

Research firms like Kristol will now have the money they need to develop more solutions for improving the quality of life for all people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On TV, a Kristol research lab.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
 Kristol is currently designing
 personal ID modules that can be
 implanted under the skin, making it
 easier for us to identify
 ourselves.

On TV, empty, smiling people watching a football game.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
 Kristol was responsible for
 creating the electro-neural
 synchronization methods that have
 improved the lives for billions of
 people worldwide.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - DAY

As the synchronized cars go to work.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR

RADIO (V.O.)
 It's another spot-on day with highs
 around 115 and a forecast for more
 of the same. The top news today:
 will the Blakely Bears run for
 cover when they take on our own
 Titterness Titans in Fontasa
 Stadium tonight.

The phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND
 Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)
 Cleveland, do you have your
 raincoat with you?

Cleveland begins his new policy of openly lying to Mazy about almost everything. But it will take some practice before it comes off natural.

CLEVELAND
 Yes, I do.

MAZY (V.O.)
 How are you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Fine. Great.

MAZY (V.O.)

Did you eat any breakfast?

CLEVELAND

I didn't have time. Woke up late.
I'll get something at work.

MAZY (V.O.)

I'm worried about you. You know
that? What you are doing doesn't
seem normal, doesn't seem right.
You should see a doctor.

CLEVELAND

That's a good idea. I'll make an
appointment.

MAZY (V.O.)

Make sure you do. Are we going to
the game tonight?

CLEVELAND

Of course. It's a normal day.
There's no reason why I should have
to work late. Mazy, honey, please
don't worry.

MAZY (V.O.)

All right. I'll try.

INT. ISSUEFOUR KITCHEN - DAY

As Mazy hangs up. She thinks, then dials.

VOICE (V.O.)

Homeland Security. How shall I
route your call?

MAZY

I have a question.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD - NIGHT

As the teams run a typically lackluster play. The Titan
quarterback is tackled and the ball downed before he can even
get his arm in the air. When he stands, he is more concerned
with brushing the grass off his uniform before stains set in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(Over the PA)
Why not chow down on a Titan
Turnover. It's hot, it's meaty, and
it's soooo good.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS - NIGHT

Mazy and Cleveland sit in silence, eating hot dogs. After a long moment...

CLEVELAND
Nothing like eating hot dogs at a
game, huh?

MAZY
Nothing.

She takes a bite.

MAZY (cont'd)
Did you make that appointment with
our family doctor?

CLEVELAND
I did better than that. At lunch, I
saw the doctor and had a complete
check-up. Everything is fine. I'm
in perfect health.

MAZY
Did you discuss what happened
yesterday with him?

CLEVELAND
It's nothing to worry about. As it
turns out, the effect of the
unblockage was only temporary.
Normal neural alignment has
returned and I feel just like I
used to.

MAZY
(Smiling)
Really?

CLEVELAND
Yup.

MAZY
No more outbursts?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

No more.

MAZY

That makes me feel a lot better.
I'm so glad.

She takes his hand. The crowd APPLAUDS politely.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

Another kick-off. Both teams jog toward the center and the ball is downed near the 50. More polite APPLAUSE.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Remember to get your official Titterness Titans products at the team store on the first level. And after making your purchase, get season passes for basketball, baseball, hockey and any other professional sports product available from the Fontasa Entertainment Corporation at the ticket counter on level 1.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS - LATER

The hot dogs are finished off. Cleveland is becoming antsy and visibly bored.

CLEVELAND

We can go, if you want.

MAZY

Why would I want to go, the game is only half over? We always stay for the whole game.

CLEVELAND

You're right.

MAZY

I suppose if you're not enjoying the game, we could go.

CLEVELAND

No, that's fine. (BEAT) Actually, you know, I'm not really. I'm a little tired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

But you always enjoy the game.

CLEVELAND

I know. But tonight, it just... You know what it is? It just seems neither team has any spirit tonight.

GUY 1, sitting behind them, overhears the remark.

GUY 1

Did I hear you say our team has no spirit?

CLEVELAND

Neither team does.

The guy is nonplussed. They watch the game in silence.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

As a player is tackled immediately after intercepting a pass. The player stands and rubs his kneecap.

TACKLING PLAYER

How's your knee?

TACKLED PLAYER

It's okay, thanks. I've had worse. Hey, I like that 4-by you're driving. Chevy?

TACKLING PLAYER

Yeah, it's the new Tracker.

TACKLED PLAYER

Very stylish.

TACKLING PLAYER

Thanks.

They jog away.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS

CLEVELAND

I think I'll go for a walk, maybe get some more drinks.

MAZY

Do you want to leave?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

We can stay, if you want.

MAZY

Well, I don't want to stay if you don't.

CLEVELAND

Maybe I'll feel more like staying after I walk around a bit.

He stands. GUY 1 talks in full voice to the fellow next to him.

GUY 1

There's nothing like watching our team play, huh?

GUY 2

Nothing.

Cleveland hands the empty hot dog tray to Mazy.

CLEVELAND

Guess what? Our team is about as interesting as mud.

GUY 1

I think you should relax and try to be more supportive.

CLEVELAND

There's nothing to support.

GUY 1

Oh yeah? Maybe you don't know what it means to be supportive.

CLEVELAND

When this team knows what it means to play football, I'll know what it means to be supportive.

GUY 1

I'm sorry you feel that way.

All they can do is stare.

CLEVELAND

I am too. Believe me. I just don't see anyone trying out there. I see a bunch of kids running into each other and throwing a ball on the ground, but it's not football.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

There's no game, no conflict. It would be more entertaining to watch them paint lines on the field. No one cares. There's no passion. Everything is flat, even the hot dogs. This mustard tastes like yellow mayonnaise, and the mayonnaise tastes like white catsup, and it all tastes like library paste.

Cleveland looks at their stunned expressions and sits.

MAZY

I think we had better go.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - NIGHT

As they drive home in SILENCE. Finally, Mazy breaks the ice.

MAZY

They told me to keep an eye on you... and be brave.

CLEVELAND

They said that?

MAZY

Yes. When I called them.

CLEVELAND

Who?

MAZY

I didn't know what else to do.

CLEVELAND

Are you talking about the, umm...

MAZY

Homeland Security.

CLEVELAND

I see.

MAZY

We call them when we need help. So...

CLEVELAND

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

I hope I did the right thing.

CLEVELAND

Yes. I would do the same thing. We all would. It's what we have to do.

Mazy feels better.

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Cleveland tucks Jonny in, he awakens.

CLEVELAND

Hi. Sorry. I didn't mean to wake you.

JONNY

It's okay. Who won?

CLEVELAND

I don't know. We left early.

JONNY

Early?

CLEVELAND

I was... I was tired.

Jonny studies his Dad up close in the dim light.

JONNY

What does it feel like? Does it hurt?

Cleveland sits on the bed.

CLEVELAND

Not at all. It feels like... Uh... It's kind of like going from being asleep to being awake, like leaving a dream and jumping right into a cold river. You're all wet and you don't know where you're going, but it feels really good... once you get used to it. Sometimes it doesn't feel good, but it always feels better than being asleep all the time. Do you worry about me?

He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Good, because... there's nothing to
worry about.

He pats Jonny and starts to get up.

JONNY
Dad, don't go.

CLEVELAND
You need your sleep.

JONNY
I don't want to sleep. I want to be
like you.

CLEVELAND
Oh Jonny, I sleep at night, just
like everyone else. I need my sleep
even more so, because being this
way, you know, it's a lot of work.

JONNY
I want you to do that thing to me,
that electro-neurotic mental thing.

CLEVELAND
Why?

JONNY
I want to be like you.

Cleveland sits again.

CLEVELAND
Well. I'm not sure... how safe it
is with someone your age.

JONNY
I don't care.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOME STUDY - NIGHT

As Cleveland sits in a comfy chair with his tablet, reading
the obituaries.

He comes across an article with a picture of Dr. Chiron and
the headline, "Dr. Ralph Chiron, founding member of Kristol
Convalescent Center, Dies." He reads down in the article,
"Funeral service to be held at Flanders Funeral Home in
Murmig."

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As all the cars back out of their garages in sync, except Cleveland's.

INT. FLANDERS MORTUARY - DAY

Dr. Chiron's body is laid out in a budget coffin in the viewing area of the small, dim chapel. A single mourner, wearing a bright Sunday dress, sits in the family area behind sheer curtains.

Cleveland enters the chapel and surveys the empty seats. He walks up to the coffin, looks in briefly, then notices the person in the family area. He sits in the chapel and keeps a furtive eye on the mourner.

After a while, she stands and leaves through a back door. Cleveland rushes out to the lobby.

INT. MORTUARY LOBBY - DAY

As Cleveland emerges from the chapel and heads toward the front door. He checks around the lobby. Then, he looks out the front window just as the mourner walks by on the sidewalk. He runs out the door after her.

EXT. MORTUARY SIDEWALK - DAY

As Cleveland walks up behind the mourner. He paces her for a while, then takes a chance...

CLEVELAND

Excuse me.

She slows and turns, as he catches up and walks along side her.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Are you Ms. Chiron?

MS. CHIRON

(Smiling)

Yes.

CLEVELAND

I'm Cleveland Issuefour, one of your husband's physicians.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. CHIRON

That's nice. I'm afraid I'm not his wife, however. I am his sister. He was never married.

CLEVELAND

I'm sorry.

MS. CHIRON

That's all right. You must be from Kristol.

CLEVELAND

No, I performed stress therapy on your brother at a hospital in Titterness... Golden Years.

MS. CHIRON

Oh?

CLEVELAND

I wanted to come up and offer my condolences.

MS. CHIRON

Thank you. You must be very busy. An ST doctor who attends the funerals of his patients probably has little time for much else.

CLEVELAND

Oh, actually, I've never attended one of my clients' funerals. Dr. Chiron was... We developed a sort of connection in the brief time we knew each other.

She stops walking and pulls away from him.

MS. CHIRON

I see. Doctor, what do you really want?

EXT. MORTUARY COURTYARD - DAY

As Cleveland and Ms. Chiron walk down a private brick path through an old courtyard, surrounded by the ivy-covered walls of the mortuary.

CLEVELAND

The doctor told me about Kristol Research.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

He seemed very passionate about ending the practice of neural synchronization. Has he ever talked with you about this?

MS. CHIRON

How could he be passionate if you had just aligned his brain cells?

CLEVELAND

I had the same question. I think he was never aligned. That's the only way to explain it.

She stops and turns to him.

MS. CHIRON

Are you trying to make some kind of accusation?

CLEVELAND

Accu... No, no. Oh, you think I'm trying to accuse him... No. No.

MS. CHIRON

For all I know, you're with the FBI and this is your ham-handed way of entrapping me.

CLEVELAND

Oh, God no. Ms. Chiron. I accidentally received a charge that unblocked my neurons.

MS. CHIRON

Who sent you?

CLEVELAND

No one sent me. Would I tell you that if I was trying to entrap you?

MS. CHIRON

Absolutely.

CLEVELAND

(Breaking down)

I need information. I need to know about Kristol and what their plan is and how they are able to do all this. I need something to grab on to. Right now... Right now, as far as I know, I'm the only person in the world who knows what an emotion is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

And I'm sure you have no idea how damn frustrating, how completely frightening that is? Nobody except your brother would have a clue what I'm going through. But I can't go back to the way I was. I can't go back to being... dead, after knowing what it feels like to be human, no matter how miserable and frightening it is. And in the past few weeks since the accident, I've been about as miserable as anyone could be. If you know anything at all, I have to hear it. I need something, because I'm going to completely fall apart if I don't get it. What can I do to convince you? I'll do anything.

MS. CHIRON

I believe you. No one who's aligned could've made all that up.

CLEVELAND

Thank you.

MS. CHIRON

So, you can call me Sue.

EXT. DR. CHIRON'S HOUSE SIDEWALK - DAY

ANGLE CLOSE on a rural mailbox with "Dr. R.W. Chiron" written on the side, as Sue dislodges several weeks worth of bills and junk from it.

ANGLE ON Sue and Cleveland, as she arranges the pile of mail in her arms and pushes a small wire gate open with her hip. They walk through an archway cut out of a tall, thick hedge into Dr. Chiron's front yard.

EXT. DR. CHIRON'S HOUSE FRONT YARD - DAY

As Cleveland follows Sue down a narrow path. The massive unkempt yard surrounds a small, decaying four-room wood house. Tall elms block the light and thick hedges, made barren by the prolonged heat wave, stand here and there like clumps of razor wire. The lawn and ivy covering the house are overgrown and dying.

EXT. DR. CHIRON'S HOUSE FRONT PORCH - DAY

They step onto the porch. Sue hands the mail to Cleveland and pulls out a large ring of keys.

MS. CHIRON

My goodness. This might take a while.

She tries three likely candidates and the fourth one opens the door. Cleveland follows her into the house.

INT. DR. CHIRON'S HOUSE FRONT ROOM - DAY

As Sue enters for the first time in many years.

It is the dim, crowded sanctuary of a recluse, who spent most of his time devouring dense books and writing down thoughts that would never be read. Sue opens a window to let in fresh air, as Cleveland looks at framed photos over the fireplace.

MS. CHIRON

You'll have to excuse Ralph for the mess. He almost never had guests and I'm sure the few he did have were given no special treatment.

CLEVELAND

What are you going to do with all this?

MS. CHIRON

I don't know.

(Letting out a deep breath)

I think I'll stay here for awhile and slowly sift through it all. It's not going to be easy.

She pulls out a thick book and blows the dust off.

MS. CHIRON (cont'd)

Too bad. In another era, these old books had some value. Unfortunately, the aligned masses have little appreciation for great thought... or thinking of any kind for that matter.

Cleveland holds up a photo of two young children at a cabin.

CLEVELAND

This you and Ralph?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She comes over to get a closer look.

MS. CHIRON

Yes. Oh my. That's the family cabin
in northern Vermont. See that room?

She points to a window on the second floor.

MS. CHIRON (cont'd)

That's where Ralph and I were born.

Cleveland is shocked.

MS. CHIRON (cont'd)

Fraternal twins.

CLEVELAND

That was how you avoided ENS.

MS. CHIRON

Our parents, especially my father,
used to say he wanted his children
to grow up human, not live like
caged rats with half a brain. They
found a midwife who agreed to do
the deed and falsify the birth
certificates.

She picks up another photo.

MS. CHIRON (cont'd)

This is Ralph about the time he
helped found Kristol. He had great
plans. He was going to help people.
Imagine that.

CLEVELAND

How have you two survived?

She sits in Ralph's old dusty recliner.

MS. CHIRON

Living two lives, I suppose. Ralph
was the happy, aligned physician
during the day, then came here to
his sanctuary and became the
tortured, starving, unaligned
intellectual. We have survived by
holding out the dream that one day
someone would come along and end
this insanity. But so far, there
has been no indication that is ever
going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND

I can't believe that.

MS. CHIRON

The fact is, people will always choose safety over the truth. They'll believe whatever you want them to believe, as long as you give them what they want.

CLEVELAND

I've never thought of it that way.

SUE

(Getting face to face with him)

You've never thought period. Like most aligned people, you were attracted by one-line answers, quick fixes and shiny objects. You never bothered to see what they were doing with the other hand. You didn't even think to look.

(Almost whispering)

At the moment the charge enters the brain, we are no longer human. We become some sort of hybrid creature that exists to service the monstrous appetite of the corporations.

CLEVELAND

It's horrible.

SUE

Depends on your point of view, of course. To the aligned population, everything is just dandy. To the few humans left on the planet, though, everything is about as bleak as it can be. We are witnessing the extinction of the human race.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As the three eat in the usual silence.

CLEVELAND

This is delicious. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

It's called Kajun Klassics, with a K.

CLEVELAND

It's like a gumbo.

MAZY

Yes. I believe the box said it had crayfish and other seafood products in it.

CLEVELAND

What do you think, Jonny?

JONNY

It's good.

MAZY

So, Cleveland, I was wondering. The hospital called this morning and asked if I knew where you were.

(BEAT)

Where were you?

CLEVELAND

Oh, I went to Murmurg to attend the funeral of a client.

MAZY

You don't normally do that, do you?

CLEVELAND

Hmm, I don't believe I ever have.

MAZY

Was there something different about this client?

CLEVELAND

Just somebody I got to know. I think it would be good to attend a funeral every now and then.

MAZY

Why?

CLEVELAND

Well, it might be like a factory worker who gets the opportunity to see who's driving the car he helped build.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAZY

People aren't cars.

CLEVELAND

I'm talking about what we do. Some of us work on cars, some of us work on people. You cook us dinner. What if you didn't know who you were cooking for? Wouldn't you be curious?

MAZY

I don't know.

Cleveland goes back to eating, leaving Mazy staring off in the distance.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the line of synchronized cars proceeds on schedule.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - DAY

RADIO (V.O.)

Good morning, Titterness. It's just a delightful day with the current temperature at 103, looking for a high today around 118 and more beautiful clear skies. Don't forget, today is *go the mall day*. Time to buy all those back-to-school supplies and fashions for the Fall. In other news-

Cleveland CLICKS off the radio. It is SILENT. He glances at the phone icon on the car info-screen. Nothing.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is pulling the electrodes off of a client after therapy.

CLEVELAND

What do you feel?

CLIENT

I feel nothing.

CLEVELAND

Good. You're okay now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pats the client's arm and turns to Doris, who is putting things away by the console.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
So Doris, how are you today?

DORIS
Fine, Doctor.

CLEVELAND
You seem quiet. Is everything okay?

DORIS
Yeah.

CLEVELAND
Good. Well, I'll go back to my office and get some paperwork done. See you in a few minutes.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS GERIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

As Cleveland walks down the corridor to his office, he spots two men waiting for him by his door. They smile as Cleveland approaches.

TOLEDO
Good morning. Dr. Issuefour?

CLEVELAND
Yes.

TOLEDO
I'm Agent Carl Toledo and this is Agent Pacabell with the FBI. May we have a few words with you in your office?

CLEVELAND
Of course.

INT. CLEVELAND'S OFFICE - DAY

As they enter the crowded space.

CLEVELAND
I'm sorry. I don't have any extra chairs.

TOLEDO
That's all right. Please, have a seat, Doctor. We can stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cleveland sits.

TOLEDO (cont'd)

This shouldn't take long and then you can get back to your work. Doctor, we have heard from a number of people with whom you have had contact that you have been acting, well, funny recently - not normal.

CLEVELAND

Is there a law against acting funny?

Toledo is not prepared for humor.

TOLEDO

No.

INT. SECURITY MEETING ROOM - DAY

It's really a padded interrogation room with a friendly spin. Cleveland is sitting alone at a metal desk. Toledo and Pacabell can be seen through a reinforced window discussing the case. They finish and enter the room. After the door is safely closed behind them...

TOLEDO

Well, Doctor we checked your birth records, as you suggested, and they verify your claim that you did in fact receive ENS at birth. So, we're not sure what the problem is, but we know there is one.

CLEVELAND

As I said, I really don't feel there is a problem. If you would give me something more specific...

TOLEDO

Sorry, we can't be more specific. We have to protect our sources. You understand. If we didn't protect our sources, we wouldn't be able to enforce the law and we can't have that.

CLEVELAND

Well, I don't know what else to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOLEDO

Would you mind submitting to a
brief psychological examination?

CLEVELAND

I think it would be a waste of
time.

TOLEDO

I'm afraid that wasn't a question.

INT. SECURITY PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The tiny office is dimly lit by a BUZZING fluorescent
fixture. The public servant is bent over his desk, scanning
Cleveland's report.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Your behavior in a number of
instances appears to be
inconsistent with an individual who
has undergone ENS at birth: losing
your temper, breaking things out of
anger, speaking excitedly, changing
your work habits, having heated,
irrational conversations,
possessing a strong point of view,
exhibiting elevated levels of
anxiety, and...

He turns to face Cleveland directly.

PSYCHOLOGIST (cont'd)

Bending the truth. How would you
explain this sudden shift in
behavior?

CLEVELAND

I don't know if I can.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Hmm. I'm going to give you a word
association test. When I say a
word, I want you to tell me the
first thing that comes into your
mind. Okay?

Cleveland nods. The psychologist turns away from Cleveland so
he can make notes at his desk.

PSYCHOLOGIST (cont'd)

Black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

White. CLEVELAND

Red. PSYCHOLOGIST

Rose. CLEVELAND

Pencil. PSYCHOLOGIST

Sharpener. CLEVELAND

Loud. PSYCHOLOGIST

Soft. CLEVELAND

The psychologist's voice changes intensity.

Knife. PSYCHOLOGIST

Table. CLEVELAND

He turns to Cleveland.

Table? PSYCHOLOGIST

I mean, cut. CLEVELAND

Is that what you meant to say? PSYCHOLOGIST

Yes. CLEVELAND

He turns back to the desk.

Destroy. PSYCHOLOGIST

Umm, create. CLEVELAND

Anger. PSYCHOLOGIST

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND
Calm, placid.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Which one?

CLEVELAND
Umm, calm.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Raincoat.

CLEVELAND
Brown.

PSYCHOLOGIST
All right.

He places his notes in a folder and turns to face Cleveland. He studies his face for an uncomfortably long time. Cleveland smiles.

INT. SECURITY MEETING ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is seated. Toledo paces as he reads the report through again. Then, he tosses the folder on the table.

TOLEDO
Well, Dr. Issuefour, you passed the psychological evaluation. But I got to tell, I'm not convinced.

He opens the door and gestures for Cleveland to leave. As Cleveland crosses in front of Toledo, the agent stops him.

TOLEDO (cont'd)
Doctor, I want you to know, we're going to be keeping a close eye on you. Very close. Comprendo?

CLEVELAND
Yes.

He lets Cleveland go.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As the three eat in complete silence.

INT. CLEVELAND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland is staring at the ceiling as Mazy sleeps. Then, he pushes the covers back and sits on the edge of the bed and stares at his feet.

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland is leaning against the door frame watching Jonny sleep. He tiptoes over to the boy and pulls the covers up under his chin, pats his back, and then starts to leave. Jonny turns over.

JONNY

What are you doing, Dad?

CLEVELAND

Nothing. Go back to sleep.

JONNY

I was awake.

CLEVELAND

I'm sorry if I woke you.

JONNY

You didn't. I was thinking about stuff.

CLEVELAND

What?

JONNY

How everything is changing.

CLEVELAND

What's changing?

JONNY

You and Mom.

CLEVELAND

That's not everything.

JONNY

I know, but... it feels like it sometimes.

Cleveland sits on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Well guess what, I'm going to change right back to the way I was, and then Mom will too, and everything will go right back to the way it's supposed to be. All done. Nothing to worry about.

JONNY

I thought you liked being the new way.

CLEVELAND

It's okay, except I feel very alone because I'm so different. I guess it's just better not to try to stand out and to be... like everyone else. It's really better. Hey, we got it pretty darn good. We have a nice house and two cars and we're a great family. A great family with everything we need. So... I'm going to change right back to normal.

JONNY

How can you do that?

CLEVELAND

By trying really hard.

They search each other's eyes.

JONNY

Do you think that's possible?

CLEVELAND

I think we both need to get some sleep.

JONNY

Dad, I don't want you to change back. I've been thinking about the way it feels, you know, when I wake up, and I like it. I want to be like you.

CLEVELAND

Well, I know, but believe me, you have no idea what it's like. It's going to take a lot of work for me to get by in this world. You're young.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

The last thing you need is to be like me. You have your friends and school and-

JONNY

I don't care about any of that. Really. I know it'll be difficult. And that's okay.

CLEVELAND

Well... I've thought about it too. I've been thinking, what if everyone could be unblocked. And, umm... Let's just say that if I were to agree to unblock you, which I wouldn't, but let's just say, hypothetically speaking, if I did and later you decided you wanted to go back, I suppose it would be possible to just reverse the procedure, somehow. But there's still a big risk.

JONNY

I don't care. It'll work.

CLEVELAND

It's illegal, you know.

JONNY

No.

CLEVELAND

Yeah, the police are watching me. No, we shouldn't even be thinking about this.

JONNY

I don't care about the police. We'll help each other.

CLEVELAND

Are you really ready to change the world, Jonny?

He nods.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the cars repeat their synchronized dance.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - DAY

RADIO (V.O.)

Wow! It's going to be a fantastic day. Current temperature is 108, with highs today hovering around 120, so get out and enjoy. Don't forget, today is *outdoor activity day* - time to hit the outdoor recreation stores for some great bargains on all those great outdoor-

The phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Cleveland, honey, I talked to your nurse Doris and she told me that the raincoat I brought to your work last week is still there and I counted the raincoats at home and got six. So, I was wondering... You used to take your raincoat every day, so you'd have it just in case. But you don't do that anymore and I was just wondering... And you told me you had picked up the raincoat and you had it in the car with you all the time, but then Doris told me, you know. So... I don't know what to think. You've changed so much and before your accident things made sense and you were... predictable and I knew what to think, but now I don't anymore. So I was... I don't know what to do.

CLEVELAND

I'm sorry.

MAZY (V.O.)

Don't be sorry, be like you used to be.

CLEVELAND

I'm getting better. Mazy, everyday I'm getting better and I'm going back to the way I used to be, but... think of it as being sick. I just need time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY (V.O.)

How long?

CLEVELAND

I don't know.

MAZY (V.O.)

That's just it. You used to know.
Now, it's as if you don't know
anything for sure.

CLEVELAND

(He tries lying)

I'll be better in two weeks. Two
weeks from today, you'll never know
I had an accident. I'll be the old
Cleveland you used to know. I
promise - two weeks from right now.

MAZY (V.O.)

I just don't know.

CLEVELAND

What?

MAZY (V.O.)

If I can believe you.

CLEVELAND

Please, believe me. I love you...

MAZY (V.O.)

And Jonny?

CLEVELAND

And Jonny... and I really want you
to be happy and not confused. You
can believe that. You can believe
that for sure.

MAZY (V.O.)

Two weeks?

CLEVELAND

Two weeks from today. I promise.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS FAMILY MEETING ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is with a client Roy and Roy's wife. The two smile
vacantly with no hint of emotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Roy, you are aware of what stress therapy is?

ROY

Yes.

CLEVELAND

And you know that you will be receiving it today?

ROY

Yes.

CLEVELAND

Do you have any questions?

ROY

No.

CLEVELAND

Okay then, that's everything.

Cleveland hands him the form to sign.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

So, what line of work were you in?

ROY

Engineering.

CLEVELAND

Really, what kind of engineering?

ROY

Electrical substations. I helped design electrical substations.

CLEVELAND

How long were you an engineer?

ROY

I forget. Is it important?

CLEVELAND

No. Just curious.

He hands the form back to Cleveland, who checks it over one last time.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Have any children?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROY
One. Married.

CLEVELAND
Think you'll be staying at home?

ROY
Yes.

CLEVELAND
I'm sorry. I don't mean to pry.
Just making conversation.

Roy stares at nothing, with the vacant smile. Cleveland turns back to the form.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
It says you elected to have the
therapy. But no reason was
indicated. Why did you?

ROY
It was time. I retired from work
last Friday and we felt it was
time.

CLEVELAND
Everything has its time, huh?

ROY
Yes, sir.

CLEVELAND
How do you feel now?

ROY
Just fine.

Cleveland watches him for a moment, looking for any sign of life.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

As Doris hits the green button and the body of Roy convulses and drops flat.

CLEVELAND
What do you feel, Roy?

ROY
I feel nothing.

Cleveland pats Roy's shoulder and turns away.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

Another client, Mrs. Horner, lies on the table as the green button is hit again. She convulses and drops.

CLEVELAND
What do you feel, Mrs. Horner?

MRS. HORNER
I feel nothing.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

The green button is pressed again for another client.

CLEVELAND
What do you feel?

CLIENT 2
I feel nothing.

TREATMENT MONTAGE

The process is repeated identically for five or six more clients. Each time the sound of the electric DISCHARGE and SIZZLE intensifies, until it is almost unbearable.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE CLOSE as a fork stabs an unrecognizable, gelatinous lump covered in curry sauce.

ANGLE FULL on the three eating in SILENCE.

CLEVELAND
Mmm. This is really lovely. What is it?

MAZY
I'm glad you like it. It's an Indian dish, karukakaruga something.

CLEVELAND
What is this?

MAZY
I think it's tofu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Hmm. Lovely. Don't you think,
Jonny?

JONNY

Yeah.

Jonny seems unusually distracted.

CLEVELAND

So, how was your day?

JONNY

Okay.

CLEVELAND

Did anything... happen?

JONNY

Dale Mothmann was talking about you
to some kids.

CLEVELAND

What did he say?

JONNY

He says that everybody thinks
you're crazy, and some adults think
we should move away.

They eat in SILENCE, then...

CLEVELAND

Tell your friends to tell their
parents that I'm not crazy and
we're not moving away... and I am
willing to discuss the matter with
them if it will make them more
comfortable. It's not okay for them
to make you feel bad about
something you have no control over.

Jonny shakes his head and stares into his karukakaruga. Mazy
breaks the spell.

MAZY

Guess what? I bought something
special at the outdoor recreation
store.

CLEVELAND

Good. What is it?

INT. ISSUEFOUR LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Cleveland and Jonny stare at an array of items laid out on the sofa.

MAZY

It's a complete fishing kit for two. See?

She shows them a long box with a staged picture of a Dad and his son having a great time fishing.

MAZY (cont'd)

It's everything you need to catch trout, bass and many other lake fish. It comes with two fishing poles, line, hooks, lures, net and a handy plastic tackle box. I saw this and thought that's just what you guys need. You need an outdoor activity.

CLEVELAND

Gosh, I've never gone fishing. I don't really know how to catch fish or what to do with them. I haven't a clue.

Mazy droops.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

But I think it's time to learn. How hard could it be?

MAZY

Right. It'll be fun and being outdoors is good for you. I think you two spend too much time inside.

CLEVELAND

It'll be something Jonny and I can do together. We need something like that.

MAZY

Good, I'm glad you like it.

CLEVELAND

I do. I think it's a great idea.

She starts to put the parts back in the box. Jonny turns toward his bedroom. Cleveland grabs the newspaper and sits in his recliner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, Cleveland lowers the paper and looks at the fishing kit, and his eyes brighten. He stands.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Hey, Jonny come back here for a second.

Jonny returns.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
You know what? I got a great idea. It's Friday, the weather couldn't be better, we have no plans for the weekend. What do you say we go fishing? We got everything we need right here.

JONNY
Fishing? But...

CLEVELAND
We could leave tomorrow morning, better yet, right now. We could just throw some things in the car and take off right now. That way we'll get to the lake tonight, and tomorrow morning we can get up bright and early and rent a boat somewhere and go fishing. What do you think?

JONNY
I suppose.

CLEVELAND
I don't know how to use all these things, but we'll figure it out.

MAZY
Look. The kit includes a manual describing how to set up the poles and attach the hooks and lures.

CLEVELAND
Perfect. What do you think?

JONNY
I guess. If you want to.

Cleveland puts his arm around Jonny.

CLEVELAND
Jonny, remember what we were talking about last night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jonny looks up.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Remember we were talking about...
stuff?

Jonny nods.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
This will be our chance. You know
what I mean?

Jonny smiles. As is the case with all aligned people, Jonny can read between the lines, but he has no point of view. He can only imitate and follow.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS HALL BY TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

As Cleveland and Jonny come in from an employee entrance, and move quickly toward the treatment room. Just as they are about to reach it, a coworker NED comes into view from around a corner.

CLEVELAND
Ned.

NED
Cleveland. Working late, I see.

CLEVELAND
Yeah. No, no. I... I left my
phone... somewhere. Thought I might
have-

NED
Is that it in your pocket?

CLEVELAND
Yeah. But, no. That's, uh, the
other one. I have two.

NED
Oh gosh. Well, good luck.

CLEVELAND
Thanks.

Cleveland and Jonny wait until Ned is out of sight, but then he stops and turns back.

NED
Hey, Cleveland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND
(Turning back)
Yeah.

NED
This your son?

CLEVELAND
Yes. Ned. Jonny.
(To Jonny)
Jonny, this is Ned, a coworker.

JONNY
Hi.

NED
Nice to meet you. You know, seeing
Jonny here reminded me of something
I was going to ask you. I'm going
to be giving ST to a child about
Jonny's age Monday. Do you have any
experience with kids? This will be
my first.

CLEVELAND
Some.

NED
I'm a little fuzzy on EEG
templates. What would you
recommend? Should I use a normal
template or create a custom one
that takes into account defiant
behavioral anomalies?

CLEVELAND
Hard to say.

NED
Well, this patient presented with a
mostly normal behavior profiling-

CLEVELAND
Ned.

NED
Yes.

CLEVELAND
Can we talk about this Monday? I
mean, I really need to see the
client and the history and whatnot
to make a-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NED

Oh sure, sure. That makes sense.

CLEVELAND

First thing Monday, okay?

NED

Sure. We'll touch base first thing.

CLEVELAND

Have a nice weekend.

NED

Thanks. You too.

Ned reaches for the employee door and Cleveland lets out a deep breath.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Jonny lies on the comfortable table. Cleveland wheels the Bloefeld 210 over and turns it on. Then, he attaches the electrodes to Jonny. He presses some keys and Jonny's brainwave activity displays on the monitor.

CLEVELAND

Jonny, I know you want me to do this to you... and I want to do it. Believe me. I want you to know what it feels like to be awake and alive. But I'm concerned, because you really don't know what I'm getting you into.

JONNY

I know.

CLEVELAND

I mean, if there's any doubt in your mind-

JONNY

There's no doubt.

CLEVELAND

Well, then there's no doubt in my mind. Let's do it.

Cleveland stands over his trusting son. He grabs Jonny's hand and squeezes it.

Cleveland presses the button that sends the machine into charge mode. The voltage rises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When the ready indicator comes on, he presses cancel, then touches the connector. Nothing happens. He presses cancel again, and then the machine discharges. The current convulses Jonny's body and then he goes limp. Cleveland checks his eyes. They are closed.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Jonny. What do you feel?

No answer.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Jonny. Say something.

Cleveland checks his pulse, puts the machine back to monitor mode. He can see Jonny's brainwaves again. Jonny appears to be alive, but unconscious or in a coma.

Cleveland panics. He rips the electrodes off of his temples, shoves the machine out of the way. He stands over his son, calls his name, holds him. Nothing. Jonny is out or gone, he doesn't know. He picks him up and hugs him and tears well in his eyes.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS HALL BY TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

As Cleveland runs toward the employee entrance pushing a wheelchair with the limp body of his son.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - NIGHT

It is very late. All the lights are off in the houses. Cleveland's car is parked in the driveway with the engine running.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - NIGHT

Cleveland stares at his dark house. Then, he turns to his unconscious son strapped in the passenger seat.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

As Cleveland's car passes.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - NIGHT

As he drives with his son.

EXT. DR. CHIRON'S HOME - NIGHT

As Sue opens the front door in her robe and slippers. Cleveland is standing there in a state of shock, with Jonny draped over his shoulder.

INT. DR. CHIRON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sue and Cleveland are standing over Jonny, who is laid out on the sofa. Finally, Sue breaks the SILENCE...

MS. CHIRON

I don't know what to tell you, Cleveland. I wish I did. You might say this is one of those defining moments only an unaligned human can appreciate.

CLEVELAND

I thought you might have a suggestion.

MS. CHIRON

Nope, sorry, other than taking him to a hospital.

CLEVELAND

But then, I say good-bye to him.

MS. CHIRON

Right. Aligned people don't have problems, because their minds don't allow them. The aligned mind doesn't know how to love or care or take responsibility, it can only follow a prescribed path or not. They would take your son and keep him alive, but if he were to become conscious again, I don't know what they would do.

CLEVELAND

I'm lost.

Cleveland feels the tremendous pressure and grief. He closes his eyes and tears come.

MS. CHIRON

Welcome to the real world, Cleveland. You're looking for a simple answer. There is none. You can wait and you can cry and you can hold my hand, if you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns to her and holds her hand tight with eyes clenched shut. It does somehow give him strength. They look deep in each other's eyes, then he envelopes her with his arms.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS GERIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

It's early Saturday and the corridors are empty, except for a small nursing staff.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS HALL BY LOADING DOCK

As Cleveland enters from double-doors. He checks up and down the hall, then heads quickly toward the pharmacy. He holds his badge over a sensor and the door opens.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS PHARMACY - DAY

As he enters and begins scanning the dark shelves. He grabs two IV bags, some needles, and plastic tubing.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

As he packs up the portable Bloefeld unit.

EXT. GOLDEN YEARS LOADING DOCK - DAY

As Cleveland enters the area carrying the ST unit and medication. He notices a security car patrolling the area and hides behind some crates. The prowler stops next to Cleveland's car and the guard gets out.

The guard checks around the car, looks in the windows, and then scans the loading dock. Then, he gets back in the car and drives off.

Cleveland waits until the guard is gone. Then, he runs down the loading dock steps, opens the car trunk and tosses everything in.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS SECURITY OFFICE

As the guard holds the phone.

GUARD

Hi, this is security at Golden
Years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD (CONT'D)

You asked us to call you if we witnessed any suspicious activity concerning Dr. Issuefour.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

As Agent Toledo sits at his desk on the phone.

TOLEDO

Yes. What have you got?

GUARD

I was patrolling the vicinity at the rear of the building and noted that his car was parked next to the loading dock area.

TOLEDO

I see. That's unusual?

GUARD

Yes sir, the doctors normally park in their assigned spaces. Also, the on-call doctor is typically the only doctor here on the weekend, and Dr. Issuefour is not the on-call.

TOLEDO

Good job. Do me a favor and keep an eye on him. Okay? Call me if anything changes.

GUARD

Will do.

TOLEDO

By the way, do you have security video of that area?

GUARD

Yes, we do.

TOLEDO

Good. I'll be in touch.

INT. DR. CHIRON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland is sitting in a hard-back chair reading a book, beside Jonny, who is connected to the brainwave monitor and an IV bag hanging from an antique floor lamp. Sue is reading in a padded chair.

She sets her book down and goes to Cleveland to look at the brainwave display.

MS. CHIRON

What does it mean?

CLEVELAND

There is definitely normal neural activity.

MS. CHIRON

Can you tell if the neurons are aligned by looking at it?

CLEVELAND

No. He would need to be awake.

MS. CHIRON

Can you tell what state he's in?

CLEVELAND

It looks like a typical deep sleep state, but usually the individual can be brought out of it with enough external stimulation. Jonny doesn't seem to be able to change states. I don't know what it means.

She kneels next to him.

MS. CHIRON

Maybe the shock was just too traumatic for him, and he shut down.

CLEVELAND

Maybe it caused permanent damage.

MS. CHIRON

What kind of state are you in?

CLEVELAND

I've killed my son. I was trying to save him and I killed him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. CHIRON

No, you didn't. Think positive.
Have faith.

CLEVELAND

What good will that do?

MS. CHIRON

It helps. Kept me going for seventy
years.

CLEVELAND

I don't understand how thinking
positively and having faith can
help.

MS. CHIRON

You'll figure it out. Part of being
human. I'm going to turn in. I
suggest you do the same.

She pats him on the shoulder and leaves. He continues to
stare at the monitor.

INT. DR. CHIRON'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Cleveland is still sitting in the same position, but his head
is bent forward. The flicker of the monitor screen provides
the only light in the room. He awakens, and looks up. The
waves show exactly the same pattern. There is no change, no
sign of conscious activity. The hypnotic pattern repeats
incessantly. He can't pull his eyes away from it. It is all
he has left, all that is left of his son. The IV bag is
nearly empty, the time is near, a decision must be made.

Slowly, Cleveland reaches down, touches his son's shoulder,
looks for some movement, the smallest sign. Then, he reaches
up and peels the electrodes off Jonny's temples. The screen
flat-lines. He puts the electrodes on his own temples and the
display resumes. In a half-dream state, he starts pressing
buttons on the machine. A screen comes up: "wattage level."
We see the display increase, as he presses a button, from 10
through 40. As the display passes 45, the numbers turn red
and flash, but they continue increasing until they reach 125,
and the display flashes: "CAUTION: Maximum Wattage."

Cleveland's eyes do not blink or move, but stay fixed on the
flashing red display. He is going to let the machine decide
for him. He presses another button, the screen changes,
"Charging." At the peak voltage level, the screen changes,
"Ready - Warning Potentially Harmful Charge." He stares at
the flashing screen. Then, he looks down at Jonny. Something
clicks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He peels the electrodes off, and shuts down the machine. The monitor goes off and the fan motor in the machine slows and stops. Everything is still, QUIET and dark, except for the pale gray light of the moon. He reaches out and takes Jonny's cold hand.

CLEVELAND

I remember when I was about your age, I was playing catch in the backyard with some friends. Someone threw the ball in the bushes and I went to retrieve it. When I reached through the branches to get the ball, my hand touched something soft and furry. I looked down and there was a dead raccoon. I jerked my hand out. It was decomposing and smelly, and covered with maggots and flies, but I couldn't take my eyes off it. Has that ever happened to you? It was the first time I ever saw a dead thing and it must have been very important, because I've never forgotten it. The dead raccoon with squirming maggots for eyes is as fresh in my memory as you are right now. I wonder what it means - why that image is so important. I've turned hundreds of minds into jelly the past fifteen years, but I can't remember a single face. Why do I remember that damned raccoon? Funny how the mind works. It never works the way you want it to. I know that when I'm on my deathbed and the final moment comes, and I really need to picture something meaningful for my last memory, that's what I'm going to see. This is another image I'm never going to get out of my head - sitting here watching you and that peaceful look on your face. It hurts so much I can't bear it. It's ironic how the more human we become, the harder it gets.

His head bends forward and he closes his eyes.

INT. MS. CHIRON'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Cleveland awakens. He keeps his eyes closed, feels Jonny's hand still clenched in his, feels the morning light on his eyelids. Finally, he opens his eyes.

Jonny is staring back at him. He is awake and sitting up facing him, moving his head quizzically from side to side, taking in the new sensations, trying to process the new surroundings.

For a long time, neither of them moves, they just stare in each other's eyes and try to comprehend the moment. Then, Cleveland reaches forward and runs his hand along Jonny's shoulder, touches his cheeks and nose. Jonny smiles - a big broad, real smile. Cleveland smiles and everything inside him slides down into place - the pain stops and the sun comes out.

CLEVELAND
(Whispering)
Jonny, say something.

JONNY
(Whispering)
Something.

CLEVELAND
(He smiles)
What do you feel?

Jonny looks up and around. He doesn't know where to start.

JONNY
I feel everything.

Cleveland surrounds Jonny with his arms.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Jonny and Cleveland sit in a leaky blue pedal boat with their fishing lines in the water. Jonny's line jerks and tightens.

JONNY
Dad!

Cleveland turns.

CLEVELAND
What's going on?

JONNY
What do you mean? I got a fish!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cleveland tries to reposition himself to help Jonny, but the boat rocks perilously.

JONNY (cont'd)
It's okay, Dad. I got it. Don't wriggle the boat.

Jonny reels it in, pulls the fish out of the water.

JONNY (cont'd)
How do I make it stop flipping around?

CLEVELAND
How the hell should I know? Maybe we need to hit it with something.

JONNY
It's not a fly.

CLEVELAND
I got it. That must be what the net is for.

He grabs the net and Jonny holds the fish up so he can scoop it in. Cleveland pulls the hook out and drops the fish in the bucket, then he sits and wipes his brow.

As they settle back and resume fishing, WE PULL BACK until the boat is a tiny solitary speck in the vast still lake.

As WE CONTINUE BACK, the shoreline comes into VIEW. The area next to the water is littered with a hundred campers in their brand-new tents and RVs, cooking their processed breakfasts with their brand-new propane stoves and wearing their brand-new recreational outfits - a hundred nearly-identical scenes torn from the pages of a catalog.

EXT. LAKE BLOCKED FAMILY - DAY

WE STOP at one tent trailer, where a family of three has just sat down to eat around their presto-log fire.

FATHER
This is delicious honey, what is it?

MOTHER
Thank you, it's camper meal 5. It contains real egg and sausage flavoring. What do you think, son?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SON

It reminds me of my favorite,
camper meal 7.

FATHER

Nothing like eating breakfast
outdoors, huh?

MOTHER

Nothing like it.

WE PULL BACK to a WIDE SHOT of the lake and shoreline with
the hundred little wisps of smoke coming from identical
campfires and the single boat floating by itself in the lake.

FADE TO BLACK.

#